

# The Biyela Divas



## Chapter 01

Nozipho Biyela

I'm browsing through Arnold's designs, my junior designer based in Lagos with a cup of hot tea in my hand.

It's just after Christmas holidays and I'm trying to catch up with my work. I

also need to stock up the boutiques, we had a lot of orders on holidays. I had a line up of more than ten people to design for New Year's Eve celebration in Jamaica.

"Mom Phiwo isn't opening his room for us" says my twin-girls Liyanda and Ayanda walking toward me pouting.

"That's because it his room" I tell them and close the laptop because I know there is no way I can continue working with these two here.

They are just like their aunties. They talk a lot and fight each other like hell. When they are present you need to keep an eye on them.

"But we want to get in" Aya says climbing on the couch.

"He is not being cool mom" Liya says.

I know we can talk about this all day so I change the subject.

"What do you want for supper?" I ask them.

"Strawberry salad" Aya reply.

Ya neh!

I look at Liya, she is a bit clever than her sister. She is the one I could say took after me, Aya took after her daddy.

"Roast turkey" she says and jump next to her sister and they start discussing which cartoons to watch.

I dismiss myself and walk to the kitchen to start cooking supper before hubby comes back from 'drinks with friends'.

I defrost the turkey and steam green beans in the microwave and sauté the garlic in the frying pan. I then take the beans and toss them with garlic. After finishing with beans I start seasoning the turkey.

I don't hear a knock I only hear Don's name filling the room.

"Nozieeee" he sing-greet.

Before I can answer the other five walks in chatting out loud.

"Turkey...mhhhh!" Mandla says and give me a quick hug on the shoulders.

Now I need to defrost two more trays of meat since my husband decided to bring all his friends and brother-in-laws to supper without my consent.

"Who invited you to my house?" I ask them smiling.

"Jonhy Walker told us to go to Sbu's house" Don says and walk to the fridge and take out a yoghurt.

Thapelo opens the drawer and take the spoon out then rush after the running Don telling him to share.

They are thirty years old but they are six years old if you know what I mean.

Loyiso greet me politely and walk to them in the lounge. He is Simtho's boyfriend, he is unfriendly but he is

polite and likeable. He is a former cop so I guess he is normal.

"Sisi how are you?"

I smile, "I'm okay you?"

"I'm fine too" he says.

I don't know if it's okay calling a man an angel but Lwazi ia just an angel.

But force of attraction had to happen and he fell in love with one of the crazy Biyela sisters, Sena.

He also follow the chaos in the lounge.

As soon he disappears I feel those arms slipping around my waist and cold lips brushing my neck sending a tickling sensation all over my body.

"Sbu!" I moan and tilt my head to the side.

He breaths in my ear,I nearly reach orgasm.

"I missed you" he whispers.

I turn around and pull his head to me and kiss him.

We moan on each other's mouth.I don't know if it's normal to love a man like this.

I break the kiss and look into his eyes.They have hunger, affection and just warmth.

Everytime I look in these eyes it's like I'm seeing them for the first time,on the 'anniversary wedding cake morning'.

I've heard love fades away after marriage, but here I am after four years of marriage looking at his eyes my knees getting weak, my heart pounding out my chest.

"Is something wrong with daddy's eyes?"

We break the gaze and turn to look at him.

He had a big worry on his face, his hands behind his back.

I look at Sbu, we burst out laughing.

"No my boy, I was just looking at his eye colour" I say.

He nods with confusion and ask where his sisters are.

He is just five years old and he is the best gift I ever had.

My heart cried blood tears the first time I saw him,I had no choice but to raise him as my own while pregnant with twins.

My mom,well a woman who raised me,Sbu's biological mom, taught me that a woman's husband's child is hers.

After cooking I go set the dining table and dish for my kids aside.They eat infront of the TV.I know most mothers don't allow that but I can't have my kids around these men when they are together.They can get very uncontrollable plus they have unfiltered mouths.

I then call the loud-chatting friends  
from the lounge.

They take seats,I serve each of them  
and poured them juice.

"What are you all doing,eating without  
praying?" Don ask them.

They lift their heads and look at him  
deadly.

I doubt Sbu knows Christmas is Jesus'  
birthday,he thinks it's world food day.

"We prayed by hearts" Thapelo says  
and put a full spoon in his mouth.

"You all need Rev.Lyie" Don says.

We all laugh out.Aunt Lydia is now a  
church-goer and they call him Prophet  
Lili,Pastor Lydia,Rev.Lyie and LyieJesu.

"So guys I'm thinking of settling down"  
Lwazi says out of the blue.

We all look at him surprised.

"Like popping the question?" I ask  
beaming.

He looks down shyly, "Yes but Sena is  
moody these days she can just say no"

Poor Lwazi! He is so scared, little does  
he know Sena has been crossing her  
fingers for this for the last two years.

"Whooray!!" Don clapped.

Omg! I need to design a dress for the  
wedding.

"At last" Sbu says.

"So I need to arrange the place and do a romantic set-up then I need all of you there but she mustn't know" he says.

"Of course we were going to be there anyway" Don says.

This is so exciting I don't even finish my food I rush to the kitchen and call other sisters to whisper the word to them and tell them to keep it under their breaths.

When I look at them through the passage, Mandla is telling them something and they all groans disgustedly.

I know he is telling them something sexually.

After five years they have only grow older,they didn't change a bit.

Don is still the craziest one with no love-life.

Thapelo is the beast one with an intimidating presence.

Mandla is the serious one with a deep mind.

Lwazi is the kind,loving,well-mannered one.

Loyiso is the unfriendly one.

And then there is my hubby,Sbusiso Biyela,he is the....one I love.

He walks towards me and pass to the kitchen as I'm still thinking about him and his friends.

He opens the cupboard, take the glass and pour water from the sink and drinks.

He then....put it inside the plates shelve,on top of the plates.

"Sbu that glass wasn't there" I tell him angrily.

He just walk past me,"I'm tired babe I've been cooking the whole day" he says.

Cooking?

Oh he is referring to making me three cups of tea before going out.

I think he is the stupid one.

## Chapter 02

Senamile Biyela

.

"Quinton keep it down" I call my naughty 4years old son from the kitchen.

Quinton is the best thing that ever happened to me.I actually never thought I could love a living creature so unconditionally.Thanks to Lwazi,my handsome boyfriend for shooting me up the first day he slid his pipe between my legs.He is such a scorer.I could just lend him to Bafana Bafana. Speaking of that man I have no idea where he is.

Imagine opening your thighs half-asleep and sending your hand to the

other side then baam you touch empty sheets!

I really hate helping myself with the hand,Lwazi knows that.He will pay for this.

I'm so angry maybe that's why these pancakes are burning.

"Who is going to eat that mommy?"

Quinton asks blocking his little nose.

"You and me"

He frowns,"No I won't,it will dye my intestines and I will poop like a monkey"

"Then you will eat cereal" I tell him taking the pancakes out.

"I don't want cereal,I want delicious pancakes"

He is so spoilt.He is used to have his

way.I blame Lwazi he is the one who taught him this is his castle and we are his servants.

"Then you will eat these pancakes"

"No mom!!!" he shout and start crying.

Quinton doesn't cry like normal kids.He screams to the ceiling,kick his feet,slap the tiles and roll down.

"Quinton stop it!" I shout angrily.

The pancakes are not burnt that badly.I don't even know why pancakes are so special to him.

"Boy"

The voice I'm very angry at says coming from the garage door.

Before I know it he is scooping his son up asking what is wrong.

One of these days I'm going to cut their

afro hair with a scissor.No scissor is better I will use broken beer bottle like rural boys.I suspect it for their behaviour.

"Why you not giving him pancakes?" he demand.

Because you left me wet on bed and went wherever your yellow face led you.

"They are little burnt and he is refusing them" I tell him with attitude.

"Why did you burn them because you know Sunday is pancakes morning?"

Hebana! I roll my eyes.

He click his tongue and walk out with his son on his arm.

I hear his car driving out.He is going to buy them for him.

Hell he didn't even kiss my cheek,he  
haven't seen me all morning.

What if there is someone else?

The nigga has been receiving dodgy  
calls he doesn't answer in front of me.

For his sake I hope his ancestors  
guided him not to cheat on  
Sena,otherwise he will be joining them  
soon.

Just thinking about the possibility of  
him cheating make me sweat.

I put Beyonce on just to calm my  
emotions down.

Then she sings "Who runs the  
world,girls" and I get irritated.Like  
really? Girl you are the only one  
running it,some of us still rely on  
men's dicks to wake up with full mood.

I need to call my sisters.They have to tell me a plan

"Babe he will come around,maybe it's just work.You know he just started a company,his mind must be occupied"

Fiki said when I called her about Lwazi's behaviour.

Fiki is manless,everything she says must be influenced by lack of sex.

I decide to call Simtho.She took long to answer,she must've pulled out of Loyiso's dick.

Her ; What do you want?

Me. ; Hey wena relax that dick isn't running away I need to talk to you about something serious

Her ; Talk

Me. ; I think Lwazi is cheating on me.

Her. ; (chuckles) Come on Sena, did you smoke weed again?

Me. ; He has been receiving dodgy calls and going out every afternoon saying he have late meetings. Today he left me on bed by dawn.

Her. ; Geez babe he just started a company he is obviously busy with...

I drop her before she could finish.

Everyone has painted Lwazi the world's number one good guy. Everytime we fight people give me long eyes.

I don't even want to call Ziphe she will just tell me the same. I'm sure Thapelo glorify her every morning and doesn't hide any calls from her.

I can't call Zethu either, she will just

brush me off and talk about herself like she is the one who called. With her I prefer texting, so I text her.

She reply with two words : Stalk him.

Actually that's not a bad idea. This is why I crowned Zethu the coolest sister. After a while Lwazi and Quinton come back.

"Mom look" Quinton say throwing a baloon on air and jumping up to catch it.

Kids are such forgiving souls, they took after Mandela and Jesus Christ.

I smile,

"You bought baloons?"

"No a lady gave them to me" he say beaming with joy.

Girls know this feeling. My mind multi-

ran and laid answers for me about who the lady is.

Quinton disappears chasing his balloons. I get a chance to give this man a stern burning stare then walk to the bedroom.

Before I can slam the door he is here grabbing my arm, asking what my problem is.

"My problem?" I ask turning around to look at his face.

"You are acting like crazy woman. You shout and give dead looks and..."

I laughed,

"Except that you receive mysterious calls, disappear in the evenings and leave me wet on bed by dawn I have no idea what's my problem is"

"Sena are you being serious right now?"

Is he really asking me that?

"No I'm kidding ha ha ha,now get out!"

He close the door with his foot and then unzip his pant and take out his dick.

"This is what you want? You want dick Sena,here have it"

Oh this fuckin asshole!

I'm not related to Nikki Bella but the slap I gave Lwazi had Nikki's genes.

He hold his cheek shocked,a tear automatically drop from his eye.

"Just because I love you doesn't mean I am a greedy sex-crazy hoe" I say and rush out the door.

I find Quinton in the lounge with his

balloons and pull him with me to my car.

"Mom where are we going?" he ask as I fasten his seat-belt.

"We are visiting Phiwo"

He get excited and tell me about their games with Phiwo and the twins.

I drove like crazy, within ten minutes I'm parking outside my brother's house.

Quinton runs to the house first. I walk in and follow my brother's voice passing Nozipho drawing on the table. I run to my brother's lap and cry.

"Sena what's wrong?" he keep asking, I'm just crying saying nothing. After a while I calm myself down and tell him all about Lwazi's behaviour.

"You have to confront him about it" he says looking at Don smiling.

"I did and he just assumed I want sex and shoved his dick to my face"

"And you Doll wanted no dick?" Don ask laughing.

If I knew he was here I would've drove to Thapelo.

"I can't say that but all I want...."

I don't finish they burst out laughing.

"Guys it's not funny" I say with irritation.

They don't stop I decide to leave them and go talk with my wise sister-in-law.

"Ah babe it's probably just work" she says.

She is not that wise.

I stay in my brother's house until mid-

day listening to Don's craziness.

When I fetch Quinton to go he refuses and ask me to fetch him later.

I leave him and drive to my house.

When I arrive Lwazi's car is parked outside which means he's been somewhere.

I walk in and hear him talking with the phone in the bedroom.

I eavesdrop his conversation.

"She is already suspicious I can't be there today...yeah maybe tomorrow....I can't wait,make it extra romantic with dull lights...yes...okay sure"

I walk to the kitchen in tears.Lwazi is really cheating on me.

What haven't I done for this man?

## Chapter 03

Simtholile Biyela

.

I spent the afternoon with Don. My brother's friend and my best friend of years. Nobody knows me better than him and nobody knows him better than me. Everyone has made peace about us.

We had a couple drinks so I'm a bit tipsy.

I walk in my house and find Loyiso staring into space on the kitchen chair.

"Hey babe" I greet and walk to the bathroom and freshen up.

I dress up in my short silky nightdress and go to him.

"Have you eaten?" I ask opening the

cupboards.

Instead of an answer I feel his hand grabbing my hair firmly.

"You were with him?" he ask in a deep calm voice.

His grip is tightly on my hair but I manage to turn around and look at him.

"Babe" I say shocked by his behaviour. He is not looking at me,he is looking at the wall behind me.Gosh he is angry!

"Babe what's wrong?" I ask in fear.

"You're sleeping with him" he say.

I'm confused.I don't know who 'him' is.

"What are you talking about Loyiso?"

He breaths heavily and slam his lips on mine and kiss me violently.I kiss him back although his hand is hurting me.

He push me to the table and force my head on top of it.

He is breathing heavily.He is not speaking.He is angry for some reason I don't know.

I don't know when he grabbed my panties aside I only felt him slamming inside me.

I scream out in pain.

I'm not ready but he is not stopping,he doesn't care.His hand is yanking my hair.

This is my boyfriend of four years,my body knows him I suddenly feel wet and moan in pleasure.Plus I love fast and furious.

My orgasm build up and I explode within minutes.He also cum shortly

after me and groan like a bull.

He doesn't stay in though he pulls out and walk to the bedroom leaving me lying on the table with my chest breathless.

I expect him to come back and wipe me but he doesn't. I give up and follow him.

Jesus Christ! The nigga is on bed, under covers watching the ceiling board.

I walk to the bathroom and clean myself. My vjay hurts a little so I kinda walk funny.

I slip in next to him and kiss his cheek.

"You know Don suggested we take a weekend aw..."

He turn his head to me with a lightning velocity.

"I don't want to hear his name" he says angrily.

What's the fuck?

I look at him shocked, "What did Don do?"

"He is fucking my girl"

Don is fucking his girl? What girl?

"Which girl?" I ask

He grab my face and suck my lip hard, "This girl"

Whoah China!

"Don and I are friends, he is like my brother. What's the fuck Loyiso?" I ask nearly shouting.

He exhale sharply, "I'm not a fool Simtho"

"I never said you were"

"He cuddle you, touch your

boobs,brush your hips and do all the intimate fucks.What kind of a friend is that?"

Wow,unbelievable!

"It's either you're losing it or...." I didn't finish I felt a painful pinch on my nipple.

"Loyiso what is wrong with you?" I ask him.

He breaths like he just ran a marathon.I sit up and look at his face.His eyes are burning.I suddenly know this man next to me is no longer Loyiso.This is Banger.

I feel cold shivers running down my spine.I know if I don't play right he will completely lose it.

"Mbatha what have I done?"

He turn his eyes to me,I suddenly feel the need of eye-glasses.

He touch my cheeks,atleast he is trying to be calm.I brush his hand and smile.

"I hate that you spend more time with him than me" he says.

I clear my throat and look away.

"You let him touch my assets" he continues.

I glance at him,fear wash all over me.

Loyiso has once beaten me and apologised the next morning.I forgave him,it's not like he abused me I'm the one who got drunk and disgraced him infront of people by keeping my claws on Don.

He see that I'm shaking and pull me to his chest.

"I love you Loyiso" I whisper in his ear.  
He just hold me tightly and breath in  
and out heavily.

I feel his chest panting up and  
down.No no no!!!

I move my head up and look at him.  
He is crying.

"Mbatha...my love"

"Yes babe" he respond with a breaking  
voice.

"I'm not sleeping with Don,he is just a  
friend"

He draw his nose and nods.

"If you don't like him touching me I'll  
tell him to stop.Our joy means  
everything to him" I tell him in  
desperation.

"Okay let's sleep" he says and put my

head on his chest and wrap me.

When I wake up Loyiso is already gone to work. He resigned as a cop three years ago and started a furniture factory. He has developed in the industry and opened a few more with my father's help.

I get up and go get ready for work.

I find my lunchbox on top of the kitchen counter prepared and breakfast in the microwave.

I smile. I'm one of the few blessed women in the universe.

After eating my breakfast I pack my lunchbox in my bag.

Oh wow, there is a single red rose inside my bag.

A huge smile crawls to my face, I take

out my phone and text him.

I drive to work on high spirit. When I get to work I greet all the employees and go to my office.

I put my full attention on my work , humming now and then.

At breakfast break one person I'm scared and excited to see walk in through the door.

"Hey nana" he says and walk around the desk to hug me.

I give him a reserved hug but he is Don so he doesn't notice my coldness and kiss my cheek.

"I know you have no breakfast" he says handing me the Mugg&Bean paperbag. I smile and take it, "My light in the darkness"

He roll his eyes.

"What's up with you? You look..I don't know"

I pretend to be confused,"Me? Aybo there is nothing"

He give me a look,I give in and tell him.

"Loyiso isn't comfortable with us being touchy-touchy"

His face drops.He suddenly look sad.

I don't want him to be sad,I stand up and walk to sit next to him on the couch.

"We are still friends babe" I say touching his shoulder.

"For how long?Soon he will tell you to stop being friends with me period"

I sigh,"He is not stupid,he knows you and I are package.He just think we are

too intimate"

He nods and pull me for a hug.We stay in each other's arms drawn to our thoughts.We don't even hear the door opening and Loyiso walking in.

We hear a throat clearing and turn to look at him.

"Umhhh I brought you breakfast....Don howzit?" he says with expressionless face.

I get off Don and go give him a hug.He hugs me coldly and give me a soft peck.

"Sho Loyi-loyi...Simtho later!" Don says and walk out.

"I was telling him to stop..." I don't finish,his mouth is sucking my lower lip merciless.I can't kiss him back he is fast and furious.

He pulls away and kiss my forehead and walks out.

I touch my lip,it swollen.My whole body is shaking I don't find my feet so I just slid on the guest's couch.

The door opens again and Don walks in.

"Babe what happened? Did he hit you again?" he ask frightned.

I shake my head, "No I'm alright"

He turn my face to him,his eyes land on my swollen lip.

"God Simtho!" he say gasping in shock.

I force a smile,"It's nothing...Aren't you working today?" I say changing the subject.

He doesn't say anything he stare at my lip then brush it softly with his thumb.

I close my eyes and listen to his soft touch.

I feel his soft breaths breezing on my face I open my eyes and find his face inches away from me.

His eyes are fixed on my mine. I blink trying to make sure I'm seeing Donald. His eyes are soft, filled with apology and undivided love.

"He hurt you, he hurt my heart" he says in whisper.

I suddenly feel the need to cry. Tears run down my eyes, I let them fall freely. He lift my face with his index finger and put his lips on mine. I open my mouth for him, he slowly kiss me with affection. I hold his head and deepen the kiss.

When we break it we are both out of breaths. Our heartbeats are pounding. I look at him out of words. I haven't been kissed like this in a long time. Then it clicks. I just kissed my friend. I cheated on Loyiso!

"Donald" I say shocked at myself.

His senses also crawl back, "Simtho... Oh God!"

I stand up and run to my desk. He just sit there looking at me with shock.

Chapter 04

Simtholile Biyela

.

I'm so guilty, I keep looking at myself in

the mirror checking if Don's kiss is not visible.

The day just ran quickly, in the blink of an eye I'm knocking off driving home.

I calm my nerves before opening the door and walking in. I find him in the kitchen with the first-aid box.

"Loyiso" I call him in panick.

He turns around and look at me. His lip is cracked and bleeding, there is another crack on his chin.

"Oh hey babe" he says like it's all good. I throw my bags down and rush to him.

"What happened to you?" I ask looking at him taking the wipes.

"Don happened"

My heart stopped beating, I look at him shocked.

"Don?" I ask.

"Yes,he thinks I'm physically abusing you" he says calmly.

Wtf?

"Then he hit you?" I ask anger building up.

He shrugs,"Ya well...not so harsh"

I slow down on wiping.Who does Don think he is?

"Is he fucking crazy?"

He chuckles and brush my hand wiping him.

"It's not okay don't stress about it'

"No it's okay,who does he think he is?"

I say fuming.

"Your guardian angel"

I slap his head,he wince and laugh.

After cleaning him,I put plasters on his

cuts then collected my bags on the floor and called Don.

The fool doesn't pick up. I angrily throw my phone away and grab my car keys.

"Where are you going now?" Loyiso asks coming from the bathroom.

"To set boundaries"

A smile creep to his face, "About time" I roll my eyes and walk out.

I told Don Loyiso didn't do anything to me, but no, he had to come and hit my boyfriend. Friends respect each other. I will not have him poking his nose on my business like that.

I park out his house and stride in and knock.

Mandla opens the door and smile

when he see me.Oh they are all here.

"Hey Simtho" he greet and hug me.

I once had a crush on him before he got divorced,I'm kinda uncomfortable with his hug.

I break it and ask for Don,he shows me the lounge.

They are all here,my brother included.

I don't greet I just ask Don aside.He refuses and tell me to speak,there is no problem.

"Didn't I tell you to stay out of my relationship?" I ask.

He look at me alarmed,we've always been sweethearts.

"What is wrong Simtho?"

Everyone is looking at us,the TV volume has been lowered.

"You went to hit my boyfriend after I told you I'm alright" I shout at him.

"You was shaking,you weren't alright.He abuse you and you're turning a blind eye"

This motherfucker!

I threw my keys at him,"Who do you think you are???"

"I'm the caring friend.I love you"

"Yeah right,you kissed me then you went to hit Loyiso.It should've been another way around,you're such a jerk"

He look at me regretful,"Simtho I made a mistake"

"You are just an asshole,no wonder you don't have a girlfriend.No one can love something like you"

My brother get up the couch,"Guys slow down"

I turn to him,"No bhuti Don is a jerk,he deserve to know it.He doesn't respect anyone"

"Simtho you are shielding a monster,I'm not a bad guy here" he say.

I gave him one lifetime-covering slap,"Never call or visit me again,you and I are strangers"

He look at me shocked,"Simtho you got to be kidding,I'm not going to let that mons..."

"I hate you"

Everyone exclaims in shock.Don and I don't fight,ever.

He look in my eyes for doubt,I glare at

him with hatred.

"We're friends" he say in almost whisper.

"We were, get yourself a girlfriend and stop meddling in other people's lives" He bite his lower lip. He is trying so hard not to cry but he fails and walk away.

He is crying. I felt a sharp stab in my heart but turned around and walk away.

When I get inside my car tears pour out. I try wiping them but they just keep flooding. I hurt my friend's feelings!

Can I really do this to Don? No I can't. I open the car door and run back to the house.

Thapelo, Mandla and Sbu look at me surprised.

I run past them to Don's bedroom and find him lying on bed with his back sobbing softly.

I lie on top of him, "You know I didn't mean any of that"

He look at me with tears, "You hate me" he says.

"No I don't"

"You said it, I don't deserve to be loved" he say and chew his lip again.

Beside his friends Don has never been truly loved. Not by his parents, not by his ex's. The mother of his son disappeared and died, another girl he fell in love with ended up with another man. So that was very insensitive of

me.

"I'm sorry I said that" I say regretfully.

He close his eyes and shake his

head,"No go away Simtho"

"No" I say and attacked his wet lips.

He sniffed and kiss me back.I close my

eyes to shut out the man with dreads

and deepen the kiss.Neither of us have

stopped crying.

Suddenly his bottom poke me,my vjay

tickles.I moan on his mouth.

I shut Loyiso out.I shut Don out.This is

me kissing a man I love.

He break off,"Simtho...we...I'm..."

I shut him up with another kiss.His

hands run under my dress up to my

ass.

Panties gone.

I stretch my legs on top of him and felt his dick sliding in slowly.

I gasp,he is way huge.I fall on top of his chest,"D..o..n..a..l..d"

He lift my ass up with his hands then come up from beneath thrusting to my depths.

"Simthoooo" he cries looking at my vjay welcoming him in and out.

Out of the blue he have flipped me over.My legs are spread on his arms.He is not rushing.He is hitting every corner smoothly.

I'm crying.I'm crying because I'm sleeping with my friend.I'm crying because I'm cheating on my longtime boyfriend.I'm crying because I'm feeling so much pleasure.

He pulls out and look at me,

"Ngiyakuthanda Simtho"

I close my eyes to shut the man with  
dreads off,

"Nami ngiyakuthanda Vukile"

He chew his lip and thrust in again.

He close his eyes but tears somehow  
manage to come out,

"I love you so much" he keep saying  
with every thrust he fills in.

I rest my head back on the pillow and  
let him devour my body like he wish  
to.

Suddenly my vaginal walls tightned,my  
mind knotted.A warm sensation ran  
through every single vein of my body.

"Ooooooh babeeeee I...I'm cuming  
Vukile" I scream out and explode.

He doesn't stop,he doesn't wait,he thrusts deeper and harder.

I regain myself and open my eyes,he is looking straight in my eyes.

He is breathing with his opened mouth.Suddenly he is breathing fast and louder.His mouth opens wider but his eyes remain on me.

"I...I'm cuming Biyo" he cries out and shut his eyes.

He falls on top of me groaning like a slaughtered bull.

I listen to his escalated breaths, his head tucked between my boobs.

After minutes he lift his head up and look at me in fear.

"It was good" I say smiling.

He exhale in relief,"I'm sorry...I love

you Simtho"

"I love you too"

We wrap in a tight embrace for a long time. Then a man with dreads crossed my mind, I'm dead meat.

I push Don off and take my panty and wear it in a hurry.

"Don't go, he will kill you" he says panicking.

"I can handle him, I just need to drive fast"

I pull my dress into position and run out the room.

Shit!

There are people in this house. Not just people, but my brother and his friends.

I stop dead on my tracks.

Thapelo turn his head first, his eyes

land on my messy hair.I look down at my feet.

"Go Simtho" Sbu says without looking at me.

Yes I'm 28 but this is Zululand respect is the number one key.I just fucked my brother's friend in his presence and screwed another friend of him on the process.I'm such a hoe.

Mandla isn't looking at me either.I walk out sheepishly and go to my car. I drive like I'm racing.

Lucky me,this man is already on bed I tiptoe to the bathroom.

Hell I didn't even wipe myself after cheating.

I quickly kick my shoes off and slip the dress off and slid down my wet panty.

I open the taps and go take the body wash then boom!

He walk in the bathroom and look at my body with affection.

"Shit babe" he curse and stride towards me.

I just froze and looked at him.

Oh hell he scoop me to his arms and walk to the bedroom with me.

"I want you so badly Simtho..I'm craving my cookie"

He throws me on bed and kiss me with hunger.

His hand grabs my pussy.

"Fuck! You're so ready"

I knew I had to get up and run but before I knew it his cock tip was touching my cunt.

With no effort his mamba slipped in.  
I close my eyes, this is Mbatha, he is  
from Stanger, he will just know.

"Fuck!!!" he says pulling out.

My whole body is shaking. I don't open  
my eyes. I don't want to see his face.

"You are soaked in sperms" he says  
unbelievably.

I just shut my eyes.

"Fuck Simtho! You went to fuck him"

I shielded my face with a  
pillow, "Mbatha please"

He grab the pillow away, "You're wet  
with him, you let him in"

I just cried.

My nightmare came to live I felt a jaw-  
drifting punch.

## Chapter 05

### Zethu Biyela

.

This Simtho sister will be the death of me. Instead of going to Imran's birthday party here I am driving like a pussy-rushing man to her house because she hasn't returned my calls since yesterday.

I know and understand that she can't get her legs off Loyiso, but come on bitch we had an appointment to go to. I park outside and walk to knock on the door.

She must keep ignoring me, it's fine I'll just use my master of all-doors key and get in. They'll have to excuse me for the

morning-glory interruption,I need to see this bitch that is my sister.

"Hey wena bitch!" I yell as I walk to her bedroom door,just so they know I'm coming and stop whatever they are doing.

"I know you're here,open up!" I call outside her door.

I put my ear against the door just to be sure there's someone inside.

Oh fuck! I hear her moaning.

"I'm telling you this one last time,open up" I warn opening my bag for my master-of-all-doors key.

Okay...I open again with my famous key.

Boom! The bitch is moaning alone under covers.

"This is no time to masturbate bitch" I say dragging the covers off her.

The first glance at the woman on bed send shivers down my spine.

It's her weave...but her face!

I take a few nervous steps back,

"Simtho" I whisper.

She clear her throat, "Z..e..t..h..u"

Oh my God! What's happened to her?

Maybe she was attacked by thieves.

What if she got hit by lightning? Not

that there was any but you know how

KZN operates,witches can send a single thunderstorm to a single house here.

"You are Simtho?" I ask walking closer.

She moves in pain,

"Pain..killers on the..top..drawer" she whispers.

Fuck it! She is in pain.Lot of pain.  
I fumble my bag for my cellphone.  
What's their number?  
10111? No that's police.  
10777,yeah.  
I dial and put on my ear.  
"What are you doing?" she ask with a  
stronger voice.  
"Calling the ambulance" I tell her and  
curse the white hoe telling me all the  
useless things on the line.  
"Please don't" she says.  
I frown and look at her.  
What does she mean?  
"They won't take long" I tell her.  
"Just don't,please drop it"  
Okay...I don't want to stress her  
bruised-self so I listen to her.

"Why Sie, you need medical attention immediately?" I ask.

"Just give me the pills"

I should've asked this first,

"What happened?" I ask.

She take the pills and swallow them then rest back on the pillow.

"Who did this to you Simtho?" I ask again.

She exhales,

"Please promise me you won't tell anyone" she says.

It will depend, but because I want to hear the brutally attacker and take drastic decisions I promise her I won't tell.

"Mbatha" she says.

I hate this thing of honouring people

by calling them by their surnames.

Who the fuck is Mbatha now?

"Who the hell is that?" I ask almost shouting.

"Mbatha.. my Mbatha"

Huh?

Does she mean Loyiso? Her cute boyfriend?

"Loyiso?" I ask.

She nods and close her eyes.

What the fuck bitches?

"Why? Is he insane? How can he do such cruelty and ruin your make-u..." I stop myself from being crazy this is a serious moment.

"Where is he? He doesn't know whose sister he messed with" I say fueled up and lift my bag to walk out and find

that mothersucker.

"I slept with Don" she calls as I'm about to exit the door.

What???

"You what?" I had to ask.

"I fucked Donald"

Jesus Christ,thy mercy that changes water into wine,what is this that I'm hearing!

"Simtho" I say disbelievingly.

Tears fall down her eyes, "I messed up,I broke Mbatha's trust..How can I betray him like this? He loves me"

Whoah China!

"Wait,hold it there Biyo! Mbatha or whatever you call his cruel-ass,had no right to do this to you.Yes you did him wrong but this..no mntase,no! He

deserve to be put in jail"

She sit up in the lightning velocity,  
"No! You're not telling anyone about  
this.I'm the one who made him do  
this,he had every right to be angry."

Aybo is her common sense bruised  
too?

"Simtho he beat the Avon out of you,at  
least tell dad to deal with him if you  
don't want him behind bars" I tell her.  
Over the years we've learnt that our  
dad is not a legit businessman at all.  
I once saw him killing a guy that  
drugged my young sister Ziphe.That is  
the day I knew I'm the daughter of  
Chuck Norris SA.

"Zethu not a word to anyone, you'll tell  
everyone I caught a flu" she says with a

serious face.

"Wow,I can't believe you.He might be out there shooting Don as we speak"  
That get her attention, she suddenly look worried.

"He won't, I mean he is not that bad"  
she says.

Oh shame her mind got damaged.

"So you think he will let Don get away with moaning on top of his girlfriend just like that? I think you've lost your mind sister, here we are talking about an ex-cop,Banger"

She sighs, "Please call him for me,you know I have to keep my distance from him now on"

I feel the urge to roll my eyes but I don't.

I call Don, he take his time to answer I almost give up.

"Hello...Don" I say as he answers and just keep silent.

He must not waste my airtime like this,I'm not calling with free minutes here.

"Donald man,I'm using airtime here just tell me whether u-right or not" I yell on the phone.

I listen carefully for one last time before dropping the call and hear his voice;

"Please just don't kill me.. it wasn't my intention.. I just fell in love with her..please Loyiso"

Oh no!

"What?" Simtho asks.

"He is killing him" I tell her.

"Huh?"

"I hear Don begging him not to kill him" I say.

I don't hear what she says next I need a plan to save Don quickly.

My dad.

I dial his number with trembling fingers,I rumble out as soon as he pick up.

"Dad please call Loyiso and tell him Simtho is not well now"

"Ntombizethu I have no time for games" he says.

Okay that was a stupid plan,I need a new one.

"Well Don is not picking up his phone and Simtho is worried sick,I just want

you to call Loyiso and ask him a favour to make sure Don is fine. Otherwise Simtho will faint again" I tell him. Simtho once fainted when Don got stabbed in the club two years ago. Our health wellness is our father's weakness and I know Loyiso fears my dad very much.

So he will just tell him ; Mbatha please make sure that Donald boy is fine wherever he is and go attend my daughter "

"Okay" he says.

I let out a huge sigh and sink next to Simtho.

"So now you and Don are friends with benefits?" I ask.

She click her tongue, "I've ruined my

friendship with him,after this we can never be friends again."

Yes I know Loyiso will never allow her six feet anywhere near Don.

"You're in deep shit,how is the pain?" I say.

"Not the same,Loyiso bought me strong painkillers" she says and smile.

"You think that's sweet of him?" I ask disgustedly.

"After everything I did,yeah"

Fuck!

"While we are out there getting chocolates and flowers you will be on bed blushing over painkillers boo" I tell her and walk out to run s bath for her.

I help her washing herself and lotioned

her bruised back then put tons of make-up on her swollen face.

"How do I look?" she ask.

There are mirrors here. I take a small one for her and put it in front of her face.

Her face drops, but

"I'll get better, he said he will buy me a doctor's facial cream"

Mxm!

"I real wish you can let me handle him"

I tell her.

"No, I don't want anyone involved"

Sighs!

Then we hear footsteps coming to the bedroom.

It's him!

Breath in and out Zethu!

"Umhhh Zethu hi..babe" he says and walk to kiss Simtho's cheek.

I just look at him,anger filling up every vein of my body.

Simtho notices,"Zethu you said you're rushing to the meeting " she says smiling.

My hand is just gripping the lamp-stand,I feel like smashing his head but this will get messier than it already is.

I exhale and walk out and drive to Don's house.

I find him relaxed on the couch drinking whiskey. Wasn't he begging for his life thirty minutes ago? It all thanks to me that he is alive and drinking alcohol.

"Hey" I greet nicely.

"Biyo" he says and come to hug me.  
I once had a one-nightstand crush on  
him, Simtho is a lucky bitch.

"Thanks God you're okay"

He chuckles,

"I am, I just need to get what's mine so  
that I can be 100% okay" he says  
massaging his trimmed chin.

"What's that?" I ask.

"My love, my other half, my pillar of  
strength, my everything. My  
Simtholile, uBiyo wami. I'll die if I have  
to"

No no no, he is supposed to back off. He  
doesn't want Loyiso Mbatha on his  
back, trust me.

## Chapter 06

Nozipho Biyela

.

I can't believe I've lost track of time like this. I had one hell of a day at work, with my P.A on emergency leave my life is hell.

My husband is already home, that I know because he's left me about six voice messages. I know he is mad at me, plus I doubt there is any ready food. Gosh! I was supposed to attend Sphiwo's music practice. I completely forgot. That's plus one mad man for me today.

I'm just going to order food in the restaurant and drive straight home.

"Oh wifey is back" he says, with sarcasm, as I walk through the door.

"Hey babe"

He looks at me disgustedly. I exhale and drop my bag on top of the table.

"I'm sorry I lost track of time, where are they?"

He doesn't answer, he just pour water in four cups and walk out.

Okay!

I stand for a while thinking how I'm going to approach my son. But I don't finish thinking he's seen me already.

"Mom!"

I look at him. He is disappointed.

"Hey baba"

"You didn't come, everyone had their moms"

Oh man! I go and take his hand.

"Mommy got held up at work,I'm so sorry my boy"

He sighs,"That's not cool mom"

"I know baby,it won't happen again" I say and pull him with me to the lounge.

Oh they've eaten.They ate on my couches. There is a juice spilled on top of the coffee-table and pizza boxes on the floor. I really want to shout right now but I have no right.

"You've eaten?" I ask looking around. Ayanda has her feet up,a big chocolate slab in her hand and headset on her ears.

"Yep" their father replies looking at the TV.

"Okay thanks...I ordered food but it's

okay we'll eat it tomorrow"

"Mhhh" he says.

He is being dramatic right now.

Everyone lose track of time, him included.

I grab the remote and lower the TV volume.

"Mom!!!!" Liya shout,lying flat on her stomach on the floor.

"You're not even watching Liya,I want to talk with daddy" I say taking a seat beside him.

He doesn't shift though,so I squeeze myself in a little space there is and then put my arm around him.

"You're angry at your wife?" I ask.

"Yeah"

I exhale, "I'm sorry babe,I had

meetings and my P.A was absent,  
everything was crazy"

"But Nozi it's nearly eight o'clock, you  
have three kids and a husband to look  
after."

"I know, I'm sorry"

"Fine" he says and send his hand to my  
waist then push it down inside the  
skirt.

Not in front of my kids mister!

"Just stop" I whisper firmly.

"It's a reward for making me do your  
Mommy duties" he says.

I smile secretly. When will he stop  
loving my cookie so much?

"Later" I tell him.

"You think they'll sleep soon?" he ask  
looking at the kids.

I look at Sphiwo drawing something on his workbook with a sticksweet in his mouth, Aya muffing a big chocolate and Liya licking...? Licking my coco.

"With that sugar they are taking I doubt. They'll be hyperactive and sleep after a good while"

He frowns "What do you mean?"

He is such a dumb.

"You gave them sweets so they won't sleep just now, they are still going to be energetic, you can tell Menziwa to just relax for now" I say giggling.

"I'm going to die, get the coffin ready" he says in defeat.

I laugh at him and raise the TV volume again.

"Guys can I watch the news?" I ask the

kids changing the channel.

"Nooooo!" they chanted together.

"No guys I'm watching it"

Sphiwo gather his things and leave the room, his sisters follow him. They hate news.

Sbu and I laugh at them and cuddle before the TV.

"I bathed them" he says boastfully.

I doubt that, maybe he just filled their bathtubs with water.

"You're such a gentleman, thanks" I say touching his trimmed chin.

"You're welcome"

After watching the news I go to the kids and check their rooms and put them to beds.

Sbu and I take turns with putting them

to beds.

Sphiwo make you watch Spidermens with him and check out his messy drawings and practice his school songs for you. Ayanda make you read her stories and then interpret the story you just read to her for you. She love books and know most of them, so at the end of the day you become her student because she even make you revise the story and all the characters. Whereas Liya will just talk and talk about what happened in school, who did what, which teacher said what, who was wearing what. So getting the kids to bed is one of the most tiring time we have.

"They are asleep?" he ask with his

head popped out the covers.

I sigh, "Yeah, I never thought getting kids to bed was such a job"

He laughs, "It's like getting them to the womb"

I laugh, "You are very naughty"

He pulls me on top of him and runs his thumb on my eyelashes.

"I love you, I haven't said that in hours I was mad" he says.

I smile, "I thought you've dumped me"

"The only place I can dump you to is in my heart"

My heart melts. I look at his eyes,

"I love you too, now about that reward.."

He pokes my front with his

erection, "Menziwa still remembers"

I smile and kiss him. We get it on with me on top. He is groaning like a bull being slaughtered, I'm screaming like a pornstar.

"I can't get enough" he says with his eyes closed.

"Fuck! That was good babe"

He slowly open his now red eyes, "MaZungu"

"Yes Biyela"

"Are you still on the pill?"

What kind of a question is this?

"Of course" I say looking at him.

He closes his eyes again. I won't say anything until he says what he want to say.

After a while he opens them again,

"I want another one"

I'm so bad at this 'reading between the lines' thing,

"Another one what?" I ask.

"I want a baby"

I just burst out laughing. Is he crazy?

"What? No man your jokes are lame" I tell him.

He inhale, "The twins are grown now, I want another baby. Please let's try

MaZungu "

He is fucking mad. My life is a mess as it is. I have a demanding career, a 5-years old son and four years-old twin girls where am I going to get time for an infant?

"No Sbusiso, not now."

He look at me, "Why not?"

"Because I don't have time"

He shift me aside and look at me with a frown, "You don't have time for what?"

"To make more babies and look after them"

"You don't have time to look after my baby?" he ask.

"Yes"

He chuckles in annoyance, "I've never heard that line from a wife before...

You don't have time to look after our baby!"

For me this night has been ruined already.

"Sbu you know how getting pregnant will stop life for me"

Before he can answer we hear a loud knock.

He rise up to go check. I thank God for

that knock,at least I can continue this fight tomorrow.

Oh not tomorrow, tomorrow we are going to Lwazi's marriage proposal. I can't wait to see Sena's face.She's been wanting this for years. At the moment her and Lwazi are not speaking.She is convinced Lwazi is cheating on her.She is such a drama queen but I'll excuse her on this one. It's actually so good to see her on the dark side and Zethu not running her mouth. We are very secretive about this, Sena will get a blowing surprise. She'll need to give Lwazi hot sex to apologize for cheating allegations.

Aybo who was knocking, why is this man not coming back?

I get off bed and put on a gown and go to the kitchen. I need a slice of pizza anyway.

His head is buried on his hands, his shoulders are moving up and down.

What happened to the cop?

I stop at the spot and look at Sbu with shock. Who can make Banger cry? Him and Simtho are okay now, right?

"I'm trying to forget Sbu, I just can't...

How can she hurt me like this?...With him out of all people!..I can't even face the guys, they know I'm such a weak in bed my girlfriend run to other guys."

Simtholile! He is hurt, really hurt.

His voice is coming out in pieces. His dreadlocks are covering his shoulders and face but I know he is crying. He

keep sobbing.

My heart just cry with him.I know how it's like being cheated on with someone you know and considered a friend.

"Hardie Loyiso man" Sbu says patting his shoulders.

He doesn't know how to comfort him.

He let out another loud sob,"It's hurt,deeply...yesterday she called me by his name, I didn't want to do anything I'll regret I just left and went to the hotel... (sobs) I love her,I live for her,I can't let her go Sbu..(sobs) What did I do wrong? Why can't she want me, me alone? I need her...Simtho.. I love you"

This is not good trust me.

This won't end good, Simtho doesn't know what she is calling her way. Neither does Donald. Loyiso is obsessed, desperate and very heartless if need to be.

## Chapter 07

Nozipho Biyela

.

Today is a yEEP yEEP day. We're here outside Lwazi's new building, patiently waiting outside with our hearts coming out our mouths.

Sena doesn't know anything, Zethu, the family's mastermind, came up with whatever lies and got Sena driving

here. I can't wait to see her face when Lwazi asks the question.

We're sitting outside with our heads glued to the second floor's balcony.

Everything is dark, only dull lights outside where Lwazi is. Poor man, he's been shaking like a leaf all day.

Zethu jumps up and tells us Sena just told her she is parking outside. Sbu and I are not okay but that moment I pinched his arm in joy. He squeezed my hand.

We're all here except Loyiso. Simtho has been quiet all evening and we're giving her space. On the other hand Donald is just himself but him and Simtho are just avoiding each other.

"I feel like screaming already" Fiki says

rubbing her hands together.

"Don't you dare!" Sbu warns her.

After a few minutes we see a woman figure opening a balcony's door. It's her. We had to hold Zethu back from screaming.

She looks around in confusion. It's like she is looking for someone.

Music comes on..it's Brandy-Say You Will.

Sena looks more confused, she step back and look around. Then Lwazi appears walking slowly. Sbu had to pin me back to my seat, as well as Thapelo to Ziphe. I just want to scream yesssss.

OMS (that stand for Oh My Sbu anyway) he goes down on one knee. We can't hear him but we know

he is saying it.

Sena is frozen for a moment, it takes her a while to record everything and then she jumps up and scream something. Lwazi stands up and take her left hand and then scoop her up and swing her around.

Not even these muscular men could stop us from jumping up and screaming our lungs out.

The lights fully come back on, Sena look at us and close her mouth in shock.

We are all jumping up, screaming. The whole building buzz with Brandy-I don't care.

They must've chosen Brandy because she is Sena's favourite singer.

The firecrackers are blocking my view

but I see them kissing and then disappearing inside on full speed. I suddenly feel like I'm in a Christmas celebratory ceremony. I've never seen such a beautiful thing, which makes me wonder how their wedding will be. My sister-in-law will probably want to fly to Italy for her wedding, she once mentioned that she want to have an Italian wedding.

They run toward us, with happy faces. The last time we saw Sena's smile was a week ago. She really owe Lwazi apology.

"Yeah babe" Fiki screams and run to meet them halfway.

It's become a crazy scene, we all want to hug them. Sena is screaming "I'm

getting married".

Us,ladies give our full attention to the huge diamond ring around her finger.It's so breathtaking, it a Sena's type,it grabs attention.

" Lwazi how are you feeling? " I ask.

He take deep breaths,we all look at him.He close his face with his hands and then bend down with his hands balancing on his knees.

No...I look at Sbu,he just smiles.

After a moment Lwazi rise up and look at Sena with tears.

"I can't believe she agreed...she's been everything" he says.

I'm inlove with him.Where did Sena get such a sweetheart? Why did the sweethearts finish before I can pick

mine.

It's like this man reads my mind,

"Did you cook my stiff-pap?" he  
whisper in my ear.

Really? At the moment like this he is  
going to ask me about stiff-pap. I told  
you he is faraway from being a  
sweetheart.

"I'll cook it" I tell him really annoyed.

"Hawu Nozi you didn't cooked it! How  
am I going to eat my liver? You know I  
like it with cold pap" he says out loud.

He was like this when I first knew  
him, I never expected him to change  
but I had my hopes.

Funnily, I love him like crazy no matter  
what.

"Not a good time for that" Mandla tell

him laughing.

"You going to be like this too after we got married? Crying for pap in front of people" Sena ask her sweetheart.

Lwazi laughs and shake his head.

"I can't believe you are getting married" Ziphe says to Sena with a smirk.

"None of us do" Fiki says.

"Better believe it darlings, I'm Mrs Madlala"

Yes she is.

"Okay I'll call Biyela and let him know his daughter has accepted a marriage proposal" Sbu says taking out his cellphone.

After rejoicing we all drive to Mandla's house.Zanda being a wifey material

she is prepared food and drinks to accommodate the day. None of us thought about it.

Unfortunately Simtho get a chair next to Don and things get awkward.

"Please pass me the salt Biyo" Don says.

Simtho breaths out and pass it.

"So you guys really slept together?"

Fiki ask.

Zanda, Ziphe, Lwazi and Sena nearly jumped off their chairs. They didn't know, they are so behind the scenes.

"What???" Ziphe asks.

"They what?" Sena asks.

"So you guys didn't know? They fucked and Loyiso found out and beat Simtho to pulp"

"What???" all of us said.

This is news,bad news!

"He hit you again?" Don asks.

What does he mean again?

"Simtho.." Sbu says in a questioning tone.

"Zethu I told you to keep the fuck shut" she says angrily and stand up to go.

"Simtho wait, are you okay?" Don says following her.

She doesn't get anywhere, she slowly goes down to the tiles facedown.

Everyone screams and run to her.

>>>>>chapter continues

## Chapter 07 continues

Simtho Biyela

.

The last thing I remember is me walking out Mandla's dining room and people calling my name. After that I don't know what happened, all I know is that I have a white man in front of me with a big file smiling at me.

"You have a loving family... welcome back Miss Biyela" he says.

"What happened?" I ask looking at the drip connected to my arm.

Before he can answer my family comes in looking relieved. My sisters hug me and ask the doctor how I'm doing.

"She is fine, she just need to eat well" he says.

"What was wrong with her anyway?"  
my brother asks.

He smiles, his smile will be the death of  
me.

The door burst open again, my man  
comes in with his dreadlocks all over  
the place. He must've been running.

"Oh thanks God!" he says and throw  
himself next to me and bury his head  
on my chest, breathing heavily.

"I'm fine my love" I say brushing his  
head.

I don't want to even glance at Don's  
direction. What I did was a mistake, I  
love Loyiso I can't hurt him like that.  
He realise what he is doing, "I'm  
sorry..it just that I got so nervous, I  
thought I'll lose you" he said getting off

me.

"It's okay, I'm not injured"

"I love you, I know I haven't been telling you that enough these last few days. I realized how short life is, I want you to know that I love you" he says. I sniff and nod, "Thank you, I love you too"

Eye is bitchy, I quickly get a glance at Don's face he was just blank. How did we get here? How do I come out from this tunnel?

"What the doctor said? Why did you faint?" he ask me.

The doctor clear his throat, "She is stressing too much and not eating well"

Everyone look at me, nxa!

"I've been eating well" I protest.

He smiles for the 100th time since I woke up,

"You need to eat enough to feed the two of you"

Huh?

"Excuse me?"

He turn his attention to Loyiso, "We have booklets teaching about everything a woman undergoes during pregnancy. Anyway congratulations and welcome to daddy-world"

No, God no! I scream at the doctor telling him he is crazy.

Imagine being pregnant, getting fat and ugly. Besides I don't want kids yet, I have enough nephews.

"How far she is?" Zethu asks.

"Can't wait to be an aunt huh? She is still early, only two weeks" the doctor says and open his file.

My heart stop beating for a second. Two weeks? God what did I do wrong to you? This is the worst cheating punishment I've ever heard.

"Two weeks?" Loyiso ask looking at me.

I slept with Don two weeks ago, I also slept with Loyiso that week. I don't know who the father of this child is! "Bustard"

Then everything happens very fast. Don is on the floor, Loyiso has his hands around his throat.

I want to scream but I can't find my voice. He is going to kill him.

My brother and Thapelo are trying to pull him off. Don is kicking his feet trying to break free.

The security guards rush in and managed to pull Loyiso off.

"I'm coming after you dog!" Loyiso say before disappearing out the door with guards.

"I trusted you Don...hawu Loyiso left without seeing my ring?" Sena says. Don keep scratching his neck, his eyes are red. His friends are not even looking at him.

"Nxaa!!" Mandla says and tell Zanda they must leave.

"Where are you rushing?" Zanda ask.

"I just don't like cheaters and backstabbers, let's go"

Wow! They leave.

I look at my brother, "I'm sorry"

He come and kiss my forehead,

"I love you" and then he leave with

Lwazi, Nozi stays behind.

"I think we should also go" Thapelo

says looking at Don.

"I just need to talk with Simtho" he

says.

"Not happening, you've done enough

damage already. We're leaving now"

he says and pull him by his arm

roughly.

After they've left Nozi rush to push the

door close and they all gather around

me.

"Who is the father?" Fiki ask in a

serious note.

I shrug, " I'm not sure"

They exclaim.

"You hurt that man,for what? Don is just lusting over you" Sena says.

I close my eyes,this is not what I want to talk about right now.

"Yesterday he came to my house just to cry,Simtho how can you act like this?"

Nozi asks.

I exhale, "I want to die"

Zethu chuckle, "Not before you identify the baby"

"I'm very disappointed in you" Ziphe says and gather her purse and walk out.

After getting lectures from my sisters I was left alone with my thoughts.

I stayed up until morning, I just want

the doctor to discharge me and go home in Mandeni.

None of my family come to bring me breakfast but I receive a wrapped tray from kitchen staff saying someone drop it for me.

I get discharged and take a taxi to my house. I don't want to bother people by calling them to come pick me up.

All doors are closed,not even the curtains are opened.I just walk straight to my bedroom to collect my stuff and leave.

I'm stopped by a sad cry coming from the bathroom.

He is crying and talking in a language I don't know.I tiptoe to him.

He is on his knees with his eyes

closed. He is praying, I think I've heard this language in one of Nigeria movies. I know his mother was a Nigerian but I didn't know he can actually speak or pray in those foreign languages.

After a while he finishes and pull something from the roof and step on top of the bathtub.

"Loyiso what are you doing?" I ask shocked.

He jump and look at me surprised.

"What are you doing with a rope?" I ask angrily.

"I'm killing myself"

"What?"

"You heard me, I'm ending my pathetic life. You can fuck Don with no worry and have your happy family with him. I

quit"

Whoah!

I run to him and grab his left foot with all I've got. He trip and fall.

"Bitch" he curse.

He get up looking fueled up and stride toward me, I run away screaming at him.

I don't run fast enough because he catch me and pin me to the floor.

"I hate you" he says and attack my face with his mouth.

He kiss every part of my face, "Nobody does this to me, nobody make me cry Simtho"

"I'm sorry" I cry.

He part my legs and lie in between,

"You raped my feelings and I'm going

to rape you"

Huh?

Chapter 08

Simtho Biyela

.

Loyiso may have injected me with something after last night's deeds. I don't know what happened I'm just sore and tired. I've been on bed the whole day.

It's Loyiso who's been nursing and taking care of me. If he didn't scoop me to the bathroom I wouldn't have

bathed I swear.

He is not speaking, he just say and ask what necessary, he is still mad at me. As mad he is he doesn't forget to take care of me and that is the Loyiso I love, the loyal man.

My sisters has been constant calling checking how I am or should I say checking how my situation is. Zethu is number one at being nosy, she suggested to move in with me so that she can know everything that's happening, I told her it won't happen. My brother did call too but I can tell he is still angry with me.

He is a great brother though, I don't know what we would be without him. Even my father changed a little bit

after finding him.

And Don called too,I don't know for  
hundred and what times.I just ignored  
him,later I'll put his numbers on  
blacklist,I don't want to fuel this any  
further.

I miss him big time,at times like this I  
would just drive to him and talk about  
everything and he would cuddle me  
and make me laugh and forget.

Just the thought of not being able to be  
with him hurt again but I'll do anything  
just to keep Mbatha.I can not live  
without Loyiso, he is my everything.

"I made you chicken & mayo sandwich"  
he says walking through the door with  
a plate.

I sit up and take it, "It smells nice"

He take the knife at the side and slice it in four pieces for me to eat and then turn around to leave.

"Mbatha" I call.

He turn around and look at me blankly.

"Thank you"

He stretch his lips in a smile way and nod.

I eat my sandwich and lie down again.

I don't have big appetite but I'm just eating for the mini one inside. I'm still shocked and scared about having a baby growing inside me.

What scares me the most is I don't know who the father is between two men, but I'm giving Don 75% chances. I have no freaking idea what I'm going to do, maybe I should give birth and

hand the baby to him and continue with Loyiso.

The problem will be my father, he will want his damages from Loyiso.

The house get quiet, I take it Loyiso had gone somewhere. I take that as opportunity to freshen up again. We still share the same bed so I have to smell nice for him.

He still sleep with his arms around me. I still feel his lips on my forehead in the mornings. He still loves me.

He comes in as soon as I finish dressing in my nighties.

"Biyo"

I haven't been called like that in weeks. I look at him surprised, oh he is tipsy!

"Mbatha" I say looking at him.

"Ngiyakukhumbula" he take steps closer.

The fact that he said that in Zulu made it so sweet and sincere. Trust me these types of things when said in Zulu brings a different sensation to the meaning.

I don't know what to say,I'm scared I'll say something wrong.

I wait for him,he come and wrap his arms around me.

We look in each other's eyes for decades before he exhale and kiss my lips.

I kiss him back and run my fingers in his dreads,I missed doing this.

"I love you Loyiso" I say as we break

the kiss.

He grins and look away.

"I do,God knows I do.I just don't know what I'm you going to do to make things right" I say.

He glance at me and shake his head,"You don't know how it's like " and then he leave the room.

After ten minutes he walk back in and come to bed and lie on top of me.

He start kissing and caressing my body with his hand.Today he is not rushing, he is slow and tender.

I don't know where he pulled the ropes,he just scooped me to the chair.

Now we getting Thapeloic,I smile to myself.

He tie my hands together and my

ankles to each chair foot.

He strip his clothes off and kiss me.I'm already wet and his hand is not helping, I need Mbatha himself.

And then he goes down with his tongue, I literally lose it and scream on top of my voice.

He immediately stop before I can jerk out.

"Babe don't stop" I say with my eyes closed.

I feel his breaths distancing and open my eyes only to find him walking out the door.

"Loyiso come back" I yell.

He comes back wearing a condom,say what!

A dark slim girl walks in after

him, wearing nothing.

I look at him confused, why is he bringing naked girls in our bedroom?

"Who is this?" I ask as the girl look at my wet pussy with a smirk.

"No one you should know about"

Loyiso says.

"Fuck Loyiso, the bitch is coming naked to my bedroom and looking at my tied nakedness"

He shrugs and pull the girl to him and bend her down.

Wtf! His fingers dig inside the girl's pussy, my heart nearly stopped beating.

"Loyiso!" I call out with shock.

"Spread your legs baby" he talk with the girl.

Is he going to fuck a hoe inside my house, under my presence?

No,he wouldn't do that to me!

Out of the blue he is banging his dick inside the girl and they are both moaning.

I scream his name harder begging him to stop.

He doesn't listen he goes in and out the girl from behind with his eyes closed.

"Loyiso please" I beg crying.

He still doesn't listen, he just pull the girl by hips and thrust deeper.

"Faster baby" the girl scream.

He does listen to her and raise his pace.

I watch as the girl reach her first and second orgasm.I listen to her

screaming at my man. I watch her take my happiness. And there is nothing I can do I'm tied to this chair.

After a while I see the veins coming out my man, I see his muscles tensing up.

He groans loud and fall to the floor.

"I love you Biyo" he whispers breathlessly.

Wtf! He is mad, he can't be saying that after what he just did.

"No I hate you, you're a dog Loyiso" I scream with little energy I have left.

He slowly open his eyes and see me.

Something changes on his face. He immediately sit up and hold on to the bed.

"I hate you" I tell him with hiccups blocking my voice.

He sit on bed,his dick licking sperms.

He look at me shocked and scared.

"What have you done to me?" he  
whispers.

"Fuck you,you're a monster" I tell him.

He look at my face,his hands start to  
shake.

The girl is still lying on the floor with  
eyes closed.

"Untie me you sick bastard!"

He comes to me with wobbly feet and  
untie the rope with shaky hands.

"How can you do this to someone?" I  
ask.

He tries to answer but his lips shake  
and he stop.

I go grab the gown and run out the  
room leaving him looking like he is

about to faint.

I snatch car keys and run to the car and drive out.

Tears flood out again as I approach my brother's house.

They are all outside. Oh my sisters came to gossip this side.

Pity Nozipho has become a Biyela diva and she is now like one of us. She married to the crazy family and became crazy too.

"Hey what's wrong?" Sbu ask pulling me to his arms.

Oops! I can't tell him what Loyiso did.

"I'm not feeling okay, my head pains"

I feel lot of eyes rolling from the sisters.

"Dramatic ass-bitch" Zethu says.

"Did you have to cry like Loyiso hit you again?" Fiki ask.

Sbu brush my back, "She is sick,what is your problem? I'll get you painkillers princess"

I nod and go sit next to the twins.

They start talking to me as soon as I sit.I've never seen them mouth-shut,they must've taken after Sena and Zethu.

Sbu comes back with a glass of water but Don comes running and make him drop the glass.

"Whoah China!" Sbu exclaims.

He is like us,that's what disappointed my dad he said he thought having a son would be different.

Sbu is crazy like us,he is even using our

lines when speaking.

"What are you running for Mr good what-what?" Sena asks.

"Junior!" Don says and bury his face with his hands.

## Chapter 09

Sena Biyela

.

On the headlines this month is Simtholile, Donald and Loyiso. These fuckers have been on our mouths for their love-triangle or should I say sex-triangles for weeks. Not even my surprise proposal outshone their sheningas.

They always invade our space with their problems. Just as we are chilling outside my brother's house Simtho comes crying saying she is not feeling well. Yes, she shouldn't feel well, with all that cheating and beating going on in that house.

Soon after her her fuck-patner comes running too. Now we have to attend them, story of this month!

"Junior" he says out of breath.

"What with Junior?" Sbu asks handing Simtho a glass of water and pain tablets.

"I can't find him, he is gone.. there is blood"

What is wrong with him? He talks with his hands covering his face.

None of us understand what he is on about we just look at each other confused.

"Don just tell us what is going on,you're not making any sense" I tell him.

He slid on the chair powerlessly,

"My son Sena, he was studying in his room I can't find him,there is blood on his books"

Huh? I think my ears heard wrong but the reactions around the table tells me otherwise.

"No! Maybe he got cut and went to the bathroom. Did you look for him?"

Zethu says in panick.

"He is....God I can't..please help me Sbu I can't" he cries.

"Did you lock the doors? Did you hear anything?" Nozi asks pacing up and down.

"Yeah...I don't know" he answers crying.

Sphiwo once disappeared before his father's wedding, my brother was shattered, I can't start to imagine what Don is going through, not knowing where your child is, to be unsure about his safety and wellness.

"Let's just call the police" Fiki suggest dialing on her phone.

I'm supposed to be driving home now but I can't leave the situation like this. But first let me call Lwazi and ask if Quinton is fine, I don't trust anything now.

Lwazi doesn't pick up his phone, I hate it when men do like this. What is keeping him from answering his phone?

"Biyela is sending people to your house, it'll be better if they find us there" Nozi says after talking with my dad on the phone.

I trust my father's people, they'll find him. My only worry is whether dead or alive.

Sbu doesn't want to risk with his kids, he ride with all of them in his car. Nozi drives with Don, at least she can comfort him. I wouldn't know how to ride with a crying man.

We all drive to Don's house, we arrive just a minute before the police.

They patrol the house while drinking cokes and take blood clots as evidence. Unfortunately there isn't even one fingerprint on the spot. We all realize something bad may have happened to the child, I feel my tears worming their way out, I am a parent I can just imagine Don's pain.

"These police are useless, only if Loyiso was here" Sbu says scratching his head.

Loyiso! Why didn't we think of him from the start? That guy can add  $1 + 2$  and get 5, I don't know how.

"Simtho" Ziphe says.

She look at us with emptiness, my poor sister, I give her a quick hug. Junior is like a son to her.

"Call him,we need his help.He must do it for Junior at least" Fiki begs.

I hope we are not asking for too much,given the current situation with him and Don.

She exhales and call him,

"Hey...I went to my brother Mbatha...yes it's the truth... Okay..."

She should be talking about this urgent matter not their affairs, I nudge her.

"...Junior is missing... Umhhh we were wondering if you can come and help...me and my sisters....no Loyiso I didn't go to him...I..I can explain.. plea.." she look at her cellphone.

"Don't worry dad will come with help soon" Sbu says.

Police come to tell us they are going to

submit what they found to the captain and walk away. They are useless, I click my tongue loud for them to hear.

Simtho's phone start ringing irritatingly, she eventually answers and agree to whatever the person says.

"Umhhh...I have to go, I hope they find Junior soon" she says.

She is not serious. She can't be walking out on her friend in this situation.

"You're leaving?" Don asks with a puffy face.

"Umhhh yeah, I have to" she answers hesitantly.

"I need you Simtho, please don't leave me now" he says with a trembling voice.

Don is a pet of his crew, my brother

and all other friends treat him like an egg. He is the youngest of them all.

"Stay Simtho, you're the only one who can put him together right now, please sisi we're family" Sbu says to Simtho.

"Loyiso needs me too" she says.

Don look down at his hands, Sbu exhales.

"Stop with that panelbeater" Zethu says raising her hand.

"Okay...Sbu call them and ask where they are, I can't sit like this not knowing what happened to my boy"

After twenty minutes 5 cars arrives...continues!

## Chapter 09 (continues)

Simtho Biyela

.

No words can describe the way I feel right now as I'm driving out Don's house to my house leaving him looking thirty times dead. I've forgotten how it's like to be happy.

How can life turn around like a tyre in the blink of an eye, I used to be happy. At least my father is now involved, that rises my hope with 10%. He has connections all over South Africa and criminality is his speciality. Whoever took Junior will be joining his/her ancestors soon, nobody mess with a Biyela loved-one and live to tell the tales.

Before I drive through the house I quickly text Don telling him he is in my prayers and delete the text as soon as it deliver.

"Biyo" he says as soon as I get through the door.

"Hey babe"

Funny how my heart can forgive this man in the matter of few hours no matter what he does,am I sick in love with him?

He comes and wrap me in his arms, I exhale his scent and fall in love with him more.

"You feel heavy,what is worrying you?" he ask brushing my shoulders.

"Junior is missing Loyiso,there is blood where he was sitting"

He clear his throat, "How is his father?"

"Like you care" I blurt out.

I realize what I've said and look at him with fear. He just look at me plainly.

"You're right I don't care...I tried cooking you something nice, wanna taste?"

"Actually I don't want to taste food you prepared with hands you used finger-fucking your hoe"

He chuckles, "Don't be a brat, I don't have a hoe I just wanted you to feel how it's like"

"I will never forgive you for what you did Loyiso"

He frown, "You'll have to, I also forgave you for fucking Junior's dad"

I sense sarcasm in his statement, the

way he says Junior's dad makes me think something behind it tickles him. Before I can question him about it his cellphone rings.

"Your dad" he tells me then answers.

"Mr M...Just in the house with my love,what's up...oh shame I heard...no problem I can do that...give me a few hours...nakanjani Grootman"

He put it back in his pocket and pull me to him.

"I have to go help the gents with Junior's search"

Oh..didn't he refuse to look for Junior one hour ago? This man is mysterious.

"Oh babe that's so kind of you, I know how hard it is for you to be doing this after everything that has happened.

I'm grateful Mthiya

Ngenkomo,Ndabezitha wami"

He smiles,"I'm doing it for you,I know how much you love Junior "

Will he ever stop making my heart beat fast?

"Anything for your Biyo right?" I ask looking at him suppressing my smile.

"Anything my love"

I smile broadly,"I love you... but please don't kill anyone, I'm over washing blood-covered clothes"

He grin, "I haven't killed in three years...anyway how about I chow my cookie a little bit before I go?"

"No,not with the same dick that was fucking that skinny bitch.Forget it" I say and walk away.

He grab my arm, "I miss you Simtho hawu!"

"No Loyiso, you had sex with your hoe a few hours ago now you want to fuck me?" I say firmly.

"You know I never enjoyed that, every thrust I pushed hurt because of the way you was crying. I never want to see tears in your eyes, I hate hurting you but sometimes I have to because of the pain you've sent me through. I don't like hurting a person, I always go an extra mile and very severe in hurting people."

I exhale, "I know it is my fault, askies"

"Okay...just don't hurt me again I love you so much to make you cry"

"And I love you too"

"Okay...so am I getting my pink cake?"  
he ask smirking.

"I'm not in the mood Loyiso, maybe  
when you come back"

"I don't know how long I'll be gone and  
I'm horny now"

I sigh and remove my clothes.After  
taking off all the clothes I turn to him  
and find him looking at me with  
soaked eyes.

"I'm sorry" he says in whisper.

I frown, "I'm over that,you fucked her  
let's move on now"

"Not that,I'm sorry for everything"

I don't follow, I'm the one who should  
be sorry.

"Sorry for what?" I ask.

"For the pain and imperfections, I wish

I can be a better man for you"

I exhale, "You're a perfect man,now  
let's do this so I can go eat"

He step foward and kiss my forehead,

"I'm sorry I can't warm the food for  
you I've got to run the guys are waiting  
for me"

He then turn around and walk out.

I'm naked for him,what is he walking  
out for?

He comes back after five minutes,I'm  
still in the same position confused.

Three new guns are around his  
waist,something that look like  
earphones is handing around his  
neck,he is wearing black boots and a  
big wristwatch that keep flashing  
green lights.

"You look like a gangster" I say.

He chuckles and put earphones in his ears, "Driving out gents"

He then put them back around his neck and press a button in his watch, red light flash.

"I have to go my love, please put your clothes on you're tempting me"

Wait...

"Where do you store those guns?"

Inside my house?" I ask firmly.

He hold his laughter and run out,

"I love you" he shout outside.

I'm mad at him.

## Chapter 10

### Fikile Biyela

.

I'm sure most of you know me but don't know me,if you know what I mean.

Well,let me tell you a little about myself.

My name is Fikile Trinity Biyela, I love the Trinity name but nobody want to call me that.I'm 32years old,I'm the eldest of Muzi Biyela's brood.

I have two kids from different fathers,I hate their fathers with passion.

I'm single and in love with my ex-boyfriend and do casual sex with him. He got married while we were still dating, I was hurt. I tried breaking up with him after hearing the news but the heart wanted what it wanted. I love him. He is Zanda's old brother, his name is Mvuselelo Miya.

"Loyiso is on his way" my dad says after speaking on the phone.

Didn't Loyiso refuse to help? What made him change his mind?

I've always been nosy and this time my guts tells me Loyiso took Junior and my guts has never been wrong.

"Oh, how kind of him?" I blurt out and receive a scolding look from my brother.

"He is helping we should be grateful, it's not easy for him with everything that has happened" he says.

My dad look at him," What has happened? "

I pinch Zethu's arm hard to stop her from babbling everything out. She's got a very wetmouth, nothing stays in her chest.

"Just a guys' feud. How long are they going to take?" Nozipho says brushing off dad's question.

"With Banger..I mean Mbatha involved everything should be quicker, I'd say less than 24hours"

See, my dad is like a Minister of Thugs, he have criminal connections every where.

After ten minutes Mr Banger enter through the door.

"Hey hey" he greet in his naturally mean Loyiso tone.

We greet him back. He step aside with my dad and talk.

Just the sight of guns around his waist send shivers to my stomach. He look like a TV gangster.

"I'm scared" Ziphe says snuggling herself on her husband.

Thapelo brush her and kiss her forehead and tell her something.

Why can't I get myself a man like him?

My brother once accused me of crushing on Thapelo. The truth is I adore Thapelo,he is my dream guy.He is loving, protective, intimidating,

handsome, sexy, brave, faithful... I wouldn't finish describing what I love in him but I don't have a crush on him. "Can you take your discussion outside, your guns scare my wife" he says in a deep voice, smiling at my dad. My dad smiles back and signals Loyiso out.

Zethu looks at Ziphe with irritation, "Mxm!"

"Go to hell" Ziphe replies.

If Zethu is not fighting with Simtho she is fighting with Ziphe. She is a brat and single as a fuck.

"Everything will be alright Don"

Mandla says.

"Yeah...he didn't have a jersey on, it's getting cold"

This is not right. Whoever it is is so cruel to hurt Don like this. Junior is his only hope.

"Junior will be back, that I'm sure of" Zanda says.

Zanda though, did she have to cut her hair so short? She like dresses and sandals.

"What is wrong with you?" I ask irritated.

She look at me, "What?"

"You look..like a girl,just a girl" I say.

She doesn't get what I mean, the others do and laugh.

"I was also going to ask what happened to the weave" Sena says.

She get what we're on about and roll her eyes, "This is about a haircut,

isn't?"

"Yeah, you should've done a bobcut at least instead of looking like a boy"

Zethu says.

"I think you look great chommie, what did that man say?" Ziphe says.

I expected her to compliment this haircut, she have a natural hair bun herself, what would she know?

"He didn't even notice I don't have a weave anymore" Zanda reply with a seductive smile.

"Who is 'that man'?" Mandla asks.

"Just a guy who refused to let Zanda pierce her nose" Ziphe say.

Mandla laughs, "You guys are still on about that"

"Yep" Zanda says.

"Nobody is piercing anything" Thapelo says.

Ziphe and Zanda pouts while Thapelo and Mandla agree with each other.

"Falling with older guys is actually the right thing" Zethu says out of the blue.

"We're not old, just few years ahead of them" Mandla protest.

We all laugh,except for Don.

"Don't even think about it

Ntomb'zethu,Thapelo is the last sugar daddy we're accepting in this family"

Sbu says laughing, Thapelo slap his arm.

"I'm only six years older"

"But you look 26years older" Sbu continue teasing him.

"You're jealous of how sexy my

husband look" Ziphe say brushing Thapelo's arm.

"Get over yourself, my man look sexier" Nozipho get in.

"Thank you mama" Sbu says and kiss her.

"Wouldn't he, with all that exercises you guys do in your house?" Sena ask. We all laugh because we know my brother is a sex addict. Nobody in the family haven't caught him making out with Nozi in his house, even our parents.

"Guys there are kida here, Ziphe and Zanda" I say.

"You're talking about pro's, they know this topic more than us" Zethu say.

"No they don't" Mandla reply.

"Get out of here"

We continue chatting and laughing that we even forget about the situation at hand and we don't even see Don walking to his bedroom.

"And where is Don?" I ask.

We all look around.

"Maybe he is in the loo" Zanda says.

I get up and check him in room and find him staring at the wall with tears running down.

"Don" I say and walk to sit beside him.

"Fiki" he brush away his tears and look at me.

"It'll be fine"

He shrugs, "You don't know that"

"Keep faith, he need you to be strong for him. He will come back"

He nod, "I just wish..I don't know... a perfect life,where I can be happy and be a better father"

"You're one of the best fathers I know. Look at Nkanyiso and Lindokuhle they don't even know what their kids eat and wear.I can just kill those fuckers,they make my blood boil.You wouldn't believe what Lindo said when I told him about Simile's school trip"

He look at me,a smile escape his mouth.

"What he said?" he ask.

"He said he doesn't know what I do with money,I'm stinking rich I can feed the whole Osizweni's orphanage if I wanted to"

He laughs, "And what did you say?"

"I told him my bank balance is none of his business,he must go enlarge his dick in Vendaland and support his kids with change that he get from there"

He laughs even more, "You're just what I needed"

"Oh you're gossiping this side now" my brother's voice say from the door.

"I'm not gossiping" I protest.

"Whatever...they've found a lead,by the look of things Junior is safe and alive"  
Wheew!!

"They've got him?" Don ask excitedly

"Not exactly, they say whoever it is is a mastermind. They must get codes to break in the place,it won't be easy"

"Loyiso can get those codes,right?" I

ask.

"He want to speak with Don privately at first"

What now?

"Okay" Don says.

Sbu dials on his phone and give Don.

"Hello...yeah it is me...what? no!...that's just bullshit...please man don't do this...but..okay fine I'll back off just bring back my son..okay"

We all look at him questioningly as soon he hangs up.

"He wanted a deal" he says and sit down.

"What deal?" Sbu ask.

"He just wanted me to stay away from Simtho after helping me with this"

"What if she is pregnant by your

child?" Sbu ask.

He look at us and exhale, "We didn't discuss that"

Something tells me Don is hiding 50% of their deal.What did Loyiso force Don to do now?

## Chapter 11

Zanda Dlamini (Featured Character)

.

Well I'm not a Biyela but people confused me for it.I'm actually a family friend.

The Biyelas are such a loving bonded family. I'd dry my voice if I had to count number of times they've been there for me.

The girls call me their 'sister' or Ziphe's twin, because of our strong friendship and age. In them I've found myself a family. Bab' Biyela is very protective of me, as for Mam' Ntombi I'm her sixth daughter.

We just came from Don's house, Junior was brought safe. He didn't have a single scratch, as to how his room got blood nobody knows. They say it's all thanks to Loyiso, he did all the job. Don owes him big time.

Mandla doesn't even take off his shoes he just throw himself on bed. He

refused to close his eyelids without seeing Junior walking through the door first. They all sat through the night, us ladies only woke up around 03am after they told us Junior has arrived.

I'm not a day-sleeper so I take this opportunity to arrange the closets and spring-clean the house.

He is still snoring by the time washing dry out. I decide to make him lunch before going to my brother's house.

I finish cooking and go freshen up and get dressed and he is still asleep.

"Where are you going?"

Oh wakey-wakey!

"Oh hello...my brother's house remember?"

He yawns, "Mhhhh...and you're

wearing those tight jeans?"

I feel the need to get Biyelanic and roll my eyes but I don't because I'm Zanda Dlamini.

"Look like I am, got a problem Mister?"  
I say.

He chuckles, "No dear Madam, I'm just worried about my exposed assets"

I laugh, "You don't need to worry my cupcake"

He grunts, "That's not on, I'm not a kid or girl"

"Whatever! You'll have to warm your food, it's in the fridge."

He close his eyes and sleep again. I take my perfume and spray him. He duck his head under the blankets and curse.

I laugh and throw myself on top of him.

"Move Zanda...I can't breath geez!"

I laugh and press my ass harder on top of his head.

He is strong,it doesn't take him a second to roll me over and cover me with blankets and sit on top of me.

"I can't breath" I yell shallowly.

He laughs and press his body harder on top of me. My body start heating up.

I use to be in this position with uncle Themba He would press his huge body on top of me and not move,I would find it hard to breath and beg him to move and he wouldn't move an inch.

"Please!!!!" I cry under blankets.

Mandla doesn't care,he laughs harder.

By the time he move off I'm wet in

tears.He look at me shocked.

"Oh my God! Zanda I thought we were still playing"

He try to touch me but I yank his hand away.

"You had no right to do that to me" I shout crying.

"Babe"

I stand up, "Get your hands off me, you devil"

He look at me wanting to say something but words fail him.I walk out to my car.

I put more powder on my face and wipe my tears dry before driving out.

I find my sister-in-law Siza,my brother Mvuselelo and my sister Phumlile having a random conversation in the

lounge.

"What's wrong? You look like you've been crying?" Phumla says just as I'm taking a seat.

"Oh hello to you too Sisi...guys ninjani?" I say greeting everyone with a hug.

"I'm not hugging you, what's your problem?" Phumla says pushing my hands away but I hug her anyway.

"What is wrong with you today?" Siza asks.

"Lack of sleep, they returned Junior by dawn" I lie knowing exactly what is it that is wrong.

"Oh!" Phumla says looking at me.

She love people's business, you'll get used to it. I know right now she want

me to elaborate the whole story.

"It's all thanks to Loyiso actually, he is the one who masterminded everything" I say.

Phumla push back her weave, "So sweet of him, isn't? Imagine helping someone who fucked your girlfriend." How does she know this now?

"Who told you that?" I ask.

"A little bird"

Mvuse clear his throat, "Maybe we should leave gossiping for later, for now let's focus on the fact that I'm hungry"

Siza look at him, "Why you never said babe? Let me go prepare you something quick"

Let me tell you about Siza. She is

medium in height, slim but curvy, light in skin. I've never seen her angry or shouting. She goes to church twice or thrice a week. She worships and treats my brother like a king. She is the world's kindest woman.

"Make me a sandwich too babe"

Phumla says.

"You are such a food-gobbler, lucky all the weight goes to your ass" I say.

She laughs and spanks her butt, "Four slices Siza love"

I never thought I could make a relationship with her. After serving 16 months in jail she realized how messed up she was and reached out to me. I had to put all the differences aside and try to connect with her and

Mvuse. After all they are all I have.  
She is still the old Phumla though, she  
does anything to get what she wants  
but she is a great sister with bad  
advices.

"Okay sisi" Siza say and kiss her  
husband's cheek and leave to the  
kitchen.

We follow her with our eyes until she  
disappears.

"She is too good" I say.

"I never believed in angels now I do"  
Phumla says.

I chuckle, "Pity how some people don't  
appreciate diamond when they get  
one"

"Yeah trust me some people are stupid  
like that" Phumla says.

Mvuse clear his throat, "I don't like what you guys are doing"

"What are we doing?" Phumla ask him.

"You're shading me"

I laugh, "No we're not shading you we're being honest"

He fix me a hard stare, "I'd appreciate it if you stayed on your lane as a kid"

"And I'd appreciate it if you stayed on your lane as an adult and a married man" I say.

He look away and play with his fingers.

"When are you going to stop sleeping with Fiki? You're married" Phumla ask.

"I can't"

Huh?

"What do you mean you can't?" I ask.

He shrugs, "I just can't"

Phumla and I exchange girly looks.

"Why?" Phumla ask.

He cover his face with hands and exhale.

"Because it different... it's not the same"

"Sex???" Phumla ask,I'm just sitting here shocked.

He nods, "Yeah"

I get angry, "Then teach your wife and stop using Fiki"

"You don't get it,I don't want her on bed I want Fiki"

Trust me some people are sicker than Robert Mugabe.

"Then why you married Siza not Fiki?" Phumla ask.

"Fiki is not marriage material beside I

love Siza"

If he wasn't my brother I would've thrown this vase on his head right now.

"You'll lose Siza, watch this space" I tell him.

He look down and play with his ring. Siza come back with a tray and serve her husband first. Phumla and I can't stop glancing at each other.

Oh I also get a sandwich and a glass of juice, what a wife material this is?

After eating Phumla and I clear the dishes a go wash them.

"We must find a way to teach that girl bedroom moves, you know Genesis and Isaiah won't help her with that"

Phumla says.

I laugh, "I swear she lie like a corpse while my brother do all the works"

"She must stop thinking Petro Scarliot will write her on the sinner's list if she suck her man"

We both crack with laughter.

"Who is Petri Scarliot now?" I ask in stitches.

"A bible guy she once mentioned"

We laugh so hard that we don't even notice my brother behind us listening to the whole conversation.

"I wish I had brothers, they wouldn't gossip and make fun of my problems"

Oops! We turn around in shame. He look at us disappointedly then walk out.

His words cut deep in me,I never

meant to hurt him.

We wash the dishes in silence and then go to bid our farewells. We don't find them, they've locked themselves in our room. We're no longer welcomed, I wish I can apologize at least.

Phumla and I go to our respective car sharing a little fruitless conversation.

When I get in my house my spirit has dropped with 60%. I just want to sleep and be alone.

Lucky for me Mandla is not in the house either. I drag myself to the bedroom.

Boom! He is sitting on the bed...in the same position I left him at, with the same clothes.

"Have you even showered?" I ask.

He look up, his face symbolises sadness.

"Babe what's wrong?" I ask panicky.

He inhale, "You know I never meant to hurt you...Zanda I'm sorry"

Jehovah, he is still worried about that?

I sigh, "Babe that's so 4hours ago, it's okay I'm the one who overreacted"

He pull me to him and look at my face, "I love you, I would never hurt you, it was a mistake"

"Babe it's okay" I say and kiss him assurance.

"Thanks... I'm hungry"

"You never ate?" I ask.

"You was angry with me, I thought you'll not come back" he say sadly.

"I love you Mandla, not coming to you

is unreal...anyway I have much bigger problems"

He look at me, "What?"

"Mvuse caught Phumla and I gossiping about him and his wife"

Damn,he burst out laughing.

"It's not funny Mandla" I say angrily.

"Lucky for me I only got one sister and she doesn't gossip,only my nieces Aya and Liya gossip about me" hesay laughing.

He will not stop laughing so I decide to go warm his food while trying to get hold of my brother.I will not get any sleep without his forgiveness.

## Chapter 12

Zethu Biyela

.

This is the reason why I hate blind dates, where the fuck is this stranger? I've been here since 7pm now it's 8:20pm. The only reason I'm still sitting in this empty restaurant is because I want to give this Siyanda man a piece of mind.

Who does he think he is making me wait like this? Does he know I turned down about five dates to be here with him today? Nx.

"Looks like your date isn't coming?" I look up from my phone to see this white guy I don't know.

Where did he come from? Nobody is here in the restaurant except poor Zethu Biyela and inside workers who have disappeared to back rooms and kitchens.

"And why do you care?" I ask very irritated.

He smiles, a very white smile and look at me with twinkling blue eyes.

"I don't care I'm just feeling sorry for you" he says.

I laugh a Zulu girl's laugh, "What a kind white boy"

"I'm not a boy,black girl"

I'm really not in the mood to fight with white guys.

"You're invading my space please leave my table"

He raise his eyebrow, "Your table?"  
Something in the way he asks make me think I crossed some sort of line and made him angry.

"Yes, I booked this table" I tell him as bold as I can be.

He clench his jaws and look down.

What is wrong with this white guy? I'm in the middle of the date here lol.

"This is not your table...you're beautiful" he says.

Okay....right???

"Uuh-haaah" I say looking at him weirdly.

He smiles again, "What does uuh-haaah stand for?"

"Yeka ukungihlanyela ufutsege la " I say.

He laughs and look down, "Black people scare me, please don't get irrational"

"Black people scare you how?" I ask.

"Their language is strong and they are mean"

Oh this fucker!

"I think you should leave this table this second before I get real irrational"

He lift his eyes to me, "I'm Darren Givanston"

"Okay nice to meet you Darren, now please excuse me"

He stare at me and doesn't say anything. I get a chance to study his face. First thing my eyes land to is his pink lips, they look juicy. He remind me of Justin Timberlake in his early days.

One thing I always want to do to a white guy's hair is to run my fingers through.

"Can I run my fingers through your hair?" I ask.

He look at me astonished, "I guess it's fine"

I lean over him and run my hand on his scalp then I sit back and smile at him.

"Thank you"

"That felt very good,nobody has done that on my hair before"

"That is because you're an annoying guy" I tell him.

He smile and then glance at his watch,

"Look at the time, I have to go black lady"

"I'm not a black lady, I'm Zethu" I say.

He laughs, "So her name is Zeethoo"

"Can you go already" I say.

He wink, "Okay...a little goodbye kiss maybe"

I roll my eyes, "In your white people's dreams"

He laugh, "I know you want it, come on Zeetoo"

"You're getting under my skin, please disappear"

In the matter of seconds I feel cold lips smashing on my month. I exhale his strong rich smell and give in to the softness.

"I'll see you next week Zeetoo"

What does he mean by that? We're not dating.

"Who said I'm seeing you again?" I ask.

He smiles, "Keep well..and you're looking extra beautiful after the kiss"  
He dust his jean and walk out without looking back.

"Wait...White guy..Hey you" I shout.

"Mam can I help you?"

I look back to see the waitress looking at me.

"Yeah call that white guy who just left for me,be fast" I say.

She look around, "Ma'am you're the only one here"

I bang the table, "I'm talking about the one that just left man"

"No one has been here for the last fourty

five minutes,you may have imagined him"

"Aybo sistaz I'm not crazy,tell the securities to stop that guy for me" I say.

She look at me and then go to the others and hand talk with them.I get weird looks.

"Oh thanks God you're still here!" says a guy holding a huge bunch of flowers.

I look at him,"Sorry sir did you bump to a white guy on your way in?" I ask.

"No,the whole place is empty that why I thought you've left.I like your perseverance" he says.

I collect my purse and stand up, "He better be still around"

The flower's guy hold my hand, "I'm Siyanda,aren't you Zethu?"

Oh man my date!

"I am, and I'm rushing somewhere now. Enjoy your date" I say and walk out.

I ask the guards which way Darren went.

"Nobody has exited the restaurant in fifty minutes" one man says.

I take a deep breath, "You cannot miss someone who passed right in front of you"

They look at each other and shrug,

"Sorry ma'am but we're being honest, actually no white guy has entered here after six"

So its clear I'm the crazy one here, I look round one. ore time and go walk to my car.

Where did Darren go, that's what I

keep asking myself as I drive to my flat.

Chapter 12 (continues)

Zethu Biyela

.

Should I book an appointment with the psychiatrist? Please God don't let my brain malfunction!

What if I was dreaming? Or if Darren was a ghost

Imagine having a conversation with a dead person. But that will be some sort of magic hey, if not I'm definitely a Ghost Whisperer, you know like the girl in the movie.

Jokes aside, this thing of being the only one who saw a white guy in the whole restaurant disturbs me.

I'm mentally disturbed.

I open my door still thinking about Darren. I get in and go straight to the bathroom.

Wait, let me just not wash my face. I need to keep my kissed lips as proof of Darren.

Darren who are you? Darren where do you live? Darren why didn't anyone see you except me?

Okay, I need to get out of here before I lose my mind. But who is going to allow me to sleep over?

My brother Sbu? No, I wouldn't sleep a minute with all the moaning and

screaming from him and Nozipho, and the twins would probably want to share a bed with me.

Fiki? No, she is probably out fucking her married ex-boyfriend.

Simtho? Definitely no, what if Loyiso beat me.

Sena? She'll kick me out, she is not kind.

Zanda? Let me not bother her and Mandla

That leave me with the youngest sister Ziphelele.

I take my overnight bag and drive to her house.

As you know I don't need anyone's permission or key to get in the house. I unlock the door and let myself in.

Did I eat? No I'm actually hungry.  
I'm not overstepping any mark  
here, this is my brother-in-law's house.  
They are long asleep, the house is quiet  
and dark.

I turn the kitchen lights on.

I scramble two eggs, make some hot  
chutney and take slices of bread...let  
me add a few russians.

Cranberry juice how are you? I pour  
myself a glass.

I need to forget my evening and this is  
the best way. I eat in front of the  
TV, getting my mind off things.

I'll just use a downstairs spare room I  
don't want to disturb them.

I toss and turn for hours not able to get  
Darren off my head.

Did he mean it when he said he'll see me next week? But he never mentioned the location of our appointment.

That kiss...his eyes...is he for real? I wish I can turn back the clock and rehave that conversation. I would ask him more about himself instead of being mean.

I don't know when I dozed off,I wake up to the sound of a screaming girl. Fuck Ziphe and Thapelo, now it's not the right time to do porn.

I plug my earphones and play some music,there is no way I'm getting my sleep back.

Well,I do get my sleep back and doze off again.

My empty stomach wake me up,I go to  
the bathroom first and clean myself up  
while singing Shabalala Rhythm or  
Black Mambazo song I don't know ;  
Kanti wena wenzani?

Sengathi wangishaya  
ngaphakathi,mhlawumbe yimi  
ngiyazithandela nje.

Ngoba sonke isikhathi uma ngithi  
ngiyacabanga

Ngisuke sengicabanga ngawe...

I'm mentally dedicating the song to  
Darren.So I end up singing to the top of  
my voice so that he can hear me  
wherever he is.

Oooh he is white,he doesn't know Zulu.  
Let me just sing Chris Brown-I  
Should've Kissed You.

By the time I finish bathing my voice has dried.

I go put my jumpsuit on quickly and dash to the kitchen for some lemon juice.

I find Thapelo and Ziphe in the middle of the kitchen looking at each other.

"Morning Lovies" I greet while opening the fridge.

They don't greet me back, whatever!

I make my lemon juice and drink it then attend them again.

"You slept early last night" I ignite the conversation.

They look at each other,

"You never said you're coming"

Thapelo says.

"Yeah, some date crisis and white

ghosts and all that" I tell him.

He frowns, "Oh yeah"

I nod, "Umhhh-haaah...damn that remind me of Darren"

Ziphe raise her eyebrow, "Who is Darren?"

I shrug, "Nobody knows"

"Are you the one who messed my kitchen?" she asks.

"I never messed it,I only ate in it and slept in your spare bedroom,did I do wrong Bhut' Thapelo?" I say.

He look at Ziphe, "No...not at all,you know you're welcome here anytime"

That my hunky brother-in-law!

I smile and look at the fuming Ziphe.

"As long as you tell us and not burgle our doors" she says.

"Hear hear" I say raising my hand.  
She fold her arms, "Now please clean  
up your mess"

What?

"No ways,I'm tired you guys woke me  
up with your noise early in the  
morning" I say.

She widen her eyes,Thapelo laughs  
and walk out.

"Clean up or I'm calling Sbu" she says.

"No"

She take out her phone and dial.

Sbu is a sweet brother but when it  
come to our sister feuds his hand  
become firmer.He once made me wash  
all Simtho's clothes after calling her a  
pornstar.

"Okay, fine.I'll clean" I say.

She drop the phone and smiles.

"Now where is my good morning sister-kiss?" she ask.

"You're not getting any kiss bruh, go wash your mouth I don't know where Thapelo spermed to"

She laugh, "See,this is why I don't want you in my house,you never come with peace.Anyway tell me who Darren is before I squeeze the truth out your ass"

I look at her and exhale.

"Just promise me you won't think I'm crazy" I say.

## Chapter 13

Ziphelele Mokoena

.

They say I grew up too fast. I'm the youngest daughter of Muzi Biyela. I'm 22 years old, I got married to Thapelo Mokoena at the age of 19. We are everything to each other.

For four years we've been trying for a baby, it worries me a lot that I can't fulfil my marriage needs.

He is not concerned about the baby that much, he says it will come if it comes. But I've seen the way he is with my brother's twins and his friends' s kids, he adore kids.

Somehow I feel like I'm failing him.

Why can't I do this like other wives?

Girls my age have given birth twice. Some of them don't even need babies, they abort or dump them. My thoughts are escalating to all different measures I can try to conceive a baby.

He is not awake yet, he is snoring softly, his arm is around me.

I'm not asleep but I don't move because I don't want to wake him.

I'm just staring at him wondering what is it that I can do to complete our marriage.

"Why can't we make our little one?" I whisper tracing my finger on his well-trimmed facial hair.

I have ever-ready tears, whenever I'm sad they just drop automatically. My

sisters says it's because I'm weak and childish.

He draw one long snore and open his eyes.I jump surprised and pull my hand back.

"Ziphe" he calls.

I look at him and say nothing.

I feel like I've been caught bewitching,I wipe my tears sheepishly.

"Babe what's wrong?" he ask getting up the pillow with a worried face.

"Nothing" I say.

He cup my face and look at my eyes, "It can't be nothing, you've been crying.

Did I do something wrong? Is it Zethu?"

I shake my head and drop my head on his chest.He squeeze me and wait for

me to be okay.

I know I'll just spoil our morning if I tell him what is bothering me.

He hate the baby topic, I don't know why, maybe he don't want to think about it or get reminded every time that he doesn't have a baby.

After a while I rise up and smile at him.

"Ziphe what did I do?" he asks.

"Nothing I'm sorry, I just had those moments"

He exhale, "I know you're lying something is bothering you"

"Nothing is bothering me except the girl in our bedroom downstairs" I tell him.

He laugh, "Leave her alone"

"It's not about her presence, the early-

morning singing, the eavesdropping and the mess she make" I say.

"You'll have to set some ground rules as the householder"

"As if she'll obey, you don't know her like I do. She instructed pasta for lunch"

He laugh, "I feel for a guy who'll marry her"

"If he is not a ghost"

She asked me not to tell anyone but I always have a wet mouth when it come to my husband.

He frowns, "How do you mean?"

"You'll have to zip this in your chest, she met a white guy but only her saw that guy in the whole restaurant"

He chuckles, "That's weird, right?"

"Very weird, but what's more weird is that she is falling in love"

"Damn!"

We get disturbed by a loud singing from downstairs.

This is one of the reasons why none of us want Zethu to over-visit our houses. Not that we don't like spending time with her, it just that she is too much.

We are compelled to wake up and go to the bathroom.

"I'll use the bathtub, you go in the shower" I say taking off my pyjamas. I know if we share a bath we will end up getting cosy and I'm not in the mood.

He stops taking off his T-shirt and looks

at me, "Why?"

"Just" I say.

"Wow" he take off his clothes and turn on the tap.

I get my water ready and slid in.

I look at him drowning his head under water.I can just stare at his body all day.

When he open his eyes he find me looking at him and smile.

"You're cute" I shout.

He doesn't get what I'm saying, he frown.

I laugh at him,he frown even more.

"Boy-I-adoreeee- you" I sing pointing at him.

He doesn't hear me but he read my lips and laugh.

He decide to turn the tap off and come out.

"You're not done bathing" I say.

"You're gossiping about me"

I laugh, "How can I gossip alone?"

"You're a Biyela diva how would I know?" he says getting in the bath with me.

"No funny business Mr Mokoena" I warn him and make space.

"I promise on Mandela's grave" he say.

We soak ourselves and then scrub each other's backs. His erection is as hard as a rock but he is holding himself.

"I'm cold, let's get out" I say.

He exhale, "Okay"

We wrap our towels and go to the room.



I wake up early because I have early appointments. I freshen up and dress up.

This bedroom's mirrors are not good at all. They are short I can't see my whole body.

I decide to go upstairs and try upstairs bedrooms.

I need to make sure I look sizzling before I step out of this house.

I push the door and let myself in.

Boom!!!!!!

I've never seen such a big dick in my whole life.

Thapelo is lying on top of the bed with his eyes closed. His hand is wrapped around his dick, he is moaning softly while wanking.

At first I'm electric shocked,my mind work fast and tell me to run out.This will be too embarrassing for him.

Where the hell is Ziphelele when her husband need her the most? She deserve to be cheated on.

I slowly take step backs and close the door behind me.

His loud groan follow me;

"Aaah fuck Ziphe"

Father Christmas! What is this I'm witnessing in this house?

Thapelo is maniac, who cry his wife's name while masturbating?

"Hey, you look like you just seen a ghost?" Ziphe says as I run past her in the kitchen.

"Better a ghost than...bye see you later"

I say stopping myself from revealing too much info.

## Chapter 14

### Zethu Biyela

.

Life is a bitch,I wasted my make-up,my perfume, my new Lenty Bahasa designed dress,not to mention the petrol I used coming here.

Empty dates two weeks in a row,  
thumbs down Zethu!

Not that Darren set exactly date or time for our next appo,but today is next week ad he promised.

You know what, fuck all men. Black or white futseg!

I should just become a lesbian, dating girls is much better and less stressing.

To say Zethu was fuming as she walked out the restaurant after being stood up would just be an understatement.

I'm spitting fire, but I'm not angry at Darren or whoever my last week's date was. I'm angry at myself for thinking Darren was real.

I unlock the car and stuff the takeaway I bought for supper somewhere in the car.

"Somebody look angry today, another girl-to-chair date?" the voice say behind me.

I turn around with a full swing, my heart skip two beats as I'm welcomed with a familiar face.

He have the biggest smile on his face, he look even more handsome in a tight white T-shirt and jean....things I can do with those lips!

"Hellooo" he says loud waving his hand on my face

Geez! I'm awkward.

I clear my throat, "Hi..what did you say?"

"I asked if you're coming from another girl-to-chair date?"

Is he being serious? How can he mock me when he is the one who told me he'll see me this week and then stood me up.

"You know what,fuck you" I tell him showing him the middle finger. He laughs,"So rude,but you know where your comfort will always be" he says opening his arms.

"Comfort my foot!" I say and get inside the car.

I don't know when or how he opened the door on the other side and got in.

"Hey white dude this is my car" I tell him.

He look around it with a smirk on his face, "You can say that again,look at it.Juice bottles,empty energy drink bottles and all dirty all over the place" Whoah...for his sake I hope he covered himself and his family with Clientele Funeral Cover.

"Please do me a favour and get the fuck out my car Mr Hygiene"

He look at me, "Nice hair, I wonder which dead Brazilian woman died and traded this hair for you"

I look at him with my mouth opened in shock. In my whole life I've never had anyone dissing me like this.

Just because white people have natural long hair doesn't mean he have to diss blacks for putting weaves on. Right?

So much for thinking about this asshole the whole week.

I lean back on my seat and push back my "traded hair" unable to react in anyway.

"It's a joke babe, what with the long face now?" he says.

I look at him with the most irritated face,

"Look Darren it was nice meeting you, you're a cute guy. Actually I haven't been able to get you off my mind since that day in the restaurant. I've been looking forward to see you again but clearly you and I wouldn't make even good neighbors. So now I want to go home, please get your racist ass out of my car"

He look at me, I look at him. He doesn't say anything, I don't say anything either I'm waiting for him to get out so that I can drive.

"I was only joking Zethu, forgive me" he says pronouncing my name correctly for the first time.

I just look at him plainly.

He exhale, "I'm sorry I didn't mean to make you angry, it just that I'm kinda attracted to your rudeness"

He should just shut up. Now I am a rude person, everybody knows how contained and humble I am.

"Get out" I yell.

"No"

Wtf!

My anger build up to a mansion, all the English I learnt at school vanishes.

"Yeyi webhuti womlungu ungazongidina, awungiphumele ngifuna ukuhamba" I say in Mageba.

"I'm not going anywhere until I've said what I've wanted to say to you for years"

I look at him, "For years? What do you mean?" I ask.

He run his fingers through his hair and exhale,

"Sorry,how are you anyway?"

He is avoiding my question.

My stomach start turning, what if he's been stalking me and he is my father's old enemy?

"What do you want?" I ask nervously.

"I want you"

I frown, "What do you mean by that?"

"I want you to be mine"

I can't contain my surprise, "But you don't even know me"

He chuckles, "I do"

"How? We only met last week"

"Through media"

I roll my eyes, "So you're those people who stalk others?"

"No"

"Why people never saw you in the restaurant last week?"

He laughs, "You saw me, didn't you?"

"But only I did"

He shrugs, "Maybe because you were the only one who was meant to see me"

"How so, you have super invisibility powers? Who are you?" I ask.

He look away, out the window, "I'm Darren"

"I know that English name, I want you to tell me about yourself. You already know me through media"

He shrugs, "I'm nothing special, just

Darren"

I'll never get shorter days in this lifetime,sighs!

"What do you do for a living?"

"I work in the restaurant"

Oh!!!!

"You're a waiter?" I ask shocked.

"Cleaner, waiter,cashier,stocker, you name it.I work in the restaurant"

"Umhhh" I sat disappointedly

How do I tell people I fell in love with a cleaner?

No wonder he just disappeared and no one noticed. He may have just stopped by the dustbin and collected garbage.

"What you don't love me anymore?" he ask.

I look at him,my eyebrows raised.

"Who said I love you in the first place?"

He smiles, "You confessed thinking about me the whole time"

I roll my eyes, "That was until you showed your racist side"

"I'm not racist, I may said a bad joke but that doesn't mean I look down on anyone regarding the skin colour or hairstyle"

I look at him getting all serious. In all white people I've met this one take the handsomeness prize.

"You're staring at me the same way I stared at you the first time I saw you" he says.

I smile, "Excuse me"

"I can't believe we're sitting like this" he says touching my chin.

"Are you real Darren?" I ask.

"No" he says and lean forward and brush his lips against mine.

I've missed this essence. I've missed these lips.

I let his tongue slid in. I run my hands through his hair while he deepens the kiss.

I feel my panty soaking as he let out his first moan. I flip over and sit on him.

My dress goes up my ass but I don't care. All I care about is sucking these lips until my breaths run out.

I shove my hand under his T-shirt and run it on his chest.

"Zethu wait" he says pulling away out of breath.

"What?" I say going down on him

again.

He complies but pull away again.

"I can't do this to you" he says.

I look at him,he remove his hands around my waist.

"What do you mean ?" I ask.

"I can't fuck you"

I turn his face to me and look at his eyes.He look away.

"What is it? I thought you like me"

"I don't like you,I love you and I can't do you like this in the car"

Oh fuck men!

"Why?" I ask irritated.

" I want to have you in special ways only, I've waited for a long time to put my lips on yours.You're special to me" That may have sounded nice if I wasn't

horny.

"How can you turn me on and then drop me?"

"I'm sorry" he says and bring me to his shoulder and embrace me.

I breath out,I'm not going to get it.I may as well drive home and spend time with my Battery Operated Boyfriend.

"You have a tattoo?" I say looking at his neck.

He quickly push me away, "Ahhh,yeah"

"What is it about?" I ask.

I feel his body quivering, I look at him.

I laugh, "It's a girl's face, God you're weird,who is the lucky bitch?."

I expect him to say his mom or sister,

"It's you"

I look at it carefully and recognize myself.

"You didn't have this recently" I say.

He shake his head, "I had it three years ago after seeing you in the Richard's Bay sport tournament"

What?

"You're scaring me...why?"

He look at me, "Because I never knew what is it to fall in love with someone until I saw you"

I feel my knees breaking, "What?"

"I know it's weird, but you're my fantasy girl"

## Chapter 15

Tyson Givanston \*Narrates\*

.

It was three years ago when I first saw her. Richard's Bay Summer Sport Tournament.

Her father had sponsored the event, she came on behalf of him and was given the duty to welcome all the officials.

I was doing my last year in university, doing Business Management fulfilling my parent's wishes.

They couldn't be more proud, they sent me to stand in for my father. The honourable President of Sports Creation, the co-founder of Run The World Association and the owner of

Inkanyezi Trading.

"Mr Tyson Givanston how nice it is to have you with us" every time my father's colleagues and friends said that I felt like rolling my eyes.

My dream was to become a musician but my father told me clearly that he didn't work his ass hard so that his children would become bloody entertainers.

I tried pursuing my dream of becoming a musician while studying but it didn't end well. I killed my twin brother rushing to an after-party.

My life has never been easy, I live with that regret and my parents make sure I never forget that my Darren's blood is on my hands.

I took over Darren's businesses after his death,I didn't want his legacy to end.

The least I could do is to live his dream.

Just to be there in front of all those people who looked at my father as some sort of God irritated me more than the shiny tuxedo I was wearing.

"Ladies and gentlemen to welcome all the officials is Miss Ntombizethu Biyela of Gala Corporations" the voice said through speakers.

I hate these professional things,all I wanted was to get the day over and go back home.

A girl wearing just a black croptop,tight-jean and Nike takkies

appeared. She had her weave tied on top of her head in untidy bun.

I looked at her shocked, isn't that dress code inappropriate to welcome people like us in?

"This is inappropriate" one man said behind me.

I rolled my eyes and looked at the girl in front of us fascinated.

She must've been in her early twenties, to say she was beautiful would be an understatement.

Mind you dating wasn't something on my schedule.

I had to disobey at least one of my parents' rules, just to spite them. They wanted us to get married at the age of 22.

Darren did and became a golden boy plus he was interested in family businesses.

She took the mic,

"Lovies lovies,I'm here to welcome you to R'bay's sport what what so welcome. You'll have to excuse God for the sunny weather,he didn't know you'll be wearing suits (giggles,I laughed along too).Anyway we as Kwa Zulu Natal would like to welcome all the participants, guests and sponsors, my father included,he sponsored the event with tons of money"

She rolled her eyes as people grunted angrily at her then she laughed.

I stared as she laughed with zero care in the world. I knew from that moment

that I want nobody but her.

She is that missing piece in my life.

"Before I waste your precious time, go and enjoy the day and good luck everybody especially Mandenians"

I wished her speech didn't have to end, I still wanted to stare at her.

I kept searching for her through the crowd with my eyes but being a bubbly person that she is she was no where to be seen.

When I got home the first thing I did was to go online and search for her.

I found lot of things about her family.

Her father is a well-known

businessman. Her brother is married

to Nozipho Faya. She is the fourth sister in five sisters.

They are all beautiful and stylish but she captured my heart. I stocked her pictures in my computer, some I put on my wall.

I know it's weird because I never tried reaching out to her in anyway, I just appreciated her from afar.

Most times she visits the restaurants with her sisters, I would just watch her through the cameras.

She appear in papers more than her sisters, for all the wrong reasons but that never changed the way I feel about her.

It was last week when I saw her sitting lonely on the table while I was sorting finances up in my office.

"Mr Givanston that girl is here again,

she doesn't look happy at all" one of my security guards came to tell me. Every employee knows they have to treat her special, but not even by mistake must my name come up.

I gulped a glass of whiskey and walked to the dining area.

"What are you doing Ty?" Lulama, my head manager asked shocked.

Some female employees rolled their eyes with jealousy.

She never saw me approaching as she was busy on her cellphone.

I told her I'm Darren, I always do that. I'm living my brother's life anyway.

I nearly pee on myself as her eyes met mine for the first time.

"Looks like your date isn't coming" the whiskey in me said.

She is a natural rude person, that I know through people. I was ready to go with the flow.

We had a five minutes conversation, I sealed it with a stolen kiss.

One of my dreams came true, I've been happy since then.

My parents and I don't get along but that day I visited them.

"Look who is here today?" my little sister who is studying law in Cape Town said coming to me with opened arms.

"Janey" I said embracing her.

She is the only one person I like in my family.

"Janey who is that?" my mom asked from her study.

"It's Ty" Janey screamed.

My mom came to look at me, "My God look at you"

That's for the black suit and formal white shirt.

"He look like a true Givanston" my dad appeared.

I looked at Janey, she rolled her eyes, we both laughed.

I went to hug my Mom, then shook my father's hand.

That's how formal we are in this family.

"What did we do to deserve this special visit?" my dad asked.

"Nothing" I replied then looked at

Janey with a creepy smile.

She covered her mouth, "You finally talked to her!"

I walked away, she pulled me back by the arm.

"Talk nigga" she said.

"Janey is that an appropriate word to call your brother?" Mrs Givanston asked.

"Mom gimme a break, talk Tyson. Why you're having red cheeks and unlimited smile?"

I laughed, "Nosy little sister, I talked and kissed her"

My father cleared his throat, "Her? You kissed a girl"

I didn't answer him as I ducked Janey's slaps.

"You creepy thing, so you're guys are official dating?" she asked.

"Hopefully, she is not as bad they say" I told her.

My mom came forward, "Who is it that you're talking about?"

Can she let any news slid one day?

"His imaginary girlfriend" Janey bubbled out.

I pinched her, "Not imaginary, she is a real person"

"But you only imagined her" she said.

My father chuckled, "It's a dream girl then"

I looked at him, "Yep"

"Can we meet her? As long as she can provide us with grandchildren" Mrs Givanston said.

"Zethu Biyela, Mr Muzi Biyelas daughter" Janey told them.

My dad frowned, "Which one of them? I don't like those girls,they are too much"

"That's bad" I said.

Janey laughed, "Good because you're not the one who want her"

My mother took the interest to Google Zethu and she was so unhappy with all she found.

I told her the heart want what it want. I went to my house by midnight and slept with a jolly heart.

Although I see her every day with no one's acknowledgement I was still looking forward to see her again.

She had a meeting schedule for

Saturday in PMB but she never went. I decided to go to work, luckily I saw her again walking out the restaurant looking angry.

Today I'll pour my heart out for her.

## Chapter 16

### Zethu Biyela

.

The more I think about it the more I feel uneasy. How can a white, handsome guy fall stupidly in love with me like this?

His creepiness is one thing that scares me the most. I mean, who does that?

"I'm scared of you" I say shifting away from him.

He tries to hold my hand but I yank him off.

"I'm not a bad person Zethu" he says begging.

I shake my head, "Please leave me alone"

I know one thing or two about obsessed people, they eventually kill you.

He look at me pleadingly, "I'm sorry for the way I carried this love obsession I have for you but I really love you"

"No don't love me" I say.

"Zethu you're the only thing that has kept me going under any circumstances... (exhales) My life is a

mess,if I lose you too it's won't be worth living"

I look at him, "What do you mean?"

One tear drop from his eye.I get smitten because I've never had a guy crying for me before, let alone a white handsome guy.I'll diarize this moment and put five stars at the end.

He wipe the tear away, "I waited for you with no guarantee that you'll be mine but faith kept me going. If you don't want me I don't know if I'll be able to survive knowing that I'll never have you"

This is pure insanity but it soften my heart.This is true love in a silver plate. I take his face and stare at his eyes.I see nothing but pure love and

sincerity.

"You really love me?" I ask.

"More than anything" he respond in a broken voice.

Oh fuck all my ex's, did they have to waste my time with their not-blue eyes?

"Where have you been all my life, Jesus Maria!!!" I say bending down to kiss him.

I don't forget to run my fingers through his hair as he deepens the kiss.

I instantly get wet as he moan in my mouth.

"Darren my gosh!" I say breaking the kiss breathless.

He grab me again and the kiss get

more rushy and needy.

I grab his bottom, he break the kiss and shift uncomfortable.

"Don't worry, this car is like a mobile clinic we have all the necessary protection"

He chuckles, "It's not about that,I just don't want to degrade you.I can't fuck you in the car like you're some Mary or Anna,you're special to me"

I really hope Mary or Anna are not some fuck hoes he have.

"A place doesn't make it special, it's who you do it with that make it special" I tell him.

"Yeah,but still, I never imagined our first time would like this."

Many guys I know wouldn't think

twice before accepting the vjay, the place wouldn't be a factor.

Maybe this guy is my Romeo, huh!

"Okay let's go to my flat"

He doesn't agree to that either but I eventually win.

Weird he doesn't ask for directions, he just drives like an old heart-attack granny.

"You're such a boring driver" I say.

He keep quiet, he's been quiet all the way.

He get out first and come to open for me.

"You don't have keys of my place, right?" I ask.

He look at me and smiles, "No I don't"

"Good"

We take a lift in silence. I lead the way and unlock my door.

"Welcome to my paradise" I say.

He clear his throat nervously, "Thanks" Someone is getting cold feet here.

"Want something to drink?" I ask.

"Water please"

I go get him a bottle of water in the fridge and pour myself a glass of wine while at it,he'll have to deal with that.

He doesn't seem to mind though, we sit on the couch and sip on our drinks.

I keep side-glancing him,he look really uncomfortable.

Planned sex is hard to initiate,I'm also nervous.

"Darren" I call.

He look at me then look away

immediately.

"You look uncomfortable" I say.

"It's just that I don't want you to look at me differently after this,I love you I'll never use you"

I smile, "I know babe,I'm nervous"

He laughs, "Me too"

I don't really understand why I want to sleep with this guy so badly.Must be because of his dreamy body.

"Let's act normal first, drink one-one glass of wine and chat"

He nods,I go to the cabinet and take out the glasses then pour the wine.

"Mine is the full one,the half one is yours" I shout.

When I turn around with two glasses in my hand I bump into a man's chest.

The wine pour all over his clothes,he grab the glasses from falling.

"Darren" I say shocked.

He push me to the wall and pin my arms over my head.

I expect a kiss but a deep stare follows.

He stares at me for good five minutes.

"My love" he whispers.

"Yes" I reply.

"I love you"

I smile, "I love you too"

He smiles and start kissing me.He doesn't rush,he is slowly tasting every part of my face.

When he run his tongue inside my earlobes I scream out,he laughs.

I haven't had such a passionate love-making in a while.He held me with so

much care.

"I love you" he kept reminding me.

He only had his break-out after my second orgasm. He scooped me to the bathroom and bathed me.

"Thanks" I say.

He look at me dressing in my nighties,

"You're beautiful, thanks for giving me a chance I'll never disappoint you"

It looks like I'm finally taken,bye Fiki in Singleville.

"You look sexy when you're sleepy" he says.

I laugh and throw myself on bed.

He also get in bed. He is sleeping over,okay.

He wrap me to his chest and kiss my forehead, "Sleep my love"

I close my eyes and doze off within seconds.

I usually wake up at night and drink something but today I didn't wake up.

I only woke up as the sun shone through my eyes.

I find a handsome, naked, white guy staring at me. My Darren!

I smile, he smile back.

"Morning my love" he says.

"Morning"

"I was waiting for you to open your eyes, I have to dash home then to work" he says.

Morning disappointment!

"Aw" I say.

He kiss my lips, "I'll make it up to you"

I pout, "I still want to be with you"

"I also want to be with you" he says.  
I sigh, "Okay,tell your boss to give you  
a week off"

He laughs, "I will"

It breaks my heart to watch him go.He  
kiss me one last time, deeply, before  
leaving.I can tell he doesnt want to go  
either.

I wrap myself with a blanket and  
WhatsApp my sisters telling them I'm  
Darren's Queen.

They ask for his picture, I remember I  
don't have his picture.

But we have something called Internet  
these days.

-Darren Givanston- I type and pictures  
and articles of him come trolling.

My hands shake the moment I set my

eyes on the images of him and his family.

Darren is married and have a son.

I knew he was too good to be true.

Tears just floods out,I cry my lungs out.

My heart is torn in a thousand pieces.

My sisters start calling me, I think they've also searched for him and found the truth.

I don't pick up,I just lie there wrapped in my misery.

My brother shout from the door,

"Zethu please open, it's me"

I drag myself to the door and open.

"He is married bhuti,how can he do this to me?" I say throwing myself to his chest.

"Umhhh...are you sure it's him you've been seeing?"

I cry even more, "Yes, Darren lied"

"Darren Givanston died Zethu"

What's his problem?

"He was here this morning Sbu" I say.

He take out his phone and type something then he shows me.

"DARREN GIVANSTON DIED IN A CAR ACCIDENT LAST NIGHT" the article reads.

No ways!!!!

My whole body shake.

How can I sleep with a ghost???

## Chapter 17

Zethu Biyela

.

He is always there for us, he really is a blessing of the family.

I've had a couple heart breaks in my life, but never had I been torn apart like this. I don't want to even start imagining last night was unreal and fake.

He drags me to the bathroom and runs the water for me.

"You don't want me to strip you and bath you, because I will" he says.

I roll my red, swollen eyes, "I'll bath bruh"

"Don't try killing yourself in the

bath,I'm just outside the door" he says walking out.

He can't be less of an overprotective, dramatic brother.

I slowly get in the water and wash myself slowly. I can still feel Darren's touch,that make my tears pour out even more.

My brother scream my name outside the door.I walk out wrapped in a towel.

He sighs, "Are you sure you don't want to stay indoors just for today"

I shake my head, "I need closure bhuti"  
"What if it hurt you even more?" he asks.

I shrugs and go look for something to wear.He follows me.

"I want to dress" I say.

He frowns, "Okay, so?"

I laugh, "Give me some privacy"

He go and sit on the bed, "You're my sister, I don't mind. I'm not going to leave you alone so that you can try your eyes out"

How weird would that be? I fold my arms before the chest and look at him.

He grunts, "Gosh Zethu, fine I'll turn the other way"

He turns, I laugh and start dressing.

"Done, you can turn around and tell me how gorgeous I look?" I say.

He turn around and smile, "You're going to woo the ghost"

My face drops, "Thats not cool"

He put his hands up, "Apologies, but

you know what I'd suggest?"

I look at him, "What?"

"That we go look for him during the night"

I know what he is implying. I walk out leaving him laughing. He can be an idiot sometimes.

He follows me still laughing, as we are about to walk out the door Mrs Madlala appears.

"What brings you here?" Sbu asks.

"The O-M-G situation, babe did you see his feet?" she ask me.

I look at her, "Your point being?"

She flash her hand showing the ring.

"They say you have to look below in ghosts,their feet don't touch the ground when they walk" she says.

Sbu can't hold himself, he bend and laugh his stomach out.

See, this is why Sena and I don't get along most times.

I'm about to leave them when another family member I'm no in mood to see appears.

My family is dramatic did they have to tell her?

"Oh poor child!" she says as soon as she see me.

Next thing she pops a 2l bottle of a pink-looking water and sprinkle me with it.

"Aunt Lydia what's the fuck?" I ask shielding myself.

"Come" she says grabbing my hand. She pulls me in the house. I'm in

awe,others are in stitches.

"Aunt I'm rushing, I need to Darren's restaurant" I tell her.

She pours the pink water in a cup and shove it in my hand.

"Drink before bad lucks attach" she says.

My eyes widens, "I'm not drinking this"

"You slept with a ghost,you need cleansing" she says.

My anger build up, "He was not a ghost"

"Nigga has been dead for years" Sena says from the doorway.

I shoot her a look, "Mind your own"

"You will end up losing your mind, even a conversation with a ghost is not good for one's life" Aunt Lydia says.

I swallow a big lump and gulp the thing down.

"You guys are making her cry again"  
Sbu says coming to me.

Sena look at me, "Sorry sisi, I can't imagine what I would do if I was to find Lwazi is a ghost. I'd probably kill myself"

Sbu shoot her a look. Lydia start sprinkling the whole house.

"Where are you going to start looking"  
Sena asks.

"Restaurant, I guess" I reply.

"Maybe you must try finding his twinbrother" she says.

I look at her, "He had a twin?"

"Yes, his name is Tyson. Apparently they say he was the one driving during

the night he died. He was a musician, that made him the black sheep of the family, I doubt he is in the country"

"Awu, how do we find him?" Sbu asks.

Sena shrugs, "He haven't been on the spotlight for long, maybe he shipped away"

My high hopes die, "Maybe Darren's death was fake"

They look at each other.

"Umhhh I say we go ask his restaurant's staff, they'll know if their boss real died or not" Sbu says.

Sena exhales, "And if he died? You'll need a sangoma to chase him away, he should be haunting his family not you"

I blink the tears away, "Let's just go"

"I will see you later, I have to go to



brother push her behind him.

"You're Darren?" he ask his eyes all out.

I nod,looking at the wailing Zethu.

What happened to my love?

"But you died" he says.

Oh shit!

I scratch my head, "I...I..My love.."

words fail me.

"Oh Jesu waseNazareth!" her brother says.

"I can explain, it's an identity confusion" I say.

"No..hey cap-sister don't you have rough salt in your kitchen?" he yell at one of the staff.

Lulama walks front, "There has been a misunderstanding, maybe we should

all go up in the office and clear out"  
Sbu look at him, "Is he not a ghost?"  
Lulama shake his head, "I can assure  
you Mr Biyela"

He look at her sister with begging eyes.  
"She will stay,I'll go with you" he says.  
A guy,who I guess is one of the family  
security guards come and lead her out.  
My heart break at the sight,I wish she  
could understand me.

We all go to my office.

"I swear to you bafo,if this guy decide  
to strangle us here my father will come  
after you" he says to Lulama before  
sitting down.

"I use my brother's name, my real  
name is Tyson Givanston" I blurt out.  
He frowns, "Why would you do that?"

"It's my fault he is not living, he should be alive"

He look at me in disbelief, "But using his name and living his lifestyle doesn't mean he is alive"

"It's guilt, atleast if I shut myself out and live his life I feel better"

Lulama clear his throat, I don't just open up to anyone. I look at him and nod.

"Only God have power to take someone's soul Tyson, you can't live your life punishing yourself. You may have drove the car that night but only God can decide who live on earth, not you"

I look at this person I've always seen on newspapers and magazines. I would

die to have my dad saying those words to me.

"Thanks" I say tears blinding my vision.

Lulama tap my shoulder, he is always been like a brother to me.

"Now I'll have to go and explain all this to my lil sister" he says.

"I would like to come too,it's my fault I should've been straight with her" I say. He give me a bore look, "Don't cry about it,I saw something appealing on your menu"

"You'll have to go order" Lulama tell him.

He laughs, "You just fucked my sister last night and you think I'm going to pay for meals here, be serious man!"

Wow,just wow!

"Instruct the kitchen staff to prepare whatever he wants" I tell Lulama.

He stretch his leg, "Make it double,Mama is also starving at home. Add a champagne bottle and snacks for my kids"

Lulama gasp,I shoot him a look.

"Lulama you heard him" I say.

"This chair is comfortable, I wonder if it can fit in my car or I'll have to hire a truck to get it to my house" he says punching the chair.

Now this is absurd!

Lulama laughs and walk out.

"We can't wait to meet you as a family" he says.

Pity I can't say the same about them.

## Chapter 18

Nozipho Biyela

.

It's never a dull moment in the Biyela house. Early in the morning my husband had to rush to Zethu's flat after receiving a call saying she is not in a good state.

I'm alone with the kids, they want their daddy.

"Mom, dad promised to take me to Gateway" Liya say coming to the kitchen as I prepare myself a light snack.

"And he will take you later" I say.

She put on a big frown, "Why later? He said early"

"He also promised to play a game with me,mom where is he?" Sphiwo asks.

Aya also come and ask if her daddy will bring milkshakes wherever he is.

I sigh and take out my phone and call him.It ring to voicemail.

I turn to pair of eyes glaring at me.

"He is coming" I lie.

Sphiwo fold his arms, "We don't lie to each other mom"

Okay now I need an escape.

As usual God answer my prayers,Fiki walks through the door like a queen.

"Hey fam!" she greet in high spirit.

"Auntieeee" I say loud for the kids to notice.

They see her and all run to her and jump on her. I get an escape and snatch my food and go upstairs and lock myself in my room.

I love my kids, they mean everything to me but when it just me and them I can't deal.

I get a chance to freshen up and go through social media.

I hear Fiki shouting as they break things and fight. They will drive her crazy.

I'm disturbed by a knock at the door.

"Mama"

My heart do a little gwaragwara dance.

I jump and go open for him.

I throw myself in his arms, he squeeze me.

"Missed me?" he ask.

"Like crazy"

He kiss me and give my butt a tight squeeze.

"Oh how is Zethu?" I ask.

He exhales, "She is fine, it was just a little misunderstanding of identities"

"I don't follow, did Darren die or not?"  
I ask.

"He died but Zethu is dating his twin, Tyson Givanston. He is using his brother's name for some reason"

Okay, I don't want the whole story of this madness.

"How is aunt Fiki downstairs?"

He laugh, "Occupied, she is barefoot now"

Poor First born!

"And we have a nanny for a few hours"  
I say and walk to the bed shaking my  
ass.

"What are you trying to say Mrs Me?"  
he ask following me.

I get on bed and start unbuttoning my  
shirt.

"I say you make up for leaving me  
early in the morning, without even a  
single kiss," I say and lick my lower lip.  
Sex is Sbu's language. It doesn't take  
him even two minutes to strip his  
clothes off and grab me and pin me  
against the wall.

"I want to fuck you woman,I will leave  
you dizzy" he say pinching my nipples  
and then running his tongue on my  
neck.

He use his knee against my clit to give me my first orgasm. My husband is a God in bed, he over satisfy me.

He make me come using any part of his body, even his toe.

"How are you?" he ask after giving me my last stormy orgasm.

I just smile, my breaths are too heavy I can't speak.

He kiss my nose, "I love you Nozi"

I just nod and fight to catch up with my breaths.

After a while we go to shower and change to our casual clothes and then go downstairs.

Sisi Sena is also here now.

"You guys need Jesus" she says.

I roll my eyes and give her a tight hug.

"Jesus, you're strangling me" she say freeing herself.

"Oh my God! You're glowing" I say.

"Must be lot of sex" she replies.

Fiki roll her eyes, "Or lot of make-up"  
Sena wave her away, "We're here to eat"

One day you'll also get used to them. They can board your house without notice and say they're here to watch TV.

"Doesn't Lwazi buy food?" Sbu ask.

"We want to waste yours" Fiki reply.

Ziphe, Zanda and Simtho also walk in.

Ziphe is looking like a true wife with a doek around her head. As expected the first person she see is her brother, they snuggle each other for ages.

"I also want to hug bhut Sbu" Zanda say.

Ziphe laughs, "No,I'm still hugging him"

Zanda pull her away and jump on Sbu's chest. Ziphe also pull her away. It's a game now,they're making lot of noise while at it.

Sometimes I forget they're only 22 & 23 years of age.

"Take your noise to the kids' room"  
Simtho shout at them.

Sbu pull them and walk to the kids' room.Noise get even more louder.

"Let's just go outside" I say.

We walk to the balcony. Of course Sena was going to bring wine and glasses.

We sit around the table, Sena pour her

glass first.

"I hear Zethu is actually dating Tyson Givanston not Darren" she says.

We're gossip queens!

Fiki let out a chuckle, "Seems like everyone is finally getting their Hunk Charming except me"

I laugh, "I doubt Zethu will settle down, it's probably a fuck boy that is passing"

Sena look at me, "He have a tattoo of Zethu's face on his neck,he fell in love with her three years back and waited" That's news to me.

"Sounds like an obsessed stalker to me" I say.

"I say we give him a chance, everybody deserve a chance in life.We can't judge him from afar" Simtho say.

We all look at her. She is different.

"As long he doesn't put his hands on her" Sena says and sip on her wine. "

"Like I said, we can't judge people from afar" Simtho say.

Fiki laughs, "As long as Loyiso continue yo hit you I'll judge him.Yep,I'll judge him and his whole fuckin pathetic being"

Simtho bang her glass on the table, "Ain't nobody judging you for fucking a married man.Chill bitch,you ain't perfect"

I put my hand up, "Okay now let's slow down"

Sbu appears, I silently thank God.Only him can deal with his sisters when they're fighting.

"Everything alright?" he ask holding a tray with unattractive food.

My stomach turn around, I run inside the house to the toilet and throw up.

"Mama u-right?" he keep asking.

I finish and rinse my mouth.

"What's wrong babe?" he ask.

I shrug, "I don't know, maybe it's something I ate"

"Okay" he pull me to his chest and squeeze me.

"I love you mama,with all my heart" he then kiss my forehead.

I smile, "Where does that come from?"

He smile, "Just that I appreciate you"

I give him a weird look,he smile.

>>>>>>>>>>>

Simtho Biyela

·  
I wanted to spend the day with my sisters. Loyiso left for Stranger yesterday afternoon. My house is lonely and boring.

I knew one of my sister was bound to spoil my day. None of them like my boyfriend but they pretend him because they fear him.

Just as Fiki and I were arguing Sbu came with a tray of food.

His wife rushed away at the mere sight with her hand covering her mouth.

"Bitch" Fiki says smiling.

Sena and I look at her questioningly.

"She is pregnant" she say

"What???"

We know Nozi doesn't want a baby, she

is grooming her career. My brother may have pulled some strings.

Someone clear a throat behind us,  
"Hey...is Sbu here?"

I hold my breath and not turn around. I don't know when I blanked out, I only snapped when Nozipho tap my shoulder.

"Umhhh...what?" I ask.

"Don is asking for you in the house" she say.

My eyes widen, I don't want to see or talk with him.

"Just go, he is family you can't avoid him forever" Sbu says.

I stand up and go inside the house.

He look up as I approach, I fail to hold his gaze I sit opposite him.

"Hey"

He doesn't answer, he look at me. We haven't had a one-on-one conversation ever since that day.

"You asked to see me?" I say.

"Simtho you hate me?" he ask.

I'm surprised by the question, "Of course not"

He exhale, "How are you?"

I'm good...

"Fine" I say.

"I miss you, Junior too"

I feel tears threatening to come out. I miss my baby boy.

"I miss him Don" I say

"Then why you not even phoning him, I know you're not his mother but he love you, he need you"

I let tears flow, "I'm sorry"

He come and wipe my tears, "Don't apologize, I'm no forcing you, I'm asking a favour"

I look up and meet his eyes. He stare. I get lost in his eyes, he caress my lip with his thumb.

"I'm sorry for causing havoc in your life, I never meant to hurt you. I love you too much Biyo"

I exhale, "Only if things were not the same"

"What do you mean?" he ask.

"I'm with Loyiso"

He look away.

"I'm sorry Vukile"

He sigh "It's okay, please hold me for a while"

As risky as that is I wrap my arms around him. My other hand happened to be against his left side. I feel his heart pounding.

I've never felt such beautiful sensation in my life.

"God Vukile!" I say unbelievably.

He look at me. I just take his lips with full force.

After a breathtaking kiss we catch our breaths.

"This maybe a start of my happiness or the end of me" he says.

I have no idea what he means, but I smile because I'm in love.

## Chapter 19

Simtho Biyela

.

After the passionate kiss I had with Don, we ate lunch at my brother's place and left for Don's house.

I only went to see Junior. I never realised how much I miss him, it was like old times. Playing games, helping him with his school work and just watching him interact with his father in their spectacular crazy way.

Junior is twelve years, he is now on social networks, later he took his tablet and excused himself and went to his room and lock himself.

"So he is on Twitter?" I asked shocked.

"Yep, he have 25 000 followers" Don

replied, very proudly.

"Doesn't it affect his school work? He is a kid Don" I said.

He laughed, "Msimang men know how to manage their things"

"So,he is a man?"

"Yeah,what do you think is between his legs? He should get girlfriends now"

Girlfriends! I just let that slid,Don is a parent in his own way.

I prepared them something to eat and bid goodbye...but then things got out of hand.

The goodbye cheek-peck turned to passionate deep kiss and that led us to bed.

I'm currently pregnant with a baby I

don't know whose father is, I'm sleeping with two men who used to be friends. I've come to the realisation that I am a bitch.

Surprisingly I'm not feeling even an ounce of guilty. Maybe it's because I know I won't be caught, Loyiso is only returning from Stanger tomorrow afternoon.

As I'm driving home I'm in a debate with myself. Who do I love?

Don and I have this strong connection, whilst Loyiso and I have this amazing history.

Even though I'm drawn to Don I can't let go of Loyiso I just can't. He is the love of my life. But how do I ignore what Don and I have?

Being an official bitch that I am I told Don not to contact me in anyway, but I promised him we'll see each other soon and told him that I love him, which I really do.

With Loyiso you can never be sure, so I check if his Audi is in before I get inside. Luckily it not, which means he is not back.

Power to Jesus!

He filled the fridge with everything that I like before departing for his journey. I crave sweet things.

This time I bathed at Don's house so I get in my nighties because it's already getting dark outside and treat myself with three bowls of ice cream.

Just like Junior I lock myself in the

bedroom and log on WhatsApp.

I was waiting for my sisters to ask questions and of course they're asking if Don and I had sex again.

We have our WhatsApp group, just us the Biyela Divas so I know if I tell them in the group Zethu will also read and then tell everyone who is willing to pay attention.

So I update the others privately.

Nozi is worried that Loyiso will find out, Sena calls me a whipping prostitute, Fiki asks who have a big dick between Loyiso and Don, Ziphe just send a disappointed face.

The thing as sisters we don't keep even a single thing from each other. That's why we're always fighting, everyone

knows everyone's business and we live closer to each other.

I decide to give Don a call,he answers at the second ring.

Me ; That was quick

Don; It's a rare call,I had to pick up quick

Me ; Whatever, what are you guys up to there?

Don; (sighs) Watching Drake's tour I laugh, Junior love hip hop and he try to make everyone fall in love with it.

Me ; How is it?

Don; Boring...I mean very nice, isn't son?

I hear Junior saying whatever, I laugh.

Me ; I was just checking on you,let me not keep your from watching your

show.

Don; Please Biyo let's talk a bit

Me ; (laughing) I'm not calling with free minutes

Don; I'll transfer your airtime please, at least until he finishes this song with this fake ass woman.

I listen to the song playing at the background and sing along.

Junior giggles from the background and sing too.

Don; Bye Biyo

Me ; No,I'm still on the phone

Don; Junior I'll be in my study

Me ; Oh stop,Drake is cool isn't J-R?

Junior ; He is, dad is just so yesterday  
I crack with laughter.

Me ; No he is just so last week

Don ; You're ganging on me?

Me ; No,we're just stating the facts

Don; I will stay yesterday or last week  
but I'm not listening to these Indian  
guy

Junior and I ; Boooooooo

Don ; I love you Biyo,bye

Me ; (laughing) I love you guys bye

Junior; Love you

I end a call with a big smile on my face.

Three missed calls from Loyiso!

I'm in shit.He called while I was on the  
call with Don.

I quickly call him back, he doesn't pick  
up.Which give me enough time to  
come up with an excuse for not  
answering.

I watch one movie,eat choc

cookies,some ice cream and dognuts  
then sleep.

I hear something banging on my sleep  
but ignore it.I have a tight security, dad  
made sure of it.

The sun gaze through my eyes,it's  
morning already.

Someone is holding me,I nearly wet my  
panties.

"It's me"

Oh crap!

I turn my head around. He doesn't look  
like someone who has been sleeping  
but he is on his pyjamas.

"Babe" I say shocked.

He look at me,deep in the eyes. I start  
praying with my heart.

"I thought something bad happened,

I've never been so afraid in my life  
Simtho" he says.

He must be talking about when I didn't  
answer the phone.

"I'm sorry I was...."

"I know what you did" he says cutting  
me.

My whole body freezes my heart stop  
beating for a while.

"Babe I swear it wasn't my intention,  
just that..."

He laughs, "I told you to always keep  
the TV volume down."

Huh?

"You didn't even hear me coming, you  
left the TV playing." he says.

I let out a sigh of relief, "I was too  
sleepy"

He chuckles, "Need more ice cream?"

I smile and nod.

"I saw that we've ran out of ice cream in this house" he say sarcastically.

"Whatever, where is my kiss?" I say.

He shake his head smiling and kiss my lips.

I feel the need to take one bath with full water and soap.

"Let me go bath and then come back to be cuddled" I say.

He smile, "Okay"

He is not himself, something is just missing. I wonder if his ancestors are alerting him about what I did.

I take a long bath and wear my shorts and go back to him.

"You're okay?" I ask.

He nod and tighten his arms around me.

I give him space and shut up.

After sometime he get up and close the curtains, turn the lights off. The room get dark.

"Why?" I ask panicking.

"I'm scared" he says.

I turn to look at him, he get in bed and hold me.

"I want to hold you behind" he says.

I slowly turn the other side. God, please don't let him shoot me from behind.

He breath out loud.

**"YOU'VE GOT THE SMILE, THAT ONLY HEAVEN CAN MAKE.**

**I PRAY TO GOD EVERYDAY, THAT YOU KEEP THAT SMILE.**

YOU'RE MY DREAM  
THERE IS NOT A THING I WON'T DO  
I'D GIVE MY LIFE ALL FOR YOU  
CAUSE YOU'RE MY DREAM  
AND BABY EVERYTHING I HAVE IS  
YOURS  
YOU WILL NEVER GO COLD OR  
HUNGRY  
I'LL BE THERE WHEN YOU'RE  
INSECURE  
LET YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE  
ALWAYS LOVELY GIRL  
CAUSE YOU'RE THE ONLY THING  
THAT I GOT NOW.  
IF YOU HAD MY CHILD  
YOU WILL MAKE MY LIFE COMPLETE  
JUST TO HAVE YOUR EYES ON THE  
LITTLE ME

THAT'D BE MINE FOREVER..."

I turn around to look at him. He stop immediately.

OMG! My man just sang for me. He got such a deep, lovely singing voice.

"Oh my God!!!" I scream.

"I wasn't done" he says

"Let me get my phone to record first"

He stop me, "I don't know how to say this"

"What?"

"I want to ask if you would marry me...I just don't have a clue what I'd do if you say no...I mean I know that I love you and want to be with you forever. I'm not a perfect person, I have my flaws..I'm not proud of who I am but I need this chance of being your

husband... I'll try to be your everything,  
to make you happy all the time and  
always be there for you guys. I know  
the baby may not be mine but I love  
you, I can love him too... I'm so scared, if  
you're not ready to commit to  
marriage I'll understand. I just don't  
want to lose you, I love you so much  
Simtho you wouldn't understand"  
I have tears running down my neck. I  
have mixed emotions.  
I've never seen Loyiso this nervous.  
Even his hands and voice are  
trembling.  
I know he wouldn't survive without  
me.  
"I'll say yes" I say crying.  
"Really?"

I nod and wipe my cheeks, "Yeah"  
He get off bed and turn the lights on  
and kneel down.

He take out the small box with a huge  
diamond ring.

"Simtholile Biyela will you look beyond  
my flaws and make me the happiest  
man in the world. Will you marry me?"

I nod,tears running down.

"Yes I will marry you"

As he slid the ring on my hand,reality  
kicked in.

I'm not fit to be a wife.

Chapter 20

Zethu Biyela

.

I've been avoiding him, ignoring his calls, locking his white ass out. He haven't given up though, he keep trying by every means to get his lame apologies through.

My sisters called me a drama queen, but none of them have been in my stilettos. Having a boyfriend who lie to you about his identity, fuck your brains out and let you scream his 'dead' brother's name.

Here he is again today early morning knocking at my door, begging me to open and hear him out. I decide to open and hear his 'little sorry' speech.

First thing he says is what I've heard thousand times this last two days.

"I'm very sorry babe, please hear me out"

I fold my arms, "Okay"

He blink twice and let out a sharp breath.

"I need you to give me a chance, I'm not that kind of a person. I just never thought it could affect my relationship."

I chuckle, "Anything else?"

"You wouldn't understand how much I loved him. He is the only person who ever saw something worthy in me.

That day he was so excited about going to watch me perform along The Sweatboys, he couldn't wait, he kept telling me to drive faster. He thought they would cancel my performance if

we arrive late. A text came through his cellphone, it was his friends telling him that John Decock will be among the audience. He was his biggest fan, to him having John Deck watching his twin brother sing meant. He jumped up and showed me the text, I lost focus and lost control. I hit the truck coming the other way, he died on the scene I only broke a few ribs and bled a little."

He pause and exhale, "He had family Zethu, he loved his wife, they only had five months of marriage. His son was just crawling. I caused my parents undescrivable pain. I created a widow, by my name there is a fatherless child." The eyes that use to look at me with love and admiration now have swamps

of tears,glittering with agony and helplessness.

I find my own eyes watering, "I'm sorry Darren... I mean Tyson" I say embracing him tightly.

I pull his head to my shoulder and rub his back.

"You have to forgive yourself, he loved you he's forgiven you.You need to let your conscience free" I tell him.

He look at me,

"Do you?"

I frown.

"Do you love me?" he asks.

I breath, "In a way I never planned to love any manbeing except my brother and daddy.I'm helplessly inlove with you,you're the only thing that dwells

on my mind all day."

He stares at me, his blue eyes not even giving a single blink.

"I do, I love you" I emphasize.

He look away, "But you don't know me"

He can say that again.

"I love the guy who stole a kiss from me in the restaurant and disappeared, whatever he does, whoever he is, whatever his story is, I don't care and I don't need to know, I just want his heart"

He force a smile, "You're too beautiful for me, I never thought you can even cast your eyes my direction. You're the perfect thing in my life, I love you more than life itself"

I lay my head against his chest and enjoy the homely sensation.

"You're my everything" he says, more like talking to himself.

I lift my head up and look at him, "I'm still hurt though, you lied to me"

He suck my shoulder, "How can I heal you my love?"

I throw my head to the side, "Sexually heal me"

He chuckles, "You're just the way I imagined"

He trace my eyebrows and then brush his lips against mine. I've missed these lips, I quickly let him take full authority of my mouth and body.

The sexually healing is intimate, breathtaking and energetic. Those

little liars who say white guys have small dicks needs a whipping. They are not as gifted as the Nigeria's but they're average and able to reach all the necessary corners,I can reference that for you.

"I'm inlove with you" he say looking up at me his head between my boobs.

He is too handsome,I just want to take him out and show off to the whole Mzansi.Even Lwazi doesn't compare to him.

"Loving the sight?" he ask.

"It's a very beautiful sight,I can just lick it"

He widen his eyes, "Talk about licking... I feel like..you know what I mean"

I burst out laughing, "You better not

come in my mouth"

He slid off me and lie at the side, "I thought you loved me"

"I love you, not your waste"

He laughs, "I love you and your waste, everything that have crazy Zethu's mark I love"

I punch him lightly and laugh.I settle nicely and give him my A+ licking game.

His moans will open the heaven doors for me.I watch as he break into thousand of pieces as he waste out.

He calm his breaths, "Damn! You're my black queen"

"Did you have to say black?" I ask.

"You're black" he says.

So much for my sucking energy!

"And you're white" I say.

"Why do you get offended about who you are?" he ask wiping himself.

"When you highlight that I'm black every time you talk it make me feel like you're discriminating me" I tell him.

He stop and look at me, "I never realised, I just like the way it sounds.

Like my black queen, the black mama, the black bitch etc"

I roll my eyes, "Let the blacks say that to each other, you're white I feel offended"

He put his hand up, "Okay, I'm sorry"

After the little argument we go shower and make some love.

"I'm going to make you breakfast" I say putting my gown over.

"What are you going to make?  
Madumbi?"

Does he have to be....nx

"I said breakfast, black people also eat  
starters in the morning" I tell him.

He surrender, "Yeah sure, can I have icy  
juice with whatever you're making?"

"I hate that I love you, De clerk's son" I  
say giving him a lip peck.

He laughs, "I'm offended, you just  
referred me as white"

I click my tongue, "The race joke is not  
funny, I'll make you your English  
breakfast "

He laugh even more, "I love you my  
queen"

I blow him a kiss and walk to the  
kitchen. As I'm struggling to keep my

nails safe as I break the ice cubes into the juice jug a knock come through.

Intruders!

I go open.

"Hey Zethu"

I'm surprised to see him at my door.

"Bhut' Loyiso how are you?"

"I'm good,hey sorry to invade your house like this I was just driving by and thought why not come and greet my sister-in-law"

Loyiso is unreadable man,you can't tell what mood he is in but today he is obviously happy.

I laugh,"Right? Care to share the good news?" I ask

Many people don't know if he's got complete set of teeth due to lack of

smiling but he is an approachable man.Or maybe only to me.

"It's nothing, except that I'm getting married soon" he says.

My eyes widen, "What???"

He smiles, "Your sister agreed to be Mrs Mbatha"

Oh man! I jump and hug him.

"And you fuckers never told me"

"It's not like you answered the calls or replied to any messages" he say.

Oh fuck my dramatic ass,now I've missed all the important things.

"Man I'm so happy for you" I say.

Someone clears a throat behind us,

"Didn't know you expected any visitors"

Okay, that's rude! This man you call a

visitor is about to buy my sister with eleven cows and thousands of rands. I look at him, "Babe this is my brother in law Loyiso"

He look at him,he actually stare at him and sag nothing.

Loyiso is also staring at him, "How nice it is to meet him" he says not breaking the stare.

Tyson chuckles, "Not as nice as it is to meet you caveman"

What is this tension I'm sensing from strangers?

I don't want my man on Loyiso's bad books so I ask him to take the food to the bedroom.

Loyiso follow him with his eyes, "Cute rich boy"

I look at him, "What did you just say?"

"I was just complimenting Tyzee...I mean Givanston.. anyway how about you join us for supper today, you can bring the boyfriend along"

I look at him but his phone beeping refrain me from asking another question.

He swipe the screen and the screams of a girl having sex fill the room.

He is not going to watch porn in front of me, is he!

"Please don't do it....oh Jesus fuck Biyo" a man I know very well moans.

I nearly pee in my panties, my knees refuse to function.

"Yesss Vukile that way...oh yes babe" my sister, or should I say my late sister

scream.

In the blink of an eye his cellphone meet the wall. Tears run down his cheeks, he let out a single, agonizing scream and slid to the floor.

He cry loud, he doesn't sob he cry and call his mother like a little boy. He pull his dreadlocks and moan in pain.

I don't know what to do, I'm just shocked and angry at Simtho.

Tyson appears to check what is going on, Loyiso storm out on full speed.

"What is wrong?" he ask.

I'm shaking because my sister is sleeping in the mortuary today.

"He is going to kill my sister" I say.

He push me out the way, "Never"

I'm left alone crying for my sisters  
deeds.I pray Tyson get out alive

## Chapter 21

Narrated

.

For years he refrained himself, bottled his heart aches and disregarded his body desires.He had this thin lace of hope that one day he will get a chance, by the grace of God. He believed she will come around, open her eyes and leave her heartless evil boyfriend and see him more than just a loving friend. Never had it crossed his mind that one that he'll have to watch her walk down

the aisle and promise him her forever. When the news broke to his ears, by her brother who happens to be his best friend, his whole world shattered. His mind just went crazy, his thoughts escalated to the point of suicide. But then suicide wouldn't be an option to him, despite of the misery his son still need him. He's gone through enough already, he can't lose his father.

He haven't shifted even a millimetre from where he was sitting in the morning when Sbu called. He is just watching the walls, on them he is watching his pathetic life play.

He doesn't hear a loud knock banging on his door, he have no idea that his

Junior has been so worried about him that he called Simtho to come over. She budes in wearing just a simple dress, to him he is the most beautiful creature he's ever seen. His eyes quickly dart to her left hand and there it is glittering making him wince with agony. No words could describe the amount of pain he felt at the sight. Knowing her 'friend' very well, she knew she's added another kilo of pain in his life. She walked to him slowly and knelt before him.

"Vukile" she calls helplessly.

He close his eyes and breath out,

"Are you happy?" he ask.

What a trick question!

Am I happy? That's a question she

doesn't know how to answer.

"I don't know" she answers honestly.

He open his eyes and look at her eyes,he wanted to ask her why but words refused to come out.

They always had this amazing spark, it strike as soon as their eyes collides.

The doubts and hesitations reoccur on her head. Sometimes she doesn't know what influence her decisions. There are so many things she regret in her life.

One of them is breaking Don's heart.

"I love..." he stop before finishing.

She wrap him with her arms, again only God knows what influence her decision. Their body exchange

heat,they lift their heads and connect their lips together.

They engage to a beautiful, yet sad love-making. To Simtho this is the last time, she have to make their last time memorable.

Just a few weeks ago Loyiso has give in to his jealousy and buggered here and there in his enemy's house. He installed some cameras in a few rooms, including Junior's bedroom.

He's been too busy that he never checked what happening in that house but he managed to hire a guy to keep him updated. Nothing has been fruitful, just the bustard playing or having dinner with his son.

But today a dark cloud is slowly approaching the Biyela house as Loyiso drive in a slow motion and park

in front of the house.

Anyone would expect Loyiso to be angry and run to the house and blow the whole house with fire. But he lights one cigarette and puffs a few times. He has smoked a few times in his life, it's not something that excites him.

Mr M has always taught him to think clear before taking decisions. He is a natural thinker, that he knows.

He gets his soldier-boy ready and walks to the front door.

Another silver Mercedes park behind his. He doesn't take notice, he is a man driven by purpose.

They've been friends before he crawled for his love. He has visited his apartment for drinks a few times. He

find his destined direction and take slow steps towards.

"I wanna hold you like this forever"  
Don says,squeezing her half-naked body.

She let out a breath, "This got to be the last time,we talked Don"

He nodded and looked away,

"Maybe I'll survive but I'll never stop loving you.I will always be there,I wish you the best of luck"

She loves him,no doubt.He is always there,he care,he put her first.

"You will always be special to me,thanks for all the sacrifices" she says.

The sacrifices! Yes he is that cowardly, he gave up his rights to Simtho's child

no matter what's the paternity of the baby. He did it to save Junior, it was one of Loyiso's demand. Like any desperate parent he gave in and there will be no turn backs.

"Hi" he say pointing the gun, aiming to his head.

Simtho's whole world shut out. Only her popped out eyes look alive.

Two gunshots follows.

Don is down. Simtho is still trying to work out where she is shot.

"Uyinja Donald" Loyiso shout, dropping his gun and then watch as he bleed, from the side of the head and the chest.

Hopefully he was going to bleed to death, he prayed as blood flow out.

"Mbatha" a cry escape Simtho's mouth.  
That alone make him blaze with  
anger.He point a gun to her.

"I love you...you double-crossed  
me,you have to be minuses"

She close her eyes and scream one  
more time before death swallow her.  
Another two gunshots follows.

She expected two bullets to strike her  
body,she already had asked God to  
come and meet her halfway or send  
Gabriel if He is busy.

She wait another two minutes before  
opening her eyes.

Did she get shot or what?

Loyiso's motionless body on the floor  
make her jump.

Did he shoot himself instead of her?

She look up as she see black shoes standing in the doorway.

A young white guy look at her with pity,he wasn't holding any weapon. She wanted to ask what's the hell is going on but she was too frightened and traumatized.

"I got you" this guy say and walk to her.

She only remember a few guys walking in the room and herself being scooped outside.

Chapter 21

Continues.....

Simtho Biyela

·  
Everything just flips back as I watch a white doctor doing something on my arm.

The gunshots. Donald!!!

I jump up and check my whole body for any wounds...then it comes back I didn't get shot, Loyiso did.

I feel my head spinning around, the doctor gently push me back down on bed. He is white, which reminds me of a white guy in the Don's doorway.

I've lost them. I killed both Don and my fiancée.

"Don't cry, you're just fine you and the baby" the doctor says.

"What happened?" I stupidly ask him. He look at me sympathetically and

then walk out.

I feel like my whole world has come to an end. What now?

Ziphe come running through the door. At least there is someone who still loves me.

She doesn't care about the drips and all she just throw herself on me and cry.

"Thanks God" she says.

How I wish to be her right now. Perfect flawless life.

"Where is Don?" this is what I get out of mouth first.

She look at me with tears, "The doctors are with him, all we can do is kneel before God he lost so much blood"

I think she knows my next question

cause she start being uncomfortable.

I need her to tell me I saw wrong.

"And how much blood did Mbatha lose? Is he in the same hospital as Don?"

Tears just roll down her face.

"Mom will come soon" she says.

My body heat up.

"I asked if Loyiso is submitted to where Don is. You know they can't be in the same place, Loyiso will finish him off" I say.

"No Simtho... I can't do this, please don't make me" she cries.

Aunt Lydia storms in with a box of blanket, mom follows after her.

"What did that stupid white man said?"  
aunt Lydia asks directing to my mom.

I know my mom and it's the first time I'm seeing her so broken.

"He gave me discharging forms to fill...nana how are you feeling?" she say fixing her attention on my stomach.

"Bad. I nearly killed Loyiso and Don,they are fighting for their lives in hospital because of me" I say crying.

"At least my son is still breathing" aunt Lydia says.

Her son is Don,she take him as her child I don't know why.But I just don't understand her statement.

"Baby we need to go to Stanger" my mom says.

Stanger is Loyiso's hometown, I only visit there on important occasions.I don't like Loyiso's father, why would I

jump off hospital bed and go there.

"No, I need to check Don and Loyiso first" I say.

I think I heard aunt Lydia chuckling, Ziphe shoot her a quick eye-bomb.

"Look baby, we can't go see Mbatha now. He is... he is no more" mom says.

My worst nightmare comes true. He died. He won't put another ring on my finger anymore. I won't hear him

saying his vows to me in front of the priest. remember his voice when he

asked me to marry him: ONE DAY

WHEN THE SKY IS FALLING I WILL BE  
STANDING RIGHT NEXT TO YOU.

Today the sky is falling but he ain't here next to me.

"Did I kill you Mbatha wami?"

I let out the loudest scream my chest can allow.

My mom comfort me and says I mustn't cry it will all pass.

Aunt Lydia is also comforting me saying I must cry because I just lost a husband and my child will be fatherless.

Ziphe is crying along with me. She is crying for her Bhuti Loyiso.

The nurse comes and take out the drips then give me the prescription of pills.

Through the blazing sun aunt Lydia covers me with a fluffy sleeping blanket on the shoulders.

I am a widow. I made myself feel this. I deserve this pain.

They don't allow me to go see Don first, I'm driven straight to Stanger. We park I'm the yard. The house is already full of people.

I can just imagine how the community is feeling. They lost their hero. Loyiso donated lot of money for his community, he helped lot families and sent some poor kids to school.

"Nasi isfebe esibulele ugazi" one of his yellow cousin says as I walk towards the main house.

One black woman get hysterical, saying Loyiso was such a goodhearted man, he didn't deserve to die.

Mbatha Snr just look at me and show aunt Lydia where I must sit.

On a thin sponge, on the cold tiles. I

would've complained if I was myself but now I'm too broken to think about pneumonia.

"Mrs Biyela are you going back to Durban today?" he ask my mom.

"No,I will have to stay here until the funeral Loyiso was my son"

He nods, "At least someone sane will be here to look after the house and arrange everything while I go up and down sorting my boy's things out"

I remember how Loyiso reacted to his father calling him 'my boy'.

My chest tightens up,I need to scream my lungs out.

As I start crying everybody in the house follows.

Later Mbatha Snr leave for Durban. My

mom have to take control of the house.  
Three girls comes to where I  
am,including the yellow one.

"So how much are you getting?" the  
first one asks.

I'm confused.

"What?" I ask.

"How much money are you expecting  
for killing our cousin?"

Oh help me God!

"So his dick wasn't enough for you?  
You're such a disgrace for women" the  
yellow one says and spit on my  
blanket.

My Biyela genes nearly show up but I  
hold myself.

The other one pulls something from  
her back. Three sticks.

"Today you will know who  
oMbatha,oSintshakazi oShandu  
kaNdaba are" she throw two sticks to  
the others.

I'm just frozen. Wtf!!!

"What the fuck!" someone says from  
the door.

Three of them comes in rushing.

As these yellow cousins start attacking  
me Sena throws a mop on the other  
one.

Fiki pulls the other one with a weave  
and throw her to the wall and start  
Biyelazing her.

Zethu is dealing with the yellow one  
with her boot.

The screams fill up,the elders rush in.

"What is wrong with you?" my mom

shouts pulling them apart with the help of other women.

Aunt Lydia clap her hands, "We are burying a violent person anyway"

Can she shut up for one minute?

My sisters are fuming,as well as the cousins.

They manage to get the cousins to the other house.

Ziphe looks at me, "Are you okay?"

I'm awesome!

I nod,

"Are you okay?" I ask her.

She shrugs, "I'm worried about

Thapelo, he haven't eaten all day"

Nice life problems.

## Chapter 22

Simtho Biyela

.

I've been sitting on this sponge for three days, I hear from my mom's updating that all the funeral arrangements are going well.

Actually it is the white tent that make me real realize that Loyiso is dead, like never coming back again.

I've received enough curses. More fingers are pointing at me for his death. More hearts are wishing nothing good for the bitch that is me. As for

Welile, the yellow cousin, she don't know me like I know myself.

What I hate the most is that none of these ugly relatives know how my relationship with Loyiso was. Nor were they interested in his life, except his money.

A part of me wish Loyiso did pull that trigger on me. They say the dead can't feel no pain, how I wish to be them. If I'm not in pain I'm in fear, the only time I feel like a free girl is when I'm with Don or Junior.

Fuck it! I'm a bad person, I haven't checked on Junior.

I quickly ask Ziphe to give me my phone. My screensaver is us, looking happy in a restaurant a few weeks

ago. We had our moments. He had love for me, true love. He was what many women dream of.

Junior's phone is off, I wonder how he is holding up. At least my Mandla is taking care of him.

I saw my sisters hiding some alcohol in the freezer, I just pray Ziphe or mom catch it before the service otherwise they will cause unnecessary chaos.

The church service starts at 08h00. The testimonies are great. Many people are complimenting what a great boy Loyiso was.

Zethu was the last person who spoke with him, so she is given a chance to speak about his last moments.

I didn't know Zethu had such a sorrow

side,let alone sympathy veins.

She goes up,Sena is accompanying her holding her hand.She can't walk straight, she is crying so much.

How Stanger people love news,the whole tent goes dead silent as Sena get the microphone to her mouth.

"He..Loyiso came to check on me that morning.He was happy..I didn't know his full wide smile previously, but that day I did. He told me about his proposal.. he was excited. And then...something came through his phone, he lost it.He started crying, he was hurt. I knew he wasn't thinking straight, I tried stopping him from going to Don.I didn't want him to go but he ran out.Next thing I got a call

from Fiki saying he died there. I should've stopped him, I could've tried harder or locked him in. He loved us like his own siblings, he would do anything to protect us...and he loved my sister more than his own life. It hurts Loyiso (cries)."

I'm letting the tears roll down, I have no strength to wipe them. Nozipho keep wiping my face now and then. When his father is supposed to speak, he doesn't he poke my dad and show him to go.

My dad haven't spoke to me, or anybody for that matter. He only tell my mom what he wants and shut up. People are now more curious. My dad take up the stage. Loyiso and him

comes a long way. He fathered him, taught him all the criminal tricks, when he wanted out he introduced him to the real business world.

"He was my prince" he says staring at the coffin.

We're expecting a speech but he doesn't continue, he just bends to the coffin and bows. He whispers something to the coffin and touches his heart.

"Oh my poor husband" my mom says behind me.

Everybody speaks. Thapelo speaks on his friend's behalf.

We go to the cemetery. His 'Gents' are carrying the coffin.

Yep, his funeral does have a pastor.

I remember the way he laughed one

day when I suggested we go to church. He said the bible reminds him of a Maths book so he will never read it. I watch the coffin go down. Even Aunt Lydia cries there.

"Rest in peace Shandu Ka Ndaba" his father says as he throw a shovel of sand in.

We head back home. People get their refreshments and they start yelling at each other and laughing at the top of their voices.

I don't think I can stomach any food so I just go to one of the bedrooms and sit there.

I think about the four years of my life with Loyiso. The first time we met and all.

I feel my throat getting dry and go to the kitchen to get something to drink. I better customize myself with this kitchen, I hear I will stay here fifteen more days.

My father comes in as I open the fridge. He see me and pretend to be forgetting something and quickly go back.

Is it too much for him to hug me and tell me I've got him? Maybe he hate me. I disgust my own father!

Tears start again. I don't even remember what I came here for.

A hand come behind me and grab a bottle of juice in the fridge. I turn around.

The white guy.

The same white guy who was in Don's

house.

He opens the drink and hand it to me.

"Don't cry,I've got you" he says and smile with sympathy.

He turn around and leave.Zethu comes in and bump to him.

He just scoop her up and kiss her all over her face.

It's Tyson damnit!

But what was he doing there? What really happened in that house that day?

I watch him his attention is fixed on Zethu like she is the only thing in the world and wonder what is his story.

## Chapter 23

### Zethu Biyela

.

I feel like my family is breaking apart. My dad is soaked in his own world, nobody can get through him. My mom is struggling to get through Simtho on the other hand. My brother is like a zombie, I don't know if he still eat or bath.

As for me, I'm truly hurt about Loyiso's death. Only if I knew he was going to die I would've said my goodbyes. Now I'm even more hurt by looking at my yummy boyfriend from a distance. I really miss him.

If he is introduced to the family I would be wrapped in his arms right

now, but now Aunt Lydia would sprinkle me with holy water for kissing a man in a funeral.

Wait, who invited Tyson to the funeral? OK, stop it Zethu nobody invite people to the funeral, people see the tent and come.

Umhhh.. I doubt my sisters still remember we just buried a close family member.

Fiki is now in charge of a cold-room, the keys are in her bra.

Sena is already half drunk and demanding the spare key from Fiki, which is causing a lot of noise.

I wonder what happened to Loyiso's dreads?

As I'm still thinking about that on my

way to the main house I bump to...  
Oh! I'm swinging on air already.  
Lot,lot kisses plaster my face.I feel like  
crying, I don't know if it's ciders or  
Loyiso's death.

He senses that, "I'm here" he says  
brushing my shoulders.

I sniff back and control myself before  
looking into his eyes like I've longed  
these couple of days.

"I missed you" I say.

He stares at me for a while without  
blinking and then smile,

"Me too"

I breath out, "So you came to the  
funeral?"

"Yeah.... umhhh do you want  
something to drink?"

I give him a cheek peck, "Don't worry my bid sister is a cold-room admin"  
He chuckles, "I missed the way you make me smile,even with the stupid things you say"

So I say stupid things? While still thinking about the response to that a cracky voice comes behind us,  
"Sorry"

I turn around. Oh my poor sister!

"Hey I didn't see you" I say pulling away from Tyson's embrace.

She doesn't look at me,she is looking at Tyson.

Maybe this is when you introduce your boyfriend to your sister.

"Oh this is Tyson...the king of my heart. You can call him Tyzet if you want" I

say.

She frowns, "Oh!"

I roll my eyes, "Oh bitch he is handsome, you cannot disapprove of him"

"Nice to meet you... who?" he says looking at me.

I nearly forgot he is a forward brat.

"It's Simtho, the one who's boyfriend we just buried" I clarify.

He clear his throat, Simtho walk away. Maybe I shouldn't have said that.

"Ouch...where were we?" I ask.

He squeeze me, "Go to her, don't be insensitive" he says and kiss my forehead.

I just don't know how to comfort people, especially those who just lost

their partners.

What will I say?

I put on my brave face and follow her.

She is staring at the wall.

"You know when Alexia lost her boyfriend she says she healed her soul by wearing his clothes at night. Dishing his food in evenings, in the morning when she find the food still on the table the next morning that when she would realize that he is really gone" I say.

"Stupid idea, stupid advisor" Sena says from the door.

"Can you just go fuck Lwazi and fuck off from here" I say irritated.

She giggles, "Already did"

Say what!

"You did what?" I ask shocked.

She sit on the couch, "A little sucking and grinding in a car wouldn't harm a casket"

I think she is over drunk and bluffing.

"You're a hoe,you know that" I say.

She laughs, "A hoe for my fiancée, isn't?" she flash her ring.

I roll my eyes, "Savelelwa"

She clap and dance, "Shiy' umona duh!

Wajika Andile,shiy' umona duh"

Simtho cracks up, "Guys stop it,I don't want to laugh I'm not happy"

I brush her back, "It will be fine babe"

"I know exactly what you're going through" Sena says.

I look at her, "How do you know?"

Lwazi has never died"

She roll her eyes, "He didn't speak with me for weeks, it's the same thing,Loyiso ain't speaking with Simtho"

Can Loyiso wake up with his gun already?

"You're stupid, it's not the same.Loyiso is dead,Lwazi was on a flight mode" I tell her.

"That's not an appropriate thing to discuss" she says from the door.

From the little sister to the Biyela's granny,I'm telling you.

"Hey Mrs Mofokeng" Sena shouts.

I laugh, "Stop it Senamile"

She giggles, "These Sotho surnames confuse me"

"It's Mokoena,dammit" I correct her.

Ziphe is beyond irritated, "Sena I think you should go to sleep"

Sena looks at her wristwatch, "I don't sleep at six o'clock... anyway where is Quinton?"

I clap, "Mom of the year!!"

"He is with Nozi wherever he is" Ziphe says.

Sena lie on a pillow, "I couldn't ask for a better wife"

"Who killed him?"

We all look at her.

"Who killed Loyiso?" she ask again.

"Only you and Don were there fucking"

Sena says with no manners.

Simtho frowns, "Don wasn't armed and he got shot first.I didn't do anything"

Ziphe sit next to her, "Are you saying

there was a fourth person who shot him?"

She shrugs, "I don't know but someone shot him"

"Who could've shot him Simtho?" I ask.

"That white guy was there" she says.

"Which ngamla now?" Sena asks.

She turns her head to me, "Your boyfriend"

"Yeah he followed Loyiso from my house, but he only arrived there after the whole thing"

"I saw him standing on the doorway as Loyiso was lying on the pool of blood" she says.

"But why would Zethu's brand new boyfriend kill him? He have no dealings with any of it" Ziphe asks.

"Only Loyiso can answer that"  
Wtf! She is really accusing my  
boyfriend for her fiancée's death. God  
give me strength!

Wait a sec...something was off between  
Loyiso and Tyson when they met in my  
house.

How do Tyson know Loyiso? Can I  
trust him?

Now I think I really need to go see Fiki  
about cold-room access.

Chapter 24  
Nozipho Biyela

.

It's a day after the funeral and guess what we're doing.. PACKING.Yep,we're going back to our caves.I just can't wait to go back to Durban.

Ever since we came here I've been a household wife, a waitress and a nanny to all the kids.

I just can't stop worrying about everything and everyone. My husband, Donald, Junior and Simtho.My other big worry is Mbatha Snr,he is a lonely old man, losing Loyiso is world shattering for him.With Loyiso dead I don't know who is going to pressurize him to go to his medical check-ups.

Liya is also catching a flu,I think it's because of different environment.

"Mom have you seen my diary?" that's

Sphiwo standing on top of my suitcase with dirty boots.

I sigh, "I already packed it, why do you need a diary anyway?"

He throw two Zulu dance moves on top of my suitcase. He saw people doing it yesterday in the tent after the funeral.

"Everyone have a diary. You, dad, my aunties and all" he replies.

"That's because we have lives" I tell him.

He stop what he is doing, "I also have a life"

I roll my eyes, "Whatever, get off my suitcase"

He jumps off, Sbu comes in.

"Boy" Sbu says.

"Howzit dad?"

"Moja ntwana" Sbu says.

One of these days I'm going to have a heart attack.

"Is that the way of greeting your dad Phiwo? And wena Sbusiso why are you teaching my son street-language?" I ask my hands on the waist.

I doubt they heard me, they just fist-bump each other.

"Sbu, Sphiwo!!" I call.

"See you mom, I gotta check on the chipmonks" he says and run out.

Chipmunks be Ayanda and Liya, his sisters.

I glare at Sbu, he shrugs and sit ass-flat on the floor.

My anger vanishes, I go sit next to him.

"The hospital called, he is..."

No!!! I cover my ears and shake my head.

He squeeze me to his chest.

"Babe he is fine" he says.

My heartbeat slow down, I compose myself.

"I thought you was going to say he is dead"

He chuckles, "He is stronger than that"

"But why are you sad? You don't look happy that he is recovering" I say.

He sigh, "It doesn't feel fair"

I didn't know he felt this way. I just look at him shocked.

"You know what I mean, think about it. He can't be with Simtho anymore, he just can't" he say looking thoughtful.

I don't agree with that but I'll hold my

opinion for now.

"I think you need to focus on eating these days" I change the topic.

"I'm fine, I've always dream of being a slim guy" he says jokingly.

I laugh, "You are Simphiwe Shembe's size now"

His eyes widen, "Give me all the leftovers"

I laugh and stand up, "What happened to 'slim guy' dreams"

I bump to my father-in-law by the door.

"MaZungu"

I nod,that's all he say to me these days.

.

**\*\*Inside The House\*\***

"So you are also going to keep this

from me?" Sbu ask looking straight to his father's eyes.

"Keep what?" he roars.

"How Loyiso died"

"I wasn't there,how should I know?"

"Menziwa you have your eyes everywhere, nothing slip past you.My question is why are you keeping quiet? Why haven't you done something? Your daughter is in the dark,she is in pain"

Biyela sighs, "I should've known, for a great father that I am I should've suspected something. You know I can't even look at Simtholile in the eyes, I can't stand the pain I let dwell on her eyes.I knew Banger was a violent person, that is what I loved about

him. His cruelty, his lack of perseverance and fearlessness. Why not even once did I check on how he was doing with my daughter? Why didn't I worry? Did I give up on my daughter? Did I let her swim in the crocodile's dam?"

That's the exactly regret that is eating Sbusiso daily. He sit back on the floor and cover his face with his hands.

"I liked that he loved my sister with his whole being. I just never thought love could be more than enough" Sbu says. Biyela nods, "And when love is more than enough it dangerous"

A moment of silence passes as they both consume in painland.

After a while Biyela rise his head and

lean it against the wall.

"We had to cross some bridges, burn some tollgates and destroy some roadblocks to get where we are. Along the way we created enemies as well as friends. We only kept close eye on the enemies and that was our biggest downfall. Friends became enemies and it became nasty." he pauses.

Sbu breath out, he is just a few minutes away from knowing the truth.

"I had three boys. Loyiso being the mastermind, Seth Givanston the rich nephew of the Givanstons, he was our T.I guy and Lebo our spy. Seth became selfish and sold us to the Germany Fumblers, Loyiso had to take care of him. The police started sniffing around,

Lebo fled to the USA. Only Loyiso stayed, he had to protect our treasures and he joined a police force. Lebo came back to SA and joined forces with the Givanston twins to avenge Seth's death. Unfortunately one of the twins died in the car accident, Lebo returned to the USA"

Sbu look at his father, "Darren Givanston?"

He nods, "Yeah"

Sbu look at him, "So you think the other twin developed a crush on Zethu and let go?"

Biyela shrugs, "Maybe or maybe not"

"What do you mean?" Sbu asks.

"He is clever"

It can't be, Sbu think to himself.

"I can't have another crazy gangster boys of yours getting involved with my sister"

Biyela scratch his head, "I never meant any of my dealings to involve you. I love my family too much"

Sbu grunts sarcastically, "Yeah,let's see how you're going to convince Zethu that her boyfriend is with her out of agenda"

"I don't have to do that, I need to take care of all the dogs and threats"

More blood will flow, another Biyela diva is going to weep.

## Chapter 24

>>>>Continues

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**\*\*Inside Silvia's Hotel\*\***

He first called around nine o'clock, Zethu said she was packing. Again when he call at 1pm she says she is still packing her shoes.Women!!

He decide to sit outside his hotel room and enjoy the Ballito view.He may as well cancel the dinner reservations he made for two of them in Durban.

"So little guy I see you still want me dead?" a voice from behind roar,nearly making Tyson fall off his chair.

He didn't expect anyone, he is alarmed. He is even more alarmed when he see who it is.

"Yeah, it's me" Biyela says coming more steps closer.

Tyson blink a couple of times,

"B-daddy"

Biyela chuckles, it what his boys used to call him when they were still united.

"I must congratulate you, you successfully killed Banger and managed to come and satisfy yourself by watching his coffin going down the grave"

Tyson clear his throat, something told him to carry his gun but knowing that he was coming to fetch his Queen he ignored it.

"Unfortunately I was there only to support my girlfriend" he says ignoring his thundering chest.

"Which is my daughter?" Biyela ask.

"Yes"

"I don't allow any fool near my family, those who want Muzi come to Muzi. You harm even one hair of any of my loved ones I kill you"

Tyson chuckles, "Just like you did to Loyiso. After he broke your daughter's jaws for years?"

He hit a nerve, Biyela inhale and chew his jaws.

"I didn't know"

Tyson laughs, "Oh you didn't know? Guess what I did for you B-daddy? I saved your daughter, I came just as that dog was about to pull a trigger on her head. I shot him exactly where he shot Seth"

Biyela grin, "This is about Seth,not you saving my daughter"

"Whatever goes through that old head of yours is influenced by high sperm count"

Biyela pull out his gun,he point it to Tyson,

"Well said, I have lot of children and none of them will die by the hand of a white fool" he say.

Tyson's eyes widen, "You think I want to kill Queen?"

"She is Ntombizethu,not Queen and you will never stand an inch near her"

From Seth's telling Tyson knows

Biyela doesn't hesitate to eliminate his threats.

"I will never hurt her" Tyson begs.

"Yes you will never hurt her, that is why today we're making sure you go sing for your brother and cousin in hell." Biyela says steadying his fingers around the gun.

This is it, Tyson thinks to himself.

"Please" he whispers.

Biyela shake his head, "No die peacefully, don't cry you will make it rain on your funeral day"

Tyson breath out, "I won't, I just need one favour before you do it"

Biyela glares at him, "I doubt you gave Banger a chance to ask for favours, why should I give you?"

"Tell her to go to my townhouse, there is a little storeroom next to the garage. There is a big green toolbox on

top of the shelves. She must open it, it opens with a code. The code is the day she was crowned Miss Mandeni. She will find a piece of paper there, that's the paper is my life. She must make sure she signs the ownership of the apartment I bought for her in Zimbabwe. Lastly please tell her I love her, from the first day I saw her and that she mustn't cry because I died a happy man because I knew she loved me too"

For a great father that Biyela is, he doesn't even know when did Zethu became Miss Mandeni.

"She was Miss Mandeni?" he asked himself lousy.

Tyson kept quiet, he unhooked the necklace around his neck and threw it

to Biyela. He doesn't catch it,he let it fall on the concrete floor. It land and form an S-shape.

Tyson stares at it,it's the last gift he received from Darren.Letting it go is letting Darren go,and letting Darren go is letting himself go.

"What is this?" Biyela ask.

"A necklace of course"

"I see you're very brave" Biyela says sarcastically.

"I see you're very observant" Tyson replies.

As much as Tyson fear this moment he also doesn't want Biyela to see.

He had prayed to die before but now he want to live.He have a reason to live.

"I don't like brave enemies" Biyela says pressing on the gun.

## Chapter 24

>>>continues

"I'm not an enemy"

Biyela chuckles, "Since when? You failed to take me out with your twin and Lebo, now you come for me through my daughter! That's very low of you Givanston" he says.

"If I take you down,if I avenge for Seth's death, what will I gain? What's for m!e in return? I had plans, I had chances,plenty chances to kill you but I didn't. You know why? Because I fell in love with a girl in Richard's Bay.A girl I

don't ever want to see shed a tear. A girl I wish to give everything. A girl I want to see smile everyday"

Biyela inhale defeatedly.

Tyson continues, "You know what that girl posted on her Facebook status on Father's day, she said; My dad is my world, my world is my dad. My dad is my happiness, my dream is to make his world happiness because his happiness means my blessing and his life means my joy."

"Now tell me how can I take away the happiness of my Queen? Her happiness means my happiness old man"

Biyela's hand drop down, "I want to believe you..."

Tyson cut him in, " I don't want you to

believe me,I don't care you believe me or not. I do it for her,she is the only person I care about "

Biyela sighs, "Why do all the thugs fall in love with my daughters?"

Tyson chuckles, "I'm not a thug,I'm just a person who deal with things accordingly. I don't steal from no one,I work my ass for everything"

"And who steals?" Biyela asks.

Tyson laughs, "If that gun wasn't on sight I would've told you but now I'm shaking, fearing for my life"

Biyela look at him, "Kahle kahle wena mfana womlungu uyadelela"

"Ouch,Zulu language! I'm white,remember!" Tyson mocks.

Biyela click his tongue, "White

wamasimba"

"Careful old man,I may need you to shake my hand while handing your daughter over to me for marriage"

Biyela tuck his gun behind his back,

"No wonder many white people drive nice scooters,you guys dream big while still young"

Tyson look at him, "Scooters? Did you check the car I decorated this parking lot with?"

For some reason Biyela's heart start liking this white boy,but he has learnt a lesson about not watching these boys dating his girls.He will put on his binoculars on all of them.

"Why are you here anyway?" he ask.

"Errr...I'm meeting someone"

Biyela give him one of his looks, "Let's hope it's 'someone'"

Unfortunately clicking sound of high shoes approach where they are, Tyson hold his breath. He knows how Zulu fathers operate with their daughters.

"Babe are you here?" she shout.

She stop dead on her tracks as she meet her father's merciless look.

"Baba"

He keep quiet. Tyson is not even breathing where he is standing.

"Is this Durban?" he finally ask.

"No" she replies.

"Then why are you here?"

Tyson clear his throat, "You know we're dating, there is no..."

Biyela turn to him, " This is not

England, we have rules. Ntombizethu if you want to go out with this boy you will go and give impahla to his home until then there will be no secret meetings between the two of you" Tyson look at him confused, Zethu burst out laughing.

"Dad just in case you didn't see,he is white and I'm classy.We don't do that" she says.

"I don't care,you will do that.It's my culture,your culture finish and klaar" Zethu realize this is serious. Who does that nowadays?

None of her sisters has been forced to do it,why her? She is dating a white person for goodness sake!

## Chapter 25

Ziphelele Biyela-Mokoena

.

"Baby"

"Mhhh"

Really? We haven't been alone for days and he is shutting me out like this.

I've been longing to be in his arms, to have him staring down into my eyes with the biggest smile on his face, but on our first evening back in our house he is already glued to whatever is on that laptop.

"Thapelo I'm talking to you" I say irritated.

He groans, "Yes Ziphelele Biyela I'm listening"

He mustn't test me!

"Oh I'm a Biyela today?" I ask.

He let out that breath that you make before answering an annoying person.

"Mrs Mokoena I'm busy,I need to catch up with work,my best friend is fighting for his life in hospital so please give me some time alone.I need to breath"

Yeses! This is the first time my husband speak like this with me.I always come first, no matter what's the situation.

I just freeze where I am and stare at the back of his head because he already swung his chair around.

Slowly I turn around and get out of his study room.

There is nothing I hate like being

turned down while I'm being nice. I was only going to ask him about the salad he would like to eat for dinner. Suddenly I'm lonely in my room. I miss being at home, even if it means putting up with Zethu's nuisance.

I video-call Sena. She is between Lwazi's legs, they both come to the screen and greet.

Sena ; Are you okay princess?

Me. ; Yeah....how are you?

Sena ; You don't look okay, is Thapelo giving you problems?

Lwazi laughs and tell Sena he will be in Quinton's room. I like his intelligence.

Sena ; Talk talk!!!

I sigh, why did I call her instead of Nozi?

Me ; It's nothing. When are we going to Mandeni? I miss us,I miss the family.

Sena ; What did Thapelo do?

He did nothing, I have no reason to cry.Every husband tell their wives to give them space.

Me ; He really didn't do anything

Sena ; You want to tell me those are Loyiso's tears' leftovers?

I wipe the tears and laugh.

Me ; You don't make jokes with someone's death.

Sena ; Yeah I know, especially someone like Loy-loy.

Me ; I need to go cook,I was just checking you send my regards to Quinton.

Sena ; Ok darling I better go to my man

too.

I roll my eyes and hang up.

Nozi would've been a better option, she is a good advisor plus she is also married.

Zethu call while I'm scrolling for Nozi's number.

Zethu ; Bitch,hiiii

Me ; Yes sisi,how are you?

Zethu ; Bad mntase!

At least I'm not the only one with problems

Me ; What did Tyson do?

Zethu ; It's more like 'what did Muzi do'?

Me ; Ookay...what did our father do?

Zethu ; He want me to give Tyson impahla,otherwise I'm not allowed to

go out with him, apparently it's a traditional route.

I laugh out loud. This is what I needed, a good joker

Me ; Tjoh! I love Biyela

Zethu ; Mxm!

Me ; So when are you going to the bead maker?

Zethu ; I'll buy that in Berea, what I want is iQhikiza

Me ; That will drive you to Inkandla dear

Zethu ; I was thinking of you, since you don't have a baby yet.

Seriously? I laugh again.

Me ; I'm married, I'm an elder according to the tradition I don't involve myself with kids' stuff

Zethu ; Get over yourself, I need this done this weekend I miss my man's dick.

Me ; No! I'm not an Iqhikiza,I am a married woman and beside that I don't want to do something I don't know try Zanda.

Zethu ; Oh yes,fuck you and bye!!!

My dad can be a psycho sometimes, Zethu is a grown girl.Nobody do those Zulu stuff anymore,but it serve Zethu right.

"Why are you smiling alone?"

I turn around and look at him.

"It's people who love talking with me,they make me smile" I say.

"I love you"

Out of topic! I want to strangle him

because now I must say I love him too.

I sigh, "Me too"

He come and sit next to me.

"I need you to be my pillar of strength"

he say.

"Pillar of strength? A pillar of strength

you need a breathing space from?" I

ask.

He sighs, "You don't understand,  
sometimes I need you to hold me and  
rest your head on my neck,not you  
asking me about dinner menus and  
future baby names"

All I say is "Wow" and look at him.

"I'm going to check Don,it would be  
nice to have you coming with me but I  
know we just came you want to be in  
your house.I'll see you later" he says

and lean to me and give me a light kiss  
and go.

So I don't know how to be a good wife!  
I look as his shadow disappear and  
inhale his smell.

My cellphone beeps,one e-mail;

\*\*Dear Miss/Mrs

Sisacela izintombi zisivakashela  
ngoMgqibelo ntambama. (We are  
kindly pleading for the girls to visit us  
on the Saturday afternoon)

Kindly Zethu Biyela\*\*

Just as I finish reading she calls.

"Everything is sorted my love, now I  
just need your presence" she shout like  
my phone's speaker is damaged or  
something.

"Which girls did you invite?" I ask

bored.

"My father's uncle's cousin's nephew's daughter will come with izintombi from Inkandla"

I laugh, "And this will take place in the Givanston's luxurious house?"

"No,in Ty's house. I still need to organise Tyson's parents that will ullulate since his really parents won't budge"

Oh help me Lord!

"Zethu you need Jesus" I say laughing.

"And Christ my dear"

I laugh, "Together with the holy spirit"

"Let me go mntase,I'm a busy bee"

"Okay sharp sisi"

I'm definitely going, I need to see this.

## Chapter 26

### Fikile Biyela

.

I don't know why I agreed to come here. Every time I come here I feel loose. I feel like my womanhood is being degraded and undermined. Why can't I let go? Why can't I put an end to this?

"Hey baby"

I breath out and let my body melt on his chest. His strong arms cover my back, his soft lips plant a kiss on top of my head.

"You look beautiful as always" he say brushing my hair.

I smile, "Thanks"

He pull my hand and lead me to the bedroom. Again he went out all the way for me. The bed is covered with red roses. There is a bowl of strawberries and a bottle of wine at the side.

"I bought you something" he say his twinkling eyes looking down to me. You know us women and surprises. My mouth widen, "What is it?" He walk backwards and grab a gift bag. In my mind I already have a diamond bracelet or expensive perfume.

Boom! A black lingerie.

"What you don't like it?" he ask.

I close my open mouth, "Yes, I mean no. I just didn't think it was that thing"

His face drops, "Oh! You expected something else?"

Nx, why do I always feel like it's a must to make this man happy?

I force a smile, "Not really, it's just a surprise"

He smile, "That's what I wanted to do, to surprise you"

I take it and look at it. It's one of those you see in porn movies worn by pornstars.

Beside the fact that I have more than enough black lingeries I hate that he bought it for me out of all nice things he could've bought.

"Look Mvuse I may be stupid in love with you and all that but I'm not your sex object" I tell him throwing the

bloody thing on the floor.

He look at me shocked, "Fiki it's not what I'm implying"

I fold my arms, "You have your wife of choice, I'm your exlover-made-to-sidechick the least you can do is pretend you're not with me for sex only"

He look away, "Fiki you're misunderstanding me, you know for me it's not only about sex"

"Oh, what else is it about?"

"It's about everything

Fiki, connection, pleasure..."

I laugh, "Connection? You know what Mvuselelo let's just leave it"

He glares at me, "Stop what?"

"This connection-pleasure madness"

"No"

I frown, "No?"

"Yes Fikile no, I won't go away from you" he says coming closer to me.

"I must have an A+ pussy" I mock him.

"You have no idea" he says grabbing my arm.

I shake him off, "I didn't say touch me, you and I are done for good Mvuselelo Miya. Go home, your wife needs you"

I take a few steps towards the door before he grabs me by waist.

"Fikile you're not going away from me" he says between his teeth.

I try walking out from his grab but he tightens his hands, his nails sinking in my skin.

"You're hurting me" I whisper.

"You're also hurting me"

Like a hurricane I swift around and throw my handbag against his head.He hold my hands together and pull me back to bed.

"I'm not your slut damnit!" I yell at him.

"Fiki you know I need you"

I kick him, "You're mad"

"Yes I am,you make me mad"

He grab my shirt apart.My body is exposed.

"Mvuse don't do this" I beg.

He kiss my neck while his hand go to my breasts and slowly massage my nipples.

"Mvuse please"

He moan on my neck and run his

tongue to my earlobe. I moan,he  
groans.

Our bodies are our greatest enemies. It  
betrays me,my vjay get wet in an  
instant.

"I need you Fikile" he whispers as his  
fingers penetrate my honeypot.

"Let me in" he say sliding his finger  
beneath the panty.

My skirt goes up my ass,my knees are  
spread apart.

I close my eyes and feel his magic  
fingers trail in and out of my vjay.

"Oh baby!" he cry as I grab his head  
down.

I let my body flow with the intimacy. I  
dissolve into the world of pleasure.

"You always leave me breathless" he

say as he fall next to me.

I open my eyes and look at him.I feel warm liquid rushing out my eyes.

I grab my belongings and sort my clothing out.

"Where are you going? I cooked for us"  
he ask.

I wipe my nose and pick my bag from the floor and walk out.

He follow me,

"Fiki don't do this to me please"

I just cry out loud.

"Baby please" he say blocking my way.

"Just let me go" I say.

"Fikile ngiyakucela,don't leave me"

"Let me go Mvuselelo"

He exhale, "I didn't mean to hurt you, things just went out of control"

I nod, "Can I go Mvuse, yes or no?"

"I don't want you to go but you can go"

I push him out of the way and walk out.

"Forgive me" I hear those words as I walk out of the main door.

.

Zanda Dlamini

.

I planned a romantic dinner for Mandla. He has been down for a while, and I've had my full attention on Junior since Nozi was in Stanger.

I think I need to spice things up between us a little bit.

A text message from Mvuse disturbs me.

\*\*I'm in the penthouse, I need

someone\*\*

This message frightens me,I try calling him he doesn't pick up so I decide to drive to the penthouse.

I let myself in since nobody respond to my knock.

His groaning tell me things are bad, so I kick off my sandals and march to his bedroom.

Mvuse is lying facedown crying his lungs out.

Roses are scattered around the room,pieces of a broken bowl are all over.I hate sex scenes.

"Bhuti" I call him.

He doesn't stop crying or look at me.Now I don't know whether to shush him or let him be

I need to call Phumla, she is old she will know what to do.

In the blink of an eye Phumla is here.

"What's wrong?" she ask me.

I shrugs, "Come"

We go to the bedroom.

Like I said Phumla will know. She jumps on bed and shake him.

"You have to tell us what's wrong, you have cancer?" she ask.

I jump, "No Phumla! Bhuti you better talk with us,"

He turn to us with puffy red face, "I hurt her"

"'Her' is not Siza right?" Phumla ask.

He nods.

"Which hospital is she in?" she ask.

"Not like that... I forced her into

something and now she hate me"

I look at Phumla, "What did you force her to?"

"I kinda raped her,I just don't know guys"

My legs lose balance I go down to the floor with my ass.

"No!" I cry.

Mvuse sniffs,Phumla cover her ears with hands.

"You guys will drive me crazy stru!"

I just can't imagine what Fiki is feeling right now.

"Why Mvuselelo, why?" I ask crying.

"Ja Zanda,Mvuse why did you do it?"

Phumla say.

"I don't know" he say.

"Do you know what you did?" I ask.

"I'm sorry"

Like a buck I jump to him and start punching him. He just shield himself and say he is sorry.

Phumla start giggling, "Zanda stop it, his cellmates will do enough of that" I don't know why she is giggling so I turn to her and throw her two punches. She flinches and curse me.

"You, Mvuselelo Miya I don't want to ever see your face again" I say and walk out.

If he is a rapist I'm good as brother less.

## Chapter 27

### Fikile Biyela

.

That fuckin' door again.

"Delivery for Miss Fikile Biyela"

I sigh and sign. I'm getting tired of

Mvuse's lousy gift.

Actually I'm getting tired of him taking

advantage of me every time I break up

with him. I don't know when he is

going to see that this thing between us

is a waste of time.

What really annoys me is that he

knows exactly what to do to calm me

down.

Maybe I should go away for a

while, just to be away from everything

and regain myself.

Without wasting any time I take my laptop and browse beautiful places I can visit.

While many women dream of visiting New York I would like to go to Punjabi. I like Indians, the way they value their culture is amazing.

Fuckin' door again!

I take my brother's golf stick and go to the door. I'm ready to smash these delivery fools' heads.

Boom! It's African biggest witch of all times.

Chef Horny herself.

"What can I do for you?" I ask lacking amusement.

She look at the golf stick, "Are you armed?"

"Phumla what do you want?" I ask.  
Ever since she broke Mandla's heart none of us have been close to her. We don't dig her, the only connection she have to us is because she is Zanda's sister.

"I know what my brother did" she says.

Oh he ran and told his sisters he chowed my vjay without permission.

"Okay, so you came to laugh?" I ask.  
She roll her eyes, "No boo, I'm on your side. Actually I'm with all the rape victims. It's us as women who should unite and make the abusers pay"  
I'm hell confused.

"Where did you take all that?"

"He is my brother he confess to me. You

should've seen how devastated he was after realising that he raped you."

I don't know whether to laugh or cry at this. So Mvuse is sending me all these gifts because he is afraid that he raped me. I mean how many times have he used his romantic powers to take me down.

Maybe he saw me crying and thought otherwise. This is too funny.

"Why are you smiling? We need to make Mvuse pay" Phumla says.

I look at her, "We?"

"Yes darling, I can be your silent partner"

I laugh, "So we're chommas now?"

She roll her eyes, "Of course not, but we can be sisters in-laws"

I raise my eyebrows, "As you know my brother is happily married so thanks but no thanks"

"I don't fuck that one even in my worst nightmares. What I mean is you can marry Mvuse"

I sigh, she is back to square one of madness.

"I thought he was already married" I say.

"Have you never heard of divorce?" she ask.

"What is with divorce in this?"

She look at me like I'm stupid, "Are you naturally slow or it's Mvuse's sperms?"

I might just slap her any second now.

She grunts, "Mvuse hurt you, right now you can tell him jump and he will ask

you how high."

"What do you mean?"

She walk in.

Well I didn't give her permission to do so,what if she poisons my house.

I follow her, she sit on the couch and look at my laptop.

"Punjabi? Why are you browsing such gross country. I can't stand Indians,they smell like garlic"

Bare with me Lord!

So you were saying? " I say grabbing my laptop and shutting it down.

"I said tell Mvuse to divorce Siza and marry you. I mean who else will marry damaged goods"

I gasp, "Who is damaged goods?"

"You, you was raped dear.He must be

the one who make you a confident woman again"

"And why must I make an innocent woman suffer? Siza is nothing but a good girl" I say.

She laugh, "Too late to play angel Biyo, you've been fucking her husband ever since they started calling OK Shoprite"

I click my tongue and look away.

"Seriously Fiki, you and Mvuse love each other. Now that he is at your mercy you need to use that opportunity. Ungathithizi njengakuqala"

I feel one demon entering my body. I need to think.

"Is that all you came for?" I ask her.

"Yeah, but a glass of wine wouldn't

disturb any of my plans" she says.

She is friendzoning me.

I stand up, "I'm sure you have plenty of it in your house Chef what-what"

She give me a dead stare, "I suggest you change your attitude before marrying my brother"

I roll my eyes, "Byeee Phumla"

She dances her ass out, "Think about it doll"

I close the door behind her and sit down.

I turn and turn Phumla's idea in my head. She is right, this is my opportunity to take back what is mine.

I'm done being the black sheep of the family, done being the victim.

Now it's Fikile's territory.

I phone my husband to be,he answers after the first ring.

"Baby...Fiki, I mean MaBiyo"

I can see his fear right through the phone.

"Hey" I say.

"Fiki I'm really sorry, please babe I need to talk with you"

"Okay, we can meet"

"Okay, thanks babe, wherever you want me to come I'll be there in a second" he say.

"My house, now" I say and drop the call.

Like a lightning he drives,he is here in a second.

I must admit he is the most gorgeous man I've ever seen. Although he is

wearing same clothes as yesterday's.

"I brought you this" he says giving me the gift bag with a shaky hand.

"Oh,thanks. It's so nice being me today" I say.

I tell him to sit down. He is uncomfortable.

"Fiki I'm really sorry" he says.

I glare at him, "Really?"

"I can do anything to show you just how sorry I am"

I cross my legs, "Okay, marry me"

He look at me shocked, Fikile "

"Yes marry me,or you don't like marrying your rape victims?"

His knees shake, "But you know Fiki I don't like polygamy, it against our rules at home"

"I wasn't planning on being anybody's second wife anyway" I say.

He stares at me questioningly.

I wait for him to ask whatever he want to know.

"What are you saying?" he ask.

"I'm saying divorce Siza and marry me"

Chapter 28

Ziphelele Biyela Mokoena

·  
I may have not grown up in the rural areas or received enough knowledge about Zulu culture but I know this is not how they conduct Ukuqoma.

I'm sure if these girls Nonto brought (our cousin from Inkandla) had any means to go back to their homes they would've left by now.

Poor girls are being tormented. Some of them can't even manage to blink in the long eyelashes.

"Okay right now I need everyone to come and choose the wig, make sure you take something that suit your skin colour. I don't want any embarrassment" the First Lady of the Givanstons announce.

The girls look at each other, they thought it was over.

I raise my hand, "Zethu this is a Zulu ceremony and right now we are looking like Brazilian prostitutes"

"Zee dear I know you like your Lira-self but right now you are going on behalf of Zethu"

The girls grunts.

"We don't need the wigs" Nonto complains.

Zethu sighs annoyed, "I didn't say you can't put your beads (ubuhlalu) around your foreheads"

I know better than to argue with Zethu where she is Mrs of honour. I'll put on the wig, it's only for tonight anyway.

Two of the stylist that have been

making us over come with....I think it's high-waist skirt beaded with ubuhlalu belts.

"What is that?" I ask.

"Your clothes"

"What???" we all chanted in amazement.

We are nicely dressed in our clothes.

"Hey,don't what me.Grab the skirts and vests and go change"

Black high-waist skirts beaded with colourful ubuhlalu,white vests (must be tucked in) and white All-Stars takkies everyone.

At least the girls are allowed to put their beads around their heads.

We do look beautiful I must say.

"Zee you're intombi tonight, right?"

she ask me.

I nod, "Yeah"

"The ring dear"

"No ways,forget it" I say.

"You can't be a married woman going to emqomeni,take it out you're embarrassing me"

Most of our fights start like this.

"What will Thapelo say if he hears about that?" I ask.

"For once in your life please put your sister first,not the dick"

The girls laugh, I might just slap her.

"Calm down Ziphe" Nonto says holding my hand.

"I'm not taking it out" I tell her.

She stares at me challengingly, "Then you're not going"

I laugh, "Not after you painted my face and glued my eyes with eyelashes. I'm definitely going"

She sighs, "Okay, but please hide your left hand"

I click my tongue, she is so annoying.

"It's getting late we must go" Nonto says.

She is Iqhikiza, she should be in charge not Zethu.

Zethu and her go to the lounge, where all the stuff is put.

I'm left with these Inkandla girls I don't know. They start complaining about wigs.

"It's giving me headache already" the other girl says.

"Oh chommie maybe the real owner

died of headache" the other one reply.

I want to laugh.

"Sorry" says a girl poking me.

I turn around, she look like barbie. I want to laugh, she keep blinking like her eyes are heavy.

"Umhhh...how many litres is the traditional beer, I doubt my head can carry much with the wig"

I frown, "Traditional beer? Is it necessary?"

She look at me like "day".

" Yeah, it's the main thing "

I laugh, "I'm afraid we only have wines"

"This journey is a waste of our time" she says and rejoin the others in the gossip group.

We are called to the lounge.

Impahla includes duvets, bedcovers and pillows, juice sets, dinner sets, tea sets, accessories for Mrs Givanston, tuxedo for Mr Givanston, wrapped gift for Tyson's sister. I don't even want to know what is inside that big box on the couch.

At least there is Tyson's dish filled with cosmetics and ucu inside like how it's originally done in KwaZulu. Although this dish is wrapped with white ribbons.

We carry the stuff to the cars.

"Why there is another dish like Tyson's?" I ask looking at Nonto coming with the second dish.

"Oh that one is Darren's" Zethu

answers carrying a box of whatever alcohol is it.

"Isn't Darren died, and why are you giving him like Tyson?" I ask.

The other girls just look at it.

"Oh shame he is a twin" the other one says.

Am I the only one who doesn't understand this?

"Ziphe Jesus, isn't we don't separate twins in our culture? So whenever Zethu give Tyson something she'll have to give it to his twin too."

"But his twin died" I say.

"That's what I'm telling you, we don't separate twins Tyson is alive that means Darren is also alive."

"Huh?" I look at Nonto dumbfounded.

"Isn't when your twin die you also get in the grave with him. Which means you die with him and he lives with you"

I raise my hand in defeat, "Okay whatever Nonto, let's go"

We finish loading the stuff and.. click click, Miss Zethu Biyela make us pose in a line and take pictures.

We get in the cars and go.

Chapter 28 (continues)

Tyson Givanston Narrates

.

It's little things in life that counts. Tonight I feel like I'm getting

married or something, it's one of the biggest days of my life.

Many white guys date Zulu girls but none of them get honoured by getting introduced as a boyfriend in a Zulu cultural way.

Although her father forced her to it but I appreciate her for doing it.

As for my parents they don't see any importance of this, it's just a mess up of their plans. I had to beg them to come.

Well Zethu asked me to install cameras so that she can watch everything, as she is not allowed to come.

"They are here" my sister screams.

Loud singing fill the yard. The only reason the neighbors will keep shut is

because we are the Givanstons.

"Are they gonna sing all night or they will come in?" my mother asks.

I shrugs, "I don't know"

My father chuckles, "Man of honour doesn't know" he mocks.

Kholeka,our hired Zulu aunt,come.

"Mrs Givanston you should go ask them who they are and what they want" she tells my mother.

"Why me?"

I give her one of those looks,she promised to be nice.

She grunts and go.

"Hello ladies" she greet.

They immediately stop singing, others laugh.

"Hello" one respond.

"Who are you and why are you here?"  
my mother asks.

"We are coming from Inkandla, from  
the Biyela homestead. We came to visit  
Tyson Givanston"

"And why are you visiting my son in  
the middle of the night?" she ask.

Nobody told her to ask that, she  
mustn't spoil this for me.

"We came to give him our love"

I melt right there behind the door.

"Okay come after me"

I quickly run and hide in the kitchen.

My mother lead them to the dining  
room. I wonder if all of them will fit. I  
need to renovate this house.

They stand on their feet still carrying  
the luggages.

"You can sit down" my mother tells them.

They remain on their feet. I'm peeping through the door, unfortunately my eyes meet with Zethu's young sister. She smiles fondly.

My sister laughs, "Just put your asses on the couches"

That little brat, I will sort her out.

"We don't sit down" the one wearing different from others say.

My mother frowns, "And why is that?"

"We will sit down if you give us R3 500 cash"

What's the hell?

"Who does that?" my sister exclaims.

My mother look at my dad with raised eyebrows.

Kholeka comes to the kitchen and grab my arm.

"Pay it" she says.

"It's a custom, otherwise they will stand all night and report bad hospitality back home"

R3 500 for sitting down! Cry with me people.

This is lobola in advance.

I hurry upstairs to my room and collect all my petrol money. Unfortunately I'm R600 short. I don't stack cash in my house.

I call my dad for help, he doesn't answer.

Now I'm panicking I can't go ask him money in front of these girls.

Two minutes late he walks in,

"Why are you calling me?"

"I need R600"

He chuckles, "These Zulu women are already robbing you"

I keep silent because I'm at his mercy. He take out his wallet and give me.

"I always know I can count on you" I mock him.

I go give it to Aunt Kholeka. She go and give it to the girl, she count it carefully before telling others to sit down.

They start singing again, my sister take out her phone and start recording. I wonder it that is allowed.

The one who has been speaking stand up;

"My name is Nonto Biyela, as I've said

we came to visit Tyson. Can we see his father?"

My father frowns, "Why?"

"Just go" my mother says.

He walk in front, "It's me"

He sit hesitatingly.

Zethu sister unwrap shoes, tuxedo and wristwrist-watch.

"Not even one day do we want you to go out looking like a herdboyy,wear this tuxedo and keep track of time"

They put a tray with a glass and bottle of whiskey in front of him.

"Now and then quench your thirsty, we adore you"

I can't believe how wide my father can smile.

"Okay now can we have his mother?"

the girl ask.

My mother doesn't even hesitate, she rush and sit down. To her this is just a "Free Gifts" day.

I don't wait to see what they got for her. I go to my room and freshen up and put on my new clothes.

I didn't realize I've taken an hour trying to look handsome.

"They are asking for you" my sister screams.

Breath in,out,in,out.

I want to vanish as soon as I appear.

All eyes are on me.

"Sit here sbari" the girl says showing me the small reedmat on the tiles.

I sit down.

"Can we have the second one?" the girl

asks.

"Which one?" my father asks.

"His twin"

I feel my heart breaking into thousand pieces.

"We know he is no more,we need anyone to sit on his behalf" Zethu's sister clarify.

"I will" my sister says.

They take a dish and put it in front of her.

"You're our other half. So Bhut' Darren this is Colgate,you put it in this toothbrush (showing it) and brush your teeth.We like hygienic boyfriends" the girl says.

She went on explaining each and every item. Telling what they are and how

we must use them.

My family can't even hold themselves, they are laughing their lungs out.

Lastly she give her a white beaded necklace and put it around her neck.

"This necklace is a sign of our love, by giving you this necklace we are giving you her heart. Take care of it, don't break it" she says and then unwrap the slab of chocolate and give her in the mouth.

"Mhh this is so great" my sister moans to the chocolate.

"Okay now it's our other half. Are you alright love?" the girl ask me.

I nod, "Yes"

I hope that how I should be answering. They give me a dish filled with

cosmetics, they explain everything.  
Finally I get my necklace of love. They  
push a piece of chocolate in my mouth.  
Mhhh...delicious!

Wtf!!

"Hey what are you doing?" my mother  
screams.

These bloody girls attack me with  
sticks.

They don't stop, I have no choice but to  
run.

What did I do now?

My arms are bruised, this is shit!

I quickly lock the door behind me in  
my bedroom. I call Zethu.

"Your girls just attacked me, wtf?" I ask  
out of breath.

She laughs, "You'll be strong kingbae"

Oh she knew about this!  
I don't know when these girls are  
going, but I swear to you I'm never  
coming out of this room

## Chapter 29

Narrated

.

She strides inside the restaurant with her head held up high. She scan the whole area until her eyes land on him. She smiles, she like it when men keep time. This just shows how desperately he needs her in this 'mission,' "You're early or I'm late?" she ask sitting down.

"You're late but you're forgiven" he say smiling.

She look good,he think.

They are meeting for the first time, they always communicate electronically.

"So we finally meet Nomzamo" he says with a sarcasm.

She burst out laughing, "Oh Travis!"

They share a short-lived laughter.

"Let leave those names for electronic communication use. How was the trip back to motherland" she ask tapping her fingers to the waitress.

"It was amazing,I never realised how much I missed it here" he look around. She take out an envelope from her bag.

"A little welcome-back gift from me"

He smiles and tear it open,

"You're so sweet Phumla, unfortunately I didn't bring anything"

She shrugs, "No sweat"

He read the ticket that came out of the envelope and his face drop.

"I would like to attend this car-race Phumla but you know I need to keep a low profile. I can't risk Mr M to see me it will raise suspicions"

She sighs, "Can't that old man die already"

He laughs, "Patience! I'm surprised you managed to get your brother marry his daughter"

"He still need to divorce Siza first, and marry Fiki in the community property and then we can carry out our plan and

take him out"

He chuckles, "I can't wait, that man use us and then threatened to kill us. I mean after risking our lives for him, getting deals together. I'm so disappointed in Tyson. How can he rub shoulders with his family"

Phumla shrugs "He got it very bad for Zethu, the second youngest daughter. Getting him to come on board is impossible"

"Yeah Darren was clever than him. I wonder why didn't it be him who died" The waitress comes and put a bowl of ice-cubes and two glasses and a bottle of champagne "

He laughs, "Isn't it to early to celebrate?"

She roll her eyes, "Lebo this is South Africa, we celebrate the victory before the victory, and celebrate the victory during the victory, and celebrate victory after the victory"

He shake his head, "I get it'

They raise glasses and toast.

" To the Biyela's downfall and our rise"

Then they both gulp down their drinks.

"Mhhhh what are we celebrating?"

They both turn around, their throats dry as the Namib desert.

She grab Lebo's glass and finish what was left.

"Oh this is actually good. Not only does she have a good taste in large dicks but on the champagne too"

Phumla scratch her forehead furiously,

"Not now Sena, and what are you doing here?"

She put her bag on their table, "Running my business what else. So you're not going to introduce me to the chocolate-hunk?"

Lebo blushes, "Oh I'm Travis Duma"  
Phumla chuckles, "It's Travis. Travis this is Senamile Biyela"

Lebo's jaw drops. What if she heard them?

She flash her left hand glittering with a diamond ring, "It's Sena Biyela Madlala sweetie"

Phumla roll her eyes, "Good now excuse us"

She give the guy one last close look before going, "With pleasure chef-chef"

They breath out,

"You think she heard us" Phumla ask.

"She is beautiful" Lebo replies.

Phumla grunts, "Focus Lebo ,if you lure after his daughter we will not be able to take him down"

He shift his attention back to the table.

"Sorry ,I think we should meet in private now. The Biyelas are every where"

They wrap up their conversation and leave together.

Little did they know Sena's nosiness sent her flying to the camera-system and track back everything from when the guy entered the restaurant

This is QM Diners, her restaurant she opened under her son's initials. She

doesn't like Phumla.

I mean what if she was having sex with this guy, right here, she think.

What she discovers send shivers down her spine. This is not a chaotic restaurant so she could here some of their conversation in the video play.

"What is wrong with this bitch? It's not enough that she broke Mandla's heart now she want to make her way to our family through his brother"

She pace up and down, cursing every now and then.

"Miss Biyela your... " the assistant manager getting in.

"Abel go get me something strong" she orders without listening.

"Okay, but please return Mr Madlala's

call first' he say.

She grunts, " Abel Abel Abel do me a favour and get me a drink "

He lift his hands up apologetic and rush out.

She then call Nozipho,

"Wifey, I need you to order me a beautiful coffin with silver handles.We are burying someone soon"

Nozipho laughs, "Who is dying?"

"Phumla aka Chef Horny"

Nozi laughs, "What did she do now"

She chuckles, "Will update you later but I'll tell you what, Phumla is joining Loyiso soon.I'll wrap a dildo to go down with her in her coffin..Bye my alcohol is here"

## Chapter 30

Simtho Biyela

.

It's been a rough couple of weeks for me. Luckily for me I have an amazing family, they show me unbelievable support and love.

My dad is still distant though, my mom think he feel guilty. Like he failed me, which is why today I decided I must go and spend time with him at home.

He is surprised to see me,

"Simtholile"

I smile, "Dad"

He hugs me, a little longer than usual.

"What's wrong? Are you sick? Is

someone troubling you"

I laugh "No I'm visiting my old man,you keep avoiding me ever since Loyiso..umhhh well"

It's still hard to swallow the fact that Loyiso is dead. I know he was all things but I knew good sides of him.And a huge part of me misses him.

He sigh, "I failed to protect you,you nearly died. I can't even face your mom,she resent me"

I sit on the couch, "No,mom loves you and wish you were more open to her.We all know that beside everything that has happened Loyiso was still like a son to you"

He exhales and reach for my hand and brush it.

We had a good father&daughter session.We went to eat lunch together and play cards and watched a movie.

"Thanks God this movie is over,now we will watch Amazulu"

Think of something Simtho,fast.

"Umhh dad I left my dog locked in his cage, she must be hungry"

He doesn't even pay attention,his eyes are fixed on the screen.

I go bid mom goodbye.She emphasize that I must eat healthy because I'm pregnant blah blah.

I drive back to Durban, looking forward to nothing.

As soon as I get inside my house,I scramble a lot of eggs and sausages.While many pregnant women

hate eggs and chicken, I would kill  
Shaka Zulu for it.

The dog!!!

I wonder what kind of a mother I'll  
make, I can't even take care of a dog.  
Sbu bought this dog for me so that I  
have something keeping me company  
and my mind off things.

"Coco" I yell all over the house.

Her cage is open, I don't know what  
happened.

I find myself crying, I don't know why  
it's not like I adored this dog.

I guess I just can't stand losing  
someone anymore.

I call the security and ask if they've  
seen where Coco is.

Guess what, Zethu stole my dog.

I'm mad at her. Who gave her the right to break in my house and steal my stuff.

I wouldn't be surprised if half my jewellery is gone.

I drive to her flat, I don't knock I just kick the door open.

I'm welcomed by Tyson cooking a feast in the kitchen. Lucky bitch!

Tyson and I haven't been formally introduced.

He look startled it must be my angry face.

I look at him and blank out for a while.

What happened at Don's place? How did he get in? Why did he save me?

"Good evening if you're looking for your sister she is showering.

My sister...the bitch who stole my dog.  
" Ntombizethu" I yell and rush toward  
her bathroom.

She is dancing while lotioning herself  
in front of the mirror.

I take the hairspray and spray it all  
over her.

"What's the fuck! Are you out of your  
mind" she ask shielding her eyes.

"No I'm out of my dog" I continue  
spraying her.

She jumps on me, and grab the spray  
away.

"The only reason I'm not punching  
your face right now is because you're  
pregnant and miserable"

"Everything alright?"

We turn around, and speak same time.

Me ; Your bitch stole my dog  
Zethu ; This bitch attacked me.  
Tyson look confused.He tell us to calm  
down.

We don't.

"If you think for one second that I'm  
scared of you,your hormones must be  
fooling you"

"Where is Coco?" I demand.

"You fuckin' left her alone, if it wasn't  
for me she would've died"

I scream, "She is my dog, my  
responsibility"

"Fine"

She walk out angrily and come back  
with Coco,her fur painted.

"You painted her Zethu,what is your  
problem" I ask.

This is like someone taking your daughter without permission then bring her back with a dragon tattoo.

"Just admit it,I can take care of her better than you"

Tyson pull her toward him, "I think you should give the dog back, tomorrow we will go look for yours"

She shake her head, "No I want Coco"

She is being childish

I try getting out but she block me.

Tyson look at me with begging eyes.

He have his ucu around his neck.Love is in the air.

"Zethu get out of the way" I say.

She sniffs...drama at it's best.

"Maybe you can lend her Coco for the week" Tyson begs.

"No, just give her lot of sex she will be alright"

Tyson chuckles, and look at her. You should see her puppy face, she is a character.

"Please"

"No" I stand my grounds.

"I will design your baby room for free before you give birth" Zethu says.

She must really love Coco.

I contemplate my answer, well it's not a bad idea.

A dog for a room design.

"Fine" I give her the dog.

She kiss it all over the face, Tyson look excited too.

Well....

"I will also need a pack of sausages in

exchange with her" I say going to the kitchen to look for it.

They follow me.

I find more interesting stuff in the fridge and load it in the plastic bag.

"Now you're shopping Simtho,you're being unfair" Zethu says as I put a bottle of mayonnaise.

I roll my eyes and tie the plastic.

"Ciao" I blow them kisses and walk out. I feel a bit happy as I drive back to my house.

Tomorrow I must visit Don,it's about time.

Another break-in!!!

My door is open, someone is whistling inside.

"You're back.I bought Coco food,where

is she?" he ask.

I blink... what now!

"I gave her away"

He frowns, "What?"

"Look Sbu,I gave Zethu the dog because she liked it better"

She chuckles, "Wow,you re-gifted my gift"

"I'm sorry maybe you should've just bought me a robot doll.I'm not animal friendly"

He look at my plastic. It's a transparent one.

"Is that mayonnaise?"

I nod.

"Thanks God,mine is finished and Nozi want to bite my head off"

Before I can answer he grab the plastic

and take it out.

"No SBU you're not taking it"

He flee to the door, "You just saved my life"

Fuck me!!!

## Chapter 31

Senamile Biyela

.

It's Sunday,I'm spending time with my two favourite guys.

"I'm tired of watching cartoons,how about we go outside and get some fresh air" I say after long hours of watching Quinton's channels.

Lwazi scoop him up and go to the

backyard.I follow with snacks.

Next month the lobola negotiations are starting and we plan to have a

December wedding.I can't wait!

Lwazi and Quinton play around,I watch and take pictures.

"Lwazi"

That's my brother's voice.He had to spoil our time.

He is with Junior and Sphiwo.They all carrying bags.

"Oh shit!" Lwazi say punching his forehead.

"Ay man,seriously! We're going to be late" Sbu says.

I look at him "Where are you guys going? And wena Junior and Phiwo who is your aunt"

They quickly rush and give me kisses. They look like they can't wait to go wherever they are going.

"Umhh babe I forgot, we have a 'guys night'" Lwazi says and run inside the house.

"Go pack buddy, or you're staying behind with your mom and wearing panties" Sbu says looking at Quinton. I raise my hand, "He is not going anywhere. Nobody told me anything about Quinton going to a 'Guys night'" I then turn to look at Quinton. He shake his head and run to the house. Sbu smiles, "That's my boy"

I walk to the house angrily. Lwazi can't just up and leave with my son without my consent.

"What do you think you're doing?" I ask as he pack Quinton's bag.

"I'm so sorry my love, it slipped my mind. We're taking the boys out for some games and stuff"

"And I'm only hearing this now? When are you coming back and where are you going?" I ask.

He hugs me and run to the kitchen, pack some snacks.

He curse and run to the bathroom.

Quinton open the drawer and take a camera.

They both run all over the house taking things. I'm not going to help them.

They should've told me, I would have made my own plans.

"Babe have you seen my navy pants?"

I roll my eyes and bite the apple.

"So you really gonna stand and watch?" Sbu ask.

I shrugs and bite my apple.

"Why are you such a bitch?" he ask looking at Lwazi passing on a full speed.

I laugh "Maybe I was born a bitch"

He laughs and help them pack all their necessities.

They get ready to go,

"Mom are you sad?" Quinton asks.

I nod and say yes.

"Dad can mom come along?" he ask with a begging voice.

"Nooooo" Sbu says first.

He is such a bitch.

"Don't worry pumpkin, mom is just worried you'll not be a good boy while away" I say helping him with his bag.

"I promise to be a good man, now smile mom so that Quinton can see"

I crack up and laugh. He just reversed what I tell him when he is sad.

"Bye aunty", " Bye mom" they run out. Sbu winks at me and follow them.

"I'll make it up to you love" he embrace me and steal a kiss on my shut lips.

"Love Mrs Madlala"

Arghhh..."I love you too.

It's only past five, the evening is still young.

I just can't stay in this house alone, even movies won't do justice.

So who do I visit?

Simtho is not very friendly these days. Fiki is out of town. Nozi will make me nanny the girls, she is also pregnant and not nice.

I decide to call Zethu and check if we could go out.

"Sorry babes I'm spending time with my hubby"

For that small ceremony of ukuqoma she calls Tyson hubby, things we witness in Mzansi!

What now!

I haven't met this Tyson accordingly, maybe I should.

**DON'T COOK DINNER, I WILL DO THE HONOURS** I text Zethu.

I dash to this place I've heard serve nice traditional food.

I order samp,usu and hot soup.

I give them the containers, they seal it for me.

I make my first stop at my favourite woman of the evening.

I find her watching a romantic movie.

I switch it off so that I can get the attention.

"Aunt Lydia I need you to accompany me to Zethu's"

She glares at me,"Stop giving me reasons to slap you Senamile, switch my TV on"

I kneel in front of her, "Pretty please, I swear it going to be fun. We will meet the Ghost"

That get her attention, "You mean the white one"

I nod.

Aunt Lydia is a complicated adult, but you can't help but to love her.

She talk non-stop in the car.I ask her to be nice before we enter.

The lovebirds are in the bedroom.

I set the table quietly. Aunt Lydia sit while I go fetch them.

"Oh the room-service is here" Zethu says.

I smile kindly, "Miss Biyela and Mr Tyson dinner is ready.Would you please follow me to the dining room"  
Zethu frowns,Tyson smile in confusion.  
They follow me but stop immediately as they see Aunt Lydia on the table.

"Come on,I don't bite" she tells them.

Zethu shoot me one of her looks,I smile

in return.

They all sit.

"I'll go fetch the candles" I say and go away singing like a choir leader.

"Aunt Lydia please dish, we're starving" I say.

She stand up and dish.

"Samp, Yay!!!" I scream.

Tyson's look is priceless as she put a big piece of usu in his plate.

"Let's dig in before it get cold" I say.

Tyson look at Zethu, she shrugs.

"Mhhh this meat Sena... eat up

Givanston" says aunt Lydia.

Poor guy! I swear this is my best Saturday ever.

Tyson manages to finish his plate but he doesn't look okay.

"Are you alright Ty?" I ask putting a concerned face.

"Yes I'm good" he replies.

We chat and laugh, with little participation from the couple.

"I think we should let the kids rest"

Aunt Lydia says.

"Well Zethu do drop my containers by my house tomorrow. Again it was nice seeing you Tyson, see if you break my sister's heart we will give you more than stomach cramps"

He look at me I wink at him.

"Witch!" Zethu says.

"Hey ungrateful brat" Aunt Lydia yell at her.

Tyson give us handshakes before going to the bathroom

"Welcome to the FAM Ty-Ty" I say  
laughing.

"You guys are racist" Zethu calls before  
we exit the door.

Day well spent!!

## Chapter 32

Zanda Dlamini

.

Early morning I received a call from  
my brother saying I must come over  
for dinner in his apartment.

Apparently he have this big  
announcement he need to make.

Mandla is still sulking about spending  
the afternoon alone. I promised him I'll

be back before eight

I arrive and there is no dinner.

"I thought I got a dinner invitation" I say looking around.

Phumla and Mvuse are sitting on the couches watching some Nigerian movie, eating popcorn.

"Hello to you too lil sis" that's Phumla. I hug both of them and pick Mvuse's popcorn and sit.

"So where is the food and what is the announcement?" I ask.

Phumla lower the TV volume, "You love news neh!"

"At least I took after you. Where is my wife? Don't tell me she haven't come from church" I say jokingly.

Phumla clears her throat. Something is

cooking in this house.

I stare each of them, their expressions tell me I'm about to welcome big devastating something.

"What's going on guys?" I ask.

Mvuse sit up straight, "Siza and I are separating"

What????

"Separating what? I'm not following" I say, my heart racing.

"They're divorcing dummy" Phumla says.

"Why? Did you guys fight?" I ask.

He shake his head no.

I look at him shocked. Like who the hell is this monster?

Phumla throw some popcorn in her mouth,

"Not only that but expect a wedding in a few months.He is marrying Fiks" she say taking the remote and increasing the volume.She look overexcited.

I should storm out and go to Mandla.Why do bad things keep happening to good people?

I stand and switch the TV off.

"Is it true, big bro?" I ask.

He nods and say it's true.

I clap my hands, "A round of applause Mvuselelo.I have no words to say.You're such a good example,you inspire me.You're such a great person, not to forget your great heart. I'm sure mom is proud of you wherever she is."

He look at me astonished. I take my bag.

"Enjoy the movies"

I storm out and drive straight to Fikile's place. Siza need someone to voice out her feelings.

There is a big argument going on inside her house.

"You're playing with fire Fiki" I recognize it's Sena's voice.

"You're jealous because I've also found myself a man.I'm not doing this because I want to steal your spotlight, I love him"

"He is playing you,I need you to stop this nonsense before I tell dad because then all the hell will break loose"

I'm not a master of eavesdropping, right now I'm tempted to get in and say my piece.

"Mvuse is mine Sena,he should've married me not her.Now that God is settling everything into it's rightful form you want to spoil it with your lies"

That's it!

I push the door,they turn and stare at me.

"So Fiki it's true? You want to build your happiness from another woman's tears" I ask, trying to be calm as possible.

She look at me from head to toe.

"It worked for you.Phumla's tears,hello!" she says.

"Yeah,maybe she deserved it given the fact that she made Mandla cry as much as she can.With you it's different,

you're wrecking Siza's heart"

Sena laughs, "You're late Zanda, her and your sis are bff's"

I'm shocked, "I wonder what's in it for her"

"Well our families will be bonded, which means she will be able to get her hands wherever she want"

Fiki laugh at her, "Funny coming from you. You're also marrying your ex-employee, is he after the Biyela riches too"

Sena is fuming. You can never bring Lwazi's past in the arguments, you'll see flames.

That how much she loves that man.

I don't wanna witness a cat fight,

"Calm down Sena, Fiki is an adult if she

sees it fit to bring down another woman it's fine. If she can go past the fact that Mvuse chose another woman after spending almost a year with her then she is strong enough to enter a marriage where she will always know she is the second best"

Fiki look at me deadly, "You have no right to judge me"

"I'm not,I'm just interested in your future and the possibility of Mvuse step-dadding your kids. Does he love you to that extent, or you'll always wonder if he is not banging a side-dish while you're away"

She walk away and sit on the highchair.

"He raped me, okay.I deserve this from

him" she is tearing now.

"I've been raped several times in my life, I have never dreamt of marrying one of my rapist" I say.

"So he raped you,how? Did you scream for help or you enjoyed and came while screaming his name"

I close my eyes, "Sena stop it.You sound exactly like a corrupt cop"

"Fine,but Fiki think about your happiness" she begs.

"I am.Geez guys I can't breath"

Sena nudges me, "You're beautiful, strong and there is a loving sexy David Beckham waiting for you while you're busy snatching people's husband"

I get the hint and say "You're one in the millions, you don't need to marry a

guy who pities you"

Sena again,

"You're intelligent, now please don't let anyone fool you, especially Chef Horny. I mean it's so devastating to be cheated on, not to mention divorced without committing any wrong. Think about that poor girl"

Fiki roll her eyes, "You've never been married, cut me the crap"

Sena wave her left hand, "Ta-daaa what is this?"

"An engagement ring, you're not married yet" Fiki says bored.

"Speaking about marriage I think Lwazi and I should go for counselling before tying the knot."

Sena though!

I attempt to speak but;

"I'm also not sure about the wedding gown, I mean there are so many designs"

I raise my hand, "Okay Sena. Matter at hands right now, Fikile are you gonna be making vows before the Lord that you'll love Mvuse till death do you apart?"

I see traces of uncertainty on her eyes, I'm doing a good job so far. Zanda the convincer!!!

"Well I'm planning to make my own vows, I hope Lwazi do too. Pastor's vows are getting boring with each year they're being recited"

Sena again, her lobola negotiations haven't even started but here she is

planning the wedding during a serious session.

My phone rings, I know it Mandla.

"Answer it" Sena says.

I roll my eyes, "There is no emergency, he just want to tell me to come back"

"That's what a raw greenpepper does" Sena says.

I'm lost, both her and Fiki giggles.

"What? Are you even black?" Sena ask.

I frown, "I don't follow"

Fiki click her tongue and walk away.

She comes back with a piece of green pepper.

"Eat" she say shoving it in my mouth.

"No, this is disgusting" I protest.

"Fuck it Zanda, eat the damn thing "

Sena shout.

They're like my sisters I know they won't poison me. I chew slowly, disgusted.

"Let watch a movie while Fiki is deciding" says Sena.

This is not part of my plans but maybe I need this.

Holy crap! The time fled I only see it's past nine as the movie finishes.

"Mandla is furious, wherever he is I must dash ladies" I say collecting my bag.

"Don't give him a chance to shout shut him with a cookie" Sena says laughing. I leave in a panic, I even forget asking Fiki her final decision.

I find him sitting on the kitchen chair, looking murderous.

"Hey love"

He get off the chair, "I've been calling and calling, where were you cause your brother said you left his house long time ago"

DON'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO SHOUT SHUT HIM WITH A COOKIE.

I walk closer to him and shut him with a kiss. One thing lead to another, we end up on the couch.

I've never heard him moan this much, I'm way over impressed with myself.

"You are so damn tight, let's take this to the bedroom" he says as we finish our round.

My stomach groans.

"I will fix something to eat first, I only

ate popcorn and green pepper the whole afternoon"

He stop buckling his belt and look at me,

"Why would you eat greenpepper?"

Oh crap!!

Chapter 33

Fikile Biyela

.

JOIN ME AND MY FRIENDS FOR  
SUSHI, YA NEED TO BREATHE SOME  
AIR.

That's Phumla's text.

She is not a nice person, why is she being nice?

Maybe Sena is right. Phumla convinced me marrying Mvuse is the right thing to do.

But why?

I text her my sorries, I need to think and stay away from her.

Well today my sons are visiting. Just in case you wonder if I'm a great mother, because I hardly talk about them, well I am one of the greatest mother I know.

I sacrifice for my kids, I protect them, which is I put them away from the spotlight.

I want them to have a normal childhood.

My first born Simile is 11 years old, his father used to be my lecturer. He is not

old if that's what you're thinking. He is one of those who had an early success. He is a bad father, that's you must keep in mind.

Sickening fact is Simile look exactly like him. So much for carrying him for nine months and 2 days of severe labour pains.

Yeah, kids with dark-skinned fathers can betray you like that. After all your hard work they still will look like their fathers.

Enough about that jerk. Here come babydaddy number two.

A lecturer again. Looks like I never learnt.

Another jerk with a seductive smile. This one is a jerk with capital J.

He tried making me abort Wokuhle, he was getting married so the baby was going to spoil everything.

As pigheaded as I still am I chose my baby and suffered yet another embarrassment.

Today I am a proud mother of two boys, they're my place of sanity.

So today they're visiting and sleeping over.

"Kuhle is allergic to nuts, don't forget" that's was my mom seventh text.

She is taking her gogo tendencies to another level.

I smile, thinking how my parents wanted nothing to do with my kids at first.

"So guys what do you want us to do?" I

ask them.

Simile shrugs and continue channel-hopping.

I look at Kuhle,

"I want to visit Phiwo" he says.

This is mommy-and-her-kids moment.

I smile at him,he is cute

"You'll see Phiwo tomorrow, today I want it to be all about me and my boys"

He doesn't get disappointed as I thought he will be.

"Okay, then ngiteta (strap me on your back)" he says.

I laugh,"Come on Kuhle you're seven only small babies can do that"

He pout, Simile laughs.

This kid can't be serious.

"I'll give you ice-cream and you can choose the movie" I say.

He shake his head no.

I sigh, "Why are you obsessed with this? You're a big boy look at you"

"I want to know how it feels like" he says and jump on me.

I laugh and put him on my back. He wrap his tiny hands around my neck.

"Mom you think dad will come to my school match?" Simile ask.

No he won't come he is a jerk.

"I think so" what can I say.

Simile is not much of a talker. He only talk when it's necessary, other than that he nod, shake his head or ignore you.

I worry about him sometimes. Imagine

when he is old. A dark tall man who never talk and doesn't smile that much.

His wife will definitely rule him, which is why I'll make sure I move in with him when he marries.

I decide to warm the pizza. Kuhle is still on my back, heavy like a sack of cement.

There is a knock.

I'm not expecting anyone. I gesture Simile to go open.

"Who are you?\*" he ask whoever it is. It's like this boy is trained to be zero percent nice.

" Umhhh I'm here for Fiki"

That fucken voice. Why is he here uninvited?

I try getting Kuhle down but he clings tightly. So I rush to the door with him like that.

"Mvuse" I say shocked.

He look shattered and three times his age.

"I didn't know you have kids over" he say scratching his head.

"Mom the pizza!" Simile says and leave.

He is a bit rude though. I'll have to talk with him.

"What brings you here?" I have to ask. He shrugs and scratch his head.

"MOM WHERE DO STARS GOES DURING THE DAY?" Kuhle is right near my ears but he scream this question.

"You're deafening me stop

shouting. They go to heaven" I reply.  
Mvuse frown, kanti where do they go?  
"Isn't that the heaven?" he point the  
sky.

This kid Jesu!

"No that's the sky" I say.

More questions are following, that I  
can feel.

"Oh! Where is the heaven then?"

"Up up up" that's all I could come up  
with.

Mvuse is still standing, with a silly  
smile looking at us.

"Get down and go choose the movie  
I'm coming" I say bending to let him  
down.

This time he doesn't argue, he run.

"What is it?" I ask.

He sigh,

"I sent Siza the divorce papers"

I should be celebrating right now. Isn't this what I wanted?

"How did she take all of this?" I ask.

He look at me taken back, "Bad"

I feel bad about that. I'm suddenly filled with doubts.

"I'm sorry to hear that" I say.

He chuckles, "It's what you wanted Fiki"

I feel this huge lump in my throat.

"It's not, I wanted to be put first and be loved wholeheartedly"

He sniff, "I can do that, I've put you through a lot. It's only fair"

A marriage of fairness. No I can't. I have my kids to think of.

He smiles, sadly,

"We can make it work, you're a great mother"

I pull him for a hug,

"I'm sorry, please cancel the divorce. I want to let you go"

He push me away, "No, we're doing this baby"

Tears are forcefully coming out, "Life have great things in stored for both of us. You love her not me. I'm sorry I can't put myself in this misery"

A figure is behind me. I look around, it's Simile his eyes are fixed on Mvuse.

"Baby what are you doing here?" I ask wiping the tears, trying to smile.

"Go" he say looking at Mvuse.

I gasp, beyond shocked.

"Simile" I warn.

He doesn't even look at me. Mvuse is just shocked as I am.

"I said go " he emphasize.

Mvuse turn around and walk away.

I grab Simile by the arm,

"Who taught you to speak to your elders like that?"

"Is he my elder?"

This kid is testing me, really now.

"Yes and show some damn respect

Simile" I shout.

"I don't give my respect to strangers who make my mother cry, now excuse me"

With that said he walk away.

I think my mommy skills end here, it's time for his uncle's intervention since

his father is a jerk.

SBU I NEED SOME DISCIPLINARY  
ADVICE, SIMILE DOESN'T RESPECT  
ME I text him.

He replies, LIYA IS ALSO GIVING ME  
HEADACHE. SORRY NO ADVICE.

He is useless sometimes. I face reality  
and call my mom.

"Who did he disrespect again?" she  
ask, she is slyly taking his side.

"Huh?" she ask again.

I can't tell her Mvuse,so I pretend I'm  
running out of battery.

Maybe I should form my own  
disciplinary strategies or Google them.

## Chapter 34

Ziphelele Biyela

.

When you're in primary school, you look forward to be in high school. From high school you can't wait to be in varsity. From varsity to work, to marriage.

In life you always have something to look forward to.

Me, I'm looking forward to have kids. Tell me I'm still young and need to enjoy my youth years and all that but we all have different dreams and goals in life.

Thapelo doesn't seem to be looking forward to anything than coming from work to home.

Things are starting to go south instead of north for us. Which is why I want a baby so badly.

I want to complete my marriage, but Thapelo's views about it are opposite. Today I have a date with my brother.

"You're all dressed for SBU?" he asks as I put my earrings.

"I can't afford to be ugly"

He chuckles and wraps his hands around my waist.

"Now I'm debating if I should tag along in this date"

I turn around and look at him,

"Nooooo"

I want to discuss some secret with my brother, there is no way I'm allowing him to come.

"Fine, I'll go check Donald. He is up and kicking"

What???

"Don't lie" I say.

He smile, "I'm not, my boy is back"

I last checked Don five days ago. I am a terrible person.

I grab my phone on top of the bed and send Sbu a text cancelling the date.

I wonder if Simtho knows.

Her phone ring for a decade before she answers,

"Ya" she answers.

She is rude these days but we understand her.

"Don is awake" I realise I'm screaming as Thapelo laughs.

"Ya Mandla told me,bye" she drops me.

"Let's go" I say looking at Thapelo.

"Go where? Do we tag each other now?"

I roll my eyes, "Drama Mr Mokoena asambe"

We arrive in hospital, I'm scared. He nearly died.

"You cancelled me for Don?"

Oh oh! My one and only brother along with Nozipho.

I hug them, "We can try next week"

We all go inside.

He is with Mandla, laughing. It's his first day back on earth and he is laughing.

"Oh my God!!" Nozi throws herself on him while crying.

I'm just standing there, scared and

happy.

"Welcome back" Sbu says.

He frowns, "I'm sorry, who are you?"

I nearly faint. He lost his memory, dear Christ!

Sbu and Thapelo look at each other frustrated.

"The one with a scar is your fiance, you were engaged to be married before being here" Mandla narrates.

I look at him with my eyeballs popping out.

Thapelo is shocked and glaring at Mandla.

He doesn't care, he points at Sbu.

"And that is your ex, but you guys got along very well. And that is his sisters (pointing at me and Nozi)"

What is wrong with Mandla???

Sbu cough without control.

Don smile at Thapelo,

"I hear we were planning our wedding,  
as soon as I get out we are tying the  
knot"

I want to throw up, Mandla is enjoying  
every second of it.

He could go to jail for damaging a  
patient's recovery.

Thapelo shake his head,

"Look I don't...."

Mandla cut him,

"Yes he will be ready, relax and heal"

Nozi tempt to speak, but Don says "I  
love you babe"

Thapelo cough uncontrollably.

Mandla and Don burst out laughing.

"Oh guys you should've seen your faces, priceless!" Don says.

They were playing. Geez! I control my breathing before laughing along.

We all hug Don and laugh.

Wheeeew!!!

The door opens, we all look.

It's Simtho.

I want to leave, Sbu have this expression I can't describe.

"Breathe, please man!"

We all turn to Don, he is struggling to breathe.

Thapelo dash out screaming for the doctor.

I suddenly feel sick.

## Chapter 34

### Ziphelele (continuation)

.

We had our reunion with Don. We then gave him and Simtho privacy.

As Thapelo pulls me toward the exit I'm curious about what going down in Don's ward.

We all know Simtho is the reason why Don is on that bed and Loyiso is six feet under.

I wonder if they gonna make their silly fling a relationship now that Loyiso is dead.

"Hopefully he will be out in few days, we can organise him a surprise welcome-back party"

He can't stop smiling. I'm as excited as he is about Don, just that my mind is occupied with a lot of stuff.

I wonder who is the father of Simtho's baby.

Simtho never wanted a baby but God blessed her with one. I'm jealous!

"Ziphe!"

His voice brings me back to earth.

"Excuse me, my mind is not here" I say.

"I asked if we are still going to your parents Friday? "

I'm sure he wants us to cancel the trip and be with Don.

"I suppose we can cancel"

His lips stretch to his ears. Is he keeping me away from my parents?

"You are keeping me from home." I

say, rather shouting.

He shifts his eyes from the road to me.

"What? You said we are postponing not me" he says full of sarcasm.

"But you're happy, I thought we both longed to see my parents but I was wrong. You actually hate them, I've observed how you always avoid spending time with them"

I'm so angry at him.

He looks at me shocked. I want to slap him so hard, he knows how much it means for me to be with my family.

"Ziphe that's insane accusations, I'd never..."

"Stop the car!!" I shout very angrily.

He hesitates before slowing down and pulling at the side of the road.

I'm not usually an angry person. People take advantage of that, they walk over me.

"Ziphe look at me" he begs.

Just the sight of his face, make me wanna puke.

"You're not an interesting view and stop calling my name like you know me" I say opening the door.

"Where are you going now? What did I do?" he ask.

Some nerve this man got!

I cross the road, wherever I'm heading is a better place than Thapelo's car.

I ignore him calling me until I get out of his sight.

I have no idea where I'm going, I guess I'll just walk.

I realise how hungry I am as I pass an Indian restaurant.

I decide this is where I'm gonna eat and banish my anger.

Luckily this place is almost empty.

I choose a seat by the corner, where I can think and cry as much as I want without anyone paying attention.

I order six of their mince samoosas, a bunny chow and orange juice.

"Are you sure you gonna finish all that ma'm,I mean our samoosas alone can fill you for days"

I look at this stupid waiter.What is it with people and pissing me off today?

"So I'm not allowed to order what I want in this restaurant of yours?" I ask,losing all the calmness.

"No not at all, ma'm.I was just looking out for your finances"

"Since when somebody looks out for me? Huh?" I shout.

He try to apologize but I'm having none of it.

I'm so tired of waiters and Thapelo,together with God,dictating my life.

Why can't things go my way?

Suddenly a woman wearing a sari emerges and ask what wrong.

"Your waiter here is I'll a treating me,can't I find peace in this world?" I say.

She look at him angrily and apologize on his behalf, offering me 25% off my bill.

"Fine,now can I eat?" I say staring at both of them.

They both go.But the waiter pulls out his apron and follow the lady.Trouble!

I finish my meal and pay,I realise the bill cost me all the money i had in my purse.

I think about my next step.

Well I don't have my phone with me because i had put it on the dashboard and didn't take it with me.Ehich is a disaster because now I want to go home.

I have no money left,no transport and I am 30 minutes away from home. It's also getting late and less safe in the street.

I walk out,seeing that I'm the last

customer.They probably want to close.  
What now?

I continue walking because I don't  
want street-boys to see that I'm  
stranded and take advantage.

A piece of paper fly and land on my  
shoe.

It getting windy and I have no jacket  
on.This night can't get any interesting,  
right!

I take the piece of paper on my shoe,I  
might as well read it so that I look  
busy.

It those flyers of witchdoctors where  
they advertise their miracles.

MICE THAT BRINGS MONEY R250,they  
are being extra ridiculous now.

DREAM LOTTO NUMBERS R150,this is

a dream itself.

They are just robbing people.

Maybe not...

GET PREGNANT WITHIN A WEEK

R200.

What if these things real happen? I mean these people have super natural powers.

I once heard a story about a witchdoctor somewhere in Kwamhlabuyalingana who return the dead person to life.

I hear footsteps near me and quickly fold the paper and shove it in my bra.

The waiter..why did I fight him again?

"Ma'm I saw you and thought I must come and apologize again, I didn't mean to make you angry" he say sadly.

He could be cute,given a new pair of jeans,clean shirts or a clean shave.

He is holding a yellow Shoprite bag.I guess he is carrying his lunchtin there. I feel sorry for him.

"I'm sorry too,I'm just having a bad day and I bite everyone's head"

He look at me relieved, "Thank you ma'm"

Well,desperate situations calls for desperate measures.

"Actually I'm looking for help,I have no money,no transport"

The hero has fallen.

He look at me surprised.I would be surprised too.

"I have an extra R20,I'm not sure it can get you anywhere" he says going

through his rugged jean.

I sigh with relief, "Thank you,I can get a taxi home.I'll pay you back I promise"

He smile "No need,I'm happy I can help"

So good hearted!

"I'm Ziphe"

He smile, "Nireshe"

I'm rescued

Chapter 35

Simtho Biyela

.

As soon as everyone disappears through the door, reality surfaces.

I nearly killed him.This is all my doing.

He is supposed to be in his house with his son watching a movie and eating dinner.

I'm evil!

I could've channelled the situation better and caused no bloodshed.

It's all on me.

"Don't cry, it's okay" he says hoarsely.

What am I here for?

"Come, sit next to me" he commands.

I look at the door, back at him. No I should just leave.

He reads my mind,

"Don't do that"

I swallow and walk to him. I should hug him but my conscience won't let me.

"You don't have to" he says.

I look at him. He reads minds now!

"Sit, you and Junior are the reason why I fought"

I don't think this is what we should be discussing now.

"How..how are you feeling?" I ask nervously.

He cough, "I'm dying Biyo please take care of my son. I have a money buried in the forest, you must dig it up and live on it"

I look at him with panic. He burst out laughing.

I punch him, "Are you crazy?"

He laughs again, "You are so sour, what up?"

I sigh, "It's so messed up Don"

"Him?"

He can't even say Loyiso's name.

I nod and shake my head which make him chuckle.

"Him, you, the baby and everything else" I say.

Me and Don are friends naturally. I can say he is my best friend because no matter what I can always confide on him. Even if it considers him, crazy right?

"At least I'm back, we will find a way forward together"

I don't know about that. My future is blur, I can't point it.

"I don't know Don, maybe we can talk about this after you get discharged. Now tell me, how is it like being on the coma?"

He laugh so hard, I end up joining him.

"You're dumb tloh!" he says still laughing.

"I've never been in a coma"

He shake his head, "I don't know,that's why they say I was half dead.Update me what has been happening?"

I laugh and tell him Nozi is pregnant.

He gasp, "The motherfucker have no chills,he scored again"

"Yeah and Zethu is dating and it's serious" I say.

"Who is the unfortunate bustard? Doesn't he pray?"

I laugh. I missed him.

"A white dude,named Tyson"

He close his eyes, "We call you Almighty please don't abandon your white child Tyson. Protect him against

all evils"

I laugh.Zethu will send him back in coma.

"I can't believe it" he says.

"Well that's not all,Zanda's brother is divorcing his wife for Fiki"

This time he sit up.

"Carry on,go into the details"

I laugh.

Don and I will make a bad couple.Look at us,enjoying people's businesses.

I narrate everything for him.

Within a few minutes we are chatting and laughing like we are in the hotel by the beach having champagne.

I wish I can spend the night but his lousy doctor orders him to get back to sleep.

He kiss my forehead and I leave.  
I feel like a weight has been lift off my  
shoulders.

.

Meanwhile;  
Ziphe Biyela

.

I get home and find my husband no  
where in sight.

I wanted to apologize but I'm no longer  
going to do it because he's gone  
wherever his heart led him.

I don't bath I just wear my pyjamas  
and slip in bed.

I read a You magazine until I feel  
drowsy and sleep.

I'm wakened by sound of human  
voices coming downstairs.

It's a new day.

I don't even want to think about yesterday's incidents.

My flyer!!

I quickly run to the bathroom. Thanks God I find it before anyone else, on the floor.

I pick it up, I'll make a call to this witchdoctor as soon as I get my phone. I should own two phones now, like Zethu.

"Now I think I should call dad, your stubbornness ain't getting us nowhere"

It's my brother's voice. Why so early in the morning?

He is talking with Thapelo, who didn't sleep home.

I'm mad,I rush to the bedroom my hands on the hips.

"Where were you?" I ask.

They look at me like I'm some miracle.

Thapelo rushes to me and hug me.

"Don't touch me" I push him.

God knows where his arms have been.

"I was so worried about you,where were you?"

He must stop!

"We looked everywhere for you and you were here sleeping peacefully.

Couldn't you at least call?" Sbu say angrily.

He mustn't shout at me!

"Do not,I mean never shout at me while im hungry" I say pointing at him.

Sbu try to refrain himself but laugh

eventually.

Thapelo glares at me. Given different circumstances I would've been scared. But not now when I'm feeling like donuts.

"Out of my way" I say walking through them and out of the door.

I eat first, every sweet thing I can find then showers. Completely ignoring two idiots in my house.

I find a hiding spot in the balcony and give Dr Dlozi a call.

He tell me to prepare his money then collect a bottle of medicine that will help me conceive.

I suddenly have my faith in this man. Hopefully everything goes accordingly

## Chapter 36

Senamie Biyela

.

Guess who called me with good news today?

Fikile,yep the bitch got her brains back.

I can't wait to see Phumla's face when she realise that her plan is going down the drain.

"You're happy"

His arms snake around my waist.

"It's a new day,why cry" I say.

He kiss my neck,

"I thought you are happy about meeting your mother-in-law"

I roll my eyes, "More like monster-in-

law,I don't even think I'll cope being in a same room as her"

You heard it,I'm meeting my mother-in-law for the first time today.Only because Quinton deserve to know his grandma,otherwise fuck that bitch!

"Turn around and look at me" he say with a serious tone.

I look at him,

"I won't be nice if she is not nice,don't even start lecturing me"

Lwazi is so forgiving it irritating.I understand it's his mother, but she never acted like one.

"I'm not going to lecture you,I'm going to ask a favour." he says taking my hands into his.

Okay,breath Sena.

"We will be nice,extra nice actually.."

I raise my hand, "No"

"I'm begging you,this is my time to show her that all those sufferings and names I suffered didn't break me but moulded me" he says.

"But babe..."

"No buts,we will be nice and flash our luxurious life while at it"

I smile, "I can live with that,actually let me hire a chef for the week she'll spend here"

This will be interesting.

"Although she didn't say it but I think she is dragging her husband with her"

The bastard that discriminated my bae,I don't think I can.

"Are you sure?" I ask.

He nods.

"I mean are you sure you want them here after everything. Why can't they crash in a hotel anyway?"

He scratch his head. Did I tell you that he removed the afro?

He have a fade-cut now. He look smart and more handsome.

"Yeah, she is my mother after all"

I roll my eyes at him. I want to remind him about all those sleepless night after he had to watch his mother and stepfather having sex. His mother chasing him out of the house because her white in-laws were coming.

Why does he forgive this easily?

His phone rings before I can remind him how awful his mother is.

He speak to who I think is Thapelo.  
The dickhead that kept us up the  
whole night because he fought with  
Ziphe.

"Is that Thaps? What does he want  
now?" I ask loud so that he hears me.  
Lwazi signals me to shut-up.

I don't,I grab the phone;

Me ; I so hate you,you know I've  
developed wrinkles

Him; Sorry diva (laughing)

Me ; It's not funny,anyway how is  
wifey?

Him; Mad is an understatement

Me ; Mad at who? Where is she now?

Him; She drove out with a pocket of  
choc-cookies,probably to buy a gun  
and shoot me.

Me ; She is really weird, I wonder  
what's up with her  
Him; I don't know,bye  
I look at Lwazi concerned. What if  
Ziphe is becoming bipolar?  
He smile, "I love your face"  
I switch from concerned to blushing.  
"She is pregnant" he says and I switch  
from blushing to shocked.  
"No...I mean it can't be" I say.  
He laughs, "Isn't she giving Thapelo  
some skoon?"  
He is right! She is pregnant.  
OMW! Three pregnant bitches in one  
household. What are we doing to SA  
population rate?  
"Remember how you were while  
carrying Quinton?" he says smiling, his

eyes shining with affection.

"I wanted to kill you. Remember when I accused you of finishing my peanut-butter and cried all day"

He laugh "I ended up admitting that I finished it and sped to buy another one"

It feels like yesterday. I can't believe we've come this far.

The first day in my office!

Sex in the toilet!

"I love you, more than you know" I say.

He respond with a hot kiss. God knows I love this guy.

We spend the day indoors preparing for our visitors. Quinton is excited about meeting his grandma, only if he knew.

Everything is in order except Lwazi who had to rush to his office to sort something out.

I've made sure I put one of my elegant dresses, together with diamond accessories.

My phone rings,

"Where are you?" I say irritated.

His mother could be here anytime now.

"I'm coming babe, please open the gate my mom is there"

What!?

"She will park there until you come, I'm not one of her servants"

I can hear the frustration in his voice,

"Sena please and don't forget our promises"

"No I'm not... Lwazi.. Hello"

Damn him!

I drag myself and take the remote and open for her.

Large suitcases! Really?

A white girl and a boy in their teen years enters followed by this elegant flawless woman.

The kids greet while looking at me with hidden stinky attitude.

I flash my biggest fake smile,

"Yebo"

The woman look around the house, then back at me.

"Lwazi has done good for himself" she says proudly.

I smile, "Must be your motherly affection and guidance. Welcome"

She look at me, "Oh! And you are?"

She is sarcastic.

"The woman who love him  
unconditionally" I reply.

She chuckles, "I see..where is my  
grandson"

"Upstairs" I can't believe I'm this calm.  
Well,she offers me a handshake.

"I'm Natalya,his mom,but my husband  
calls me Natty"

I shake it, "Since I'm not your husband  
I'll settle for Grandma.It's Sena by the  
way"

I stride away with pride.I'm about to  
have a week-in-a-hell.

## Chapter 37

Ziphelele Biyela

.

I'm here, outside the shack that is half size of my bathroom.

I should've brought a bodyguard with me.

That smell coming from the smoke that travels out the wooden windows is making me nauseous.

I rush to the car and take my bottled water and gulp it down.

I feel a bit better and rush back to join the que.

There is five of us and I'm number three.

The closer I get to the door the more nervous I become.

"Next"

Oh...I'm the next one.

The smell! I wrap my scarf around my nose.

The man look scary than Mulimisi from Muvhango.His dirty brown hair isn't helping either.

I don't know whether I should greet or not because he haven't risen his eyes.

"Hey"

He doesn't look up.Maybe I should greet him in the ancestral way.

"Eh Makhosi" I sound worse than the broken record.

He let out a huge grunt before looking at me.

"You called, my child" he says.

How does he..? He is a witchdoctor.

"Your bottle is ready, drink half a cup three times a day"

I nod, at least this is going faster.

"Thank you"

He put a 2l bottle with black liquid in front of me.

I take out the money and hand it to him but he signals that I must put it down.

I'm smiling like a kid on Christmas as I drive to my house.

But my smile is short-lived as I realise I have to sneak in and find a good hiding spot for my cola.

Lucky for me hubby is not at home.

I hid it under the spare bedroom bed, together with a tumbler.

I've been a horrible wife let me make

up for it.

I marinate the meat and put it in the oven. I'll do the salads and pap after a short nap.

I doze off before I can even think about what to wear tonight.

When I wake up screams fill my ears.

What the hell!

The smoke... Oh man my meat!

Thapelo is running all over opening the windows.

"Ziphe you will kill yourself next time" he says, very angry.

I pull my mind back into its position and hurry to turn the fan on.

My meat has turned into coals. Sigh!

I haven't kissed my hubby in 12 hours. So I kiss him, he looks surprised and

relieved.

"I was trying to cook for my man" I say.

He smiles,

"And you slept on duty"

I laugh, "I won't cook again,we will just order"

"You're lazy these days"

I kiss him.His lips taste so good, I find myself moaning and going deeper.

In two minutes my body aches for him.I pull him toward the couch and strip his t-shirt off.

I sit on his waist and remember I should drink my cola first.We may conceive right now on this couch,who knows.

"Just hold on" I say getting off him.

"Babe,whatever it is it can wait" he say

breaking, his eyes half closed.

"Shhh!!" I put my finger on his mouth then run to the bedroom.

I look if he is not following me before pouring it.

It doesn't taste as bad as I thought.

He take me on as soon as he get his hands on me.

After the deeds I feel my stomach grumbling.

"You should order our lunch" I say.

"I'm not hungry,order yourself" he says.

Nx! My face just heat up I want to slap him.

He is the man,he should make a call.

"You're not taking care of me like you vowed to"

He chuckles, "I'll make you a sandwich"

"I don't want a damn sandwich...actually you can make me egg and hot sauce sandwich"

He frowns, "Must be sweet huh?"

I click my tongue "It's like you live to piss me off"

He raise his hands and walk away shirtless with his belt hanging.Yummy!

"Use the nando sauce" I shout.

I can hear him saying 'whatever' but I'm thinking about my sandwich to get mad about it.

He take two years and months to get it done.

"Chef Hubby at your service Mrs Thapelo" he says proudly.

He also give me an icy orange juice, I'm so proud of him.

It's super-hot I keep blowing my mouth which make him laugh.

"I love you,okay" he says.

I gulp the juice down and nod severally.

"Miss Flames!" he says laughing.

He is having am episode of his life.

"How did you get home yesterday?" he ask.

Niresb!!!

I took his last money and promised to pay him back.

But look where the bitch is at!

## Chapter 38

### Ziphelele Biyela

.

I'm the best wife anyone could ever ask for. Thapelo told me last night. Lately I don't snap at him, I'm always nice and making love to him. I'm tempted to buy the blue baby boots as I peep through the window shop on my way to Niresh's restaurant.

I want a boy. Boys aren't lot of work, or so I think.

I've had my fair share with baby girls, and beside we have so many girls in this family.

Unlike the other night today this place is packed, with Indians mostly and few white women.

"You came for the bean roll special?"  
This one man ask and before I can  
answer he pushes me toward the  
counter.

"Hurry before it finishes" he says and  
shout for the waitress to come over.

Really now?

"Good evening,would you like to  
order?" the girl asks.

"No I'm here to see Nireshe, is he  
around?"

She frowns, "Nireshe?"

"Yes"

"He doesn't work here anymore. He  
was fired" she says with no care.

"I need to see him, where does he  
stay?"

She shrugs, "You can ask Rashida"

Rashida?

She clarifies that Rashida is the owner and the manager.

She shows me her mini office.

She is still in the blue sari I saw her in the other night. She is not a beautiful Indian woman and doesn't seem nice.

After arguments and lot of convincement she tells me where Niresh stays.

I just hope I will find him. I wonder what he is doing now. He looked financial unstable, I don't mean to judge him. I'm just worried that he was fired from his job.

His home symbolizes struggle with it washed white paint and broken windows.

I knock with a heavy heart. He doesn't have a lot but he still give for help.

A young girl wearing a black legging and big shirt opens.

"Hello" she greet.

I smile, "Hello, is Nireshe around"

"Yes, come in"

I follow her, she yell for Nireshe to come to the dining room.

Their furniture is old but well taken care of.

He stop and look at me shocked.

"I came to pay you back" I say.

He shake his head, "I wasn't lending it to you. How do you know my home?"

"I went to your work and they told me you got fired so I asked your manager to give me your address"

"You shouldn't have"

"I wanted to. So you don't work now?"

I ask.

He look at the girl apologetic, "I'll find another work soon, we will be fine"

I want to help him but I doubt he will let me.

"Well I know a few places and my sister just opened a restaurant in town" I say.

The girl jump up with joy,

"You mean they can hire him.Oh God you're an angel!" she scream while Niresch shoot her a disapproving look.

"What happened? Why are you so happy Tasha" a voice coming through the door says.

A teen boy holding two Cambridge

packets.

He sees me and smiles, "Oh hi there.I'm Suresh,you're beautiful"

Okay..

"You can join us for supper" he suggest.

I smile, "You going to cook?"

He shake his head, "Tasha's teacher gave me bread and chicken stew.She is a great cook" he says opening the bags.

Niresh get angry, "Stop being stupid Suresh,why did you go there?"

Suresh shrugs,"So you'd rather die than ask for help.I'm sorry but I wouldn't die of hunger when Miss White is still here "

I feel sharp pains in the abdominal areas but it quickly vanishes.

"I'll get the plates" the girl, Tasha, says and hurry to the kitchen.

"Where are your parents?" I blurt out. I mean they should be back from work by now.

Suresh answers immediately, "They passed on, it just Nires, Tasha and I" I blink, "That's sad"

So Nires is the head of this family and he doesn't have a job. The youngest went to ask for food so that they don't go to bed hungry.

"Don't cry" Nires says.

"I'm sorry" I mumble.

Tasha serve the food. It's three bread slices each and small pieces of chicken and soup.

Nires is uncomfortable, so am I.

I feel like an invader.

Suresh is telling a story of how he beaten a school bully last week and how he saved some kids from drowning in the pool.

I want to believe him but there is so much exaggeration in it.

We are all laughing as he tell us how he dive under the moving truck.

It's amazing how we have a few slices of bread on our plates and laughing our stomach out.

"I enjoyed the dinner" I say.

Tasha look at me, "You look familiar"

I shrug, "Must be the stupid papers.

They say the most untruthful things about us"

She jumps, "Oh my God! You're a

Biyela diva"

It's breaking news for everyone.

"You mean she is the...Oh man it's you"

Suresh says.

I roll my eyes, "I'm no big deal, now chill and tell m more about your

Superman episodes"

The cramps again. This time I wince.

"Are you okay?" Niresk asks.

I nod, "Yeah,I should get going you must give me your numbers"

"Okay,but are. you sure you're okay?"

I fake a smile, "Yes"

I take out his money and hand it to him.

"You're so kind, you really helped me that day" I say and Suresh look at him curiously.

He open the envelope, "No no this is a lot"

I scream as another sharp pain strike.

"I have to go"

I take my bag and run out.

"Let me drive you home, I'll catch a taxi back" Niresh behind me shout.

I nod, the pain is getting severe.

My breath is swallowing. He help me get in the car.

"Drive me to the hospital and phone the number saved Hubby" I say breathlessly.

I close my eyes and say a silent prayer.

## Chapter 39

Sena Biyela

.

It's funny when you're hosting someone in your house then Boom she act like she is the one hosting you.

I like Lwazi's young siblings, Hope and Jay, although they are their teen-selves sometimes.

I can just slap motherbitch if it wasn't for Lwazi. She pretend this is her house. She doesn't know how far Lwazi has come.

I'm crossing my fingers to get through the two coming days without get physically or bitchically with her.

What did I say? Look at her rearranging my cupboards.

"Dinner will be ready, set the table NICELY and NEATLY then go call Lwazi and Jay" she barks.

My phone disturbs me from giving her my cute response.

It's Thapelo! I'm so tired of him and Ziphe's drama.

"What now Thaps" I answer hiding my irritation.

He is panting on the other side. This is serious.

"Thapelo what's going..."

"Ziphe is in hospital"

"What happened? Is she okay?" I ask nervously.

He doesn't answer I rush to grab my car keys and bag while texting the others.

I should tell Lwazi but the stairs will delay so I tell his mother that I'm rushing to the hospital my sister has been admitted.

Whatever happened she didn't deserve it. She is my little sister. The pet of the Biyelas. The good one.

I don't stop at the receptionist I just run inside. Luckily I bump to Thapelo at his worst look ever.

"What happened is she okay? Was she shot or it's a car accident? What happened? Is the baby okay?"

Maybe I'm asking lot of questions but he should enlighten me than watching me with his printed forehead.

"Fuck it Thapelo! Where is she?"

"How did you know?"

God help me!

"You called me. Now tell me how...never mind" I leave him and rush toward the door he came from.

Oh my baby sis!

She have her eyes closed breathing softly.

"Babe" I hug her.

She open her eyes, "Mhhh"

"What happened? Did someone stab you?" I say noticing the blood stains on her skirt.

"Let her rest" the voice of a bloody white doctor.

"She is my sister, we talk whenever"

He chuckles, "Right now she is my patient and doesn't talk whenever"

Okay I lose this battle, but before I

walk out;

"So 'her doctor' what happened to her,nobody has answered me"

"Your sister suffered a miscarriage, she was four weeks pregnant"

OMW!!

"What? Why?" I ask in devastation.

"We are still running more tests but it look like her bladder has been toxicited with dangerous indigenous herbs."

I'm in shock. I'm sad and I'm scared for both Thapelo and her.

How are they gonna endure a second loss?

I step out of the room to let the doctor continue his duties.

Why Ziphe? She is only 24.How much

sadness do one deserve in this cruel world.

Now everybody is in the waiting area,excluding my parents. They are on their way,supposedly.

They all look at me like I'm the doctor here.

"Don't just stand there update us?" Sbu say fiercely.

"She is fine"

They look at me with "carry on" expressions.

I guess Thapelo haven't told them the news.

So I break the news to them.Simtho get emotional,Zanda follows,the others look like they just heard that Somizi is pregnant.

I sigh and sit next to Zanda and comfort her.

Later the doctor comes and allow us to spend a few minutes with her, just as dad and mom comes. Uncle Thobela is here too, his eyes land on my transparent top which reveals my lacy black bra and my bare body.

I pray he doesn't get a chance to shout and judge me.

He is not the type of the uncle you would visit on holidays and bring alcohol with. He is Thobela Biyela, not your typical Malum' Siphos.

Ziphe will spend two days in hospital, they have to clean her.

I'm the first one as we walk out the hospital.

Has God ever been with me? Nope.

"I have come for your lobola negotiations, my brother begged me to come early" he is telling me.

He is right behind me.

"Oh,that's nice.How is the family bab'omncane?" I ask as humble me I can be.

"They are good. So you're ready for marriage?" he ask.

Where are others when I need them the most.

"Yes,I'm ready"

He chuckles, "Your clothing says the opposite"

But God I prayed, what happened!

I keep silent because whatever my mouth says will be wrong.

"You look like those desperate  
American singers"

He is the king of shades too.

"It's style bab'omncane"

My lovely brother saves the moment as  
he come rushing to ask him if he is  
sleeping in the hotel with mom and  
dad tonight.

"I don't like sleeping in hotels.What if  
last night they had a prostitute  
sleeping on the same bed?"

He is something else,I tell you.

Sbu laughs, "They change the covers"

"Exactly son,not the bed"

Why did I park far anyway?

"Don't worry Sena will accommodate  
you,she have enough rooms"

I want to kick Sbusiso's balls.

"What?" I ask.

"Go take my bag in your father's car  
MaBiyela. So Sbusiso I hear you are  
expanding our family furthermore"

Life never loved me.

My mother-in-law and uncle Thobela  
under one roof. God help me!

## Chapter 40

Ziphelele Biyela

.

We all have looked back in life and  
thought "why was I so stupid?"

The past can never be undone. Either  
you accept your mishaps and do better  
or you dive your soul in regret.

As for me I would be lying if I say I've learnt to live with all that has happened. I keep asking myself tons of questions.

Since when I'm like this? Look where my obsession got me.

My sisters had to know, I confessed my little visit to a witchdoctor and got a lot of judgement.

And guess what? Sena knew about the pregnancy and she thought I knew too. When she explains all the symptoms I've been showing I realize maybe I'm actually dumb than I already know.

My mother organised me a counselling session before I go home. I'm doing it for her peace-of-mind's sake, otherwise I wouldn't budge.

Nobody knows what I'm going through. The absence of my husband just add to my sorrows. I guess he hate me, not that I blame him.

I'm not even sure he is going to show up and fetch me. I just wish he could give me a chance to explain.

None of this was my intention.

I'm also mourning the death of my baby that I never got to hold.

After the counselling session I go to the shower and freshen up.

Zanda brought me clothes, I hate hospital gowns.

I wear my sandals, knee-length jean and t-shirt.

I throw the jacket on top, i know I look horrible but at this point in my life my

looks are of the minor importance.

"Hi"

I turn to be welcomed by Niresh's face.If it wasn't for him...I don't know.

"Hey" I greet back.

It's so kind of him to come check up on me.I mean we are not even close,we just know each other from the streets.

"I'm sorry I haven't come to check on you,ive been busy with job

hunting.How are you feeling?" he say.

I force a smile and lie, "I'm good,thanks for coming.How is Suresh?"

He grins, , "Same"

Okay.

Where is my husband? My time is over in here.

"They're discharging you so early?"

"I have recovered,there is no need for them to keep me here"

We chat a bit,he ask me if my job offer still stands,he have come to his senses.

I really wish I could be more supportive to his family but now I have a lot on my plate.

He hug me and bid goodbyes.

Everything is ready,except my ride.

Oh he is here...

He is tense,he does hug me but he doesn't say a thing except asking if I'm ready.

He load the bag in the backseat and open the door for me,he cares.

I hop in and sit.He comes,start the car and drive off.

My whole family is here,including a

very coloured women and two kids who I work out is Sena's in-laws from Cape Town.

I just hope there is no Welcome Back party, but I know my father better than that.

Luckily they are just here to offer their support, which I wish they didn't.

I wanted to be with my husband alone.

"You nearly missed out, Don is getting discharged tomorrow. It looks like everybody is getting discharged"

Simtho beams.

It's good to see her this happy, her smile has been rare.

I just smile at her and walk toward the kitchen where it seems to be less noisy.

"Ow babe look at at this! How do I look?"

She is back on purple hair!

"Take a picture,I want to send Tyzee a picture" she shove the phone in my hand.

All I want is a break tuh!

I click the camera without waiting for her to pose.

"I understand that you just came from the hospital but what you're doing is completely unprofessional"

And who said I'm a professional cameraman?

"Ntombizethu!" my father's voice roars.

"Yes daaaaad.. could you please take a picture of me... only click the cam when

I say 'action'.

I leave them,my father will have to deal.

I finally get a break and go to my bedroom.

When they're all gone how is it going to be like?

One by one they all come and check if I'm okay,minute after minute.

The moment I've been dreading is here.

My family walk out the door and the silence in the room can be sliced with a butcher knife.

"Are you okay?" he ask as he realize I'm staring at him.

"Are you okay?" I ask him.

"It's not about me,its about you?"

I decided to ignore him on that and ask if I should make us some tea.

"Nope,I don't want tea I want my child"

For a moment I think I heard him wrong.

"What?"

"My child,the one you decided to abort,I want it"

I lose all the control I had on my emotions and cry.

He think I aborted!

"Ziphelele I don't know why you're the one crying,you got what you wanted your muti worked wonders.I had no idea I was marrying a witch,you killed my child you devil" his last words is accompanied by tears.

He then take a vase and smash it on the floor and leave weeping like a child.

What have my life become?

Chapter 41

Nozipho Biyela

.

"She is pregnant again" that's what everybody is saying.

I feel like I have been nothing but a pregnant woman to these gossipers.I've learnt to not give a fuck. That exactly what I've been doing lately,I don't give a fuck.Not even for my job,I have hired a temporary head

designer and added management staff members. I stay at home, cook, play with my kids and shop carelessly.

I'm very lazy. You must thank God if you see me up before nine. Sbu have learnt to deal.

"MaZuzu"

I must keep the door locked, my sister-in-laws have no stop.

I lift my head from the yoghurt that I'm destroying.

Oh and MaZuzu is a name that pops out from their mouths because I'm Mazungu.

"Hi" I say.

"I can't believe you're pregnant again"  
That line that I hate with passion.

"I've only been pregnant once, you guys

take it as if I'm always pregnant" I say angrily.

She laughs, "Okay okay I'm not here to discuss pregnancies. Im here to talk about the HOUSE PARTYYYY!!"

I know no house party.

"What?"

"The one we are throwing for Don tomorrow" she is beaming.

We???

"We are throwing a party?" I ask.

"Yeap,I'm thinking we should invite Dj Melvo"

I get a headache without listening to any BANG music,just the thought of it.

"No it will be just dinner,not tomorrow,on the weekend.We must give him space"

She want to argue but I always have a backup,I'm team-Sbu!

"Yeah mama is right"

Why he is here so early anyway?

"Aargh! Boring bustards" Zethu grunts.

"What did you say?" Sbu asks.

His mood have been stinky lately.It all has to do with Ziphelele.

"I said I must buy a bikini" she replies.

I laugh as Sbu stares at her with slapping wishes.

"We are going to Thapelo's,Ziphe is getting discharged today" he says.

I thought we agreed on giving people 'space' after hospitalisation.

"We will ride on Zethu's car" I say.

I really don't feel like being alone with the elephant him.

I regret it as soon as she start driving. She is not driving she is flying. Nicki Minaj is bursting my eardrums.

Sbu is lost in his own world. I also feel sorry for Ziphe and Thapelo. Its not an easy road, it will take time for them to heal especial Ziphe.

Thapelo has turned into something I don't know. It would've been okay if it was just a natural miscarriage but finding the muti that killed his child was just a destruction.

We're here. You would think we have a ceremony judging by the number of cars parked outside.

"How was the ride?" she ask.

Really?

She opens the doors for us. Let me repeat; Zethu open the car doors for us.

I must give Tyson a round of applause, he is hitting it right!

We get in and greet. Why are they speaking so softly like somebody died. The woman??? Lwazi's mom.

She is beautiful, not even a doll is like her. Pity I have no respect for her. Sena has told everybody how evil she is.

"Finally I see a somebody" she says smiling at me.

I don't return a smile I just look at her.

"Nozipho Faya, right?"

Oh she is about that! Wait did she just throw my family a shade?

"Yep" I say.

Biyela and his no-nonsense brother are just quiet and staring at her.

Fiki start by coughing dramatically,Sena follows with a loud laugh.

"Zethu there is a word out there that says you're a nobody,what is your comment on this issue?" Simtho says pretending to be a journalist.

"I say...mhhh.. what am I going to say? It's so hard for me to think these days with all the wrinkled witches sharing the same Durban oxygen as me"

Sbu intervene, "Guys not now!"

I was going to enjoy this,his father wasn't saying anything what is his problem?

Lwazi's mom is too light in complexion

and I think she is starting to think she is white like her husband.

"Okay maybe I should just sing for you guys,now we look really sad,let me cheer you up" Zethu says.

Biyela stand and leave,followed by Uncle Thobela.

We endure listening to Zethu singing Diamonds.When she finishes we vote.

"I'll give you 1/5" Sena says.

They exchange harsh words.

"Why are you a horrible singer,aren't you Sbu's sister?" I ask.

"Preggie" she tease and laugh.

Nx!

Later Thapelo comes followed by Ziphe.They need to resolve their issues,we should've given them space.

At least Ziphe can pretend. Thapelo!!!

He is way too broken.

"Hey!" I greet him as everyone fuss over Ziphe.

"Hey"

I sit next to him, "You'll be fine, have you talked to her?"

"Talked about what?"

Good thing he doesn't scare me now,

"About everything, you need to heal and that means talking to her about everything"

He sigh, "I don't know if I can do that"

"Don't be negative"

He chuckles, "To be honest Nozipho I don't know, maybe I'm not cut out to be a husband. Look how I'm failing at everything, maybe I should just lose it"

all,I've already lost my baby"  
He doesn't mean that,he is just hurt.  
"I mean it!" he adds.

## Chapter 42

### Ziphelele Biyela

.

He walked out.I've been sitting on the couch waiting for him to come home. Time goes,tears dry out,my life is breaking apart.

My heart keep telling me he will come back,we will talk things through and grieve together.Hopes keep me waiting till 2am.

I have no sleep at all but maybe I

should allow my body to rest.

I wonder where he is? I know if I call my brother I will find out but I also don't want my family to meddle in my marital problems.

I don't know when the sleep conquered me, when I wake up I hear the water running in the bathroom.

He came back in the early hours of morning. He wouldn't come so early from either of his friends.

I'm lost in my thoughts as he walk in wrapped in towel barefooted.

I knew he wasn't going to greet me but the fact that he slept out should make him feel a bit guilty.

"Hi" I greet.

His silence pierces my heart.

"We did the 'for better or worse" I can't control the shakiness in my voice. He click his tongue, "I'll be moving to the spareroom till I find my own apartment"

No,he is not serious.

"Thapelo I just lost my child and you want to move out,really?"

I get furious,I get it that this is my fault but for him to kick me when I'm already down.

"I want..." he start but I furiously shout at him.

"You're not the one who experienced massive miscarriage pain twice in less than 5years"

"So this is about you? You Ziphelele, always.What about my children who

never get to live because of your recklessness" he shout and throw everything he had on his hands on the floor.

My eyes burn with tears, "So you blame me? You think I wanted all this to happen"

"No you're a naive,reckless spoilt brat. Why on earth would you go to witchdoctors?Didn't I tell you we will wait until God..."

"Hey you fuckin' son of a dealer what do you know about God?"

I really never intended to say that and I regret it as soon as I realise I've just said it.

He scratch his face and pace up and down.

The next thing he does is pulling a big bag and shoving whatever belongings of him inside.

"Babe I didn't mean..I'm sorry,please let's talk my love"

He give me a loud tongue-click and throw a shoe against our framed photo on the wall.

"Thapelo" I call nervously.

He walk out with his bag,I wail.

I love Thapelo, I can't imagine my life without him.I wish this is all a passing phase.

After a while I drag myself to the bathroom and wash myself.

I dress up and text my sisters

'goodmorning' because if I don't they will think something is wrong and

show up, which is the last thing I need. For the first time in my life I find consolation in the whisky, his whisky. I should be recovering and taking things easy as per doctor's instructions, but life is throwing me in the different direction of that.

My head feel a bit light, I fall against the table as I try standing up to make myself something to eat.

My mind tell me I could do with some company.

I scroll down my phone and come across Niresh's number.

He ask if anything is wrong, I just tell him to take a cab and come over it urgent.

I don't pay attention to how much I've

drank, it just feels so good.

All my problems are gone, why am I crying?

I should just laugh but the knock disturbs me.

I open, it my guest.

"Are you drunk?"

I laugh, "Is that the first thing you going to ask me Niri? How about 'hey Ziphe where is your husband"

He get in and look all around,

"Why are you drinking so early in the morning?"

"Early morning, late in the evening, tell me what exactly is the difference?" I ask.

He pulls me to the chair, "I was in town, what is so urgent?"

Nothing, that's the funny part. I called him for nothing.

"Where is my husband?" I ask him and cry.

He is not sure how to comfort me so he pulls me for a hug.

I hold on him, only if Thapelo could be like him.

I brush his chest, he push me, but I hold him tightly.

"Please, you're drunk go to the bed" he instruct.

I cry and throw my arms around his neck.

He try pushing me away but I attack his mouth with my lips.

I don't know what I'm doing but it eases the pain.

He firstly kiss me back but then he pushes me furiously,I fall on my butt. "No sir,I wasn't kissing her she is drunk,she called me here saying it's urgent.Please believe me I don't want any trouble"

Who is he talking about? Is he...

OMW!! My body shivers, all the alcohol wash off my system.

Thapelo!!

His eyes are fixed exactly on me.

Niresk walk toward him in order to walk out but he punches him right on his nose.

He stumbles and knock his head on the door, he kick him and shove him out the door.

I try to stand up as he charges toward

me.He grab me by the arm.

I stand up ready for a hard slap but he doesn't hit me instead he look me in the eyes and ask,

"Who are you bitch?"

I swallow, I have no right words to say right now.I'm surely losing my husband.

Chapter 43

Zanda Dlamini

.

We are having breakfast with

Sbusiso.God knows what drove him

out of his house early on the morning.  
The way he is gobbling on his plate,  
Nozi must cook for him, really now.  
He put more slices of toasts and  
another egg.

"Are you hungry or you're here to  
exploit my food?"

I'm used to their way of  
communicating. The rule is offend and  
don't get offended.

He doesn't answer, he reach for  
Mandla's plate with his fork and take  
ring onions.

"Mhhh Ziphe you've outdone yourself.  
You should teach me these so that I  
can surprise Nozipho with B-in-B" he  
says while chewing.

Him and Nozi, you'll never get used on

how much they love each other.

"Why are you here again?" Mandla asks.

He swallow and look at him,

"To eat, obviously"

I laugh, "We are happy to have you over.I can't wait for Don,eish"

Mandla laughs, "Me too,for now"

"For now?" I ask laughing.

"After three days of his presence we will wish another Loyiso will come and shoot him"

Broken sense of humor!

They both laugh and say how peaceful the world has been without him.

"But the clubs have been losing money,who was buying all the alcohol"  
Sbu says.

Idiots!

Mandla laughs, "He is such an effect"  
The laughter is disturbed by Thapelo  
and a large bag.

He look at us,we look at him.What is  
going on?

"I'm sorry to disturb" he says and walk  
past us.

I think he is moving in but the question  
is for the why?

Mandla look at Sbusiso, he frowns and  
shrugs.

"You go" Mandla says.

"No you go" Sbu replies.

These two idiots!

I stand up and follow him.I don't care if  
he needs space but I need to know  
what's going on? Where is Ziphe?

I find him in the spare room putting his range of shoes inside the closet.

"Hey, u-right?"

He look at me briefly then back to his activity.

"I'm alright Zanda"

He is lying and he knows it, but I don't push I just look at him.

"I'm moving in, I hope you don't mind, I'll hardly make a sound"

I'm not concerned about that. He is my concern, why is he moving in?

"Join us for breakfast" I say and walk out without waiting for his response.

"What is happening?" Mandla ask before I could sit down.

"I don't know but he is moving in, he doesn't look good" I say in almost

whisper.

We continue with breakfast hardly saying a word to each other. Sbu look more concerned.

After a while Mandla comes, and sit with us. His eyes are red and burning with fire.

"I'll get a plate" I say.

"No it's okay, I'll have water"

I thought he was having breakfast with us.

He pours himself a glass of water from the bottle and drink.

Sbu clears his throat, "What's up?"

Thapelo look at him lost.

"What is wrong bru?" Mandla asks.

Maybe it's something private, I should excuse myself and give them space.

I leave them,when I'm safely on my bed I dial Ziphe's number.

It rings unanswered, which get me worried.

I phone Zethu,she answers when I'm about to drop.

"I was just about to call,it's Tyson's birthday in seven weeks and I'm still not sure what to do for him"

That's like in two months to come.She is dramatic I tell you.

I sigh, "Zethu Biyela"

I can feel her rolling her eyes, "You're the one who called nywe nywe,what up?"

"Please go to Ziphe's place, she is not picking up her phone.I'm worried" I say.

"She is probably having make-up sex with the beast, why would I traumatise myself like that?"

I laugh,

"The thing is the beast just walked in with his bag looking furious, I think something happened"

"Mhhh my life have no chill! I'll go let's hope she didn't poison his food with muti and got caught"

This girl is something else.

I gasp, "Zethu!"

"I'm kidding,I'll phone you when I get there"

She drop the call leaving me stunned.

I'm pacing up and down with the phone in my hand.

I hope Ziphe is okay,she is a great

person despite all the mistakes.

"What are you doing?"

I look at him at the doorway. He look so fucked up.

"Are you okay?" I ask.

"Thapelo is not" he answers.

They amazingly love each other.

"I saw, what is it?" I don't care if I sound nosy.

"They fought, he moved out but then he realized he forgot his office keys then drove back to find her kissing the dude who rushed her to hospital. It's fucked up babe"

I wasn't ready for this. It doesn't sound like the Ziphe I know.

I guess pain make you do unthinkable things.

Later Zethu calls and tell me Ziphe is home but everything is a mess.She is breaking things from doors to windows to bathroom mirrors.

I run past Mandla and grab my keys in the lounge and speed out.

We should be celebrating,Don is coming home today,it should be exciting with lot of joy in the atmosphere.

In this life each laughter is destroyed by pain.

Chapter 44  
Senamile Biyela

.

I'm cursed.I have a curse in my blood,that's what the late scenes of my life is showing me

I'm actually the less fortunate one in the family.

Why? Because I have an irritating mother-in-law who is pretending to be sick and I'm cooking her a soft porridge right now because I'm making a wifey impression to my uncle, who I don't know where he took my son to early morning.

Sigh! My son must be hungry wherever he is.

My uncle have been nothing but a boss ever since he came.He have forced me to obey Lwazi's mom,I have to prove to him that I'm not a brat,I'm respectful.

Lwazi is Judas,he is taking my uncle's side on everything.

I need a breather!

"Quinton is not back?" Jay ask behind me.

"No, I don't know where they are because all the cars are here and beside my uncle can't drive"

I'm getting really worried.

"Talking about cars,do you mind if I borrow the Vivo?"

He is eighteen and it's his brother's first car so I don't care.

"You can,just make sure you don't break a single thing because that is our ancestral car"

He hug me from behind, I nearly spill the porridge that I'm stirring.

"Sorry, I'm just happy. I'll take Hope with me" he says happily.

"You're going now? What about breakfast?" I ask.

"We will grab a Wimpy's" he runs off. Minus two troubles.

When the porridge is thoroughly cooked I pour it in the bowl and put all the necessities on the tray. This is a curse!

She is on bed, makeup on point, hair neatly tied, busy giggling on her phone. So sick!

"For my patient" I say putting a tray beside her.

"You're so kind but I would've enjoyed a glass of warm water first" she says high on attitude.

"When you're done eating, you can have that water. You know where my kitchen is" I say flashing a smile.

I walk away. She is not sick, she is doing this to make me suffer. We will see where this game ends.

"You gave them my car" the big baby whines.

"It's just an old car"

I walk away from him as fast as I can.

He is not concerned about

bab'omncane's disappearance with

Quinton. He told me they are men and I hate him for that.

"What's for breakfast?" he is following me.

He never take hints.

"I'll make breakfast when I see my

son" I say and throw myself on the couch.

"You're so dramatic mama ka Quinton, your uncle is a sane old man" Whatever!

I hop through channels and settle on E.I need my mind at peace.

After a good while I hear his little giggle outside. Pheww!!

I was supposed to hug him and confront uncle Thobela about taking my son out in the morning without acknowledging me. But I'm not, instead I have my jaws on the floor.

No, he did not!

"Bab'omncane!" I scream.

He is chilled,

"I thought with all the rich air around

the suburbs they're actual clever but no they are as stupid as they come" he says.

Two live birds on Quinton's hands and one dead on his hand and isihlilingi.

"You can't shoot these birds bab'omncane, it's illegal.You'll get arrested"

I don't think he understand a single word I've said.

"Here you get arrested for killing a mere bird?"

God be with me!

"It's nature" I say in emphase.

"I kill birds everyday back home and nobody cares" he says.

"They are not like these birds"

He is not interested.

"Birds are birds, beside these are not even eatable so what's special about them?"

Sigh! I'm riding a still train.

He walk past me. Quinton is already somewhere shouting excitedly. I'll deal with him later.

I did say I'm the less fortunate one. Shortly after them I get a call from the concerned neighbor, on about a man who have been shooting God's birds outside her house. I apologize to her and assure her that no birds were killed. I also had to lie that my uncle is a bit mentally disturbed.

Shoot me!

I start with breakfast and set the table. I call everybody.

Lwazi and uncle Thobela are buddies. I'm surprised cause uncle Thobela love none of our boyfriends. He should be preaching and criticizing cohabiting.

"Why do you burn them?" he asks.

I forgot he is not a fan of toasts. I keep shut and go take a loaf of brown bread.

We have normal Zulu people in my family, you should know.

"Thank you ndodakazi. As I was saying son, whites should stop pretending as if they own God's nature"

He is still on about the birds.

Lwazi chuckles, "They are just worried some species will extinct and future generations will only hear about them"

Uncle Thobela dip his bread inside the

cup of black tea then bite. Quinton is looking at him with praise.

He also dip his toast inside his juice and bite. He doesn't drink tea. He is also my uncle's biggest buddy.

"Mkhulu when are the birds eating breakfast?" he ask.

"We will feed them later boy don't worry"

"Where are the birds going to stay?" I had to ask because definitely not inside my house.

"In the storeroom" Lwazi replies.

I shoot him a killer look.

"You know baba you can stay until tomorrow, I'll get a driver to drive you to Mandeni. You need to see this museum I was talking about" he says

looking at bab'omncane.

I think he just want to annoy me.He is not getting sex for two days.

The madam appears wearing a fluffy gown.

"You forgot to bring me the glass of water sweety" she says pretending to be having difficulties with speaking out loud.

"How are you feeling sisi?" uncle Thobela asks looking at her pitifully. She coughs and fan herself with hand. I look at Lwazi and find that he is looking at me.We share a secret laughter.

"Sena you'll go buy her strong pain tablets later" Lwazi says hiding a smile. You should've seen my fake concerned

face.

It turns out Madam is not a fan of pills. She suddenly pretends to be getting better. She is such an actress.

I then receive a call from Fiki.

It's sound like she is driving "Come to Ziphe's place, there is a disaster in paradise"

I sigh, "Do I need to come though, yazi I'm dealing with a lot right now"

"Yes, Ziphe is drunk and destroying the house" she says.

"They will buy a new one Fikile I'm busy" I say.

"Okay I'll update you, don't tell anyone especially uncle Thobela"

"No problem"

An evil plan comes to my mind. I walk

toward the table so that everybody hears.

"Don't lie Fikile where did you get those madumbe's?" I say loud.

Fiki on the other side is confused,  
"What madumbe?"

I laugh, "No you can't, I mean how are you going to make that steam bread without buying inhloko meat"

Fiki curse, "Bitch are you crazy, I'm gonna drop you"

I sigh, "Pity you'll be eating all that alone..okay,bye"

I drop the phone.

"Was that Fikile? " he ask.

I nod, "Yes bab'omncane"

He smiles, "I'm sorry my kids but I think I won't be around here for

longer"

I sing silently, "uJesu ufik' ekuseni"

## Chapter 45

### Fikile Biyela

.

One of these days I'm taking a holiday to far far away, just to have wine and relax. This family have endless drama. As an older sister I have to sit down with a crazy Ziphe and talk some sense into her head.

She obeys me and sit with a glass of wine.

"Can you stop drinking?" I ask.

She sip, "Not that again Fiki"

She is getting out of control.Maybe Thapelo did the right thing about marrying her young,she would've turned worst than all of us.

"What is the problem?" I ask.

"Thapelo, that is my problem"

I gather myself, "Talk to me babe,what is happening?"

She gulp the wine first and tell me everything from A-Z.

"You're not the right one,have you thought about it as if you're in his shoes?" I ask.

She clap her hands, "I can't believe my own sister is taking his side!"

I roll my eyes unintentionally, "There are no sides Ziphelele,your husband is hurting and you go and cheat on him"

"I was hurting, he just left me, we are supposed to be going through this together. Why can't anyone understand my pain?" she start crying.

"Ziphe he caught you kissing a man in his damn house and you called him the son of a dealer. Why you bringing his father up? You know what it does to him, our father is not perfect either" Truthful speaking you can't bring somebody's parents imperfections when arguing. It's totally wrong, I don't care how angry you are.

"I regret it, okay. I just want him to hear me out"

"I don't know, maybe you need a mediator because both of you can't talk and listen to each other. Maybe it's

time for marriage counselling"

"It won't stop him from blaming me. It make me so mad that he think I was aborting while I've been whining everyday to him about having a baby"

I sigh, "He is hurt, please go and talk to him before dad and mom find out"

She stand, "Right now I don't care who the judgement comes from, I'll deal with this pain on my own"

She walk away. At least I tried. I might as well get myself a glass of wine.

I don't know where she went, I get myself a glass and pour the wine.

Zethu has left to fetch her helping lady to come help us clean the mess in this house. So long I'll be having my wine by the balcony with a broken door.

I plug headset in my ears and drink,  
drink, drink.

"I can't believe you didn't watch her  
after you promised. Where is she?"

Zethu ask angrily.

"Don't shout, I'm older than you. She is  
upstairs somewhere" I say.

I don't know why she is pretending  
that Ziphe is a lunatic.

Anyway how long I've been sitting  
here?

"She may have hanged herself by now  
and you're drinking"

Zethu is being ridiculous right now.

"Argh! Stop it, she is okay I talked with  
her"

I follow her inside the house. My sharp  
nose tell me someone is smoking a

cigarette. But who?

Fuck her!

I snatch it from her and slap her so hard.

"Just for a few hours of pain you're already acting like a stupid hoe."

She hold her cheek, "You hit me Fikile Trinity Biyela!"

I shouldn't have, but she asked for it.

"Stupid bitches like you deserve more than that. We all have been through shit in this family but no one ever acted like you. Not even Simtho, what is your pain compared to hers"

She start crying, "You're taking his side"

I click my tongue, "Grow up! Own up to your mistakes"

Zethu nudge me, "Enough! Ziphe all she is saying is deal with your problems clear minded. Don't neutralize your pain because you'll lose you husband just like that" she say snapping her fingers.

"And there is always a desperate woman ready to snatch him just like that" I add.

"I've never been in so much pain. When I lost my first baby the thought of having another baby soon kept me going. Now I've lost that second baby and my husband is leaving me, what is going to keep me going?" she say in tears.

I look at Zethu, we have no clue what to say.

All we do is to beg her to stay strong. Nobody said marriage was steak and kidney.

"Who have been smoking?"

We turn to look at him. Son of Abraham!!

"What is going on here? Nobody told me about the robbery" he says looking around with a frown.

I fear what is going to happen in here.

"Ziphelele, Ntombizethu, Fikile!" he says in a low commanding voice.

"Dad" I say.

"What is going here? What is this I hear about Indian boys and Ziphelele disrespecting Mokoena's house?" he ask me.

"But dad Ziphe is right here" I say.

I mean why I should be representing her?

"I don't want to talk with alcoholics"

Oops!

"She is hurting dad" I defend.

"Oh ya I forgot, Thapelo is also out there drowning herself in alcohol and cheating because he is hurting" he says.

I keep quiet.

"Pack your things little lady you're going to Inkandla tomorrow"

What???

"Dad,they should be talking, how are they going to talk if Ziphe is miles away" I ask.

"Go Ziphelele" he command.

Ziphe staggers away.What is wrong

with Muzi?

"Mokoena said he is not ready to talk, until they both realise that they need it each other there is nothing to talk about"

With that said he walk out.

"Tjoh!" Zethu exclaims.

I don't think my father is thinking this clearly. They deserve a chance to sort this out on their own.

We help Ziphe pack her bags, she is crying nonstop.

"Shame you'll bath in the river, beware of crocodiles" Zethu says zipping one bag.

"Zethu" I exclaim.

"What? It's not like she is going to a hotel, they eat roots and rabbits there"

I laugh and ask her to stop. She knows how to worsen sticky situations.

Later we all leave to our different directions.

There is a car parked outside my house. It's Sena.

She open the door, "Why did you change the locks?"

"I changed them because of you" I reply.

She close the door while shouting that I have something on my hair. Weird!

When she is near she whispers,

"Bab'omncane is here because Simtho told him that you cook good steam bread and madumbes"

What???

"No"

She laughs, "He doesn't laugh with kids, if I was you I would be making arrangements to have a steam bread and madumbe right now"

She walk away and take the bag from the car.

Just as I'm wondering uncle Thobela appears from the back of the house singing a certain song,whistling in between.

"Ndodakazi" he is greeting.

I smile, "Baba"

He shake my hand, "I decided to pay you a visit,hopefully your food is much better than Senamile's"

"Much better bab'omncane, you'll taste her steam bread with inhloko meat today.Tell him about your madumbes

Fiki' Sena says.

First I don't know how to make steam bread,secondly I've never cooked inhloko meat before and thirdly I don't like amadumbe.

But I'll make a plan,I can't have a Thobela Biyela on my neck all day. Sena will regret this!

Chapter 46

Zethu Biyela

.

I've always been the family ghetto. I always get what I want either front-way or back-way.Talking about 'getting what I want' I think I want a

Spain vacation with my bae. Work will have to wait, my dad will deal with it.

"Love"

He is always here, early in the mornings. If we didn't spend the night together his face is the first thing I see.

"Hey sweetheart" I greet back.

He doesn't take his shoes off and slip in beside me then kiss my lips, more like lip-brushing.

"Why are you not taking out your shoes?" I ask.

He smile, "Why don't you take them off me sweetface?"

I grunt,

"We are going to Spain next week" I say.

He just look at me while pushing his

shoes off.He should be happy.

"Did you hear me? A bae-vacation to Spain!!"

"What about my businesses? Babe you know I can't just up and leave I run multi businesses that requires my full attention" he says and then kiss my hand.

"I also run businesses,if I can make time to be with you surely you can also do it"

I'm starting to get angry,but I can't be angry at him because I don't want us to fight after all the bragging I did to my sisters about us being the most tight couple.

He lean his head on the headboard,

"I'm responsible, nobody pick my mess

for me. I have to do everything according to schedule."

I think he just referred to me as the irresponsible businesswoman.

"You have a whole week to arrange everything, it's not like we're going forever, it will be just three days or four" I say.

He sigh, "We will do it, just not next week"

"If it not next week then it never" I say then pick my phone and log on Twitter. He snatch the phone, "I want to be with you, how is Simtho anyway?"

The way he say Simtho make me wanna laugh but remember I'm upset about the Spain trip.

"She is okay, getting fucked soon." I

reply.

He chuckles, "Isn't it a bit too early for that, black people mourn for years as far as I know"

"Not applicable in the divaland"

"So if I die you'll not wait even six months before jumping on bed with another guy?" he ask with some underlying anger.

We're not talking about me here, it's Simtho.

"You'll probably die when I'm fifty, so no, I'll probably buy myself a dildo"

Anger all gone. He laugh out loud.

"Did you see Coco?" I ask.

He stop laughing, "She was wandering around the kitchen"

She must be hungry. That dog is

always hungry, she eat more than me.

"She is a foodgobbler, I think I'll return her to Simtho" I say.

He look at me disapprovingly, "Do you ever get responsible for anything?"

"Noted" I say.

"What is noted?" he ask.

"That you've called me irresponsible twice in less than thirty minutes"

He literally roll his eyes on me, "You're responsible for holding grudges"

"And for sucking your dick"

He laugh, I don't. I'm mad, he think he is better than me.

I get off bed, kick his shoes off the way.

"I'm so done with your responsible ass"

I walk to the bathroom and fill the tub

with warm water while singing. I sing to stay calm and I am a good singer as far as I know.

I find him still on the bed. He is scrolling my phone. This man just wants to be on my bad side today.

"You still smoke?" he asks, his eyes glued on the phone.

He is looking at my pictures.

"La..lala..la..lalala" I ignore him and sing.

He doesn't respect my privacy, this one day I found him reading my diary, who does that?

"Where were you here?" he asks, turning the screen to my face.

Should I tell him it's none of his business?

"Some club you wouldn't know" I say.  
He zoom it in and frown, "Were you  
with this guy? The one with a glass  
behind you"

"No"

He is so irritating when he is paranoid  
and insecure.

He sit up straight, "I don't believe this"  
He look so worked up.

"Do you know him?" I ask.

"No..Yes,is your dad still in Durban?"

"No,what do you want from him?"

"Never mind"

Mxm!

Coco barks in the passage.She is such  
an annoying dog.When she was still  
with Simtho she didn't bark,she was  
the nicest dog I've ever seen.Now she

barks,she is always grumpy and eating.  
Maybe she is pregnant.

"Who?"

Oops! I thought out loud.

"Coco" I say.

"She is not,she misses Simtho"

What is he now? A dog analyser.

"I'm going to feed her then I'm off to  
see Don"

He jump off bed,"I'll go with you"

I stop and look at him, "What about  
your businesses responsibility?"

I don't let anything slide,he must know  
that.

"You're not safe" he says.

Not safe???

"I'm not safe from what?"

He look away, "There is a lot hijacking

in Durban"

Now I think he is hiding something.

"Who is that guy on the picture Tyson and why am I not safe?" I ask angrily.

He swallow and look at me ready to lie.

"Truth Tyson,truth!"

He sigh, "His name is Lebo"

"And how do you know him?" I ask.

"We used to work with Mr M,he was a computer pro but things went wrong,he disappeared"

Works for Mr M?

"Tyson you worked for my dad? How? Why?"

He look frightened, "I was young.Look I didn't..."

"No no no! So you're with me for revenge on my father? Geez! You're a

thug,you want to kill me" I run to the kitchen and open the lower drawers. I have a gun and I know how to use it. He appears,I cock it and point to him. He rub his face, "Put it down,your friend or brother is waiting for you" He is red with anger.

"Take off my necklace, you and your friends want to kill me.What is your plan hheh?"

He walk toward me.

"When you're ready to listen I'll explain everything. Now feed the dog and go to your friend" he say calmly while taking the gun away.

"How many guns do you own? This kitchen is a danger zone"

I keep quiet and give Coco food and

then eat my cereal.He watch me silently.

"Coco let's go girl" I say whistling for Coco.

He walk closely behind me. I'm not sharing a car with him.

I get in my car,he get in his and hoot for me.I just drive off.

Well at least he is not following me.

My father! That sly,he knew Tyson but pretended not to.

Look at how Loyiso and Simtho ended.He was my father's guy too.So how do I trust Tyson?

Talking about sly people, what is Sena doing here after we planned to visit Don together on weekend.

They are around the kitchen table

laughing.Sbu and his wife are here too.  
Sena is the first to see me, "What are you doing here?" she ask.

"What are you doing here bitch?" I ask.  
She laugh, "Clearing my head,  
motherbitch extended her vacation"  
What? I laugh at her.

"Hi ghost" I greet and hug Don.

"You smell good, where is your  
boyfriend?"

I glare Sena.

"I didn't tell him" she protest.

I look at Sbu

"Don't look at me,I know nothing nor  
my wife" he says.

I unzip my bag and take out the  
champagne.

"Glasses!" I walk to the cupboard and

take out five glasses.

I pour while they look at me with shock. Do they not know champagne?

"Are you crazy?" Sbu asks.

"Don't be a left foot..lift your glasses and toast to Don homecoming"

Sena grab it first, followed by Don.

I look at Sbu, he slowly reach for a glass.

"We're in this together Sbusiso, don't you dare!" Nozi says firmly.

Sbu let go of the glass.

"Your loss! Here is to Don"

We toast and drink.

"You know what let's drink this awful morning away" I say pouring some more.

"Zethu you're such a bad influence,

stay away from my kids" Nozipho says as Don gulp the second glass.

"You should be relaxing and staying healthy" Sbu says.

"Champagne is healthy" Sena says.

We laugh and then a throat clears.

Slice me!

"You must be..."

He cut in, "Tyson, Zethu's boyfriend"

I roll my eyes. He is such an annoying person.

"Now we're going white. So do you know the Biyelas clan names?" Don asks.

Tyson clears his throat, he thought the family interrogation was over. He must wait until he meet my Inkandla cousin Nduku.

"Stick with me buddy,I'll teach you"

He smile then look at me,

"You forgot the gift you bought for him yesterday"

I didn't buy Don any gift except the champagne.

I take the bag, "Oh yeah"

What's inside?

Don snatch it,"I knew deep down you loved and appreciate all the great things I've done for you."

He look at whatever it is,

"Thank you Zethu"

He is getting emotional. I want to ask what is it but remember I'm the one who bought it.

It's a little silver statue of a soldier.

There is also a written silver framed

slate.

Written: HE TAKE THE BULLET, HE SURVIVE THE STORM AND KEEP GOING BECAUSE HE IS A TRUE SOLDIER.

I hear Wows around the table.

"I'm gonna get you a gift too" Nozi says.

"Thank you Zethu, you're now my favourite" Don says.

"You can actually hang this in the lounge, where did you buy this Zethu?" Sena asks.

I look at Tyson, he shake his head.

"If I tell you I'll have to kill you"

Tyson put his thumb up for me.

"Tyson you can buy it for me too, I'll pretend I bought it to my mother-in-

law"

I choke. I think I'm gonna go help her mother-in-law suffocate her. She is a bitch.

Chapter 47

Sena Biyela

.

The thought of going home and come back when she's gone have crossed my mind but I fought against it. This is my house and I won't let anyone think less.

I don't like this woman and the feeling is mutual. She throw shades every chance she get, I think she is jealous. I

filled her void in Lwazi's life.

"You could be a good cook if you put less salt in your meat, your pasta is not bad" I compliment her at dinner table. All the effort I did pushing my heart to let my mouth say that, but she still hate on me.

She doesn't take it as the compliment, she say I'm ungrateful and jealous of her cooking. Baam!!!

Lwazi is not home during dinner. It's becoming a habit, if he is not running late meetings he is having drinks with Scott or doing unfinished paperwork in his office.

After dinner I go with Quinton and Jay to Q's bedroom. Jay start telling him a story about the king of birds.

Quinton is interested and actually believe birds once talked.

"Wow, can you please start from the owl part again uncle Jay?"

It going to be a long night!

Jay start telling again, I'm bored but I want to be here so that I can put his socks on once he sleep. He hate wearing socks, on cold nights like this I sneak them on his feet once he sleep. He cry about it in the mornings. After Jay has told the story four times he finally fall asleep.

"I want my own little guy" Jay says looking at me pushing the pillow under Quinton's head.

"All in good time Jay, you need to focus on school" I say.

"I can manage school and being a father"

This kid think parenthood is pap and vleis.

"Trust me you don't wanna go there" I say.

He stand up,"I do actually, I want to leave a part of me when I die"

I stop what I'm doing, "You're not dying soon,wait till you're thirty then you can say that"

He chuckles, "I am,I have a heart condition and a few months to kick off"

I choke on my saliva, "What?"

He shrugs,"I've accepted it,I'm already trying for a baby with a girl back home. She is not up for motherhood though"

My knees shake,he is only eighteen. He

can't die,whatever condition it is  
doctors can ammend it.

"Does Lwazi know?" I ask.

He shake his head, "No,I don't want  
him and Hope to find out they will  
want to try and find help.Honestly I  
don't need help I only need a person  
with a warm heart to raise my baby for  
me"

He stares at me.No!!!!

"Jay" I say in almost whisper.

"You're a great woman,I've seen you  
with my brother and Quinton"

I shake my head,"I'll get  
doctors,specialist from overseas, you  
deserve to live Jason" I beg.

He smile, "See,you have a good heart.I  
appreciate that but no thanks I don't

want another surgery. This is the second heart"

I fail holding in, "Why? You're so young and deserve life"

I may have judged Jay and Hope when I first saw them but as time goes I learnt that they are good kids.

"I know, but not everybody is destined for long good lives. So what do you say?"

My emotions are all over the place, I don't know what to think or say.

"Okay, you can think about it and get back to me later" he take my hand to lift me up.

"And it's between me and you, my brother must not find out"

My life will never be the same again if I

know I let him die.

"I promise" I lie.

I break down as soon as I shut the door in my bedroom.

I don't know him that much but this is too much. I have a heart, I care about young people.

I take a long shower, it make me feel better.

I don't have time to ask shit when Lwazi finally walk in looking drained out.

He kiss my cheek, "Are you alright babe?"

I nod.

"I'll take a bath and then give you a massage, I love you okay"

He doesn't even know why I'm sad but

he is trying to lift my mood up. This man knows me like the back of his hand.

He walk out, to check Quinton and kiss him goodnight. He is such an absent dad.

I can't get any sleep, Lwazi is bathing. He walk back in and put his pyjamas on and join me.

"You're angry I wasn't home for dinner?" he ask.

I keep quiet. I am angry at him for that but right now that is not the case.

"I promise things will be okay, soon enough my company will be on track and I will be a man you've always wished for"

I chuckle, "If your employees had

required experience maybe you would be spending time with your family and focus on giving your siblings love"

He look at me amused, "Where is my Sena?"

Does he think I'm that horrible?

"What are you trying to say" I ask.

"That the Sena I know wouldn't have said such courageous dissing words" he says.

"How do you go and not bang your head on the walls with such defective mind? Your level of stupidity never cease to amaze me"

I pull the blankets over my head. I can hear him breathing next to me,he is frustrated.

When I wake up in the morning he is

not on bed.He must have already gone to work,right.

I go check Quinton and find him and Hope playing watching cartoons. I leave and go take a bath.

I dress up and go downstairs only to find Lwazi setting the table.

I ignore him and walk out the door to get some morning fresh air around the pool.

"Mom breakfast!!!" Quinton yells.

I walk back and notice Zethu's car parking. What now!!!

I find everyone around the table and sit.

The door opens, "Guess who came to have breakfast with you?" she ask very cheerful.

Lwazi laughs, "Tyzee"

Oh she love that! She blow Lwazi a kiss,they must've sorted out their issues with Tyson.

"Hello sista,hi chickens (to Jay and Hope) and hi Lwazi my love" she says taking a seat and grabbing a glass,pouring a juice.

"Oh hey mam,you look stunning." she say looking at Lwazis mom.

"Good morning" she say with a satisfactory smile.

"You're beautiful,in and out I hope,I like your fingerprints" Zethu continues.

She is here for trouble, I can feel it.

Lwazi's mom smile, "I think you mean to say nails,thank you anyway"

Zethu look at her, "Wow!Who would've thought Lwazi has such a great mom.You just corrected me saying when I say fingerprints I mean to say nails,wow!"

I don't have the strength to stop her.I keep stealing glances at Jay.You wouldn't tell,he look happy.

"Don't you have wine or something to wash down all these eggs?" Zethu ask. Lwazi's mom frown,"We only drink wine on special occasions"

"Isn't eating breakfast with me a special occasion?" Zethu asks.

Lwazi's mom laugh, "Oh no! Who are you?"

I regret that for her.Lwazi is concentrated on his food and feeding

Quinton.

"Oh I'm Sena's sister,the lady of this house.A sister,I mean a person who love,care and protect her sibling"

Somebody must stop her.

She sit back on the chair and sip the juice.

"So what is a mom,if you care to shed some light I've never been a mom before"

Zethu though! I wash my hands,who did she took after?

Silence.

Jay and Hope are looking at her waiting for the conversation to go on.Lwazi has stopped eating and is playing with his wristwatch. I suddenly want to hug him.

"I..I need to lie down" she says getting up from the chair.

Oh now she stammers!

"Mom are you okay?" Hope ask concerned.

"She is alright princess" Zethu replies before she can.

I look at Jay and find him staring at me,he smile.

Zethu strike a conversation with Quinton asking about his dance classes.

After a while Lwazi get summoned to the study by his mom.She must cut him the crap.

"I think we should put a snake in her bedroom so that it will be a real snake versus a two-leg snake.Snakey!!"

She is extreme. There is no way I'm bringing a real snake in my house, the snake with fat ass is alone trouble!

## Chapter 48

Zanda Dlamini

.

We've had Thapelo over for a couple of days now. He is not doing so well. He doesn't say more than five words, even his friends can't go through him. To be honest I don't know why he is still here, he was running away from Ziphe's face and now Ziphe is gone. It's not like he want company. He is pushing everyone away.

"Later is dinner with Donald, I need you to get my navy tux ready"

"Tux for dinner with only Don, come

on!" I say.

Like really?

His mood is on another level, he is applying his shave cream looking at the mirror.

"I'll be stunning...umhh I need to trim here" he says.

What's up with him?

"What's up?" I ask.

"Nothing, I want to beat them"

"Okay whatever stupid game it is, I need you to take me home"

He stop and look at me from the mirror view, "KwaMbuzeni?"

What???

"My home is my brother's place" I say irritated.

"Are you ever going to go back?" he

ask.

"Are you trying to get rid of me?"

"Zanda, no! I'm just asking, you can't run away from reality. One day you have to find closure and peace"

I take my phone out but I can't find my headset.

"Don't you wanna see how your nephews have grown? I know they treated..."

"Really Mandla? I have moved on, I don't care to know them. I don't want closure, I do have peace my life is here"  
I scream at him.

He raise his hand, "Fine I'm sorry"  
I lose all the groove I woke up with.

"Forget about driving me, I'll drive myself and probably have my

breakfast there. You and Thapelo are not such Hey people to eat with right now"

I get off bed, throw my gown on and walk out. I grab a bottle of water and walk out.

"Bye bad people" I shout as Thapelo walk down to the kitchen.

"Someone is slowly turning to the Biyela diva" he says with a smirk. Somebody is running away from the Biyela diva, I think.

I ignore him and walk out and drive to my brother's house.

I haven't checked on him. He is not marrying Fiki anymore, good grace! But the divorce is still happening.

I knock and knock and knock before he

opens.

"You look like hell" it's the first thing he says, looking at me from head to toe.

"I swear in the whole South Africa I look better than you"

We hug and walk in to sit on the kitchen chairs.

"Did your boyfriend kick you out?" he ask.

I roll my eyes, "You'd be seeing my bags, anyway how are you?"

He sigh, "I'm slowly realising how many things money can't buy, like happiness"

"Ya neh!" its only I can say.

"Ya, some will lose some will win, life is that"

I brush his back, "You'll be fine, I know

you are stupid but yet strong"

"Hey I'm not stupid"

I laugh, "Okay you're not stupid, you just have a tendency of thinking with your di...umhh have you heard from Phumla?"

He slap my head, "She is still mad about me and Fiki"

I roll my eyes, "What was in it for her anyway?"

He sigh, "What brings you here, looking this ugly dragging horrible gown?"

It's not a horrible gown,it's white,fluffy and nice smelling come on!

"Had a fight with Mandla,he want me to go back to KwaMbuzeni and confront I don't know what demons.He

could really be annoying, I don't know how I've gone for four years with him" He look at me, "He really love you"

"Is that a statement?" I ask.

"An observation. That guy always have your best interest at heart"

I grin, "Best interest? How is going to the same place that robbed me my childhood and happiness a best interest?"

He stare at me for a while, "I'm sorry I wasn't there"

I smile, "It's okay, I have moved on"

"Have you?"

I nod, "Yeah"

"Then what are you scared of? You need to show them how better you've become, it'll give them sleepless nights"

"Who???" a voice ask.

Why is she here? Doesn't she have a life.

"Morning to you too Phumla" Mvuse says.

"Hi Mr Miserable"

I look at her, "Wow! That's so supportive of you"

She roll her eyes and hug me then Mvuse.

"So who were you planning to give sleepless nights? And wena Zanda you slept here, what did Mandla do?"

"Which question do you need an answer for the most? I only can answer one" I say.

She push her mouth and think, "The first one. Who are we going to give

sleepless nights?"

Troublemaker as always!

"No one" I reply.

"Okay, answer the second one"

We laugh at her.

"Make your famous top class breakfast  
sisi, I'll go shower" I say.

She laughs, "Who died and made you  
my madam?"

"Do it and shut up" I say walking away.

After showering I have no idea what  
I'm going to get. It's safe to call me the  
queen of overacting now.

"Come out!" Phumla shout out the  
bathroom.

She never take a break on making  
people miserable. I was still...well but  
she is disturbing me.

"Mvuse told me about the little tantrum you threw at Mandla. Now you're going to make it up for him" I look at her, mad. Who gave Mvuse the right to tell her? She'll blow everything out of proportion.

She take a disgusting slutty lingerie, "Wear"

Is she crazy, "What?"

"We are making a video to cool him down, you can't just storm out on him when he is trying to look out for you"

My eyes pop out, "No, I'm not doing that. We will sort it out personal."

She click her tongue, "You're very annoying, gqoka now"

I sigh and put it on, "I feel very cheap"

"You're not expensive chill, turn

around I need to pin this fluffy tail on your back"

I stand with my hands on the hip,

"What am I now? Monkey clown"

She laugh, "You're so out of it"

She go and bring a sack filled with small white balls.

"What are these? And why are you keeping them in my brother's house with lingeries" I ask.

"I bought it to try and spice things up for Siza but she never used it"

Bitch!!!

"Come" she grab my hand and lead me to the bathroom.

"Lie in here, I'll pour those ball on you" she says pointing at the bathtub.

I'm only doing this because I have

nothing better to do.

I get inside and lie on my back. She comes and pour hundred balls over me.

They are just plastic balls, okay.

"Okay now show out your cleavage and put one knee up"

I laugh, "I'm an official slut"

She take out her phone, "Take one ball and put it in your mouth, then take it out and bite it with your teeth and then suck it with your eyes closed"

OMG! She will poison my life.

I take one ball and do as instructed.

She is recording and pausing to give instructions.

"Okay, now stand up slowly, put your hands on the edges of the tub and

bounce the tail up and down with your  
ass"

I look at her ready to say no.

"No don't even start" she warns.

I turn and do exactly that while  
laughing.

"Blow a kiss and cut"

I do,we both laugh out.

Then,

"What is going on here?"

Geez! I hide my face.

"Mvuse get out!" Phumla yells.

Mvuse keep looking at me funnily  
during breakfast. I've sent the video to  
Mandla and he haven't responded.

I'm worried. He was supposed to get  
horny and drive straight here to get  
me.

Later I bid them goodbye, "See you when I see you"

"Bye boo"

I hug them and go.

I'm scared to walk in because I don't know if he is angry with me or disgusted by the video.

I'm tiptoeing in the lounge but before I can reach for the staircase a huge laughter arose.

I look at him, he can't stop laughing.

What is wrong with him?

"Where is (laughs

uncontrollably)..your..God..the tail

(laugh all over again).. Babe tjoh!"

This is definitely not the reaction I expected. He should be yearning for my body not laughing.

He look at me then break off again,bending and holding his stomach.

When he finally stop he take out his cellphone and play the video and laugh all over again.

I'm disappointed, angry at him and full of regrets.

I shouldn't have listened to Phumla.

"Can you do this for me? The twerking,where is the tail?"

Nx! I leave him like that.

## Chapter 49

Sena Biyela

.

I did a research and found a good cardiologist based in London. I could make a few calls to book him an appointment if he gives me a 'go ahead' but he have been dodging me. I need to get through him, he is too young to lose his life just like that.

His mother is a natural wicked, cold hearted bitch. I haven't seen her in the mood that acknowledge her son's condition. She have her attention on everything that doesn't matter. What kind of a mother is this?

Enough about that witch, I have serious problems. Like Lwazi's whereabouts.

He have been gone for too long,we're going to be late for Don's dinner.I don't even know why he needed to trim his haircut,it's not like we are going to dinner with Mr President.

I try calling him again but he still doesn't pick up.Zethu is also sending me dozens of texts saying the booze is not enough I should buy more on my way.

Zethu is a drunk,I don't why.I thought people grow healthy habits after falling in love.She should be eating healthy and friendly with the gym to keep that tummy flat.I must have a word with her,she doesn't have a slight clue on the turn-ons/offers.

I was planning on taking Quinton with

me,all his cousins will be there but Hope fought me against it.I let it be,after all this is his family he deserve to spend as much time with them. And beside we may come home very late. I send Lwazi a text telling him I'm going without him.I'm already in hot water with Aunt Lydia.

"Oh you're flying solo now"she ask with a smirk.

I really don't have time to entertain her.

"If I was you I'd spend time showing love to my kids than being this stupid and selfish.I'll see you later,please don't masturbate in front of my son I heard you're the queen of live sex.Bye"  
Her expression is priceless.I go bid

Hope goodbye and give her last lectures.

"I'll take care of him,go" she push me out.

I laugh,she is now annoyed.

"Bye baby,behave!" I yell.

Quinton looked like he can't wait a second for me to go.They better not burn my house down.

I walk out and drive away.

Zethu is outside speaking on the phone, she drop it and run to me when she see me parking.

"Is it in the boot?"

Doesn't she know how to greet and hug your sister?

"Hello Zethu,if you're talking about alcohol,no I didn't bring it"

She look disappointed, "And you didn't bring Lwazi either?"

I take the gift bag I brought for Don and walk away.

"Copycat!" she says walking behind me.

"People have been buying each other gifts for centuries" I say.

"Whatever! Is Lwazi not coming?"

I hope not,I don't want to fight him in front of people.

"I don't know and I don't care,where is Mr Tyson?"

"He is in PE,he left this morning. His one of three hotels is there,he said he is bringing me a gift.What do you think it is?" she ask.

"Condoms"

She click her tongue, "Jealousy is a fatal disease"

We walk to everyone.

"Where is Lwazi?" Sbu ask.

In this family we don't greet huh?

"What am I? His bodyguard?"

This question is going to ruin my night.

He look at me, "Mhhhh"

I walk past him to Don. He have Junior on his lap, must be heavy.

"Hey" I hug him.

"You are my crush for the night, where did you buy this dress?"

"It a secret, Quinton you're heavy get off your dad" I say.

"No he is my baby, leave him" Don says.

Quinton grin, "Dad I love you but don't ever call me your baby again. It against

our vibe"

It's amazing how fast he have grown.

"Okay I apologise" Don says with a smirk.

Thapelo join us, "Hi Sena,where is Lwazi?"

That question again!

"Hold it on " Hi Sena" if you don't want to piss me off" I say.

He look away,I can see the smile on the curves of his lips.Asshole!

"The meat won't do itself" Don says to Thapelo.

"Give me a break.Mandla is our braai-master" Thapelo says irritated.

"Have you heard from Ziphe?" I ask.

"No"

Okay.I walk away before I can tick him

the wrong way.

"Skoni"

I walk to her, "Who is that?"

She laugh, "Where is Lwazi?"

God I swear I'm going to scream if someone ask me that one more time.

"He is here" I point my vagina.

She laugh and ask if we are okay.

"I think he is cheating" I say.

She bite an apple, "Don't you always think that?"

"It's different this time"

"Have you seen my husband?" she ask.

She obviously think I'm overreacting.

"Upstairs fucking a girl" I reply.

She wink at me, "Ain't no pussy hotter than mine"

I laugh, "Get off that horse you're going

to fall"

"Guys,you won't believe this"

We look at her,she sit opposite us  
cross-legged.

"Ziphe is eating the tin fish and rice for  
supper,how gross!" she says.

"I can believe that,she is in the rural  
area" Nozipho says.

"But they can have something better  
than that.How far are the shops, she  
have a fat credit card with her" I say.

"I'll call her and put her on the  
speaker" Nozipho says.

She pick up,

"Hi" we say.

"Hey guys,how are you?" she says,she  
sound so unhappy.

She is unhappy anyway.

"We're good, having dinner at Don's place. Thapelo is here too" I say.

She doesn't respond, Zethu jumps in

"Tell them what you're having for dinner there?"

It's quiet for a moment then we hear weeping sounds,

"I can't even have a decent meal...(weeps)I'm forced to eat canned fish"

I try hard not to laugh, Zethu's laughter is already breaking the ceiling.

"Ziphe" Nozipho says calmly.

"I'm still here, Zethu is laughing at me. You guys don't care about me (weep)"

Nozipho put the phone out of loudspeaker and say,

"Ziphe people are dying, you're there crying over food. Don't you have serious things to cry about, like your marriage."

Oops! I wish I can hear her response.

"No..No you are there to learn Ziphe, this is life be grateful. Some people don't have that fish, they're sleeping on empty stomach. Learn a thing or two about life" she continue to shout.

Yesess!

"Okay, just hold on everything will be fine"

She cut the call and walk away.

"And you need to learn a thing or two about tracking" Zethu says and walk out to the guys.

Tracking? Wtf Zethu!

Where is Zanda by the way?

This house is complicated. Normally the kitchen is somewhere close to the entrance, here you search for the kitchen.

I find her in the kitchen. Cooking, as always.

"I knew I would find you here" I say. She turn around, "Oh you're here, great, dish that pap for me on that silver bowl."

I shouldn't have appeared here.

"Fast, Mandla is almost done with the meat"

I grunt, "Can't Nozipho or Zethu do it"

"Zethu refused, she said she is in charge of the booze and Nozi said she

is tired. Is Simtho not coming?"

"To free food? No way, she probably want to come when everything is done"

She laugh, "You won't believe what happened this morning"

I look at her curiously, "What?"

"I did a romantic video for Mandla while at home, wearing a lingerie and doing sexy moves. Guess what he did when I came back?" she says.

"He fucked you against the wall"

She laugh, "Oh I wish"

Okay...

"Then what?" I ask.

"He laughed at me until he ran out of breath and asked me to twerk for him with the tail that I had put on the

video"

What? Is he an idiot?

"No, get out!" I say shocked.

"I need to steal his phone and delete it"  
I think I just stolen her idea, one of  
these days when I'm calm and  
motherbitch is gone I think I'll give it a  
try.

"Turn him on then deprive him sex the  
whole night. It is the best revenge" I  
say.

We laugh, the voice come behind us

"Gossiping, that's all you're good at."

"Hello aunt" we greet holding laughter.

"Aunt my foot! I've been dying for a  
cup of tea and you're here gossiping"  
she says, her arms crossed.

Like really? Are we sangomas now?

"Coming right up auntie" Zanda says.  
She walk away,good grace!

"Where was she all this time?" I  
whisper.

"Upstairs lecturing the twins about  
good behavior" she says in whisper.  
We get everything ready,including a  
cup of tea.

And what's up with Mandla? He is  
wearing a suit and look so formally.

"Hi Smindlos" I greet.

"Don't ever go kasi on me" he says and  
hug me.

"Aren't you just a big jerk?" I ask.

He look at me confused, "No I'm not"

I roll my eyes, "Oh you're just not  
rolling with the time"

He want me to go on but I leave him to

get more bowls from the kitchen.

Everything is set, aunt Lydia is sipping on her tea acting like the madam. I've set for the kids in the lounge, they can eat while watching TV.

"Put the napkins there" she instruct.

"Thapelo pray" she says.

I want to laugh, we all do but that aunt Lydia's look, hey.

"Let's close our eyes" Thapelo says.

We do, he start praying. He is a good prayer, he say all the right words to God. He should teach me that.

"Thank you my child" aunt Lydia say after 'Amen'

"You should be a pastor. When did you learn to pray?" Don ask.

"When everything in my life started to

go wrong" Thapelo answers.

The table fall into silence.

Zethu break it, "Don't move"

She take out her phone and take pictures of the food.

She laugh, "Oh she'll die"

Really Zethu?

"You're not sending those to Ziphe?!" I say.

She sit on the chair, "I just did,at least she can eat it with her mind"

I give up on Zethu.

Nozipho clear her throat, "You're being unfair, she was crying for real."

Zethu laughs, "She must get over herself, canned fish is nutritious"

Sbu look at her, "She was crying because they make her eat fish?"

"Ya,it was so sad" Nozipho reply.

Don crack with laughter, everybody join him except Thapelo and Nozipho.

"If she doesn't like it in a tin she can go fish hers in the river" Mandla says.

I still don't know why he is dressed up like this.

"Why are you overdressed?" I ask.

He smile, "Life is good,why not?"

"It's not your special night,you want to steal my shine" Don whines.

"Relax Bullet" Mandla says brushing his suit.

"Bullet?" Nozipho ask.

"Ya,Bullet"

Mandla is high.

"Mr bha bha bha" Sbu make the gun sounds.

Are they serious?

"So Bullet have you thought about getting Junior a stepmother?" Aunt Lydia ask.

Don cough, "I'm too young Ma"

He is twenty-nine according to Home Affairs.

"Nonsense, if you can't find her on your own I'll get you one of our church girls.They are well-behaved" Aunt Lydia says.

"Thanks but no thanks,I can't have someone as boring as you as a wife"

Don says mouthful.

"Who is boring?"

It's going to be a long night!

"All of you born-again women,I'm sure you send verse quotations as the

morning romantic message. You give  
Jesus statue as the valentine's gift"  
I laugh, "And they bless the sexual  
intercourse before and after"  
Everyone laughs, Aunt Lydia is fuming.  
"Calm down, have a glass of wine"  
Zethu says offering her a glass.  
She doesn't take it.  
"Take, it's Jesus' blood" Sbu says.  
She stand up, put more meat on her  
plate,  
"I will enjoy my food better if I join the  
kids in the lounge"  
Great is the Lord!  
Wtf?  
She take the bottle of unopened wine.  
"What are you doing?" Zethu ask.  
"One bottle will be enough"

Who is she now? An alcohol police?

"Come on!" Don says.

She doesn't budge she walk away.

"Okay,it's half a glass for all of you"

Zethu says taking a bottle of wine near her.

"Helloooo"

I knew she wanted to make a grand entrance. I know Simtho very well.

Behind her comes Fikile.Why are they overdressed?

And then he appears behind them.In all-whites,looking ravishing and delicious.

He comes straight to me and give me a cheek peck.I remain still.

Fiki is in a long red dress,she look excited.

What are we missing here?

"What is going on?" Zethu ask angrily.

"Dinner,why only one bottle of wine?"

Fiki ask.

"Why are you guys dressed like this?" I ask.

"We're celebrating Don's survival,it's

also the same day Sbusiso asked

Nozipho for marriage and also the day

we lost our mother Vivi.It's a big

memorial day so why not look like a

million rands?" Mandla says.

OMW! We're such bad people for not

knowing.

Sbu strip off his jacket,he have a white

T-shirt under written: VIVI'S SON

NOZIPHO'S PROPERTY

Nozipho's eyes are all out, "Oh My

Gosh!"

She also forgot,good!

"You guys should've reminded us,now we look bad" Thapelo say sadly.

"No,everyone who forgot will put some money in paying for my weekend away to Cape Town with my family and also put money to pay for Don's new Lamborghini that you forgetters are buying for him" Sbu says.

What???

"But..."

Mandla cut Zethu, "Thank you,dinner may continue"

I look at Lwazi,what kind of a partner is this.

"I was also tipped off by Fiki" he whispers.

"Mom and dad also forgot, Aunt Lydia too" Nozipho says.

"My parents and Ziphe too" I say.

Sbu smile, "It's going to be an exception"

"My Lamborghini! It's name will be Digger" Don beams.

Yoooh! This world is polluted.

## Chapter 50

### Ziphe Biyela

.

Nonto has been a great help. She is always here when I need someone. I wish I can say I've grown accustomed to this place, it's just too much for

me. Fetching water from the river, that I don't have a problem doing, but making fire is really a nightmare.

I've tried reasoning with my father, to at least come stay with them at Mandeni, but he is his stuckup-self.

My sisters have been supportive except Zethu of course, who find this whole thing as a joke.

The pictures Zethu sent of the dinner looked great, but my eyes paid more attention to the man I used to call my pillar of strength. He looked so relaxed, like nothing is wrong in his life. Maybe he doesn't miss me. Of course he did tell me he want out.

Was I really selfish?

Through it all I've lost everything. My

happiness, my baby, my home and my soul. Nobody understand the pain, not even the man who vowed to be with me through storms and hurricanes. Not even a single text from him. I guess he meant what he said.

Maybe it's time I get my life back. I've had many things taken away from me. I need to be in control. This is me, the new Ziphelele, the mother of two dead kids.

I walk through the wardrobe that my father had delivered for me. I take everything that is mine and neatly pack in the suitcase.

Somebody walk in. They don't knock in this home. They don't believe youngsters also have privacy.

"Dade" he says.

It's my cousin Nduku. He has been pestering me about Zanda's number. He is not the type that take relationship seriously, only marriage can stop him from approaching women.

"Yes brother"

He sit on the chair, "And then, where are the bags going?"

"Back to Durban"

"So soon? I thought Bab'Muzi said you're going to be here for a month or so"

I sigh, "He thought so Nduku, but I'm done. Two weeks have been enough to clear my head and to know what I want"

"So you're going to leave without giving me that girl's number?"

Here we go again!

"She have a boyfriend Nduku beside you once dated her sister,Phumla" I say irritated.

"That one was just a fling beside she is not the marriage material. I want your friend now"

I sigh and zip my suitcase, "No,respect people's relationships.Get yourself a girl around here"

He chuckles, "I already did,I also want Zanda she will be the second wife. You know as city wives,what do they call them?"

I laugh, "Trophy wives"

I can't believe he think Zanda would

want to be a second wife slash trophy wife.

"Ya that,I'll make sure she have everything she want" he say proudly.

"Let's say she want a massage,where will she find a spa in this place?" I ask.

He frown, "What is that? I will massage her"

I roll my eyes, "Your hands speak 'I mix cement',I can't imagine them giving massage"

He laugh, "That's where you're wrong, you underestimate these hands.Sadly I can't prove the magic to you"

I shake my head.Rural areas maybe be bad in terms of civilisation and technology but people in it are more than awesome. They have this amazing

welcoming spirit,I will miss them,especially Nduku.

"Let me go tell mother to prepare you something to eat before you go" he says and walk out.

I have a Fenty Beauty collection I haven't used,maybe I can leave it for Nonto.She is beautiful but a little make-up would do her good.We are in the 20th century no girl is allowed to apply zumbuck on her lips,we leave that for our aunties.

After I finish packing,I freshen up but I don't dress up just yet.I walk to uncle Mzingelwa's hut and knock.

"Ziphelele come in"

I walk in,bow my head and then sit on the reedmat.I have developed these

manners, no I was forced to develop these manners by him. This stay haven't been a butter sandwich, trust me.

"I have decided to go back to Durban" I say, not looking him in the eyes.

"Does my brother know?" he ask.

I expected this question, "No but I'll pass by him before going to Durban"

He keep quiet for a moment then ask when I'm leaving. He is shocked to find that I'm leaving today.

"Do you know how to travel in a taxi or bus?" he ask.

Eish!

"Do you know the taxi rank where you're going to get a taxi to Eshowe?"

I sigh, "No"

He chuckles, "I don't know my child. My brother would never forgive me if you go missing"

I keep quiet. I hope he come with a plan.

"I will ask Skhumbuzo, my neighbor's son who drive a BMW to drive you"

I sigh in relief, "I will pay for the petrol, he mustn't worry"

"No child of mine will pay for anything. Don't worry about that, you just give me a phone call when you've arrived" Isn't he just lovely?

"Thank you Menziwa"

It's time I update everyone about my departure. I start with Nonto.

"I hope you will be able to fix things. Apologize Ziphe" she says.

"That's what I was trying to do Nonto, he refuse to listen to a word I say. Right now I want to focus on me"

She nod, "Yeah, you have a lot of healing to do. Get those professional people to talk with"

I sigh, "Yeah since I can't talk to my husband"

We hug and go to the kitchen.

Aunt Josie, Mzingelwa's wife is busy wrapping a lunchtin.

"I heard you're leaving from Nduku and thought I should prepare these sweet potatoes for you to eat on the road"

I smile, "Thanks Ma"

She wipe her hands, "Take care of your husband my girl. That Biyela

stubbornness must die, you're a Mokoena now. You need to obey your husband, remember secrets destroy marriages"

I nod, "I hear you"

"The key to everything is respect. As a woman your duty is to make sure your husband feel respected. Even if you don't agree with him just don't go against him openly"

This is going to be a long lecture, I nudge Nonto with an elbow.

She jump up, "Oh Mama is that a spider?"

She reach for the broom and ask where it is.

"I think it crawled out by that hole"

Nonto point pretending to be nervous.

She look for it while we're laughing silently.

Later everyone gathers to wish me farewell.

The Skhumbuzo guy comes in and collect my luggage.He is dark,very tall and handsome.

One turn off is the silver-tooth.I have never liked people with silver/gold teeth.

My family stand waving until we're out of sight.Wow! I've never felt so special in my life.

"Now that I have your attention, hello my name is Skhumbuzo"

Oh I totally forgot about him.My family had me occupied with the hand waving and smiles.

I smile shyly, "I'm Ziphelele, thanks for agreeing to drive me"

He smile, "You think your father Mzingelwa left me a choice"

"I'm sure he asked you nicely" I say.

He chuckles and focus on the road.

I'm bored, "Don't you have music?"

He turn the music on, guess what, no thanks.

I lean forward and switch it off, "Thank you, I'd rather listen to my phone"

I connect headset to my phone but he clear his throat.

"That's quite rude"

I sigh, "But we're not talking and you have Mtshengiseni on your playlist"

He chuckles, "It is Ichwane leBhaca not Mtshengiseni"

"It's one and the same thing to me" I say.

He keep quiet and focus on the road. I'm at his mercy so I don't put the headset on, due to respect.

The journey is long and boring.

Someone shake me. Oh man when did I sleep?

"Eat" he says pushing a McDonald takeaway in front of me.

How did he know? I've been dying to have a burger.

"Thank you, I'll give you your money later" I say opening the box.

He start the car and drive. He is not a talker or he just hate me, okay!

"I need a bathroom" I say.

He look at me briefly, "Hold on"

He park near the public toilets, I don't know where we are.

I jump out and run inside. There is a que,help me God.

I finally get my chance, I pee and wipe myself. There is a mirror on the wall,so sophisticated.

I look at myself and realize my skin is a bit darker.It must be the blazing sun of Inkandla.

I walk back and find Skhumbuzo talking on the phone.

I sit and close the door.He glance at me.

"Seatbelt" he whispers.

I grunt and fasten it.

"Do whatever you want,Bye" he say to whoever it is on the phone then start

the car.

Finally we are in Mandeni. Mandeni is not a big city but I swear to you just seeing my hood sent a smile to my face.

"You'll have to direct me" he says.

I direct him until we're in the gate.

I phone mam' Sibiya, the helper to tell the security to open the gate.

"This is the most beautiful house I've ever seen" he says looking at the house admiringly.

"Come out, let's go" I say.

We walk in and find mom in the lounge reading a magazine.

"Hello housewife" I greet.

She look up shocked and come to hug me.

"I didn't know you're coming"

I smile, "I decided this morning, my dad will get mad"

"Leave him to me. I can't believe you survived two weeks in there"

I laugh, "I'm stronger than I look"

She smile with a concerned face, "Yes you are"

My mother has always believed in me. She is my ride or die, my rock indeed.

She then notice Skhumbuzo.

"Oh my child forgive me, I'm just taken by this brat's sudden appearance. How are you?"

Skhumbuzo smile, "I'm trying Ma, how are you?"

"I'm good. I believe you are the one

who helped this kid escape?"

I laugh, "Stop Ma, Skhumbuzo take a seat I'll prepare you something to eat"

I leave them getting into introductions.

Skhumbuzo is more friendly to my mom, what's the heck?

He help me offload my luggage and bid us goodbye.

"Have a safe journey son" my mother says.

"Thank you Ma"

Mom walk back in the house.

Skhumbuzo's face immediately change from friendly to 'Don't mess with me'.

"Thank you, drive safely. I'll phone my uncle to tell him you're on your way back"

He nod, "Stay well"

I sigh, normally I would've hugged him but I don't know him like that. So I wave at him.

"Bye"

He laugh, "Bye Ziphelele"

He get in his car and drive out.

I take the time to go and check my car in the garage. I hope no one used it.

Just as I walk in my father come in.

"Dad before you shout I was a good girl at home. I've grown good manners and I'm ready to grow up and be serious with life" I say nervously.

"Who told you to come back?" he ask.

"I'm a grown woman, I make my own decisions"

"You make stupid decisions Ziphelele" he roars.

"Isn't life all about that? Making mistakes and learning from them" I ask.

He look at me, "You told your husband?"

I shake my head, "No"

He sigh, "You girls are going to drive me to grave early"

This went easier than I thought.

After dinner I make a phone call to set an appointment for therapy.

Early in the morning I get ready to drive to Durban. My mother insist I carry some scones for Sbusiso.Sbu and her scones!

I drive to Durban with a lot on my mind.If I was carefree as Zethu maybe my life would be flawless as well.

I remember the state I left my house in. I refuse to be that emotional freak again.

I drive through and unlock the door. I breathe in and walk around. I open the windows and check the fridge.

"Excuse me, can I help you?" a woman's voice says.

I turn and discover this slim beauty in a robe staring at me.

"Hello? Who are you?" she asks.

I'm still confused as Thapelo appears from the staircase.

"Thapelo tell me who is this?"

Thapelo looks at me motionless.

"Ziphe" he says.

"Good morning. Please get me my royal blue dress with gold from the

closet I have somewhere to be" I say calmly.

The girl look from me to him, "Is she the one?"

Thapelo sigh, "Yes"

My heart broke a million pieces. I'm the unlucky one.

## Chapter 51

Sena Biyela

.

Finally Lwazi's family decided to go back to Cape Town. I can't start to describe the happiness I felt yesterday. Free from Motherbitch at last! I should throw a party, it have

been a while anyway.

There is one thing that worries me though, Jay. He is so stubborn. He is so obsessed with a baby and death. I owe it to Quinton, this is his beloved uncle. I feel like I need to do something. But how?

I haven't told Lwazi about Jay, I don't know how I would approach this matter.

Speaking of Lwazi, lately his work mean more than his family. I'm getting used to his late meetings and what what.

Today is one of those lucky days where he knock off early and come straight home.

He greet and throw himself on the

couch.No kiss,no hug,thank you.

"I see I was missed" I say in sarcasm.

He sigh, "Sorry,I had a rough day"

"Isn't your days are always rough? Mr Rough CEO" I say.

He run his forehead and ignore me.

I continue with my magazine,"Mhhh this is nice"

He glance at me, "I'm really tired. Have you cooked?"

I open the next page, "Oh nice! They even have maids slash chefs in here" I'm reading the magazine remember.

I hear him sigh, "I'll take my boy and go get takeaways"

I open the next page, totally ignoring him,

"Do what you want...mhhh interesting"

I say reading.

He stand and walk away.Good for him!

"Mom let's go with daddy" Quinton says running to me with his dad behind.

"Don't run in the house like that Quinton" I say.

He stop and look at me,"Get up mom.Let's go"

I sigh, "Go where?"

Lwazi clear his throat, "Let's just all go eat out,it has been a while"

Really?

"No you two go and enjoy" I say.

I would've responded to him better but I respect Quinton's presence so I will be the gentlewoman.

I can see the disappointment in his

face, "Okay,we will bring you something"

I smile at Quinton, "Bring mommy something okay"

"Okay,daddy let's go" he run out.

Lwazi look at me,I look back on my magazine. I'm done shouting at him.I have serious things to do like watching Fifty Shades of Grey.

My life has become something I don't know. In everything I know Quinton must be my first priority. Lwazi is changing and I don't know why.

I have a feeling that he is cheating on me but my family knowing him too well made me dismissed the thoughts. I watch the movie and realise how dry I've been.Maybe it time I get my BOB

back.

I send Jay a WhatsApp message asking how he is. That's when I notice the storm chats in my family WhatsApp group.

I scroll up to catch up on everything.

Wtf? Ziphe is in Durban!

I listen to the voice note she sent.

Thapelo!! No it can't be. I saw him yesterday doing shopping with Don.

I log out of WhatsApp and call Ziphe.

She doesn't pick up, she is with

Nozipho so I call Nozipho.

"Hi" she say.

"Is Ziphe okay?" I ask.

I hear her breathing heavily, "No but don't come"

"Is it true?" I ask.

"I don't know but Zethu went there to find out"

Great!

"I'm also going there, hopefully the bitch is still there"

"Sena don't..."

I cut the call and rush upstairs. I put on my jean and takkies.

I drive like a maniac. I can hear Zethu shouting all the way from the driveway.

I rush inside and find her face-to-face with Thapelo. She is holding a leather belt on her left hand.

"Zethu I told you she is not here"

Thapelo says angrily.

"Then call her here, isn't she your booty call?" Zethu asks.

"Thapelo what is happening?" I ask.  
He look at me, "I could ask you the same"

"Don't test us wena,where is the bitch you keep in my sister's house?" Zethu yells.

Thapelo glare at her deadly, "You don't question my guests,this is my house"  
If he wasn't this big I would've slapped him.

"You keep hurting her Thapelo. She sacrificed everything for you,you did what? Abandoned her when she needed you the most" Zethu says her voice filled with different emotions.

Thapelo keep quiet. He doesn't have a single regret.

"You want a divorce Thapelo?" I ask.

He frowns, "And you would be more than happy to file for it, helping her take everything from me?"

Zethu chuckles, "No you can keep everything, even her clothes. We will be more than happy to see her happy, obviously her happiness doesn't lie on you. You've been nothing but pain in her life. Are you proud?"

Thapelo sighs and walk away.

Zethu throw her belt in the air.

"She left her lousy bag, which means she is coming back"

I smile, "Really?"

Zethu sit on the floor, "I need my muscles relaxed they have a lot of job to do"

LOL. Bitch we're waiting.

We hear a car driving in and stand by the door. Zethu's face speak danger.

"Don't do that" Thapelo's voice say.

"Back off" I hiss.

A young girl walk in. Zethu grab her hair,

"Hello bitch welcome home"

The girl bend down, "What is going on?" she yell.

I should put my foot on her chest but she is too young. About Ziphe's age.

Thapelo pull Zethu away, the girl look at her shocked.

"Are you crazy? Don't ever grab my hair like that, geez!" she says pulling her hair back in place.

Thapelo breath out frustrated, "Zethu"

"Don't Zethu me, get that bitch in the

ring"

"This bitch is my niece, can you just...man" he say and pull the girl away.

Fuck!!!

"Oh My Jesus!" I exclaim.

Zethu look at me, "It's what you get for failing to do introductions timely"

I remember Thapelo had a sister but I didn't think she had a daughter.

"We should apologize to the poor kid" I say.

Zethu laughs, "I ain't doing shit except roasting myself some steak I didn't have supper"

Is she crazy?

She walk away,I follow her.She goes to the defreezer and take out a tray of

meat.

"Thapelo is angry at us,I'm sure he is upstairs planning our murder and you're eating his meat in his house?" Zethu doesn't budge,she put a pan on the stove.

"At least I will die with a delicious steak in my tummy"

This child!

"Have you spy on Lwazi?" she ask.  
I laugh, "No,I don't have time for that"  
She shrugs, "You are so quick to fix people's relationships while yours is failing"

She strike the nerve.

Thapelo walk in and look at Zethu,

"Are you still here?"

"Obviously, do you have any redwine?"

Zethu says.

Thapelo look at me.

"Don't look at me, you sent all the wrong signals. You wanted to hurt Ziphe and we reacted and now we are having refreshments" I say.

He sigh, "How is she?"

I shrug, "You are her husband, it's your duty to know"

Zethu jump, "Your stove shocks I'm not doing this anymore. Please turn it for me" she says looking at Thapelo.

"I hate you guys" he says turning the meat.

"Trust me, the feeling is mutual" Zethu says.

The girl walk in, "You're still here?"

What do you want?" she ask us.

Webantu!

"This is our house, where do you expect us to go. Get the bread and plates" Zethu says while taking out the glasses.

The girl roll her eyes, "I need a glass of wine"

"Better you sweetheart, I need glasses of wine" Zethu says.

I clear my throat, "You didn't bring any driver"

Zethu chuckles, "Don't drink and drive, isn't that law expired with Thabo Mbeki's presidency?"

I give up on her.

The next thing we are having meal and wine like nothing was wrong.

"Sorry but Thapelo you haven't

introduced us" I say.

"Oh! Tami this is Zethu and Sena, Ziphe's sisters. And guys this is Tami, short for Tamika"

I smile at her, she gulps a wine

"Don't ever grab my hair like that, I'm a karate girl I would've hurt you" she says.

"Get over yourself, I can pull even Jay Lee's hair and she won't do a thing. Fill the glass for me and stop dreaming" Zethu says.

We all laugh. Later we bid them goodbye, Zethu is a bit drunk but I believe she can drive.

I have missed calls from Lwazi, Nozipho and mom. I call Mom first, she just wants to know how I'm doing.

I then call Nozipho and tell her how everything went.

Queens of drama,that's what she calls us.

I walk inside my house,it's dark.

I turn the lights on and walk upstairs. I check Quinton's room and find him in his PJs fast asleep.I tiptoe out to my room and find Lwazi speaking on the phone.

He doesn't realise someone else is in the room,

"I told you I can't..What about my son?

No she went out and is not back...We will talk tomorrow I'll see what I will tell her..Okay,thank you for understanding.Goodnight"

My suspicions have been

confirmed. The man I loved with every fibre in my body is cheating on me.

He turn around and see me, he is shocked and start to panic.

"Babe" he say.

I look at him tears flowing down my cheeks,

"This is what you do to me Lwazi?"

He stand up and take my hand, "No it's not what it sounded like"

I slap his hands away, "I hate you, you played me"

He shake his head, "No you don't"

"I actually do, I never wanna see you again"

A tear escape his eye, "I'm not a cheater, I'm worse than that"

I look at him, "I shouldn't have trusted

you"

"I killed someone Sena"

What???

I look at him, "What do you mean?"

"I killed my mother's husband"

Is this a dream?

Chapter 52

Sena Biyela

.

This is the time where you sink on the floor and mumbles "water please". Not for me though, I'm staring right into his eyes.

"How? Did you shoot him or you stabbed him, or you poisoned him?" I

ask at last.

"I strangled him" he answers after a while.

No,that's bigger,maybe if he had shot him I wouldn't be scared.

My mind click right back, "Oh my God,you're going to jail!"

He sigh,"Hopefully not"

What does he mean hopefully? Of course he is going to jail,people are going to laugh and gossip about me. I sink on the bed and ask at last,the important question.

"Why?"

"He discriminated me" he says.

He was over that,he forgave him.He told me himself.

"Lwazi,why did you kill your sibling's

father?" I ask.

"I can't tell you"

Really? Fuck him.

"You cheat on me, you kill people and now I can't even know why?" I ask fuming with anger.

He sigh and stare at the wall, "I never cheated on you"

I chuckle, "Great! If not when was the last time we got intimate? When was the last time you spent time with me? Why aren't we making sex anymore Lwazi?"

He swallow, "Because I can't"

I could've lived with him being a racist murder but a sex-less partner that I can't.

Tears threaten to come out, "Why?"

At least I need clarity. I've given him my all,I deserve the truth.

"Look at me in the eyes" I say.

He turn his head slowly.I look in his eyes and I see the old Lwazi,the broken one.

I can't control tears now, "Talk to me"  
He lie on the bed on his back and close his eyes then take a deep breath:

"My phone rang as I walked out of the office.

Natalya.

It was going to rain cats and dogs. My dear mother was calling, God is alive!

"Hello" I answered.

"Hi baby,we are coming over this weekend I heard you have your own company"

I knew she only called because the ploughing is over it's now a reaping period.

"Okay,I missed the kids.Is Hope behaving?" I asked.

It had been almost two years since I last saw them.I had flew to Cape Town for work and decided to drop by and see them.

"She is a good girl.Bye now Andrew is waiting for me,don't forget to pass my regards to my grandson"

I sighed,"Okay"

I didn't develop the courage to tell you just yet.I knew how you would flip up because you know our history and them coming to your house would be a lot.But eventually I managed to tell you

my family is visiting,it didn't go well but you finally supported me.

On the day of their arrival I had asked you to be nice to them.I wanted to show Andrew how ten times I am a man he can never be, and you to show Natalya how ten times a lady and a mom you are than her.

As we cuddled and waited for them to come I received a call I didn't expect.The man who is opening the new laboratory in PE wanted us to do business.

My company is new,that was going to be my big break.

So I rushed back to the office, appointment or no appointment I'm meeting this man.

Okay,I got there and found Andrew wandering around my office.

"Sweet kid"

I hate how he called me.He used to say that when I was young and I hated it even back then.

"What are you doing here? Where is Natalya?" I asked

"Probably on their way to your house. Sadly I couldn't meet your lovely wife and sweet son since I'm rushing to London" he said with a smirk.

"Why are you here?" I asked again.

He smiled, "To check on you"

I stared at him with so much hate,

"I'm not your son or friend,why would you check on me?" I asked

"You're my bootycall"

I clenched my fist, "Don't call me that shit,leave my office now"

He laughed, "Oh come on lattie,didn't you have fun?"

I tried containing my anger.

I've moved on,I've forgotten that,yes I have.I convinced myself.

I'm not going to give him the satisfaction, I told myself.

But no, he had to push me.

"I would be a mean grandpa if I let my step-grandson miss out" he said sarcastically.

I lost it, "You'll never"

He smiled, "Feisty now? I like it better but fresh meat on the market first"

I threw the first fist right on his jaw.

He had crossed the line.

He licked his cracked lip, "Assaulting your business partner is not wise"

He took the framed photo of my SON on the table and kissed it.

"I hope you are as good as your dad. Meet you in six days"

I couldn't take it. Not my son. I grabbed him by the neck and held tightly until I saw his tongue all out. I was about to let go but memories flashed back like it was yesterday. I squeezed his neck tightly, with my nails sinking in his skin.

His eyes rolled back and his body softened. I realized I've killed him. I felt relieved by the sight of his body so powerless on the floor.

I sat on my chair completely zoned

out.I didn't even hear Scott coming in. He was shocked, I didn't elaborate anything I just told him to call the police I've killed the dog.

He called people, not police.They took his body, they burnt it to ashes in the foreign land.

After everything I drowned a couple of shots and drove home.

I'm not a bad person Sena,I don't avenge myself.I forgive, why forgiven people can't play their role? Why must I suffer by being reminded about all the sufferings I underwent?

Why can't I have peace? I moved on,I forgot, I was a child anyway. Now my duty is to make sure my kids don't go through same things as me.Somebody

threaten to hurt my child, or even enjoy that idea, I'm rightful to eliminate him.

Now everything is as visible as yesterday. He brought it all back. How am I going to make love to you so manless? So dirty, how Sena?

How are you even going...no God no!!"

He fail to go on, his chest is wet. My whole face is wet, my eyes feel heavy from all the crying.

This is just too much pain for one person. Doesn't God love all his children equally?

No!!!!

## Chapter 53

Sena Biyela

.

My night ruined. As well as my man's humanity. There is nothing I can do to make him feel better. Nothing I can say. I fill the glass with icy water in the middle of the night and drink. I can't sleep, not when he is having nightmares.

"Fuck" I find myself cursing.

I blame his mother. This is all her doing. She made her own son a

victim. Now I have to deal with it. I have to try make it feel better. Mostly I have to keep a secret. A dark secret that I will take to the grave with me.

I exhale, this is really frustrating, I slowly take the steps back.

I find him wide awake, lying on his back, watching the ceiling

"Can't sleep?" I ask.

He doesn't answer me, he take a deep breath.

"Maybe you should see someone, a professional" I say suggestively.

"Come closer" he pull me closer with one arm.

Something has been troubling my mind.

"So he is still in London, theoretically?"

I ask.

"Yeah"

"After that, what's next?" I ask because this better stick together. I'm not going to lose my man to jail.

"There is nothing tracing his whereabouts, he will be a 'missing person' until his family give up" he say so cruelly.

This has completely made him lose his true-self. Anger is all I see.

"Do you trust your friend, Scott?" I ask.

"Yes, he is my business partner now"

My eyes open wider, "Business what?"

He sigh, "I will give him 25% of the company, I owe him my life"

Stay calm Sena! Understand.

I change the topic, for better, "So what

do you say about getting somebody to talk everything with?"

"I don't need a shrink. I'm fine, really" he say.

"If you are fine then when are we going to have sex?" I ask.

He keep quiet.

I chuckle, "You see, you need someone to revive your esteem and self integrity"

"Babe can we not talk and just cuddle, it's 02am for goodness sake!"

I'm not giving up. I'll be on his throat about it till he agrees. This is my man and I want him back, spiritually.

We cuddle both deep in thoughts. I'm thinking about Andrew's family, how his kids are going to react. I don't care

about his wife, she will make a nice widow.

Oh my God!!

"Jay"

He can't carry such heartbreak. He is not strong enough.

"What about Jay?" Lwazi asks.

I'm scared, my voice is breaking.

"His heart condition, he won't be able to handle it"

"What heart condition?" he ask loud and confused.

I...Oh shit!

"Sena what are you talking about?" he ask angrily.

I want to punch myself," Babe umhhh..it's nothing"

I promised Jay I won't tell him. He

trusted me.

Why my mouth, why?!

"You better talk Sena or else"

Or else strangle me? He better be not threatening me.

"He is sick, he doesn't want you and Hope to know" I say in shallowness.

He take time to process it, "When did he start being sick? What is it, headache?"

I sigh, "Heart failure, he have a donated heart and is facing death"

He sit up, "But he can..."

I cut him, "He doesn't want to be cured. He said he have had enough with surgeries"

He bury his face with his hands,

"Babeeey"

This is definitely our worst night. It can't get worse than this.

"Please babe don't cry, I'm sure you can do something. He doesn't listen to me" He chuckles with pain, "I'm his brother, I'm meant to protect him. He couldn't even confide in me"

I sigh, "Please stop beating yourself up about everything"

"I need to go to Cape Town, when he discovers his father's death he won't be able to handle it"

I take his hands, "Hey, don't do that. Don't ever panic, okay"

He can't afford to lose his calmness and raise suspicions. That man is still in London, no need to go to Cape Town and pre-mourn.

He is shaking, "I'm going to lose  
him,like Olwethu"

I pull him closer and embrace him.

There is no more talking. He get under  
covers,so do I.I stay awake listening to  
his silent thoughts that is represented  
by his loud breaths and non stillness.

As his breaths go softer my eyelids  
grow heavier.Tomorrow is another  
day.

New day.Sun blaze through the  
curtains. I wish I could say birds are  
singing like everybody but not in this  
house, here The Lion King is echoing  
loudly.

I look at him beside me,looking so  
peaceful in his sleep.Won't you stay  
like that forever?

I kiss his lips softly, cautiously not to wake him up. I go to the bathroom to do my business and wash my face and teeth.

I walk to Quinton's room, my ears get blocked as I enter. He is watching it attentively with a big box of biscuits on his lap.

Where did he get it? Gosh!

"Quinton" I scream.

I can't find the remote, I press on TV to switch it off.

"Mom" he says frustrated.

"And then? Didn't I tell you to keep the volume down in the mornings?" I ask angrily.

He stuffs two biscuits into his mouth. I guess he can't speak now the way his

mouth is occupied.

"Why are you eating cakes in the morning? No, who gave you?"

He couldn't have reached up for them by himself.

He answers me after swallowing,

"Mama is downstairs"

Which mama?

I snatch the box from him, "Go brush your teeth"

I walk out leaving him throwing tantrums.

I wonder which mama is here early so?

We really need privacy in this house, we are going through things.

It's one and only, Ziphelele. She is drinking tea with my new cup, doesn't she have a house?

"Did Sbu kick you out?" I ask.

"Good morning"

"You just made it a worst morning" I say.

She roll her eyes, "I was hoping to listen to some morning glory audio"

Privacy! I need that.

"What do you want?" I ask grumpily.

"Someone to accompany me to my first session of therapy"

I fold my arms, "And I look like the one to listen to your sob stories about failing marriage and cry along. Girl take a girl to dinner before traumatizing her!"

She laugh, until tears form in her eyes.

"Why are you laughing?" I ask.

"Simtho told you to buy vibrators, look

at you. Miserable without sex" she say laughing.

I can't help but laugh with her.

"You also need to get laid so that you stop crashing our houses by dawn"

She laugh, "Not even in my wildest dreams, I choose to keep my legs closed"

"Since you are here, make yourself useful and prepare breakfast. You'll serve it, respectively by bedrooms" I say and walk away.

"You need it so badly" she mumbles.

"I'm thirty, show respect"

She laugh.

The Lion King is back on again. I sigh and walk toward Quinton's room to tell him to keep it down.

The old Quinton is watching too.They are absorbed in the cartoons that they don't even notice me.

It's so early in the morning for this noise but I let it go because my man is occupied with something else than horrible reality.

Chapter 54

Simtho Biyela

.

I hang out with myself most of the times.I enjoy my own company.

"Ever since Loyiso died you are boring as a fuck"

That's what they are all saying and I

don't care to put a book down without reading the last chapter. If I'm not reading a book I'm tuned to reality shows and movies indoors.

Right now I'm reading His Alone by Alexa Riley, which is the second edition of Everything For Her. I swear Fifty Shades of Grey got nothing on this book. Damn! I'm so absorbed in it that I forget about the pie that I was eating.

"Is this a kraal or house?"

I look up annoyed. I don't need disturbance, not now when I'm reading the erotic part.

Somehow I smile, "Hi"

"I feel for my shoes" he say stepping carefully.

There is a box of pizza on the floor and

a few chocolate wrappings, no big deal.

"Stop being smart" I say carefully folding the page I was reading and closing the book.

Donald. I can't resist his company.

He hug me, "Did you bath?"

Now he is exaggerating it.

"Come on, smell my armpits for proof" I say lifting my arms.

He smell, "Yeah right"

I smile "What brings you here?"

"The GTi, why are you throwing dirty around? Are you that lazy?" he ask picking it up.

He walk to the kitchen to throw in the bin. Lucky me!

"You should hire a maid" he say when he comes back.

"Are there male ones?" I ask.

I seriously can't have another bitch cleaning my house and going through my staff, especially my clothes.

"I don't know, but your living style is not healthy. Let your guard down and get a helping hand, you're pregnant and shouldn't overwork" he says, with a serious face.

"Go hospital go! Turning boys to men" I say clapping my hands.

"Whatever! Now how are you?"

I sigh, "Tired but unfortunately I can't rest before I finish this book"

He frowns, "Why? It's not like the book can run"

He won't understand anyway. Nobody does, until they read these Alexa's

books they'll understand.

"Have you eaten breakfast?" I ask to change topics.

He shake his head, "No"

"Where is JJ?"

" At your brother's, he think that is his home.He said he miss his bed and Phiwo last night and left"

I smile, "Okay I'll make breakfast then,I haven't eaten either"

Boom! He laughs.I look at him confused.

"You have eaten pizza,chocolates and pies.What do you mean you haven't eaten?"

I roll my eyes, "Breakfast is bread,crumbled chicken strips,fried chips,mushmallows,kit

kat, eggs, tomatoes, mayonnaise and hot chocolate"

He follows me to the kitchen,  
"Mushmallows, kit kat are not breakfast"

He must watch it!

"Breakfast is what I say it is, this is my house"

He keep quiet. I gather everything and start preparing with him watching me.

"Do you need help?" he ask.

"At last! Peel the potatoes" I say.

"Don't you have those ready chips?"

I thought he was willing to help.

"I ran out of them and I don't feel like shopping" I say.

He take one potatoe and sigh.

"Breakfast is still breakfast without

potatoe chips"

"Peel Donald"

He start peeling. We get everything ready, with him complaining there and there, and sit to eat.

"Oh no!" I say realising that I forgot the kit-kat.

I walk back to take it,he judges me with his eyes.

"We haven't talked you know" he say out of the blue.

"What have we been doing?" I ask.

I know exactly what he mean and I've been dodging it since he came out.

"I'm talking about us. I'm here now Biyo,we've gone through hell for each other.Now that we can have each other,you are drifting away"

I sigh,I'm not going to enjoy this kitkat.

"I'm pregnant Don,it could be his this...I don't know"

He stop eating, "But we love each other, you love Junior too,how hard it could be for me?"

He don't understand. I didn't hate Junior's mother,he hated Loyiso.This might completely change everything, so much has happened.

"I think you deserve more" I say.

"I want you only"

I shift my eyes away, "I love you Don,more than a friend but I can't see,I'm scared"

"What are you scared of?" he ask hoarsely as ever.

"I'm scared of how my life will turn out. My life is a stew of despair, misery and instability"

My future is my biggest fear because I don't know what it have for me. Hell, I don't even have a mind diagram of how I want it to be.

He reach for my hand and look at me in the eyes.

"Not all those who wanders are lost. Your home and future lie right here, in me"

"All that glitters is not gold. I don't want fantasies to lead me on only for reality to crash me down" I say.

"You have doubts?" he ask in a broken tone.

I shake my head, "It's not that"

"I would die for you Biyo,I love you.  
Even as a friend, I'd never hurt you"  
His words melt my heart, "I love you  
too"

"I sense a but" he say.

I smile "But I don't want to rush things,  
I have a lot to consider.Heal and let me  
be pregnant then we can take it to the  
next step"

He sigh, "Can we at least be friends  
with benefits?"

I laugh, "Isn't it took early for you to be  
slaving your muscles?"

"Women-on-top is what they call it"

I laugh out loud, "No thanks"

He look at me with begging eyes,I  
laugh at him.

"Just little one in and one out" he say.

"Dude!" I say laughing.

We finish eating, he clean up while I look for a good movie to watch.

"Do you want to go out tonight?" he ask joining me on the couch.

"No"

"Since when are you this boring?" he ask.

"Since Bluetooth turned orange"

He click his tongue, "Send Zethu a message tell her I want to see her boyfriend"

I look at him, "Hhayi bo! What do you want from Tyson?"

"A white chick"

I roll my eyes, "I will have a heart attack, please don't"

He chuckles, "Yeah right. Anyway let's

have sex,just for fun,no strings attached"

I look at him,my eyes widened.

"Are you serious?"

He unbutton his shirt, "Yeah we will then pretend it never happened"

I laugh, "Okay,no text about missing my vjay"

"Deal" he say.

This is stupid,fun and also breaking the rules.

We strip our clothes off and get it on.

Chapter 55

Nozipho Biyela

.

My relationship with Anthony is taking a strain. My attention has been all captured by my family and the endless drama. He is also stuck on his constant business trips. He make me worry, at his age he should be resting and enjoying his late years of life. Only if he had an heir to take over, I guess money really doesn't guarantee the best out of life. Right now he is in Lesotho according to an online source, hopefully when he returns I will be able to rekindle our relationship. He will always be my daddy. He gave me the bests in life.

Donald is recovering well, now that he is out I have my husband's full attention. This morning he woke me

with breakfast in bed, it may have been prepared by Ziphe but it's thoughts that counts hey.

So far this pregnancy is treating me good.No morning sickness and less crazy cravings and mood swings.

Speaking of the devil!

"My peach"

I wonder why he comes back from work this early.I put the magazine that I've been reading down and smile, my whole world light up.

"Babe"

He put the keys and phones on the coffee-table and kiss me.

"How is my little buddy?" he ask.

I really hope it's a boy so that our kids would be balanced.Sphiwo needs a

little brother to grow into men with.

"He is well behaving, why are you here this early?"

"I can't work I'm hungry" he say in exhaustion.

That's just being the rich man's son.

"You have the kiosk in your workplace and the restaurant is just across the street"

"I want a home-cooked meal.How about I go buy spinach and we cook pap and boil some meat"

There is no 'we',he can't cook,he is referring to me and I'm sorry because I'm too tired to cook.

"No I'll warm pie for you"

He sigh "I don't want pie"

I get a lot whining from the kids,I don't

need a thirty years old man to go  
'childish' on me.

"I'll cook later babe,not now"

He keep quiet and pick his phone.

Something is bothering him but right  
now let me go prepare him food.

He is going to eat pie,so are the kids  
when they come back.I'll have to call  
Ziphe as the day goes and see how her  
therapy went.I really pray her and  
Thapelo work things out.

I put everything on the tray and go put  
it in front of him on the coffee-table.He  
doesn't look pleased but he pick a  
knife and start cutting,good for him!

"Is there something wrong?" I ask as  
he eat silently.

"Yes,food"

I roll my eyes and pick up the magazine. I really need new clothes, especially dresses and comfortably flat shoes. I need to maintain my style standards. I don't see the need to be pregnant and unattractive. I make the mental note to call my stylist later and see what she can do.

"Junior want a watch" he say bringing me back from fashion earth.

"Oh that's so clever of him" I say.

He chuckles "Not just any watch, the Rolex"

I laugh, "Don will be bankrupt by the time he turns sixteen"

"I still don't get why a mere child would insist on wearing Nike clothes

only"

Well Junior is like our little Jaden Smith. What Junior wants is what Junior get. I guess Don's parenting style differs because my Sphiwo have to prepare a speech and get into interviews before getting what he wants, having a rich grandfather doesn't work on his favor.

"He is living the best life, daddy's one and only" I say.

Just as we discuss his son he walk in wearing the tight jeans, crisp white shirt and sunglasses. Who is he smart for?

"I also want food" he say before he even sit.

"Didn't they feed you where you're

coming from?" Sbu ask.

He smile, "Oh boy they did but right now I want the real pie"

Real pie? It better be not what I'm thinking because he just came out of the hospital. He is resting his body and taking things easy.

"What brings you here?" I ask.

In the years I've spent in this family I've also grown out of the 'greeting' habit. Here you walk in and just start talking without wasting anybody's breath with your hellos.

"My car brought me here so must I go myself to the kitchen?" he say with his forever childish face.

I stand up "No,who knows where those hands have been"

He laugh and then turn to throw crazy remarks at Sbu's new cut.

I take out the pie and put it in the microwave. While it warms up I dial Simtho's number.

She answers when I'm about to give up.

"I'm sleeping" she says in a tired voice.

"Wake up and listen" I say.

I hear her sighing, "What is it?"

"Don smell like pussy, who is behind it?" I say digging out.

"I don't know Nozi"

I hope she is not lying, we don't lie to each other.

"Good because whoever it is is an inconsiderate bitch. Don should be resting and not slaved around on beds"

I say.

She laugh, "Girl, have you never heard of woman-on-top before?"

"So it's you little hoe" I say laughing.

"Don't tell anyone, it was a once-off thing just to remove spiderwebs.Can a girl have a secret in this family, gosh" Secret? What is that?

I laugh "Couldn't you wait at least a month?"

She is unbelievable!

"Says a person who get fucked every night,get some ice-cream girl"

I laugh, "Fucked up bitch"

She laugh "I want to sleep"

"Next time feed him after stretching your legs for him.I don't clean after your mess" I say.

"I'm too pregnant for that, catch up later. Don't forget to zip your mouth"  
I laugh and drop the call.

"Here gossiping"

I turn to look at him taking out water out of the fridge.

"Mind your own dear hubby"

He laughs, "Who is it? Sena or Zethu?"

I laugh, Zethu and Sena come highly recommended in the gossip field of this family.

He walk out. I prepare everything and put a jug of juice aside and go give Don.

I walk up to Sbu's study to give them space to talk their business and sports.

On my way I'm texting Sena telling her about Simtho and Don, she calls

immediately and ask me to dish more

details.

"Sena you're the only one who knows beside me,put a locker on those lips" I say.

"Babe you know me.So are they now together?"

"No,bye now"

She laugh as I drop the call irritated by her questions.

I look for Sbu's laptop and switch it on.First I check in my Instagram to see what's new.I am a big fan of Ellen Degeneres too,maybe I should start by watching her shows on YouTube and then catch up with the Fashion Police.

An incoming call disturbs me.

Zethu. I wonder what she want,she rarely calls.

"Hel.."

She cut me, "Hey listen to the latest shockers"

I frown "What?"

"Simtho has given Don the cookie on the silver tray"

Sena!!!!

"What?" I say shocked by Sena's lack of honesty.

She chuckles, "Woman on top, dear mama!"

I have no words for this.

"How did you find out?" I ask.

"Can't say my source, but can you believe it? I mean it's too soon"

"Zethu, don't spread lies" I warn.

She doesn't even care, she goes on and on. Now I need to find a way to stop

this from circulating.Sbu mustn't know,I know how he feels about them being together.

I sigh and get back to the laptop after she cut the call.

## Chapter 56

Zethu Biyela

.

Somebody just lifted my spirit up with bunch of flowers and sweet hand written message. Don't even guess you know it's my Tyson.

I put on a cap and sunglasses and walk out.I need some fresh air.Maybe I should start by dropping Coco at Sbu's

place and then go see the main bitch. I have a business to discuss with her. I still can't shake off the picture of her on top of Don.

I drive to Sbu's place and find him with Don. I manage to control myself from blabbing my mind out but I can't stop looking at Don and smiling.

"What? Do you like what you see?" he ask.

I roll my eyes, "I'm into the Givanston type of men"

Sbu chuckles, "Where is umlungu anyway?"

"He is a businessman brother, he don't sit on the couches all day" I say.

They look at each other and share the silent joke.

"Why are you here?" Sbu ask.

"Do you have wine?" I ask.

"Drunkard!" he reply,clearly annoyed.  
Get used to it brother!

"Fine I'll drink at Simtho's  
house.Please look after Coco for me"

He look around, "Where is she?"

"Running around the house I suppose"

Don laugh, "Now you're dating whites  
and having pets"

"Stop undermining me Donald" I say.

He laugh, "Shit,is his private hair also  
white?"

Sbu burst out laughing,I can't believe  
they are this stupid.

I ignore them on that, "Where is  
Nozipho?"

They continue laughing,

"Answer the question first?" Sbu says.  
I give them the middle finger and walk  
out leaving them laughing.

I drive away to Simtho's house. This  
house is so dull, inside and out. I swear  
people think nobody stays here.

I knock once and walk in. She is  
humming and cooking in the kitchen.  
She is getting fat.

"Why are you happy?" I ask and lean  
by the counter.

She look at me, "Who told you to come  
in? "

I smile "Why is your neck red?"

She grin, "I'm trying to cook my baby is  
hungry"

"Talk Simtholile" I say.

She turn back to her pot and stir.

"Fine" I walk away.

I need to find traces of evidence. I start in the dining area and look around.

Everything is in one piece. I snoop around in every bedroom, still nothing. Maybe it was all lies.

I sigh and go back to her.

"What have you been up to?" I ask.

She shrugs, "I don't know what you are talking about"

I sigh, "Fine, don't ever ask me about my personal life"

She laugh, "Consider it done"

I wait for her to finish cooking her pasta while sipping on some wine. After she finish dishing herself a mountain we both go sit in the lounge.

"I need you to look at this" I say giving

her the envelope.

She frown and put her plate down.

"You can make changes if you are not satisfied" I say.

She read with a huge grin on her face.

"R3.5k for what?" she ask.

"It's half of what I normally cost,that's family deal" I say.

She laugh out loud, "Girl, who do you think you are?"

"Simtho this is the fair deal,other designers would cost you ten times that price" I say.

I'm real doing her a favour here. I've designed my friend's houses for five thousands and above. I come highly recommended in many places.

"Come on,sip some champagne! You

are not even a qualified designer and we had a deal that you keep Coco and do my baby's room for free"

I don't remember the 'free' part,I only said I will do her baby's room.

"That deal wasn't sealed,we didn't discuss further details like the price and time"

She dig in her plate and shake her head.

"You're sick"

I sigh, "This is why I don't mix family with business"

"Forget it.I'm not paying you a cent I gave you my dog" she say.

I laugh, "Come on,I'll do the shopping until my nails break and do the painting. For what? A dog you got for

free"

She need to be considerate.

"Look at it thoroughly and see how much effort I'm going to put in making your baby's room beautiful"

She shake her head, "No Zethu you don't get to bully me"

I give up!

"Fine then we have no business" I say.

She giggles, "Oh yes we do sweetheart"

She must keep dreaming. I look around for the remote and something catch my eye.

"Simtho is that your g-string?" I ask looking at the black thong on the floor near the couch's edge.

She choke on her food and

cough. Somebody give me a Bells

I laugh, "Got nothing to say now huh?"

She laugh, "I was bathing"

Bad liar.

"We bath in the lounges now. So tell me how was it?"

She smile, "Refreshing like nothing on earth"

I laugh "Cheers to that. Did you condomise?"

She frown "I keep it real, I have nothing to lose"

Clap once, clap twice!

"You know you could be twice pregnant as we speak?" I ask and we both laugh.

"He does love me" she say, suddenly serious AF.

"I know, have you moved on from

Loyiso though?"

She sigh, "I can't, especially knowing that I could be carrying his child. I blame myself for everything"

I hold her hand, "God's timing can never be fought"

She shrugs, "I hate to have my hand in it"

"He was going to die anyway, sick bastards always do"

She gasp "Zethu! He was also a good man"

I chuckle, "Good at making your pussy sing in tunes, good at giving you expensive gifts and making you feel special other than that he was a monster"

She roll her eyes, "And how well do

you know Tyson?"

I keep quiet, but he can't be that bad. She laugh, "Exactly most of the times men's first impressions are never genuine. Trust him when you know him"

I nod "I'm still gonna sleep with him though"

"Don't get pregnant"

I roll my eyes "Unlike you I do condomise"

She smile cheekily, "And you miss out on the good staff"

She can have that good staff I'm not riding on that bus, who is going to drink all the alcohol if I get pregnant? I look at her, "You actually need a life, let's go"

She reluctantly go with me for fresh air.I need to pick Ziphe up too,she also need a life.

We drive to Sbu's house first to pick the lifeless pregnant Nozi.Sbu is against the idea but I manage to convince him we are just going to dine and eat sea food and drink plain water. We ignore Simtho and Don staring at each other and sharing secret smiles every now and then.

Just as we are about to walk out Thapelo walk in with his niece.

"Hello" Tami greet looking at everyone in the house.

She look just like my type. We can get along very well.

"This is Tamika,my sister's daughter"

Thapelo do the introductions.

Tami start off by hugging Nozipho.

"Oh my God I love you,you even look better in person" she says.

She hugs Simtho then wink at me and shake Sbu's hand.

She then go to Don with a seductive smile.

"Hi,I'm Tamika"

We all know who she is by now.Don chuckles and do the handshake, which take a little longer.

"Sweetheart that's enough handshake for the day" Simtho says.

I look across at Nozi,we both burst out laughing. Simtho look ready to kill the girl while Sbu look ready to kill her.

## Chapter 57

Sena Biyela

.

Finally she walks out. I grab my bag and stand up. Her eyes are bloody red, this is what opening up about everything does.

"Why did you take so long?" I ask.

"It only have been one hour" she say in a husky voice.

"It felt like a week"

I've been waiting for her on the chairs in the waiting area while she went in for her therapy session with Dr Cowell. I didn't want to go inside and bore myself and cry my eyeballs out about Ziphe's issues.

I give her a hug, "Are you good?"

She nod, "Ya,thanks for coming"

"Anytime"

We walk to her car and drive off.She drop me at my place,I walk in and find Fikile playing with Quinton.

"Hey mummy" Fiki says.

Quinton jump up and run to me.I pick him up as heavy as he is.

"Missed me?" I ask.

He smile "Yes,me and daddy"

I also smile "I also missed my boys"

I put him down,he continues playing with Fikile.

"And you sistaz when did you arrive here?" I ask Fiki.

"When your man wanted to go out"

Lwazi! He promised me he would look

after Quinton until I come back.

I hide my concerns and ask how long he has been gone. It has been three hours.

I hope he is not drinking wherever he is. This day-off was for him to rest and spend time with us.

"I'll go get him, please take Q with you. I will fetch him later"

Fiki being the eldest understand that there is trouble, she doesn't do a lot of questioning she will do it later, that's for sure. She gathers a few toys and a jacket and pack it. We walk out together.

"Bye baby, I'll fetch you from aunt Fiko. She will give you chewing gums" I say to Quinton.

A chewing-gum part get him racing to Fiki's car and shouting for her to hurry up.

"What's happening Sena?" she ask.

I can't answer her.This is the first time I'm keeping them from the truth.

I exhale "I just want to know if he is really not cheating on me"

She roll her eyes "Girl can you sit down and sip some champagne?"

I expected that,my family trust Lwazi more than me.

I know he is not cheating on me with a girl but he could be cheating on himself with alcohol,that's my worry.

"Feed my son,I will call" I say and walk away.

I need to check him in his work first.I

drive there and bump to his PA, who tell me he left thirty minutes earlier with Scott.

I need to start in that bar they always hang out at, Chibbaz. I drive there anxiously.

I park in the parking area and walk in. This place is classy I wonder how old is the owner.

I walk straight to the barman and ask if he's seen Lwazi Madlala. He is well-known in this place. The barman show me where he is sitting.

There is a bottle of whisky in front of them. Scott see me first and smile.

Both of them are my ex-employees from Gala Electrical.

I tap his shoulder, "Hi"

He look at me shocked "Babe"

I greet Scott, "I came to fetch my man,if you don't mind"

"Not at all boss lady,Lwazi see you tomorrow"

I smile "Babe,I left Quinton alone let's go"

He stand up "Why did you leave him alone?"

That's a rich question coming from him.

"Bye Scott" I say.

I need to think ahead and monitor this Scott. My instincts tell me I need to put him on the leash.I need him to be silenced,I won't take his word for it.

We walk out holding hands.Lwazi could drink a whole bottle of bad

whisky and not get drunk. Now tell me which blood type make that happen? It's a good thing though, I can't have a man who drink and sing religious songs and insults everything.

I open the passenger door for him, I'm a man. I get in my seat and drive away. I drive in the garage and open the door for him. We've been silent throughout the journey.

He walk in the house and call out for Quinton.

"He left with Fiki" I say.

He look at me, his eyes are reddish.

"Oh"

I know he is wondering why I'm not shouting at him for breaking the promise. Yes, I am mad at him for

choosing Scott over his son. He was supposed to stay and bond with Quinton.

"Lwazi" I call him firmly.

He blink, "Babe"

"I understand but this... no babe no" I say.

He sigh "I'm sorry,I needed to take my mind off things"

I nod, "But we have TV,play stations and a tennis court.We also have alcohol in the house"

He look away,

"Sorry" he mumbles.

I walk over him and kiss his neck.He shivers and push me away.

"Babe I will bath first" he say.

I hold him by his arm "No,I need my

man. It's over babe, live your life. Be proud, you have nothing to make you feel any less than a man"

I pull his head down, entwining my hands around his neck. I kiss his cold brewery-smelling lips. He kiss me back, I pull away and smile.

He hold my cheeks and kiss me again, deeply this time. I find myself moaning in his mouth.

I push him to the couch and remove my mouth from his and go onto his neck, my tongue licking now and then. His eyes are closed, he keep moaning. I go back to his lips and suck them while I send my hand to his belt and unbuckle it.

"Babe no" he say and try pushing my

hand out.

"Babe, this is us" I say and lick his earlobe, circling the inside with my tongue.

His boy is standing firmly right now. I would love to give him a little blow but I need him to see my face and remember it's us.

Thanks to Andrew for bringing back all the hurtful memories to his head, now I need to work on his self-esteem and try to bury those memories.

I don't take anything out, I just slide the panty aside and push him in.

"Babe" he cry and pin me down on him.

I move down, he move up, we meet halfway and moan.

His eyes are closed, his mouth is open. I thrust in and feel tears threatening to come out as he moan in pleasure.

How painful it must have been? Now he remembers the moans he made.

He hold my butt tightly,

"Babe...fa..faster"

I increase the pace, he is way too fast though. I stop and let him be.

He clench his teeth, making that 'ssss' sound and go a bit slower.

He must go ahead. I won't be able to reach there, my mind is clouded. This was for him anyway.

I stir on him and moan louder, he squeeze my butt and cry out.

"Babe...Babe" he cry, trying to make me stop.

"Babe cum" I say and press my butt down.

He lift my thighs a bit up and thrust in and out like a lunatic.

His break out is accompanied by a loud bull groan.

I wait for him to find his senses back before I unhook myself.

So much tears.

He hold my hand and look at me.

I go first, "I'm sorry"

I shouldn't have cried,we are moving forward here and burying the past.

He pull me to his chest, "I love you Sena"

I start weeping again,I only manage to nod.

"I promise I'll be a better man for you"

I just brush his head and enjoy the comfort I get on his chest.

"I will never hurt you or my son, you're my family" he say.

"I know"

He exhale "You loved me when nobody did.You love a person who was never loved by both his parents.You are something else,something special"

I blush, "Okay,now I need to wipe these sperms"

He chuckles, "Wasting energy,I'm not done with you"

I giggle and draw a heart with my finger on his arm.

Bye Ziphe and Fiki on the deserts.

## Chapter 58

Ziphe Biyela

.

I don't know what to expect as I walk in. I look around and feel as cold as the walls of this house. My house. Where my heart is supposed to find comfort and warmth. I walk to the kitchen, it's dry.

I put my purse on top of the counter and exhale. The pots are shining inside and out. What they've been cooking with? I open the fridge, there are no left overs, only some Woolworth's salad in a sealed container.

I'm hungry and my own cooking.

Firstly I need to move my stuff to the

spare bedroom. I've been advised to give him what he want. If blaming me is going to let him heal,so be it.I need to focus on forgiving myself before I plead for his forgiveness.I need to give him space but also be available whenever he needs me. Being a wife means making a lot of compromises.I take almost everything that belongs to me and move it to the bedroom downstairs. I'm so tired and hungry by the time I finish. I have been going back and forth in these staircases.I need a warm shower before I start with the pots.I shower and get in my night wears and tie my braids messily. I'm tired I can't cook beyond pap and roasted meat.I'll take the salad in the

fridge and have some bubbly with it. I cook what enough for one tummy and set the table. I'm sure he have food wherever he is and his niece is sorted. I dig in my food while checking dozens of pictures Zethu is sending me. They are now in some kind of chilled club, Zethu and Tami look drunk. I wonder why Nozipho and Simtho are still there. Hell will break loose with my brother. Nozipho should be home with her kids, not in night clubs looking lost. Sena is occupied with whatever is happening in her house. She made excuses of why she can't join them. Fikile is always out of town attending business meetings or home with her kids. Fiki is almost boring as

me and Zanda if you ignore the fact that she drink like a fish when she get the chance.

I'm halfway with the food when the main door swing open.I lose the appetite.

I feel his presence getting closer and closer.I keep my head down and concentrate on the plate.

He sit on the chair,opposite me.

I lift my head and find him staring right at me.For a while we just stare at each other until I decide to shift my gaze back to my food.

After a while he clear his throat,I look at him. He doesn't say anything.

I eat my food silently,again he clear his throat.

When I look at him he is looking at the plate,

"You cooked?"

He didn't greet me, we haven't talked in weeks and this is the first thing he is going to ask. He is interested in the food I cooked.

I just nod and continue eating.

"I'd like some food too" he says.

I want to ask why he didn't eat where he is coming from but I decide against it.

"I only cooked for me" I say.

I didn't know he still want to eat the food I cooked. I thought he have everything sorted out and surviving gladly without me.

"Wow!" he exclaim.

There is a conversation we should have before discussing food.

"How are you?" I ask looking at him.

He shrugs, "Hungry"

I do the Christianity and push the plate with half eaten pap and small piece of meat to him.

He pick the fork right away,

"Thanks"

He start eating like a street kid having his first meal after days.

I watch him and suddenly feel bad.I should've cooked more.

Within two minutes he has wiped the plate clean.He take everything to the kitchen and come back drinking a bottle of water.

We sit in chairs,not having any

conversation.I realise how broken I've made us to be.

I stand to leave,my eyes are getting heavier.

"Goodnight" I say.

He keep quiet.I sigh and walk away.

I can feel his eyes piercing through my skin as I walk.This is not going to be easy.We both can't initiate a productive conversation while we have so much to talk about.

I go to the bathroom and brush my teeth.I finish and just take a minute to look at myself in the mirror. My eyes have completely lost the light,my skin has lost complexion.

I drag my feet and go to bed.

Oh flip't! My phone.

I kick the blankets and walk back to the dining room.

I find him busy on my phone. Wtf!

"That's my phone" I say with my arms folded on my chest.

"I know"

Is he testing me?

"Thapelo!" I say warningly.

He doesn't budge, "Is Niresch that boy who was here in my house?"

I can't believe he is snooping in my cellphone openly. What happened to privacy?

"You really care, fifteen messages just to apologize?" he ask.

I sigh, "I put him in the awkward position, now please give me my phone"

He chuckles, "And I haven't received a single text or call from you apologising to me for what you did"

Now I feel like a kid,I have nothing to say.I feel bullied.

"Thapelo my phone" I say.

Instead of giving it to me he throw it against the wall.It smash into pieces.

I'm shocked, I have my hands covering my mouth.

I don't know when he stood up and came to grab my hair.

"You do it again and again and again" he shout.

I find the strength to shove him back,when he walk to me angrily after balancing by the wall I let one hot slap against his face.

"You don't break me like this Thapelo and put your filthy hands on me" I scream and grab him by his shirt.

When I aim for another slap he hold my hand and push me to the wall and pin me.

"You're tough,huh?" he say.

"Don't talk to my face or else"

He cup my face with his left hand,

"Or what Mrs Mokoena? You'll slap me or even worse get a muti to kill me"

Tears troll down my face, I can't move or slap him but I can scratch his arm with my nails.

"You think I wanted to kill the only thing I've ever dreamed of for four years.Do you know the pain I feel looking at Quinton knowing that my

baby would be his age.Huh? Do you?"

He keep breathing heavily and stopping me from hitting him.

"You think you're the only one in pain. Well you're not feeling half the pain I'm feeling. I have my conscience eating me every fuckin' day and a husband who doesn't understand nor listen"

He sniff his nose, "You think you know how I feel?"

"No I don't know as much as you don't know about me. We're doomed Thapelo,maybe you were right we should quit" I say.

He grab my face and attack my mouth with his lips.I obey and respond to him,I taste the salt of my tears in his

lips.

Within a few minutes we are on the floor. He is breathing heavily on top of me, his eyes are closed.

We kiss each other with so much anger, my lips feel like they are swelling.

He slide his hand in my vjay and massage it roughly. I tear his shirt, the buttons fly all over.

He stop kissing me and strip me naked and then push his pants down.

He grab my legs apart and put his cock in my wet vjay and rub it.

I grab his head to my face and kiss him with hunger. He moan and push it slowly inside. When he is completely fitted he start bouncing on top of me.

I hold around his waist tightly and move with him. He is groaning and cursing while I'm screaming and crying.

I reach my station first, he doesn't slow down he keep thrusting harder. He poke all the right places and my mind keep going on an overseas vacation. Just when I think I'm getting back in action my body fails me. The magical wave take me away over and over again.

Eventually, when I'm like a breathing corpse, he groan like a bull taking it last breath and fall on my chest powerlessly.

I'm too tired to even open my eyes and see what he is doing. I only hear his

movements near me.

He scoop me up and walk with me.He is taking the steps.No! I sleep downstairs, not with him.

I want to argue with him but I can't. He put me on the bed and come back after a while. I feel something soft and warm wiping my legs and in between.

My body is long asleep,it's my mind that is still holding on.

"I love you.. forgive me babe"

I hear those words before my mind shut down.

I wake up in the beautiful place.The sky is clear and blue.The grass is green and there is no one except me.I'm smiling and picking up the flowers.

"Hi" a little boy appears.

I smile at him, he look so cute and innocent.

"Hey,do you want a beautiful flower?" I ask.

He smile, "Yes and a beautiful mom and dad"

My heart melt, "I can be your beautiful mom.Here take the flowers"

He doesn't take the flowers,

"No,you're not a beautiful mom.You cry and always sad"

I look at him confused, "Who are you with here?"

"My little brother,he cries a lot because our mom and dad also cries a lot"

The flowers in my hands drop to the ground.

"Where is he?" I ask.

"In the peaceful place"

Just when I want to ask if I can accompany him back to where his little brother is he vanishes.

I look everywhere for him but I can't find him. Instead of crying I sit on the grass and sing a beautiful song with a smile on my face.

Chapter 59

Ziphe Biyela

.

I open my eyes, look around the room. My bedroom, yah! The sun is blazing sharply through the curtains. How long was I asleep?

Thapelo? Maybe he used the other bedroom. Last night was intense, maybe he is still mad I slapped him. I was driven by emotions. I'm embarrassed thinking about how crazy I acted.

I had a dream! I remember the little boy, my body shivers. He said I'm always crying and sad, he need a happy mom. I need to deal with my demons, I've held this baggage far too long. I need to let go.

I need to forgive myself and I need to apologise to my husband. I need to start over, focus on life ahead and stop living in the past trying to make it right.

I wake up and kneel on the carpet. I close my eyes and take a deep breath;

"Dear God I have no idea where to start.I'm grateful for the life you gave me,thanks for protecting me.Heavenly Father I'm not here to ask for a lot,I need strength. Please untie my soul from guilt and give me the ability to move on.I plead for peace in my life,solidness in my marriage and joy. In your holy name I pray,I bow for you my Saviour.In Jesus Christ's spirit Amen"

"Amen"

I open my eyes shocked,he is kneeling right next to me.

For a moment we just look at each other.

I throw my eyes to the floor, "I'm sorry"

He pull me to his chest and squeeze me for good minutes.

"I understand.I'm sorry I said those hurtful words to you MaBiyela" he say over my shoulder.

The words I've been yearning,I wanted his understanding.

I fight back the tears, "I'm sorry too,I was hurting.I really don't know how to deal with pain"

He chuckles, "You drank babe and brought a nigga in my house"

But I'm apologising for exactly that.

I push him,put my hands on his shoulders and stare at him.

"Do you doubt my love for you? You think I'd do things to hurt you,us,intentionally?" I ask.

He shake his head, "No..I was hurt,blaming you was the only way I dealt with it.I'm sorry for that,babe you need therapy. This 'babies' thing will destroy you"

So outdated!

"Had my first session yesterday"

He look saddened by that,he take a long deep breath.

I smile, first smile in weeks. He smile back.

"My knees hurts" I say.

We sit on bed our arms around each other. Maybe I should talk about the strange dream.

I tell him,he get strangely quiet after.Maybe I shouldn't have told him.

"I'm going to take a bath" I say and

head to the bathroom leaving him rooted in the same spot on bed, looking lost.

I get in the bathroom, flip it! I took everything to the spare bedroom downstairs. Why was I that dramatic? I should've taken some and left some. I'll just take a bath downstairs then.

Now I have to pass by him. I take a deep breath and walk back through the bedroom to the staircases.

TV volume is very high. Woman sexually screams fill the whole floor. It coming from one of the bedrooms here.

I head to the door of the source of loud porn and knock.

Zethu better not test me!

I kick the door, it opens. It's just like her not to lock the door.

I go to the TV stand look for the remote and switch the damn thing off. She comes out of covers with red eyes. The niece!

"What are you doing here?" she asks very angry.

Her knees are up, she was doing what you're thinking. I'm so embarrassed for her.

"Do you know how close I was? You need a life" she continues.

I yawn, "Keep the volume down, you're traumatizing me"

I walk to the door, she grunts angrily.

"Damn it Aunt"

Oh shoot my bubble! I'm an aunt to my

peer.

"Lock the door" I say and close it behind me.

She is the complete opposite of her mother. I've met her mother once or twice, she is the most humble person I know. You can't help but respect her. Yesterday I put my things all over the place. My clothes are scattered on the bed, shoes crowded on the floor. He saved me some work by taking me to our bedroom.

I fill the bathtub with warm water. I scrub my body, my joints hurts.

Yesterday was Hallelujah.

From this bedroom I can hear porn sounds from Tami's bedroom. I need to soundproof all the bedrooms.

I finish bathing, dress up and head to the kitchen to get me and Thapelo breakfast snack. Later I'll make full English breakfast.

I find him dressed up, sitting on bed with his hand on the cheek.

"You look sad" I say.

He look at me, "I'm not"

"Are you certain?"

He exhale, "I feel like I failed my deceased babies"

Okay he need to stop.

"Love" I touch his arm.

"Let's cherish one another. They say God doesn't give you more than you can handle. In God's time all will be okay"

Ow! That's deepness from nowhere

but I agree with him. We lost the baby but we still have each other, why not cherish what God hasn't taken away from you?

"About last night, I'm sorry" I say and hand him an apple.

He laugh out loud, "No I'm not forgiving you for that. You'll be punished accordingly"

My eyes pop out,

"What?"

"Damn your little hands provide such stinging slaps" he says and laugh.

I'm embarrassed, my dad would be disappointed.

"Stop laughing I'm traumatized" I say.

He stop laughing immediately and look at me.

"Babe I'll go with you to the therapy,  
I'll support you. You are not alone"

Can he just chill?

"Not by that, something worse" I say.

He frown.

I exhale, "I walk on your niece helping  
herself"

"With what? Alcohol" he says.

I guess she is well-known  
drunkard. You know those type that  
would tell others in front of elders like,  
"Open the bottle, don't mind them they  
know we drink'.

That type in my family is Zethu.

I laugh, "Helping herself intimately"

He look at me confused, "Huh?"

"Are you slow or what?" I ask laughing.

He spit the apple he had bitten on the

plate. Now he is disgusting.

He is grinning disgustedly, "That is awful, fuck!"

I laugh, "Better the finger than the actual thing, that's more awful"

"Awful ne?" he says and bite his lower lip.

"I'm eating brother" I say with a serious face.

He come close to my face,

"Somebody hasn't eaten for a long long time. Don't you think you owe him Mrs Mokoena?" he whispers.

He is so wrong though. I feel his warm lips tickling my neck. This is it.

Breakfast time is way over, I hope that Tami has prepared something and left some for us. I'm not making that full

breakfast anymore, blame Thapelo for that.

We find her in the lounge glued to her phone and smiling.

"Good morning,so you're back together that's nice" she says.

She is not one percent embarrassed by what I caught her doing earlier.She is some girl.

I leave them chatting and go to the kitchen. I find a bowl in the sink. She didn't cook,she ate cornflakes,so lazy.

We will eat sandwiches and juice I have no energy. Anyone who got a problem there is Mugg&Bean.

"Food guys" I say handing them the plates.

"I last ate full breakfast a month ago"

he says.

I roll my eyes, "Now you don't know the story,nice"

He must be serious, he is the one who made me tired.If I overwork in the bedroom, I'll slow down in the kitchen.

"That guy..what's his name Thapelo?"

She calls me aunt and his uncle by name. She must cut me some slack.

"You are not still on about him,please"

Thapelo say clearly annoyed.

Curiosity didn't kill a cat,it's lies.

"Who is that?" I ask.

She flip her long eyelashes, "My yummy future bae.Oh aunt his lips my gosh!"

Really? Her mother's brother is right here.

"Donald" Thapelo tell me.

I drop the glass on the table, "Askies?"

She smile, "I need to see him again and

Thapelo please don't be my

grandfather about it"

Wait a minute....

"He is my sister's boyfriend,he is not available" I say.

Thapelo look at me with a reprimanding look.

"Boyfriend as you say,not husband. I get goosebumps just thinking about him" she say with his hand on her chest.

"Stop dreaming girl" I say.

I choose to ignore Thapelo's look at the moment. My sisters are my ride-or-die,I will always be on their side.

Now I need to raise 'boyfriend snatchers' awareness to the girls.

## Chapter 60

### Fiki Biyela

.

I came very late last night. They were already asleep. I missed them so much that I just wanted to see them before I close my eyes. I arrived here around half past ten at night. They were fast asleep, I only had a chance to kiss their foreheads. My princes.

In the morning I'm awakened Kuhle's voice. He is on my bed, scrolling on the phone.

"Morning baby" I say.

"Mom I can't find the Fighting Tiger"  
he says.

I yawn,take it and look for that game.I  
find it and hand it back to him.My  
phone used to be fun,loads of porn  
videos and nudes,he had to demand  
sharing it for games I deleted every  
creepy stuff.Now the only safe device  
to keep my dirty stuff is laptop.

"Where is Simile?" I ask.

He doesn't answer,he is so busy tinting  
the screen sideways and making little  
screams.The game itself is very  
noisy.What a way to wake up!

I must freshen up and make  
breakfast.My mom can wake up at nine  
o'clock,depending on her mood.Don't

ever count on her to make breakfast. Her 'responsibility wake up by dawn to attend his businesses' she always say. Our helper only cook lunch, breakfast and supper is on family.

I shower, dress up in the African printed long skirt, tuck in the white shirt and sandals. Just for fun I wrap the skirt-matching doek around my head with my ponytail popping out. I walk back to Kuhle and beg for my phone. I need to check on my siblings, we last talked yesterday when they went out dragged by Zethu. Nozipho is in hot waters with Sbusiso, that's what the text she sent says. I think it's about coming home at

midnight.Sbu must chill,as much as she is the wife and mother of three kids with one coming soon she also deserve to enjoy life.She has been forever in that house slaving around and eating unhealthy.

We walk downstairs, Kuhle is following me chatting nonstop, I don't even know the topic of the story but it's about some nice racing game.

Simile is in the kitchen,cooking. At first I'm shocked,then I start panicking and rush to him.

"Are you trying to kill yourself?

Simile!!" I say pulling him away from the stove.

What if the hot oil jumped on his face or he burn his hand? I'm going to have

a heart attack.

"Good morning mom"

He nearly.. may have hurt himself and he is still greeting me this calm!

"Simile don't ever, I mean ever again, come to the kitchen and touch the stoves or ovens. Wait for an elder to do it for you" I say.

Kuhle giggles, "Mom Simile always cook his favourite food"

What?

"Simile" I say glaring at him.

"What is wrong with me cooking mom? I can cook, I know how to operate the kitchen appliances"

I exhale, "You're young, you're a boy, don't cook end of the story"

"Okay" he say and walk away.

I need to have a talk with mom. My kids can't be wandering around the kitchen and cooking.

"Morning honey"

Finally madam is awake. We hug, she look amazing.

"Are you trying to compete with your children?" I ask looking at her outfit with jealous.

"You are competing with me, not the other way around. Ask your dad if you want to know who is beautiful between us"

I roll my eyes, "You're so full of yourself"

She sit on the chair, "Add more sausages and eggs your father's brother is on his way"

"Thobela?" I ask.

"Yes, he left a few days ago because his cow wasn't well. He is staying until Senamile's lobola end" she says peeling banana.

I exhale, "He is going to make fuss about everything, I need to be on my A game."

She laughs, she loves people who torture us. I look at myself,

"Outfit, decent. Make-up, not too visible. Nails, nude pink. God is great!"

We both laugh.

Trust me Bab' Thobela can turn a mansion with aircons into hot hell. He roasts people for a living.

I prepare breakfast, Simile sets the table against my will. He likes overworking

himself and he should stop.

"Mkhulu" Kuhle shout and run to the door.

He is here, wearing cowboy's hat and brown leather jacket. He pick Kuhle up with a huge smile, walk toward us.

He take off the hat, "Menziwa!"

"Yebo Menziwa" my mom greet back.

He shake our hands, take off his jacket and hang it over the chair and sit.

"Oh this is Skhumbuzo, he drove me here. We are neighbours, he is Nkosi's son. Sit down my boy"

Now I look at him. I didn't notice him, my attention was on Bab' Thobela's weird animal skin band around his wrist.

He sit on the chair opposite me. I need

to breath,okay.He intimidate me,I can't look in his direction.

One look was enough to see how flawlessly dark his skin is,his eyes are small like a black china.

"Good morning" he greet.

His voice! No I give up,I need to be locked up for having these feelings about a strange man in front of my kids.

My mom greet him ecstatically. I'll probably choke on my saliva if I try saying anything.

Bab' Thobela is busy telling my mom about his cow.I don't understand his fuss about a cow.What is wrong if a cow dies because nobody mourns they all feast in great free meat.

"I need a laptop for school" Simile says.  
I look at him, "Which grade are you  
doing Simile?"

"Grandpa will get you one baby" mom  
says and go back to Bab' Thobela.

"Thanks granny, my dad said I must  
forget about it he doesn't have money"  
My blood boils, "That son of a bitch!  
How come he have no money but he is  
on vacations every month end? "

"Fikile not in front of the guest" mom  
warns.

I exhale frustrated. He must never  
disappoint my child. His father is his  
superhero, he is going to have anger if  
he keep turning him down.

"I'll talk with him baby" I say.

My mood has been spoiled, I push the

plate aside and drink water instead. Mom and Bab' Thobela are chatting and laughing. Kuhle is making annoying chewing sounds.

"Kuhle what are you? A cow" I say looking at him.

"No mkhulu's cow is sick"

I let him be because he doesn't understand what I'm on about.

"Thank you my daughter, food was delicious except the onions"

I'm used to him I don't care anymore. Nobody is perfect in his eyes. Not even my dad, he once told him he remind him of a Nigerian rich man who was a witch and devil worshiper. I stay behind and clean the table, they all head to the lounge.

"Mom"

I lift my head up.

"Yes baby"

"I'm not sad about the laptop, my dad is my male parent. You're my queen I know you'll never disappoint me. I love you"

I smile and hug him, "And you're my prince, I love you too. Don't ever call that goat again"

He push me away, he smile like a grown man.

"Ma there is this girl in my class, she is beautiful"

Now wait a minute...

I look at him shocked, words failing me.

"Tell her how you feel" a deep voice say behind me.

"I will, I can tell she like me too" he say  
and walk away proudly.

I look at this guy, all the crush I had on  
him gone.

"Why did you tell my son to court  
girls? Who are you?" I ask angrily.

"Skhumbuzo" he stretch his hand.

"You go and tell him you were playing,  
now"

He smile "You are beautiful"

I will slap him!

"Bhuti wabantu" I say warningly.

"Let him grow up. I'd like to know you  
better"

He sound like a deep rural man. He  
speak with so much authority and  
pride.

"No" I say and walk away from him.

He hold my hand, in my father's house!  
The nerve of this guy!

"I am a patient man,I'm a Nkosi.What a  
Nkosi want it's what he get.Be well  
nkosazane"

He let go of my hand.I'm fuming,he is  
so arrogant.I go wash my hand.

"We will see about that Skhumbuzo  
Nkosi" I say to myself.

"Daydreaming?"

I smile and hug him.

"Oh daddy where have you been? A  
guy nearly beat me because I didn't  
want to tell him my name"

His face change immediately, he look  
murderous,

"Where is he?" He ask.

"He is with Bab' Thobela,he annoys the

living hell out of me. Please have a word with him"

He charge to the balcony right away angrily. If a Nkosi want something from a Biyela he'll not get it.He will feel the Biyela wrath instead, nobody talk to me like that and make me feel so little.

I hear the shouting from where I am.At least my dad is a superhero.

After minutes dad walk in and walk past me fuming.

He walk out in after him,he stand next to me.

"Fikile Biyela,daddy's princess,you will be my princess soon. Daddy won't be always there,see you soon"

He walk past me to the main door.Fuck

him!

Now I need to find Simile and give him an earful about girls.

Chapter 61

Nozipho Biyela

.

Can you believe he slept with Sphiwo? Because I came home at midnight and didn't answer my phone when he called.

I take it he is not talking to me because he is downstairs with the kids,he didn't even come to check on me.So

being married means I can't live.

I drag my feet to the bathroom, I brush my teeth and fill the bathtub with water. I'm exhausted, I soak my body and rest. To think I allowed Zethu to drag me to her 'fun places', it was out of this world. I may have not danced or drank but I had so much fun gossiping about drunk people and those with bad dancing skills. Zethu and Tami were having time of their lives. They get along very well, they share similar personalities. Simtho was a bit rude toward her, it must be that 'handshake' moment. My body need some rest.

"Nozipho"

I hear his voice from the distance. He shake me violently, my mind crawl

back. My body is cold. Oh shucks! I slept while bathing. I don't know for how long but he is glaring at me with so much anger.

"See what happens when you join Zethu's squad" he says.

I grunt and step out. I dry myself with towel, lotion my body while he is watching me like a hawk. I take another towel and wrap myself and leave him there.

I put the summer short on and his T-shirt. I look so baggy with it but who cares!

"Your kids miss you?" He say when he walk in.

"I'm going to them right now"

"What are your plans today? Going to

Point?" He ask so cocky.

I'm not going to nurse his whinings,he is always going out with the guys not even once have I said a word.

"No I'm staying at home giving you the cookie,maybe next week I'll go to

Point" I say.

He is looking at me with a killer one, I blow him a kiss and wink then walk out.

"Babies" I say.

They are squashed in one-seater couch.All three of them,watching cartoons.

"Hi mom" they greet back.

Their attention is on the screen.I thought they missed me.

I let them be and head to the

kitchen.We are starving.

There was a tsunami in my kitchen.

Dirty dishes on the counter,mugs and glasses are lying all over.There is a plate on top of the stove with empty meat tray.I check inside the microwave and find food crumps inside and spilled milk.

"I'm going to die" I mumble.

Where do I start cleaning this mess?

No I need to eat first.I open the bread tin and take the bread out.Now where do I make the sandwiches?

I gather all the necessities and prepare in the dining room.I grate the cheese,add some lettuce and sliced tomatoes.I put little mayonnaise in four sandwiches and so much in one.

He is sitting with Liya on the other couch. I put the tray on the coffee table.

"Juice or cold drink" I ask.

Liya say juice, Aya say fanta and Sphiwo say milkshakes. I shouldn't have given them options.

I go back to the messy kitchen, pour juice in one glass and take 2l of fanta. I take milkshake for Sphiwo and head back to the lounge. They are already eating like hungry lions. They take their drinks. I pour Sbu the cold drink in a glass and sit on the couch with my plate.

"Oh no!" I say when I realise.

They look at me, I'm looking at the sandwich. It is the wrong one.

"Who ate my sandwich?" I ask.

I'm already shaking with anger.

"There is your sandwich on the plate mom" Sphiwo says.

"No this is not, mine was different" I say my voice breaking.

"Different? All the sandwiches were the same" their daddy says.

"No they were not, I put more mayonnaise on mine"

He shrugs, "I don't know"

I look at the twins, they giggle and put their hands on their cheeks.

"I ain't playing with you" I say.

"Maybe it's Aya" Liya says.

I look at Aya, she point Sphiwo. Sphiwo is licking his fingers, my mayonnaise is all over his little fingers.

"Why didn't you write your name on it mom?" Aya ask.

They all laugh,they think it's funny.I take my plate and stand up to leave.

"I'm going upstairs when I come back I want my kitchen spotless" I say and walk away.

I go to the kitchen first,put more mayonnaise and grab a pocket of simba chips and go.I sit in my study and eat.Yummy!

When I'm done eating everything I head back downstairs. Nobody is here, it's quiet.The TV is off as well.I go to the kitchen and find it in the same situation. Now I'm being tested.

I call Bab' Biyela,his son is not treating me good.

"Makoti" he answers.

"Baba Sbusiso is ill-treating me. Yesterday I went out to dinner with the girls when I come back he has messed my kitchen like a brainless person. Everything is all over the place. Okay I let that go I prepare them food in the dining room because the kitchen have no space, guess what? He swipe my sandwich which I prepared with so much love."

"Where is he?" He ask.

"He took the kids I don't know where they went, he refused to clean the mess he made. What am I in this house? A maid" I say angrily.

"Calm down makoti, he will come back there and clean. Give him laundry to do

and he will be the one who will  
organise supper"

I take a deep breath, "He is stubborn  
baba"

"Leave that stubbornness to me, go to  
that place where they massage people  
for money. Visit your friends, go  
shopping and come home when you  
feel like coming home. He will serve  
you dinner"

I sigh in relief, "Okay thanks baba"

He chuckles, "Don't worry about the  
kids Ntombizethu will come collect  
them"

I smile alone, "You are the best  
Menziwa"

He chuckles, "The best from the best"

I drop the phone with so much

excitement.I know nobody go against Biyela's word.I do need some spa treatment indeed. I run upstairs and change the clothes,take my purse and head out.

Guess who is back?

"You're back?" I say.

He walk past me with a grin.I laugh out loud.I drive to Palesa's flat and invite her to my shopping spree.We clean out the shops,kill the meat in one of the expensive restaurant and head to the spa.

Around six o'clock I drive back home.Sbu didn't disturb me with his constant calls.I take my shopping bags to the guest's bedroom.We will fit tomorrow,right now I need to eat.

"Hubby I'm home" I shout.

He appears and come to me.He hug me and lead me to the dining room. He pull the chair for me and put a napkin in front of me.

He comes back chewing,he put the plate filled with Spur ribs.

"You don't chew while serving food" I say.

He ignore me and walk away. He come back with bread rolls,he is chewing again.

"Candles?" I ask.

He switch the electric lights on.He go back and come with nonalcoholic wine.He put the glasses and sit next to me.

"I need these ribs cut into small pieces"

I say.

He frown, "Cut?"

I smile, "Yes cut them"

He sigh and pull the plate to him.

"While you are at it, pour me something to drink" I say.

"Now you're taking this too far" he say.

I shrug and look at him.He do as told.

"Thanks" I say and sip.

He finish and push the plate to me. He eat his food.

"I need a bubbly bath, back scrubbing and foot massage" I say.

He put the fork down, "Can I eat without you reminding me you are the madam?"

I smile, "Oh so you know I am the madam?"

He smile, "Fine I get the point"  
"Great,now give me salad from your  
plate"  
He shake his head "This is abuse"  
"I love you" I say and wink at him.  
"I hate my father"  
I laugh, "I know you do"  
He exhale, "My kids are with Zethu"  
God be with them!

## Chapter 62

### Zethu Biyela

.

"I don't eat mutton" Ayanda says.

I exhale, "Why?"

"Because I don't eat it"

I'm sure right now their parents are cuddling and giggling. Menziwa why? I head back to the kitchen and warm a roasted quarter-leg of chicken I bought a few days ago.

"Here" I give her the plate.

She smiles, "Thank you auntie"

I also pick my plate and start eating. We are watching some Disney movie.

"I also don't eat mutton" her other half

says and put down the half-eaten plate.

"But you already ate it Liyanda" I say.

She fold her arms, "I don't eat it,ask Sphiwo"

I look at Sphiwo,"Maybe,I don't know.Do you think Toni will find out that Jane is behind his dog's death?"

I sigh, "Ayanda will you please share with your sister?"

She shake her head, "No"

"It's okay I can eat the birthday cake in your fridge" Liyanda says.

Birthday cake must be the black forest I have in the fridge. For the hundredth time I go back to the kitchen and cut a piece of cake.

She take it and start eating.Sphiwo pull the mutton plate in front of Liyanda

and eat.

"Why are you taking my food?"

Liyanda says grabbing the plate back.

She grab it with so much force,the food fly to the floor,the plate break into pieces.My good Lord!

"Liyanda why did you grab the plate like that? Didn't you say you don't eat mutton?" I ask angrily.

"No,I said I will eat it later"

Do I look like granny to these kids?

"I also want a birthday cake" Ayanda says.

Sphiwo yawns,"I only want ice-cream"

In Zulu they say "Izinsuku azifani"

which means what happens today will not happen tomorrow. Like yesterday by this time I was having the time of

my life,today my brother's kids want me to commit suicide.

To be fair to them I go get the other two what they want.Now that there is peace, everyone is happy with what they are eating I must go call Tyson,this movie is boring and childish.

Just to add to my misery he doesn't answer his phone.His WhatsApp last seen was two hours ago.

I hope they will fall asleep soon.I walk back to them and watch the silly movie.They are busy giggling and talking about it,choosing their favourite characters and arguing.

Finally the movie ends but they look as awake as daylight. Now it's nearly past

eight,I'm sending everyone to bed.

"Guys it's bedtime" I say switching the TV off.

"But we don't want to sleep" Sphiwo says.

"I don't care,we are going to bed"  
They huff and follow me.They're already in their pyjamas, all they need to do is jump on bed and close their eyes.

"We are sleeping in one room?"  
Sphiwo ask.

"Yes,you have a separate room in your father's house" I say.

"But..."

I stop him with my hand, "You'll sleep on the top one.Girls you'll sleep on the bottom"

"We are sharing a bed?" Liyanda ask.  
These kids don't know anything about  
life. Some kids are sleeping on the  
street with no blankets over.

"You are sisters and sisters share" I  
say.

"Let us sleep, auntie want to read us a  
bedtime story" Sphiwo says.

I want to read them a bedtime story?  
Geez I only read Fifty Shades of Grey!  
They all climb on bed.

Now I need to google an online  
bedtime story. Nothing defeat Google.  
Flip it! I left my phone in the lounge.  
I use to be very creative. In my class I  
used to get 45% in essays. I can make  
up a story in my head. Yes, I can. I make  
things happen, that's me.

"I know this one story, it is about a royal princess called Anathi"

"Louder I can't hear you auntie"

Sphiwo shout from the top.

"Anathi is my friend from school"

Ayanda says.

I roll my eyes, "I'm talking about the one in the story, it is namesake"

They keep quiet.

"Princess Anathi was a very beautiful girl who had no friends. Her mother was very strict, Anathi was lonely"

"Our mom is also strict, she doesn't let us eat ice-cream and cakes at night because we don't sleep if we do"

Liyanda says.

What? So they played me. Wait, this is why they are not asleep!

"Do Anathi go to school?" Ayanda ask.

"No Anathi was home schooling.Her only friend was her cat Pammy.But Pammy couldn't talk so Anathi had no friend to talk to..."

Sphiwo cut in,"That's pretty sad"

"Don't disturb me I'll forget the story.Okay this one day Anathi went to the forest and met the big lion"

"Oh she is dead" Liyanda says.

Liyanda is the big-mouthed one,she took after Sena.

"She greeted the lion,the lion roared at her.She stepped back frightened but the lion smiled at her and said 'I will not eat you I am a good person.I promise"

"She sighed in relief and asked the lion

if they could be friends.The lion..."

"Please say yes lion" Ayanda squeals.

She also have a big mouth,she took after Simtho.

"The lion was happy,she said 'I would love to be friends with you.Let's go and greet my other friends'.Wow! Anathi was happy,they went to the depths of the forest where the lion friends were. They found more lions who looked at Anathi with their mouths dropping saliva.They all surrounded Anathi,Anathi was very scared.She looked at her lion friend. She begged her not to eat her.All the lions laughed at her and jumped on her.They ate her"

I hear sniffs,

"Who is crying?" I ask.

"It is Ayanda" Liyanda says.

"Ayanda it's just a story" I say.

"Why did she eat her, she promised she won't?" Ayanda ask crying.

"Because she only promised" I say.

They are now quiet and mourning the fiction character's death. Geez, these kids!

"What did you learn in Anathi's story?" I ask.

"That when a lion say she won't eat you she will eat you" the first answer comes from Sphiwo.

"That don't make lion your friend" Liyanda says.

Ayanda sniff, "That lions lie"

I laugh, "Okay, I need you to listen to

me very carefully"

Silent.

"Not every person you meet is a friend, not everyone who smile at you wish you the best in heart and not everyone who make good promises to you will keep their promises"

"Choose your friends carefully, many people who smile with you and promise to be good to you are the ones that will be responsible for your downfall. Do you guys understand me?"

"Yes" they all say.

"Don't let people you don't know very well in your life" I say.

"I just hope the lions were arrested"  
Ayanda says.

I sigh, "Yes they were arrested and

Anathi's mother got another beautiful daughter"

I just want to make her feel better.I created this story and it ended where the lions eat Anathi.

The sad story work in my favour because they fall asleep immediately. Now I can breath.I go to the lounge, clean up and check my phone. So many missed calls from Nozipho,Sbu,Dad and Tyson.

I send Sbu the text to let him know they are asleep and okay. I call Tyson back.He is on his way because he thought something was wrong.He is full of drama,the way his voice is shaking.

I unlock the door for him and sit on the

couch checking my WhatsApp. Ziphe and Thapelo are back together! We need to slaughter a goat.

He walk in like a mad person, he hug me tightly.

"You scared me,don't ever do that again"

I smile, "Tell my brother to never bring his kids over here again. Feel my head and see how hot it is"

He touch it,"Are they asleep?"

I sigh, "Yes,after two hours"

He kiss me, "One day you will be a mother.This is a good practice"

I roll my eyes, "That is like what? Five years to come"

He laugh, "That is whenever you are ready"

"Let's go to bed I'm tired. We will not have sex tonight"

He stop, "What?"

"Yeah they gonna hear us and the twins have big mouths" I say.

He walk, "I wonder who they took after"

"Between Simtho and Sena. Oh how can I forget the master of them all, Fikile"

He burst out laughing, "I can't see the back of my head"

"What?" I ask.

"Never mind"

We get under covers fully dressed, if we are naked it will be hard to resist the heat.

I'm awakened by a loud noise of something breaking. Sbu's kids!

"Thanks God" I mumble and wake up. I go to the bathroom, I wash my face and brush my teeth then head to their room. They are fighting with pillows.

"Good morning guys"

They stop and look at me.

"Morning auntie" they say.

"Let's go brush our teeth" I say.

They follow me, I help them brush. They wash their faces, we all go to the kitchen.

I put cornflakes and milk on the table. I bring them bowls,

"Help yourselves"

Liyanda grab the cornflakes first and fill the bowl. How is she going to pour milk now?

The others fill their bowls too. They

pour milk,it spill all over the table.Great!

Tyson come and kiss my cheek. They are looking at him shocked.

He smile at them,"Hello guys"

They look at each other and continue eating without greeting him back.

What? They don't like my boyfriend.

I look at Tyson and shrug,he walk back to the bedroom.I take another bowl to make him weetbix.

A knock come from the door,I go open.

"Hey" he greet me and walk in.

"Thank God you're here" I say.

He kiss their cheeks, "Hello babies,did you sleep well with your aunt?"

They stare at him and not say anything.

He smile, "We missed you, today I'll take you to Gateway as promised"  
They look at each other then they look at me.

No!!!

"He is your dad" I say.

They are something else!

"You can trust your family but not people you don't know" I convince them.

They smile and hug their confused dad.

"What did you say to them?" He ask as we pack their toys.

"It's between the four of us"

"Is it now? Tell me did you have sex with Tyson last night?" He ask whispering.

I laugh, "Did you have sex with

Nozipho?"

He smile, "I had hundreds of that thing"

"Fuck you,I had to go on virgin mode and sleep with my clothes on because of your kids"

He laugh, "Biyela is my hero"

## Chapter 63

### Simtho Biyela

.

It is early in the morning, I'm having hot beef curry,savoury rice and fried chicken pieces.When I woke up my stomach growled hungrily.I had a long

night after a rough night. I'll never allow Zethu to take me out for 'unwinding' again. It's not my life's piece of cake. I may have enjoyed it before but yesterday's night made me realise I've grown out of that lifestyle. It's not even because of pregnancy. I just hate it.

Somebody knock on the door. People have a way of annoying others. Who is it so early in the morning?

"It's opened" I shout.

I know who it is before I can see him. His presence always make me feel funny, I can always feel him.

"Donald" I say.

"Good morning" he say.

He look at the plate in front of me, he

look at his watch and frown.

"Or not. Good day"

I bite a piece of chicken and talk while chewing,

"Who said I can't eat what I want when I want?"

"No one but are the intestines ready to welcome such heavy food early so? I mean are they even awake, the intestines?" He ask.

He can be very stupid. Are the intestines people now? They wake up.

"Do you want food?" I ask.

"No, a good morning kiss would be better"

I shoot him a look, "Don't start"

He laugh, "Do you know how many ladies would die to have all of this?"

"Oh now that girl got to your heart!  
You were charmed" I say.

"Charmed,no.I charmed,I still have that  
'thing' you know"

I roll my eyes, "No you don't have that  
'thing',if you had it I would be head  
over heels with you"

He smile, "And you're not?"

"Trust me,I'm a grown woman.Love is  
for kids,like Ziphe and Zanda" I say  
and stuff the rice in my mouth.

He stare at me, "Why is your pussy wet  
every time I touch you?"

I laugh, "It is because your dick is  
always hard when I do this"

I lift down my t-shirt,reveal the  
cleavage and brush it.

He bite his lower lip, "Well it's not"

I drink water, "I have a lying detector"  
"Where?"

I take off my T-shirt,leave bra only. I  
pick the bottle of water and pour  
water on my boobs.

"What are you doing?" He ask.

"It's just so hot,especially in between  
my boobs"

I pour water in between my boobs.I  
push my finger between and run it up  
and down.

He is too fast to stand up and come to  
where I am.He hold me from the  
back.He is hard,his thing is poking my  
butt.I laugh out loud.

He kiss the back of my neck, "Okay  
fine, I'm always horny when I see  
you.Your pregnancy have that 'thing'

you know"

I smile, "Is it the pregnancy or is it this?" I ask taking his hand under my skirt.

He rub me, "It is both with this " he say squeezing my butt.

Okay now we are going to have sex in the kitchen. He is horny, I'm horny, why the hell not?

I hold on the table, he take me from behind. We are filling the whole place with sex screams. I just love him, okay. With him I don't have to pretend something that I'm not. I don't have to be scared, I say exactly what I want to say. He get me, I get him and for the most we love each other.

We reach our breaking points, he clean

me. We dress up and sit on the same table.

"Bosso ke mang?" He ask.

"I need Tshivenda lessons" I say.

He laugh and sit up straight, "I was here to shout at you, you just seduced me when I was about to start"

I look at him, "Shout for what?"

"For yesterday's night. You know I actually felt sorry for the mini-mini inside you, imagine having a mother who doesn't sleep, who go to clubs to watch people, looking miserable AF"

I roll my eyes, "For days I've been missing my dad thinking he is in Mandeni but here he actually is"

"Your body need to rest, you can't be up at midnight watching people drink

and dance" he say.

"Okay, stop being my father" I say  
annoyed.

"Well that is our child, I care okay"  
Our child? That is some positive spirit.  
I sigh, "Fine"

"Live your life the way you want but  
stay away from unhealthy places at  
least until you give birth"

I nod, "What are your plans?"

"I was thinking we go check on Ziphe  
and Thapelo"

I look at him, "And Tamika"

He laugh, "Ya and her too"

I roll my eyes, "I need to freshen up  
and look good for outdoors"

I freshen up, not that I do after every  
two hours, I just don't want to smell

like sex.I dress up and go find him  
watching cricket.

"How do I look?" I ask.

"Pregnant"

"And you look like a man who has been  
in a coma" I say.

He laugh, "No,I look like a man who  
just had sex"

I roll my eyes, "Let's go before I look  
for something to eat"

He stand, "You look gorgeous"

Too late mister!

We drive to Thapelo's house playing  
Buiswa's music. She get to my  
heart,our African queens.

He take my hand we walk in.Ziphe is in  
the kitchen cleaning.

"Hello darling" I say hugging her.

She hug me then hug Don.

She look at us, "So?"

"So what?" I ask.

"Are you guys together now?"

She love news hey! I just wink at her while Don go look for his friend.

"You saw my message?" She ask as soon as he disappears.

"Yeah and I'm chilled"

She scratch her forehead in frustration, "Chilled?"

"I mean my boyfie is the most attractive male being in Durban,who wouldn't have a crush on him?"

She smile, "Boyfriend? Okay,thanks for updates"

I forget about her and take chips in the cupboard and eat.

"Mhhh!!" she say analysing me with her eyes.

I throw my hand in the air, "Fine,we are taking things slow.We are having sex and plans together. Are you happy now?"

She smile, "Yes,you are happy so I'm happy"

She walk in with a messy weave and pyjamas.At this time she is wearing pyjamas?

"Either I drink some black tea or I kill someone. Hello guys" she say walking past us to plug the kettle.

I look at Ziphe,she is not pleased.

"You're still on your pj's, Donald is here" I say.

She look at me,her eyes widened,

"You're not serious. Aunt is this a prank?"

"No he is here" Ziphe says.

She race past us squealing in joy. We laugh, she is so stupid.

We walk to the balcony where the guys are. I take a seat next to Donald, Ziphe sit on Thapelo's lap. They are so in love, I love them.

"Guys I love you" I say looking at them with teary eyes.

"We love each other too, marriage is a journey with upsides and downs. I love my wife, thanks for all the support"

Thapelo says and kiss Ziphe affectionately.

"I'm glad you guys are working things out cause I really don't know how to

deal with a grumpy Thaphelo. Take it slowly emotionally but make up for all the sex lost" Don says.

We all laugh. She come wearing a red dress and black stilettos. So gorgeous bakithi!

"Where are you going?" Thapelo ask. She sit down, opposite us, "I always look like this Thapelo come on"

"Hey love you look beautiful" Donald say.

Oh gosh! She blush, she can't even look at him in the eyes.

"Thank you" she say.

"Have you been around the places?"

Don ask.

She look at him, "No but I would love to"

Don smiles, "Great,since you are dressed let's go to town"

She smile, "OMG! Really?"

"Yes.Babe we can also start shopping for mini-mini" he say looking at me.

I smile, "Sounds like a plan"

Her face just drop in disappointment.

She thought just because I don't have a ring on my finger I don't have

Don.Newsflash he is mine!

"You guys make it fast and go" Thapelo says.

"Why? What do you want to do? That is my little sister" I say.

He chuckles, "And that's my little brother who just got out of hospital"

I laugh, "Trust me with him"

"Well I don't, look at his shirt buttons"

We all look at Don.

Gosh! He missed one button when dressing after the deed. We all laugh except Tami who walk inside the house with an angry face.

"You can look but you can't touch" I sing.

Ziphe smile the victory one.

Chapter 64

Zanda Dlamini

.

I received a text from Sena telling me tomorrow we are going to dinner as the girls. I think it's all about Ziphe

finding her way back to her marriage.  
She is the Biyela's apple, her happiness  
means a lot to everyone.

My body is just exhausted, I don't  
know if it's because I slept early and  
woke up very late. When I woke up  
Mandla was already gone, he have a  
meeting in town.

I make fruit salad and lie on the couch.I  
switch on the television,I watch animal  
channel.Maybe I'm going to have a flue

.

I don't know when he came in,I felt  
someone shaking me.I slept on the  
couch, now my head is throbbing.

"Babe are you okay?" He ask.

"My body is heating up,I think I'm  
coming with flue"

I sit up,he sit next to me and feel my head.

"You need to drink tablets.You don't have to worry about chores around the house anymore.My PA found us a helper,she'll start tomorrow"

I have told him I can manage maybe a thousand times.

"Don't look at me like that.I want you to focus on your exams and get that degree" he say.

I sigh, "I get it but..."

"No buts,you need to draw up her job description.I will discuss the salary with her then we can have everything down on the contract"

I exhale, "Okay stop talking"

My headache is getting worse.I try

standing up but my vision blurs. He help me down, put a cushion behind my head.

"You need to see a doctor" he say panicking.

He hurries to the kitchen and come back with a glass of water and grandpa sachet.

"I hate grandpa!"

He tear it open, "Just focus on getting better, the grandpa work fast"

I close my eyes and swallow it then gulp water down. It leave a bitter taste in my mouth, I grin.

"Rest, when you're okay we are going to the doctor"

I exhale and close my eyes. I hate being in pain. He sit with me, his arm around

my shoulder. I drift back to sleep. I feel a little better when I wake up. He must've taken me to the guest's bedroom when I was deeply asleep. I stretch my arms and yawn. I'm hungry. I walk to the kitchen to make myself something to eat. I warm yesterday's leftovers. I'm not sure if Mandla is hungry but I'll give him, just in case. "Little girl who are you?" a strange voice says behind me.

I turn to see this old man with grey hair and very mean expression glaring at me.

I don't know him or how to react to his rude question. I put down the wipecloth,

"Sawubona baba" I greet as humble as

I can be.

"Who are you wearing pants in the Zungu's house?" He ask.

Now this is getting out of hand because I don't know him,he don't know me.

"I'm sorry sir,who did you say you are?"

He take off his glasses and look at me from toe to head,

"Is it Johannes' misfortune! Little girl get lost in my eyes now,this is not a Jikani house"

My nerves are getting short,he is completely shouting and undermining me.God intervene!

Great is the Lord! Mandla appears behind him.

"Grandpa"

Yeses! I can't deal with this,I run past them and race to the bedroom and lock the door.

After a few minutes there is a knock,I just know it's Mandla.Right now I'm angry,hungry and irritated.

I unlock the door and look at him with so much anger.His grandpa is rude.He is not even the grandpa, he is his grandpa's brother. Mandla has told me about his awful stories.

"Can I come in?" He ask.

I walk back and sit on the bed.

"I didn't know he was coming, please wear something appropriate.I want to introduce you" he says.

"He is very rude"

He chuckles, "You haven't seen

anything. Come let's get this over and done with"

I grunt and go look for a long dress and a scarf.

"You do the talking" I say.

He hold my hand, we head to the sitting room.

He is sitting like a king, reading the newspaper. As soon as he hears our footsteps he look up and fix his eyes on me.

We sit opposite him, he fold the newspaper and look at us.

"Grandpa this is my girlfriend Zanda Dlamini" Mandla says.

"Oh I thought she was your wife. Why are you making your girlfriend a wife?"

I'm looking at my hands, I can feel his

eyes piercing through my forehead.

"I don't understand" Mandla says.

"You are doing vaat'n sit in the Zungu's household. Is Thandiwe condoning this nonsense?" He shout.

We are not doing vaat'n sit, I stay in Mandla's old house and Mandla stay here with his mother. We just visit each other frequently.

How I wish Mam' Thandiwe is here!

"Little girl does your family know you are here?" He ask.

"Yes they do grandpa" Mandla answers for me.

He bang the table with his hand, "Hey shut up Mandla damnit! You are turning my son's house into a circus. In the Zungu family we do things

accordingly, you are breaking the rules."

Right now I'm shaking, this man can shout very loud.

"My apologies Sengwayo" Mandla say in a low voice.

"Next week we are sending people to this child's family to pay the damages and cleanse their home"

What? No that cannot happen. Mandla better speak the truth. I have no family.

"It is all understood Sengwayo"

I lift my head and look at him. What is understood?

"You can be excused young lady. Contact your family and tell them we are coming with the apologies"

My mind take slow to process what he

says until Mandla poke me with his elbow.

I stand up and go. I was hungry but now I don't think I can stomach any food.

Is this man sent to crush my world or what? He is coming out of nowhere and dictating our life. Why?

I'm happy, Mandla is happy, isn't that what matters?

I sit on the kitchen chair. No matter in which angle I look at this issue I just don't see a way forward.

Maybe Mvuse should take charge of everything, he is my brother after all and Phumla is also here.

Mandla just can't stand up for himself. Why would he pay damages for

something he never damaged?

Oh shucks! I haven't offered him anything to drink or a snack.

Mandla walk in as I prepare the drinks.

"Babe are you okay" he ask taking my hands.

"You know we can't do it"

He exhale, "I can't break the family rules either. Your family need to be informed you are here in the Zungus"  
Fuck him! I've been here for four years. Why is it the issue now that the wrinkled man is here?

"You know I have no family" I say with a breaking voice.

"There is no other way,we will go back and do things the right way. I love you"  
I let out a chuckle, "What are you

exactly going to pay for?"

"The damages"

Is he mad or maybe suffering from amnesia?

"Damages for what Mandla? What did you damage, you found me already damaged"

He lift my chin, I look at him.

"You may have lost your virginity in a brutally way but you were not damaged"

I still don't get him. He is just speaking in riddles.

"Of course I was damaged" I say.

He smile, "No you were innocent, I took your innocence away. You couldn't even kiss properly. I taught you how to suck, how to ride on top

and all the dirty stuff."

I blush, "Okay stop"

"So yes I am paying the damages for taking your innocence. Your hymen was damaged, not you" he say and kiss my forehead.

I can't stop loving him instead I fall deeper and deeper for him. He is so special to me, he make me feel special. About going back there...I'm not sure yet

Chapter 65

Sena Biyela

·  
Sometimes in life we encounter situations that need us to put our morals aside, do the most unthinkable that goes against our humanity. We are all paving our way to the future, all the obstacles that trip us we either skip or remove them.

I love Lwazi, he is behind all my success and maturity. He found me when I was nothing, just a beautiful girl with a rich dad, he accepted me with all my imperfections. He taught me how to love, how to care and think like a lady. I am because he is. On top of everything he is a good guy with a heart of gold. He doesn't deserve the life he lived.

The intervention has begun. Today I'm

putting my plans on action. I withdrew a sum amount of R30 000 yesterday. I need to find out Scott's future expectations

Lwazi is taking Quinton to Musgrave. He is taking too long, I wish he can go as soon as possible. I'm trying to help them dressing up fast, he keep finding faults with the shoes I choose.

"Guys hurry up" I say tying Quinton's sneakers.

"Why are you trying to get rid of us this fast?" Lwazi asks.

I need to calm down a little.

"I'm not getting rid of you, I'm helping you" I say in defense.

When they are done running around they take their backpacks and go.

I hear the car driving away, I hurry to my cellphone and search for Scott's number.

"Boss lady" he answers.

"Hi Scott, can you please come over to my house now?"

"Is there a problem?" He asks nervously.

"No there is something I want to discuss with you"

"Okay I'll be there"

I make myself comfortable on the couch and drink some wine.

After thirty minutes he calls, I open for him. When he walks in I can see he is nervous.

I smile, "You look hella fine"

He relaxes, "Thank you, is Lwazi around?"

"No, come to the lounge" I say walking away.

He follow me, "Is there anything you want me to do for you?"

I sit on the couch, "No"

He sit and look at me confused. If I was not into my Lwazi I would say he is damn handsome.

You know white guys with blue eyes have that thing, you know.

"I know what you did for Lwazi, I'm very grateful" I say.

He clear his throat, "That is what friends are for"

I smile, "Indeed but you deserve some sort of reward"

He chuckles, "Is it?"

"Don't tell me you can willingly get

your hands dirty for nothing?"

He shrug and glance at his wristwatch.

I pull the stack of notes under the cushion,

"This is thirty thousands rands,to thank you for everything"

I put it on his lap,he burst out laughing.

"Thirty thousands? That is the sum of petrol I use monthly"

I raise my eyebrows, "Where do you travel to? Swaziland to Lusikisiki everyday?" I ask.

His facial expression changes, "Is that all you can afford?"

This is getting interesting.

"Scott nobody hired you to clean up Lwazi's mess,you did it because you are his friend" I say.

He chuckles, "Lwazi knows how much he owes me"

"Scott take the money, you didn't kill the man for him. Don't give yourself too much credit" I say angrily.

He stand up with an evil smile,

"Now it's not the time, Mr Andrew is still in London. We surely don't want things to turn South instead of North. Stay well" he say and throw the money back to me.

I hiss through my teeth. He is rude. He walk away proudly.

He think his future is bright. He think he is going to be one of those who took advantage of my fiancée. He think he is going to be a parasite in my life.

Well I spray parasites, they don't last

longer in my life.

Now that I've learnt his intentions I need to put plan B into action.

I'm not about to watch people like Scott come to destroy Lwazi's life. He has worked so hard to be where he is, he has come too far.

I need to make one more phone call. I'm about to utter the words I've never thought I can think of. I'm about to change who I am.

"Hi Mlu it is Sena... Yes I'm very well... No this is not about my father, in fact I'd appreciate if he doesn't know anything relating to this phone call... Great! Now listen I need you to do a job for me, a clean one... Ah stop it, you know your kind of dealings,

that's exactly what I'm talking about...  
Meet me tomorrow to the location I'll  
send to you...Okay remember don't tell  
anyone,especially not dad..Bye"

I cut the call and fall on the couch. Am I  
really doing this?

Who am I becoming?

Must I really go this far?

I look at Scott's Facebook account. His  
display picture is of him with his ten  
year old sister.They look so happy.She  
look so happy to have her brother.

Can I do this to her?

I close my eyes, I need to focus.

I log out of Facebook and check

Instagram. I come across Jay,he has  
posted tons of pictures of him and

Andrew's happy moments. He love his

dad,he can't wait for him to come back. But daddy ain't coming back.He will never have 'daddy' moments again,he will have them on his memory only. I can't believe I'm crying, I feel tears running down my cheeks.Nobody deserve the pain of losing someone. We all deserve happiness in our families.That's what I want too.This world is cruel,it is the survival of the fittest.

I want my family to be happy.I want my son to grow up under the presence of his dad.I will go to desperate measures for my family.Before this week ends I will be a murderer.

## Chapter 66

### Zethu Biyela

.

He is watching me dress up.He is not happy I'll be going alone.I've been telling him to go out with his friends too because our diner is exclusively girls only.He is clingy,he said he will drive me and wait for me.I can't wait for all the juicy stories,my sisters have the endless drama in their lives.I sometimes think I'm the only one with a peaceful life.

"You are happy?" He ask.

I smile, "Of course, it has been a while since we all went out as the girls. Sena is the best plus she is the one paying for everything"

"I think that one doesn't like me. I can just say your brother and youngest sister are the only ones who like me" he says.

I don't think they dislike him, he came to my life when everyone is busy with life and its challenges. They haven't had time to get to know him better.

"No they do like you it's just that they are horrible people by nature. Ziphe, Sbu and I are the only goodhearted people in the family, mom and dad excluded" I say.

He chuckles, "And the old one, what's

her name?"

"Fiki? No that one roast people for a living. When we were young we had a TV room near the bedroom, she would be the remote manager. We would watch what she was watching. If the movie had a sex scene she would order us to get under the blankets. We would hear her giggling at the moans"

He laughs, "She was protecting you. How I wish I had many siblings too, it must be fun"

"Fun? Do you know how we would endure cold on the tiles because Fiki told us if we sleep on beds the man with an axe would come and kill us? It went on for a week, she would sleep on bed alone saying she is watching out

for him"

He is laughing so hard,I get mad thinking about those days. We would give Fiki R2's for her to sing us Mariah Carey's song- I wanna know what love is.Her lyrics weren't even correct.

He stop laughing, "I can't believe you were once bullied like that"

My phone ring,it's the bully itself.

I answer, "Just when I'm telling Ty about how you bullied us when we were kids"

"What? I didn't" she say laughing.

"The man with a big axe? You loved torturing us" I say.

"Put the phone on loudspeaker I want to speak to Tyson" she says.

I put loudspeaker on, "He is listening"

"Hello Tyson" she greet excitedly.

Tyson smiles, "Hey how are you?"

"I'm good. Whatever Zethu told you about me is lies. I'm a good person"

Tyson look at me, "I see"

"Look Tuesday afternoon I'm taking you out, it will be me and you, no Zethu."

I roll my eyes, "Now I'm wondering"

She laugh, "Shut up wena. Tyson what do you say?"

Tyson smiles, "It's a date"

"Fikile go find your own man" I say.

She laugh, "My man is Tyson"

I bend to Tyson's neck and kiss him on and moan loudly.

She is laughing on the other side, "I don't want to listen to sex. Make one

round and drive to California

Dreaming that's where we booked"

She cut the call laughing.

I was only teasing Fiki with the kissing and moaning but the guy here has been turned on.

"Tyson" I say when he try taking my top off.

He look at me with pleading eyes, "I'll be quick I promise"

"No I'm dressed up,lie on your back" I say pushing his chest.

I pull his pants down and start playing with his manhood.I'm getting turned on by his low groaning.

He is so cute when he is getting the pleasure, his eyes get smaller.The 'O' shape his mouth forms when I press

my tongue on it.I suck him until my cheeks hurt,he is grabbing on my hair. He explode in my mouth,I swallow.Things we do when we are in love!

I'm a bit late but he is a good driver,he know all the short cuts.

He drop me and drive to Cubana,he is meeting a friend there he will come fetch me when I'm ready.

I find them already chatting and laughing. Fiki is already halfway in her glass of wine.

"Did you start without me?" I ask.

"How was it?" Fiki ask.

How was what now? They are all looking at me.Geez!

"I was not...Fiki get a life" I say and

pour myself a drink.

They all laugh. Zanda is glowing,  
Mandla must be giving it to her very  
well.

"So how big is he?" Simtho ask me.  
I shoot her a look and sip on my drink.  
"Is it like the cucumber? Small carrot  
or 1kg polony?" Ziphe ask looking at  
me.

When did she get like this? She used to  
be innocent, thanks to you Thapelo.

"I'm not discussing my boyfriend's  
private part with you people" I say.

"Mandla is going to my home to pay for  
the damages" Zanda says in the middle  
of laughter moment.

We all look at her. She look unhappy  
about it.

"Are you ready to go back?" Ziphe ask concerned.

She exhale, "There is no time to get ready,it's happening this coming weekend.His grandpa is having none of the nonsense"

I get her,it's not easy for her. She is frustrated but now or later she must confront her past.Her family must see the car she is driving.She made it,they must be informed.

"You don't have to be alone,I'll go with you" I say.

She look at me surprised, "Zethu you don't have to..."

"I'm also going" Ziphe says.

Sena raise her hand, "Ziphe you ain't going, you have Thapelo to make up to

for the time lost. Zethu and I will go with Zanda"

Zanda sigh with relief, "You guys have no idea how much that would mean to me"

"Don't sweat. Mandla loves you, we also do" Sena says.

"Speaking about love Ziphe how is it going?" Nozipho asks.

Ziphe smiles, "All I can say is even if we wanted to live without one another nature wouldn't allow it. He is my all, I'm his all"

We all say 'mhhh'. Shame she can't stop smiling. You go girl!

She is the youngest one, she found true love before all of us and she is the married one.

"How is Tamika?" Simtho ask Ziphe.  
They both burst out laughing. We wait  
for a joke to shared.

"Well Tami had a crush on Don,a huge  
one and Don sort of clarified his  
relationship status" Ziphe tells us.

"What is his relationship status?"  
Zanda asks.

Simtho stuff food in her mouth.My  
gosh! Her stomach is getting bigger,as  
well as her nose.

"He is with Mini's mom" Ziphe says.

"And who is Mini?" Fikile asks.

"Mini-mini is the mini one" Simtho  
says.

I'm interested in how the unborn baby  
got such an awful name but my  
attention is grabbed by a dark guy

wearing ingwe vest,three-quarter trouser and imbadada sandals.He is looking at our direction.

Is he...? No he comes directly to our table.

"Makhosazane amahle" he greet in a deep sexy voice.

Everyone look up surprised. His eyes are fixed on someone. Fiki!!

"Hello,can we help you?" Sena says.

"I came to say hi to the beautiful lady here" he say pointing at Fiki with his eyes.

I burst out laughing, "Ayeye!"

Sena poke Fiki,she keep her concentration on the glass she is holding.

"I know you" Ziphe jumps in.

The guy look at her,he smiles.

"The talking machine" he says.

Ziphe laughs, "No I'm not that,I didn't know you come to Durban.What brings you here though?"

He look at Fiki, "My heart is running out of diesel"

Is that his punchline?

I'm in stitches, Nozipho is glaring at me with the dead one.

"I'm sorry to invade your space,I'll be waiting outside for you. Daddy is not here,hopefully we will talk nkosazane emhlophe njengezihlabathi zolwandle" he says and walk away proudly.

"Fiki you know him?" Simtho ask.

Fiki gulp down her drink, "Yes,his name is Skhumbuzo Nkosi.I don't like

him. He is arrogant"

Ain't you always on top of things big sister?

"We need to pray,like right now"

Simtho suggest.

"We call your holy spirit" I go first,with my hand on my chest.

Sena raise her hand up, "He who changes water into wine Amen!"

"He who changes fish into prawns,can I get a hallelujah?" I say.

Nozipho and Zanda are in stitches with laughter. Fiki is clearly annoyed.

"Drylands into wetlands,He deserve all the glory!" Simtho says laughing.

"Right now I'm not in the mood,will you stop that? It's annoying" Fiki says.

We all laugh. What is she scared of?  
Isicathamiya guy is waiting for her.

## Chapter 67

### Fikile Biyela

.

The unexpected happens. That rural  
guy I never thought I would cross  
paths with shows up at our table in  
Beach front.

He turned me to the center of  
attention. Now I have Sena and Zethu  
breathing down on my neck. I can't  
wait to get out of here. They are

laughing and getting all silly.

I'm saved by Nozipho who start telling us how Sbu is changing and becoming domestic handful after Biyela gave him an eaeful.

Sena is not babbling about her relationship with Lwazi today, she has finally got over the engagement excitement.

Before we leave I gulp another full glass of wine.I need the strength.We all walk out,I'm silently praying that guy is gone.

"Where is he?" Zethu ask first.

"Maybe he is gone" I say with ecstasy.

We hug each other and bid goodbyes and walk to the cars.I'm riding with Simtho in her car.I'm relieved I didn't

have to deal with that arrogant person today.

I open the driver's door while Simtho opens the other side. A hand grab my arm, wtf!

Oh gosh not him!

"We agreed that we will talk" he says. Agreed?

"I'm not talking with anyone, I agreed to nothing" I say angrily.

He is holding my hand, like seriously!

I close the door,

"Just a minute" I tell Simtho.

He look at me calmly, "I'm glad you're give me this opportunity"

I yank his hand off me, "I'm not giving you any opportunities, I want to tell you to leave me alone or else

something bad is going to happen"

He smile, "MaBiyela I..."

I raise my hand, "Don't call me that,I don't sew your church uniforms"

Now he is laughing and I'm missing the joke.His eyes are too small when he laugh they completely shut.

"If I was you I wouldn't laugh" I say.

He stop and look at me, "Why,am I too ugly to laugh?"

I didn't mean that but,

"Of course" I say.

He cover his face with both his hands.

"Are you a kid or what?" I ask.

Right now he is annoying and bringing me the wrong attention.People are going to think he is my Inkandla boyfriend and I'm breaking up with

him so he is crying.

I grab his hands off his face,

"What is your problem?" I ask.

He have a huge stupid smile, "MaBiyela

I was connecting with my ancestors

they are telling me you're the missing

piece of my heart"

I have no words for him.I just look at

him taken back.

"Skhumbuzo are you okay upstairs?" I

ask.

"Why?"

"Because one minute you are a Zulu

arrogant guy,next you are an annoying

mosquito in my ear and then you are a

preschool kid" I say.

He smile, "Which me do you like?"

I roll my eyes, "Be serious"

Simtho slid down the window, "I want to go home"

She roll it up before I can reply.

"Is she your sister?" He ask.

"Obviously" I say.

He push me gently aside,he open the door.I can't hear what he is saying to her.

After a while he close the door and smile at me.

"She is really tired" he says.

At least he is observant.

"I'm glad you saw that, goodbye Skhumbuzo"

I tempt to open the door but she has locked.She start the car,is she out of her mind?

"Oh no!" He says.

He is smiling as the car drives off. So  
Simtho does this to her own sister?

"I would love to drive you home"

Was it his plan? He doesn't know me.

"Don't worry I will walk and get a cab"

I walk past him angrily, he try holding  
my hand but I slap it. I leave him there.

I walk, I will keep walking unti a plan  
comes to my mind. I have no

money, my purse is in Simtho's  
car, together with my cellphone.

A car playing loud maskandi music  
stop next to me. He is not giving up.

"Get in" he orders.

He is back to his arrogant ass-self. He  
push the passenger door open. I'd love  
to throw a brick on him but hey  
behave.

I hop in and bang the door when I close it.

He switch the music off.

"It look like my children will have two fathers" he says.

I ignore him.His car is very neat,I'm impressed.There is a litre of coke and tumbler cup.

"You don't drink alcohol?" I blurt out.

"No" he answers.

"Okay I don't care whether you drink or not"

He laugh, "I was just answering your interesting question"

Keep quiet Fikile!

"I know your fathers, they are great men" he says.

If he think complimenting my family

will score him some points,he better think of something else.

"You know Fikile the day I first saw you something in me changed" he says. He side glance me, "You are different. You don't decorate your feelings and thoughts. I love honest people, you speak your mind.That is the first thing I loved about you."

I chuckle, "Well,thanks"

"You are different and I love you"

He doesn't wait or play with words. You can't love me on the second time you see me.We are on the 'getting to know you' phase.

"Do you love me?" He ask.

I can't believe he just asked me if I love him.Am I expected to love people I

don't know?

"No, I don't love you" I say.

He exhale, "Great, now I have to make you fall in love with me. That's actually an interesting part"

I look at him, "How are you planning to do that?"

He shrug his shoulders,

"I don't know I'll see, I'm currently in my cousin's house in Durban North. I'll send flowers to you, like in the soapies. I will write you poems, I'll show up on your doorstep with expensive chocolates wearing a huge smile. Take you out to those expensive restaurants where you rich city people eat sea spiders and frogs. I will..."

I signal for him to stop, I'm in stitches

with laughter.

"Why are you laughing?" He ask.

He is looking so serious right now,that alone make me laugh even more.

"You are something else.Is that how you're going to charm me?" I ask.

"I'm not going to charm you,I'm going to make you fall in love with me"

I arrange my weave, "Is it?"

"Yeah I'll charm you after you've fallen in love with me"

"And how are you going to charm me when.. no if I fall in love with you?" I ask smiling.

"I will treat you like daddy' egg,stay loyal to you and agree with you all the times"

I frown,"Agree with me all the times?"

"Isn't that what women want?"

I just sigh and lean back on the chair.

Wait...

"How do you know directions to my house?" I ask.

He smile, "Wonderful lady by the name of Simtholile gave me"

Fuck her!What if he was a serial killer?

Is she pregnant and stupid?

"What if I don't want you to know my house?" I ask.

He smile, "You think I can steal a house"

I click my tongue, "You always have stupid answers"

"People call me uptight, when I try being funny like other people I'm called stupid"

I sigh, "Okay stop whining"

He chuckles, "This the Nkosis have to see. Two men in charge of one house"

I keep my silence because I don't understand this 'two men' statement he keep saying.

I give him more directions to my house. He park outside.

"Your house is beautiful, just like you" he says.

"Thank you for the ride"

He nod, "It's my job"

I smile, "You are full of it,hey"

"So this is how we part?"

"Yes,drive safely" I say opening the door.

Why am I sad? This is my house I should be happy I'm going to my

comfortable bed.

"Bye MaBiyela,sleep well"

I look at him and get out,

"Bye Skhu"

"I love you,I'll be doing my assignment.You will love me too" he say before I close the door.

I smile and watch the car drives off.Why am I smiling?

Chapter 68

Sena Biyela

.

"Is there something wrong?" He ask.  
I look at him and put on my pretence smile,

"I'm just nervous about the meeting"  
He throw grapes in his mouth, "You've  
been in this industry for a long  
time. There is nothing you can't  
conquer"

I sigh, "Yes you're right"

I hate lying to him, he has been nothing  
but an honest loving man to me.

I'm doing this for him, for us, that must  
be some sort of comfort. I'm lying for  
good intentions. He is already going  
through a lot, I can't add another  
burden.

He throw a grape to me, I catch it and  
put it in my mouth.

"They are too sweet" I say.

"Just like you" he says.

I smile, "You'd say anything to make

me feel special"

"Because you are special"

My heart melt right there.

"I like those misplaced dimples but mostly I like how we are always honest with each other.I think our love is unconditional" he says.

I look at him walking towards me with his eyes sparking with affection.

He take my left hand, "We've come a long way"

I nod, "Yes,we have a child together and I got the rock on my finger"

He smile, "I love you,you alone"

"And I love you too"

"Hey what about me?" a little voice comes behind him.

He bite his lower lip,I'm also trying

hard not to laugh.

"You don't love me dad?" He ask again.

Lwazi turn around and scoop him in his arms,

"Who is daddy's prince?"

"Me" Quinton answers with his hand up.

"Who is his queen?" Lwazi asks him.

He point at me, "It's mommy"

"So I love my prince and my queen equally" he says.

"Okay, I also love my prince and my queen equally"

I laugh, "No you are the prince so you love your king and queen equally" I correct him.

He look at me,he is confused right now.

"Is my dad a king? He have a

kingdom?"

I smile, "Not the really king,he is the king in our hearts. Isn't we love daddy?"

"We do" he answers.

"Good.You are staying with your king,mommy is going to a meeting"

He pout, "I don't want you to go"

"I'm bringing a pizza when I come back"

He smile, "Okay daddy let's go feed the bird"

They come and kiss my cheek and head out.As I watch them walk my heart get the motivation.This is for them.

I take my bag and walk out.I'm meeting Mlu (my dad's hitman),before

this week ends I want him who is a threat to my fiancée's freedom eliminated.

I'm probably going to regret this when I see RIP's on his social network's accounts. I will deal with my conscience later right now I need to stay focused.

I arrive in Spur and wait for him on the corner table. There are only few people minding their own businesses. I buy a cold drink can and sip on it while I'm waiting for him to show up.

I last spoke to him thirty minutes ago and he was on his way. I keep checking my phone, if he is postponing he would've updated me by now.

I wonder how Lwazi would feel if he

knew there is no meeting,I'm meeting a hitman to orchestrate a murder of his used-to-be friend.

If he happens to find out,how would he take it?

I can't be looking lost,I would get wrong attention.I lean on the chair and chat with the Simtho because she is online. That one has no life,let's hope Don will drag her out of that dark hole he calls a house.Honestly that house of hers have no life,despite all the expensive furniture and glass sliding doors.I think Loyiso's spirit is still there,that's why it is an unexciting place.

I'm busy smiling on my phone when someone sit opposite me.I lift my eyes

from the phone, my knees shake under the table. My phone drop to the floor. What is he doing here? His expression say one thing, mad.

"Dad" I say my voice vibrating.

He look away from me, he is clenching his jaws. He is trying to calm down.

I should've known that Mlu is the loyal servant to my dad. I should've looked somewhere.

He look back at me, his eyes are spitting fire themselves. I'm in trouble, my father is mad at me.

"Senamile" he says.

"Baba"

I can't hide how frightened I am right now.

"Start talking" he orders.

I can't believe this is happening to me.

"I don't know what dad is talking about" I say reversed.

He exhale, "You know I love you my angel. I can express my love for you the right way or the hard way, you choose"

I look down, "Daddy please"

"Talk Senamile"

I know once he lose his cool the whole place is going to look at us. I've had enough of his belt lashes.

"I wanted to kill someone" I say.

He chuckles, "Why?"

"He is going to blackmail Lwazi, he did something for him and he want more in return for his silence"

"So Madlala can't fight his own battles, my daughter have to get her hands

dirty for him?"

I close my eyes, "Dad this is deeper than that"

He lean on his chair, "I'm rushing nowhere. Explain to me why it is your job to fight Madlala's enemies"

I feel tears burning my eyes,I fight them back.

"Do you promise you will never tell anyone?" I ask.

He frown, "What is it?"

"Dad you have to promise me"

He sigh, "Okay I promise"

"Lwazi used to stay in Cape Town as a child.His mother is,was married to the man called Andrew.They both didn't care about him,this Andrew man raped him a several times"

He is looking at me in the eyes, he is wearing no expression.

I continue, "He drove past Lwazi's office while his family was visiting us. He reminded him all of that, he threatened to do the same to Quinton. He lost it and killed him"

His jaws are moving up and down, his eyes are speaking danger.

"You know how Lwazi is, he killed him and sat there doing nothing until his friend Scott showed up and helped him by cleaning the murder scene and getting rid of his body" I elaborate tears flowing down.

He scratches his chin, "You love him?"  
How relevant is that Menziwa?

"Dad how can you ask me that?"

"He is a strong man,I'm so glad he found you.Look at how matured you are"

I wipe the tears, "I'm scared of losing him"

He nod, "I know and you will not lose him."

"But if Scott sell him to the police,I mean he is already saying Lwazi owes him" I say.

"So that is why you're calling hitmen?"

"It was the only way"

"If he didn't tell me and I found out later that my daughter has killed someone nc.. nc..nc I don't know" he say shaking his head.

I sigh, "I'm sorry I disappointed you"

"I'll sort it out without any

bloodshed. Don't ever pull this stunt again. You are my daughter, not a murderer"

I look at him in disbelief, "Like you'll make sure Lwazi's freedom is without uncertainty?"

He nod, "That boy has been through so much, I wish there is more I could do for him"

I smile, "Thank you, thank you"

"Delete Mlu's number" he says.

I pick my phone up and scroll for Mlu's number and delete it.

"Now go, that boy needs you now more than ever before" he says.

I pack my things, "Don't forget, this issue is very sensitive for Lwazi"

He smile, "I'm zipping it"

I laugh,that is our line at home.

I kiss his cheek, "Love you bye"

"Be good to him"

I laugh and hurry away.I'm so glad I have a father like him.I know he will put everything together, Scott will stay in his place.

Chapter 69

Fiki Biyela

.

Beginning of this year we opened a family butchery,it has a grilling space and a small bottlestore. I'm in charge of it, it is one of the most successful business we have.Yesterday there was a fight which resulted in one person dying right outside the bottle store.

I spent the whole day today in

Tongaat, helping the police collect evidence and doing the necessary questions. I have to close the place for at least two days, I need the security upgraded.

I arrive in my house around five, I'm exhausted. I remember I have a date with Tyson. I have no strength to go out.

I take out my phone and text him that he must come over to my house. As tired as I am I need to cook, the guest is coming.

I run to the bathroom, freshen up and dress up casually. I go to the kitchen and start cooking.

Zethu calls, I ignore her. I know she is worried I'm going to spill all her past

sheningas to Tyson. She must take a chill pill.

I set the table and call Tyson. He tells me he is just a few minutes away. I open for him and go meet him at the door.

"I'm so glad you made it" I say.

He smile and hug me briefly, "It's a pleasure to be here"

I lead him to the dining area, he compliment the house.

"How is my sister behaving?" I ask as we sit down.

He smile, "She is very forward and carefree. I love her like that"

His smile says it all, Zethu have this white guy wrapped around her little finger.

I open the bottle of wine and pour in the glasses.

"So you don't want her to change? Not even in the future" I ask.

"No,I want her to be herself. She doesn't have to pretend to be something she is not when she is with me,not even in the future" he says.

I open the containers and dish.He is taking small sips,he is very cute,they will make beautiful mixed-race babies.

"I honestly never thought Zethu could fall in love" I say.

He look at me, "Why is that?"

"Because I didn't know which guy or girl she was dating. She was unpredictable and very wild until you came as a handsome ghost that stole

her heart"

He laugh, "I've been in love with her"

"You are very creepy, you know"

"I don't think so,I just do things secretly and I'm always five steps ahead" he says with a smirk.

"The Givanstons are well-known and rich but you seem to be leading your own different life.Why are you avoiding the spotlight?" I ask.

His face changes,he take another sip.

"I'm trying to build my own legacy, I'm an individual who have different goals and dreams"

I nod, "That's understandable"

"I hear you were very bullish" he say smiling.

I laugh, "No I wasn't, I only took

advantage of being older on a few occasions"

He smile, "That is bullying"

"No it's not. Did your girlfriend tell you how many pens she brought from school that didn't belong to her?" I ask.

"No, she say she was a good girl"

I bite my meat and put the fork down,

"Good girl my foot! She would sell the stolen pens to under grades. She was very naughty"

He laugh, "She was being business wise, those are the elements"

I roll my eyes, "She was actually very dumb in school"

"She wasn't, she passed her matric with bachelor"

So he is going to argue with me, come

on I was there.

"Excuse me" I say and walk away from the table.

I come back with a file and hand it to him.

"What is this?" He ask curiously.

"Open it, argue with me after"

He open it, he look at the first document.

"What?" He burst out laughing.

"Yes, she was taken out of Afrikaans class after that"

Well he is reading Zethu's grade five midyear examination answer sheet. It was sent to my parents by the principal. Zethu had answered every question with rude answers like;

1.1. What's the fuck is this?

1.2. I don't know meneer, do I look white to you?

1.3. I don't understand this stupid language

1.4. All I know all this "praat ons" people arrested Mandela

1.5. You always annoy me with this ghargha sounding language and please don't wear those glasses in class you look weird.

"She got 0%, my dad had to take her out of Afrikaans class and changed the school the following year" I tell him. He start laughing again, "My babe is crazy. Listen 'Sorry meneer I don't even watch 7de laan'."

I laugh, "She was the hardest kid in the family"

"She is always telling the truth" he say  
and look at the pictures of Zethu as a  
kid.

He is smiling admiringly, "She hasn't  
changed, she just grew up"

"Yeah"

He look at me, "Can I keep this one"

He lift a photo of Zethu, wearing a pink  
bikini. I think she was seven.

"No problem but when you break up  
with her return it"

He stare at it, "I'll only break up with  
her when I'm dead"

"I'll drink to that" I say raising my  
glass.

He lift up his, "To my love"

We click the glasses and laugh.

He love my sister, that is enough for

me to admire him. I trust him, he will not break her heart. This is the first time Zethu commit in a relationship, I don't want her to be disappointed.

"How is the pregnant one?" He ask.  
Pregnant one?

"I have two pregnant sisters" I say.

"Not the Faya designer"

I roll my eyes, "She is married, she is a Biyela now"

He chuckles, "Well I'm talking about Simtoo"

I laugh, "Simtoo is very well thank you"

"See now you're mocking my pronouncing"

I laugh, "No I like it, say Zethu"

"Zeetoo"

I choke on the food laughing, "Okay

now say it complete.Say Ntombizethu"

He bite his lip first,

"Nthombizeetoo"

I laugh, "Just call her pet names every time"

"No I'll say MaBhiyela"

I laugh and shake my head.Then we hear a loud glass shattering sound.

"What is that?" He ask.

I shrug my shoulders nervously, "I don't know"

He signals for me to stay still, he walk toward where the sound came from. I stand and follow him, I have to know what is going on.

He open the door leading to the living area.

Guess what?

Zethu is lying flat on her stomach on the floor. The door bang on her forehead.

"Eishhhh" she stand up and rub where the door hit.

"What are you doing here?" I ask shocked.

"Am I bleeding?" She ask.

"No. You've been eavesdropping all along?"

"No I couldn't hear a thing, this was a bad spot" she says.

"You are unbelievable" I say.

She look at Tyson and smile, "Why are you looking at me like this?"

"You just gatecrashed our dinner" Tyson says.

"And I got banged on my forehead now

let's stop whining and go continue with dinner."

"You are something else" I say and walk back.

They follow me,I hear smooching sounds.

"I knew I was being discussed here,my guts have never been wrong" she saying picking the file.

"Shut up and sit down" Tyson says.

She sit and pour wine, "I'm sorted with food,I only need this.I'll probably feel funny after this,babe we are hijacking one bedroom here"

What? I'm not going to have them fucking each other on my sheets.

They wink at each other and smile.

Arghhh! I need a man

## Chapter 70

Zanda Dlamini

.

My heart get heavy as I'm zipping the bag.Sena and Zethu are downstairs waiting for me.To them this is more like a trip to the country.

"It's going to be okay"

He put his arms around my waist and wipe the tear that has escaped.

"I'm sorry you have to do this" he says.

I exhale, "I can't wait to come back home"

He smile, "It's here,it is not going anywhere my love"

I need to collect myself,I cried enough.  
I force a smile, "I will be fine, now put  
the moolas together I'll see you  
Saturday."

He kisses me then pick my bag.I follow  
him, we find everyone waiting.

"Finally" Zethu says.

"I'm not driving" Sena says.

"Me either" I say laughing.

"Then it's me and Sir Wellington V.O  
driving then" Zethu says picking her  
cellphone.

"What?" Mandla ask.

"I'm driving,I'm outvoted" she says.

Sbu laughs, "Mr Wellington will be  
controlling the wheel,be safe guys"

Sena sighs, "Okay I'll drive"

Zethu do a bit of gwaragwara dance

before walking out. I look at Mandla, he opens his arms. We stay embraced until Nozipho throws a cushion at us. We laugh, take each other's hand and follow others.

Lwazi and Sbu are having a tense conversation with Sena outside the car. It looks like Sena is giving them instructions. Nothing she will say will stop them from drinking while the kids are around.

"I'll call" he says.

I give him an assuring smile and close the door.

The moment Zethu starts talking about how loving Tyson is I just know this is going to be a short journey. She hasn't stopped drinking, it's funny how she has

put the bottle in the brown paperbag. Sena is on the wheel and deejaying. She is playing rap music, my mind is just exhausted from it.

We stop by the garage, fill in and buy some snacks. Sena is a good driver, we are almost in Eshowe within a short period of time.

"Let's drive to Hell first and then go check in The George" Zethu says.

I laugh, she is going to be my pillar of strength this one. When we arrive in town I start giving Sena directions.

Then we take the gravel road, everything flashes back clear as the sun light. I fight back all the emotions, I'm strong now.

We leave the gravel and join the two

footpaths that is used as the rural area's drive in.

"The one with three rondavels and white four-room" I say.

"Can't they repaint the house or something? Isn't they are Satan's employees?"

I look at Zethu shocked. That is my father's home for goodness' sake!

Sena park below the homestead.

Nothing has changed, except the grass that has grown taller in the yard.

I close my eyes and sigh. Now I need to push back every painful moments I endured in this home. I have to put on my brave face, they don't deserve that satisfaction.

Zethu open the door on her side, "Hello

motherfuckers" she says loudly.

We should have forbidden alcohol,  
look how wasted she is now.

"I'll lock her in the car" Sena says.

We both get out.

"Your cellphone is ringing in the  
bag,it's Tyson" Sena says.

She put her hand on her chest, "Oh my  
gosh! I'm dumped"

She jump back in the car,Sena close the  
door and lock.

"Don't worry she'll fall asleep" Sena  
says.

I exhale, "Let's go"

We walk carefully,there is dirt lying all  
around the yard.The grass almost  
reach our knees.This is what happens  
when the maid run away.

There are voices coming from the big house. We walk towards it, Sena is leading the way.

The little boy wearing torn shorts and no t-shirt opens the door as we are about to knock.

"Hi" Sena greets him.

Instead of greeting back he runs back inside.

Sena pushes the door, we are welcomed by pairs of eyes already looking at our direction. MaQwabe's eyes are the one my eyes land on.

"Hello my children, how can I help you?" She asks.

She is wearing a dirty apron, her doek is tied at the wrong side. She looks nothing like the madam she used to be.

We sit on the bench near the wall, opposite the table they are sitting on. Zehlile has a huge stomach, she looks like she can give birth right now.

"I'm Senamile Biyela"

MaQwabe nods, "Why are we visited by such people today?"

"We came to tell you that the Zungus are coming Saturday to pay for Zanda's damages" Sena says.

Philile looks at me, her face drops. Nosihle's mouth is hanging open.

"Wait... Oh my god! It's her, look mom" Zehlile says pointing at me.

So they didn't recognise me, it's only been four years. I haven't changed that much, how stupid they could be?

MaQwabe rub her eyes and look at me again.

"Zanda this is you?" She ask.

I want to say something but my tongue is choking me.I just stare at her.

"Mom has been looking for you ever since,dad has been haunting us in our dreams and you were with your prostitutes friends chasing glittering life?" Philile says.

She haven't changed nor grew up.

Sena blow her chewing gum, "Look my love I don't know you,you don't know me,can we keep it like that? Because honey you won't be able to put out that fire you're igniting"

"Zanda where have you been?"

MaQwabe ask calmly.

Again I just stare at her.

Sena come to my rescue, "She is in Durban, Morning Side. This year she is doing her final year in Unisa. Will you be able to hear what the Zungus have to say?"

MaQwabe blow her nose, "Are you pregnant?"

I'm looking her, I don't know if I should sit here or just leave. Sena read my thoughts and hold my hand.

"No she is not"

She sigh in relief, "I haven't slept a wink since the day you left. Why did you leave like that? We even reported you as the missing person to the police"

Sena chuckles, "That's too rich from

you,you failed to report to the police when your evil brother raped her several times.You sold her to the community hooligans, she suffered under your watch. You treated her like a slave"

Philile stand from her chair, "Hey fancy girl you will not talk like that to my mother"

Sena stand up too, "Just because you have a chiskop and look like a man doesn't mean you scare me"

I breath my first words, "Sena calm down"

She sit down, "I don't like people with lives I can end with a single whistle to undermine me.We are here for one thing,you talk to the Dlaminis and tell

them they must expect the Zungus Saturday"

I sigh, "I'll buy food and drinks"

Philile is sizing me with her eyes, "Now she can afford food and drinks and fake hair"

I chuckle, "I thought you would be something by now. I feel sorry for you"

She want to answer back but

MaQwabe raise her hand.

"I will tell them.Nosihle go prepare Zanda's house for them"

Sena blow her gum again, "Thanks but no thanks.We're booked in the

hotel,that little house hold awful

memories for Zanda and besides we don't want to share the same oxygen"

Zehlile ask if we are driving back to

Durban. Sena tell her we booked in the hotel around here.

"Nosihle go make tea for them"

MaQwabe orders.

Nosihle roll her eyes, "Ma you know there is no sugar unless they drink it sugarless"

Of course I do drink it sugarless, can't she remember?

"Don't worry we are sorted. We'll see you tomorrow late" Sena say and stand up.

I guess we are done. I stand up and dust myself.

"You saw Owami?" Nosihle ask.

I look at her, she is looking at me. The little boy of torn short is standing next to her. My heart breaks a little, she

used to be like my child. I would do the chores with him strapped on my back. "He used to cry for you after you've left but I guess he doesn't have the slightest idea who you are by now" she says.

Sena sighs dramatically. The little boy is looking at me with innocent eyes. I just walk out without uttering a single word. They can't act like nothing happened. Mothering Owami wasn't an option I chose.

Sena is on my heel as I stride to the car. She unlock it, I open the door and find Zethu deeply asleep.

Sena get in the driver's seat and look at me,

"Are you alright babe?"

I nod, "Thanks for handling everything"

She grunt, "I can just strangle that ugly bitch"

"I can't wait for this to be over"

She sigh, "Me too,we are dickless for two days,that's like two years"

I roll my eyes, "Sena"

"What? We have been on sex pause for a while now that we are getting it on again this has to happen."

I laugh, "So you've been on sex pause?"

"Ya,right now I kinda need the peruperu phaphapha to get off this mood the bitch has put me on" she says.

I laugh, "Peruperu phaphapha is gonna happen after two days now drive"

She laugh, "Mandla is coming to pay for peruperuzing on top of you"

"Okay stop it"

She start the car.I'm blessed to have them by my side.They bring me the smile during the dark moments.

## Chapter 71

Sena Biyela

.

Zethu is still asleep,I'm with Zanda eating breakfast. I must say she is one of the strongest women I know.The way she handled herself yesterday was amazing.Her story make me realise how unfair, traumatic and inescapable

life can be sometimes.

"You know I've been thinking"

She look at me, "Okay,out with it"

"I want to open a home,centre,shelter or whatever you call it.I want everyone who want to escape the walls of sadness to come"

She look at me,she doesn't understand.

Maybe it won't make sense to anyone.

"Look,let's say you are going through something at home like emotionally abuse and you want that peaceful place where you can cry,talk to someone and share your story.That place where you can let it all out,escape your problems and surround yourself with strangers who care"

I don't know if it make sense but she is nodding attentively.

I exhale, "Share My Life"

"Is that a name"

I nod.

She smile, "I'm impressed,so what's the plan?"

"I'll hire psychologists and have people like you and Lwazi come to share their stories. People must have hope"

She sigh "Well,all the best.I'll be there when you need me"

Zethu walks toward us,she is still on her pyjamas.

"I'm dying" she says.

"Drink black tea,no sugar" Zanda says.

I exhale "Finally you wake up"

She grunts, "Fuck this head" she rub

the side of her head.

"You shouldn't have come, you're useless" I say.

The aim of me and her coming here with Zanda was to support her. If she can't control her drinking today I'm sending her back to Durban.

"I'm sorry guys" she says.

"Today you are not drinking one glass, go freshen up we are going to the shops."

She roll her eyes, "Fine"

She drink a bottle of water and go to the bathroom.

"I think we need to go to your home first and pick one girl so she can help us" I tell Zanda.

"We can manage" she replies.

"I know but we need to know what they have,like if they have enough plates and glasses"

She exhale, "Okay we'll take Zehlile"

Zethu comes back rocking a bumshort,long leather jacket,croptop and cowboy hat.We are in rural areas, maybe we should dress accordingly.

"How do I look?" She ask turning around.

Zanda and I look at each other.She look good,for New York though.

"They'll have a fit,go wear a dress or jeans" I say.

"I'm not changing my clothes just to get strangers approval"

"This is not about approval, we need to respect the place and it's customs and

traditions" I explain.

"Well they can take their traditions or customs and shove them in their asses. I'm not about to change my lifestyle and swag for people who fail to protect children. My respect and compromises are earned, now let's go" I sigh defeated and collect my bag, we all head out

"You grew up here?" Zethu ask.

Zanda chuckles, "You were here yesterday mos"

"I can't remember a thing, I can't wait to see them"

I look at her "Zethu you must behave"

She stick her tongue out, "Madlala Mrs"

We laugh and walk in the yard. There

is a sweating black man cutting the grass. We greet him, he greet back and continue his work.

The pregnant girl see us first,

"Come this way" she shouts.

We go to the rondavel she is calling from. She is with the old sister and her mother.

"We thought you were coming in the afternoon" she says.

"We think we may need help with the shopping" I say.

We walk in, there is only a reedmat on the floor. We take our shoes out and sit. Zethu remain on her feet, staring at the mother.

"We are happy to see you" MaQwabe says.

"Right,we need someone to accompany us to the shops" I say.

"I'll go,I need to check my child's grant anyway" the old one,Philile,says.

MaQwabe look at her hostilely, "You are cleaning the houses,Nosihle will go"

She put her hands on her waist, "I said I'm going, Nosihle will clean"

Oh she is talking like this to her own mother? Although MaQwabe deserve it but this girl has no respect and manners.

"We are taking Zehlile" I say.

"Zehlile is pregnant and doesn't know the father,I'm going" she says.

Zethu laughs, "Girl are you okay in your head?"

"Sorry Rihanna,nobody is talking to you.Sit down like others before you speak,this is not your granny's house" she fires at Zethu.

"First I won't sit down, I can talk the most sensible things while on my feet unlike you.Being pregnant and not knowing the father got nothing to do with shopping" Zethu says.

MaQwabe clear her throat, "Zehlile go dress up they are waiting for you"

The pregnant girl walks out,Philile is shooting dagger looks at her mother.

"Wolves" Zethu says and walk out.

I thank God she decided to walk out before things get out of hand.She would've ended up kicking someone's ass.

"Zanda my child I'm so happy to see you koDlamini again" MaQwabe says.

"It's my father's home" Zanda says.

She look down, "It's hard my child the doctors say I have a tumour in the brain"

"Does it mean you are dying soon?" I ask.

"No she is not dying fancie" the evil old sister says.

I laugh, "Fancie is your child's grant that you rely on for a living"

"Unlike you magoshas,I have a man who take care of me" she says.

"Your clothes say otherwise. When are you moving out and finding a job?" I ask her.

She keep queit,her mother look at

Zanda apologetically. Zanda is busy on her phone, scrolling pictures of Mandla and smiling.

Zehlile walk back, we stand up and walk out.

"Is that your car?" She ask Zanda.

"Yes" Zanda replies.

She is shocked, her mouth is hanging open.

We get in the car, she is touching the seats and smiling.

"This is like a little heaven" she says.

I roll my eyes, Zethu chuckles. Zanda is driving, her sister is in the front seat with her. Zanda keep glancing at us in the mirror and smiling.

They say curiosity killed a cat, I clear my throat

"So you really don't know who the father of your child is?"

"I do actually" she says.

"But your sister said you don't"

"Because it's none of her business"

Okay, it's none of my business too.

Zethu is now on her phone talking very loud, with Tyson I guess. I also need to check on my prince and king.

My phone has tons of missed calls and messages from Lwazi. I open the first message;

**SCOTT IS IN HOSPITAL**

My knees shake I call him immediately, he answers.

"What happened?" I ask.

"Nobody knows, his sister found him in his house unconscious"

I can hear the frustration in his voice. He takes his friendship with Scott like a brotherly one.

"Was he shot?" I ask.

"No he wasn't hurt but when he woke up two hours ago he couldn't remember a thing"

That's confusing.

"How?" I ask.

"He doesn't know who he is or anything about his life. They say he can't even recognise his parents"

I sigh, "Maybe he had a seizure, it's only temporary"

"The doctors doubt that, he is brainwashed but they can't find what went wrong"

My dad! He is behind it, omg! He did

say there will no bloodshed.

"That's brilliant" I say.

"What?"

I realise I just said that loud by mistake.

"No I'm talking to Zethu here" I say.

"No she is not talking to me" Zethu say loudly.

"Bye call me when you're free" he says.

I know he is annoyed. This calls for a celebration.

"We must buy a bottle of champagne for ourselves" I say smiling.

"Now we are going to drink? What changed Holy Mary?" Zethu asks.

"I just realised how hard to chop and grate will be if we are sober" I say.

She laugh "Who said anything about

me chopping?"

What she think she came here to do?

"We'll be doing just that" I say.

"So that the uncle from Gomora can rape us when we are drunk? You guys have the rape wish"

Zanda glance at us, "You're testimonial"

Zethu fold her arms, "Sorry babe but I can't be around such people when I'm out of it. What if that ugly woman poison our drinks with her Mhlabuyalingana portions?"

"My mother is not a witch" Zehlile says.

"You're right she is the devil herself, I always thought Satan is a man. Your mother proved me wrong, she is a

woman wearing dirty aprons with  
cracky dry lips"

"Zethu she is pregnant,give her some  
peace" I say.

"Whatever"

The rest of the journey is quiet. We  
start shopping, Zethu is not lifting a  
single thing.She'd be standing near the  
cucumber saying "Guys we need  
cucumber,here it is". Her laziness is on  
another level.

We get a boy to push our trolley to the  
car.We drive back to Zanda's home.

As soon as we step out a woman comes  
charging towards us

## Chapter 72

### Zethu Biyela

.

There is a woman swearing and shouting at Zanda,two women are trying to hold her.

"What did we ever do to you? My sister-in-law is dying because of you" she shout,tears running down her face. People are coming out of the main house watching. I guess it's relatives and neighbours.Zanda is standing on the same spot,frozen.

"Let go of me MaNzuza this little piece of trash lured my husband on to her bed.What kind of a child is this? Don't you have respect for your elders?" She continues.

I glance at Zanda, she have tears flooding down her face. Everything I have in my hands fall to the ground, I take my shoes out. This is it.

I grab the first woman and toss her to the side, people are now screaming. As I grab the shouting woman by her clothes I feel strong hands grabbing me.

I try fighting but he is stronger than me.

"Let go of me" I yell.

He pulls me to the main house, everyone is following us including the woman, now she is crying hysterically.

"MaNdlovu what is happening?" The man who was holding me ask.

I guess MaNdlovu is the madwoman.  
"Dlamini's girl who my sister-in-law raised as her own, only for her to disobey her and sleep with my husband is here to cause more troubles." she say breathing heavily. People gasp and look at Zanda disgusted.

"Ya Bab' Nduna this girl embarrassed MaQwabe to the whole community, now she is bringing rich sugardaddies to pay for her. She want to outshine Nosihle this one, I can see it"

The man, Bab' Nduna, stop her with his hand,

"We all know everything Dlamini's daughter did before running away but please let's try doing this with

manners. She will apologise, as a young girl she may have been tricked by devil to go for Themba. I'm sure MaQwabe has put all the past behind"

Now shoot me...

"Are you for real right now?" I ask disgusted.

"I'm the Chief's deputy man, you will not talk to me in such manner. I was summoned here by the elders of this family to resolve all these issues your friend caused before running away" he says.

My foot feel itchy, I tap it down repeatedly.

"How noble?" I say.

Sena comes forward, "Chief's deputy man" she bows.

Everyone look at her.

"I'd like to know as the Chief's person what did you do when you saw Zanda ploughing the fields before going to school? Going to the river ten times a day? Did you by any means try to find the boys who raped her by the river?"

She ask.

"Raped by the river? I've never heard of such" he responds.

"So things happens around the area and you don't hear about them?"

Neighbours what did you do when you heard Zanda screaming getting beaten by MaQwabe and her daughters?" Sena asks.

They keep quiet.

"Can you confirm for us, clueless

friends, how many times you saw Zanda roaming around with boys since she was a slut" she looks at the people. Zehlile clears her throat, "Zanda never dated or returned a hello to boys. I did the same classes with her until matric" I chuckle, "You watched her suffer girl, don't be holy now"

Bab' Nduna raise his hand, "MaQwabe what happened in Dlamini's house?"

And then she start crying... I can just stab her through the heart.

"Since we have deputies what what in this area why doesn't the deputy devil of this home answer?" I say looking at the old sister.

"Well my mother was trying to groom her to be a woman, then malume raped

her,about the river incident I'm not sure" she says.

People gasp,the MaNdlovu woman screams and charge to her.She shield the first slap,another woman holds her back.

"Isn't Themba your uncle,why would you ruin his name?" She keep asking. I guess women are really stupid, they rather believe the wolves they married than other woman.

Zanda stands up, "I didn't only suffer in the hands of my family, whom my beloved father trusted with his life.I suffered in the hands of the community.Everyone of you watched,I wasn't your child you didn't care.I passed my matric very good,nobody

ever asked why I didn't go to varsity.I'd go to the river five times a day,one more time with overloaded washing no one of you ever asked why.I ran away,of course I had to,I found people who love me more than anything. These girls right here are Muzi Biyela's daughters,yes the one and only tycoon you know"

People look at us shocked, MaNdlovu stop crying immediately.

"Exactly,they are my new family.I had a chance to come back and arrest all those who abused me.I chose not to,because I needed peace.I didn't want to go in and out of courts.I moved on,I have a new family. I'm doing this to pay respect to my father.Bab'

Zakhele, MaQwabe, Philile and you  
MaNdlovu enjoy the money my  
boyfriend is bringing tomorrow. I'm  
not God I don't give punishment"  
She look so confident, Sena is  
nodding. I'm not pleased by her 'not  
giving punishment'.

"You will not give them the  
punishment but I'm definitely going to  
make your husband suffer MaNdlovu. I  
want him to be an example to  
everyone that you don't ruin a young  
girl's life and get away with it. Send my  
regards to him, my name is  
Ntombizethu Biyela and I don't do  
threats" I say and walk out.  
I look for my shoes and walk to the  
car. I need to let the steam out.

My phone keep ringing, I don't answer.  
I can't, my heart is torn into pieces. My  
eyes are swollen now, I don't know  
what is going on in that house. Nobody  
has come out. Tears keep flowing.

Later I'm awoken by someone calling  
my name. I open my eyes. It's Sena, she  
is wearing different clothes. It is dark.

"You slept in the car" she says.

I rub my eyes, "What happened after I  
was gone"

"More tears, stupid apologies and  
boring family speeches" she say.

I'm glad I left.

"We are starting with food  
preparations" she say.

"It's early" I say.

She chuckles, "No it's not, we are

peeling, chopping and marinating. We are drinking champagne on top of that"

I grunt, "I'm not sold, the day has been ruined for me"

She smiles "At least it got you crying, that's some achievement"

I laugh. A speeding car approaches and stops behind ours. I didn't know there were people driving such cars in this area. Never underestimate people you don't know.

"I guess they have loaded niggas in this place too" Sena says.

No it's not! My eyes are deceiving me.

Two of them get out of the car and run toward our car. I'm shocked to the core as to why they would be here.

Just when they pass our car racing in the yard Sena calls out for them.

"Guys what are you doing here?" She asks.

They stop and look at the car. My eyes meet his, he put his hands on his knees. What is wrong with him?

"Where is Zanda? Are you guys okay?" Mandla asks.

"She is okay in the kitchen, we are all good. Why are you people here?" Sena asks.

I'm watching that man who hasn't rise up.

Mandla sigh in relief, "Couldn't you answer our calls? You know how worried Lwazi is where he is? You bloody ignored our calls, we've been

losing our minds since morning"

My door is opened, I'm grabbed out of the car. Next minute I'm on his chest suffocated in an awful hug.

I hear Sena calling for Mandla to come back. He is going in.

We talked with these men before going to town, we told them we are okay. Five or four hours away from the phones doesn't mean we are dying.

I thought we were the only ones with drama.

Chapter 72

Zanda Dlamini

.

I know Zethu is mad I'm letting these people get away with everything. I need to convince her that going after Themba will open wounds for me. I need us, girls, to focus on positive things in life and shape our lives. I really have no sweat to waste on them. Karma will not lose address, it never does.

We are in the kitchen with Zehlile, Nosihle and three other girls. Zethu is still in the car sleeping. She is really angry.

"I'm going to check on her" Sena says.

"Okay tell her we are having champagne" I say.

She laugh and go out. I pour myself another glass. Zehlile is drinking juice

because she is pregnant.

"Life! I never thought I'd see you loosen up and drinking alcohol" she says peeling carrots in the big dish. She is sitting on a chair, her legs are opened widely that we are seeing her white panty.

I laugh, "And you are pregnant"

"As much as this pregnancy is a shame but I'm really proud of myself. I can't wait to hold her" she says.

I shake my head, "I'm only making babies when I'm thirty"

Nosihle giggles, "I used to say forty" Just when we are laughing at her a door burst open.

"Who is that policeman?" I ask.

I'm tipsy so when I get a glimpse of a

figure in the doorway I think my mind is playing funny tricks on me.

"Can we help you?" Nosihle asks.

Other girls are just looking at him shocked. His eyes are on me, burning my skin.

I stand up, "Mandla"

He walk to me, grab the glass and walk out. What is he doing? We are all shocked.

"Zanda you know him?" Nosihle asks.

He walks back with an empty glass in his hand, he is angry. He look at everyone.

"Mandla where is my champagne?" I ask.

"You didn't return my calls because you are busy drinking and laughing. Do

you know how dangerous this is?" He asks angrily.

I'm like 'WTF'? He is coming here unannounced and forbidden, he walks in without knocking and throw my drink outside.

I grab his arm, "Let's go"

"Not so fast, we want to be introduced" a girl who has been quiet all noon long speak.

I just pull Mandla's hand, just as we are about to walk out the door.

"Who is this?" My father's sister asks.

She married in the village neighbouring with ours but she only visited twice throughout my life in here. She only came on special occasions and ordered everyone

around. I remember how she would call me 'Zaza' and Zehlile 'Zeze' and how we hated it.

"Hey auntie" I say, my palms are sweating.

"Zaza I'm talking, who is this man?"

She ask.

I roll my eyes, she can't see me anyway.

"It's Mandla Zungu" I say.

She put her hands on her head,

"Mayeee! What is happening in my brother's house? The same man who impregnated you is here in our premises"

He impregnated me now? Drama.

"Auntie it's not what you think, please keep your voice low" I say.

The girls giggle inside the house. Mandla doesn't look shaken a single bit.

"You get inside" she orders me.

"What? No auntie" I protest.

She raise her hand up, Mandla quickly push me aside.

"Don't you dare put your hands on her" he says.

Auntie is shocked, "Are you threatening me in my home?" She asks.

"Don't even think about laying your fingers on her."

Auntie chuckles, "You are paying one cow extra for putting your tiny legs in the Dlamini's premises and for disrespecting me"

"I don't care what I'm going to pay, just

don't touch or make her sad" Mandla says.

"Good boy. Now you are going to pay R50 for parading in our kitchen while you are an in-law" she says putting out her hand.

"Zanda will bring it when she comes back" he says.

She smiles, "Okay be fast Zaza, go around Gogo's rondavel Bab' Nduna won't see you"

Okay now, is it?

We sneak around the rondavel, nobody see us but we can hear loud voices from the main house.

He opens the car door for me, I don't know this car. Oops! Zethu and Tyson are inside making out. I quickly close

the door, Mandla laughs.

We go to my car and find Sena arguing on the phone.

"Okay I get it, I'm sorry I'll make it up to you. Keep nourishing it because tomorrow night aah ahha" she says.

I gesture for her to go, she rolls her eyes. She opens the door and gets out while giggling.

I exhale, "What are you doing here?"

"We thought something bad happened" he says.

I roll my eyes, "You overreacted, how did you know my home?"

He looks away, "Tyson tracked Zethu and located her"

I frown, "Tracked?"

"Never mind. What happened? Why

were you not answering?" He asks.

"We had an episode, my uncle's wife wanted to kill me but it's all sorted now"

I hear him breathing heavily, "What? You don't need stress, not now. Nx! These hypocrites"

"Okay so where are you going to sleep?" I ask.

"Tyson will make a plan"

I guess Tyson have connections everywhere.

I'm glad he is here, I missed him. I lie on his chest.

"How long have you been drinking?"

He ask.

What's the fuss?

"I don't know but I'm planning to drink

the whole night" I say.

He kiss me on top of my head, "Please don't"

I smile, "This is the night where I need alcohol, did you see that auntie?"

He doesn't laugh as I expected him to, he exhale,

"Just don't my love, I'm begging you"

"What is your problem? It's not like I'm a drunkard. I drink twice a year"

"Do it for me" he says in a low sexy voice.

"Okay but nothing for mahhala. What are you going to do for me?" I ask.

He smiles, "I'll do whatever you want"

I take his hand, put it under my panty.

"I miss you" I say.

He bite my earlobe, "I like the drunk

you"

I'm not drunk,I'm craving for him inside me.

Later we return to the house,he leave with Tyson. I miss him already.My auntie is in the kitchen with the girls.

"Finally" she say clapping her hands.

Sena is watching us with a big frown. I pray she doesn't make any remark, not in front of my aunt.

"We are done,we will continue early in the morning" Nosihle says.

Zethu grab a glass and sit on the chair,

"Good, I'm sure you don't want our hands to touch anything anyway"

"Of course, did you guys wash your hands?" Sena asks.

"No we licked them" Zethu answers.

I want earth to open up and swallow me. The eye my aunt is giving me send cold shivers down my spine.

Everyone laughs, she signal me to come over her.

"Bend over I want to say something" she says.

I bend to her, she pull my ear. I scream in pain.

"Auntie what are you doing?" I ask.

"Enlarging your ears so that they can listen"

Who does she think she is? The only respect I have for her is because she is my father's one and only sister.

"My compensation fee, for the headache you and that Zungu boy gave me today" she says.

I sigh and take out the R100 Mandla gave me and give it to her. She sneak it inside her boobs.

"You chose well my child, he is handsome and very rich. The perfume he was wearing is that we smell on TVs"

Smell on TVs? Everyone laughs, Zethu is the loudest of them all.

She shift from the bench and tell me to sit down.

"Now tell me how he is on bed? You don't have to starve my child, I'm selling imbiza that boost man's drive" she says.

My mouth hangs open, I'm shocked.

"I can't imagine putting up with a chicken your whole life because he is

rich. Buy my medicine he will go for two hours" she continues.

"How much is it?" Zethu asks laughing.

"R50 only" she says proudly.

Is she really my brother's sister?

"Listen you with long Indian hair, I'll give you a bottle for your husband and you'll give me that expensive whisky I saw in the cupboard for my husband" she says looking at Sena.

"That is for guests and besides my man doesn't need any boosters" Sena says.

"My husband will also be a guest, he drives an SUV. Surely we can't give him a castle lager"

Zethu laughs, "Of course not. I say we take two bottles, one for SUV hubby and one for us. This bottle is weak and

almost finished, what are we going to do the whole night?"

"Yes girl" Nosihle says.

I sigh, "Guys that booze is reserved for tomorrow guests"

"We can go buy it in the morning"

Zethu says.

"Okay,bring it Zethu" Sena says.

Everyone cheers,except me and Zehlile.But why must I obey the rules of a man who is miles away?

"I'm in,let's drink the night away" I say.

"Not you,you are not allowed to drink.

Mandla will kill me and burry me in the desert if you do" Sena says.

"What? Who is Mandla, my father?" I ask irritated.

"Go drink juice with Zehlile,eat

whatever you want to eat" she says.  
I click my tongue, take out my phone  
and walk outside.

He answers after the fourth ring, "My  
love"

"Who are you, giving me orders of what  
to drink and not drink?"

"Oh that! I just think you need to be  
fresh tomorrow, you know how my  
grandpa is" he says.

I sigh, "Mandla stop frustrating me"

"Okay I'm sorry babe but please don't  
drink. I'll bring you nonalcoholic  
champagne if you want"

"Okay don't, I will not drink" I say.

"Okay babe, just eat healthy you know.  
Maybe fruits, vegetables and drink  
water" he say.

I roll my eyes, "Stop being my dietitian,I miss you"

He chuckles, "Not as much as I miss you.Your moans and screams are the only thing ringing in my ears"

I blush, "Don't turn me on,where is Tyson?"

"Here, eavesdropping"

I laugh, "Tell him Zethu is drinking like a fish here"

"Tell her I love her" Tyson say at the side.

I laugh, "Bye guys"

I walk back in the house,I go to Zethu and whisper in her ear

"Tyson said he loves you"

She smile, "Oh that one must stop overreacting.I get Mandla,he is

worried about you and his baby"  
I look at her confused, "What?"  
She roll her eyes, "Girl by baby I mean  
vagina duh!"  
I shake my head, "Drink Zethu"  
I go sit on my spot and watch them  
drink.

## Chapter 74

### Fikile Biyela

.

I'm having a late meeting with  
butchery suppliers, it takes longer than  
I expected. My stomach is growling, my  
mind is already having a plate of  
delicious creamy shrimp and

mushroom rice.

My manager wraps everything up, we come to agreements and finally the meeting has been dismissed. I collect my belongings and walk out.

I'm thinking about driving to Pavilion centre first and....

"Hi"

I turn around frozen. Who is tapping my shoulder like that? It's late and I don't trust this place.

I exhale in both relief and anger, "Skhumbuzo what are you doing here?"

"I came to see you"

"Now? You thought this is the perfect time?" I ask angrily.

He scratch his head, "Umhhh..sorry if

it's a wrong time"

I breath out "I'm in a rush, see you next time" I say opening the car door.

"Are you hungry?" He ask as I'm about to close the door on his face.

"Of course I'm hungry, what do you think? I've been in the stupid never-ending meeting with white grannies and my stuttering manager for hours"

He laughs, "Okay,let me drive you"

I chuckle, "I can drive,don't you have your own car to drive?"

He look around, "I'll leave it here and fetch it in the morning"

"Like you'll find it still here" I say.

"Of course I'll find it,it's my car"

Has he never heard of thieves before?

Hijackers? Don't they have those in

Inkandla?

"Okay come in" I say.

I go to the passenger's, he comes to the driver's seat and close the door.

He look at me and smile, "Finally I'll know how it's like dragging a million rands on a freeway"

"I'm hungry so my temper is very short" I say.

He chuckles and start the car.I'm not that person who carry sweets in her bag, I only have a pack of minty chewing gum. I so wish I can have at least a lunchbar to shut this growling stomach up.

"So tell me, how much is this wig of yours? He ask.

I thought we were having a silent

trip,that would've been nice.

" R3 600" I say.

He laughs, "That's half my son's school fees"

It's clicked, I don't know this guy.I only know his name and foolishness.

I sit up straight, "You have a son?"

He smiles, "Sons,not son"

I cough,I'm letting a stranger drives me. Who knows maybe he is even married!

"Yes I'm married" he say as if he reads my mind.

My heart sinks.Why do I always attract fucked-up players?

I'm looking out the window,he is also concentrated on the road.The past days I've thinking about him,hoping to

see him soon he was back to his wife,he didn't think about me.He was just playing with my feelings.

Why my heart? Why. Why are you allowing this to happen to you every time? Don't you get tired of getting hurt?

"I'm single though" he says after a good while of silence.

This is the question that pops to my mind,

"Did you go go to school?" I ask.

"I don't know"

I roll my eyes, "What are you doing for a living?"

"I'm a CA and tax auditor"

No! I look at him,

"What?"

He laughs, "I'm kidding I'm a herdboy in one of the homesteads back home" He have time for games, I don't.

"Stop the car" I say.

"Why?" He ask calmly.

"Skhumbuzo stop this car now" I scream.

"Okay I'll stop" he says.

He keep driving until traffic descends.He then stop at the side.We ignore the hoots.

"Now you are going to tell me who you are?" I say fiercely.

He frown, "Is that why we are stopping?"

I look at him,like is he stupid or what?

"Yes" I say.

He smile, "I thought you were having

period pains"

I look at him, that smile of his I can just wipe with a hard slap.

"Talk"

I can't even control my anger. Why am I angry anyway? It's not like he is my boyfriend.

"I'm Skhumbuzo Nkosi, I'm a CA and tax auditor. I'm a father of three sons and MaMvelase's first son of three sons"

I push the bloody hair back, "You said you are married and single, which one is it?"

"I'm married and single"

I exhale, "Skhu I'm done with married man. Can be this the last time you come see me? I'm still on healing process,

I've been heartbroken more than ten times. I'm done being a side-chick, a front golden girlfriend to get business deals and a homewrecker"

"To me you're none of that. I don't have a wife" he says.

Oh maybe she died!

"What happened? Did she pass away?"

I ask.

He shake his head, "She left, one week after giving birth to Busizwe, my last born"

I frown, "Left for what? To where?"

He shrugs, "I don't know, the letter she left said she is going to Jo'burg to start her life afresh. Life of her dreams"

He look deeply hurt. The Zulu warrior in him is gone, now is the broken

husband and single father.

"Wow! I'm sorry" I say.

"It's okay, I'm over that. I turned into laughing stock and got over it. I hated women but a strange magazine cover girl changed that" he says and smile.

I smile, "You are a complete opposite of your outlooks"

He scratch his chin, "That's judgemental, can I start the car now or you're still questioning?"

I fold my arms and lie back on the seat, "How old are you?" I ask.

"I'm thirty-six"

I smile, he is only four years older than me.

"Okay drive" I say.

He shake his head and turn the engine

on.

He turn the music on,Lady Gaga  
applause loud in our ears.He quickly  
turn it off.

"What is this?" He ask.

I laugh, "It's good music"

"You don't know what good music is"  
he say.

"And you do? Come on you can't even  
sing a note" I say laughing.

"Shut up" he says.

I laugh at him.

He clear his throat, "Now that you  
know who I am maybe we can go to my  
cousin's place and eat.I'm sure you're  
tired to cook"

Now he is taking it far.

"No I have food in my fridge,I'll warm

it up" I say.

"We'll go there to take my knobkerrie then"

I look at him, "Don't, I want to go to my house"

"Come on, I'm not kidnapping you"

I'm not irritated as I should be as he drives to Durban North, a part of me want to see the place he is staying at I don't know why.

He drive inside a building. He drives up until third parking. He comes open the door for me.

"I thought you said you are coming to get your knobkerrie, why am I coming out now?" I ask.

He just smile and take my hand. We are holding hands now, okay. We get in

the lift,

"You look beautiful, do you always have to wear such high shoes?" He ask smiling.

"I feel comfortable in them, they boost my confidence" I say.

He frown, "Okay"

The lift opens,he take my hand again.

He knock on the door, "Zalo"

The door opens,a girl appears at the door.I expected the cousin to be a guy.Maybe it's his cousin's girlfriend. She is looking at me disbelievingly.

Skhu push her out of the way.

"We have a hungry guest" he says.

I walk in behind him,the girl is still zoned out.

He show me a couch,"I'm going to get

you a snack before you faint" he says and walk away.

I look around, the girl is still by the door looking at me.

"Hi" I say.

She walk and sit on the couch opposite me.

"Are you his colleague?" She ask.

I'm still amazed by her question when a voice comes from the kitchen.

"She is my girlfriend" he shout.

What? Is he crazy?

I smile, "I'm not his colleague"

The girl cover her mouth with both hands,

"Oh my word!" She exclaims.

I look at her, "You look shocked to see me here. I'm only accompanying him to

get his knobkerrie,he told me"

She smile,tears glitter on her eyes,

"Finally! Oh my gosh,he has finally found you"

I'm like 'excuse me girl what are you talking about'.I look at her confused.

"Was he looking for me?" I ask.

"Yes,we all thought one day he is going to fly to Cape Town and change his gender surgically"

I laugh "What?"

"My aunt is going to be happy,we all lost hope years ago" she beams.

I comprehend everything,so

Skhumbuzo never dated or rather say introduced any girl after his wife left him.

"So he has been single ever since?" I

ask.

She nod, "I'm so happy right now"

Let me explain her,she is tall,dark in complexion and medium-sized with very big lips.I don't know if I've seen her dress in any of the stores in SA,maybe she shipped it from India.It's colourful, very long and ugly.She have long braids tied with a white ribbon.

"I'm Fikile Biyela from Mandeni" I say.

She show her perfect white teeth,

"Now look at me,I'm too forward. I'm Lungile Mngadi,Skhumbuzo is my uncle's son"

We share a quick hug. The snack is taking too long.Maybe he has decided to cook samp and inhloko,you can never know with this imbadada guy.

He comes back with a covered plate and glass of juice.

"Here" he says.

I take the plate, he put the juice on the coffee table.

I uncover the plate expecting to see a burger or sandwich.

No it's a big piece of dumpling, boiled chicken drumstick and wing. There is also a brown gravy at the side. There is no fork, no knife and no spoon.

"Umhh..thanks" I say.

"Fork Zalo" Lungile says.

He stands and hurry to the kitchen.

"That's his favourite food" Lungile say as I'm watching the food unbelievably.

I look up and fake a smile, "It look nice"

He comes back and hand me a fork and knife.

Are they seriously gonna watch me eat with those expressions on their faces?

"Eat" Lungile says.

I slice a piece in the dumpling and fork it to my mouth.He smile when I take a second bite.

"This is great" he says proudly.

We look at him, he is smiling like a kid on Christmas.

"What is great?" Lungile asks.

"She trust me"

I frown, "Who said I trust you?"

"You are eating the food I prepared out of your presence and you are here"

I roll my eyes,he is so full of himself.I'm eating because I'm hungry and not

rude.

"My love" he say looking at me fondly, playing with his goatskin wristbands.

I blush mistakenly

## Chapter 75

Sena Biyela

.

Mandla's family came with three cows and a goat. One cow was slaughtered, the community members came in numbers and feasted. I've never slaved so much in my life, I was sweating going up and down serving food. Zanda was lazy, sleeping on the table instead of making desserts. I

understand Zanda she is pregnant although she doesn't know but Zethu! She was supposed to help out, instead she was smiling on her phone. When it was time to distribute the booze, guess who jumped up for the job? Her .I'll never play kitchen starring again, I'll make sure we hire caterers in future. I can say everything went well despite Zanda sweeping everything under the carpet and smiling at MaQwabe. I don't even know why she would look at her direction but I guess she just wanted the ceremony to be without crazy episodes.

We are ready to go, I'm so happy and cannot wait to see my men. Now I have to beg two love-struck grown women that we must go to the main

house,where everyone is,and say  
goodbye.

MaQwabe is very pained to see Zanda going without them resolving the past.I have no sympathy for her,she deserves everything that's coming to her.Nosihle and Zehlile may have treated Zanda badly but they were kids looking up at their mother and deep down you can see they are goodhearted.Another hell honourable citizen is that ugly chick,Philile.She was mean,barely smiling throughout the whole time. I'm so glad she chose to lock herself in the room most of the time because you can never trust her in the kitchen. Poisoning is a serious matter.

"Who is going to drive?" Zanda ask as

we approach the car accompanied by Zehlile and two other girls we were with in the kitchen.

"Not me I'm online" Zethu says.

I walk faster, leaving everyone and stand by the passenger's door. They mustn't think I'm their chef, cleaning lady and chauffeur at the same time. I'm tired, they didn't lift a finger in anything, one of them must drive.

Zethu laughs, "Okay I'll drive but from the hotel to Durban I'm riding with Tyson. Mandla will have to come and take the wheel here"

We bid the girls goodbye, Zehlile promises to visit once she has given birth. She is getting too comfortable this one but it's okay. My heart jump up with joy as we leave the boring place

behind heading to the hotel to get the rest of our bags.

The ride back to Durban is too long, Mandla is a slow driver.

"Overtake if you have to, I miss my man" I shout from the back.

He glance at me and wink, I roll my eyes. Zanda is sleeping at the front, poor girl. Her dream of having a baby at thirty-years has been crushed. She is clueless about the news, I fear the day Mandla break the news to her. I can see she is starting to get irritated very easily.

I feel like I'm dreaming as Mandla stop outside my house. Welcome sweet home!

Mandla is a gentleman he carry my bags for me. Quinton meet me at the

door,I scoop him up and kiss his little face.He giggles,gosh I missed him!

"Daddy is in the kitchen" he says.

"Have you eaten?" I ask.

He nods, "I'm full mommy"

Mandla put the bags on the couch in the lounge,we head to the kitchen.We find Sbu drinking Heineken,Lwazi cooking on the stove.

"Really mfethu" I ask Sbu.

He look around,he see us and stand up.

"Finally" he say coming to me.

I hug him,he kiss my cheek and fist-bump with Mandla.

"Missed me?" He ask smiling at me.

Mandla walk to Lwazi,he say something they both laugh.Sbu take a gulp on his can.

"I told you not to drink in front of my

son" I say.

"That's not fair,he doesn't know it's alcohol"

I turn and look at him walking behind me,

"That's the point he doesn't know what it is and it must stay like that until he is sixteen" I say.

"Okay I'll finish this one,it won't happen again" he says.

That's what they said the last time.I don't want to feel like I'm raising my son in a bar.

Mandla walk out in a hurry,his face is glowing with joy.First time impregnator!

I put Quinton down,he run back to the lounge.He is going to search if I bought him any new toy or gift.He'll find it on

the first packet,I knew he was going to do this I prepared myself.

I walk to him. He fold his arms on his chest and look at me with a cute smile.He stand like that,I kiss his chin,his left cheek and right cheek then I kiss his lips.

I kiss his nose and smile, "Hi"

His smile widens, "Hello"

I kiss his lips again,he suck my lower lip softly and let go.We stare at each other smiling, we've been apart for years.

He kiss my cheek and then whispers, "I'm gonna do something to you,act normal"

I look at him,he is smiling at me.His hand goes to my front,he grab my covered vjay and poke it with his

thumb.

"Okay that's too much eye-contact"

Sbu shouts.

Lwazi look at him, "I'm still admiring my beauty queen" he say normally, with a smile.

He look at me again, he bite his lower lip suppressing laughter. I can't describe how my face may look like right now. The way he is rubbing and poking me, my joints are weak.

"Missed me?" He ask smiling.

I'm going to moan pleausurably, help me Lord.

I close my eyes, "Stop" I whisper.

He bend and kiss my cheek. He remove his hand from me, I exhale loudly.

"Wait two minutes and go to our bathroom upstairs" he whispers in my

ear.

I nod,he turn back to his pot.Now I have to turn and face Sbu.

1..2..3 turn around.

"Are you guys still going to Shai-shai?"

I ask very loud,unnecessary.

He give me a look, "You know how mama is.She want to spend time with her dad so the trip has been postponed again"

Now I regret putting money for their trip, they've been postponing for three weeks.Donald is also reluctant about the Lamborghini, he say he want to invest the money he have too many cars already.

"I'm tired" I say yawning.

"I don't want you or anyone else to put make-up infront of my babies" he say.

I look at him confused, "Why?"

He shrugs, "Because I don't want them to be introduced to make-up until eighteen"

I roll my eyes, "Now we're playing that game?"

"I'm serious"

"That's not full of sense and invalid" I say.

"I respect your rules, you respect mine"

"Okay Sbu, we will lock them out of our dressing rooms then" I say.

He know what he is saying is stupid, he just want an evenly comeback. He used to be my aunt's only child, will he ever grow out of this 'spoilt-brat' zone?

"Okay maybe you can use a teacup when you are drinking your alcohol" I say.

He laughs, "Sissy my beautiful sissy, the mastermind."

"I'm going to freshen up it's been a long journey" I say.

"No sit down and tell me about Eshowe" Sbu says.

Lwazi coughs, I steal a glance at his direction. He is stirring the pot slowly.

"I'll tell you later, I'm tired" I say.

He grab a banana and peel it, "Come on. I want to hear it now"

My word! Why is he not with his wife today?

I walk past him, "Sbu last night I had only three hours sleep, so please."

He jump from the chair and walk with me.

"Shana come let's go upstairs with mommy" he shout for Quinton.

I stop and look at him hostilely, "I'm going to bath upstairs"

"We are going to chill there,what's up?"

Quinton comes running, he scoop him up.I look at Lwazi,he have a big frown on his face. I shrug my shoulders and go with them.

While I go bath they watch TV in a passage leading to our bedroom.

I miss him so much.Why do I have a brother like this though?He knows exactly where to push and spoil things.

After dressing up I walk out and find them gone.Maybe they went back downstairs Quinton got bored.They ruined my chances of getting a hot fix anyway.

As I'm taking the steps down I bump to

Lwazi.

"They are outside in the pool" he says.

I smile, "Great"

We run to the bedroom. He push me, I fall on top of the bed. He take off his T-shirt and pant.

We kiss each other hungrily, his other hand pull down my panty. I'm more than ready.

"Get in we don't have time" I say.

He suck my lips and moan. I open my legs wider, he push it slowly inside. He shag me like a maniac. I meet his thrusts halfway. I'm trying to contain my screams.

I feel a hot wave taking over my body, all my joints weakens. I enjoy the moment, he keep thrusting in. Shortly he groans on top of me and curse. We

are done for now but our business is still unfinished.

"I love you mamakhe" he say then bury his head on my boobs.

I brush his head, "I missed you,I was a few inches away from losing my mind"

He look up at me, "Can you feel me?"

Yes,his cock is still hard af.I laugh,his eyes are so horny and red.

"You know they can come back anytime" I say.

He push himself in again,as slippery as it is.He dance in it until I feel my body heat up again.We get it on again but a loud laughter coming our way disturbs us.

"Hahaha yoo Sena will kill you" Sbu says.

He pulls out quickly and pull me up.We

run to the dressing room. We can hear Sbu's voice in the bedroom. I know he is doing this on purpose, sadly I can't report him to my dad like Nozipho.

"Hold on to the table babe" he says turning me around.

What if they walk in here? Sbu likes to see people suffer, doesn't he know that?

I get on my knees and hold onto the small dwarf table. He kneels behind me and pushes himself in. He has his hand on my mouth, I can't scream from this pleasure I'm getting. We both reach our climax and moan in within.

Lwazi is nude, I'm without my panty and we are both soaked in juices. Sbu is giggling somewhere near. I need to come out, Lwazi is lying on the carpet

looking on the ceiling smiling.

"Sbusiso" I shout.

"What?"

"Go away with a kid" I say.

We hear no voices, I guess he followed instruction. We sneak out and go to the bathroom to clean ourselves.

"They saw my panty" I say.

He chuckles, "No Sbu is an elder, he pushed it under the bed"

His clothes are still on the floor, he pick them and dress up. I take my panty under the bed to the underwears basket. We look at each other and laugh.

"Heads up, straight faces" he say as we take the stairs down.

We don't find anyone, we look for them everywhere but they are no

where to be found.

Lwazi take his phone from the charger plug and call Sbu. He put loudspeaker on, it rings

"What?" He answers.

"We are looking for you, where are you?" Lwazi ask.

"On the way to my house, I'm babysitting tonight but my prices vary" We look at each other.

"What?" I ask.

"I'm preventing my nephew from trauma. You guys have the whole night to yourselves at an affordable price" he say.

I sigh, "You didn't..."

Lwazi cut me in, "See you in the morning sbari, tell that chap to behave" He drop the call smiling. I missed my

son,I wanted to spend time with him too.

"Come on,smile this is good news" he say brushing my hair.

I exhale, "Yes I guess but I missed him too"

"Tomorrow you can give your attention to him all day,let tonight be about us"

I nod and smile.

"First let's dish up and eat then we can feed on our cravings" he say.

We walk to the kitchen holding hands, this is our night.Thanks to you brother. (I'm sorry about yesterday)

## Chapter 76

Zanda Dlamini

.

I've been up since four o'clock, he is snoring softly next to me. I keep turning and tossing my stomach is empty, if I try closing my eyes it growls louder.

Maybe I'm diabetic, yes that's the only thing. I'm always hungry and feel light-headed like I could faint if I don't put anything in my mouth. Oh God I have diabetes! I'm so young, maybe I inherited it from an elder in my family. I check the time, it's five-fourty. No this is it! I slowly crawl out of bed and head to the bathroom. I pee, wash my face and brush my teeth. When I come back

he is wide awake. Wasn't he snoring just minutes ago?

"Is everything alright?" He asks.

Lately he is like my guardian doctor and it's annoying. From selecting menus to following me around and babysitting me.

"No I need water" I say.

He kick the blankets, "Sleep, I'll fetch it for you"

See, this is what I hate.

I tie my robe, "I can get myself water"

I walk out irritated. I'm literally running all the way downstairs. I open the fridge, take out yoghurt and pieces of fried chicken from yesterday. I'll have them with slices of white bread, maybe let me add something

sweet for energy. I take out a bar of chocolate and sit on the kitchen chair. While I'm warming the chicken in the microwave I'm eating the yoghurt. I don't know how I'm able to finish it so fast, this is really diabetes. I go to the bread tin, I feel my eyes burning as I'm welcomed by a loaf of brown bread. I want to eat white bread. Sigh!

I sit down with a plate of four brown bread slices and three chicken pieces. I'm chewing hungrily and angrily, tears are trolling down my face.

"Babe are you okay?" He ask scaring me off.

I nearly jump up and that alone make me cry even more. I bite on my chicken and ignore his question.

"Zanda why are you crying?" He ask wiping my cheeks with his hands. I stuff bread into my mouth and drink the juice.I'm partly embarrassed of being caught eating so much food after I told him that I'm here to get water. Maybe the sooner I come clean about my sickness the better.I'm also angry he sneaked up on me, didn't I tell him I'm here to fetch myself water? Why there is a need for him to come look for me instead of sleeping? Doesn't he trust me?

"I don't like what you are doing, stop judging me" I say.

He look at me completely lost, "I'm not judging you, I'm worried you are crying and I don't know why"

"Yes you are here to judge me,angithi you are Mister Perfect.Please stop looking at me like that and go away" I say.

"Zanda I'm.."

I put my hand up, "Away Mandlakayise"

He scratch his head and step backwards.

"I don't want to see you anywhere near me.OUT!!!"

He stop,he look at me shocked.I point at the door,

"Out or I will be the one leaving. We surely can't be in the same house with all this judgement we give each other"

He exhale, "Can I at least take my car keys?"

"Whatever you want bhuti" I say and attend my food.

As soon he walks out the door with his judging tail between his legs I unwrap my chocolate and eat freely. Now that I'm full maybe I can get my sleep back. I go back to the bedroom to sleep. I slid under the blankets and shift back to sleep.

When I wake up it's quarter to eight, I look around Mandla is nowhere in sight. Oh! I remember I chased him out. Maybe I was a little harsh, he didn't really judge me. It was all in my head. I need to find him. I go to the bathroom and shower. I put on my yellow maxi dress and sandals. I put some sweets in my bag and drive to his mother's

house.

I find his mother in the kitchen making breakfast, she smiles as she see me approaching her.

We hug, she is always smelling nice but today's perfume doesn't sit well with me I break the hug quickly.

"I'm happy you're here, I'll have somebody to eat with. I hate eating alone, where is the big-head?"

I frown, "He is not here?" I ask.

She shake her head, "No, he said he will come here late today"

I sigh, "Maybe he is at Sbu's place or Thapelo's"

I shouldn't have chased him out, that's his house and he had an early meeting today.

"Forget about him,he can take care of himself.Help me here" she says.

"I'm sorry Ma but I have to find him" I say and run out.

I get inside the car and call Nozipho.

"Zanda" she answers.

"I'm sorry to disturb you,is Mandla there?" I ask.

"Maybe,I don't know. I haven't got out of bed.But there are voices downstairs, call Sbu and find out"

Who doesn't get out of bed until 09h50? Doesn't she get hungry? She is using her pregnancy to cover her laziness.

I call Sbu,he doesn't answer.I call and call again it rings unanswered. I must just drive there and check myself.

They take time to open the gate for me. I'm beyond myself with frustration. Everyone will assume I'm mistreating the man who loved me wholeheartedly even when I was a nobody.

I'm relieved to see him eating on the table with Sbu. They are laughing and not aware of me walking toward them.

"Hi" I greet.

They both turn to look at me shocked. They are only eating cereals. Sbu stand up, "Zanda hi...umhhh I forgot to open the windows in the umhhh...kitchen" he say.

Kitchen? Aren't we in the kitchen?

He grab his bowl and run away. What is wrong with him?

Mandla clear his throat, "Hey babe"

I thought he would be mad at me. I'm surprised to hear him calling me 'babe'.

"I'm sorry I was a bitch, what I did was uncalled for. I'm really sorry my love" I say.

He smile relieved, "It's okay babe, I understand"

I don't deserve him. He is such a good person, always kind and understanding.

"You had a meeting at nine" I say.

He brush my hand, "Don't worry, I postponed it"

I exhale, "I'm really sorry"

He smile, "It's okay, how are you?"

I look down, "I need to tell you something"

"What is it my love?"

I look at him, "I think I have diabetes"

He frown, "Why? What happened?"

"I'm always hungry, when I get really hungry I feel like I can die. I get dizzy and weak. Those are symptoms, maybe someone in my family had it" I explain. I don't know if I said something funny and missed it. He is dying from laughter.

"What's funny?" I ask.

He laughs until he choke, "Diabetes? No man, stop it you are killing me" he say laughing.

I fold my arms and glare at him deadly.

"People die of this sickness and you are laughing at me? I may die Mandla"

I say.

He compose himself, "Okay let's go home.I need to tell you something" I nod,he take my hand we walk to the door.We bump to Quinton and Sphiwo running after the ball.

"Hi guys" I greet them.

They wave at me and continue with their run. Sbu is no where to be seen.

"I'll leave my car here" he say.

He get on the driver's seat, I sit at the back because I'm mad at him for laughing.

We get in the house and sit face to face on the couch.

"What is it?" I ask.

"Promise me you won't get mad and kill me"

I look at him. Did he cheat on me?

"Mandla you are scaring me" I say.

"You have to promise me first"

I sigh, "Okay I won't be mad"

He take both my hands and squeeze them.

"You are pregnant"

I doubt my ears heard him correctly.

"Huh?"

He smile, "Babe we are having a baby.

I'm going to be a father"

I close my eyes so that when I open them I'll realise I was dreaming.

"How do you know? It's not true" I say.

"I've known for a while now,I was just scared to tell you.You are very short-

tempered,not that it's a bad thing.I

love you,thanks for carrying my little

princess or big head.Know that we are

in this together, we are going to make great parents.I'll be the father I never had and you'll be the mother you never had"

I wipe the single tear that has escaped my eye, "I was not ready to be a parent but I'm ready to protect him or her from the cruelty of this world"

He pull me for a tight hug.My whole life is about to take a different direction.

Chapter 77  
Ziphe Biyela

.

I wake up to a pair of eyes staring at me. I smile at him, he is very adorably clingy lately. I'm not complaining though, I love all the attention he gives.

"Were you planning my murder in your head?" I ask.

Instead of answering he lift my head with his hand and kiss my lips.

"You look so innocent when you're asleep" he say brushing my eyebrows.

"I am innocent. Good morning"

He smile, "Morning my innocent angel"

I look at him and frown, "When did I stop being Sbu's angel?"

He chuckles, "When you started grinding me with your ass"

I punch his chest, "I miss him"

Realisation. Sbu and I use to be very

close,I kinda miss old relationship.Maybe I drifted away after getting married. My attention has been fully on my marriage and making a baby.

"Why don't you go spend time with him later?" He ask.

"And who is going to spend time with you?"

"Lwazi,it has been some time since we last talked.He seems a bit off lately"

I nod, "I guess Tamika will be home alone"

He scratch his chin, "We will be holding prayers with our hearts"

I want to ask when she is going back to Jo'burg but I don't want to come across as a hater.

She is an absent guest anyway. She is always out partying, we only share 'hellos' if we happen to bump into each other in the mornings when she comes back. I'm sorry but I don't like her, we have no vibe.

His hand is too quick to get between my thighs. He is breathing heavily near my ear, that alone turns me on immediately. We glorify our morning. He is still an angry lion on bed, he always leave my legs disabled. We go to shower together and dress up. I help him put his tie on.

"I have a request" I say.

lookhh"

I hope what I'm about to ask won't cause any conflicts.

"It's about Nires..umhh that guy you saw here"

He push my hands off him, "I'm listening"

His reaction says a lot,I regret having to ask him this.In his mind I cheated with Nires.

"He is the head in his family, he lost his job.His little brother go around his neighborhood asking for food so that they have something to eat before going to bed"

He is staring at me,pitilessly.

"How do you..."

I cut him in, "The day I got off the car after we argued,he is the one who helped me with a taxi fee,it was his last cent.I had to find him and pay back his

money,that's how I found out about the situation in his home" I explain. He exhale, "So you and him come long way back?"

"He is the one who called you when I went to hospital, he showed me true friend qualities.I never thought of him more than that,he is a great guy babe.I want to help him"

He chuckles, "Ziphe I don't want to talk about that boy or see him again"

I fold my arms and look away. He is being unreasonable and insecure. I love him.

"Is there anything else?" He ask.

I shake my head.

I follow him out,I still need to make breakfast for him no matter what.

"Stop sulking" he says.

I eat my cereal and ignore him. I feel like I owe Niresh after everything he has done for me. Getting him a good job, nice furniture and putting his siblings to better school would be a formation of Ubuntu.

"I don't want to fuck you against this table, stop turning me on with that grin"

I look at him angrily but my stupid mouth stretch into a smile.

"I love you ntwanas" he say.

I laugh out. Gosh! I shouldn't be, I'm angry at him.

"Lovebirds"

I stop myself from rolling 'em eyes. She look worn out, her shoes are on her

hands now.

"Morning" we say.

"Don't you get tired from sleeping for eight hours?" She ask going through the fridge.

"We sleep and do lot of things in that eight hours" Thapelo replies.

She giggles, "Oh! I can imagine"

"Don't you get tired of partying?" I ask. This girl is out partying from Monday to Sunday. Doesn't she have a life?

"How can I get tired of life?" She ask.

I look at Thapelo, he is smiling at her. What kind of uncle is this? He is supposed to put her on the right track, not worshipping her bad behaviors.

She walk away, "Kiss, kiss, kiss. I'm off to take a nap"

"I have never seen such in my life" I say.

"Sena was exactly like this before Lwazi came and Simtho before Loyiso."

I look at him, "Are you serious?"

He laughs, "And Zethu is just her long lost twin"

I laugh, "She has been tamed"

Later Thapelo leaves for work. I go work on my assignments too. My therapy session is at 13h30, from there I'm going to Sbu's place.

She walks in, disturbing me. I thought she was taking a nap. Grrrrr!

"Do you have a lingerie?"

I look at her, that's a too friendly question.

"Why?" I ask.

"I have to go somewhere" she say with a huge smile.

"I do have a black one I haven't used"  
She jump excitedly,

"Awesome.Siyabangena!!"

Now I'm curious, "Who is he?"

"I'll tell you when I have him,okay"

I shrug, "Okay,let me save this file and go look for it"

.

(At Donald's house)

Junior has already gone to school,Don is home alone planning to visit Simtho as the day goes by.He is still on sick leave,supposedly fully recovering at home.

He is thinking about how ignorant he used to be regarding his feelings for

her. He never thought it was love, he took it as a protective instinct. Maybe it's because he hasn't loved anyone ever since Junior's mother disappeared. He thought he loved Wendy but now that he is looking at it it wasn't love. Because what he feels for Simtho is genuine love and he hasn't felt it in years.

He sips water from the glass and sigh. In just a few months he will be a father or stepfather. Although he is ready to bond with the baby regardless of paternity he is still afraid. If it's not his baby the truth will have to come out once the baby has grown. Will he/she forgive them?

Just as he is in deep thoughts the

intercom rings. His heart jumps up thinking it's Simtho. Well, his loyalty is about to be tested.

She stands by the entrance, her white coat wide open, revealing a black lingerie.

He wants to ask what she is doing here but he fails. She is sexy, that's not debatable.

"I see the surprise surprised you" she says smiling.

Don clears his throat, his voice needs to come out bold.

"What are you doing here?" He finally asks.

She takes slow steps towards him, "I'm here to see you, do you like seeing me?" She takes the coat off, she has a black

thin belt on her hand.

He want to tell her to go away but he is dumbstruck.

"Your highness! I'm here to turn myself in,I'm a sinner.I trespassed to your apartment, I deserve any kind of punishment" she say seductively.

They stand face to face. Donald is losing the pace of his breathing. His body has more control on him than his morality.

Seeing the weakness in him Tamika grab down his head and kiss him.It's hard to resist,her lips are too soft although she smell like brewery.

They push each other,mouth-on-mouth until she is on the couch lying on her back.She tie his legs around his

waist and deepens the kiss.

He close his eyes and moan as his body react to the heat.

"I love you so much Vukile" his mind play tricks on him.

Pictures of him and her kissing in her office couch with tears running down their faces play on his mind. His heartbeats start racing, he feel his eyes warming up.

"I love you Biyo" he whispers.

Then he realise what he is saying and doing. With who.

He push her legs off him,

"Please get out!" He say.

Tamika can't believe her ears.

"My love" she say.

He pull her up and push her toward

the door.

"Don't ever come to my house again"

he shout.

She ask why he is angry with her? In her mind she think she did something wrong.

She get a flying white coat as a response. She cries as the door slam on her face.

Chapter 78

Simtho Biyela

.

He walks in like a mindless person.He throw the brown foodie-bag on the coffe-table.I know when he is dramatic

angry and when he is really angry.

"What happened?" I ask.

He rub his left ear and look at me. This is angry Donald. Why do I feel like laughing at him?

"Don't laugh" he say.

I can't stop myself, "Talk or you're going to burst"

He exhale and rub his palms together.

"It's traffic"

I give him a 'really?' look. Since when he lies to me?

"What's going on Don?" I ask with a serious tone.

"Promise me you won't get mad" he says.

I think I will get mad by whatever it is, hence he thinks I might get mad. I

suck my lollipop.

"Leave it,I'm having a good day I can't get mad" I say.

"I want to..."

I stop him with my hand, "Not today. Today I want to be happy all day long" He exhale and smile, "How are you people?"

"We are good,thank you"

"Can I come kiss you?" He ask smiling. I nod, "Yes,kiss me everywhere"

He come to me,kneel down and take my shoes off.He massage my legs and spread them apart.

"Why are you not wearing a panty?"

He ask laughing.

"I'm not comfortable in it"

He chuckles. His hand go to my

honeypot while he is sucking my lips.I can feel anger in his kiss.Whoever pissed him off did a good job. His mouth go to my neck,giving me tingling sensations.

His hand move up to my tummy.He stop kissing me.He press his hand on the side of my tummy.The little lazy bun poke his hand and disappear.

He is shocked, he look for her with his hand.

"Where is she?" He ask.

I laugh, "She is hiding.I'm surprised to feel her kick your hand,you know this mini-mini is lazy she hasn't kicked all morning"

He kiss my cheek, "Wow!"

He massage my tummy.

I touch his cheek, "You didn't forget about my kiss 'everywhere'?"

He laughs and return his hand back to my vjay.He push my legs wider and devour my honeypot.Nobody does it better than him.

"I love you babe" this is what I keep on reciting.

I explode right on his mouth,he licks me up.After gaining my consciousness I return the favour.

"I love you Simtho"

Well,that's how good I am at this sucking game.

I laugh, "I blew you so good sir"

He stop fastening his belt and stare at me. Damn! He is so serious today.

"What's up with you?" I ask.

"I'll never be ready to lose you. I love you so much, whatever happens breaking up is not an option Simtho"  
I smile, "I know"

He take my hands, "I mean it babe. Whatever happens, no matter what it is, breaking up is not an option. We will talk, forgive each other and stand together. We've come a long way, I know you and you know me better than anyone. Whatever life throws at us we will use our true love as a shield. We will stay strong through hurricanes and storms. I'll be your sun, you'll be my rainbow."

I breath out, "I'm ready, you are my ride-or-die"

We share a passionate kiss, clean

ourselves and head to the kitchen to warm the food he brought.

"I cooked this" he say.

I roll my eyes, " Yeah right,Mr Grillers"

"You love food,you know every restaurant"

I shoot him a look, "Don't start me"

"No I'm serious, tell me which restaurant you haven't ea at in Durban?"

"I forgive you" I say.

He laughs, "I wouldn't care even if you don't, I like seeing you angry"

I just smile and focus on my meat.Then the door disturbs us.

"Expecting anyone?" He ask.

I shake my head, "Maybe it the sublingual mosquitoes"

He go open up. Thapelo walks in, wearing formal pants, white T-shirt and blazer. He look pissed.

"Good day" he greet.

I return the greeting, Don is focused on his food.

"Man what did you do to my niece?" He ask Don.

Don look up, "I'm eating mfethu, I don't want to throw up"

What is going on here? What happened between his niece and my ride-or-die?

"What did you do to her?" Thapelo asks.

I look at Don questioningly. He drink his juice not bothered at all.

"Vukile" I say.

"She showed up in my house, dressed

up like a slut and acted like the management director of SABA." He say. I've never heard of a SABA company before.

"What is that?" I ask.

"Sluts Association of Bitches in Africa" I cover my mouth with my hand, "No" I can't help it, I laugh out. He look angry again. This is why he came here looking pissed.

Thapelo sit down, "She came to my office wailing, everyone's attention was on me. She told me you phoned her telling her to come over than you tempted to hit her when she denied you sex and chased her down the street"

"Oh she is the Minister of Liars too. Tell

her to stay away from me" Don says.  
"I'm sending her back to Jo'burg, she  
get suicidal when she is really angry"  
Thapelo say, his voice filled with  
sadness.

"Is she mental unstable?" I ask.

"She has bipolar, strictly on medication  
though "

Oh no wonder!

"Please send her back, I don't want  
crazy episodes I'm still fragile" Don  
says.

Thapelo and I look at each other.

"What? I am not physical fit, the doctor  
told me"

I drink my juice and look away.

Thapelo clear his throat.

"You are sexually fit though" he say.

I laugh, "No he is not, where did you hear those lies?"

"Talk man, where did you hear those lies?" Don asks.

We both glare at Thapelo. He open his mouth and close it. He mustn't lie!

"Okay my wife told me" he say eventually.

"What?" I laugh.

He smile, "She wasn't gossiping though"

Of course he is going to defend her, she married her mamgobhozi ass.

"I can't believe she is discussing my sex life with you. What kind of a sister is that?" I say.

Don laughs, "But I also know that Thapelo is gifted where and grind it

better from which angle"

I look at him, Thapelo have a big frown on his face.

"My love" I say.

"Your nickname my nigga is The Beast"

This is it! I grab my juice and run

away. Don is dead with

laughter. Thapelo is

embarrassed, shocked and amused.

Chapter 79

Fikile Biyela

.

I hate my mind for always thinking about irrelevances. I don't need this kind of distraction, I'm at work. So

what if he has a cute smile? What is special with small eyes on a big man?

"Black China"

"Sorry ma'm?" Nokulunga, my personal assistant, say.

I look at her, "Don't mind me I'm a loud thinker"

She smile, "You've been smiling and blushing with the laptop"

I smile and cover my mouth with my hand, "I don't know what's wrong with me"

"You are in love" she say.

Am I?

"It's written all over your face"

I smile, "Okay but I'm not sure if he is my type"

She shake her head "It's opposite

forces that attracts"

I laugh, "Okay get out I want to blush in peace"

She pick her files and walk out giggling.

I'm such a mess!

Can you believe he has never called me? What kind of a man is this? Is he serious about us?

I call Lungile,I need to hear her voice.She pick up immediately.

"Hey it's Fiki" I say.

"Sisi how are you?" She ask.

I exhale, "I'm good,just swamped with work"

"I understand my love,we missed you that day"

I blush, "You missed me,not your

cousin"

"Trust me, today he seasoned his eggs with sugar instead of salt" she say.

I laugh, "How is he?"

"He is trying to be strong and be a less nuisance to you"

I exhale, "As long as he is breathing"

"You love him, don't you?" She ask laughing.

"I'm such a sinner! Yes I think I do"

Why am I confessing my feelings to his cousin? I'm stupid.

"Don't tell him yet, I want to see him lose his mind it's enjoyable. He iron all the clothes, wash the dishes and vacuum the carpets. I love it"

I laugh, she must not abuse my man.

Okay get a grip Fiki!

"Don't tell him we talked" I say.  
She laughs, "Okay, thanks for calling"  
I drop the call with a stupid smile on  
my face.

A knock disturbs me. I pull myself  
together and shout,

"Come in"

Biyela walks in wearing his formal suit  
and white cap. Have you ever seen  
such in your life? Formal wear and cap.

"Hey dad" I say.

He hug me and sit on the guest's  
couch. He look around smiling. I  
wonder why he is here.

"How are you?"

I exhale, "I'm good, you didn't tell me  
you're coming"

"Do I need to?"

"No but what if you didn't find me or I had guests" I say.

"I don't need permission to come see my daughter"

"You're right,how is mom?"

He smile, "She is good,you know how your mom is,always looking beautiful"

I roll my eyes, "We are beautiful than her"

He chuckles, "Depends on the timing, right now you're beautiful than her"

I laugh, "Stop insulting your first born,how are my boys?"

"Simile is the one that brings me here"

I look at him, "What happened?"

"I'm not always around, he is growing up and need a father figure."

I exhale, "Dad you're always there in

the afternoons"

"Do I attend his cricket matches, help him with karate lessons and play bikes with him?" He asks.

I feel my eyes warming up, "What must I do now?"

"I want him to come live with Sbusiso, he will be closer to you and his uncle can guide him"

I look at him, "That's lot of kids for Sbu. He may fail to manage them all"

"He is a Biyela, he is the future head of this family. His responsibility is to take care of everyone with our blood in their veins" he say.

"He can live with me" I say in protest.

"You're a wokalcoholic. I'm not taking your son away from you, you're his

mother and I'm so proud of you"

I nod, "Have you spoken with Sbu?"

"There is a family dinner next

Saturday, I will tell him then next year

the boy will move here and start

school around"

I nod, "I hope he will adapt to the

changes"

"He will,he is strong and matured"

A knock disturb us,my next meeting is

in two hours, who could it be?

"Come in"

Tata Madiba why did you die?!

"Hello boy" my dad say.

What is he doing here?

"Yebo baba" he say bowing a little.

Dad look at me brow raised.I fake a

smile,

"This is our driver Sihle" I say.

He bite his lower lip and continue standing by the door.

I pick a pile of papers, "Sihle deliver this to Mr Kumar, you know his company's offices right?"

He walk to me and take the papers, "Yes ma'm"

He wink at me and turn around, "Stay well baba"

I sigh in relief as he walk out. That was close.

"That driver wear smart for his job" he say.

"What is wrong with that?" I ask.

"Nothing he just look familiar"

I clear my throat, "Dad people look alike"

He stare at me until I look away. He is a nosy old man.

My phone beeps.I pick it and look at the message;

WHY DID YOU SAVE ME FROM YOUR SUPERHERO???

So he have my numbers?I smile.Maybe I should've repeated the Mandeni trick.Dad would've kicked his stupid ass.

"He is at Mr Kumar's already, he is such a funny driver"

I look at him, "Dad?"

"He is a good driver"

Mom should fetch her husband, he is not minding his business.

## Chapter 80

Sena Biyela

.

I, along with Zethu and Simtho have been accused of dodging work and being the biggest spenders in the family. I think those are false accusations because we are the ones that go extra miles looking for perfect supervisors, managers and committed stuff. We are not hands on as Fikile and Sbu that's all. It's caused by that we have other business' interests other than supermarkets and factories. We've established our own different businesses that grab our full attention which include restaurants, electric

companies and beauty spas.

I'm heading home after a long day with endless meetings. I'm expecting to find Quinton with my housekeeper but I find my dad with him. This is a surprise, I didn't know he was in Durban today.

"Good afternoon" I greet.

Quinton run to me, I don't have energy to pick him up. I bend and kiss his forehead and pull him by the hand. I put my bags on the table and go hug my dad.

"It's five o'clock Senamile" he says.

"I had a late meeting with Lè Beauty"

He shake his head, "When are you going to cook for Madlala and help your son with schoolwork?"

He is the one who always tell us we must work hard for our kids' legacy. What changed?

"I can manage"

He chuckles, "You are stubborn like your mother"

My mother is not stubborn, I don't know in the bedroom, but she is not.

"How is everyone back home?" I ask.

He smile, "We are a good little family, it's peaceful"

When was the last time we all went home together. I miss mom's shouting, Simtho & Zethu feuds and all the craziness Sbu brings.

"Have you talked with your old sister?"

He ask disturbing me from my thoughts.

"About what?" I ask.

"I'm worried about her, she needs to live her life to the fullest"

I look at him curiously, "Like date?"

He scratches his chin, "That's too"

I can't believe it!

"How come she is given a dating permission while all of us had to cross burning bridges in order for our men to be accepted?"

He chuckles, "Fiki is a grown, matured lady. I did give her hard times on Simile's father. Right now I trust her judgement and life choices, life hasn't been sweet on her side. She is wiser now"

I exhale, "You're right but she is not dating"

He look disappointed. I can't believe  
Biyela is worried about his daughter's  
romantic life!

"How is Madlala?"

I smile, "He is good"

Speak of the devil! He walks in with a  
puffy face.

He is surprised to see my dad.He  
doesn't look okay.

"Good afternoon" he say.

He put his briefcase on the table and  
shake my dad's hand.They greet each  
other. Lwazi's eyes shows that he has  
been crying and my heart is sinking  
down.

"Is everything okay son?" Dad asks.

He scratch his head, "Yebo baba"

Dad look at me,I look away.

"Son, you can speak up we're family"  
Lwazi exhale, "My mother's husband  
died and my brother is in hospital"  
My eyes widen, "Jay is in hospital,  
why?"

"He couldn't handle the news,they say  
his heart is failing" he say in a painful  
voice.

"Quinton go in the playroom" I say.  
He get off his grandpa's lap and run to  
the playroom happily.

Lwazi is about to break down,dad  
excuse himself and follow Quinton.  
I sit next to him and put my arms  
around him.

"It's not your fault" I say.  
He shake his head, "You don't  
understand, do you?"

"Of course I understand, you need to be strong babe. Be strong for Jason" I beg.

He fight back tears, "He doesn't deserve this"

"You don't deserve this either. We will get a specialist to treat him, that monster deserved to die" I say.

"Did Quinton see that something is wrong?" He ask.

I shake my head, "You did it for him remember, I love you"

He nod, I kiss his warm lips. I can't begin to describe the feeling I get every time I see my man broken. I get mad, murderous and sorrowful. I love him more than anything. I just want to take the pain away.

I wrap my arms around his neck.  
Maybe he should see a psychological counsellor, he has been through a lot.  
He finally calm down,my dad appears.  
"I'm sorry for your loss.What happened to him?" he asks.  
Lwazi clear his throat,  
"They say he was murdered but they are still investigating"  
My heart start pounding.How far will the investigation go?  
"I hope they find the murderers" dad says.  
I want to give him a look,Lwazi's hand start shaking.I give it a tight squeeze.  
"Babe go take a shower, I'll bring dinner to you and everything you need" I say.

He stand and drag his feet away.He look like a man whose whole world has been shut down.

I need to find ways of getting Jay help immediately or my man's life will never be the same.His heart is too soft to hold guilt.

He disappears in the staircases,I look at my dad.

He smiles, "He is like your big baby"  
"Dad what if he get arrested?" I ask frustrated.

"I have two Sergeants investigating the case and a private investigator on standby in case the wife needs one"

I look at him beyond shocked, "How?"

"I protect my family"

Obviously!

I smile, "I love you more than anything in this world"

He smiles, "Wouldn't you? I pay for your long nails and Indians hair"

"I work,don't give yourself too much credit"

"Cook they must be hungry,I need to go"

We hug each other, I feel protected.He is my superhero.

I prepare dinner and serve Lwazi on bed and eat with Quinton in his room.Later I call Nozipho,she is the well-connected one.She must find me a cardiologist immediately.

"Babe you should see someone professional, just to let everything out"  
I suggest as we lie face to face on bed.

"A shrink? No babe"

I put my hand on his cheek, "It will help you"

He look sexy with swollen red eyes.

"I will talk to you if I want to talk" he say.

I smile, "Okay start by telling me how you feel"

He exhale, "I don't know how I feel but I love you and my son.I'd do anything to protect you"

I kiss his lips, "Just like I would do anything for you and Quinton"

We kiss passionately, his warm lips send moisture to my cookie.I put my leg around him.

"Dad"

Oh shucks!

I unwrap my leg from his father. We sit up and look at him. Why is he here?

When did he wake up?

"What's wrong my boy?" Lwazi asks.

"I don't want to sleep alone"

Is this boy testing me? Since when he wake up and decide he doesn't want to sleep alone?

"Why?" I ask.

He climb on bed and sit on top of his father with his Spiderman pillow.

"I want my daddy" he say.

I sigh, "Why?"

He lie on his chest, minutes later he is snoring.

"I'll make it up to you in the morning" he say smiling.

"I can't wait for him to go to varsity" I

say.

He laugh, "That's a long-term dream"

He put him between us and kiss his forehead.

"So how is Scott?" I ask.

"They are helping him adapt to his life"

I nod.

While many men become fathers

Biyela has done beyond that.He is truly committed to fatherhood and do

beyond human measures to ensure

that we are happy and protected. For

that I will always adore him

Chapter 81

Fikile Biyela

.

The office incident keep replaying in my mind. I keep smiling with the pots. Him standing by the door, my dad glaring at him and me shaking like a leaf. Times change as well as perspectives. Just two weeks ago I sent him a bulldozer that is my dad just because he pulled a hit on me. Today I'm protecting his crazy ass. I didn't reply to his text. I thought he would call or send more texts since he somehow has my numbers but nothing. I'm a little disappointed. I'll calm my tits with a glass of wine. I don't set tables, I'm a lonely dweller. I dish up sit on the kitchen chair and eat with a glass of wine in my hand. My life has a crazy, boring routine. It's

work,check on the kids and engage with family.If I don't pull my socks I'm going to float on the same boat as Simtho.Arghhh! She has Don now,her life is better.

A knock disturbs me.I cancelled my pizza order, what is it now?

I drag my feet with my wine and go to the door.

He stands in the doorway with a smile on his face,wearing soldier's pant and white vest.Is it okay to wear like this? With soldier's cap and boots too?

He is... I don't know but this calls for intervention. I can't have him walking around wearing like isosha lomzabalazo.Wardrobe remaking is needed in his life.

"You look surprised ntokazi" he say.

I just close the door and walk back. He follows me. I sit down, he remain on his feet.

I look at him, "What's up with ugly clothes? Are you a soldier now?"

"I am your soldier"

He catch me off guard with that, I nearly choke.

"What brings you here Skhumbuzo?" I ask after gaining my normality back.

"Since you ignored my message I worked out that you type a lot in your office, your fingers must be tired so you couldn't reply to my text. Then a

faithful voice within me said

'Skhumbuzo SikaGawula ntombi ziyashing' izinsizwa go there and hear your answer"

I laugh, "What answer? What was the

question?" I ask faking confusion.

"Why did you save me from your dad?  
Is it something good I did?" He ask  
smirking.

I roll my eyes, "Really? I ignored you  
on purpose"

He just look at me, smiling ear-to-ear.

"Why do you have a silver-teeth? It's  
not your style" I ask.

He laughs, "I was proving to the girls in  
varsity that I'm rich"

I raise my eyebrow, "What?"

"I wasn't rich but they thought I was  
because of it. Back then girls loved  
glitters"

I shake my head, "Well I don't"

He smile, "I'll take it out then. Let me  
call Dr James"

He take out his phone. I'm looking at

him shocked. Is he serious? I didn't mean he must take it out, who am I? He speak with the phone, "Hey James, tomorrow I'm coming there at eleven. Be not busy, goodnight" He put the phone back into his pocket and fold his arms.

"Will you love me after eleven tomorrow?" He ask.

I melt. Lord why am I like this?

"Skhu" I say blushing.

"Please say yes"

Why is he like this? It's so cute when he begs.

"Okay fine, whatever you want" I say. He look at the ceiling and exhale. When he look down at me his face has completely changed.

"I can't wait" he say sincerely.

I take a sip of my wine and look away. He place a Crunchy Bar chocolate in front of me.

"I bought you this" he say.

"Crunchy Bar?" I ask shocked.

"It's chocolate, I don't know what it's name. It look delicious from the outside, I'm sure you'll enjoy it"

Oh Lord!

"You are a CA, you went to varsity and mingled with different people yet you still don't know the chocolates suitable for your lady, I mean the lady you want" I say.

"I didn't take chocolate studies"

What am I putting myself into?

I sigh, "Thank you"

He rub his hands together, "Tomorrow after eleven"

I smile, "I'm going to regret this"  
"You won't. I wish I met you sooner"  
Wow at me! I haven't offered him a  
drink or food. I lack hospitality, I mean  
I have a plate of food in front of me and  
a drink in my hand.

"I'm not hungry, I have the greatest  
things filling up my stomach" he says  
like he has been reading my mind.

I clear my throat, "Okay"

He touches my hand, "I'll see you  
tomorrow. Sleep tight!"

My body reacts to his touch. I feel an  
overwhelming warm wave taking over  
my whole body.

"Thank you"

He removes his hand and walks away. I  
release the long held breath. I watch  
him walk until he disappears in the

passage. I hear the door closing.

"Come on Fiki" I whisper to my conscience.

I go lock the door. My stomach have butterflies I can't eat anymore. I grab my R10 chocolate gift and walk to the bedroom.

I lie on my back,unwrap the chocolate and bite.

"Mhhhh"

It taste delicious.I find myself falling in love with the chocolate I once called a cheap slab. Or I fell in love with a buyer?

I keep tossing thinking about him.My black China!

I wake up to an irritating alarm.I overslept and I'm already late for my first meeting.My body is exhausted, my

eyes are still heavy.I send my p.a a text message telling her to cancel all my meetings, I'm taking the day off.

I switch the alarm off and drift back to sleep.

When I wake up the sun is up and hot.I get off bed and head to the bathroom. After freshening up I check my phone and find tons of messages, missed calls and emails.Most of them are from my sisters checking on me.

I call my mom.We talk until my stomach reminds me of the kitchen.

I take out the yoghurt and fruits.I sit in front of the TV and eat.I need to find something fun I'm going to do today.

Maybe I must go to the beach,it has been a while.

I watch all SA soapies repeats.They are

addictive, they must be the reason why Nozipho stay indoors everyday. I must make sure I'm home before 7pm so that I can catch Isidingo.

I make myself a thick sandwich before taking my car keys to head to Zethu's flat. She will never say no to the beach. A yellow GT4 hoots as I drive out. Who is this visitor now?

The car stop in front of the house. I drive the car back to the garage. I hope it's not one of the business associates hoping to have a meeting with me on my day off.

No it's not!

I stop midway from going to him as soon as I see who it is.

"It's gone" he say showing me his teeth.

I smile, "You look more handsome without it"

"Do you love me now?" He ask.

I blush, "I think I do"

He gallop to me,I'm expecting him to scoop me up and shower me with kisses.He doesn't do that, he take my hand and kiss the back of it.

"Thank you" he say.

I chuckle, "That was your best thank you?"

"It wasn't even a beginning.I'm going to make sure you fall in love with me so deeply that you will never ever leave me" he say.

I smile, "We'll see"

He pull me to his arms,my head lie on his chest.I wrap my arms around him,I feel like I'm in heaven.He smell

good,that's unexpected. He must've  
took perfume studies.

"I love you and I'll make sure you learn  
and believe that" he say.

I exhale and look at him.I have a  
boyfriend!!!!!! Ring those joy bells

## Chapter 82

Simtho Biyela

.

We just finished watching vampire's  
movie, I had to tell him to shut up  
every minute.I need to watch this  
movie again when I'm alone.

I'm sitting between his legs with a box  
of choc-cookies on my lap.I asked him  
to feed me he refused. He is not that

kind of a sweet boyfriend.

"I need a drink, please get it for me" I say.

He kiss my neck, "You found an errand boy for the day"

"No you're my handsome, goodhearted boyfriend who I love with my whole heart" I say.

He chuckles, "I love you more bone of my bones but my feet hurts you've been sending me around all day"

I brush my tummy, "Baby tell daddy that mom is thirsty"

He put his hand next to mine, "Tell mommy that daddy is tired"

I smile "But daddy that's not fair"

A little kick bounce under his hand.

This baby loves Don's presence.

"Thank you angel" he say brushing my

tummy.

"She was kicking you for not doing what her mommy want" I say.

"No she is telling me to kiss her mommy"

We laugh and kiss. His phone beeps, he take it and check the notification.

"Thapelo want us to come over for dinner" he say.

"Why?"

"Apparently Tamika want to apologise and make peace with you"

I laugh, "Was there lost peace between us?"

He shrugs, "She seduced your man that deserves an apology"

"We'll buy her a Goodbye gift" I say.

"I'm not in the mood of buying crazy girls Goodbye gifts"

I shoot him a look, "She is not crazy, it's a manageable mental condition. We need to be nice to her, she may do certain things unintentionally at times"

He sigh, "Enough about her"

We spend all day cuddling, making love and eating. He has brought the light back in my life. I'm at peace with my life.

"I love you" I say randomly.

He look at me smiling, "Can you hear my heart beating for you?"

I smile, "No silly"

We go freshen up and get ready to head to Thapelo's dinner. First I make two hotdogs for the road. He impatiently wait for me.

"I still don't know why we need hotdogs while we are going to dinner"

he say as I wrap them.

"Just in case we get hungry on the road or if we find them still preparing the food"

He walk out carrying my handbag,  
"Thapelo's house is just fifteen minutes away"

I don't care anything can happen in that fifteen minutes.

He open the car door for me,I hop in and put the hotdogs on my lap.He get on the driver's seat and look at me amused.

"I'm hungry,thanks goodness I'm prepared!" I say.

He laugh out loud and start the car.I finish it very quickly, my baby kicks.She want some more.

I look at him trying to figure a good

approach on this.

"Your stare is going to make me cause accidents" he say.

"Are you going to use your hotdog?" I ask.

He laugh, "Use? You're something else. Eat it"

I eat it,he keep stealing glances at me and laughing. I look around for something to drink.I've never seen a car with not even a bottle of Powerade.

"I'm thirsty" I say.

"Babe you said you're preparing for the road.How come you forget to pack drinks?"

I click my tongue. I'll have to wait until we reach Thapelo's house.

I smell Ziphe's sizzling spices all the way from the driveway.My sister is

one of the greatest cooks in my family.  
Thapelo meet us at the door, I hug him  
and rush to the kitchen.

It's not Ziphe cooking, it's Tamika in a  
short red dress. She cooks too? Wow!

"Hi" I greet.

She turn around and smile,

"Hey, thanks for coming"

I fake a smile, "Ya, where is Ziphe?"

"Upstairs nursing her aching vagina"  
she say laughing.

She is not bad as I thought. I laugh with  
her.

"Your uncle need to have mercy" I say.

"He is putting marks on his palace"

"I'm going to check on her" I say.

Before I walk out I remember I'm  
thirsty. I turn around,

"Do you have juice in here?" I ask.

She look around, "I think we do have undiluted orange juice. Let me prepare it for you,put some ice cubes.You'll find it ready when you come back from Ziphe"

She is putting too much efforts.Not that I mind,I love being spoilt.I walk up to Ziphe's room.I find her applying hand lotion.

"Hi"

We hug.She put her hands on my nose.

" How is it? My husband bought it yesterday"

I yank her hands away, "Horrible"

She laughs, "No it's not"

I sit on bed, "I hear you've been having hardcore sex"

She smiles, "Lies. Stop meddling on other people's bedroom businesses"

"Bedroom businesses? Mhhh!" I say.  
She sigh, "That's the only place we use, the guest is everywhere in the house"

I laugh "Geez girl! You mean no more kitchen bang? No more balcony bang-bang show?"

"Nope the niece's uncle makes sure we play carefully"

I feel for her, sex should be done mostly on the kitchen table and lounge couches.

"Let me go get my juice, hurry up" I say and walk out.

I find her dishing out in the white dishes, my juice is on top of the counter.

"Oh thank you babes" I say.

"Pleasure. So how is the little one?"

She asks.

I sip the juice, "Good"

"Your babydaddy look committed"

She needs to get over Don. Yes he is committed to me.

"He is the best" I say.

"Good for you girly" she say.

I sense some jealousy in her voice. Well she needs to accept that you can't get everything you want in life.

We gather around the dining table and feast on the delicious meal. I must say this girl beat me in the kitchen.

"The food is great" Don says.

"I was about to say that. Girl you outdone yourself"

She smile, "I learnt from the best, Thapelo knows"

Thapelo nods with his mouth full, "My

sister is the queen in the kitchen"  
"I'm also the queen in the kitchen"

Ziphe says.

She can't hide her dislike of  
Tamika. She is cold and displeased by  
this dinner.

Thapelo wrap his arm around her,  
"You are the queen of everything"  
She plaster a big gloom expression on  
her face and eat her food.

"I wanted to apologise to everyone for  
the inconvenience I may have caused, it  
was unintentional. Especially you  
Donald and Simtho" Tamika says.

"It's water under the bridge" I say.  
She look at Don, expecting some kind of  
reaction. Don is focused on his food.

"Don am I forgiven?" She asks.  
Don look up, "Sure, safe journey

tomorrow"

She look a bit disappointed by his answer. What did she expect?

After dinner we watch a comedy show, Tamika excuse herself. Time flies, we say our goodbyes and drive back home.

"She could've called, dinner was unnecessary" he say for the twentieth time.

I lock the door, "The food was nice that's what matters to me"

He chuckles, "Of course"

We strip our clothes off, get on bed and cuddle.

"This life isn't good for Junior. One day he is at your house the next he is at Sbu's house. It's unhealthy" I say.

He brush my hair, I feel multiple

kicks. This baby is super active.

"I know but I need to make time for both of you" he say.

I exhale "I know, I'm just worried"

"Move in with me" he say.

I look at him "Don!"

"It will be easy, my two beloved people under one roof will make less juggling for me. Beside this house hold old painful memories, the chapter of this house is closed"

I sigh, "I need to think that through"

He nods, "You also need people around you, Junior need you as well."

My eyes grow heavy. I know he want some action, I can't I'll make it up to him in the morning.

"Goodnight my love" I say.

He kiss my forehead and brush me

until I doze off.

I dream of a dark river with huge waves. I'm trying to get my plastic doll that has gone deep in the river. My hands come out empty, the waves hit my face hard. I cry out.

"Simtho" I hear a voice calling me.

I wake up panting, tears running down my face.

"Babe it was a dream" he say holding my hand.

I let out a loud scream, "It hurt"

He hold me, "Babe look at me, it was only a bad dream"

I cry out, "My tummy Don, it hurt"

He touch my tummy, "Where?"

I point at the lower part, "Babe it's painful"

He jump off bed, "I'll get painblocks"

I cry louder, "No don't leave"

He stand confused,I point to the closet.

"Gown.Hospital"

He rush to the closet banging things on his way. The pain is getting worse by seconds.

He put his clothes on and put a gown on me.He carry me to the car and drive out.He is racing and overtaking,we get hoots everywhere.I make a silent prayer.

When we get to the hospital the pain has faded.The doctor take me to the ultrasound room to check if anything is wrong or I was having normal cramps.

"You scared me" he say holding my hand as the doctor apply gel on my tummy.

He is still shaking like a leaf.

"Is everything alright doc?" I ask.  
He frown, "I can't...wait"  
Don squeeze my hand, "What is it?"  
The doctor look at us, "There is no  
heartbeat"  
"Why there is no heartbeat?" Don ask.  
"The umbilical chord is wrapped  
around the neck..."  
I can't listen to more of this nonsense,  
"Fix your scan machine"  
He look at Don, "Sir the baby is dead"  
I sit up, Don hold me.  
I point my finger at the doctor, "Fix  
your machine and find my baby's  
heartbeat"  
Don look at me tears running down,  
"Babe"  
I shake my head, "No mini-mini was  
kicking before I slept"

"Was there anything unusual you felt?  
Like +5 frequent, short-gaped kicks."  
I cry, "I don't know. Don't please my  
love, tell me this is lies"  
He pull me to his chest. This is not  
happening. I want to believe it's a  
bad dream

Chapter 83  
Nozipho Biyela

.

"Go home"

This is the third time he is telling me. I  
shake my head. I can't leave, I need to  
be here for Simtho.

He sigh and sip on his coffee. Nobody is  
crying although pain is boldly written

on everyone's face.

This was unexpected, Simtho was healthy, so was the baby.

What went wrong?

The only person with a slight clue is inside the labour ward with her, fighting the nurses and refusing to come out.

"Come on! It's been five hours" Fiki say and curse next to me.

It's been five hours since they gave her the pills to help her go to labour. Till now the contractions haven't started.

"It's my punishment, I've wronged so many people. Now God is punishing me through my children" he say pacing up and down.

"Dad that's not true" Sbu says.

"It is true. First it was Ziphelele now it's

Simtholile, the ancestors are angry"  
Maybe Biyela is right, the ancestors  
have turned their backs on us. The  
Biyela ancestors are powerful, they  
nearly killed my babies when I was  
pregnant. Sbu had to grow up and look  
for his unknown father. These  
ancestors always mean business. If  
they are angry I'm also in danger, my  
baby might not make it too.

Nontombi walk to him and pull him to  
the chair.

"Baba we don't need you breaking  
apart now, our daughter needs us to be  
strong for her" she says.

Only if I could be calm, humble and  
positive like this woman. She has been  
praying every five minutes.

The doctor walks towards us. Everyone

get on their feet except me. I'm tired, my feet are swollen.

"Has she given birth?" Sena asks.

She exhale, "Unfortunately no"

Zethu and Zanda sit back on their chairs disappointed.

"Give her another pill then" Biyela roars.

"We've given her more than two, her body is not reacting to them"

"So what now?" Sbu ask.

The doctor look at Nontombi, "We are going to do the C-section should the contractions not start until the next hour"

What??? That's insane.

"So you want her to have a scar reminde?" I ask.

"It's the only option we have left" she

say.

This morning can't get any worse. Nobody deserves this.

"You still don't know what caused this?" Ziphe asks.

"We are still running more tests" the doctor say.

"Isn't that what you always say when you are dumb and don't know your job?"

Thapelo take her hand, "Babe! Excuse her doctor, she is just frustrated"

The doctor nods and walk away. Everyone sit on their chairs looking tormented.

After an hour Don walks out, he look worse than anyone. He sit next to Sena. We all know what it means. She is going to surgery.

"Was she sick Don?" Sbu ask.

He shake his head, "She was fine. We went to dinner at Thapelo's place and came back happily. There was nothing wrong until midnight when she woke up screaming"

"What were you doing at her house at midnight?" Biyela ask.

"They are dating baba, now it's not the time. Let's keep Simtho in our prayers" Sena says.

Biyela glares at Don, I'm so glad he found out like this. Don was going to see flames if it wasn't under these circumstances.

"We weren't invited to dinner because..?" I say.

Ziphe sigh, "It was special for them Tamika arranged...."

She look like she just remembered something tragic. She stand on her feet, "Tamika!!!" She say and curse.

Everyone is looking at her except Don who is electric shocked on his chair.

"Tamika did what?" Sbu ask.

"She is the one who caused this"

Thapelo stands up, "What?"

They stand face to face. Ziphe rub her face.

"That imbecile! She have been obsessed with Don, she envies Simtho. She did something on that juice she kept pouring for her."

Biyela get on his feet too, "Who is that?"

"Thapelo's niece, she had a crush on Don. Don rejected her, she didn't take it well but Thapelo forced her to

apologize"

Why are we only hearing this now?

That girl should be in the interrogation room as we speak.

"She is not crazy, she wouldn't do such cruelty" Thapelo says.

Ziphe clap her hands, "Of course she is crazy"

"Don't make crazy accusations"

Sbu stop them, "Now is not the time, we will get to the bottom of this later. That girl is going to pay"

Thapelo chuckles, "So you are going to pin this on Tamika? Seriously"

"Pin? Babe come on, think. Use your smart brain and put pieces together"

Ziphe says.

"She would never do such thing. She may be crazy and wild but she is not a

murderer. I know her better than anyone" Thapelo stand his ground.

"She is not going anywhere until the truth is out" Don says.

Thapelo look at him disbelievingly.

"She will be under my watch, I'll send people to get her. She will talk and pay if she has a hand in this" Biyela says.

"Under your watch where?" Thapelo ask.

"Will you stop defending your stupid niece?" Zethu ask.

"That's for me to know son. You just pray your niece didn't do this" Biyela answers.

"She did it. I always sensed Judas in that little witch" Ziphe says.

"She is your family" Thapelo say to her. She chuckles, "Your family not mine"

Thapelo stares at her, "You're a Mokoena. We are not evil"

"I choose my sister" Ziphe says.

This is causing more problems in this family.

Thapelo nods, "I see"

He look at Sbu apologetic and walk out. Biyela is typing endless on his phone.

This feud between the Mokoenas and Biyelas is the last thing we need right now.

Chapter 84

Sena Biyela

.

After what feel like years the nurse walks to us followed by the male doctor. Dad stand up and look at them deadly.

"Is she okay?" He ask before they can even reach to where we are sitting.

"Yes she is resting" the nurse says.

I exhale, "Thanks God!"

"Where is her baby?" Fiki asks.

"We are here this discuss that. As we all know the baby was born very early and still, we think it's for the best if the hospital take care of it" the doctor says.

"Take care of it, how?" Sbu asks.

My mom rise up quickly, "No, that's not happening. That baby is a Biyela, she will be buried home I don't care how small it was"

Did this doctor think we were going to allow them to cremate and throw away Simtho's little angel?

They look at each other.The doctor

clear his throat,my dad stop him with his glare.

"Prepare the baby for us,it is going home" he says.

The way things change in the blink of an eye.Now we are having a funeral.I look at Zethu,she has tears on her eyes.She has been hoping that the doctors were wrong the baby would come out premature but alive.

Thirty minutes later we are allowed to see her.I'm scared,I don't know what I must say to her to make her feel better.I hope the counsellors tried to ease the pain from her.

Don doesn't care about my dad right now,he get to her first and kiss her forehead.

"Baby I'm so sorry" mom say hugging

her.

She flinch, "It's okay"

It's not her voice. Her voice is not this shallow and soft.

Sbu kiss her cheek. I squeeze her hand and give her an assuring look. If I speak now I'm going to break down which is the last thing she needs.

"It pains me to see you here but I know God is watching down on you with your little angel under his wing" Zanda says.

Other than her no one say anything.

We are all too scared, we don't want to say something wrong.

"You are the only child I keep failing again and again and again. Why?" he say.

I don't understand why he keep

thinking this happened to punish him. It's Simtho that is feeling the pain, misery and tragic loss.

Simtho just look at him with empty eyes.

"They are keeping you so you won't be there at the funeral. It's a must that the baby is buried today" dad says.

We all look at him.

That is inflicting more pain to her. She need to be there when her baby is laid in peace.

"Dad" Ziphe say shocked.

Mom look at her, "That's how it is done"

"Can't we take the baby to mortuary until Simtho is discharged?" Zethu ask. I nod "And we also need to prepare for the funeral; the tent, catering and

coffin"

"It's not a funeral, it's a burial" Mom says.

"Now there is a difference between the two?" Fiki ask.

Mom raise her hand, "Not now"

She look at Simtho "Are you okay with that baby?"

She close her eyes, "I loved my baby mom"

I fight back tears.

"I'm sure she knows that" mom says.

"Why did she leave before I can show her that?"

Sbu hold her hand "Because her little soul wasn't ready for this world. You will heal sisi, God is with you"

She dismiss us, "I want to be alone with Don, don't make the grave hole

too deep."

I don't understand where her request is coming from but it bring tears to my eyes.

We all walk out, Don stay behind.

"Zanda,Ziphelele,Senamile,Fikile and Zethu we will be the ones burying the baby.Nozipho you need to rest now" mom say as we walk to the reception area.

"I'm also going" Sbu says.

"Not you,son.Only females can attend" dad says.

Just when I thought this couldn't get any unreasonable.

"Why? It's my sister's baby"

Dad glance at him, "You'll drive them to Inkandla.Mzingelwa will show them where the rest of our family lies"

"This is insane!" Zethu says.

"It's culture." Dad say dismissively.

"Okay let's go" Mom calls.

I've never been so mad in my life. This Zulu culture subject us to unsimplified stupidity sometimes.

Why can't the premature stillborn have a proper funeral?

Why can't men attend the funeral? Not even the father is allowed?

"Where are we going now?" I ask as we approach the parking lot.

"To Inkandla. I'll follow behind with the baby, I need to rush to the shops to get her a blanket and clothes" mom say heading to her car.

"Can't we at least sleep a bit? I can't drive like this" Sbu say looking at dad. He exhale, "Drive to your house the

driver is going to fetch them at your house"

We all get in Sbu's car, the other cars will be driven to our houses by the driver. We all squeeze inside, nobody dares to say anything. Sbu drives with Nozi in the front.

Mandla and Lwazi are in the kitchen cooking messily. The kids are making lot of noise somewhere in the house.

"Thanks God you're all here, they want noodles and sausages" Mandla says.

Lwazi hug me, "How are you?"

I shrug, "Broken, she is destructed and I don't know how to be a bigger sister and comfort her"

He kiss my forehead, "She will get through this"

"If I were you I would be taking a quick

shower" Sbu says.

He has a point. I kiss my man and rush to check the kids and go shower.

The problem is we don't have anything to wear. We are scattering Nozipho's clothes fitting. Fortunately, all of us find suitable dresses except Zanda and Ziphe. They look funny and baggy.

We all get inside the condor with the scary driver. I send my mom a text, she respond saying she is heading back to the hospital.

We get to Inkandla by 16h35. We didn't feel the journey because we've been sleeping all the way from Durban.

I don't know how it happen that we find mom already here. The three Biyela senior wives are with her. We exchange the greetings.

"Now that we are all here let's not waste time. Biyela has showed us the space" Uncle Thobela's wife say.

There is a little coffin, which I don't know how they got at such short period of time.

Zanda start a gospel song, they join in. I'm still confused by all of this.

We are told to close our eyes and pray.

"Girls let's go" Mzingelwa's wife say.

Zanda is the first to follow her out, we all follow behind them.

We go few meters away from the yard where the Biyela cemetery is.

"Here are the tools let's start digging. It doesn't have to be too deep" she says.

"Why didn't men dig?" Fiki ask.

She look at her, "My Lord! This is women's job, it's our culture to do it

this way. The baby wasn't even a full human being"

I close my eyes, "So she get buried like a cat?"

"Take off those high shoes and use that spade the time is going" she say digging the ground with a hoe.

I'm not the only one crying, Fiki and Ziphe are also crying. I'm glad Simtho didn't get to see this.

After two hours the hole is dug according to MaXulu's rules. We walk back home soiled up and stinking. We pick the little coffin and walk out singing.

The glamour is gone, the weaves are dusty, the make-up has been washed away. We bury Simtho's little angel. We push the soil back on top of the

coffin. Fiki plant a cross sign, we pray for her safe journey and head back home.

## Chapter 85

### Nozipho Biyela

.

I was supposed to rest, as Nontombi said but I only got two hours of sleep only. The kids crowded in my room and demanded popcorns because there is a Disney movie they were going to watch.

Sbu refused to wake up, Lwazi had to attend an urgent meeting and Mandla can't make popcorns even though

there are instructions on the packet and internet.I had to wake up and make popcorns after that I couldn't sleep.

Quinton is handful,with his dad out of presence he is uncontrollable.I have to keep my eyes all around the house.It's a normal day for them.They are happy to be together.I wish I can be as clueless as they are.

My mind is roaming,I'm worried about Simtho and Don.

My mind is not thinking about them though,it's Thapelo I'm more worried about.

He was mending things with Ziphe now this threatens to shake their shaky marriage even more.As much as I'm all for my family he also have the

right to choose his family. His sister and niece are the only family members he have left.If his niece did this the going is going to get tough.Biyela will have no mercy,nobody spill the Biyela blood and live to tell the tales.

"Is your husband still asleep?" Mandla ask coming from the outside.

I nod.

He take a bottle of water in the fridge,opens it and drink.I think there is two drops of water left in that bottle.He put the cap back on the bottle and put it inside the fridge.I just exhale, I have no energy.

"Has Zanda contacted you? I've been trying to call her but it rings to voicemail" he say full of concern.

"Clearly she is asleep,they are tired as I

am. We didn't sleep last night"

He exhale, "Don't ever get a break"

I sigh, "You can say that again"

"This too shall pass, he will be happy.

Simtho make him happy. That's all that matters"

I clear my throat, "Mandla"

He look at me.

"Call Thapelo he need your support" I say.

He frown, "Why? He chose his niece"

"What if she didn't do it? Thapelo is caught in the middle of his family and us. Even if Tamika did it, he needs our support. He has been with this family, with you and everyone through thick and thin"

He exhale and take his phone out of his jean pocket.

I walk out to check on the kids so that he have some space.

They should be watching their movie and eating popcorns quietly. I'm surprised to find the popcorns all over the floor, the giggles louder than the TV volume. Quinton is the one throwing popcorns at the others.

"Quinton!!" I say.

He see me and run to the couch. He jump right on Liyanda's hand when he sit. Liyanda start crying.

Shouting is the last thing I want to do.

"Quinton, Junior and Sphiwo go to Junior's room. You'll continue with the movie there" I say.

Junior pull Sphiwo's hand and walk away. Quinton follows them singing 'Happy Birthday to you' very loud. I

don't know how Sena cope with this child.

"Stop crying" I say to Liyanda.

She is very dramatic. I know she may stop in the next hour,once Sbu has woke up and asked who hurt her.

"We'll play bikes later" I say.

She look at me, I cross my fingers,she start wiping the tears.

"I'll get Danone yoghurts for you,behave" I say.

I return to the kitchen and take out yoghurts.Mandla is still on the phone.

He look very tense,he is not the one talking. I guess Thapelo is just venting on him.

I walk out quietly to distribute the snack among the little mosquitos.

When I come back to the kitchen,

Mandla is tapping on the table with his fist.

Sign of frustration!

"Is he okay?" I ask.

He shake his head, "He can't find his niece. You know how he is"

No I don't know how he is.

"What's going on?" I ask.

"His uncle is on his way"

"Thapelo has an uncle?" I ask.

"Not biologically.It's his father's friend, supposedly his ex guardian angel"

I chuckle, "Why would he do that?"

Tamika is under Biyela's watch until the truth is out"

He shrug, "Well he says he is doing what every uncle would do.He failed to protect his sister from his father but swore to protect his niece."

This is unbelievable!

"Why is he so sure that his niece is innocent?" I ask.

"Tamika had a miscarriage back in high school, which caused an effect on her state of mind. He say he is sure she will never wish losing a child on anyone."

I exhale.

"He say it's unfair for Biyela to torture his niece before solid proof. According to him, no poison would ever cause an umbilical chord to wrap around baby's neck. So he refuse for his niece to take the fall and bows to go extra miles to make sure nothing bad happens to her"

I look at him hopeless. This is what I feared. Bad blood.

He scratch his head and walk away. I let out a long breath.

"Mama is everything okay?" He ask. I look up. I've been sitting on this chair lost in my thoughts for almost thirty minutes.

I shake my head, "Call Biyela, he must let Tamika go"

He frown, "That girl killed Simtho's baby"

"The results are delaying. Not pointing poisoning of any sort. This will end badly, Thapelo must be considered in all of this. He is family, he will not let her get away with it if she did it" I say. He think for a minute then take out his phone.

"Dad..yes we are okay...dad!..no I want you to let go of the girl until we get

solid proof we can take drastic decisions.. no Thapelo is a good guy,he cares for this family..what???" He look at his phone as the line goes dead.

"What?" I ask.

"The girl has fainted"

My eyes pop out, "How? What happened? Where is she?"

"In the warehouse with my dad's men.They ignored instructions and beat her to pulp hoping for the truth. She fainted, they are trying to wake her"

I hold my stomach, my intestines just twisted.

## Chapter 86

Nozipho Biyela

.

Lwazi has come back, Quinton has started behaving. He is the one with the kids upstairs. There isn't much noise. I must say his calm daddy skills work like a charm. He should be the one in charge of the kids during family dinners and ceremonies.

Mandla is somewhere in the house drinking the third beer. Sbu is restless on the couch opposite me. I'm holding a massive prayer with my heart.

We are waiting for Biyela's call. We want an update of the situation. He is not answering our calls, we are on our nerve edges.

My phone rings. It's Don.

"Hey" I say softly.

"Hey Nozi is Junior okay?" He ask.

"He is fine, how are you?"

I don't like the fact that he has been in hospital since last night. Going home to rest a bit doesn't mean Simtho is going to die.

"I don't know"

I sigh "You'll get there. Where is Simtho?"

"She is sleeping. The results came"

I look at Sbu and sit up straight, "What are they saying?"

"Big medical words of wrong movements, I don't understand" he say clearly frustrated.

"Did they found or suspect anything poisonous which may have caused that?" I ask.

"No.It could be she used untraceable drugs,there are cases like that" he say. I exhale, "I'll let everyone know,thanks for calling"

I drop the call and look at Sbu.

"No poison was found" I say.

Sbu stand on his feet, "The girl may be dead"

I close my eyes, "Do you know the warehouse she is kept at?"

He nods.

I put my hands on the waist, "What were you doing in dodgy warehouses? Gosh I don't know the man I share a bed with"

"Not now Nozipho" he say.

He is right,I will use this against him next time we fight.Now is not the time.

"We need to go there" I say.

He frown, "It not some kind of café with aircons inside"

I roll my eyes, "Let's go, this is not light. Someone's life is in danger and we can talk sense in Biyela's head. He listen to you and have a soft spot for me"

He exhale "I have a bad feeling about this"

He must grow some balls. This is where he get in to save his family as the son. He is the next head of this family. Mandla walks in. He look at us suspiciously.

I tell him before he can ask, "It wasn't poison" I say.

He sigh "What now?"

"We are going to tell Biyela in the warehouse" I say.

He look at Sbu, "Are you guys sure it's a safe thing to do? I mean Thapelo and his uncle are turning Durban upside down as we speak"

Not him too!

"It's time for intervention. Blood of innocent souls will be spilled"

He nods, "Good luck,I'll contact the girls in Inkandla"

"Thank you. There is cooked food in the fridge,should we not come back till late warm it and serve yourselves"

They fist-bump with Sbu.He hugs me.I pick my purse and follow him as he drag his feet to the door.

"Be safe guys,I don't want you to be caught in the crossfire"

"Mandla we will be okay, it's not like we are going to Isandlwana war"

He chuckles, "The toughness you have Mrs Biyela"

"Sometimes she shock me too,the spoilt brat of the Fayas" Sbu says.

I laugh "Stop this ganging now!"

We get in the car,he is still reluctant about going.

I try calling Biyela one more time.He doesn't answer,he leave me with no choice but to expose myself to his 'taking care' of things.

I try to keep myself busy on the cellphone so that I don't pay attention to the route of Biyela's warehouse. I will never walk this journey again. My mom would have a fit if she found out.

"It's that one on the left side" he say.

I look up and look where he is saying.

"Is that a warehouse?" I ask.

"Ya,I will park here"

I'm shocked, "I had something else in mind. This is a nice building"

He chuckles "I never said it was ugly"

He park two yards away.

"You're going to stay here,I'll do it alone"

What???

"That was not the plan" I say.

He look at me, "Change of plans my wife.I don't want you to go inside there"

I push the door and get out.

He get out and look at me angrily.

"Sbu I suggested this,I'm not going to let you go to whatever situation is right inside there.I'll stand by you"

He shake his head, "They have weapons, you are pregnant you

shouldn't go"

"I'm stronger than that. Let the talking stop, we are in this together, let's go" I say picking my purse and leading the way.

We bump into Biyela by the entrance. He is shocked to see us. He look at Sbu deadly.

"Baba I'm the one who wanted to come" I say in rescue.

"And you allowed her to come here? Hhe Sbusiso?!" He roars.

"The hospital didn't find the poison" I say.

"I've cancelled them, I'm waiting for report from my own specialists" he say.

I look at Sbu.

He look miles away, he doesn't want to

be here at all cost.

"How is the girl?" I ask.

"Inside, refusing to speak the truth."

"Is she awake?" I ask.

He give me a look, "You risked your wellbeing and my grandchild's to come and defend that brat?"

I exhale "Thapelo and his uncle are tracing you down. Let go of the girl, she is innocent"

"I want to see if she is okay" Sbu says.

He make space for him to pass. He close it when I'm about to pass.

"Not you. Go in the car" he say.

I know better than to argue a murderous man. I exhale and walk back.

I get in the car and call Sena. They've finished with the burial. I can tell from

her voice that the mood is still sour. I can't wait for all of this to be over. For everyone to heal. For the family to get back to normal.

After the call I video-call Palesa. She have no idea what's going on. She lift up my spirit. I find myself laughing at her silly jokes.

I keep the friends who comfort me unknowingly during hard times. In the Biyelas the family issues don't go to the outside. We are in various businesses good reputation is important.

There is a black car that parks a few feets before mine. I guess it's Biyela's specialists with the results.

I wonder why the cops haven't been alerted. This place look suspicious to

me,they surely know dodgy dealings take place here.

Three men get out of it.They engage in a small conversation before heading to the building.

The one in the middle is him.The shoulders,the height and the navy pant that Ziphe hate with passion.

How did they found out about this place?

Who are those two men?

I punch Sbu's numbers with shaky hands.He doesn't pick up.I keep calling until Thapelo disappears inside the building. The other two stand outside. I try calling Biyela to no avail. My heart is pounding out my chest. I can't stop my knees from shaking. I hold a big prayer by heart.

After what feel like forever I see Thapelo walking out.He go and talk to his men then go to the side of the building.

I swallow my fears and get out of the car.

Thapelo must listen to what I have to say.Any time from now the results will come back,his niece will be free.We will make up to them.Necessary apologies and compensations will be done.

I see him.My husband. He walk out the entrance.

They pull guns from their backs and point at him.I shout for them not to shoot him.

It's too late.Sbu lie on the grounds,the shots fired hit the wall.I see smoke

coming from the wall, it disappears after seconds. He shoot again, Thapelo come flying in front of them.

All I hear is, "He is my brother"

He fall to the ground. Sbu rise up and run towards him. The two men push their guns back on their backs and run toward him.

Five armed security guards run out from the building. I see Biyela running out of the building too.

I try walking to the scene but my legs fail me. I end up to the ground on my ass.

## Chapter 87

Sena Biyela

.

Nobody has told us what is going on. All we were told is to get up and get ready. My mom is restless, talking to herself and pacing up and down the yard. My instincts tells me something bad has happened. One person that comes to my mind is Simtho.

I'm silently praying with my heart. We are supposed to be eating but none of us is. The tea is now cold in the cups. No one is answering the calls in Durban. Not even Nozipho. Something has happened. The worst has happened.

"You think she is dead?" Zethu ask Fiki.

"No, she can't die. Maybe she is not coping mentally" Fiki says.

"Then why they are not telling us that? Why was mom crying all night?" Ziphe ask.

Fiki sigh "She is stressed about her"

"Why are they waking us by dawn if she is just mentally not coping?" Zanda ask.

Fiki is bombarded by questions she can't answer. As the older one she is expected to magically know what is going on in Durban while she is at Inkandla.

Mom walk in, she look at us angrily.

"You haven't eaten? I'm gonna leave all of you here and tell the drivers not to come here, do you hear me?"

I sigh "Mom what's going on?"

"Nothing, we just need to leave" she say.

I think we are old enough,we can handle whatever it is.

"Is Simtho okay?" Fiki ask.

She nod, "Simtholile is fine"

"Then what is it Mom?" Zethu shout.

She sigh "I don't have much details but there was a shooting yesterday"

"Shooting where?" I ask panicky.

"I don't know okay" she say with a fixed fierce look on me.

I guess we can't know now.Mommy knows the best.

"I think we are ready to go" I say.

We all go to the big rondavel.Bab'

Mzingelwa burn impepho to let the

ancestors know that we are leaving and to guide us. My mind is not even here.

Why can't he send even a text to let me know him and my son are fine?

My knees are breaking as I follow others to the car.

"Fikile and Senamile come take snacks in my car" she say as we are about to get in the car.

This keep getting suspicious.

I don't like this game she is playing. I have tears in my eyes, anxiety is killing me.

We walk with her to her car which is parked a few feet away. She open the car and get in.

We get in the backseat and wait for her

to say whatever she want to say.

"Don't panic, someone was shot" she say.

She already told us that mos.

"Who?" I ask.

"Ziphelele's husband"

What????

"Ma wait...Thapelo was shot by who?"

Fiki ask.

"How is he? He is alive, right?" I ask.

"Yes he is alive, he was shot in the leg"

I sigh in relief, "Thanks God! So who shot him?"

"His uncle.It was meant for Sbusiso,he jumped right in front of him" she say shaking her head.

That's like in the movies.Who does that? He would die for his friend.I don't

know how their friendship started but it's stronger than biological brotherhood.

"Wow!" Fiki exclaim in disbelief.

"Nozipho is in hospital"

Does it stop? The drama.

"Was she shot too?" I ask hopelessly.

"She witnessed everything and had a panic attack. You know how your father is, she is still in hospital being monitored"

As much these are bad news I'm still happy that nobody died. It some consolation. We don't need another funeral.

"Ziphe will panic, cry and cause a big scene so keep this to yourselves. I'll tell her once we are home"

Home is Sbu's house.It's a Durban home for everyone. I guess that is where we are heading right now.

We take fruits,get out of the car and walk to our car silently.Zethu is the first one to ask questions.

I can't face Ziphe,I bury my head on Zanda's seat and pretend to sleep.Fiki try to lie to them but she is too obvious.

I ended up sleeping for real,it works for me because I didn't feel the rest of the journey.

We arrive at Sbu's house,it's very quiet.

I wonder who is with the kids because everyone must be in hospital.

"Oh my child!" She say walking

towards us.

When did she arrive? I wonder what she fed our kids.

"Aunty" Zethu say.

We all hug her. When she hugs Ziphe she don't let go, she keep brushing her back.

"I promise he will be okay"

Mom should've just told Ziphe in a good way. This will get messy.

"Aunt where are the kids?" I ask trying to stop her.

Is she stoppable though?!

"Upstairs. We just prayed, Thapelo will pull through. No guns formed against him shall kill him. Fireeee!!" She say raising her hand to the air.

I just hold Ziphe's hand, she is

breathing heavily. We can't have another panic attack patient. Fiki rush to get water.

By the time mom arrives Ziphe is already fighting us wanting to go to hospital.

We all want to go but mom said we should wait for her here. Thapelo may not even want to see Ziphe right now. One glance at Ziphe give her all the explanation. Plus Aunt Lydia is in the kitchen singing "Ngonyama kaJuda" very loud.

"I'm sorry my baby. He'll be fine" Mom say hugging Ziphe.

She start crying again. The kids are now scared, Zanda usher them upstairs.

We start comforting her.

"I did this mama.If I didn't make accusations on his niece he wouldn't have got shot" she say crying.

"True that" I say.

Mom look at me.I shrug my shoulders.

Blame caused all of this mess.

Ziphe blamed Tamika for Simtho's baby death.Dad blamed himself for not protecting Simtho as she is the one with bad lucks, mostly. Thapelo blamed himself for forcing Tamika to do dinner.Now the circle is back at Ziphe. It's tiring.

"Someone is at the gate" Zanda say walking down.

" Open" mom says.

I don't know why mom don't want us

to go to the hospital.

Why did we come back flying from Inkandla then?

An old familiar man walks in with a walking stick.

"Menziwa" he greet taking off his brown hat.

I'm still trying to point and pin him in my mind.

He look at us one by one. Mom stand up,

"Bab' Mbatha" she say.

Silly me! It's Loyiso's dad of course.

"Where is makoti?" He ask.

He haven't contacted Simtho ever since the funeral.

It's like they both blocked connection and whatever relationship they once

had.

"Oh Simtholile! She is not around"  
mom say confused.

He sigh disappointedly.

"She never came back,I told her she  
must" he say.

Mom look down, "I don't know that,  
she never told me"

"The forth full moon shouldn't have  
vanished without her in the premises  
of Mbathas.They needed protection.  
I've been expecting her"

I look at Fiki,she is confused as I  
am.Mom offer him a seat.

"What are you saying Bab' Mbatha"  
she ask.

"It has been hundred years since the  
baby was born without

umhlatshelo, which is a white goat and white spotless chicken in our family. I begged her to come back before the forth moon. When I called her number it threw me to white women." He says. I need time to process this. Can something like that happen? We are all speechless

## Chapter 88

Nozipho Biyela

.

When I open my eyes I'm hoping my husband would be next to me. I haven't seen him since I woke up yesterday after being rushed to hospital after fainting. They keep telling me he is going to come, I must relax and focus on getting better.

One person that has been in and out here is my father-in-law. He is the one telling the doctors how to do their job. I don't know what kind of a person he is. He should be shaken by what happened yesterday. His son nearly died, his son-in-law was shot. He should be remorseful, panicking or at least showing emotions.

"You are doing it again" he say.

I just look at him. Why must he babysit me?

"You should stop worrying, everything is fine" he say.

"I'm not a kid Mandla" I say.

He keep quiet and open yoghurt and hand it to me with a spoon.

"Thank you. I'm sure Zanda could do

with some pampering too" I say.

He chuckles "She understand. Eat"

I roll my eyes "Yes boss"

Biyela walks in.He pick a medical file on the table and reads.Is he a nurse now?

He shake his head, "They are supposed to do the ultrasound after every three hours"

I sigh "Baba you're taking this too far.I'm fine,really"

"No I will not fail to protect my grandchildren again."

Mandla clear his throat, "Baba have you let go of the girl?"

He look at him, "Not before my tests clears her.That stupid uncle will pay for shooting my daughter's husband

and attempting to shoot my son. That's my boy they aimed at. MY SON!!"

I thought what happened would be an end and the beginning of the healing, forgiving and conciliation journey.

"How is Thapelo anyway?" I ask.

"He is strong, he will be fine"

I need more than that.

"Is he going to be able to walk on his own?" I ask.

They look at each other. I get my answer. He is not going to be able to walk, yet. My heart sink. Maybe I caused all of this. Sbu didn't want to go, Mandla warned us but I didn't listen.

"I need to go see him" I say.

I get off bed before they can argue

me.They have no choice but to accompany me to his ward.

Sbu is sitting beside him but they are not talking. Each of them is absorbed to his own misery.Biyela and Mandla don't get in they take a different passage.

"Hey"

They look at me.Thapelo try to smile. His smile doesn't reach his eyes.

I kiss Sbu's cheek and hug Thapelo.He just brush my arm.

" How are you?" I ask Thapelo.

He exhale "The leg is painful.Not as much as my heart though"

"I really thought one of you died.The sound of a gunshot. The smoke,I felt like my nose inhaled it.I saw Sbu

falling on the floor then seconds later it was you"

Sbu put his hand on my hand, "I'm sorry"

It's not his fault, it's mine. I'm the one who exposed myself to dangerzone. I pushed him to go.

"I don't know how I can thank you for saving my husband. He was going to die. The kids would've asked where is their daddy. I don't know what I would've done without him. Sphiwo need his father's guidance, he is the girls superhero and my unborn baby wouldn't have known..." I can't control my voice nor stop the tears.

Thapelo clear his throat, "You don't have to thank me"

I wipe the tears, "But I do, I'm grateful"  
He chuckles, "What everyone don't know is Sbu, Donald, Mandla and I became a family before everyone attached on our lives. Before we married, before we built careers and houses. Before everything we became a family. After everything we are a family."

I nod "That's why I appreciate you guys. You're a family"

"Before the blood that run through our veins we are a family. I will never let him die, not if I'm able to unable it" he say.

Sbu exhale, "How did it come to this?"

"Your family of blood, my wife included, accused my niece of

poisoning Simtho out of jealousy. Your father, my father-in-law kidnapped her and had her men beat her over those accusations" he say blazing with anger. Sbu sigh, "He over reacted. I guess he is not over being unable to help Simtho with Loyiso. Now he is trying to make up for that by protecting her and playing that hero he never was"

I nod "He indeed was trying to play that hero but he took it to a whole new unnecessary, immature level"

Sbu chuckles "He have ears everywhere"

I roll my eyes on him.

"So how is your uncle after he mistakenly shot you?" I ask Thapelo.

"He came after they took the bullet out,

he told me I must be strong men don't lie in hospitals"

Is he for real?

"What?" I ask shocked.

Sbu laughs "He still wanted to shoot me. If Thapelo wasn't here by now I would be having fish with Jesus"

It shouldn't be even a joke. This means Thapelo's uncle is still in his war pants. It's not over.

Aunt Lydia walks in with three beers. I stand on my feet.

"What is that doing here?" I ask my arms folded.

"We need this more than ever. Times like this need beers. Boys help yourselves" she say putting icy cold beers on the table.

"Open for me bruh" Thapelo says.

I glare at him, "You're a patient. You are taking injections and medication for goodness sake"

"Nywe nywe! Leave him to drink, he was shot he need a beer. Where is your wife anyway?" She ask.

"I have a wife?" Thapelo ask gulping the beer.

I'm praying a nurse or security guard walks in and call police on Aunt Lydia for violating hospital rules. How did she even get past the security?

"She is not here. Aren't they're still in Inkandla?" Sbu ask.

She frown, "They came back, isn't Thapelo was shot by his hooligan uncle and your pregnant wife fainted? She is

supposed to be here, she left two hours before me. I would have come with her but I had to accompany Mbatha to Simtho's hospital. He is the grandfather of the baby, it's his ancestors that took the baby"

I sink back on my chair, "Mbatha? Loyiso's dad. How did he know?"

She laughs "His ancestors connect with him. Don't undermine the elders"

Did I undermine anyone?

"Aunt you said Ziphe left two hours before you, where is she?" Thapelo ask.

"I should be the one asking you that. She is supposed to be here" she say.

Sbu take his cellphone and dial.

He look at us, "It goes to voicemail"

"Maybe she left it home,she passed by the shops first" I say.

Thapelo close his eyes and grunt,

"Noooo! No no no!"

We all look at him.

"Are you in pain? Do you need another beer or injection?" Aunt Lydia ask.

"I should've known. My uncle is going with this the wrong way. I don't like gangsters, all I wanted was my niece back" he say crying.

"What is it?" Sbu ask panicking.

"Eye for an eye" he say tears running down, punching his phone with a shaking hand.

What does he mean eye for an eye?

## Chapter 89

Fikile Biyela

.

Ziphe has been kidnapped.It's another shocking episode.Another flame generating the war even further.We have no suspects other than Thapelo's family.

Tamika has been cleared,both by hospital results and Mbatha.The poor girl has paid for the sin she never committed.Her mistake was to have a crush on Don,dislike Simtho and serve her dinner the night she lost her baby.I hope she will mentally recover from all of this,I doubt she will forgive us anytime soon.

Loyiso's dad has solved the puzzle. It was the Mbatha's ancestors that strangled their own baby. I don't understand how they roll but I know never to underestimate them. Very powerful dead people.

It's about time dad bow down his head to the Mokoenas and apologise. His stubbornness won't do any justice, instead more people will get hurt. The sooner he let this whole thing go the better for everyone.

"Ma" I say walking to the balcony where she is having hot tea.

I didn't know hot tea calm nerves, mom would surprise you. Rather have a cold beer.

She is deep in thoughts, she doesn't

even notice me taking a seat next to her.

I touch her shoulder, "Ma!!"

She turn, "Oh Fikile I didn't see you coming here"

"You need to talk with dad" I say.

She sigh, "You think they're hurting her?"

"No.I mean she is their daughter-in-law for good heavens"

She shrugs "We've hurt our son-in-law too"

I think time for whining and making square faces is up.She need to stand up and take action.

"Go to your husband now.Let Tamika go" I say firmly.

She look at me "Your father..."

I put my hand up, "Before this destroys all of us and Ziphelele get hurt"

She exhale, "Close the doors,I'll tell security guards not to leave the gates"

This is what I'm talking about.I follow her as she walk inside the house.She walk with determination and anger.

"The mess!" Sena says after she walked out.

I let out a huge breath, "One day we will talk about this and laugh.For now I need a glass of wine"

"Never mind the wine,Sbu's whisky" she say.

Zethu walk in looking like a zombie,

"Have you tried calling Ziphe again?"

I look at Sena,she shake her head.

"Nope" I tell her.

She fold her arms, "So much for big sisters! Shouldn't both of you be out there looking for her?"

"Dad have almost twenty people looking for her. What difference could we do?" Sena says.

"I don't know but don't be hanging with whisky bottles having fun while our sister is out there. God knows what she is going through!"

I think she is taking her frustrations out on us. We are all devastated.

Having shots of whisky doesn't mean we care less or having fun.

"Hey don't fuckin'..."

I cut through Sena and ask her if Tyson is fine.

She exhale, "He is fine although we

haven't talked all day"

"Call him,the drama in this family shouldn't come between our love lives" I say.

Sena chuckles, "Do you have a love life?"

I look at her.I can't believe she is asking me this, in a mocking way.

She smiles, "Exactly. You need to get a man,even a drunkard,you'll dust him up"

Zethu look at her disgusted, "Can't you have this men talk once Ziphe has been found?"

Sena wave her away,"She seriously need to get laid,even Biyela himself is worried about the spiderweb between her thighs"

My mouth hangs open, "You're kidding, right?"

She laughs, "No, he came to my house all tears saying his daughter would die a reformed virgin"

I want to believe her but the way she is laughing about it make me doubt her. Zethu click her tongue and walk away scrolling on her phone.

"I think we need to pray" I say.

Sena frown, "Why?"

"Simtho lost her baby, Thapelo got shot, Ziphe is kidnapped and Zethu is showing human being emotions" I say.

"I'm tired of crying, this whole situation is emotionally dragging all of us. It's drama after drama, like where is the happiness and comfortability

we've worked for all our lives. You know, that 'ensuring financial and physical safety'. I think we deserve a break, especially Ziphe and Thapelo" I nod and swallow a shot.

"When all of this is over we're taking a holiday to Cape Town. We do need a break" I say.

She clears her throat, "I don't like that place, Cape Town, we can go to Eastern Cape instead"

Since when she doesn't like Cape Town? Her face has completely changed. She really hate Cape Town, I wonder why.

"Wherever you want as long as they sell wine" I say.

"We need to have a talk with Ziphelele

once all is settled" she say.

I like how we all believe Ziphelele is coming back in one piece and everything will get back to normal. Faith can get you anywhere, they say.

"What talk?" I ask.

She give me the look that ask if I'm stupid.

"You heard how she talked with Thapelo in the hospital. That shouldn't be a way we address our husbands. Thapelo is a great guy, he has put up with lot of shit from her the best she can do is to give him respect" she say.

I look at her, "You're misreading this whole thing. She was just listening to

her instincts, which unfortunately were wrong"

"Do you know how many fights and arguments I've had with Lwazi? Not even once had I sidelined him or made him look unworthy in front of my family" she say.

I sigh, "She was just frustrated about Simtho's situation and all the errors pointed at Tamika then"

"That doesn't excuse the manner in which she addressed Thapelo. I'm a bitch in the bedroom, I shout at him in the kitchen, I order him around in the evenings but when we are out, with other people, I give him his place" she say.

Maybe she should be my mentor once I

get married. It look like she knows all the do's and don's.

"Hey hey hey" the voice says coming from the door.

We put the glasses away and hid whisky. I grab a kitchen cloth and wipe the counter. Sena arrange the cups in the cupboard.

"Oh here you my kids! Good to see you taking care of your brother's house" she say from the entrance.

"Hey auntie. How are the patients?" Sena ask.

"Nozipho is very judgemental and need to come out now. Her kids are handful while she is relaxing on hospital beds writing menus of what she want to eat. I don't like how she threw the beers I

carried for the boys in hospital"

I laugh, "What? You carried beers to the hospital"

She click her tongue, "Anyway Thapelo is fine.He is physically recovering, spirituality he is devastated by his wife's disappearance."

"Thanks God nobody died! All that is left is for Biyela to set Tamika free and Ziphe to come home" I say.

After a few minutes she walk away to check on the kids and shout at Zanda and Zethu.

My phone rings on top of the counter.Sena take it and pass it to me. It's Skhumbuzo,my boyfriend.

I reject the call and send him a text to call me later. I don't want Sena to

know that I have a boyfriend, yet. She will snoop around, meet him behind my back and tell the whole world.

I'm still on phase one of this relationship. We are still getting to know each other. I love him, no doubts but I need an assurance and remarkable progress before I can announce the news and do the introductions.

"Who is Skhumbuzo?" She ask.

What did I say about snooping around?

In that two seconds she had my cellphone on her hand she crammed the caller name.

"The Tongaat meat supplier guy" I say.

"Wasn't he white?" She ask staring at me.

I don't break her stare, "I changed him"  
She nod, "I guess he wanted to supply  
the meat again"

I roll my eyes, "Go kiss your man's ass"  
She laugh "We call them suppliers  
these days"

I walk away before I raise more  
suspicions.

Later when we are making lunch for  
kids mom and dad walk in.They look  
devastated than before.

I stand up, "Did you let Tamika go?"  
Mom exhale, "Yes your dad did.He  
even got her the best doctors and  
psychologist monitoring her"

That's a relief!

"Now Ziphe will come home and  
everything will fall into its place"

Zanda say in huge relief.

"Ziphe was not abducted by Mokoena's uncles" dad says.

"What?" Zethu ask.

"Her car is in Checkers parking lot in town. She is untraceable"

I don't understand what he is saying.

Ziphe was taken by Thapelo's uncle so that he let Tamika go.

"She was taken by Thapelo's uncle" I say.

"It's not always those we suspect the most. I don't know who have my daughter" he say sitting on the couch powerlessly.

## Chapter 90

Zanda Dlamini

.

Ziphe is still out there. Nobody knows where. Her father has tried all he could, he is still trying, to find her. The atmosphere is sour in the Biyela's house.

Nozipho has come back as well as Mandla, Simtho and Don. Sbu came to check on his kids and returned back to the hospital. Thapelo need his support more than ever. He is going through a lot emotionally and physically.

Simtho was supposed to leave with her father-in-law. He want to perform a cleansing ceremony for her. They also need to fetch the baby's spirit and

name her to avoid badlucks. That old man know his ancestor's story, the sooner Simtho listen and follow his instructions the better. I have nothing but respect for him. He is very humble and regard Simtho with royalty respect.

The lastborn is missing, everyone is frustrated and sitting on edges. Their mother is worse, she is furious and not talking to Biyela. Apparently this is his fault and he have one day to find her or else....!

"Baba don't just stand there" she say from the kitchen passage with her hands on the hips.

Biyela push the cellphone he was scrolling back in his pocket and sigh.

"My boys are all over South

Africa,there is no lead" he say.

"Find the lead,I want my daughter here by dinner" she shout.

Sena chuckles and mumbles something under her breath.Her mother notice what she is doing and come with an ambulance velocity to her.She grab her ear and twist it.

We are all shocked.This is not Mam' Biyela I know.

Biyela grab her, "Mama kaFikile!"

She yank him off and point at Sena, "I will sort you out,don't ever mock me.

I'm an elder to you,your mother"

Sena is rubbing her

ear,shaken.Quinton is looking at his mom confused but clearly amused.The twins are giggling behind their hands.

Biyela pull his wife's hand, "You will

not take out your frustrations on my daughter. Come take it all out on me, isn't I'm the one who caused all of this?"

They disappear in the staircases.

I think I need a whisky shot too but my status doesn't allow me.

"Are you hurt?" Mandla ask.

Sena shake her head, "I'm just annoyed"

Zethu's phone rings. She answers it and walk away. I must say she is the most frustrated one. She is thinking of the worse while we all of us hold on that slim lace of hope.

She has only eaten two spoons of food and drank lot of energy drinks.

"Go lie in the bedroom we will tell you if anything new happens" Nozipho tell

Simtho.

She balance by the couch,stand up and walk slowly to the bedroom.She look like hell.Don is falling asleep on the other side.

"Join your girl" Mandla says.

He shake his head and bury his face with hands.

In the meantime we need to start cooking.Not so sure how many people are going to eat but the pots need to be boiling.

When I stand up to go, Mandla hold my hand.

"I'd like to speak to you"

He sound serious. All eyes are on us.

"Let's go to the kitchen then" I say.

He follows me to the kitchen. I take the potatoes to peel while we talk.

"Are you okay?" He ask.

"Physically, yes. I'm worried about Ziphe" I say.

He nods, "She is going to come back. How is my little angel?"

I smile "Fine I guess"

He wrap his arms around my waist, "I miss you"

"I wish all of this was over. I miss my house. Not that I don't want to be here, I do, this is my family they're always there for me" I vent.

He exhale, "I'm sure they won't mind if you take a little break"

I sigh, "I don't know"

"You can go babe, we will manage " she say from the entrance.

We turn to look at her.

"No I don't want to go, I want to be

here and support you guys. I just feel overwhelmed and miss a bit of normalcy" I say.

She walk in, "Me too. I wish I can go to my house. Mom's bad vibes aren't my favourite"

"She is just hurting" Mandla says.

"We are all hurting but we're not twisting other's ears and having sex upstairs"

Wtf?

I cover my mouth, "No get out!"

She roll her eyes, "I want to have a cocktail, like right now"

She is still holding the first position when it comes to drunkards of this family. It's a good thing that she loves working too much and doesn't find enough time to feed her drinking habit.

"Fiki you need to slow down. You girls are the first to give instructions to us not to drink in front of the kids"

Mandla say.

She grab a banana, "I wish I can drink all the troubles away.I could do with some weed too"

I laugh, "If you had a boyfriend you would be tamed by now"

She smile "Your beautiful jacket"

"What jacket?" I ask confused.

"Your beautiful jacket" she say chewing.

I'm not wearing any jacket.What is she on about?

"I said you need a boyfriend so that you cut your habits" I say.

"And I said your beautiful jacket" she say throwing banana peels in the sink

and walking away.

Mandla laughs.

I don't know why she avoid the boyfriend topic.

"I miss doing what Biyela is doing upstairs" he whisper in my ear.

I turn and look at him stunned, "Now it's not the time,my friend is still missing and your friend is in hospital"

He kiss my neck, "It doesn't mean we should abstain.Look at Biyela"

I roll my eyes, "He is just trying to calm his wife down, she was throwing unnecessary tantrums. He just want to show her that he still have control somewhere"

He laugh, "I also want to take my mind somewhere and forget about reality"

I sigh, "Where?"

"We can drive to our house and come back later" he say happily.

"Fine I'll tell Sena to come cook"

I wash my hands and follow him to the lounge.

"Guys we are going out for a while.Sena please go carry on with dinner" he announce.

"Out where?" Zethu ask.

"Home,we'll come back later" he say.

"Mhhh go Weezy go!" Sena says.

I give her a look,she giggles.Her mom should've twisted her ear harder.

"Oh I see" Zethu say smiling.

I hate this.I pick my cellphone and walk out leaving number of silly giggles behind.

We get in the car and drive to the house.I'm ready to scream for

something pleasurable. I need to sweat and stretch my legs for good use.

A car hoot and drive after us as we drive through the gate. Who is this now?

"Is that your sister?" He ask.

Oh yes it is Phumla!

I was trying to have a break by coming here.

"Guys I've been waiting for hours" she shout.

I get out of the car and walk to her.

"Hello Glowie" she say opening her arms.

It's been a while. I hug her.

"Hey what brings you here?" I ask.

"Hey I have hot gossips, do you remember Thula?"

All this way for hot gossips?

Do I even have the energy for this?

"Phumla come on,I'm tired" I say.

"He died last night, they say he overdosed" she say happily.

I don't know how someone's death comes as hot gossip.

"I have something serious to attend with Mandla, if you don't mind" I say.

She look at me, "I'll chill in the dining room then"

I sigh.

She is not getting the memo.I let her be.

Mandla doesn't look pleased at all.He greet her simply and walk away.

"He is so full of himself" she say clicking her tongue.

I roll my eyes "I don't want any drama"

"Drama is your man who can't fuck

properly"

I stop dead on my tracks, "Say that again"

"Come on don't pretend like he is a sex god. He need to be humble,I spent years of my life entertaining his artless bedroom skills" she say.

"I think you should go"

She look at me, "Why? He is the one who act like I took his virginity and dumped him"

My temper is unstable these days. It goes in and out of the ICU.I haven't found the medication for it so I make sure I diet with calmness.

"Please go I'll call" I say.

She sigh and walk back.

I count 1..2..3 before I proceed with my way

I find Mandla drinking juice in the kitchen. I walk past him and sit on the chair.

"Where is your sister?" He ask.

I give him a 'shut up' glare.

"Well, shall I pour the juice for you?"

"Yes please" I say.

He chuckles, "I wonder what she said"

"I swear I was going to slap her if we stayed two minutes longer together"

He laughs, "You can put her in sale"

I grin, "Nobody would buy her even if I did"

"Let me guess, she made a comment on your weight" he say.

What does he mean 'on my weight'?

"So you're trying to tell me I'm fat?" I ask.

"No, not at all" He say.

I shake my head, "Well she made a comment on how artless and dull you were on bed.I nearly lost it"

"This is too sweet,I must add water"  
he say.

I watch him pouring water in the glass,stirring and give it to me quietly.

"Thanks babe" I say.

He nods.

"I'll go take a bath,you can watch a movie or something"

I put the juice down, "Or I could join you in the bath"

"No" he say yanking my hand off.

And now???

I make us something to eat while he is gone.

"Look what I made" I say showing him a plate.

"Nice.Let's eat and go"

Go where? Why is he suddenly this angry?

He grab the plate and eat silently. He is acting like the pregnant me.

"I can't wait to show you my new moves" I say.

He put the plate away, "I'll be in the car"

I look at him shocked, "What did we come here for?"

"Make fast Zanda,I need to check on Thapelo too" he say and walk out.

I'm left stunned on the chair. What the hell is wrong with him?

## Chapter 91

Nozipho Biyela

.

R100 000 reward has been promised to whoever that can help us find Ziphe. It is the fourth day since she went missing. Thapelo has forced his way out of the hospital. He is using crutches, I don't know what difference he thought he was going to make. He refused to stay under one roof with Biyela. He went back to his house, Mandla volunteered to go stay with him since he refused to hire a nurse.

He is not the only one hating Biyela's guts. Nontombi too. She blame him and refuse to share the same oxygen as him

until her last born is back in one piece. Yesterday she packed and moved in Sena's house.

Biyela is defeated, powerless and broken. He is used to his power getting him everything. Well, not anymore.

Zethu also walked out shortly after Nontombi. According to her we are not trying hard enough to find Ziphe. She also said some hurtful words to Sbu and Biyela. I know it was emotions but it was uncalled for. Biyela and Sbu are broken enough, they don't need the family to push more.

The police have been informed. The missing person case is under investigation. The whole town is decorated with Ziphe's pictures. We've

been getting chancers calls,nothing concrete so far.

My husband walk in.Right now I want to hug him and tell him everything will be fine.

"Hey" he say getting on bed full clothed.

He is too quick to lose weight or it's just my eyes? His eyes show restlessness and broken spirit.

He kiss my forehead and wrap his arms around me.I lie on his chest with my head.

"I love you,you know that?" I say.

"Ya I love you too mama"

I brush his hand, "This too shall pass.She is going to come back"

"They hate us.Me and dad" he say.

"Who hate you?"

"Fikile, Sena and Zethu. I see it in their eyes. We failed to protect them, we failed our number one priority" he say. I exhale, "It's beyond anyone's control. You nearly died for this mess to end, they know that they are just frustrated"

"Fiki didn't even eat with us. I feel like the family is breaking apart" he say sorrowfully.

I think we should worry less about the ones in a security guarded house. We have a missing sister that we should give our heartache to.

"It will be over" I assure him.

He let out a long sigh.

"I'm worried about the kids. They are

picking the mood" I say.

"Why are you saying so?" He ask.

"Liya didn't eat her supper, Junior has been in his bedroom all day. Did you see him today?"

He shake his head "I don't know what to do Nozipho"

Biyela must look at this deeply and think back. He might have hurt someone and created enemies. This is being done to hurt his family.

"I'm hungry"

Say what!?!

He is the one who gave his meat to Aunt Lydia. He said he is not hungry.

"You said you're full and gave your food away" I say.

"I wasn't hungry then, I am now"

Okay so now I must get up from this comfortable, warm bed and walk through cold passages and freezing stairs to make him food.

I yawn, "We need to rest. There is fried fish, you'll warm it up"

He doesn't respond. I close my eyes, pretending to be falling asleep. He remove my hand slowly and reach for his cellphone.

This coming weekend was supposed to be Sena's lobolas and Sunday family dinner.

The lobola is going to be postponed, family dinner will be cancelled. I was looking forward to dinner. I miss the family, united on one table. Mostly I would've enjoyed the

food,Nontombi is chef-connected.

There is a knock on the door.Who is it?

Let it be not the twins.

"Who is it?" I shout.

Oops! I was deeply asleep.

"Come in" he shout after me.

Biyela walks in with a plate of food.They're kidding me!

"Here" he say giving Sbu.

"Thanks Baba"

Is he trying to paint me the bad wife?

Damn! I can't even face my father-in-law right now.

He quickly walk out after saying the second 'goodnight'.

I sit on my ass, "Seriously?"

He look at me with his mouth filled up.He mustn't act clueless here.

"Why are you shaming me?" I ask angrily.

"By doing what?"

Is he stupid?

"How dare you ask your father to perform my duties?" I ask.

He frown, "You refused and pretended to be asleep"

"You were supposed to go to the kitchen yourself. I dished for you and you said you're not hungry. Now was I supposed to wake at 9pm to do that again?" I say.

"I don't see the big deal"

I click my tongue, "The big deal is your father think I'm not taking care of you"

"Do we still have people who care about what others think?" he ask

biting a breadroll.

I grab my pillow and sleep the opposite direction.

He eat until he finishes before he ask if I'm deciding to feed him my toes all night.

I ignore him.He need to learn about consideration before doing stupid things.

"Your feet are on my mouth" I say.

"Come on,I always put them there.You put your face in their place" he say.

I push his feet away violently.He laughs.

OMG! He is laughing. I missed his laughter.

I look at him happily.

"Aren't you mad now?" He ask

laughing.

I roll my eyes and push my head right under the covers. He touch my nose with his toes.

I turn back immediately, "It's not funny, I don't want to sleep like this"

He smiles, "You vowed before the priest that you will do it"

My vows said nothing about sleeping positions.

I sleep with my back on his chest. He sneak his arms around my waist and kiss my neck. My anger vanishes.

"I love you" he say.

I smile, "I love you too moron"

He exhale "Hopefully God will answer our prayers tomorrow. I'm tired of praying and hoping"

"He will." I say.

Faith got us here, it will get us through tomorrow.

Chapter 92

Sena Biyela

.

After dinner yesterday I decided to follow my mom with my little family. She needs someone to be there for her. Her emotions are running wild, I'm worried about her. She is not the type that loses temper easily. Lately she is biting everyone's head off. Ziphe's case is taking a stroll on her. My dad on the other hand is a walking zombie. Mom has made sure to bruise

his conscience. She wanted to break him apart. A part of me is glad they won't be under one roof for now. My dad is devastated enough, this is the time where we should be standing together as a family.

Waking next to my man, on our bed in our bedroom almost feel like normalcy, except that my sister is still missing. The nightmare isn't over yet.

It looks like he's been up for a while. He is on his phone scrolling.

"Morning" I say.

He put the phone under the pillow and wrap his arm around me. He give me a light peck.

"Finally you open your eyes. I missed you"

I smile "I had to enjoy the moment of peace"

"Well some good news to start your morning with, Jay is out of hospital" he say.

"Wow! Somewhere, somehow something great is happening. I thought Jesus has died again and failed to wake up"

He sigh, "He didn't babe. Soon Ziphe will be home"

I'm tired of hearing that verse. She is not home today, I wanted her home today.

Why is God not answering our prayers?

A loud knock, no a massive door banging, disturbs us.

I know Quinton wouldn't do that. He is busy watching morning cartoons. I get off bed and put my gown on.

It's our angry guest.

"Mom"

"Is this the time a woman wake up?"

She ask glaring at me with fire spitting eyes.

I yawn, "Mom this is my house"

"I don't care. You should know when to wake up. Who is making breakfast for your fiancée if you're still wearing gowns with unwashed face?"

I don't need this so early in the morning. I don't know this mother. My mother is soft and good-mannered.

"Lwazi doesn't eat this early" I say.

She pull me out and close the door

behind.

"Senamile I didn't raise a mash of a daughter. Go bath and get ready to go to the shops"

Shops???

"Why do I need to go to the shops?" I ask.

"Because you don't have any proper breakfast food. Your cheese is two days from the expiration date, you have only 250ml of milk. And that white bread that has turned brown? Where do you buy those eggs? Ever heard of fresh tomatoes in your life?"

I sigh, "Fine, make a list"

She walk away shouting. I open the door and walk to Lwazi laughing. I throw myself on bed and groan.

"Be patient with her" he say.

I look at him, "Who is gonna be patient with me?"

He smile "Your man. You let her take her frustrations on you, I'll let you take out yours on me"

"I know in which way" I say.

"I love you because of that sharp brain" he say.

There is no time for morning glory, I go shower and dress up to go.

I find her in the kitchen cooking. The smell kill me slowly.

"I'm here"

She turn around from the stove, "Don't worry I settled for amagwinya (vetkoeks),you can go later to shop for lunch"

"Amagwinya Ma!" I say.

She raise an eyebrow, "You're not in a position to make demands. I saved your lazy ass, I'm sure your man is few minutes away from fainting. This is the best breakfast your kitchen can afford"

I sit on the chair, "We can order breakfast"

She give me a warning look and turn back to turn amagwinya in the pot.

Lwazi and Quinton walk in as we set the table.

"Just in time" she say.

I roll my eyes behind her.

We sit around the table. Lwazi is happy with today's breakfast. He is eating like a hunter after a long journey.

"Do you like your food babyboy?" She

ask Quinton.

He make a funny face and shake his head.

"Well you can't always get what you like in life. Eat and finish, there are kids who wish they can have what you have. Be grateful" she say.

"But Ma he can have a cereal if he is not happy" I say.

She give me a look.

"I don't want you to raise your children the same way I raised you. Highlighting that they always have choices"

I nod and keep quiet. Lwazi keep the conversation heated in the table. They get along very well.

After breakfast I'm summoned to a

heated 'How to be a good wife' lesson in her bedroom. I don't know how long my mom is going to be like this nor how long will I be able to put up with her.

She rearrange my cupboards and clean my fridge. She is taking her frustrations on my kitchen, cleaning it until it's spotless and shining like a diamond.

Later I receive a list of grocery I need to go buy. It's a long list that include 10kgs but I don't mind I'm happy to go out and get some fresh air. I might drive around Lwazi's office to give him lunch since he left without his lunch in drive to Getway Mall. As I park a girl wearing a short jean wave at me. I roll down the window, more girls appears.

They point at me and talk to each other.

It's one of those. I roll up the window and put on my sunglasses. I send Lwazi a text asking what he would like to have for his lunch. He doesn't respond, I'll have to decide for him.

I take my bag and get out. The girl that was waving walk to me.

"Hi Sena"

I want to ignore her like I usually ignore people but somehow I return the greeting and wait for her to say whatever she wanted to say.

"I saw your sister that is missing" she say.

I take the sunglasses out.

"When, where?" I ask.

She glance back at the others, playing with her hands.

"It was five days ago,I was with my mom shopping.When we went to our car,a dark guy was carrying her to another car.We thought she had fainted or something and the guy was helping her" she say.

I let out a deep sigh, "Let's go to the car,please"

She nod quickly.

We get in the car,the other girls walk away.

"Those are?" I ask.

"Oh they're my friends.I came here because I knew you were coming here from your Facebook page"

I need to cut down on social networks.

"You say you saw the guy who took her?"

She nod, "He was dark,tall and decent looking"

"Did you see which car he took her to? Anything from the model,colour or registration number"

She shake her head, "We didn't pay attention, it was raining.I thought it was a bodyguard so it didn't really matter until I saw the posts"

"Okay thanks for letting me know.What's your name?" I ask.

"I'm Londeka from Umlazi L section"

I nod, "Londeka I need your contact details. We will follow up from your information"

"I hope you find her,she is my

Facebook friend and very nice. Maybe you can ask for Checkers footage, I'm sure they have cameras facing the parking" she say.

I exhale, "They had a technical problem that day. When it rain it pours"

She put her hand on mine, "I'll the my mom to pray for her"

I smile, "Your numbers please"

She give me her cellphone number and say goodbye.I sit in the car for almost thirty minutes making calls.

I don't have the energy to continue with my journey but I remember the lioness at home.

I buy everything she wrote including the 10kg of sugar beans.I don't know

why do we need so much beans. Maybe we are going to sell bean bunnies.

When I load the grocery in the boot a hand tap my shoulder. I nearly jump up.

When I turn I'm welcomed by a dark guy wearing a khaki short and animal skin sandals. He is wearing a white torn vest on the top.

"I don't have money" I say.

"I don't want money" he say.

My heart start pounding. Maybe it's Ziphe's kidnapper.

"What do you want?" I ask trembling.

"Read this at home" he say handing me a brown envelope.

I take the envelope with a big frown.

"Everything okay?" A man wearing

black asks.

I recognise his face. My dad is stubborn, I told him I don't want to be followed around by his scary people.

I look at the envelope guy, he looks chilled.

"I think so" I say.

He walks a few feet away and stands watching us.

"Who are you?" I ask the guy.

"I'm Nkabhle but it really doesn't matter. Go well" he says and walks away.

I watch him until he gets in the white bakkie and drives away. He is not tall so he is not the kidnapper. But who is he?

"Check this for me" I tell the bodyguard.

He takes the envelope and opens it. He

look inside and close it.

"It's just a letter" he say.

I nod, "Thank you"

I drive home agitated. I wonder what's in this letter. Why was it delivered to me personally by the guy who look like he live in the caves?

Who is Nkabenhle? What's in this letter?

I'll find out once I'm home.

Chapter 93

Zethu Biyela

.

He has taken a day off. I'm grateful for his presence, I'm a bit better with him around.

"Are you okay?" He ask.

I put the plate I was wiping inside the cupboard and sit on the chair.

"I'm not okay. Never will be, until my sister comes home"

He run his hand through his hair and take a seat opposite me.

"I'm confused" he say.

I give him a 'go ahead' look.

He lean back on the chair, "Why is your father failing to trace her?"

He is asking the wrong person. I shrug my shoulders.

"Why am I unable to find a lead? I've never failed before"

I sigh "I don't have answers Tyson"

He bite his lower lip then stare at me deeply.

"Unless someone who know us very well is involved" he say.

I frown, "Someone like who?"

"Loyiso is dead, my cousin died because of your father but we're not there.It's only me and your father now" he say thoughtfully.

"So you want to say it either you or my dad?" I ask irritated.

His stupidity is on another level.He amazes me,white people should be bright.

"Your dad wouldn't have kidnapped his own daughter" he say.

I sigh and rest my head on the table.

"You're clever,hey" I say mockingly.

"No babe who ever it is is on a mission. Eventually Biyela is going to turn his

eyes to me. We don't have a good history"

I lift my head up and look at him, "I'm worried sick about my sister and you're worried about your head speculations" I say angrily.

"No babe last week I was informed that a former friend left the US. I'm wondering why he haven't told me he is back in the country"

Now I want to watch Imizwilili or listen to Ukhozi FM Abasiki Bebunda. He doesn't care how bored my face is he continue with his speech.

"Biyela wanted him dead, he left the country. Then Biyela killed my cousin, we became enemies. Then I fell in love with his daughter, we started

afresh. Whoever it is want revenge on Biyela but his other purpose is for Biyela to turn against me" he say.

"Who is that?" I ask.

"Lebo"

I've never heard of him before. He look troubled by his own thoughts. Maybe he is correct, I don't know my father's enemies.

"I'll tell dad, he will look into it" I say.

"No, don't. I will handle this myself, I'll tell him once I got enough evidence"

I nod.

He stand and walk away brushing his hands together. I hope he get to the bottom of this.

He walk back after a while with a big smile.

"What happened?" I ask.

"It's him"

"You sound sure now" I say raising an eyebrow.

"It's the only bastard that can create computer viruses and damage cameras in Checkers without anyone noticing" he say smiling.

"Why does it make you happy? My sister could be dead"

"He won't kill her yet.He love stupid mind games" he say.

I take out my phone, "I'm telling dad"

"I need to go man hunting" he say kissing my lips lightly.

He walk out with determination.

Unfortunately I can't reach my dad,I send Sbu a text message.

I haven't apologised to them. I badly took my frustrations out on them. They don't need us turning against them, making them feel like failures. I have to send them apology gifts.

My phone rings. It's my mom.

"Hey Ma" I say picking up.

"Come to Senamile's house now" she says.

"Why?" I ask.

"I need extra hands, these couches are heavy Lwazi is not here"

Sigh!

"Ma there are security guards there walking up and down I'm sure they won't mind lending a hand" I say.

She chuckles, "Nana, hey get your ass here now"

What is wrong with this woman? Why must she fight everyone? Fighting won't bring back Ziphelele.

"Okay" I say and drop the call.

Why it is my duty to push Sena's couches? Where is she?

Who even asked my mom to clean that house?

I fetch my sunhat, sunglasses and bag and go.

I find her vacuuming the carpet.

"Hey mom" I greet.

The vacuum is blocking her ears. I go stand in front of her. She stop vacuuming.

She smile, "Your advice worked, a security guard helped me"

I sigh, "So I drove here for nothing?"

"Not at all. I'm going to teach you how to roll a steambread" she say.

"Mom I have important news to share" I say.

The door burst open as she is about to say something.

It's Sena.

Why is she running?

"There is a letter" she say.

"What letter?" I ask.

She have a brown envelope on her hand. She open it with trembling hands.

"It's doesn't have any address but it's Ziphe's handwriting" she say sitting on the couch.

My knees start trembling. Only people who have committed suicide leave letters.

"Read" mom say breathing heavily.

"Dear family, this is me.

I don't know where I am but I'm safe. The guy who delivered this letter is the one who saved me. I was kidnapped after buying fruits for Thapelo on my way to the hospital. I don't know who it was but he was on the phone with a woman who had Phumlile Miya's voice. I'm not accusing Phumla of anything, I've done enough damage with that style. Dad must find out about that guy he is on mission to destroy his legacy.

I hope my husband is healing, as well as his niece. I hope one day they can forgive me. Unfortunately I can't be there with you. I found peace I've

always yearned for.Maybe staying where I am will make me heal from everything I've gone through.

I love you so much guys.I love my husband.He is a great man,I know I don't deserve him.

Don't try to find me.

Z,Mokoena"

"This is a scam" I say.

"She was forced to write this. My daughter can't just leave and want not to be found" mom say standing on her feet.

Sena take out another small envelope inside the big one.

"What is in that?" I ask.

She open it, "Her picture"

It is indeed Ziphe.

Her hair is cut, she is smiling, wearing a green dress I've never seen before. The only surroundings I can see behind her are big trees, a little boy facing the other way and animal-skin sandals lying on the ground.

The picture have yesterday's date on it. So she really is safe, judging by her smile.

Why would she want to leave us? Drop out of varsity on her last year? Desert her marriage?

"Thapelo needs her. This is selfishness on higher grade" I say.

"Why she doesn't want to come back? We all need her" mom say crying.

I brush her back "Don't cry mom, she is safe at least"

Sena put the contents back in the envelope and look at us deep in thoughts.

"Unless they did something bad to her before she got her escape. Something that disturbed her state of mind, in consolation she escaped reality and went to start over" she say.

"Sena don't even start coming up with excuses for her. She was kidnapped, got help and should've returned home to her ill husband and her troubled family" I say angrily.

"Her choices, her life. We have a mysterious guy on our backs" she says. I exhale, "Who is he?"

"Muzi go around creating enemies now my kids have to pay" mom say wiping

her tears.

Sena play with her ring, "Phumlile is our link.I need to call dad"

She walk away.

If it's that guy Tyson was talking about, how would he know Phumla?

I'm confused. I also need to call Tyson.

## Chapter 94

Nkabenhle (highlights)

.

A loud scream come from one of the huts at the back.

Shattering screams follow.

When I first came here this is what

made me consider going back home. Then I would remember why I fled from home.

I persevered until I got used to it. Now I don't wake up, no matter how loud she get. She can even circle my hut, singing, beating drums, I don't shriek.

Her name is Ngqongqokazi. They say she is from the Eastern Cape. This is supposedly her place of calling where she has created world of peace.

She is not close to anyone, she only show up on your door when she have your future prediction or sensing a dark cloud over you. She spend most of her times in the forests, searching for certain herbs. She is the goddess of this place although Mkhululi is the chief in

command of the place.

It is a place called Phakadeni. It's far from anywhere. Near the river called Nondwengu. It serves as a source of freshwater, fishes and cleansing noble river to our community.

Nobody is related to one another, we are a group of people coming from different places. Here to escape real life, miseries and disfigured personalities. Each time a new member comes, Ngqongqokazi sense it. Men build a new hut for that person. Men are in charge of building, hunting, fishing and training boys to fight. They'll need those lessons when they go out to big cities, where real life happens.

Women sew,cook,plough vegetables and train girls.

We do travel to towns to get what we can't get here.

It's a bit of a struggle when you're new,as time goes by you enjoy and think less about electronics and modern colourful life.

Today we are going to board Nondwengu with fishing nets. We usually go when the sun is up and heating.

I hear several voices outside. We have some early birds.I glance at the old watch on my wooden table I made three years ago.It's two ticks away from six o'clock.

I get up and pour cold water in the

basin to wash my face.

There is a low singing at my door. My palms sweat.

Ngqongqokazi visits are never of good news. It's either something bad has happened at home or your time at Phakadeni is over.

I wipe my face and go to the door. She has her head bent downwards. Her bare, cracky foot is tapping down.

"Ngqongqokazi" I say.

She look up immediately, "Nkabanhle" We've talked about this, over and over. Almost with everyone in this place.

"It's Nkabenhle" I say.

She groan loudly and clap her hands.

"The girl is in danger"

My mind run back home.

Is she referring to my sister, Phindile?

"The car will be speeding by the main road at 11h45. She will be inside" she continues.

I'm more confused.

"What girl Ngqongqokazi?" I ask.

"You don't know her, neither do I. Her ancestors has spoken to me. She isn't alone, there is someone with her, someone she can lose should she go back home."

So it's a new member.

"So how can I help?" I ask.

"Go to the main road, there is a palm tree you will sit under. You will be guarded by the holy spirit"

The main road is miles away.

"You can drive, is it?" She ask.

I nod.

"That car will not make it past the tree,while they are gone to get mechanical help you will take the girl out and bring her here." She say.

I sigh, "You said she is in danger,which means she is with dangerous people?"

"Ask no questions. Go there in a bakkie,wait for the car,while they're gone take the girl. Only the girl,nothing else" she say.

I know better than to argue with her. She turn back and walk away.I'm left with many thoughts.

Why she isn't asking other men to accompany me?

Everyone who come here is usually

guided in dreams.

Why didn't this girl come here willingly like everyone else?

Why must we go save her?

My big worry is those dangerous people. I'm here because I don't want to involve myself with what happening in the big world.

It's peace I followed here. There is no crime. No patrolling police vans. No crowd. It's just us, we are almost fifty now and wild life.

If they are coming by 11h45 it means I should leave here around 09h30. It means I'll miss the fishing session.

Thobile knock, a girl who came three weeks ago after being violated by her own family throughout her life.

I nod for her to come in.

I'm not a friendly person. My past may have something to do with it. That has made me the most feared person in this place. I don't laugh but I don't bite.

She put a plate of food on the table.

"Thank you" I say.

She smile, "My pleasure"

She walk to the door, she turn back and look at me as she is about to walk out.

"Bhuti Nkabhle" she say.

I think she is four years older than me, around 28/29 years. The way she address me symbolise her standard of respect.

I look at her expecting whatever she want to say.

"I hear you are from Eshowe,I'm from there too" she say.

"Really? That's good"

"Umhhh..have a safe journey I hear you've been sent by Ngqongqokazi" she say.

I nod.

She walk out.

I take the plate and eat.I finish eating and go fetch warm water in the bucket by the fire place to bath.

I bump into Zwelibanzi,another member.

"I hear you are going to get a new troubled soul" he say.

I don't know where they took him from.He have no manners,no common sense and lot of broken sense of

humour. Fortunately everyone understand him, we don't get offended anymore.

I ignore him and walk to my hut. I bath and put on my new trouser that MaMsomi sew for me and my navy tshirt.

I walk to the younger boys hut to pass the time. Most of them are orphans, some had a problem with their parents. There is also a few who struggled in the drug world.

I find them playing Mlabalaba game.

"Bhut' Nkaba" some say as I walk in.

"So who is winning?" I ask.

They argue and laugh at each other. They bring life to me. I watch them play and guide them.

Here I forget that I once abused a young innocent girl. The bad dreams and her painfully screams go away. I see myself as an equal and renewed young man.

When I finally walk out of this place, I will find that girl and apologise. It won't matter if she forgives me or not but I'll let her know I'm sorry. I will find my former friends and persuade them to change their ways.

I regret that January morning. After that day my life became a living hell with lot of nightmares. I was young, stupid and peer pressured. It is the main reason I came to seek for peace here because the girl was nowhere to be found.

By 09h20 I go to my hut and get ready for the journey.

I walk to the royal hut to notify Mkhululi that I'm leaving. He give me two roots to chew before I leave.

I find Ngqongqokazi waiting for me by the white bakkie. She give me the keys and clap her hands chanting unclear names.

I drive out.

Women are already preparing one of the empty huts.

I find my spot, park the bakkie two yards away and wait for the car.

A few minutes later a black car come speeding. It pass and stop just ahead of the tree.

So it's the car.

The driver get out and look at the tyres.He return back in and come back a few minutes later with a shining tool. He bend over the front, right tyre for almost twenty minutes.

He take out an object out of his pocket and put it against his ear.He is making calls.I watch him as he shout over his phone.

He look around, put his hand up checking for signal,I guess.

He walk away from the car,his hand going up to the air and down.

He goes until he disappear by the corner.He must be going to the hill just around the corner.

This is my chance.

I look around and run to the stranded

car.

The moron didn't lock, I see the girl in the backseat. She has a black tape around her mouth.

I take off the seatbelt, untie her hands and scoop her out. She is looking at me, fear written all over her face.

I run as fast as I can. I get to the bakkie breathless. I put her inside and get in the car.

I drive away.

She slap my shoulders, speaking beneath the tape. I make sure I'm out of sight before I stop the car.

"I will not harm you" I say untying her mouth.

She start breathing heavily, tears running down her face.

She is just a young girl, around my age. From what she is wearing I take it she is one of those stylish girls from the suburbs.

"You're safe now" I assure her.

She shake her head.

"I promise you" I say.

Where is this begging bone developing from in my body?

She is new, hey.

"I want to go home please, help me" she say, her voice wobbling.

"You'll go home. For now

Ngqongqokazi has been chosen by your ancestors to protect you. She will let you go, once she is sure of your safety" I say.

"Who is that?"

I start the car, "You'll find out soon"  
When we arrive, women are up and  
down in the yard. Men have already  
left.

"I know her" Thobile scream in joy.  
She get warning looks from elders. She  
pull herself together sheepishly.  
Nggongqokazi come forward and  
touch her hand.

"The ancestors are not pleased with  
you. Your marital ancestors. But that's  
not why you're here." She say.

I notice the wedding ring around her  
finger. She look frightened.

"This will be your new home. The new  
life inside of you is in danger. You can't  
be home until he is out and  
strengthened. He is a special someone"

The girl frown, "What are you saying?  
Where am I?"

"You're in Phakadeni, the place of sanity  
and peace. In a few days you'll feel like  
you're home" she says.

The girl looks at me. I give her an  
assuring smile.

"Welcome" a deep voice says.

It's Mkhululi.

He has both his hands balanced on  
the walking stick.

"You're safe here"

I haven't seen that girl ever since. I was  
resting when the introductions were  
done.

Today I woke up to Zwelibanzi banging  
my door.

"Come out, we are going to the bushes"

he yell.

After a long day of hunting we go back with three bucks.

We get served lunch and go to the river to bath.

When we come back there are hallucinations.

"Hey Thobile, what's happening?"

Zwelibanzi ask.

Most of us walk to our huts. We will be informed if it's something that concern us.

MaMsomi walk in as I'm lying on the floor, tired.

"Nkabenhle" she say.

I sit up, "MaMsomi"

I haven't been able to call other women 'Ma' after I disappointed my

own mother and got disowned.

"The girl you brought yesterday is from a rich family. They are worried sick about her" she say.

"Every caring family would" I say.

She chuckles, "If the word goes out that she is somewhere around here trouble will bombard our place"

I scratch my head, "Ya,you're right"

"The girl is here for a specific purpose.

She is getting used and gaining comprehension of it. She need to be here, her family must be

acknowledged that she is fine"

I frown, "How?"

"We will talk with her and make a plan"

(We will be keeping up with the

divas,except Ziphe's life in Phakadeni to avoid confusion unless it is important. I hope you won't get mad (lovies)

## Chapter 95

Simtho Biyela

.

It's my first day inside my house after losing my baby.I'm scared to even walk in.

"We can go back to Sbu's place if you want" he say.

I put on the brave face.

"I'm good" I say.

He push the door,I walk in.The last time I was here I got out scooped in his

arms, crying my lungs out. Her heart stopped beating in this house.

"Sit here" he say pulling me to the couch in the lounge.

I've talked to him about the hand-pulling, he doesn't stop. I'm not sick, the stitches are not even painful.

"Do you need a drink?" He ask on his feet.

"No"

He sit.

"I can call a hairdresser to come over" he say.

"My hair is fine"

"Nails? Eyelashes?"

I give him a look. He look down, disappointedly.

"You're here by my side, that's all I want" I say.

"I'm sorry that is the only thing I could do,I wish I can carry the pain for you"  
he say.

I put the cushion under my head, "How are you?"

He look at me blankly.

"Don you can't pretend as if everything is okay. You were connected to her,we bought clothes for her together, you gave her a name.Geez!Her room was ready for her.You are also in pain" I say.

He shrug, "I'm used to it"

"So being used to it make you feel better?" I ask.

He sigh "Simtho I don't want to talk about it"

He have this tendency of choosing to forget about certain painful incidents.

He just push everything to the back of his head and carry on with life.I want him to be happy,not to be happy for the sake of being happy.I want him to deal with things.

"When I've completely healed I need to go to Loyiso's home and do things right by her soul" I say.

"I understand"

Of course he does.

"A part of me believed that it was your baby,you know.She'd get excited and kick whenever you were around"

He smile, "Yeah,she loved me.I would've made a greatest father to her"

"I guess babies kick to the feeling of affection"

He stand up, "We need to donate the

clothes and toys"

Is he kidding me?

"No,they are my baby's clothes"

He stop and look at me, "But babe..."

I put my hand up, "They're not going anywhere.They are the only memory I have of my baby"

"Okay I'm sorry,I just thought that maybe because she is gone we can give them to those in need"

"Well I'm also in need of them" I say.

He sigh and sit down.

He offers to cook supper.I go to the kitchen with him.This I need to see.

He rub his hands together, "Where do I start?"

I smile "You wash the pots"

His eyes pop out "You're kidding"

I laugh, "Okay,grate the onions"

He put the apron on.He is taking this to another level.

"I need to cover my head" he say opening the drawers.

I shake my head and sip on the glass of water.

"Hello"

I don't even turn,I know it's Sbu.

"Is this a joke?" He ask walking in.

Don is minding his onions,humming a song.

"It's a treat" I say.

"He can't cook,he lived on pizza all his life before he afforded a cooking lady" he say.

"Where there is love there is a way" I say.

"I guess.Just don't come running to us when your kitchen is burnt or you

catch a stomach bug"

"Shut up jail bird" Don say.

Sbu laughs, "Don't remind me that, worse days of my life"

Don stop and look at us.

"Things always work out miraculous, hey" he say.

Sbu scratch his chin, "Ya man. Eventually everyone find their joy, the hardships on the way are just tests"

"Don't give up" they say together.

I smile "So does this mean my big brother is approving of my relationship?"

"Well I can't go against nature, can I?"

He say grinning.

"Before my onions burn" Don say turning back to the bowl with grated

onions.

"They don't burn before you cook them, I think" Sbu say mocking him.

"How many minutes does it take to boil an egg Sbusiso?" Don ask.

Sbu look at me questioningly, I shrug my shoulders laughing.

"Two minutes for half boiled, five minutes for fully boiled" he reply.

I stop him with my hand, "I have stitches Sbu,stop"

Having them here make me forget about unfair life and its miseries.I know Sbu is also hiding his own pain with a good laughter.We still don't know where Ziphe is but the picture my father showed us shows that she is fine.We have so many unanswered questions but have decided to take my

father's word.He will get to the bottom of it.

"Hunny I feel for you" she say striding in.

I was with them yesterday,I guess I'll be seeing them frequently until they get it in their tits that I'm fine.

"Hello you" Sbu says.

She kiss his cheek and go peek at what Don is doing.

"So how long are you going to wear dull clothes?" She ask.

I sigh, "A month"

"So it's long dull dresses,doek and scarf over your shoulders for 30days?"

She say.

I love the sad Zethu,she is calm and beautiful. I don't know who told her everything is fine,we can go back to

our personalities.

"Why are you dressed like Madonna?"

Don ask.

She smile, "Because we are going to have fun somewhere"

"It's too early,we don't know where exactly Ziphe is and reasons behind that.Simtho is still mourning" Sbu says.

She cock her head to the side and straighten her hair.

"Well we're going to have fun, kick some asses if we have to but the fun we are going to have is not the one you have in mind,which include music and cocktails"

I look at her, "Who are you going with?"

"Sena,Fiki have something urgent to attend businesses bla bla bla.I need

that paint you left after painting the room,you know"

She think I'm going to cry if she mentions the baby.

"It's in the garage, why do you need it?" I ask.

"I think some people need a written warning to stop messing with others"

I shake my head. I feel for whoever that has stepped on her toes.

She walk away,swaying her hips side to side.

"And then?" Don ask.

"Long story,Phumla is involved" Sbu says.

I look at him shocked, "Is she fucking Tyson?"

He shake his head, "No,something in the letter Ziphe wrote included her

involvement in the orchestration of her kidnapping but dad told them to leave her to him"

Why am I only hearing this now?

Wtf is wrong with that girl?

What was she hoping to gain by taking Ziphelele?

"I wish I could join them" I say angrily.

"Don't wish on it,they are going against Biyela and meddling" Sbu says.

Zethu walk back in carrying a 5l bucket of paint and painting brush.

"She is not going to speak the truth, you should let Biyela handle her" Sbu warns her.

She chuckles, "Trust me,she will speak the truth the good way or the bad way but today"

We watch her walking out

determined. Phumla need to be handled by other bitches. I pray they cut her hair with a scissor.

"I've never seen such a yellow stew" he say from the stove, with a pot lid in his hand.

We look at him. There is a packet of tumeric powder next to him.

"How much turmeric did you put?" I ask.

"Three spoons, I thought it was a spice" Sbu hit the table with his hands dead with laughter.

There goes the supper!

Chapter 96  
Sena Biyela

She open the door.Roll her eyes and walk back in, leaving the door wide open for us to see ourselves in.

She sit her big ass on creamy white chair then pick a glass of red wine.She sip while looking at us,silently saying 'hey dummies'.

"Mrs Zungu" Zethu says.

I look at her with my eyebrow raised, "Where were you four years ago? It's Miss Miya now,again"

Zethu make a shocked face, "You lie, what happened?"

I smile and look at her, "She couldn't stick to one dick"

"Say whatever you came here to say and get out,before I lose my cool" she say annoyed.

My eyes dash to the cellphone next to her. It seems like Zethu is faster than I am, she hurries and grabs it.

"That's my phone" Phumla says getting up.

Zethu gets to the door and throws it to Ben, our guy. They bump into each other by chests.

Phumla tries to push her out of the way but Zethu gives her one hell of a slap.

"You took my sister!!!" She screams at her.

She looks at me astonished, before I can blink Zethu has sent another slap.

This is not how we planned to do things.

I pull Zethu away.

"Babe calm down, okay" I say.

"You and your boyfriend kidnapped

my sister, now we want to know where she is and who is that man you were working with" I say glaring at her.

She laugh out loud, "Is that why you came here dressed up in Halloween costumes? You're here to throw accusations"

We are not dressed in Halloween costumes. We look good, she will be the one looking like a clown at the end of the day.

"Our time is precious, talk" I say.

She roll her eyes, "Precious like your man"

I frown, "Excuse me?"

"Nothing"

Zethu is uncontrollable, I don't know when she pushed past me and pushed

her to the floor.I hear a thunderous sound as her head meet the tiles.

"Zethu!!!" I scream.

We rush to her.Her heart is beating,she is breathing softly.

"Is she dead?" Zethu ask.

"She fainted,I don't know"

Zethu click her tongue, "Pour cold water over her"

"No,you're the one who pushed her,you get the water" I say.

"Everything okay?" Ben ask.

He see Phumla on lying on the floor and rush to her.

"What did you do?" He ask.

"She fell" I say.

Zethu look at me,I wink at her.

"She is acting" Zethu says.

We laugh.

Ben get water and sprinkle it on her face. I'm not surprised when she wipe a drop of water from her long artificial eyelashes.

"Get up, are you okay?" Ben ask.

"She is fine, just thinking about where she is going to get her next fuck partner" Zethu say.

I laugh.

"Ben get her laptop, it must be somewhere in her study or bedroom" I say.

While Ben is searching for a laptop we destroy her cupboards. Zethu pour water with sunlight liquid on her defreezer.

"Are you guys crazy?" He ask walking back with two laptops.

"Did you bump to any dildos? Askies

I'll book you a counselling session"

Zethu say chewing an apple.

"No I'm talking about this mess" he say looking around.

"Oh this! Do you know how to switch bathroom pipes with kitchen sink pipes?" I ask looking at him,tearing a book of recipes with a scissor.

He sigh, "This is going to end badly.You are destroying her personal belongings"

I don't know where Zethu found this sissy man.

"Just go look for the information we need" I say.

He look at Phumla with pity and walk out.

"This will end up badly" he say.

I roll my eyes. He walk out.

"This house need repainting" Zethu say.

We paint her furniture and walls.I write bold BITCH letters on the front door.Zethu destroy her curtains.

My sixth sense tell me to look back.There is a flying pan coming my way. I duck in time.

"You'll pay for this" she say looking at her recipe book in pieces on the floor. She is trying not to cry.

"Where is Ziphe?" I ask.

She click her tongue and turn away.

"Let's go" Zethu say.

I look around to see our good work.I'd give us 100% for this.

We find Ben in the car.He look relieved to see us.

"Found anything?" Zethu ask.

He look at me, "Well,I found more"  
"Out with it" I say.

"The guy's name is Lebo,the texts between them shows nothing about your sister's recent location. They are as clueless as you are but I can confirm that they initially kidnapped her in town. The aim was to hide her in Transkaai and accumulate their plan of destroying your father's legacy while he is at his weakest."

Lebo? It click back to my mind.The dark guy in the restaurant.

Why did I undermine them?

I should've looked into it deeply, obviously it was beyond just getting Fiki to marry Mvuse.Maybe none of this would've happened if I had told dad about it.

What does this Lebo guy want from us?

What's his story?

"Where does he stay?" I ask.

"Renting in Pinetown" he say.

I exhale, "We should've sliced her throat"

He look at me frightened. Zethu click her tongue and look out the window.

"She has been sending nudes to your husband"

I look at Ben taken aback.

"Huh?" I say lost.

"There are pictures of her, naked, sent to your husband, Lwazi" he say showing me a flock of nude pictures sent via WhatsApp.

My armpits start sweating and itching. I get the phone from him.

Indeed it was my man being flooded with these pictures. Some were sent three days ago.

There is no response from Lwazi, except the exchange of greetings.

But why didn't he say anything about the pictures to me?

"Ben drive" Zethu say.

"No I need to sort out that slut" I say.

"No, you sit your ass in the car we have a guy we don't know on our heels. He could be tracking Ziphe down, wanting to finish what he started as we speak" she say.

Ben start the car. I give Zethu an angry look, she give me an apologetic look.

Why would Phumla send her big naked butt to my man? Mostly why would my

man keep quiet about it?

"We need to get Ziphe before them then we will sort everything out" she say squeezing my hand.

We keep Phumla's cellphone and laptop for further investigation. Zethu decide to accompany me to my house just in case I lose it.

I find the whore-adorer watching TV with Quinton on his lap.

"I was worried about you guys" he say. Zethu pinch my arm, I cringe.

"We had to sort out something" Zethu say sitting next to him.

"I'll take him to his room" I say picking Quinton up.

"I don't mind having him on my lap" he say smiling.

"You don't mind, that's all you do. You

just don't mind,you don't mind them" I say walking away.

I put Quinton on his bed but he open his eyes as I'm about to leave. Now I have to pretend to be sleeping with him.

I lie next to him and close my eyes.He put his hand on my cheek,brushing it.I feel the brushing getting softer and softer until it finally stop.

I open one eye,he is asleep.I slowly remove his hand from my cheek.I kiss his forehead and tiptoe out.

I smell like a painter. I'm glad he didn't catch that up.

"Hey"

I look at him.

Why is he sneaking on me like this?

"I thought he is striking" he say.

Why are his eyes running away from mine?

"Oh" I say.

He stop me by his arm when I walk past him.

"What?" I ask angrily.

"I know you know.I'm sorry" he say.

I exhale, "Not now"

He hold my hand, "Babe"

I look at him,

"What?"

"I swear to you nothing is happening" he say.

I fight back tears, "Why?"

He doesn't answer.

"Why did she send you naked pictures?Why are you contacting each other?" I ask.

"It may sound stupid but I don't know

why she sent me the pictures. I was shocked when she first sent them"

I shake my head, "Lwazi Madlala why are you in contact with her?"

"I don't know how she got my cellphone number, it's true to God."

"You don't know anything, do you know at least why you entertained her shit and keep it away from me?" I ask. He look like a wet puppy, glaring at me with hungry cat eyes.

"Do you?" I ask louder.

He exhale and look down.

"Say it. You enjoyed watching her body,it turned you on" I say.

He look at me, "Babe you know that ain't true"

I chuckle in disbelief and walk away.

"Did you kill him?" Zethu ask.

Her feet are up on the couch. She is eating grapes.

"Why did you tell him?" I ask.

She roll her eyes, "This is exactly what Phumla wanted. Look at you, breaking apart"

I sit down hopelessly.

"I trusted Lwazi. I thought we told each other everything" I say.

"I just uploaded the pictures online" she say chewing.

"What?" I ask.

"Hashtag-SlutQueen" she say.

I reverse my emotions. Angry to happy and laughing.

We both break into big laughter. The newspapers' headlines tomorrow will make me sleep like a newborn baby at night.

Lwazi walk to us.It's too early for him to look like earthquake survivor.

The intercom ring, he pass to get whoever it is.

"I should look for her videos,she must have one of herself masturbating" I say.

Zethu laugh, "Or fucking a toy"

A throat clears behind us.We look up from Phumla's phone.

Police!!!!!!

"We are looking for Ntombizethu and Senamile Biyela" the tall one say looking at us.

"Wait sir,what's going here?" Lwazi ask.

"Did they tell you they attacked Miss Phumla Miya and vandalised her house and furniture?"

Lwazi look at me, "What?"

"You rich people think you can do anything you want and get away with it. Well, you are not above the law. You are under arrest" he say charging toward us.

Zethu jump over the couch and run away. The other one chase her.

I'm caught by my arm, Lwazi is trying to stop them.

My mind is in the bedroom upstairs.

My son!

I'm cuffed. I'm an official criminal.

(I'm typing...)

Chapter Ninety-Seven

Fikile Biyela

.

I know it's too early and there is still

more going on in my family but can I put my heart on hold? No. That's why I'm here in the cold night, wearing a jumpsuit and sneakers. Don't ask me how I look, I never looked at the mirror. I just pulled what was on the front and put it on my body.

I'm cold. Geez!

I knock like a police officer.

"Okay okay I'm coming" the voice say from the inside.

I have my arms covering my shoulders, swaying left to right with my teeth tightened together.

As soon as the key turns I push my way in.

OMG! The faces.

Who are these people?

I find him with my eyes. I don't know

whether he is shocked or experiencing stroke.

"Girl" Lungile say looking at me amused.

I can't wait to be an official girlfriend of his cousin. That way I'll get to have a say on what she wears. Where did she buy this orange dress? Or is it an overall?

There are about six men, wearing camouflage pants and leather jackets. Skhumbuzo is also wearing the same.

I feel like running out the door.

Okay I need to greet, Lungile's big stupid smile is making it more awkward.

"Hi" I greet.

Silence.

You're kidding me!

"I said hi people" I say.

Laughter.

So they are a bunch of laughing leather jackets-wearing fools.

"Hi Sisi,there is sun outside?" One ask. Sun at this time? Before I can answer him I have a leather jacket over my shoulders.

"Make coffee for her" he say to Lungile. His hands are on my shoulders.The bunch is watching me like I just performed some sort of magic.

"Madoda" he say to them.

They stand up.

"Sunday Nkosi" one say as they walk out.

The last one close the door,Lungile is in the kitchen.Now it's me and him,his

hands are still on my shoulders.

He comes in front of me, "Hello"

"I'm freezing"

He pull my hand.

Boom! I'm in the yellow bedroom.

Everything in here is yellow,except the walls.I want to think this is a kid's bedroom but the gigantic bed tell me otherwise.

"Climb on" he say.

I want to laugh at this but I'm too cold.I get on bed.

Why am I here again?

"I'll be right back" he say.

One day I will have time to walk around this room and get the explanation behind the yellow theme for an adult's room.I will ask who is who on these pictures hanging on the

wall.I will ask why there is no TV and the shoes stay lined by the wall.

Minutes later he come back with a cup of coffee.

"Why didn't you call?" He ask looking at me sipping on the coffee with shaky hands.

"I don't know" I say.

He is standing next to the bed,looking at me with pity.

"Do you have warm clothes?" He ask. Who doesn't have warm clothes? Of course I do I was just stupid to forget to wear them.

"No" I return the sarcasm.

When I look up at him I find him staring at me.

"Who were those people?" I ask.

"My group" he say shrugging.

"Group of what?"

"Indlamu" he say.

I choke on the coffee, "What?"

"I'm their leader, there are other groups from Umlazi and KwaMashu hostels" he say proudly.

So they are a bunch of indlamu dancers.

"What is it that you do? For what?" I ask

He smile "You'll see for yourself next week"

I widen my eyes "What do you mean? Will it appear on TV?"

"No I'm taking you to the practice"

Get out of here! Say what?

"Skhu!!" I say disbelievingly.

He take the empty cup from me and sit.

"You're warm now?" He ask.

"At least I can feel my fingers now. So what's up with yellow?"

But I promised myself I'll ask one day, not today. I don't believe anything I say or think.

He look around with a big smile, "Do you like it?"

I laugh, "Of course not"

"I will change it then"

I sigh, "I'm kidding, I love it"

I know he mean it. He will change his bedroom to suit me, I mean this person had his silver tooth removed for me. I need to cut him some slack.

He smile, "I love it too"

"So hey" I say looking at him.

"Hello"

I flash him a smile, "Long time no see"

He laugh "Long time no talk"

We are a pair of crazees.

"So what were you up to while I was absent?" I ask.

"I was thinking about you, wishing I can come share your pain. I've been missing seeing your beautiful face"  
That make me blush.

"So how is everything?" He ask on a low serious tone.

"I don't know, I'm just trying to live with the situation and hoping my sister is alright wherever she is"

He brush my right shoulder "She is"

"I hope"

"How is Simtholile?" He ask.

I nearly forgot that they once had a buddy session.

"She is getting there, thanks to Don for always being there for her" I say.

"Who is that?"

"Her boyfriend" I say.

"Mhhh..And you?" He ask.

"I'm good" I say.

"Welcome to my bedroom" he say.

I'm already in his bedroom, somebody  
repremind me please!

"I know what you're thinking, you're  
only here because it's warm" he say  
looking at me.

I chuckle, nervously.

"I know"

"You are my girlfriend" he say.

I frown "Is that a statement or what?"

"A personal reminder" he say.

"So you tend to forget that  
sometimes?" I ask.

"Yes,some days I feel like going back to  
Mandeni and see you for the first

time. First time I saw such a beautiful woman and fell in love that instantly. Sometimes I reread our texts to assure myself I'm not dreaming" he say.

"Well....."

I end up just smiling without saying anything.

"I'm so happy you came" he say.

This room is suffocating me. His voice keep getting deeper and lower.

"I just wanted to check on you" I say. His hand is behind my back now. The other hand is brushing my hairline.

"I'm glad you did" he say.

I let out a huge breath and keep the eye contact.

"So can I get my first kiss?" He ask.

This is awkward!

"I'll take your silence as yes"

First time his forehead link to mine. We are exchanging breaths, my intestines are turning. Then his cold lips take my lower lip. His kiss is an opposite of his looks. He look like Umbhaqanga leader, no he actually is Umbhaqanga or Indlamu leader, but he kiss like Neymar Jr. Not that I know how Neymar Jr kiss but his lips declares him the world's best kisser.

It's not the kinda kiss that leave you breathless, it's the kind that make your heart speak.

"I love you"

Crap!!

He look surprised by my reaction. Now I want to take back my words, I don't like being stared at by such chinesse eyes. My stomach can't take it, it get

bubbles.

"I'm sorry" I say.

Right now I don't know if his eyes are opened or closed.

Oh they're closed!

"Do you mean that?" He ask in a cracky low voice.

"Yes,I don't mean to rush us into being Romeo and Juliet" I say.

"Do you love me?" He ask.

Of course I love him. He is cute,the cuteness in him is cute,him being cute is making me find it cute being in love with him.

"Okay" he say.

"What do you mean 'okay', I haven't answered?" I ask.

He flash a sweet smile, "Your face did answer me.I love you too"

He must get off that high horse!

"Say whatever you want to say" he say smiling.

"You are a gorgeous kisser,I wouldn't mind a recap"

I can't describe the self-satisfied smile on his face.It says "Winner".

We do it again. It feels so right but the reality is every time I think I have 'him' he always let me down.With me they never stay for long.

"Are you okay?"

Omg! I'm such a mess.

Who shed tears during the kiss? Why am I suddenly an emotional wreck?

I nod and look away embarrassed.

"My Chocolate" he say.

I don't know how it's possible that I'm silently laughing at this.

"Sugar" he say.

His voice is filled with concern.He doesn't think the pet names he is using are hilarious.

I turn my head and look at him.He look really worried.

"I'm okay,I love you"

Here I am,being Juliet again.

"You want to go?" He ask.

Do I want to go?

I shake my head.

"Why are you crying then?" He ask.

"Because you may disappoint me.My heart is falling in love with you stupidly.I'm scared of getting hurt again"

He push his sneakers off and get on bed. He make me lie on his chest.

"You wouldn't understand, I want you

more than anything in life. I will never ask for second chances, this one chance you're giving me is for the lifetime. I'm capable of loving a woman" he say.

"Many say so but they don't actual know how to keep a woman. It's about loving her and keeping her" I say.

Remember how I've been let go all my life.

He keep quiet.

"Great" I whisper.

I choose to be quiet too. I enjoy the tapping of his finger on my back.

I know what my conscience would love to know. I'm also curious. Am I sleeping over here?

The warmth of his bed and the comfort of his chest say 'Glory to sleep over'.

"I'll do whatever it takes" he say out of the blue.

"What?" I ask in a sleepy voice.

"To keep you"

So he was still thinking about that?

Slow.

"I'm not going to let you go,not another piece of my heart, not another crashed dream.I'll make it worth your life being with me.You will stay,I'll make it a priority"

That sound attractive.

"Mhhh"

"I'm not going to fail you" he say.

He doesn't mind that I'm fully dressed.He rub my back,play with my hair and exhale cute breaths until I doze off.This is perfect, too perfect.

## Chapter Ninety-Eight

### Nozipho Biyela

.

I don't know how it works in this family. Just a few days ago she wanted nothing to do with him, she was swearing at him and killing him with poisonous glares. Today she is here, serving him on the tray, smiling at him like nothing happened. He is also smiling at her, looking at her like she is the only living creature on the planet. My own Sbusiso would be in his study with a sealed mouth waiting for my formal apology speech with formulated table of all my wrongs and bar graphs of effects it made.

Only if he took after Biyela. Just forgive and move forward.

We tolerate a lot of secret laughs, hand touchings and whispers during dinner.

Come on they're grown! Their first grandson will be in high school soon.

The dark cloud is still here in the family, that's what Aunt Lydia calls it, but we're choosing to enjoy this evening. At least there is some light. We can have a bit of normalcy.

I can have sex too!

Gosh! I even forgot there is something like that.

Sbu offers to put kids to bed. I take an opportunity to find something sexy to wear for the night. I've gained a lot of weight but that shall not stop me.

I go through a lot of trouble trying to

find the appealing lacy fitting outfit. I eventually decide to be on my birth suit with his favourite black tie on, you know to give him the green light.

"Babe did you find my..." he stop right there.

See ladies you don't need Elite Occasions or DIM. He is exactly what I wanted. Drooling!

"Does it look better this way?" I ask.

He smile, "It was made for your pregnant body"

He is a joy killer but I'll let nothing take away my night.

I take the tie off my neck and put it between my thighs. It cover a piece of my front and butt.

"How about this way?" I ask.

"I like it better"

Now he is walking towards me with a huge smile on his face.

"I want my tie" he say.

Both my hands are holding the tie, back and front.

"Okay" I say.

He remove the hand at the back first,

"Now you need to part your legs"

My smile is short lived as I hear someone shouting his name downstairs.

Who is the lunatic?

"Who is that?" He ask.

"If it's not Don I don't know who else is having a 'moment destroying' capabilities." I say.

He sigh, "Don't put anything on"

Once there is a little break in the romance the fun is gone. Whoever it is

will not see heaven,okay Paris.

I decide to put on my gown.It's cold today to be waiting naked,we will continue what we started with less enthusiasm though.

"You need a slice of polony" a little voice in my head says.

I obey that little voice.

Guess who the moment-destroyer is!

Lwazi.

"Good to see you.No excited and over the moon,thank you for coming" I say passing them.

Oh wait!

In this family you do not take people standing on their feet with such

expressions on their faces

lightly.Something has happened.

What happened to peace?

"Guys what's going on?" I ask.  
Sbu exhale and walk away. They better update me.

"Lwazi" I say glaring at him.

"Sena and Zethu were arrested"  
Somebody give me a chair please!

"You're kidding, right?"

He bite his lip and look at me blankly.

"What happened? Why were they arrested?" I ask.

One girl's whereabouts are still unknown then the other two are in a cell?! God have mercy.

"They attacked Phumla in her house, beat her and destroyed her house" he say.

They are guilty as charged. They shouldn't even stand as accused they are the guilty ones. They are more than

capable of doing that.They did it.

"This will cause public scandal and unnecessary drama,we need to get them before morning" I say.

He nod, "Our lawyer is on his way"

Biyela and Sbu walk to us.

"Madlala" Biyela greet Lwazi.

"I'm sorry to disturb your night baba,something has happened"

Biyela's expression change, "What happened?"

Sbu didn't brief him I guess.

"Senamile and Zethu were taken by cops" Lwazi say.

I don't know if that's a smile on Biyela's face or what.

"What did they do?" He ask.

"They assaulted Phumla

Miya,destroyed her house and took her

personal belongings"

"Okay"

I chuckle disbelievingly, "Baba!!"

He look at me, "What? Assaulting

someone and destroying one's

property is a crime in South Africa"

"I know but they can't spend the night in a cell" I say.

"Do you still have that Grandeur bottle son?" He ask Sbu.

He is kidding right now.

"Yes"

"Listen my dearest daughter, you go to your bedroom and rest" he say.

"Baba we need to get Sena and Zethu out" I say.

"Everything happens for a reason

MaZungu.I warned them, all of

them,not to do anything to that girl.I

told them to leave things to me. What did they do? They grew big, out of their boots and became Chuck Norris"

I let out a deep breath, "But we can't afford this"

He chuckles, "I'm so happy someone took the honour to sharpen their ears for me"

I can't believe this. Lwazi is just standing on the same spot, appalled.

"Those police need a reward for making a difference. I've always thought of ways to put my daughters in line but couldn't come up with a single idea. A day or two in a cold cell shall be enough" he says.

Now I'm starting to think he is losing it. Biyela is protective of his family, our security and comfortability is his

priority.

"Sena have a son,who will wake up and enquire about his mother" Lwazi say with evident anger.

"We will tell him they are on a vacation, which is entirely true"

What got into this old man's head?

Sbu crack up laughing, "Baba that's inconsiderate you know"

"I know Madlala you're frustrated and angry right now,I assure you this will have a positive impact on our lives" he say to Lwazi.

Lwazi nod, "Okay thanks for you time.I will have to do this on my own, my love can't spend the night in a cell" He walk out angrily.

I sigh, "This is not okay"

"Where is that vodka son? I need a

shot to celebrate"

I look at Sbu hostilely.

"I'll get it" he say walking away.

So he is escaping from my killer look?

Coward.

"Go sleep,you deserve it.Everyone is getting what they deserve tonight"

I don't argue more.I walk away leaving a good laughter behind.

I know Sena and Zethu were out of hand but they deserve to be on their beds.

I need to let Tyson know.I take my phone and search for his number.

Wait....my polony!!!

Chapter Ninety-Nine

Fikile Biyela

·  
"Where are you coming from?"

I'm 32 years old! I own this house, it's a private property. I deserve to go as I please but I have zero peace in my life, so here I am standing like a frozen chicken with 'his' leather jacket on my shoulders.

"Hi dad" I say ignoring his question.

"You use Dolce Gabbana now?" He asks.  
I'm bursted. It's over just when it's starting. The secret is out.

"I was visiting a male friend" I say.

He should read between the lines.

He clears his throat, "Your sisters were arrested yesterday while your male friend kept you busy"

My eyes pop out, "What are you saying?"

"I'm saying we tried getting hold of you 'friend' and you didn't pick up all night. Senamile and Ntombizethu are having white bread and black tea for breakfast as we speak"

If it wasn't for my uncontrollable heart I'd be with them. If I was with them they wouldn't have spiralled out of control. They are both crazy, I can imagine what they did to her.

"Go bath, I need you to go to Mokoena for me" he say.

"Aren't we suppose to be trying to get my sisters out?" I ask.

"I have serious matters to attend, hurry up"

I can't believe my dad look this less worried about his daughters.

"Well I don't, I'll contact Tyson and

have them released" I say walking past him.

"They are learning a lesson,I need to find clarity about Ziphelele.Go to her house and take her dress or anything she usually put on" he say orderly.

"How is that going to help?" I ask.

"My brothers believe consulting isangoma will give us answers"

I roll my eyes. This is the dumbest idea I've ever heard.

"Personal Investigators are failing,duh!"

"I'm not your male friend" he say with an expression I know very well.

"I'm sorry"

"Go bath, I'll prepare you something to eat then you can go"

I blow him a kiss and walk away.

I get in the bathtub, relax and play back my first morning with him in my mind. He surprised me. I expected him to be totally different from what he was.

He was a gentleman, he didn't touch me inappropriately. He prepared me a warm bath, borrowed his cousin's ugly dress for me to change with, gave me bread, rama, cheese and polony for breakfast. That attracted me even more to him, especially when he offered to tie my hair. Now I'm convinced I'm in new love and it feels so damn good.

"I love you" these words can change a lot of things coming from the right person, which is him.

He means it when he says it. His eyes mean it. His voice... let me stop right

here. I need to hurry up before dad  
come here knocking with his gun.

"Fikile!!"

I thought so.

I dress up, put a headscarf around my  
head and apply make-up.

"I'm here" I say.

"Were you bathing or counting  
water?"

How does one count water? Oh he is  
him.

I sit down, "I thought I'd be back at  
work today"

He pass me a breakfast plate. I know  
Skhu and my dad come from the same  
neighborhood but they can't have  
inherited same breakfast-making  
skills.

Bread, rama and polony.

"It won't eat itself" he say as I watch the food stunned.

The only difference is here I'm having it with a glass of Lemon Twist, yes Lemon Twist you heard me, and at Skhu's place I had it with a cold cup of tea.

"You're a breakfast expert" I say taking the first bite.

I'm trying to get hold of Tyson with no success while driving to Thapelo's house. I hope my mom isn't enjoying the show like my dad and doing something.

I find the door wide open, it is still quite. Not even a TV sound.

"Hello" I say.

I hope Mandla is here, I don't want to face Thapelo alone. I'm scared of seeing

someone hurting when there is nothing I can do to better his situation.

"This side" his voice say.

I take a deep breath first and walk to where he is. He is indeed alone. There is a glass of water next to him.

I don't know if I must hug him or not. He have his injured leg on the coffee-table.

I give him a sympathetic smile, "Good morning, how are you feeling?"

See this is why I didn't want to be alone with him. The intimidation!

"Hi Fikile" he say with no enthusiasm.

I feel bad I haven't checked on him since he came back here.

"How are you?" I ask again.

He grin, "Is that a serious question or a tradition of greeting?"

"I'm serious, you look awful. Do you eat?"

Oh shut up Fiki! Why did I tell him he look awful when he really does?

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean that" I say remorseful.

"No it's okay"

I wonder how Ziphe keep up with him when he is angry. To me if he is quiet he is angry. His face isn't ugly but it's not exciting, with that scar on it.

"Sometimes I wish I was never born" he say after a while.

I'm shocked by that. I know life haven't been fair to him but that's a drastic thought.

"Thapelo!" I say in awe.

He rub his wrist, "You know when you put up with pain thinking it will get

better but it never does"

"It will get better,you'll soon walk on your own"

He shake his head, "I'm not talking about physical pain,that I don't mind"

I look at him.Everything is visible.He is the most hurt man on the planet.His eyes have no hope, no enthusiasm, no energy.

It dawns to me, nobody in my family have cared to check up on his niece.Nobody beside my dad's in-touch guys.

"How is Tamika?" I ask.

"I don't know,fine I guess"

How come he doesn't know?

"You guess?" I ask looking at him.

He shrug, "I'm out of their lives,I had to choose between my sister and my

wife"

Is it a joke?

"What?" I ask.

"Yeah and I chose my unknown wife. So my sister cut me out of their lives" he say.

I mean after all he did for his niece! He doesn't deserve this. I understand they hate Ziphe with all their hearts but Thapelo stood up for them.

"I don't know what to say, you are going through a lot and you deserve none of it" I say.

"I don't know where she is Fiki. Why she doesn't want to come back? We should be working things out. She knows I cannot not forgive her, no matter what she does."

I exhale, "Dad want her dress, they are

going to consult isangoma with my uncles"

He chuckles, "Those people killed my baby"

"I know but this is a different case" I say.

"I don't believe in them" he say.

I nod, "Right now we have to put beliefs aside and try all the possible routines"

"Maybe it's me she doesn't want" he say.

I sigh, "I'm sure she have some good reasons,she cannot abandon you.She love you too much"

He keep quiet and look at his leg.

I need to take what I was sent here to take and leave.

"I don't want you to bother your leg,is

it okay if I go to your room alone?" I ask.

"It's fine"

When I walk in their room everything is perfectly clean. The bed look untouched. Is he not using their room anymore?

I go to the closet and take what I came to take.

When I walk back I find him limping around.

"I got it" I say slowly.

Why is he troubling the leg?

"That's good" he say with a grin.

"Did you eat?" I ask.

He balance by the wall and take a deep breath.

"I will eat" he say.

I check the time, it's almost ten

o'clock.Mandla may have left to attend his pregnant girlfriend, he could've ordered breakfast.

"Don't you have medication to take for that leg?" I ask.

He give me a look and limp away.

I put the dress on the couch and go to his kitchen.I fix breakfast for him and make coffee.I set the table and go call him.

"You're still here" he say.

"Breakfast in the kitchen, come" I say taking his arm.

He doesn't argue he stand up and walk with me.

While he is eating,I clean up the kitchen and take notes of what short in the fridge and cupboards.

"Where is the medication?" I ask.

He point, "That drawer"

All the tablets are still sealed in their containers.I have them in my hands and glaring at him.

He just look at me.He don't think they matter.

"You're taking a life risk and it's not okay" I say.

He sigh, "Thanks for breakfast although I have to drink pills in return" I roll my eyes, "Set the alarm on your cellphone, for every hour you need to take them"

He narrow his eyes.

"Or I will drive here every time you need to take them. I won't mind after everything Ziphe has done for me in life generally" I say.

He exhale, "Fine,I will set alarms"

"I will bring grocery later, you need to be eating healthy food. Please do use your cellphone when you are hungry and no one is around"

He nod, "Yes sister"

"Lastly please stay positive"

He sigh, "Your wish my master"

I give him a look, he point me with a fork and smile.

That's what I wanted to see. I hug him goodbye and take Ziphe's dress and leave.

I know dad has been calling his man, the one that's driving me, and asking if I'm still alive.

When I come back my brother is also in my house. I have nothing to hide but I'm not comfortable with people wandering in my house without my

presence. Especially people like Sbu and my dad.

They are laughing at something. I greet and sit.

"You just missed the call from jailbirds" dad say laughing.

I even forgot we have that problem too.

"We need to go" I say.

"In time baby, right now tell me how is Mokoena" he say.

They are not on good terms. Thapelo is still angry at him for what he did to Tamika and I don't blame him.

"He is going to get there" I say.

There is a knock on the door. I motion Sbu to go.

"This is not my house" he say.

"I'm older than you saarn, go open the

door" I say in an ordering tone.  
Dad chuckles,he stand up and go.  
All of them forget that I'm older than  
them.Well I am a big sister and will  
order them around if I want.  
He walk back with six Woolworths  
bags.

"What is that?" Dad ask.

"Delivery for Miss Fikile Biyela" he say  
putting the bags down.

Guess what? My father's son start  
opening the bags.

Cotton coats,jerseys, jackets and  
polonecks come out.

"It's not winter yet Fikile" dad says.

I know exactly who did this.He wasn't  
being sarcastic when he asked if I don't  
have warm clothes and didn't see how  
irony my answer was.

This is going to be a long road for me. My man take anything I say to the heart.

"So Woolworths deliver clothes now? Pecks of being Fikile Biyela" Sbu says. I give him a look, "Shut up"

When I turn my head dad is roasting me with his eyes.

"Oh there is a chocolate under" Sbu says.

It's one of those R60 chocolate you get at Shoprite. He upgraded this time.

He open the chocolate and pass a piece to dad while he is stuffing one in his mouth. Dad shake his head and slap his hand.

"Sbusiso!" I say.

He put another piece and chew, "Woolworths have taste, damn"

I'm defeated! I can't handle him or my father's look.

## Chapter One Hundred Zanda Dlamini

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It's been a long time since I last spent the night with him. It is a misfortune that we couldn't spend the night the way we planned to. We had to get up by 23h30 and rush to Phumla's house. When we got there the house was a mess, everything was broken. Phumla had bruises. She was attacked by Sena and Zethu. She refused to tell us why but swore that they will get punishment for what they did to her.

We came back around three in in the morning and have a piece of sleep. I haven't contacted the Biyela's so I'm still clueless as to what is going on. The Biyela's seem to have a beef with every family. The Mokoenas now us, The Miyas. I'm not going to take sides without hearing a full story though.

"I doubt Thapelo ate today" he say as we eat breakfast.

"We need to go over his house" I suggest.

He clear his throat, "I was wondering if it would be possible for us to be in one place. You both need my special attention"

I frown, "Explain"

"If you don't mind coming with me to

his place, until he get better" he say.

"No babe.He need his space,that's why he chose to stay in his house alone"

"He need a lot of support, he is not aware of how emotional and physical damaged he is.We need to be by his side,especially me.He has always been there for me"

I exhale, "I don't know rather have this conversation with him and see if he want that.I don't want to crowd him"

He nod, "Okay"

After breakfast we clean up and take a warm bath together. I have missed him.

We've been so intimately busy that twelve o'clock tick before we even pack food for Thapelo.On the other hand Phumla is enquiring a special

attention. She need me asap.Now I have to be a ghost.

I prepare food for Thapelo, pack it and wait for Mandla to get ready.

Thapelo doesn't look okay.He is alive for the sake of breathing.His kitchen is clean and he is not hungry. Apparently the Biyela big sister was here,she made him food and forced him to take medication. Bravo to that because now I can hurry to Phumlile.

I leave the two friends watching boxing.I don't know why Phumla needs me,she is bruised nothing much. When I get to her place there is a black car I don't know. I guess she have a guest.

I let myself in and find the dark guy I've never seen drinking a Heineken.

"Hi" he say.

I'm looking at him,not saying anything.

Who is he?

He hawk me with his eyes, "I ain't even gonna ask.The pretty face, eyes and ass tell me you're the little sister"

He got an American accent and stupidity.

"Where is my sister?" I ask.

"She is taking a lady's shower, you know how long that shit take"

He is handsome but the attitude stinks.If he is my sister's new boyfriend I pray they break up within a week.I don't like him.

"I like them full-figured.How about we hook up some time?"

My goodness! Is this some kind of trap?!

"Excuse me?" I say.

He smile, "Like I won't mind tapping that ass every day, fresh pussy and suck those big tits"

I feel sick in my stomach, I pick a magazine and throw it to his face. He duck it and look at me shocked.

"Are you mad?" He ask.

So the numbnut is asking me if I'm mad!

"I'm not your cheap slut" I say angrily.

He smile, "I like expensive sluts"

He lick his lips and stand up. My mind freeze. My senses only come back when I feel a hand squeezing my breast.

I don't scream, no I've done that

before. I take the bottle of Heineken he has been drinking and smash it across his forehead.

There is a groan, blood and curses.

"My God!" Phumla say running to him wrapped in a white towel.

"Lebo!!" She scream.

She take the towel off and wipe the blood off his forehead. She is left on her underwears only.

"Your sister is nuts" the burstard say. I try getting my fist to his bloody face but Phumla block me.

"Get out Zanda" she say.

"Oh so you not going to even ask what happened?" I ask astonished.

"What happened is you hit my business partner with a bottle. Zanda we all have love problems but we are not taking it out on anyone" she shout. I frown, "So I have love problems sister?"

"We all know lack of sex cause anger but..."

She doesn't finish that I shut him with a slap. I'm tired of her shading Mandla every chance she get. She must get over herself. Mandla is a good guy, if not compared to any hooligans he is great in bed.

"Don't ever talk about Mandla like that, you hear me?" I say.

She hold her cheek, "So now I can't talk about my ex-husband?"

"It's a warning" I say and walk out.

There is someone by my car. I've seen him before and I've suspected that there is always someone following me. This has Biyela written all over it. He walk away when he see me approaching. I have a second thought

when I'm about to get in the car.  
I walk back to the house. They are  
nursing each other. I take a jug of water  
and pour it on them.

"Zanda don't test me" she shout.

I give them my middle finger and walk  
out.

I'm so angry, my hands are shaking. I  
don't take sexually comments from a  
stranger well. I feel like I attract males  
sexually and have an unknown body  
feature that make them think it's okay  
to have their way with me without my  
consent.

"Get in the car Miss" the man say.

Oh he is back!

He open the back door for me, I get  
in. He have the same Gala badge as all  
of them so I'm not worried.

He get in the driver's seat, "Your next destiny, miss"

"Ziphelele's house" I say.

He start the car.I'm grateful he was here, I doubt I would've managed to drive with all these emotions.

How is he going to get his car at Phumla's place?

He hand me the car keys and take out his cellphone. I guess he does have a plan.

"Thank you" I say.

I walk in holding a big lump on my throat.

I sit on the couch and bite my lips to stop myself from crying.

"Babe" he say fearfully.

"Zanda you have blood on your dress" Thapelo says.

That get Mandla's attention. He get on his feet, hands on his head.

"No no no!!"

"Stop crying Mandla damnit! Hurry her to the hospital" Thapelo say fighting to get up from the couch.

"I'm not hurt" I say.

"Is the baby okay? Have you seen the doctor? Please don't take that risk"

Thapelo say.

Geez! He think I'm miscarrying.

"No I had a fight" I say.

Mandla sit, "What?"

They both look at me like I just said I killed someone.

"Phumla's boyfriend. I hit him with a beer bottle on the forehead" I explain.

Thapelo settle his leg first then burst into laughter. Mandla is looking at me

disbelievingly.

"Did anyone record?" Thapelo ask.

I don't know when was the last time I saw him this amused by anything.

Mandla stand up, "Come here Zanda"

I follow him to the dining room. He sit and motion me to do the same.

"What did you do?" He ask.

"I smashed a beer bottle against Phumla's black American boyfriend's forehead" I say.

"Why?" He ask with 'stop nonsense' facial expression.

"He said stupid remarks about my body" I say.

He glare at me, "And?"

I exhale, "He pissed me off"

"Zanda what did he do? I know you are not violent"

Tears threaten to come out. I breathe heavily trying to calm my nerves.

"Babe" he says.

"He squeezed my breast"

"Excuse me?"

I exhale, "He squeezed my breast, Phumla came to his defense I slapped her and poured cold water on them. Luckily Biyela's man was outside following me, he drove me back"

He takes off his wrist watch and rubs his face a numerous times.

"What do you want to do now?" He asks.

I frown "I don't know, maybe I need to hit the library"

"Do that" he says.

"Are you okay?" I ask.

He nods, "Yeah"

I leave him there and walk to Thapelo.

"Hey Maryson" he say.

He is still amused.

"Please look after Mandla,I'm going to the library.I need to breath a bit" I say.

"Shouldn't he be the one looking after me?" He ask.

I sigh, "Trust me"

He nods, "Okay, be safe"

I walk to the dining room again.He hasn't got up from that chair.

"I'm sorry"

He look at me, "For what?"

"I don't know"

"Zanda I love you okay,please go change that dress and throw it in the bin" he say.

This is my favourite dress, he bought it for me.

"The blood stains can be removed" I say.

"I don't want to see it"

Alright!

"I think I need to leave" I say and walk out.

I'm not in the mood for arguments. I drive to my house to change to clean clothes.

I soak my dress and drive to the library.

A call disturbs me, it's Thapelo.

"He left with a golf stick, what is happening?" He say.

I close my eyes, "Thapelo I asked you to look after him"

"I couldn't run after him, he ignored me and walked out" he say.

I pray he doesn't do anything that will

lead him to Sena&Zethu's temporary home.

"Okay I'm going to find him" I say.

I rush out to my car and drive straight to Phumla's house.His car is outside.

I run inside and find Phumla shouting at him.They both don't see that I'm present.

"You are a sick witch" he say.

"A witch you fucked for decades" she say proudly.

"Pass the message to your boyfriend.

He must pray our paths don't cross"

She laughs, "I doubt he'd do that.Tell your girlfriend to stay away from Lebo"

No man,wait a minute!

"Isn't Lebo the same guy who

kidnapped Ziphe?" I ask from the door.

They both look at me shocked. Phumla open her mouth, words choke her.

"You are sick Phumla. How do you associate yourself with him? How do you even know him" I ask.

"I see" Mandla says.

"You see what?" She ask.

"You know what Phumla, go drop the charges on Sena and Zethu" Mandla says.

She chuckles "In your wet dreams"

"Zanda can file a case against your boyfriend for sexual harassment" he say.

Well I could do that but I won't. I don't have that energy, I did myself some justice.

"Do that ex-wife" Mandla say.

Phumla start sweating, "Don't call me

ex-wife"

Mandla laughs, "You are the past so you are an ex. This is my future, right here"

I snuggle on his arm and smile, "And I must say I'm happy"

She glare at me, "Get out of my house, both of you"

We share a kiss and walk out.

"They must be back before dinner Exiey" Mandla calls.

I guess sometimes family is not who we share blood with but who care for us the most.

Now I know who I can count on. The real divas.

## Chapter Hundred&One Nkabenhle (Another Glance)

.

The sun is fading, warm air is breezing. There is a lot of noise coming from one of the huts. Everyone is gathered there, enjoying MaMsomi's earful stories and advices. I should be with them, it's a compulsory. I chose not to attend. I have a meeting with the inner me. Sometimes being alone provide essential answers and peace. I'm the first born, supposedly the next breadwinner and current head of the family. I don't know how my mother and sister are without me. When I finished my matric and passed it with a Bachelor's symbol they rejoiced. There was hope. Everything was soon going

to be okay. There was a light at the end of the tunnel.

I failed being my mother's son, Phindile's brother and failed being an individual.

You know when you fail being an individual you become a member of the crowd. You follow the routines made by whoever walking with his own different shoes. I followed the path I didn't know, I encountered loopholes along the way.

I failed being an individual that's why I'm here. That's why my past is darker than winter's night.

There is a loud burp at my door. I know who it is.

I open the door and bow at her.

"Ngqongqokazi"

"Nkabenhle you didn't attend the session, is it meaningful for you not to?" she says her head bowed to the ground.

"I wanted to be alone, this time" I answer.

She claps her hands, "You are almost there, the road should be shorter now"

"So I'm going to leave?" I ask.

"When she has received her gift you'll be free as well" she says.

"Who?" I ask.

"The girl you brought"

Why does my freedom rely on someone else?

"I came here as Nkabenhle I shouldn't have my journey linked on someone else?"

She sighs a deep one, "You are the only

person she can trust. Here we help each other, she is going to need you on the delivery day"

The new girl is pregnant. I have seen her around but we didn't share any word. She is keeping up very well with the life we live. I've seen her collecting wood with Thobile. I underestimated her when I learnt of the life she was living in the city.

"I understand Ngqongqokazi" I say.

"Don't be a stranger, you'll need to interact with people in order to make it" she say and walk away with her hands clasped together.

I decide to walk out the yard and lie under the mango tree. My body cool down, all the troubled thoughts I had today fade away. My eyes slowly close

themselves.

I hear a female voice saying my name from miles away.

"Nkabenhle!!"

I have a cold thing on my cheeks. My eyes open, I realise I fell asleep under the tree.

It's starting to be really dark. I look at the female figure standing next to me.

"I'm sent to fetch you" she say.

I get up and sit on my butt, I have no shoes on.

"Okay" I say.

"Then get up" she say in a bossy tone.

I understand she is from the city and believe the world revolve around books and technology but I won't tolerate being ordered by girls.

"Don't use that tone with me" I say.

She does what all city girls do. Roll her eyes.

"Just get up"

My goodness! This girl.

I stand on my feet and look at her, "You look better than the first day"

She have an innocent smile when her lips part.

"It's good to be here, I thought heaven was the only peaceful place" she say looking around.

"Do you miss home?" I ask.

She exhale, "Yes. Every minute, every hour"

"You only have eight months before you see them" I say.

She frown "Is that some set kind of rule? Being here for eight months"

"Applicable only to you, you will only

go after giving birth"

Her eyes pop out,she put her hand over her stomach.

"What do you mean?" She ask.

I laugh, "You are here simply because you are pregnant and your baby need protection, Ngqongqokazi told you"

Tears emerge from her eyes,she cover her mouth with a hand.

"No,it can't be.I have miscarried two times,one was about two months ago" she say.

Now I understand why she need to be here. If she is not under strong ancestral protection the babies die before birth.

"That's why you're here" I say.

She start jumping, "Oh my Lord! I'm going to hold my baby this time"

I smile, "Yes you will, trust me"  
She is too happy, she is laughing non-stop. She looks too young to be married though.

"I hope your husband will be thrilled as you are" I say walking toward the homestead.

"I need to find a way to let him know the good news, this is going to pave a new journey for us. We can bury the past"

I doubt that is allowed. We can't be in contact with people outside. The one incident that happened was because it was crucial and of security importance.

"The only way he is going to find out is when you go back to your home" I tell her.

She sighs "I understand and respect

Phakadeni's rules"

"I'll see you around" I say as we reach my hut.

"Okay, you saved me that day so I want you to be the baby's godfather"

I laugh, "Does godfather buy nappies?"

"No, the godfather love and protect" she say laughing.

I nod, "Then I'm godfather to be"

I get in my hut smiling. It's been a long time since I held a good conversation that made me smile. Everyone has failed trying to befriend me.

A knock disturb me when I'm about to lie down.

"Come in MaMsomi" I say.

She let herself in and sit on the floor.

"I see someone finally made you smile" she say.

"Okay"

She look at me joyfully, "You are about to get out of here.As soon as someone start giving you hope it means you are finally getting the light you've hunted"  
I nod, "We only had a single conversation"

"And it only take one conversation to find peace.So how are you feeling now? I heard you were feeling down a bit earlier. Is there any difference now?"  
She ask.

I smile, "You know what,there is difference."

She smile "Why is that?"

I shrug my shoulders. She narrow her eyes.

"Maybe it's because she trusted me enough to ask me to be her baby's

godfather. She saw me as a protective, loving person"

"You needed exactly that. Someone to see you for who you are now, not based on your past. You are a loving, protective person. Your past doesn't change that" she say.

This is what she has always told me, I didn't believe her before but I do now. There is a decent person in me and that person is recognizable.

"Don't allow your past to determine your future or who you are" she say.

I may have skipped her advising session but I can't skip it now.

"I understand that" I say.

She smile, "So?"

"Be positive, believe in yourself and stay true to the inner you" I say.

She nods, "Exactly. I'm glad you are coming around, thanks to Ziphelele"

"She have a good name" I say.

"Just like Nkabenhle"

I smile, "And people confuse it with Nxumalo's clan name, Nkabanhle"

"We can't be paying attention to minor differences, that's one and the same thing" she say laughing.

I laugh "Trust me my mother told everyone who confused me for Nkabanhle where to get off"

She stand up to go, "Eat before you sleep Nkabanhle"

I laugh "Okay, I won't argue"

She walk out laughing. I take my dinner bowl which is amadumbe and sweet potatoes. I down them with fresh rain water.

Early morning we go hunting down the mountains. I take a different lead from everyone because my instinct tell me I'm going to find something. I keep whistling for the dogs. Only one is following me. His name is Cuba. He is a strong, active dog.

There is a small bush we have to go through before we meet others.

Cuba lead the way. I follow him, looking around cautiously. He stop next to a huge rock and bark.

"Cuba are we hunting stones now?" I say brushing his fur.

He keep barking, I end up kicking him but he still refuse to move.

I get on my knees,

"You'll see this rock isn't hiding any rabbit, okay" I say pushing the rock.

When the the rock rolls off,an old bone appears.

I can't believe Cuba's smelling sense is this sharp.

He happily take the bone with his teeth and sway his tail.I laugh and walk away.

My sandals!

I took them out when pushing that rock.Fortunately I'm not that far from where the rock was.I walk back.

I pick my sandals and notice two glittering stones.They look precious. I pick one and look at it. It look like a beautiful glassy stone.

"Beautiful than marbles" I say.

I pick the other one and put them in my pocket.I carry on with my journey.

"You are empty handed nsizwa"Nkosi

say as I join them.

I keep quiet and join the crew. We return home when the sun is up and heating.

I get in my hut and bath in a basin of cold water. I change into another short.

"Knock" a voice say.

I don't tell her to get in, she let herself in.

"Only you can knock verbally" I say.

She smile, "Your food Mr Hunter"

"Thank you" I take the plate.

Her eyes pop out, "Who own those?"

I look where she is looking, "Oh! The stones. I picked them on my way to the hunting and decided to keep them"

"You are filthy rich, are you serious sitting in this hut like you don't owe God a thank you prayer?" She say

jumping up in joy.

I frown, "What?"

She slap my shoulder, if it was any other day I would've flipped.

"These are diamonds" she say.

Say what?

I lift the stones again, "No it's not"

"Damn you lucky man!" She say and walk out.

I'm left shocked, excited and not believing.

Ngqongqokazi sigh at the door, I remain standing like a statue.

"You are in awe" she say.

"Ngqongqokazi" I say.

"Your mysterious future has been solved, you can correct the past now."

So she knows.

"What does this mean?" I ask.

"Your father heard your concerns, your ancestors have responded. You wanted the ability to be a good man to your family" she say.

I nod, "Yes"

"Right there that ability has been given to you"

"Wow!" I still can't believe it.

"Don't spread the word, you are staying here until she give birth. You'll protect her throughout, that will also open doors for you" she say.

I nod, "I understand Ngqongqokazi yeNdlondlokazi"

She burp and walk away.

Chapter Hundred&Two

Sena Biyela

My family haven't done anything to get us out. I'm not only disappointed, I'm angry at them. They think life here is fun, well it's not. I will never forget last night.

We slept on the cold floor with a buggy light blanket that stinked more than a toilet. There were no pillows. In the morning they gave us two slices of brown bread and black cold tea. They said it's a called-in favour, we aren't supposed to be eating. I did eat it, Zethu refused.

She has been silent ever since dad laughed at us on the phone. I know we crossed him and disrespected his rules but it all was good intentions.

Now I have to keep comforting her,

telling her everything will be okay. I don't know if they will be, Tyson promised to get us out early morning but we're still here. I heard my lawyer was here with my fiancée but I'm still here which means everything is failing. I can say everyone look amused to see us here. We've received a numerous mocking laughs and hate speeches from police officers. The one guarding us keep telling us how he hate rich people because they think they are superior and can do anything they want.

Zethu is falling asleep on my lap, unfortunately I have to be a big sister and let her be.

"Trust-fund brats come out" he say opening the burglar's gate.

I shake Zethu, "Get up"

I have little hope that they are letting us go.

Zethu grunt,I pull her up and follow the police officer.

"Someone I can pay double his salary a week is nose-pulling us" she say loud. I pinch her,Mr police turn and glare at us.

We get in the captain's office,who hate us with passion too.

"However you blackmailed Miss Phumlile Miya worked on your favour. Each and every dog have its day,so count your stars" he say.

"Yes Sir" Zethu say with an attitude.

"If it was up to me you were both to be sentenced to lifetime in prison,unfortunately the charges have

been dropped"

"Only if you were more powerful Officer but sadly you only own a PhD in policing...Uh-huh there is no such, you are only a matriculant" Zethu say. I wish she can lock her mouth,we are already in hot water with the law.

"You have a big mouth,don't you?"He say.

I jump in, "Excuse her, we are grateful for the 'dropped charges' and will stay on the right lane from now onwards"

He nod, "Okay, I need your signatures"

"For what?" I ask.

He give me a look, "Either you ask questions and spend another night here or you sign the papers and go"

I sigh, "I hope there is no trap in this and it doesn't mean we are signing our

criminal record agreement contracts"

He chuckles, "Little intelligent you are  
Biyela's children"

We sign the damn papers and walk out  
to freedom.

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Tyson Givanston

.

I still don't understand what is it that  
they did to their father that would  
make him so heartless. His daughters  
have spent a night in a police cell and  
he haven't done anything to have them  
released but instead he have blocked  
every possible way for us to try getting  
them out. I don't know who he paid or  
threatened.

I went there with Sena's fiancée, Lwazi,  
we weren't even allowed to talk or see

them.Lwazi seem broken more than I am.I'm not okay too but I know my babe will slay in that cell.She is strong. The only good thing that has succeed so far is keeping the news from the newspapers. I mean that would've became my father's breakfast news and lunch joke.After all the doubts they had about her I don't want them to have more reasons to judge her. After checking in the restaurants I drive to Lwazi's place. We are not friends or that close but times like this need us to lock our heads. They have a beautiful house,I can't start to question their financial stability. The interior design,cars and furniture speak volumes. I find him feeding his cute son on the

kitchen table.

"Gentlemen" I greet.

"Hey man"

We shake hands.

"Any good news this side?" I ask.

He sigh, "With Biyela against them nothing is working out. I was told to wait till the trial"

I let out a chuckle "That's a joke"

"Well it's not"

He lift his son up, "Let me put the champ in front of the TV there"

They look alike and have an amazing bond. The little guy doesn't seem to mind that his mother isn't around.

"So he is not asking any questions?" I ask when he come back.

He smile "There is going to be a fight when she comes back without Mr

Puzzle Me"

"What is that?"

"Family robotic games, you cannot understand. How is it going in your side?" He say.

I don't answer that question, the door burst open.

They walk in.

I'm confused. Did they beat police and escaped?

They look like a mess. I'm not sure there are showers there. Their faces are evident of anger.

We are startled and looking at them. Sena walk past us to her son. She hug him tightly.

Zethu is in front of me, glaring at me with so much hate.

"I can't believe you guys are hanging

out having glasses of champagne" she say.

We don't have glasses of anything nor hanging out.

"Hello to you too babe" I say.

She click her tongue, "Do you know how ugly it is there Ty? Do you?"

I can't believe after all the sweat and running I did trying to have them released I'm here accused of relaxing.

"Aren't you hungry?" Lwazi ask.

"No,I just had a five course meal in prison" she say.

Was she in prison?

Lwazi must know her very well,he walk to the kitchen and open fridges and cupboards.

"I can't believe you Tyson" she say,her hands on the waist.

"Blame me if it comforts you but I tried my best your father made it mission impossible" I say.

"That devil" she say.

So the lesson she was supposed to learn by being there she didn't learn?

Here I'm seeing the same old Zethu.

"Fill up my plate and get me those big glasses Sena bought and a bottle of wine" she yell at Lwazi.

"I'm going to have a long bath sweety" she say and walk away.

I'm still sweety, okay.

So Sena isn't speaking to us. She is talking with her son and smiling.

The eye she is giving to Lwazi will give me nightmares.

"Hello guys" she say after a like long time.

I did say this girl doesn't give me peace of heart,I wasn't kidding.She is beautiful, sexy and all but she have that 'don't mess with me' aura around her.

I nod,Lwazi keep quiet.

She walk to him and smile.

"Babe where is your phone, sometimes not checking the time causes problems" she say.

Lwazi swallow, "It's on the couch in the lounge"

She blow him a kiss, "Checking the time, bathing and coming back to eat.Take care, I love you"

Lwazi stare at her until she disappears.

I sense trouble in paradise but that's not mine to sense.

Is my paradise not troubled? I'm yet to find out.

## Chapter Hundred&Three

Sena Biyela

.

I stink and I'm hungry but food and bath can wait I have an investigation to conduct.

I get inside my bedroom and push the door.I sit on the bed and swipe the screen.

This is what I swore I'll never do in my relationships.Searching my partner's phone.

I guess we all get to the point where we break the rules. The trust I invested in this relationship is making me like

this. Never, even in my wildest dreams had I thought Lwazi could be entertaining bitches. I trusted him too much.

I start on his Messenger, there are a few ladies he is chatting with. Nothing to raise my eyebrows about though. It's just those 'I love you and your family' kind of messages.

The real deal is on his WhatsApp, he is texting with his Switchboard lady. This lady talk unnecessary work staff and end it with funny emojis and lovely goodbyes.

Down the chat logs I see the desperate divorcee, the chat history has been cleared. I block her and delete her numbers.

"Sena"

I lift my head up.

Oh the bitch ass nigga is here!

"I'm not done" I say.

He walk and sit next to me, "You are still checking the time?"

I look at him, "No I'm going through your infidelities"

He exhale, "Am I unfaithful?"

Like really bhuti?!

"Not really. Shift I'm stinking" I say.

He doesn't shift,

"I know you're angry, I've broken the trust you had in me. I just didn't know how to tell you, I mean what kind of a man run to his woman whenever a certain girl hit on him?" He say.

"Phumla is not a certain girl, she is Mandla's ex-wife, my undercover enemy. I fail to understand your

cooperation in her schemings. I said  
SHIFT" I say.

He sigh and get on his feet, "I hate  
fighting with you"

I give him a look, "Okay let's not fight  
then, shove your ass outta here"

He chuckles, "No Sena you don't speak  
like that with me"

I laugh "Oh! He have a backbone to  
stand up for himself now. You  
should've done that with your white  
stepfather and mom"

He look at me blankly

"I understand you are angry but I'd  
rather for you to keep them out of this"

I throw his phone at him, "Yeah right!

Let's keep the white parents that  
turned you into the little piece of shit  
that you are and discuss Phumla's big

ass instead, right."

He turn pink, "I'm what?"

"I'll need to sit down and come with one descriptive word. Between a bitch, weak ass of a man and dog. You know what? I haven't concluded yet" I say.

He throw the phone back at me and walk out.

I sigh heavily and strip my clothes off. I take a long cold shower. I need to calm down, I don't need this anger. Not when my son is around.

I put on a tracksuit and takkies. The style is motivated by my current mood. I shove his phone in my pocket and head to the kitchen to eat. I'm very happy to find Zethu gone with her boyfriend. That would've meant an

update to everyone that 'the engaged birds' have clashed. Imagine Fiki's happy face to that.

There is food on the table. Zethu left a messy plate and half bottle of wine.

No matter how hungry you are you can never eat with a broken heart. I'm not sure if I'm heartbroken or angry but the food is not going down.

I look for my phone. The battery has died, I put it in the charger and clean up.

There is a knock at the door, I wipe my hands and go open.

It's Mandla.

"Hello bhuti" I greet.

He smile, "You are back"

"I wish they locked me in forever and threw away the keys"

He frown, "What's up?"

I fold my arms, "Isn't your ex-wife is trying to get her claws on my man"

He laughs, "Shit! You're not real, come on"

"I don't know how come you married that witch in the first place" I say walking back to what I was doing.

He sigh.

"You guys need to deal with her the SimDon way, you know putting highlights on the boundaries" he say standing in front of me.

"Lwazi is not Don, he is too weak for that" I say.

He close his mouth, "I'm so glad he is not here to hear you saying that"

"He knows, I told him" I say.

He take out his phone and type

something.

"What is that?" I ask.

"I was cancelling the suit order"

I frown, "What suit?"

"The one I was going to wear at your wedding. Isn't there is no wedding anymore?"

Is he nuts?

"Who said that? There is a wedding, we are still getting married" I say stunned.

He chuckles, "No sweetie, you don't tell him he is weak and compare him to your sister's man and expect him to marry you"

"I was angry" I say.

"Not justifiable. Nothing mend a dented ego. Why do you think Phumla and I divorced? She told me I'm weak

in bed.I needed someone who was going to recognize me and compare me to nobody else. And your Lwazi is also going to find that someone, who will see him as her strong man and accept who he is and understand his personality"

I wipe the escaping tears, "I was emotional,okay.I meant half things I said"

He shake his head "Never underestimate what a person says when she is angry. It's always 99% true"

I let the tears flow freely, "Are you done?"

"Yes.Welcome to single divas,the world of Fikile"

He is so cruel.I cry out.

He pat my shoulder, "Keep well,I will be your shoulder to cry on neh!"

I hate Mandla people. He walk out a proud man.

There can't be no wedding. I love Lwazi,I can't imagine us not together. What is my world without him? No I can't.

I bury my head on the table and cry. Imagine us apart.What kind of crap is that?

A hand tap my shoulder.

"What's wrong?"

It's him.

"I have a toothache"

I don't where that is coming from.I guess I just want him to feel sorry for me and forgive me without getting an apoloy.

He lift my head up with his hand,

"When did it start?"

I sniff, "Yesterday"

Holy word! I need a self pincher.

"I'll get you painkillers, did you eat?"

He ask.

I nod.

He hurry to get me painkillers and a glass of water.

My face is wet with tears, don't ask me where I trained to become this awesome actress. I mean I even have hiccups and holding my cheek with the other hand.

He come back and beg me to drink tablets.

"Come lie down" he say holding my hand.

This is like Hallelujah!

He put me on bed and pull covers over me.

The secret smile I have when he kiss my forehead. He get right beside me and put his arms around me.

Mandla need to see this.

Come morning I will be having a severe headache. He will have no choice but to forgive me and love me.

## Chapter Hundred & Four Fikile Biyela

.

I don't understand this.

There are ladies walking up and down my kitchen, cooking, chatting and laughing loud.

I put the briefcase on the table.

They don't care that I'm here nor recognize me.

"Good afternoon" I say.

The pregnant one turns, "The madam is here"

All of them turn and look at me.

Zethu start dancing. I thought they'd be in a therapy room getting consoled about their night in prison.

"You are glowing, fill us in" that is Nozipho.

Okay. My brother went and told his wife that I may be seeing someone and she told all my sisters. Now they've broken into my house, cooked dinner I never knew about because they want me to dish out my private life to them. Where can I buy them chill pills? I sit on the chair, "Who told you to

come in my house,without my consent  
and cook my food?"

"It's lady's dinner date" Sena says.

Is it?

"In my house?" I ask.

"Duh!!" She say.

They are full of crap.

"We've cooked delicious meal.What a  
night we're having!" Nozipho say.

I'm bored by this.

"Guys I appreciate being alone after a  
long day at work.This thing you're  
doing exhaust me" I say.

I have a glass of bubbles in front of me.

"That's what Zethu is here for,taking  
care of your throat honey" she say.

I sip on it, "You are the best"

"I know honey, Ty tell me everyday"  
she say.

I roll my eyes,

"So how was it like to be locked up?" I ask.

Nozipho laughs, "Can I punch the record button first?"

Sena snatch the phone away from her.

"I don't know which was worse between the police captain who hated us with all his being and the cold floors" Sena says.

"You slept on the floor?" I ask shocked.

"With a thin blanket that had bugs and stinked. The one like that one they have for a dog in Inkandla" Zethu say grinning.

I laugh, "Did you bath properly yesterday? Did you scrub your bodies and put dettol and salt in the water?"

"Rejoice holy daughter" Zethu say.

"You did good though, Phumla needed a few punches. I just hope dad get some enlightenment from isangoma" Nozipho say.

Zethu put her hand up, "I don't want to hear about that man. I ignored his calls all day"

Sena grin, "To think his wife allowed him to let us be in that place for 22hours, nx"

I understand why they are angry with them but unfortunately they are not going to get any kind of apology instead there is more punishment for them.

"Has anyone checked on Simtho today?" I ask.

Simtho has been keeping a low profile ever since she lost the baby. We only

see her if we go to her house. Don and Junior have temporary moved in with her. I'm grateful for Don's support.

"We passed by her, she is fine" Sena say.

"We need to take her out, have a road trip maybe" I suggest.

Nozipho shake her head, "She need to physically heal then we can have that road trip. For now all we can do is to be available and supportive"

"When she has healed she need to visit Mini's grave, get a cleansing ceremony and go to Loyiso's home. She still have a long journey to go" Sena add.

I nod "You're right, I'm just happy she is this strong"

"Updates" Zethu says.

That is an announcement.

Nozipho go first, "We bought sex toys"  
We all jump.

"Get out!!" Sena say astonished.

Nozipho laughs, "We only have one  
life, explore while you can"

"I need to try that out with Tyson"  
Zethu say.

"Have you started putting them into  
good use or they are still sealed?" Sena  
ask.

Nozipho smile, "All I can say is we need  
18hours of night and 6hours for a day"  
OMG! People are busy with greater  
things at night while we are  
sleeping. God have mercy!

"What do you have?" Zethu ask.

I'm all ears.

"Silicone dick, electric cup and  
vibrators" she say.

My mouth hang open, "So my brother is that sexual open?"

She nod, "He give me the best life,when I die there will be no regrets.I can not be without him"

She is blushing. This is cute.

"Sena you're next,updates" the president of gossip nation say.

Sena exhale, "We fought.I said some hurtful words now I'm faking to be sick every time he is around because I don't have the backbone to apologise to him"

Zethu chuckles, "I had a 'welcome home' meal and sex,you were faking sicknesses"

Sena glare at her, "Don't feed on my misery.I was angry at him about Phumla's pictures"

"I told you to let it go, look now you're exactly where Phumla wanted you to be" Zethu say.

Nozipho burst out laughing.

I look at her, "Share the joke Mrs Biyela"

"She came walking like a granny with a scarf over her shoulders, Lwazi was accompanying her with his hand over her"

We all laugh.

"I must say I enjoy the extra care and attention. I must carry with this a little longer" Sena say.

Zethu shake her head, "You will be bursted sweetly and that will mean two things to apologise for"

I nod at her, "Rather apologise now. Lwazi will forgive you"

She sigh and look at us hopelessly.

Zethu groan angrily, "He did something awful to you, you said hurtful words to him"

"So?"

"Two wrongs make right" she say.

Who raised Zethu?

I laugh "What?"

"You do me wrong, I do you wrong then we are even. Things are automatically right" she say dishing up.

The lies and truth behind that.

Nozipho take a piece of meat she was supposed to put on my plate and eat it.

"All I can say is Tyson is in for a long exhaustion" Sena say laughing.

"My meat is not enough" I say.

"You didn't cook anything" Zethu say.

"This is my food you cooked"  
Sena roll her eyes, "Is the salad okay?"

"Nope I need more cucumber" I say.  
She dish it in the bowl.

"More meat for me" Nozipho say  
mouthful.

I've been silently praying Zethu forget  
about my turn but God had headset on  
by that time.

"Fiki you're next,updates" she say.

I put food in my mouth,

"Work,work,work" I say.

They all look at me.

"I'm serious" I say laughing.

"Who has been sending chocolates and  
winter coats?" Nozipho ask.

"I'm the one who bought them,the  
manager had them delivered to me" I  
lie.

"So it is the Woolworths manager who has been sending you clothes and chocolates?" Nozipho enquires.

Is it possible for a pregnant person to crave news?

I need to end this.

"Yes" I say.

They all say 'mhhh'.

I'm happy they start another topic immediately. Zethu seem to have it all together with Tyson. It's all because of Tyson's level of understanding.

I missed having time with my sisters.

I'm grateful they came even though we are incomplete.

Zethu is tipsy and refusing to help with cleaning my kitchen.

There is a hard knock at the door. We look at each other.

Sena jump to the dishcloth and wipe her hands.

I'm still confused when she grab off my jacket and put it over her shoulders.

"Go open" she whisper to Zethu.

Oh it's Angelina Jolie now!

She sit on the chair and lie her head on her arm.

We need to be supporting actors.

We need to pull serious faces and action!

He walk in.His eyes land right on her.The sadness crawl right that moment on his face.

He greet us and sit next to her with his hand on her face.

"How are you feeling?" He ask concerned.

Sena coughs, "It still hurt"

How does one make her voice that wobbly in an instant?

"I will take the day off tomorrow then we will go to the doctor" he say.

He is too sweet.

Zethu crack up laughing, "This is too funny"

I give her a stern look, "You need to go to sleep"

She put her fingers up, "No I need to watch this. What is it? Bold and The Beautiful. No no no, it is Days of Our Lives and this is Hope"

Now I don't know!

"Zethu!!" Nozipho warn.

My father's daughter just laugh at us,

"Just tell him you are sorry for what you said, you didn't mean it. Then apply for a Media studies in UJ"

I gasp.

Lwazi is looking at her confused.

She clap her hands, "She is not sick or anything, she just can't face you after everything she said"

Okay this is over.

Lwazi look at Sena.

"Babe"

Sena exhale, "Okay I'm sorry for everything I said. It was wrong of me and I regret it"

Lwazi scratch his head, "So you are not sick?"

Sena stand up straight, "I'm fine"

He sigh, "Thanks God!"

Is that what he is going to say? Just thanks God you're not sick.Sena have strong ancestors.

"Belgravia anyone?"Zethu ask.

"Nay fuck you!" Sena say.

"Thank you"

Don't give Zethu drinks and expect everything to flow smoothly!

Chapter Hundred&Five

Sena Biyela

.

I couldn't believe my ears. We are sisters, we are supposed to have each other's backs. A part of me is grateful though. She made it easier.

Look at me now!

I'm holding a front seat like a madam

that I am.He is holding a wheel with one hand, the other is on my thigh brushing it.

He is listening to Tamia-Make Tonight Beautiful,there is a shadow of a smile on his face.

I keep stealing glances,he look happy.I love him,if I was to fall for another man that man would be a book character.

He turn down the volume.

"I'm craving a mutton pie,do you mind if I pass by the garage?" He ask.

"We have pies in the house" I say.

He smile "Of course we do"

He drive straight ahead,I fold my arms and listen to the music.

I don't know what made him this happy.Is it that I'm not sick?

We get to the house,he open the door for me and lead me holding my hand.

"What's up?" I ask.

He stop and look at me.

"I love you, do you know that?"

I nod.

"Yes"

He smile, "Good then"

I raise my eyebrow "What is behind the happy face?"

"This weekend I'm going to pay your lobola,your dad gave me the go-ahead.The only thing that was troubling me was your sickness but now that is settled I'm happy"

"It is too soon" I say.

He frown "For what?"

I exhale "Simtho is still mourning, the whole family is.Ziphe on the other

hand is still missing"

"Your dad said it okay,he knew all that" he say.

It sound unfair to the sisterhood.

"We have to wait"

He sigh "Sena I'm going to lobola you this Saturday"

"I said we are waiting,my sisters are not okay. I need them with me,all of them, happy"

He chuckles, "And that makes you raise your voice?"

Here we go again!

I exhale "I expect you to understand simple things. You know how me and my sisters roll. We are one"

He fold his arms "It's not a wedding"

Like duh!!

"Just because you don't have siblings

to share your happiness with doesn't mean...."

He is giving me an ordering look.

"Go on,I'm listening"

I clear my throat, "I'm just saying I need to have my sisters with me,all of them"

"The important person is your dad,he is the one I'm paying to"

Now we are fighting in the middle of the house, great!

"Okay then I will not show up" I say walking away.

He grab my arm, "Not this way,that way.To the kitchen I need my pie"

Is he for real?

"I'm not your wife yet and you are not handicapped" I snap.

He nod and walk to the kitchen.This is

going to be my worst night.

I go to the bedroom, change into pyjamas and get on bed. I put my knees up and switch the TV on.

He walk in after a while with his pie and bottle of water.He sit on the edge of the bed and eat.

I feel guilty.

"Do you need anything else?" I ask.

He shake his head.

I sigh, "Why are you like this?"

He look at me, "Like what?"

"I don't know,you are just too understanding"

He bite on his pie and look at me again.

"I know I'm a bitch these days,my temper is uncontrollable but you don't put me on my lane"

Getting away with things is tiring.I've

been getting away with lot of bad behavior in this relationship.He push everything aside.

He eat his pie silently until he finishes.He drink his water and walk to the bathroom. He come back and change into pyjamas.

I sigh as he switch off the side-lamps.This is not how I want things to be.I don't want to be the commander of this house.

I switch the lamps on.

"Lwazi"

He look at me.

"I'm sorry for everything I've done.I'm sorry for everything I've said"

"You are forgiven" he say.

I exhale, "It sounds like you are forgiving only to close the chapter"

"What do you want from me Mama kaQuinton?"

"I want you to be angry with me.To make your emotions visible"

He rub his eyes.He sit and lean on the headboard.

"I'm not that person Sena, I thought you'd understand that by now. I'm not Mike Tyson"

I pull up the covers to my chest, "I'm not disputing that"

"Then allow me to be me.If I'm weak,that's me. Allow me to be weak,I'm not going to change who I am for you. You fell in love with me while I was this Lwazi,now that you've seen people you want me to change" he say calm as ever.

"You are twisting what I said" I say.

"You want me to shout at you?" He ask.

"Just a little"

"You want me to force you to do things that you don't want to do?"

I exhale "If necessary"

"Here is the thing, I didn't grow up under a big house surrounded by angry men waving guns around. I didn't have a protective dad who would kill for me and filled my credit card with millions of allowance. I had to survive in order to live, I worked in different households. I saw things, I experienced things, I learnt lessons"

I feel insulted by his statement.

"You make it sound like it is wrong to be rich" I say.

"You think it's okay to be shouted at. You think it's okay to be forced to do

things that you don't want to do"

"It's different, you are my partner" I say.

"I'm not arguing with you. I'm trying to tell you that my life has moulded me into this person that I am today. We are both grown, we know wrongs and rights" he say.

I nod.

"I hear you"

"Don't expect me to pull unknown personas. I'll never shout at you nor force you to do things"

"It's boring" I babble out.

"You know what Dave Willis says?"

I shake my head.

"He say: Husbands love your wives well. Your children are noticing how you treat her. You are teaching your

sons how they should treat women, and you are teaching your daughters what they should expect from men"

Do I want Quinton to be like his father?

"I want Quinton to be able to speak and act on what on his mind" I say.

He take my hand, "A strong man doesn't have to be dominant towards a woman. He doesn't match his strength with a woman weak with love for him because men are like steel when they lose their temper they lose their worth"

"Where do you get so much wisdom?" I ask.

"In my head"

I laugh "I love your head"

"I'm serious you can't measure

manhood with a tapeline around  
biceps, level of shouting or physical  
actions. I aspire to be great, greater  
than my father and greater than your  
ideal husband"

I close my eyes, "You are my ideal  
husband"

He smile, "Just that I don't shout?"

"We've ironed that"

"I do shout at you in my head"

Is he for real?

I laugh "And what end up happening?"

"You don't stop talking, so the best way  
is for me to let you be and realise your  
faults later" he say.

"I'm so anti apologetic"

He laughs "You rather be sick?"

I laugh "And that witch, Zethu. Ay maan  
she must never drink again"

We laugh.

"Tomorrow you will be sick" he say.

I frown "Are you prophesying my Lord?"

He hold my neck, "Yes my child. I'm seeing your legs unable to walk in the morning"

OMG!!

"What else can you see my Lord?" I ask laughing.

He smooch my neck.

"I see your cookie-jar in terrible pains. I see your thighs bruised but there is something confusing my child!!"

I'm in stitches!!

"You my child keep wanting for more and your man end up taking a day off. There is a dark cloud surrounding your bedroom my child"

Maybe I love him like this. Quiet,  
humble and handsome.  
Wait the son of God is taking my  
pyjamas off!!

## Chapter Hundred&Six Fikile Biyela

.

Today we are going to our first date  
together. I'm excited, super excited  
actually. The watch is very slow today, I  
keep glancing at my wrist and sighing  
disappointedly.

Sitting in my expensive hackneyed  
office, in front of piles of unprocessed  
paperwork with my thoughts astray.  
I think I'm wasting my time by being

here.I'm the boss's daughter, the daughter boss,get what I mean.I can knock off right this minute without having to report to anyone.

Yes.

I pick what is mine and walk out.I'm consumed by the contemplation of my tonight's look,I don't even see where the loud 'goodbye' is coming from.

When I get to my house I call him to check what he is up to.

Dooch! He is still at work.

It's no problem though, I will use the remaining hours to design my look.

There is this lady who has helped me with make-up when attending events.Instead of booking short notice make-up services I'd rather have her pro hands fancying my face.

She arrives shortly after I made a call. I give her something to drink then we get on it.

"So what are you wearing?" she ask. I haven't thought about that.

"It's going to be a dress, I don't know which one yet"

She stop sculpting my cheeks and look at me.

"Did you see the time? Girl you need me more than you think" she say.

She is very bubbly.

I laugh, "Finish up my neck is tired"

Well she insist on going to my closet, I start the fitting and turning around with a smile session.

I'm on the fifth dress, I swear this is my perfect look of the century. I look better than Rihanna on Grammy's red

carpet but, she is not satisfied. So I'm taking this one off again.

She squeals and throw the blue pantsuit at me.

"This is it" she say.

It is an off shoulder pantsuit I'm not sure if it's gonna work. I don't want to be there looking glamorous and shivering.

She give me a pair of classic nude heels that I didn't know I had.

"Look at yourself" she say pulling me to the mirror.

I look absolutely beautiful.

I smile "I'm what I call a stunning beauteous, enthralling hall of fame lady"

"I got that and I agree babe, you look A+ beautiful" she say.

I need to take a few pictures. She is honoured to be my camera girl. We walk back to the living room chatting and laughing. There is someone standing tall in the middle of my house.

Why is he not ready?

Glancing at the watch on the wall I see the time has escaped our schedule.

"Girl bye" Cindy, the make-up girl says. I nod at her and look at him again. Is there something wrong?

Are we cancelling this date?

"You look beautiful" he say.

"Why are you not dressed? Are we no longer going?" I ask.

He look at himself. He is wearing a pull on Chino short, black hicker shoes and the printed black T-shirt that have his

clan names written whitely on its back  
and a bold NKOSI on the chest.

"I'm dressed" he say.

I feel exhaustion in my veins.

I look at him, expecting him to say he is  
kidding we are still to pass by his  
house.

But no, he is not.

He walk to me, wrap me in his arms  
and kiss my forehead.

"I missed you" he say.

I melt.

A smile escape my lips, "I missed you  
too"

We share a hot kiss for a few  
seconds. He let go. He put his forehead  
on mine and exhale. I get lost in his  
tiny, almost shut eyes.

Now we are wasting the time by

staring at each other. He is thinking exactly that too, we laugh out.

"Ladies first" he say.

I steal a quick cheek-kiss and walk. He laugh out loud.

Oh! Today he is driving a Polo.

Doesn't he know that Polo is one of the STI's causes and a symptom of HIV?

I don't know why I'm loving him, I just do because I do.

Why on earth would a CA drive a Polo on his first date?

"You're driving us in this car?" I ask.

He open the door for me, I sigh.

He get on his side smiling, "This is my first car"

"First car?"

"The very first car I owned, I was working in a bank by that time. I took a

20km spin that day" he say smiling.

"This car look new" I say.

"I don't have anything that look old"

He is full of himself.

"Can't you remember the once famous Polo bujwa?" He ask.

I laugh, "Stupid me! What an ancestor this is"

He laugh, "I'm so glad you thought it was new"

He make the journey very short with his silliness. We are in Suncoast without even acknowledging it.

I'm the one who booked the table so obviously we have the magnificent view of the sea.

He look uncomfortable.

"Are you okay?" I ask.

"People are staring at us" he say.

"They'll get over it soon,I made sure this will remain private"

He lean back on his chair and exhale.

The waitress attend us.

He doesn't touch the starters, he is only gulping a glass of water down his throat.

I understand,men don't like cheese balls.

Finally our platter arrives.

He is looking at it with this expression I can't explain.

"It's a platter of seafood; crayfish, calamari, prawns, umhhh langoustines and..."

He laughs, "Hold it right there my love, this place is called what what Grillers is it?"

Lord have mercy!

"It's Havana Grill, a very famous restaurant in Durban" I say.

He stand up and go to the waitering lady on another table. He lean over her and talk using his hands. I can see the guests on that table are irritated.

He comes back and sit.

"You was supposed to raise your hand" I say trying to be calm.

He pick his glass of water, "I don't mind walking to them"

"Okay you have your forks" I say.

He laugh, "No, they are going to grill my meat. I don't eat snails and all sea cockroaches"

I fix a hard look on him, "Are you for real?"

"Yes I did tell them to grill a steak for me, enjoy your langastone" he say

laughing.

Langastone???

"What is wrong with you?" I ask

laughing.

"There is nothing wrong, I didn't sign up to eat sea creepy animals"

I give up!

"Watch and learn" I say preparing my first bite.

I chew,he grin.

If it was any other day,with any other person I'd be offended and getting my ass out of this date.

His food arrives,together with my bottle of Malbec.

I do the honours of filling up the glasses. He is watching me weirdly the whole time.

"This is?" He ask.

Malbec, obviously.

"It's a wine. Don't you like red wine?" I ask.

He doesn't answer.

I roll my eyes, "Forgive me, I know most men prefer whisky"

He chuckles, "I don't have any alcoholism preference"

Shoot me now!

"What?"

"I don't drink" he says.

Jesus get your holy chest here!

"Why? I mean why don't you drink, did alcohol do anything wrong to you?" I ask.

He frowns, "You make it sound like it's weird not to drink"

It is weird.

"I'm interested in knowing why a

grown,above 18years man doesn't drink" I say.

"I don't have problems I can't face"  
Excuse me?!

I look at him shocked, "What?"

"I have nothing to drink for"

This is an insult my fellow drunkards  
of South Africa.

"Let's drop this topic, drink your water  
I'll drink my wine." I say.

He smile.

Who drink 3 glasses of water in such a  
short period of time?

We finish eating. Our next mission is to  
be revealed by him.

"Where are we going now?" I ask.

He check the time, "My house"

I sigh, "It's our first date,we are going  
to make it memorable. Let's go watch a

movie,it will be a first movie we watched together"

"I also have TV in my house" He say. You chose him Fiki,now deal with him. I wonder if this is not a trap.Once a man start pursuing you about going to his house it only mean one thing.He want sex.

"Umuntu wami madoda"

I stop and look behind me.He is standing, watching me with a smile. How can you walk in front of a person who stop midway and throw 'umuntu wami madoda' lines?

"Come on you're in the front now" I say.

He laugh and walk on.

I read the printed names on his back.

"Mphazima kaLanga" I say loudly.

He does a dance. Or an indlamu style. I don't know but he push his foot backwards and do a head dance collaboratively.

"Was that a dance?" I ask.

"I was responding to the recite of my clan name. The great Mphazimas, oNdlangamandla" he say proudly.

I smile.

I'm in love with this person.

But this is not the route to his house!

"Where are we going?" I ask.

"To my house in Zimbali, don't worry it's big enough to accommodate you. I even bought a big mirror, filled the drawers with ten lipsticks, Ponds and all other paintings you women use"

I laugh, "You have a house in Zimbali?"

I'm going there, right now and I have facial paints waiting for me?"

"Yes, I even bought leggings"

I don't think I'll ever be ready for him to meet my sisters. The picture of him interacting with them and chatting with Zethu kills my heart

## Chapter Hundred & Seven Fikile Biyela

.

I'm familiar with Ballito, white people dominate the place. I wonder how he found a house here? I mean him.

"Do you love this place?" I ask.

He is just driving. He doesn't care

about beautiful nature we pass by. He doesn't acknowledge that we are inside Zimbali.

"I love my house in here" he say. I did say he doesn't care about here being Zimbali with its famous lodge. The only thing he cares about is his house.

All houses look the same. His is the same double-storey like the one opposite. His neighbour is a white man, he is out the balcony smoking a cigarette.

"Do you know him?" I ask.

He frown "This is not Inkandla where I know my nextdoor's date of birth" It's a normal house. The walls are just walls. No paintings. No pictures. Even the tables have no flowered vases on

top.

He put my bag on the kitchen table,  
"Welcome to my house"

He is happy.

I know I'm supposed to compliment something about the house since it's my first time in here.

I look around looking for something I can compliment on. Mhhh....

"I love the...." Oh come on! Think of it. He is looking at me with his eyebrow raised, arms folded. I'm a bad liar.

"Nice aircons" I say.

He laughs and turn his back on me. I sit on the chair. The kitchen cupboards look empty even when they're closed.

He look at me, "You mean aircons are the only thing you love in this house?"

"And you Ndlangamandla" I say.

Cheesy! The melting eyes and soft smile that follows.

"My heart is pounding" he say beating his chest like a beat.

"Can I have something to drink?" I ask.

"Yes,I don't have alcohol though"

Who said I want alcohol?

I give him a look and go to the fridge.It's a big nice fridge,ask me what's inside!

Tropika juice,half bottle of cold drink,old tomatoes and 5l maas.Oh there is also a 2l filled with water.

"Is this tap water?" I ask with a bottle in my hand.

"No, river water"

I know his sarcasm, I get a glass and pour water.

"How long have you had this house?" I

ask.

"Year and a half, but I only come here to visit. My old son is here more frequently" he say.

I know he have kids but we haven't reached that phase where we talk about them. I wonder how old is his first son but I don't want to jump guns.

"Where is the toaster here?" I ask.

He laugh "I eat bread if I want to eat bread I don't burn it"

"You've never tasted my cheese toast sandwich"

He is okay with living in a dull skeleton of a big house. Although his bedroom is a bit exciting to look at his mood has dropped. I don't know if it's something I said. I've been on and on about his uglily designed house.

I sit on the bed and watch him walking up and down in front of me. He eventually sit next to me and take his shoes off.

"You'll find everything you need in the bathroom, I bought women bathing gels and all" he say.

Of course he is not joining me! I head to the bathroom.

There is a nightdress on the hanger. Indeed there is everything I need for my bath. Who advised him? I finish bathing, lotion my body and put on the nightdress. I'm barefooted!

When I walk back in he have his head turned down.

"Are you asleep mister?" I ask jumping on his bed.

He look at me, "You look beautiful"

In a nightdress, really?

He stand, "I will go bath"

What can I do while he is gone? Why not look around.

I go from room to room inspecting.

They are all cold. Even his study is cold, I don't know if it's because of neatness or absence.

The last room is decorated though. I think almost every Springbok player is pasted on these walls. There is a little cute table at the end corner with lot of silver trophies.

There he is. The room owner. He is holding a rugby ball. I wonder if those are his original arms or he have plastic biceps.

I sit on the small leather couch. This room is the only exciting place in this

house. This person even keep healthy diets magazines.

His voice bring me back from the magazine.

"Here you are, I nearly called amabutho aseNkandla"

Now I have to close this muscle building nutrition page and put the magazine back on its place.

I stand "I hope I wasn't invading"  
He look dazzling with just a towel on his bottom, his chest have muscles protruding, like a magnet it attract my hand.

Uh-uh get some grip Fiki! My subconscious warns.

I take my eyes off his body and look at the boy's picture.

He get to me and take my hand, "Let's

get out of here before we get in trouble with the champ"

I guess the champ is the owner of this room.

I decide to ask no questions. I'll know everyone when the time is right.

Oh! He has put a bunch of flowers on the bed, next to the pillow on the left.

"Whose flowers are these?" I ask.

"Yours. I heard fancy girls love flowers on their bed"

Fancy girls? Yeah ne.

I pick the flowers and smell them. Any man, other than him, would've gave me the flowers before we even went to the restaurant.

I just have to find a perfect spot for them around this room.

"Do you like strawberries too?"

It's a question. I'm not sure if he is faking the idiocy or being real.

"I'd like to sleep" I answer.

He take extra pillows away and gesture for me to come. He make me lean on his chest, he is running his hand through my hair. It's not a romantic gesture, he is analysing how these fake hair is planted on me.

"So MaBiyela how do you want us to be?"

I have to turn my head and look up to his face.

"Huh?"

He grin, "I'm asking how do you want this relationship to be"

I think I'm lost.

"Turn around" he orders.

I turn, we lie face to face. His face is

back to the sadness,uncomfortableness and worrisome.

"What's troubling you?" I ask.

He frown, "I'm not troubled. Are you going to answer my question?"

"I don't understand the question" I say.

He exhale, "I'm grown,so are you.We need to get life straight, facts straight and put everything on a silver plate.I believe you have your expectations, wishes and preferences in a relationship.That's what I'm asking" I need a glass of wine. This is going to be a long night.

"So...?"

I shrug my shoulders.Maybe I need time to think that over.

He chuckles, "I'm not scared to voice out mine. It will be a pity to start a

relationship only to find out halfway through that it's not what you want"

This should be interesting!

"Okay, sing little bird" I blurt out.

He give me a look. This is a serious moment.

"I'm not a little bird. Well I love you, first thing that drew me to you was this beautiful face, then I fell in love with your personality. But I'm not just looking for a pretty face with a perfect body on a bubbly personality. I need someone who can accept me, for who I am. I'm not an individual, I come with a luggage, three kids. I can't be in a relationship with a person who can't have a relationship with them. That's why I haven't dated."

I haven't met his kids, but I know I

don't have a problem with them.I'm not evil.

I nod and let him continue.

"I'm a Zulu guy,I don't believe in 50/50"

Say that again!

"You are a sexist?" I ask shocked.

"You can have your freedom,do whatever you want and make house rules as much as you want but I'm still the head of the house,I have the upper hand.You don't do things without negotiating them with me. You wear G-strings and lie on bed,I go lock the doors and double check everything.I pay the bills,I fix the washing machine.Even the driller that you put on your wet hair"

I roll my eyes.Hairdryer!

"That doesn't make you dominant though. I'll be cooking, washing your clothes..."

He cut me in, "We are boys only in my mother's womb, I know how to do things for myself"

I sigh, "Okay preach preacher"

He burst out laughing. I love it when he is relaxed.

"What I was meaning to say was I need respect. You have to respect me as your boyfriend, that doesn't include bowing for me, but I wouldn't mind if you did"

I widen my eyes at him. He smiles.

"Lastly I need a woman who understand where I'm coming from"  
Marriage and runaway wife.

"I have no problem with all those

terms" I say.

"But...?"

I exhale, "You are still married"

He look away.

It might be another addition to my list of love nightmares.

"The thing is we were married traditionally, it was what the society believed in"

What is that supposed to clarify?

"So?" I ask.

"She is still a Nkosi,ancestors will always acknowledge her as one.There were no papers signed,only inyongo was sprinkled and that was enough for our families" he say regretful.

I let out a chuckle, "Then I'm a sidechick by heavens grace"

He pull me to his chest, "Don't say

that"

I don't feel the warmth I'm supposed to feel on this chest. My heart has broken. History is going to repeat itself.

"Fikile" he say my name.

I look at him surprised.

"I love you"

I inhale his words, they run through every vein of my body. My heart skip two beats. He sound so sincere.

This is what girls in movies call melting.

"You have doubts?" He ask, evidently broken.

I can't lie to him.

"Yes, you are not mine"

The sadness draw back in his eyes,

"I'm scared"

He is scared of what?

"Why?" I ask.

"You are going to leave me"

I swallow. I can't make promises I can't keep for the sake of comforting him.

"Given a valid reason I might. Love alone doesn't stabilize a relationship" I say.

He blink and rub his forehead, "I..I know... I just, Fikile...I.."

I kiss his stuttering lips, juicy!

"But I'm not leaving before we have sex"

He is shocked. His Chinese eyes are all out. I wish I was a normal person and regretted saying that. Is the wine having an effect on this behavior?

"Wow, Jesus!" He say in disbelief.

I laugh, "Not that I'm going to leave you, no I don't leave that easily. I hold

on through thick and thin,you'd swear I'm a wife sitting on a millions of insurances"

He pick a pillow and put it over his face.He is laughing.

He throw the pillow away and look at me with a smirk.

"You know Sthelo was a result of me having sex at tender age.He is now 15years,imagine the experience I have now"

I smile, "You naughty,you had a child at 16years?"

He laugh, "It was a disaster"

It is the first time he touch my bare body.First time he squeeze my breast and groan softly.I gave him permission so I endear his hand caressing my cookie-jar.He is in no rush,he is kissing

every part of my body.I'm short of oxygen, I need him to put that condom on faster.

My wish is granted. My lungs are running out of oxygen.My screams are filling the whole house. He is hitting every corner.He is gently but very deep and strong.I will always remember his face,his lose opened mouth,red half shut eyes and soft groans.I don't think I can get this out of my mind.He is in his own world.

.....

And then?

I'm all alone on the gigantic bed,early in the morning. I look around, the scent I inhale tell me he is gone.He woke up,showered, dressed up and left.

Of course he didn't leave any note. This is Inkandla guy.

I check my cellphone. No message from him. Sigh!

I must get out of this bed too. Make breakfast, maybe. Shoot! He might have no breakfast stock.

I go to the bathroom and washed the night off my body. A smile escape my lips as I recall last night's deeds in my head. I think we need to record a sex tape, I need to watch us when I'm alone and missing him.

I open the closets. He bought a few dresses and jeans. Who told him my size?

I take a jean and white t-shirt. I love that these clothes were bought by him so I feel confident and gorgeous in

them. Shoes?

Yes, I have black pumps and assorted sandals. He is creepy.

I make my way to the kitchen. I wonder where he is. Maybe he is gone to get us breakfast.

There is a guy eating from a bowl on the kitchen table. He has headset on his ears.

I don't know if I should turn back or proceed.

As I'm contemplating, he turns to my direction. Our eyes meet. It's the same hulky boy in one of the room's pictures. The rugby one.

He stares at me surprised, I make my way forward.

"Good morning" I greet politely.

He takes the headsets off, "Hi"

It is awkward. I shouldn't have left the bedroom.

"Have you seen Skhumbuzo?" I ask.

"Oh dad went out to get breakfast"

Dad? Is he the fifteen years old son? He look twenty-one.

"Oh" I say.

"What are you?"

The question take me by surprise. I look back at the boy, he is staring at me.

"What am I?" I say.

"As in who are you, in relevance of what?"

Is this boy rude?

"You'll have to ask your dad, I will go back to the bedroom" I say.

He stand, "Wait, you have a bedroom, here?"

I stop, "Your father's bedroom"

"Are you his girlfriend?" He ask  
smirking.

My gorgeous Lord!

"Nice to meet you" I say and walk on.

Is Skhumbuzo allowing a 15year old to  
work out,play rugby and be that hulky?  
Some father he is.

That kid should be enjoying his high  
school years and asking girls out for  
the first time.

Thirty minutes later he walk  
in,wearing a vest, and short track pant  
and Nike sneakers.

He hug me, "I'm so sorry for leaving  
you all alone,I had to get you  
breakfast"

I smile, "It's fine.You didn't tell me  
your son is over"

"He came at 1am,you guys have met?"

"Not really, I sort of bumped onto him"  
I say.

He yell, "Sthelo"

He appears after a few seconds.

"Baba" he say standing by the door.

His eyes are fixed on me.

"This is my girlfriend, Fikile but you  
call her Ma. If you're not comfortable  
with that say Aunt" he say.

"I will say Aunt, if that's okay with you  
aunt" he say.

I smile, "You can call me Fiki if you  
want"

"Hell no" Skhu say.

I give him a look.

"You look familiar" he say.

I shrug my shoulders at him and smile.

"He is Sthelo" Skhu say.

I already know that.

I look at Sthelo, "You have a cute name and look old for your age"

He look pleased, "Well,thank you"

"Right, we will find you in the kitchen"

Skhu say.

He walk out,I turn to him.

"He is 15years?"

He chuckles, "And very stubborn, you'll have to very firm "

So my life is taking another turn.I'm going to be a stepmom or aunt of hulky young boys.I wish I can predict future,but from where I stand it is livid.I'm about to step into shoes that aren't mine.

Will they fit me? If they do,what if the owner of them returns to claim back what's hers?

## Chapter Hundred & Eight

### Simtho Biyela

.

I love my parents but,they are taking over my house and I need my space.Dad is sitting like taxi owner on my couch, his wife keep feeding him my food.

"How much are you going to eat my food?" I ask my mother.

She turn the steak in the pan and ignore me

I'm surprised,they came here specifically to give me support.Or so I thought.

"Won't you tell Donald to bring a classic drink?"

Bathong! I give her a bored look.  
What is a classic drink? They love alcohol too much. Unfortunately I got rid of every bottle while pregnant.

"Your father is thirsty" she say.

"There is juice, tea and water" I say.

He set the plate, throw two rolls at the side and mayonnaise.

"You need grocery. I don't understand what Junior is eating in this house, no wonder he is so pale"

She doesn't know that Junior survive on Spur and Debonnairs. Don disobeys my healthy eating rules, that I make lying on the couch.

He has become my kitchen manager.

He is the one in charge of breakfast, lunch, snacks and dinner. As a result I haven't lose baby weight, instead I'm

gaining extra kilos.

"You don't eat a lot" she say throwing a small piece of meat on my plate and one roll.

"I eat a lot" I argue.

She pick their plates and place them on a tray.

"You are not supposed to eat a lot,that's what I meant.You need to lose weight"

I follow her with my slim plate.

"I don't care about weight,Don doesn't care either" I say.

Don hasn't said anything about me gaining weight,he love me like this,he is the one feeding me anyway.

"Trust me he is never going to say anything but,those chubby cheeks aren't cute" she say.

She came all the way from Mandeni to  
diss me about my weight.

"Thanks for the words of support" I  
say loud,for Dad to notice.

He look up,I draw sadness on my face.

"What words of support?" He ask.

I glare at mom,she is not even paying  
attention.

"Mom was telling me how I look ugly  
and fat" I say.

He look at her with disapproval,

"Mama what are you telling my  
daughter?"

I sit relaxed on my one seated couch  
waiting for him to take my side and  
show her flames.

"She need to work on losing weight"  
she say serving him.

"She doesn't owe anyone a weightless

body. She have many things to worry about than thin bodies."

I have a tiny smile cracking my lips.

"A woman should always look great, no matter what. Our schedule and sadnesses must not be our unpleasant looks excuses" she say.

As I wait for dad's comeback, sipping my juice.

"She look beautiful, weight has never defined beauty. Weight control should be done for healthy purposes not good looking. Stop bashing my daughter to normalise your beauty standards"

Taking another sip!

"Baba you are...."

One look, she shut up.

"Do you want more meat baby?" He ask.

With a huge smile, I nod my head.

He shift, "Come"

I wink at mom and hurry to squeeze myself between them.

"Be ready to take comments on social media" she say.

Dad is cutting meat into small pieces.

He chuckles, "Let them say anything they shouldn't say,I will deal with them individually"

"All they will do is form a hashtag,like [#SimthoLoseWeight](#)"

She is not going to stop,is she?

"I don't care" I say.

"Sbusiso and Ziphelele are not slim, you will not be genetically lost" dad say to me.

Right.

Later mom cleans up while I watch

Supersport with dad. It's not my favourite channel, but I need to be here I don't want to be around mom.

"Your sister is in initiation of becoming a sangoma" he say.

I frown, "What?"

"The sangoma we consulted with your uncles said she is under supervision of ancestors and that can only mean one thing" he say.

I can't believe my ears.

He hand me the remote, "At least we know she is safe, even though we don't know when she will come back"

I press mute on the remote and stare at him, my mouth hanging open.

"Did you tell others?" I ask.

"Yes, where is Fikile?"

I shrug my shoulders.

Ziphe is going to be a sangoma??? I'm in denial.

"New love!" he say reversely.

My attention is grabbed.

"Who is in new love? Fiki?" I ask.

He raise his eyebrow.

"Come on dad,I know nothing" I say.

"Me neither"

Now I have to milk this information outta him.

"Did you see anything that indicate that she is dating? I haven't seen her properly" I ask curiously.

He shake his head and yell for mom to hurry up.

"Dad" I say shaking his arm.

He laughs.

"Fikile is not my peer so I don't know what goes on in her life" he say.

"But you said she is in new love"  
He sigh, "Because she disappears  
without anybody knowing, receive  
Woolworths gifts and have that Nkosi  
boy popping in her office then they act  
like business associates"

I flip my mind.

Who is Nkosi boy?

"Who is this Nkosi boy?" I ask.

"Our Inkandla neighbour's son" he say.  
I know if I ask more questions he will  
snap.

"Oh the one who herd the cattle!" I say  
pretending to be in deep thoughts.

"No, that boy is highly educated"

Oh! One tick from me to him.

"I know him, he drive a silver grey  
Mercedes" I lie.

"I don't know, he have a number of

cars. He is very humble, my brothers always ride in his cars whenever they want to go somewhere" he say.

This guy already have couple of points in my family. Who is he?

"So you like him?" I ask.

He frown, "Like him? No, Simtholile. He is scheming with my daughter"

Ouch!!

"Fiki is old" I say.

"That's my daughter"

I keep my opinions to myself. I need to know more about this arising new love in my family. I've been in a shell too long, things are happening and I'm in the dark.

I see them to the door. They give me tight hugs before leaving.

Mother dearest cooked me some

vegetables. She doesn't listen, I will eat what I want.

I will snoop around Fiki's life soon, for now let me watch Truth Bombs Mom.

And who is that?

Did mom turn half way to remind me to eat butternut?

I open for whoever it is. I lower the TV volume.

"Hello"

I didn't expect to see him here. He has a bunch of flowers in his hand.

I smile, "Hey"

He leans over and gives me a tight hug. Right?!

"I didn't expect you here" I say.

"These are yours" he says.

"Wow thank you, you can put them over there" I say.

Damn! I was supposed to take them and smell them.

He come and sit down opposite me.

"Long time, hey" he say looking around.

"Indeed"

He brush his hair, "I'm sorry I never checked on you"

I smile "I know you are a busy man.How is my sister?"

"She is great,had her hair dyed yesterday"

That's like Zethu.

"What colour now?"

"She said it's not maroon so I don't know" he say.

"You are coping though. I mean,with her" I say.

He laugh, "I can handle my girl"

I sit up straight, "I've been hoping to have a private moment with you"

He bite his lower lip,cute!

"You know what I'd love to know" I say.

"No I don't"

He is fooling me.

"Come on,Tyson.You know I saw you,I want to know why"

"I seriously came to check how you're doing" he say.

"I know and I will be more fine if you give me closure"

He sigh, "He was going to kill you,that's would've destroyed Zethu"

"You could've stopped him or shot him to injure him" I say.

He grin, "You miss that wanker?"

"Yes,he was part of my life"

He stare at me.

"Does your current boyfriend know?"

He ask.

"Nothing wrong with questioning my mystery" I justify myself.

"He gave me a reason to eliminate him,which was my long time wish"

Now here is the truth!

"You kill people? Just like him" I say disgusted.

"No" he protest.

I throw a cushion on him.The white liar!

"Yes,you operate just like him.My sister is in danger"

He stand to his feet, "You are taking this the wrong way.I'd never hurt her"

"Sit down in my house!" I firmly say.

He exhale and sit down.

"What made you choose her? Why not your type" I ask.

He frown, "What is my type?"

Duh!

"Same race as yours"

"Black and white is a good combination" he say smirking.

He have time for games, I don't.

"Really?" I ask grossly.

"You want to know why I'm with her, right?"

I nod my head.

"She is beautiful, she doesn't fake herself and she can stand up for herself. Imagine what she'd do to me if I lifted my hand on her, I'd probably die the next day"

He is stabbing the wounds.

"Is that all?"

He smile, "Nope.She accept me for who I am and have a permanent place in my heart"

I exhale "I will be watching you like a hawk"

"Just because I killed your wanker?"

I shoot him a look, "He was the father of my child"

"I'm sorry,I wish the other guy was the father" he say.

White and arrogant, weird combination.

Just then the other guy emerges from the door.He look at him surprised.

"Tyson thee tycoon" he say.

I'm grateful to the brown foodie bag on his hand.Bye mom's cooking.

"Hello man" Tyson say.

He look at the flowers, "You bought my

girlfriend flowers, I will buy Zethu a lingerie"

Tyson smile, "Please do, tonight"

"What a game!" I say sighing.

"Did you hear Ziphe is becoming a sangoma out there?" He ask.

Tyson frown. Don doesn't know anything about private stuff.

Oh Tyson is family too!

"I hope it's untrue" I say.

"What is wrong with being a sangoma? She will tell us our problems, paste her face white, walk barefooted with lot of animal skin bangles around her"

"Sounds scary" Tyson say.

"Nothing is scary, she is still a human" I say.

Don laugh, "Except that she will now cough, emitting snuff with her nose"

I can't believe Don is making fun of Ziphe like this.

"It's not funny"

I'm getting irritated.

"Thapelo will have to burn incense every time before slaughtering a vagina"

Tyson gasp, "You're kidding! I need to prevent Zethu from becoming one"

I glare, grossly, at Don.

He cough, tap down his feet and growl loudly.

"Say Makhosi Tyson" he say.

Tyson frown, "Why?"

"Just say it" he say.

He cough again, Tyson say hesitantly.

"Mackhosi"

Don laugh, "Camaku!!"

I wish I can find this as interesting as

him, but my mind is refusing to accept that Ziphe is gone to becoming a sangoma.

It's far fetched. From being kidnapped by an enemy to be in initiation of becoming a sangoma. It doesn't add up.

## Chapter Hundred & Nine Nozipho Biyela

.

I don't understand why my husband has to be the one to deliver the bad news to Thapelo. This should be handled by adults.

"Do you really think she will come back as a sangoma?" He ask me.

I sigh. This dress won't fit me. I'm

squeezing myself in it and holding my breath. Being pregnant can be very frustrating, especially when you have to look good for the public. I shop every weekend, clothes grow smaller within a blink of Sena's Bullseye lashes.

"Yes, sangomas are trained to see the unseen isn't?"

He sigh.

"Make fast"

I turn, give him one of my murdering looks.

"You're not even helping me put this on, can't you see I'm pregnant?"

He put his cellphone down.

"You should've asked" he say walking toward me.

Right now I feel like crying. We should

be in this together.

"Leave it" I say, controlling my voice.

He stubbornly put his hands on my dress. I yank them off and walk away with the back of the dress unzipped.

He follows me, begging me to stop. I tell him to keep his precious hands to himself.

He think it's a joke. I walk to the kids and tell them I'm going to buy them pizza.

I grab my bag and walk out. I wait for him in the garage.

"Babe you're walking half naked" he say.

"Unlock the car" I say sternly.

He put his hands on the waist, shake his head and exhale.

He get on his side without a

protest.Good for him.

I sit at the back, relaxed with my arms folded before my chest.He should turn the music on.

"You are angry, seriously Nozi?" he say his head turned to me.

I'm humming a song.He sigh and turn ahead.

I wonder how long is Ziphe going to be in that unknown place.Bab' Biyela said it could be years. I wonder if Thapelo is going to be able to hold on.

Some people went for sangoma initiating and never came back. Some came back after five years.Few men can wait that long.It is not fair to wait for someone that long.It is not fair to be dumped over a calling you couldn't defy either.This is tricky.

Their marriage has survived it all but this could be the last straw and we can't pin the blame on neither of them. How is Thapelo keeping up? Living in this huge house they bought together must be a torture alone.

"Must I open the door for you?"

Is that even a question?

I roll my eyes and lean back on my seat.

He come open for me, I get out. His eyes are fixed on my back. I lead the way.

"Look who is here!" that's Mandla.

"Hello Mokoenas" I greet striding to them.

"Hi" Thapelo say.

Zanda appears and frown. Thapelo and Mandla are stealing glances at each other secretly smiling.

"Are you okay?" Zanda asks.

I smile, "100% fine"

"Here comes the husband" Mandla say.

I look at Sbu walking in.

"Guys what happened?" Zanda ask.

Sbu walk straight to the fridge without greeting.

"Oh! He refused to help me dress up. Apparently I'm all alone in this" I say.

"What a pervet!" Mandla say sarcastically.

"Me and you riding the same boat" Zanda say.

Thapelo laughs. It is good to see him laughing.

Mandla look at her apologetic. I wonder what happened.

Sbu walk back and sit next to me.

"I'm dying a slow death" he say.

He have a death wish this one.I share a certain look with Zanda.

"I heard your father was here" Thapelo say.

I'm the first to exhale.Silence follows.

Sbu clear his throat first, "Yes he came by"

They all look at him.They hope for better news.

"She is gone to where sangomas are trained, so the sangoma they consulted said"

I'm trying to read Thapelo's emotions.

"Why?" Mandla ask.

"Nobody knows why.It's what it is,the bad thing is her return cannot be predicted" Sbu say.

Zanda stand, "I need to process this"

She drag her feet and walk away. Ziphe is her friend so I understand. We all have to get over it and make peace until she comes home.

"Umhhh...that was unexpected, but I guess she is fine wherever she is and that make it better" Mandla say.

"How is it better Mandla?" Thapelo ask.

"At least we know she is alive"

He stand and limp two feet away,

"What about me? Her husband"

Mandla look at Sbu. I didn't expect him to be happy, but he should be relieved at least.

"People who go for that shit return after decades. What am I going to do with myself in the meantime?"

"We are here for you" I say in

consolation.

He chuckles, "You guys won't be my wife, my smile keeper, I won't share my bed with you. I need her to be here for me, she vowed before the priest that only death will do us apart"

Sbu stand up, "She have no control of her own damn life right now. Be considerate for a minute"

"I've been considerate all my life. It doesn't matter anymore, I'm destined for pain and misery it never pays out" he limp away.

I turn to Sbu, "You shouldn't have shouted, you know nothing about consideration yourself"

He sit down, "Get off my back Nozipho"

"Get your heart and brains back" I say.

"Now is not the time for pregnant

couples' fights.Nozipho go talk with him" Mandla say.

I pull myself together and follow Thapelo. He is taking a whisky shot.I doubt that was prescribed on his medical release.

"Not now Nozipho" he say.

I sit on the chair and look at him,not bothered by his uninviting look.

"You understand it wasn't her choice right?" I ask.

"I don't care whose flipping choice it was,I feel like hell anyway"

"Do you love her enough to accept her for who she is going to be?" I ask.

He shake his head, "My love can't be questioned, but hers can be.She has left me,again"

"Unwilling" I add.

"You don't understand, you can't. You are on your bed every night with Sbu's arms wrapping you. You hear his voice every minute, he is always there to nurse your cravings and emotional tantrums. He doesn't turn his back on you, you never go to bed not sure of your future. Nozipho your heart has been bent a couple of times, mine has been broken over and over again by someone who vowed to love to death" I rearrange my braids. This is hard for him.

"So you are giving up Thapelo?" I ask.

"What other choice do I have? I need to let go"

"You are still married" I say.

He touch his wedding band, "It is over Nozipho. It was just me holding on for

nothing. She'll gladly sign divorce papers when she comes back,she will be free at last"

I frown, "You are not thinking clear Thapelo."

"With an injured leg,empty house and hollow heart,my mind couldn't be any clearer. I'm sure people of her type aren't even allowed to associate themselves with males" he say and gulp another shot of whisky.

I let out a huge sigh.Such shocking news go better with hamburger and chips.

"You shouldn't be drinking" I say.

"Does it matter?" He ask.

"With or without her you owe your life decency"

He pours another shot, "I don't have a

life,you are mistaken there"

This man is a disaster. It's not fair on anyone to go through all he has gone through.

"My mother's daughter, the only blood relative I had,has cut me out of her life.She hate my guts.And now my wife,my only hope is gone. So I'm going to be decent for what? For who?" He say in despair.

"You don't know what future holds"  
He pull a chair, "It holds a divorced sad man with nothing to live for and a bunch of happy friends"

"You are not alone" I say.

"Physically"

Just then Sbu walk in.

"I shouldn't have lashed man,apologies" he say.

"Tell the kids to come over tomorrow"  
Thapelo say.

"Why?"

"I'm throwing my late babies a party"  
he say.

Excuse me!

"What is that called?" I ask shocked.

"A party,I acknowledge them. They  
deserved to live, but the cruelty of this  
world reached them before my hands  
could hold them"

I'm speechless!

"Wow! That's a good thing to do bra"  
Sbu say.

He look at him blankly then lift his  
glass with a huge grin.

I need to find Zanda!

## Chapter Hundred & Ten

Sena Biyela

.

Beside everything that is happening in the family the day was a success. I don't know how much my father charged Lwazi, but the satisfied smile on his face tell me he is twice a rich man he was. My poor Lwazi!

"You are getting married soon" that's Aunt Lydia walking in.

"Yes, I want a December wedding" I say.

"No, sooner"

What does that mean?

"They are coming back with Izibizo next month" she say, clearly excited.

"Why don't I know anything about this?" I ask.

She stop eating a pawpaw slice, "Don't you want to get married now little mouse?"

"I do"

"Good,next month Lwazi said he want a wedding date from us after izibizo ceremony"

I'm shocked.Lwazi said nothing to me about wanting to get married soon.

"I need to call him" I say walking out. On my way I bump on Fikile smiling at the cellphone screen.

Who is she fucking now?

I find a quiet spot and dial his numbers.

He answers.

Him; My love

Me ; Hey babe

Him; You are still coming back to

Durban tonight?

I sigh.

Me ; Uncle Thobela said we're spending the night here

Him; Aargh that man hates me!

I don't even want to know what he said to him.He was born a hater.

Me ; What is it that I hear about izibizo coming next month and wedding happening sooner afterwards?

Him; Next month feel like two years but I will wait,I've waited four years

Me ; (with a huge frown) Ah babe how am I supposed to make all preparations in such short time?

Him; You have sisters,we can also hire twenty people to help out.I want you officially

I blush. Anger is flushed away.

Me ; I want it to be a family wedding  
then

Him; Anything you want, but I'll invite  
my colleagues too

Me ; As long as those people give gifts  
worth of R3000 it's fine, but they must  
not be more than ten

Him; I love you mamakhe, okay

Me ; I love you too myeni wami

He laughs.

Him; Soon to be, kiss my son for me  
I drop the call with a huge smile on my  
face.

"Sex call?"

I turn around. It's Zethu with a cider on  
her hand.

"Hey you unmarried woman" I say.

She laughs, "It's going to be a long  
night. Did you agree to the sudden

wedding?"

She knows too.

"Why not? That's my man, not a stranger"

She smile, "I'm going to cut a cake"

"A couple cut the cake themselves idiot"

"Did you see Fiki?" She ask.

I stop and look at her.

"What is making her happy?" I ask.

She take a gulp, "I've been cracking my head trying to connect the dots"

"Why is she suddenly secretive about her love life?" I ask.

She shrugs, "Maybe it's a sugardaddy or a man with one eye"

I cover my mouth and laugh.

"Laughing at what bitches?" It's Simtho.

My sister look better now,her spirit has lifted.She has gained a bit of weight,but she look hella fine.

"Madam Fikile might be dating one eyed man" Zethu whispers.

"He is fine"

Whoah!

We are over her.

"Let's go to my room" she say.

We follow her.Did she introduce Simtho and left us out?

"What are you up to? Don't touch my wine in the kid's bedroom" Aunt Lydia say.

"You put alcohol in kid's bedroom?" I ask shocked.

"I didn't put,I hidden it" she say relaxed.

Zethu clap her hands, "And here we

thought our aunt is a born again Christian. Now who is going to represent us in heaven?"

"Jesus himself drank wine. Who are we to go against Alpha and Omega?"

We burst out laughing. I knew church only changed her heart not her throat.

We carry on with our journey to Simtho's bedroom. We sit on the bed while she switch on her laptop.

She show us pictures. It's her with a dark man, with smaamaall eyes in a certain restaurant.

Wait, I know this guy.

"Is this the guy from the restaurant the other day?" I ask.

"It's him, the arrogant one with ingwe vest" Simtho say.

Zethu is frowning, trying to remember.

"I thought she disliked him" I say.  
Simtho laughs, "She is a twisted human being.I stalked them"

"What is his name?" Zethu ask.

"Skhumbuzo Nkosi,he is a very liked man back in Inkandla.Even dad threw a couple of compliments to him"

Simtho say.

I gasp, "Dad knows?"

She laughs,"That is Sherlock Holmes"

"What do you think of him?" I ask  
looking at them.

"He lack style, but he is handsome"

Simtho say.

"I need to meet him first before making a remark" Zethu say.

We look at her with disapproving looks.

"Fiki is probably keeping him

underground, how are you going to meet him?" I ask.

"By coincidence"

"What are you up to?"

Simtho instantly close the laptop. Zethu look at her up and down.

"Why are you quiet? Were you gossiping about me?" She ask.

"We are planning Sena's wedding"

Simtho say.

"Minus one plate" she say looking at me.

I can see right through her eyes, she is sleeping with this guy already.

There is a knock, Simile appears.

"Gogo want her ulcers' medicine that was in my room. I don't know anything about it, she insist it was in my room" he say.

"Which gogo suffers from ulcers here?"

Fiki ask confused like all of us.

"Gogo from Durban"

Aunt Lydia!

We all go with Simile to see what is happening.

"Aunt what are you looking for?"

Simtho ask.

She glance at Simile then glare at us.

"My medicine, I'm not playing with you three" she say pointing at me, Simtho and Zethu.

"Why did you put medicines in my son's room in the first place?" Fiki ask looking under bookshelves.

"You three will not sleep until I get my medicine" she say.

It dawns to me.It's not the medicine, but the wine she told us not to touch.

I laugh, "We took no medicines"  
Then there is a voice singing not far,  
"When A...Woman... Loves.No it doesn't  
say that.It says When..A...Sister...  
Loves,she get us money..Mo-ne-y..Mo-  
ne-y..She get us moooo-ne-y"  
Where is Nozipho?  
He have a bottle on his hand,staggering  
back and forth singing. He is kaak  
drunk. I'm so glad the kids are not here  
to witness their father/uncle like  
this.Only Simile will be traumatized.  
"My brother!!!" Zethu praise.  
Aunt Lydia charge to him and grab the  
bottle on his hand.  
"Thief!!" She say.  
He doesn't care,he carry on with  
singing.I've never seen him this  
drunk.Zethu is clapping her hands

while he sing.

We have a big fight to witness in the morning.I shall not miss it,so I must sleep early.

Chapter Hundred &Eleven

Zanda Dlamini

.

Our time is up.We've stayed with Thapelo,now he is back on his feet and unfriendly like a thirsty traffic cop. I love him,he is my boyfriend's best friend but he has changed and I'm scared of the person he has become. His has developed a close friendship with booze.All of his friends have tried talking sense into his head,but he made it very clear whose mouth and

money that alcohol consume.

I'm packing our clothes in our temporary bedroom. Mandla is with him in the lounge. I try by all means to be ten feet away from Thapelo. I don't get along very well with angry people. There is a knock.

"Come in babe" I say trying to zip one of the suitcases.

The door opens.

I exhale, "It's good you are here, come close this suitcase"

"Zanda it's me"

I turn around quickly. It's Thapelo.

I move to the other side of the bed,

"Oh! I thought it was Mandla I'm sorry"

He look at the suitcases. He walk and zip up the one I was fighting with.

"Come here Zanda"

My eyes are about to pop out.  
He is tipsy.His scar look deep today.  
Where is Mandla?  
His head bend down, his shoulders  
move up and down.  
Why is he laughing?  
"You are scared of me.Jesus! Come  
here I'm not going to bite you"  
Does he know how intimidating he is?  
Or how unfriendly his face look.  
"How are you?" I ask,trying to act bold.  
He touch his chest, "Me? Does it  
matter. How is my friend's baby  
treating you in there?"  
Where is Mandla?  
I told him I don't want to be alone with  
Thapelo.  
"He or she is fine"  
He nod.

There is that look that send shivers down my spine. The one that penetrate through your eyes to the stomach.

"You are just like her. A version of an angel. Purenness and innocence written all over."

I sit on the edge of the bed and look at him.

"Looking good without making any efforts. I know exactly what attracted Mandla to you, it's what attracted me to her. I saw a future in her, but more than anything I saw myself, as a better man, through her eyes" he say.

"I'm very sorry for what you're going through"

He shake his head, "Don't be. Just do me one favour"

I blink and stare at him.

"Don't change" he say.

"What do you mean?" I ask confused.  
He come and sit next to me.He put his  
hand on my shoulder.

"Don't change, he loves you.My friend  
love you Zanda,just like I loved her.She  
changed along the way,I accepted the  
changes thinking she was growing  
up.Indeed she was growing  
up,growing up to leave me"

Ziphe have no idea how broken her  
husband is.She have no idea how much  
love she has left behind.

"Thapelo I'm sorry"

He shed one tear.I don't know if he is  
crying because of the pain or it is  
alcohol making him cry.

"I miss her everyday. It's hard to let go  
of something you adore so much"

I put my hand on his back, "It's going to be fine"

"I don't want things to be fine, not without her. If she is not here, nothing need to be fine. It's pointless"

Now that I'm calm and out of my fear shell I could ask some questions.

"You want to divorce her when she comes back?" I ask.

"Divorce is only a process of making married couple break up official. We will be only making it official" he say. I exhale, "I never thought I would see that day come. You were my ideal couple."

"It suck being me Zanda, but I'm happy Mandla found you. All the pain he went through have been washed away" he say.

"Yours will be washed away too, we serve a living God"

He chuckles, "God hate some of us"

I look at him shocked.

"Don't ever talk like that" I say.

"It's God himself that advise us not to lie. Why do I have to lie about him? He has never done anything good for me. He give me only glimpses of how happiness look like"

"You are here today because of him. Be grateful for the little things he does for you, bigger blessings will follow" I say.

"I want no blessings"

He has never put his foot on the church door, otherwise we wouldn't be having this argument.

"Do you have any wishes?" I ask.

He frown, "Yes"

"What is it that you wish for?"

"A car accident or anything that is going to damage my brains so hard that I lose my memory permanently"

I gasp in shock.

"I don't need all these memories" he say.

I resume packing the clothes.He has shocked me to the core,I can't even look at him.

"So why were you scared of me?" He ask.

I shrug my shoulders.

"Come here" he open his arms.

Hug?

I disappear on his chest.

"Take care of him Zanda.Don't ever change, okay" he say.

"I won't. Don't change either, you are

not a drunkard"

He put his head on my shoulder and exhale. I let him be. He need us more than ever.

When he finally untangle himself there is shadow passing by the doorway. I look at his eyes, they are red with alcohol and pain.

"It's going to be okay" I assure him.

He nod and sit on the bed.

I walk out to check whose shadow was it. I find Mandla taking shots from Thapelo's whisky. He can't take his own advice this one.

"Drinking is becoming a tradition in this house" I say behind him.

He turn around, "Is he calm?"

"A bit"

He nod, "Maybe if we stay with him a

little longer he will end up completely fine regardless of circumstances"

"Do you hate your house,mister?" I ask.

"No,do you hate my friend ma'm?"

I roll my eyes.

"I will carry on with packing, drink fish" I say walking away.

I find Thapelo collecting the hangers on the bed.

I notice something I didn't notice before.

His ring is gone!

He removed the wedding ring.

## Chapter Hundred &Twelve

It was easy to recognise him, even between hundreds of people. She has seen him on TV,newspapers and social

networks.If she could get him she could get a temporary shelter over her head for a couple of days.Then she could figure things out.

She knows his wife disappeared with no trace.Her face was on every board in Durban.It could be the reason why he is here,looking like a tsunami survivor.

She take a few steps forward, she is still not sure how to approach him.His face doesn't look inviting, it never does.Not even when she bumped on him with his beautiful wife on couple occasions months earlier.

She needs money,so it's him or another night on the street looking for favours.

"Do you need company?" she ask,flashing a nervous smile.

He doesn't even bother to look up. She is not sure whether he heard her or not.

"Hi would you love some company?"

She ask louder.

He give her a look that send cold shivers down her spine. She should just walk away. Yes, she must leave.

But, her mother needs the money. She must develop some backbone. She is in charge now. Her mother depends on her. She must take the responsibility her brother left her, she must make means and those means must work.

She grab a sit opposite him. He size her with his eyes. She is astounded when she see how sober his face look.

Get a grip Phindile!

She smile, hiding any traces of fear her

face might show.

He doesn't smile nor take his hair-raising eyes off her.

"I'm Phindile" she say giving out her little hand.

She look at the hand, then back to her face.

How do urban girls do it? Hooking themselves up with men.

"Do you even have matric?" he ask calmly, but ghastly.

The question doesn't make her comfortable. Is she that transparent?

He doesn't wait for her to answer,

"Wearing skimpy dresses in night clubs while you're supposed to be busy with your future"

She didn't come for lectures. He

doesn't know her therefore he have no

right to judge her. Beside there are lot of girls her age here.

"I came to have fun, just like everybody else" she say.

He shake his head, "Are you having fun?"

Why is she lying? She didn't come for fun, she came to look for those Durban rich men who are said to have itchy hands and have no problem with providing money.

"The question should be, are you having fun? If not, I'm the girl to talk to" she say boldly, trying to sound sexy and appealing.

He fold his fist, clenching his jaws.

"Young lady, be out of my face before my heart take a third beat" he hiss.

Did she say anything wrong?

"I know your wife disappeared, you probably need to get some steam off"  
He bang the table, great that the music is loud and people are minding their own drinks otherwise all eyes would be on her.

She stand immediately, "I'm sorry sir"  
He click his tongue, "Fuck off from here!"

She disappears.

He is left alone, with his sorrows. Tricky how people claim to find solace in the bottle, but with him his problems are still clear as daylight. When he walks out the club, his feet are a bit heavy. It's just after midnight, he finally remembered his bed.

He notice a human figure scuffled next to his car. Probably a passed out

person.

It is the same girl from earlier. One of desperate hookers, he think to himself.

"Hey you tikline, what are you doing here?" He roars.

The poor girl stand up slowly, "I..my brother I'm not trying to..."

He click his tongue, "Get the fuck off here"

She take steps back and stop with her hands clasped together.

"I'm begging you, please assist me with a job at least"

Is this a joke? Who said he is a walking hiring company?

"Send CV's to hiring companies, geez!"

He open the car door, but he is touched when she speak again.

"My mom haven't eaten for three days,

I promised her I will send money. But the truth is I don't even have the place to stay,from tomorrow"

"If that is some sob story you use to get free money then you're making a huge mistake" he say looking at her.

She take out a cellphone, scroll down then pass it to him.He reluctantly take it and read on what's on the screen.

His heart tears.He look at the young breadwinner before him.

"Where is your father?" He ask.

"He died when I was young"

He feel sorry for her.He know how it's like to have nothing.

"Don't you have older siblings?" He ask again.

Her face change.She look like she is about to burst crying.

"Don't you?"

She exhale, "I had a brother, a loving brother, one night he left us without any notice. They say he is not dead, he in a sacred place guarded by ancestors. It's been five years, mom lost hope. I had to take over, mom fell sick"

He stare at her, without a single blink.

"He just left without any reason?" He ask.

She shake her head, "He didn't live a happy life, but that was within him. He took a selfish decision, if the ancestors led him then they are selfish too. We needed him, mom sent him to school with our last penny so that he can have a better life and dust us up with him"

"Get inside the car" he say.

She look shocked at first, then hurries

to the other side.

"Seatbelt!" He say, but to her it felt like roaring.

"How old are you?" He ask.

"I'm eighteen" the girl says.

"Eighteen? And what's your name?"

She introduced herself inside the club, but no offense she tell him again.

"I'm Phindile"

Surprisingly they get in the house and find Zanda in the kitchen having coke and cream buns.

She stand up when she see the company Thapelo have. The intimidation she usually get from his presence vanishes. Who the fuck is this?

"Good morning" Thapelo say.

Zanda look at the watch, "It's not even

2am"

"But you're up,I brought you a friend"  
he say.

Zanda look at the girl,with pure hatred.

"I'm okay friend wise,I don't replace  
people that easily" she say and walk  
away.

Thapelo catch up with her.

"She is a girl in need, like you were  
once upon a time" he say.

Zanda burp from coke,she doesn't even  
care,she burp again.

"Stop doing that" Thapelo say.

"GOOD NIGHT lovers"

Thapelo sigh and turn to the girl and  
lead her to the guest bedroom.

## Chapter Hundred & Thirteen

Zanda Dlamini

.

The stomach growl is the first thing I hear when I open my eyes. I look around. I'm all alone on this bed.

Where is he?

I look for my cellphone under the pillows. Well there is a text message from him. He had to rush for an early meeting, he will come see me by lunch time.

My skin cringe as I think about the girl Thapelo brought home yesterday. As for Thapelo, it's going to take me sometime to get over what he is doing. He is very quick to move on.

I have to get up and make this hungry baby food. I walk to the bathroom.

I'm glad there are two rooms,with long passages between this bedroom and the main bedroom. Hopefully I'm not going to bump to them as I make my way to the kitchen downstairs.

I breath out in relief as I find no trace of them down.I'm only going to make breakfast for me,and Thapelo because he is injured.His mistress will sort herself.

I'm going to make normal breakfast; bread, eggs and chutney.I set the table for the two of us and send Thapelo a text message to come down.

I won't wait for him,I dig in.He walk down shortly but,his mistress is not with him.Good!

"Good morning" he say.

Yes,sometimes he can be very

intimidating but not when I'm angry with him.

I give him a nod.

He sit on the chair opposite.He is no longer using the crutches.I don't know if the doctor gave him that order,or his stubborn mind did.

"Where is our guest?"

When he say 'our' who is he including? Hopefully not me.

"You want coffee or juice?" I ask.

"I'm having a Firstwatch"

Really dude?

"Sorry, it's not on the menu" I say.

"Yes, it's in the cabinet"

He is getting deeper and deeper in the booze land.Sadly there is no stopping him.

I pour him a juice, he take it with no

argument.

Just when I think I'm having a peaceful breakfast the girl appears looking drained with the same clothes as last night.

I need to breath. I'm also a guest here. "Good morning" she say in a shallow voice.

"Hey,come join us"

I need to fix my eyes on my plate otherwise I'm going to puke.

"Zanda!"

I look at him.He give me a silent look that ask me to feed this girl.

"I only made food for the two of us" I say and shift my focus back to the plate.

"Umhhh..I can walk to the garage and grab something. I have R50 with me"

she say.

I clear my throat and pick my glass of apple juice.

"No go fix something in the kitchen. After breakfast we need to go fetch your stuff from the landlord" Thapelo say.

I guess they are making it official. The girl walk to the kitchen. I raise my head and look at Thapelo.

"So you no longer need me and Mandla, I mean this girl can take care of you right?"

He sip the juice, "I'm helping this little girl, her brother disappeared. Her mother is suffering from TB, she need a place to stay and a job to sustain a living and take care of her mother"

"And you jumped to the rare

opportunity to save her?" I ask.

He chuckles, "You, more than anyone else, must know how it is like to have nothing"

I nod, "You have a valid point there, but life has taught me to be careful as to who I let in my life. I was lucky Mandla found me, he was also lucky he saved me. But what happened to Marcus, won't happen to Jonathan"

"So what do you suggest MaDlamini?"

He ask.

"Be careful, don't let anyone take advantage of you"

He exhale, "I get you"

I smile, "So what's her name?"

He frown.

What? He doesn't know the girl's name.

We burst out laughing.

The girl walk back with a plate of few slices of bread and a glass of juice.

"What are you eating with that bread?"

Thapelo ask looking at her.

She look down shyly.

"Butter"

"Is that okay with you?" Thapelo ask.

She nod.

"So what's your name? Bread and Butter?" I ask.

She doesn't get the joke.I wouldn't too,I mean I was a bitch toward her minutes ago.

"I'm Phindile" she say.

"Where do you come from? How old are you?" I ask.

"Yo!!!" Thapelo say and bite his bread.

"I'm from Eshowe but now mom live in

Darnall she have an RDP there,I'm eighteen years old of age"

"You could've been my hommie" I say. She nod.

"Eat,her questions will never end she is pregnant"

I look at Thapelo disapprovingly.He must stay on his lane.

I don't know this girl's full story but I'm going to be civil in this whole situation. I hope Mandla will come with better solution than to have Thapelo accommodating a strange girl in Ziphe's house.

Maybe he can look for a place for her,then Sbu can help her with a job while they cover her bills for that period.

I give her my dress so that she can

change before leaving. Thapelo didn't forget about his Firstwatch. He went to his study with the bottle and asked me to tell him when the girl is ready.

"Sisi I'm ready" she say walking to the kitchen.

I turn around. The dress doesn't fit her properly.

"Okay I will call Thapelo" I say and walk away.

"Sisi just a minute" she say.

I stop and look at her. She look uncomfortable.

"I'm sorry for coming here, I promise I will stay in that room and not invade any of your space"

I exhale, "Look Phindile, I don't hate you or your presence. You are a guest, keep it that way"

She nod, "I promise"

I smile, "I will help you with anything as long as I can. I will give you my numbers when you come back"

"Thank you"

I find Thapelo glued to the laptop with a glass next to him. My eyes run to the screen:

EVERYTHING TO KNOW ABOUT  
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I clear my throat, he close the laptop instantly.

"She is waiting for you" I say.

"Tell her I'm coming" he say dismissively.

I walk and stop before I exit the door.

"You can wait?" I ask.

He look at me. He knows exactly what I'm talking about.

"The first month is hard. How would years feel like? I don't know, what if the wait isn't worth it? I don't know, like seriously"

I nod and close the door.

He walk down after a while. I need fresh air. I follow them out shortly. I drive to Zethus place.

Why is her boyfriend not at work? They are on the couch talking and laughing. They are cute together.

"Hello" I greet.

Now I feel like I'm invading their space.

Maybe I should've driven to my pregnant partner Nozipho. We would've talked about cravings, baby clothes and discussed milk formulas and baby foods prices.

"Welcome to my place doll" Zethu say  
her face lighten up.

"I've been here before,more than  
hundred times" I say sitting on the  
single couch.

"Whatever! Say hi to my boyfriend"  
she say.

I want to roll my eyes.

"Hi Tyson" I say.

He smile, "Hello stranger"

"Fikile is dating a guy from  
Inkandla.Can you believe she haven't  
told us anything but she was the first  
to know when we got these love of our  
lives?"

She doesn't level her speeches,she go  
straight to the point.Honestly I don't  
know how to gossip in front of a man.I  
don't want to paint that image about

myself.

"Maybe she will tell us,they are still getting to know each other" I say.

Tyson stand up, "When all these gossips spill out I don't want to be the suspected source"

I laugh, "You can stay,she will stop gossiping"

"I know better" he say.

He give her a long,intimate kiss.They even groan to each other.Don't they know anything about appropriation?

"I'm sorry,her lips are addictive" he say looking at her affectionately.

I'm glad when he disappears because the pink colour on Zethu's cheeks disappear too.

"How many times do you guys get intimate per day?"

The question just pop out of my mouth. Anyone would've been shocked by it, but not her.

"Maybe twice during the day. At night we only stop when we fall asleep"

I gasp, "And when do you fall asleep?"

"Eleven to twelve, it depends"

I'm really starving my Mandla. I need to up my game.

"Don't have a prescribed place where you do it. Be it the kitchen, balcony, bathroom, garage or pool" she say.

I laugh.

"Bedroom is my prescribed place of the deeds, I've had a few couch incidents and bathroom ones" I say.

She shake her head, "Don't be a lady for sex. Sex before marriage is a sin, that

make us whores. So why act like a saint fixing the priest's collar, be the whore that you are and make your sin worth the punishment you will receive in heaven"

"Imagine if the world was ran by you. Toxic!" I say.

She laugh, "I can't be bad in the kitchen and be bad in the bedroom. Pick one struggle"

"So Tyson is a great cook and you are a great whore?" I ask.

She give me her thumb and laugh. She go back to Fiki's subject.

She talk a lot, laugh a lot and make all sort of facial expressions. It's actually funny to be with her. She make every situation look easy and funny. She make life look like a nice Nigerian

movie, and everyone is starring. She really feels excluded from Fiki's love life and making it a big deal. I'm only going to meet that person when Fiki decides it's an appropriate time. Unlike her who is meeting the guy tonight, by coincidence.

## Chapter Hundred & Fourteen Fikile Biyela

.

He is getting used to eating in restaurants. He has been begging me all week to go eat in this traditional food place his colleague complimented. So far I don't think anything could go wrong in our relationship, but that's

what everybody think in new relationships. This man loves me more than he love his ingwe vest.

I have hired a person to sort that Ballito house, which he see nothing wrong with. That day I had to drag him to the shops and make him buy proper grocery.

He said Sthelo eat selectively what's on his diet circle. I still don't get the fuss that boy have over sports. I don't think he likes me, the only time we talked was when he wanted me to pass something on the breakfast table.

Other than that he was talking with his father about sport or paying attention to his tablet. I hope the younger ones are more welcoming.

So here I am again, struggling with

make-up and suitable outfit. Unfortunately today I couldn't get that girl, she is away with her boyfriend. I can't ask my sisters either because once they insert their noses I will never have peace in my life. I'm planning to introduce Skhumbuzo to them after two months or three. I need to enjoy the beginnings first.

I have multiple African designed dresses that aren't for cultural functions only, but appropriate to wear anywhere. Since we are going to a traditional restaurant I will have to wear one of them.

I fit each of them and get no satisfaction. Maybe I should try skirts. Like they do, I tuck in the white T-shirt, put African printed highwaist

skirt and black heels.I look amazing,like a decent Zulu girl. I would've wrapped a matching scarf on my head,but I'm not good with head wrappings.I put the earrings and make last touch ups on my face.

My heart sinks when he walks in.He is wearing a track pant and Bafana Bafana jersey on top. But he smiles,my heart wake up and beats two times a second.

"You look amazing MaBiyela" he say. I wish I could say the same about him. We hug and kiss.Sometimes I don't believe it myself,I have a boyfriend! He loves me too.

"How are you?" He ask. He was asking me the same question over the phone probably fifteen

minutes ago and I told him I'm fine.

"I'm missing you" I say.

He smile, "How can you miss your man when he is right here?"

"Yes he is here, wearing soccer a jersey on our way to the restaurant" I say flipping my lashes.

"I bought this for R350. Maybe I should've wore it all, with soccer shoes"

That would've got everyone taking pictures of us and posting them on social networks and making me front page joke.

"Now you really need a stylist that's going to be in charge of what you buy and wear, when" I say walking to take my bag on the couch.

"What is a stylist?"

I sigh, "You went to varsity, you should know different careers and jobs"

"Oh"

I walk in front of him. He always insists I walk in front, with reasons that he wants to watch out for me. Then he'd be walking behind me complimenting even my foot heel.

"Sthelo has been asking questions" he says in the car.

I look at him frightened, "What questions? He doesn't like me?"

He glances at me with a frown.

"He was asking me about his mother" he says.

I don't think I want to have this talk right now.

"He now understands and can't wait to meet one of your sisters he named"

A smile creep out from me, "Which sister?"

"You have twelve sisters, how would I know?"

I don't have twelve sisters.

"It's just me, Ziphe, Zethu, Simtho, Sena then there is Zanda and Nozipho" I say.

"That's twelve people"

He mustn't make me angry.

"You should collect your primary school fees" I say.

He laughs.

To say this place is beautiful would be an understatement. Walking through the entrance, looking at the African designs on the walls, make me feel like an untouchable Zulu girl.

The waiter lead us to the table. Mr Nkosi here is smiling and looking

around with a proud smile.

He pulls out the chair for me. Who taught him?

"This place is a wow" I say.

"Stick with me, I will take you to all wow places" he says with a smirk.

I laugh, "Your friend recommended this place, it wasn't your idea. You've only taken me to township hall and made me watch indlamu"

"You were taking pictures and recording" he says proudly.

I went to watch him. He was the best of them all. The way he was leading his group and singing made my tits dance. He was doing it with so much determination. I fell in love with him again. I've fallen in love with the three of them. The stupid him, the

unfashionably him and indlamu leader.  
Time to order. I can't find anything I  
want here. It's all sort of traditional  
food, from samp with usu to dumplings  
and phuthu.

"I'm having a dumpling and cow's  
inside parts" he say with fascination.

"I still don't know what I'm going to  
eat"

"Have umgxabhiso" he suggest.

I shake my head, "I'd rather have  
phuthu and imfino"

He look at me smiling, "So you love  
imfino, just like my mother"

I do like imfino, maybe not like his  
mother but I do.

We place our orders and get drinks in  
the meantime. I'm glad they have cold  
drinks, for a moment I thought they

sold ijuba and magewu only.

There is maskandi music playing softly, my man here know all the songs and lyrics. While watching the surroundings my eyes bump on a familiar girl wearing black glasses and a big hat.

"Who is that watching us?" He ask.

I'm still in shock, disbelief and anger. She can't act like a decent person, just for once. She has upgraded herself into a sister stalker, wow!

"The second youngest brat" I say.

"You know that girl with big summer hat?" He ask.

I exhale, "Skhu I just told you that is my young sister"

"No, you said brat"

Argh whatever!

"She is here to annoy me" I say looking at her.

She is pretending to be reading the menu now.

"Invite her to our table" he say.

I widen my eyes, "It's a death wish"

He lean back to the chair, "I understand you don't want people to know that you're dating me, but I wanted to be a good person"

I look at him and sigh. He look disappointed, that make me feel guilty a little. I stand and go to where she is.

"You are being ridiculous and a witching bitch" I say.

She take the glasses off. I can wipe that smile off her face.

"Hello suster"

1..2..3..4..5

"Zethu what do you want?" I ask slowly.

"I'm here to eat isijingi (pumpkin porridge)"

I click my tongue, "Come join us"

I'm left standing, she has dashed to the table in a lightning speed.

"Babe this is my sister" I say.

"Which one from the twelve?" He ask.

He want to annoy me.

"I'm Zethu, the most beautiful one. Who are you? Never mind that, is Bafana Bafana playing today?"

See, this is what I was avoiding.

Skhu, is not the one to take offense that easily. He laughs.

"You are indeed beautiful" he say.

Oh the smile on Zethu's face.

"Thank you. I hear you are worshipped

back in Inkandla"

What? We are both frowning.

"You've been snooping around?" I ask in awe.

"No, Simtho have... So brother you look like a black China"

I clear my throat, "Zethu we came to eat in peace"

"Uh shut up! Who is her?" She ask Skhu.

Skhu laughs, "Did you order anything?"

She grins, "No, my boyfriend is white I think I should take him here one of these days"

I give Skhu a look that says 'I warned you'.

"Where did you meet him?" Skhu ask.

That get her smiling, "He stalked me, disappeared like a smoke and

showed up again"

Skhu doesn't understand it, but he nods.

"So did you meet this tall one in a strippers club?" She asks pointing at me.

He looks at me with a frown, "No"

I need to clarify this now than later.

"I drink at home, or with them" I say.

He looks relieved. So what if I was going to strippers clubs?

He looks at Zethu, "So you drink too?"

"That's part of life, it goes without saying"

He chuckles, "It's part of having money to waste"

"Are you a Shembe believer?" Zethu asks.

He touches his head, "Babe do I need a

hair cut?"

I laugh "No,you are fine"

"He only need to wear appropriately"  
Zethu says.

"I'm not a girl,I dress up to cover my  
body.You dress up to get attention" he  
say.

I can't believe this man.

"We dress to be representable" Zethu  
explains.

"I have nothing to represent, I'm not a  
model" he say.

"You are irrogant" Zethu say.

He smiles, "Because I don't want to  
wear suits like your arrogant father?"

"My father is not arrogant" Zethu  
argues.

"Nor Sthelo's father is" he say  
smirking.

Zethu look at me frowning, "He have kids?"

"Yes,three sons" I say.

"Where is the mother?"

This is why I wanted some time before letting them know.

"She left" he say.

"That's good, and she mustn't come back unless if it's for her kids"

I'm glad when our food arrives, that means we can talk less.

"What am I going to eat?" She ask looking at us.

"Order something" I say.

She shake her head, "I want to eat now"

If I slap her now Biyela will be here five minutes later in a killer mode.

She pick the chair and go next to Skhu,

"I will share with my brother-in-law"  
My heart sinks. Skhu came here  
because he love traditional food. She  
doesn't wait, she grab the fork and  
knife on the table decorations.

"Okay you cut the meat, I will cut the  
dumpling. Do they sell white wine  
here?" She ask.

"No, this is not a bar" he say cutting the  
meat.

She stop cutting the dumpling and  
start eating. She should wait for  
him, this is his food.

"So there is no salad?" She ask.

"Normal people come to this place, they  
don't eat dumplings with salads" he  
say.

I like how he is handling her.

She has eaten half the food when Skhu

start eating. She will pay back for what she is doing to my man.

"I'm hosting a house party next weekend you are invited, there will no elders"

"Zethu!!!" I say warningly.

She look at me, "Focus on the leaves you're eating"

"Skhu doesn't like house parties" I say.

"No,I love house parties" he say defensively.

"What is a house party?" I ask him.

"A group of people drinking inside the house" he say.

Sigh!

"You don't drink" I say.

"But I love watching you drink"

He just want to come.Zethu grab Skhu's glass and drink all the coke

inside. Instead of tearing my mouth and draining my voice about it I raise my hand for that waiter.

## Chapter Hundred & Fifteen Fikile Biyela

.

I owe it to whoever called Zethu. She was still making dinner a hell for Skhu when a certain call came. She was sad when she left, but she assured Skhu that they will see each other soon. I hope soon is not soon.

Strangely Skhumbuzo took no offense in anything she said, he was putting her in her place or laughing it off. I'm relieved he has dealt with the main bitch, but there is still Sena and

Simtho.Sigh!

"How does her boyfriend manage?" He ask again.

"Tyson is young and carefree like her"

He chuckles, "I like her.She is highly spirited and very genuine"

I sigh, "Let's go"

I want to spend the night with

him,again.Yeah, curse me all you want but I want more sex,yet we are still in phase 'Getting to know each other'.

He look at me, "Let's go to my place then I will go drop you at your house later"

He read my mind.I hide my smile.

"Unless if you don't want to..." he say trying to read my face.

I fake a sigh, "Fine"

He is now worried,he doesn't know

that the first thing I'm going to do when we are in his bedroom is to strip these clothes off and suck his black pipe. I didn't do that the last time. It's time I show him why Mvuse kept coming back. Ok, I don't want to talk about that fool. I heard his wife came back to him, after he apologized and apologized and told her I tricked him with muti. I don't even want to confront him. Him and I are no longer on the same level. I date black Chinese accountants/auditors/ndlamu leaders. He turn down the maskandi song he has been playing.

"Am I rushing things?" He ask.

Now?

"What things?"

"Love things" he say.

I laugh, "I'm not a village girl, I want sex immediately"

I think I need to filter what comes out of this mouth. I always shock him with my plain responses.

He recovers from the shock, "I never thought I'd meet you"

"Yeah, I choose who I meet up with" I say.

"I didn't know you before I saw you, get over your fame zone. I meant I never thought I could meet someone who will fall in love with me and be honest like you"

I laugh.

"Oh, you think I'm in love with you?" I ask.

He smirks, "Believe me you can't live without me"

His ego!

"How did I live all these years?" I ask.

"God sent some fools to hold my place while I was building up my life for us"

I stare at him. He glance at me then smile proudly.

"You need a blow job" I say.

He laugh and shake his head. The so-called cousin's place is actually his place. I haven't been in Durban North ever since my sleep-over. Lungile calls me every chance she get. I like her, I've started calling her 'zalo' like Skhu.

"I still remember what you said" he say.

"What did I say?"

He ignore me and get out. He come open the door for me. He is not telling me what I said, but he look very

excited.

I lead the way as usual, but I stop when I hear him groan behind me.

Then...

He is on the ground. There is a man beating him with a stick.

I need to run.

No, I can't leave him.

He gets up immediately, he runs to the car. He is out with a stick too, they are fighting.

"Babe!!" I'm yelling.

I need help. I don't know where the flipping phone is. I need to call the police. My boyfriend is being attacked.

No no no!! He is bleeding. He is still fighting and shielding himself though.

I should help him. Biyela didn't raise a cheese girl, I know how to throw a fist.

I look around,I see a stone.I pick it up and aim at the attacker.It goes over his head.I take out the shoe,this time it hit him.

He stop immediately and look at me. Skhumbuzo look at me too,then he look at the shoe I threw. I waste no more time I charge to the guy with the other shoe on my hand.He jump and run away.

My breaths are escalating, I turn to Skhu.

"Babe!!" I'm crying now.

I pull his head down to me to inspect the damage.

"Love it's not what you thinking..."

I cry louder, "Where is the security of this place?"

He is trying to hold in laughter.What's

funny?

"That's Nqubeko sthandwa sami stop crying"

I don't stop.

He pull me by the hand to the house.Why is he so chilled?

Lungile is watching TV,she turn it off and rush to us.

"What did you do to her?" she ask.

She should be worried about her cousin,who is bleeding from the forehead.

"He was attacked just outside" I explain.

She frown and look at Skhu.Skhu start laughing.

She roll her eyes, "Oh,Nqubeko! Don't worry about them,they always do that."

"Who is Nqubeko?" I ask confused.

"My brother (laughs)..it is stick fighting"

I need to breath.

"He attacked you" I say.

"That was just a tease.They do worse some days, you should save your pretty tears for things that matters" she say.

Are they kidding me?

"Go clean yourself zalo" she say.

He give me an assuring look before going.

"This is not healthy" I say.

She smiles, "He is a man.What kind of a man doesn't know how to fight and defend himself?"

"They scared me" I say.

She look at me down, "Should we buy

you shoes?"

How do I say this?

"No"

She look at me weirdly then turn on the TV and lower the volume. After a while Skhu walk in.

He sit next to me, "Are you okay?"

I nod.

He kiss my forehead, "Don't be scared"

"You scared me Skhumbuzo"

He smile, "I love you"

I exhale.

Then he appears. My shoes on his hands. I should've seen the resemblance.

Is he not going to come in?

Skhu start laughing, "Coward!"

Lungile look at him, "Are you standing over our heads little brother?"

He look at me with fear written all over his face.No ways!

"Is she calm?" He ask Skhu.

"Come sit" he reply laughing.

He sit opposite us,uncomfortably.

"I got your shoes" he say.

I'm embarrassed.I can't believe I raised my hand or shoe on his brother.

"Thank you" I say shyly.

"The heavyweight champion you see next to me is my woman,the one I told you about" Skhu say and kiss my hand.

"So you are untouchable now,yo!"

"I apologise for the silly intervention,I thought you was attacking him" I say in a big girl manner.

He sit relaxed, "Yo MaBiyela you surely can hit with a shoe.I think I need a doctor"

He is exaggerating.

"I think you boys need to know your lane now, otherwise MaBiyela here is gonna do unimaginable things to you nc nc" he say.

I pinch his arm.It's not funny.

"I apologise for everything I ever did wrong to you Nkosi" Nqubeko say to Skhu.

Now they are making it a joke.

Skhu hold my hand, "This is my brother Nqubeko, he comes after me" I look at him, nicely.He is a version of him,with normal eyes though.He must be in his late twenties.

"Nice to meet you" I say.

He smile, "You are indeed beautiful. Is it safe for me to bring your shoes there?"

Lungile laughs, "Slap him babe"

Now they are taking this far.

"Seriously?" I say.

I take the shoes and head to the bathroom to wipe my feet. He follows me.

"I'm only wiping my feet and coming back you know" I say.

He close the door, "Remember the deal"

We have a deal?

I frown, "Nah"

He smile, "I think we have to lock ourselves in the bedroom"

He can't be serious.

"Skhu, your brother is here and I was joking" I whisper.

"Okay let's go to your house"

My word!

I leave him there and walk to the lounge.

"You should visit MaMvelase she has been dying to see you" Nqubeko says. Okay, their mother knows me.

I smile, I don't know what to say.

"Babe I think we need to go, you have an early meeting tomorrow remember"

I look at him, he keep a straight face. I don't have an early meeting.

"So when are we officially meeting her?" Nqubeko ask.

"Soon" he say taking my hand.

There is no turning back.

"It was nice meeting you Nqubeko. We will be in touch Lu" I say.

The man in front of me is on cloud nine already. What did I put myself into?

## Chapter Hundred & Sixteen

### Fikile Biyela

.

The way he is excited is making me doubt my 15 years experience in the D sucking industry. What did I get myself into?

"Here we are" he says as we arrive.

He drove so fast! Tonight he is not making me walk in front, he is leading the way. By the time I walk through the door, he is already drinking a glass of water. I've never seen anybody drinking water like this man.

"Is it for beautiful skin?" I ask.

He frowns, "What?"

"Drinking 50 litres of water daily"

He doesn't understand.

"It's what ladies do. Do you want a sandwich?" I ask.

Now I'm delaying. I'm nervous what do you think.

"Let's go sleep unless you're hungry" he says with a little smirk on his face.

I open the cupboard, "I can do with a pack of peanuts"

I grab a Kit-kat he bought days ago. I unwrap and break a piece for him. He doesn't take it when I offer, instead he is looking at me with a smile.

'You're making this whole thing awkward " I say munching.

"I never thought you had this side" he says.

I look at him, "What side?"

"The scared one"

Oh he think I'm scared!

I raise an eyebrow, "I'm scared of what?"

He hold his front, "Of Nkosi"

I laugh.

"I'm not" I defend myself.

He finish his water, "Find me in the bedroom. Ciao"

I laugh out loud. Skhu, ciao?

It's my turn to have a glass of water. I'm Fikile, the top dog! Skhu need to know who he is dealing with. I strip the clothes off, unfortunately all my sexy under wears are upstairs so I'd rather be naked. I throw the clothes on the couch and follow up barefooted. I find him reading something on his cellphone. He feel my presence and lift his head up. His mouth hang loose, his

eyes are fixed on my lower body.

Check mate!

I catwalk to him, "Still up for a game Mr Nkosi?"

Instead of answering he clear his throat.I put one leg on his left side and hold his head with both my hands.

I brush his lips with mine.When he think the kiss is coming,I run my tongue on his face.I don't know if his hands are trying to push me away,I take his chin with two fingers and make him look at me.Yeah look at this bitch!

"I possess this body.At least for tonight" I say in the most seductive, slutty voice.

He didn't expect this.I softly suck his lower lip while staring right into his

eyes.I push his hand back when he try to hold my head.Not now.

"Maybe we can do this better with no clothes on"

Did he hear what I said?

I lift his Bafana Bafana top, he help me get it off.I smile and kiss his chest one..two..three,he lose his breathing pattern.

I use my knee to push him to the bed backwards.We kiss.He is very hungry.I should give him more tease.I run my tongue down to his neck while pushing my hand into his bottom.Ow things are already tough in the Nkosi premises!

I pull down the trackpant and boxers.The mighty Nkosi firmly stand up against all odds.I massage him with my hand while going for his wet lips

and devouring them.He try by all means to get me off,wanting to shove me under.

I stand by my word.I go down on him.His breathing turn into deep moans.I go down with my throat,he sit up and hold my head.I lift my head up,his eyes are closed.I shove my tongue into his mouth then push him back on the bed.

"Babeee co..me on!" he say out of it. I feast on it.He is begging me to stop,then plead me not to stop simultaneously.

When he start getting restless, getting up and lying back again I press my tongue more,then suck him for dear life.

"No babe...love no please" he say

gripping on my hair.

He try pushing me away, but I stubbornly stand under the rain with my mouth wide open. He jerk off some, then a loud groan follows. I give myself a high five.

He kneel down, next to me. Our eyes lock, I smile.

He make a face, "I'd love to kiss you" I nod.

He push me gently until I lie on the floor with my back. He lean over me and start kissing me.

"You are mine Fikile and I'm all yours" he say.

I moan as he suck on my breast. He push my legs apart with his hand and run his hand in my cherry.

He lift my legs to his shoulders, hold

my baby lips apart and  
stare. Awkward!

"Babe" I say.

"I love you" he say shifting his eyes to  
me.

"I love you more"

I feel his tongue separating inner  
flesh, his finger going in and out of y  
cherry. I'm lost in the moment. My  
screams are filling up the room.

"I need you babe" I scream.

His head disappear between my  
thighs, he is moaning as he eat it. I need  
to feel him inside, but he doesn't let go  
of my legs. I fail to hold in. I splash on  
his face. My whole body shake.

"Fuck I love you" I whisper with my  
eyes closed.

He is breathing heavily. I feel his arms

lifting me up.He put me on bed with my stomach down.He part my legs and squeeze a pillow under my stomach. "Mine,yours babe" he say sliding in behind.

I enjoy every thrust.I return every moan.He is confessing his true love for me nonstop.I love him and somehow it feels like I'm making love for the first time.Maybe I am.All I long I was just fucking.

He fall next to me and lift me up to his chest.I lie on his chest and feel his heart pounding.His eyes are closed,his mouth is slightly opened.I put my hand on the side of his face.He open his eyes and look at me.

"I love you" I say.  
He blink,twice.

"I love you too, more than I ever imagined. Tell me anything you want, I will do it, to prove myself"

I smile, "Never break my heart"

"I will never, you are my queen"

I kiss his forehead. He laughs.

"I'm not a kid, give me a proper kiss" he say.

I get off him, "Never, who knows where that mouth have been"

"What?" He laughs.

We go to the bathroom and take a shower together. I bend over for him in the middle of showering, I want to hear him moan again.

He pull me to his chest as we lie on bed naked.

"You are very good" he say.

I smile, "I've been told"

He keep quiet and look at me with a straight face.I realise I just stepped over.

"I'm sorry,that was inappropriate" I say embarrassed.

His eyebrows form a V as he frown.He is not pleased at all.

"I did sex before" I say,like duh!

"I don't care,the only dick you're going to talk about is Nkosi here and the only vagina I'm going to talk about is Apple there.Now till forever"

Apple?!

I sigh, "Fine,you look ugly when you are angry"

"You look ugly when you cum"

I hit his chest, "Are you crazy?"

He laughs "Trust me,you don't want anyone else to see you like that.At least

I don't judge you"

"It's doggstyle every time then" I say  
turning my back on him.

He kiss the back of my neck, "I love you  
with every fibre I have in my  
body.Maybe we should make this  
official, because I'm never going to let  
you go.Not you"

I take a deep breath, "My family is a  
little bit crazy"

"Especial your dad"

What is it with him and my dad?

"There is Aunt Lydia,my brother and  
Donald.I don't see them making things  
easy for you"

I am scared of him meeting my  
family.They will judge him and grill  
him with questions to the point where  
his marital status is accidentally

revealed.

"I can manage,I love you" he say.

He have no idea what those people are like.

"You have met Nqubeko.The others you will meet next week,it's Nkanyezi's birthday. Except for Nceba he is coming here tomorrow"

"Who is Nceba?" I ask.

"My little brother.He speak English better than white people, and he doesn't know how to stick fight like a man" he say grinning.

"He sound matured" I say that purposely.

He chuckles, "He is older than my dad,trust me"

I laugh, "I guess you are more close to Nqubeko since you're both stupid"

"Yeah I got the chance to toughen Nqubeko up,with Nceba I was not around I had started varsity when he came from my uncle's to stay at home" I nod.

"I can't wait to meet him"

"I can't wait for you to meet my kids.They are grown charming young men,just like that one of yours" he say. I take a huge sigh, "Simile! I don't know how he would react,I've never introduced my boyfriends to them.Except the other day when he wanted to beat shit out of my ex for making me cry"

He laugh out loud, very amused.

"I saw that one isn't about games.What happened after? This is cute" he say.

"It's not cute"

"I hope they accept me.You are my future, I don't want anything to stand between us"

I exhale, "I know"

"Push your butt to me"

What?

He pull me to him. I feel his erection poking me.

"Aren't we sleeping?" I ask.

"Apple is too warm,I can't control myself"

Ahh fuck!!

"Mine,yours babe"

Chapter Hundred &Seventeen

Zethu Biyela

SORRY I CAN'T COME

OVER,SOMETHING CAME UP.LOVE

## YOU ALWAYS

My heart sink immediately. It's been two days since I last saw him. I've cooked dinner, you know what I mean, but I prepared dinner for us. He promised me he will spend the night with me today but again something has come up. Maybe I'm too used to spending most of my days with him. I should stop being a nuisance wifey-girlfriend and let him be. When he get time he will come to me.

Since I can't eat all this food alone I decide to pack it and go with it to Thapelo's place. He is still my brother-in-law, he needs us more than ever. When was the last time I checked on him? I'm awful.

I call Zanda to let me in. She sound

bored over the phone. We need to catch up. She is forever indoors, wobbling food.

She come to the car, dragging slippers. I roll my eyes.

"I thought I was the ugliest woman on earth, but look at you" I say passing the containers to her.

"What is in here?" She ask.

"Food"

"Meat?"

Gosh!

"Fish" I say.

She smile, "I love you"

"Whatever! You need to take 'pregnant lady' beauty tips from Nozipho"

She doesn't care. Tomorrow I'm dragging her to the salon. She also need sexy outfits. I want them, her and

Nozipho, to do a photoshoot.

Mandla see me first, "Who are we without you?"

"Hello guys"

Oh! there is a new face.

"Hey, it's like you knew we were starving" Thapelo say.

I sit, "Thanks to Tyson for ditching me. Who is this?"

Why are they looking at me like this?

"This is Phindile" Mandla says.

I give him a look, "And who is Phindile?"

Thapelo look uncomfortable. What is going on here?

"She is Thapelo's friend, she is in need of a place to stay and currently looking for a job"

I look at the girl. She is too young to be

looking for a job and I don't know her,as Thapelo's friend.

"So Thaps you decided to turn my sister's house into 'Unemployed Girl's Shelter'?" I ask.

"Yes"

He is testing my good heart.

"You know I can chase her out, right now?" I say.

He chuckles, "Of course you can, you don't know how it is like to have no job,no food and no shelter"

"Are you fucking her?" I ask.

His face turn red.I'm glad I'm his sister-in-law,he can't beat me.

"I'm not. She is just a kid"

I smile,he is mad.

"Hi Phindile" I say to the girl.

She is frightened,

"Hi"

"I'm Zethu, this is my brother-in-law" I introduce myself.

She nods.

I don't know why I'm so insecure about her being around my sister's husband. She must be eighteen or something, and that is the dangerous stage.

"I stay alone in a huge flat,I need a room mate" I say mindlessly.

She look at me surprised, "But I don't work"

"We have a restaurant in town,you can come and waiter for us" I say.

She smile, innocently.

"I'd appreciate that, but..." her smile fade away.

"What sweetheart?" I ask.

"I don't have matric" she say clouded with shame.

"And I don't have Honours" I say. She frown.

"Tomorrow you will move in with me, then the following day you will start training"

She get on her feet, "For real? Oh my God. I must call mom"

She walk away excited, punching her phone. I turn to Thapelo glaring at me.

"What?"

"That's how much you don't trust me, really?" He ask, fuming with anger.

"That doesn't matter, I don't trust myself with living with someone. I mean, how am I going to do my stuff?"  
What did I get myself into? Sometimes I don't think.

"To hell with you Zethu! I love Ziphe..I mean I loved her"

I raise my eyebrow.He click his tongue.

"I'm not going to date people under my age again.I've been there,done that and got burnt" he say.

I exhale, "I'm sorry.She can stay with you"

"No it's fine,take her.Just don't teach her bad habits.Her mother depends on her, she also need to go back to school next year.Don't charge her for house expenses I'll cover that up"

He has always been the big brother, with Mandla.I wish he had kids,to spend all this protectiveness on.

"You are a good guy,unlike Tyson" I say with a sulky face.

"I saw him in Getaway shopping

goodies"

Excuse me?

"When?" I ask.

"It was around five"

Why would he buy goodies for me then cancel on our dinner? He didn't even tell me he will go shopping. When he does shopping for his young sister I always tag along. What is going on?

"I need to go" I say.

"Zethu" he calls.

"Drop the girl at my place tomorrow afternoon" I say.

I pass Mandla feeding Zanda my fish.

He must learn to cook for her.

"You're leaving?" He ask with a frown.

"Yeah"

"Are you okay?" Zanda ask.

"I will tell you everything once I've

known whether to be okay or not" I say then walk out.

I get in my car and drive to Tyson's house. I need to know what is going on. He look astonished as his face meet mine on the door.

"Aren't you gonna let me in?" I ask.

He glance inside then look at me, "Hey babe"

Really?! I shove him aside and walk in. There is a skinny white lady drinking a glass of wine on the couch. My head start spinning.

I turn my head to look at him, he need to explain before I unfold my fists and open this mouth.

The lady look at me, "Who is this?"

"It's Zethu, I told you about her. My girlfriend" he say.

Who is she? That's what he should be explaining.

"Oh! Your black girlfriend. She is not that bad"

Tyson try to hold my hand, "Babe, this is Nicole"

"Nicole the wrestler, Nicole Scherzinger the singer or Nicole Kidman the actress?" I ask.

"No sweety, I'm Nicole Givanston, the wife" the skinny bitch say.

My knees feel weak. I look at Tyson.

"Darren's wife, her son is sleeping upstairs" he say with trails of fear.

"He is our son Tyson, he know you as his father" she say angrily.

"Yes he is" he say awkwardly.

"This is what came up?" I ask glaring at him.

"Babe..."

I give him my hand, "I need a glass of water"

"Can I talk to you?" He ask following me to the kitchen.

I stop by the counter and look at him. I'm so proud of myself for being this calm.

"You are mad at me?" He ask.

"What is going on here?" I ask.

He blink, rapidly.

"Huh?" I demand the answer.

"She is Darren's wife, she brought my son over"

"And that was hard to tell me because?" I ask glaring straight into his stupid eyes.

He keep quiet.

"Do you need a break so that you

attend to your family?" I ask.

"No, I love you baby. I'm scared you guys won't get along, they need me"

I exhale, "You know I thought you were this powerful, clever businessman who knew how to set boundaries and maintain his personal life accordingly. I was wrong, but maybe I wasn't. You just don't love me enough"

He step toward me, "I love you. God knows I do. I just wanted to spend time with my twin's family. I don't want him to think I deserted them"

Do dead people think?

I sigh, "I have no problem with that, I have a problem with you keeping that from me"

"Is it too late now to say sorry?" He ask.

I smile, "No"

He put his hand behind my neck and slowly put his lips on mine. I missed him. I've never been this crazy about someone's lips before.

"I'm sorry my love" he whispers.

"You're forgiven" I say my hands running over his chest.

He smile, "And you were here to get a glass of water"

"No I'm okay now"

He laugh, "Okay I need you to do one thing for me"

I look at him.

"Don't take anything she say to the heart. Ever since Darren passed on she is always angry. She need love, not hate. Be patient with her"

I don't know how to feel about this. The

woman look naturally rude. But I nod in agreement. He kiss my forehead. "You will see Danny in the morning" he say happily.

"Who said I'm sleeping over?" I ask.

"Your yummy pussy"

Oh! I crack with laughter.

"Tyson go check on Danny" she yell from the lounge.

I look at him, "Really?"

He sigh, "He is always having nightmares"

"That's bad, go"

He look at me hesitantly. I give him an assuring look then walk to Nicole, she is scrolling on her phone disregarding my presence.

"Your hair is excellent" I compliment her.

"That's what Tyson always say,thank you"

I let out a chuckle, "He doesn't lie"

"At least not to me"

She put the phone aside, "All the Givanstons have beautiful hair. It's a pity,you are bringing a new different generation with your hair type"

She doesn't know me.

"I bet it is" I say.

"I should take him for a haircut tomorrow, plus he need new boxers"

I'm going to strangle this bitch.

She smile, "Tyson barely talk about you, so tell me about yourself"

"That's for another day.It must be nice being married to the twin, if he dies you don't care to visit his tombstone with flowers and cry your lungs

out. You just bring your skinny ass to the living twin and wooola!"

She blink twice, "Are you trying to mock my husband's death?"

"You are white, you are supposed to know English better. Your husband died, Tyson is my boyfriend. Stop acting like his wife, be his brother's widow." I say in emphasis.

She laughs, "I am a Givanston. You are just a chick, passing by. Don't get on my nerves"

"You can keep your name, but keep your claws off my boyfriend and go visit your husband's grave" I say.

"What's the fuck?" Tyson's voice say behind me.

I meet his face, he look murderous.

## Chapter Hundred & Eighteen

### Zethu Biyela

.

He excuse her. She walk up the stairs crying her eyeballs out. He wait until she disappears than take a few steps toward me. His jaws are clenched, he look so angry.

"Tell me my ears were deceiving me" he say.

I don't move an inch. He stop near my face.

"You talk shit to my brother's wife, huh?"

I don't cry, I'm Zethu. That's what my

innerself keep saying to me.

"You have no idea how rude she was to me.Are you perhaps fucking her?" I say calm as ever.

"I asked you a simple thing,to sympathize with her.Instead of that you talk shit,poke on her wounds and get fucking insecure for shit" he roars.

"You didn't tell me by sympathizing with her you mean I must take her rudeness and racism.I tell you what, I don't let people walk over me,boyfriend's brother's widow or not"

"Don't provoke me.You need to learn to respect people in my life,go up there and apologize" he say.

There is a loose screw in his head.I look at him,not able to explain his

stupidity.

"Respect is a two-way street. I'm not gonna go around wasting my respect, she must work for it. I didn't kill her husband, give..."

He grab my top, breathing heavily.

Fortunately the bottle of wine Nicole has been drinking is inches away from my hand. I grab it. I grew up in Mandeni, inhaling Sappi smoke with Squmbe taxi drivers fighting in front of me. Before he can blink there is a broken bottle in my hand.

He let go of me, "What are you doing?"

"I'm glad you have a chance to ask. I'm waiting for you to make the biggest mistake of your life, then you will see what I do" I answer, devil rising all over.

"You're nuts" he say in disbelief.

I chuckle, "You think, you and your white little family are gonna have your way with me? No, you're wrong I will fuck you up before I allow you to put your hands on me"

He exhale, "I would never put my hands on you, I don't know what came over me"

"Is it?" I ask.

He look at me, "Zethu put the bottle down. Let's talk"

"Funny! Go fuck your brother's wife, I don't care. She might buy you new boxers"

He frown, "What?"

"Her words, not mine. I hope she makes you happy"

I walk away, fighting tears that

threatens to come out. My heart is broken. How dare he attack me without getting the full story? How can he choose her over me?

I get in the car and drive out. My heart is heavy, but I don't want to break down. I'm going to be okay. It happens, people choose other people over others all the time. I'm not the first, nor the last. It's life.

I don't know how I managed to sleep, the last time I cried like last night was when Loyiso died. My heart break all over again as I recall how he grabbed my clothes, looking like he can kill me and sleep peaceful at night. He looked at me like I'm some cockroach.

I check my phone. There is nothing from him. Not a lousy 'sorry' message. I

swallow the big lump on my throat and get up.

I take a long warm shower, mix it with my tears then get out feeling one percent better. I don't have time for makeup and match-dressing. I wrap a doek around my head and wear long ugly maroon dress. I don't know who it belongs to, I probably stole it from Nozipho long time ago. I do steal their clothes.

I drive to Wimpy and order breakfast. My mind is roaming faraway. I only eat a slice of toast, my appetite somehow deplete.

I drive back to my place and wrap myself on the couch. It suck being single. I didn't even get a good morning text.

Phone disturbs me.It's Sena,I sigh.

"What?" I answer.

"Are you for real? Who goes out dressed up like that? You're ruining our name"

I sigh.

"What now,sister?"

I hear her grunt, "The pictures of you eating breakfast at Wimpy,dressed up like Gog' Flo"

Oh gosh! I can't deal.

"That's the least of my worries. Tyson and I had a big fight, and there is no light" I say.

"Come on,couples always fight.None of them ever went out looking like that"

She won't understand.I hate being hurt.

"I don't care,that's the important line" I

say.

She laugh, "This is the first,go speak with him.Make sure you are calm, don't bring any internal warriors.Have a logic conversation, talk some sense into his head if you have to.See your fault if you have.Love is not black and white"

"I don't know" I say fighting the lump in my throat.

"Trust me,people use you by your weakness in order to get to you.And your weakness is your temper. Put it in control"

I exhale, "I will go later"

"That's my sister"

"I have a roommate,she is going to be a waitress at Gala Diners from tomorrow" I say.

"Zethu you can't just hire people, we have an agency to do that for us"

I knew she would whine.

"I'll explain later, let the management know"

She sigh, "Fine"

"Tell Quinton I love him,bye"

"I want my dress back,that dress was bought by Lwazi.You are a thief"

"I've heard worse, bye"

I drop the call.

After her call,my father calls.I smile,teary.

"Dad"

"How are you feeling?" He ask.

"I'm good, how is mom?"

"She is fine,I'm also fine"

I laugh, "You are always fine dad.To what do I owe this call?"

"Can't I call my baby?"

I roll my eyes, "You can"

"Did he hurt you last night?"

My heart stop for a second.How did he find out?

"No.Why are you asking?" I say in a brave voice.

"Nothing.Let me know if he does something stupid. I didn't raise you to be played by white boys"

Really?

"Dad,I'm a big girl I can take care of myself" I say.

This old man doesn't get it.He just want to control everything. He give me eight warnings before dropping the call.

I log in my WhatsApp to return messages.There is an unknown

number that sent me a message.It's a picture.

It's them,having breakfast.

Now Nicole is taking it too far.Who gave her my number?

I delete the picture and block her number.

I'm here sulking because we had a fight, and he is with her eating breakfast looking all happy dovey! I'm not about to get on my knees and crawl for love.

Chapter Hundred &Nineteen

Fikile Biyela

.

I decide to have an early day, I need to do shopping and catch up with the

sisters.I need to convince Zethu to cancel her house-party so that I can host my dinner.Well, I'm not planning to invite my parents nor Aunt Lydia.I think it's better if I introduce him to the siblings first then parents.Beside my dad can get all Zulu and demand him to marry me.

I miss him,all the time. He is not the 'texting' type,he calls.I don't know how many times he call me a day.He is just the sweetest man I know.

I drive to the mall,do my grocery and decide to have my nails done.I grab a few jeans then drive off.

I might see him today, I don't know but I'd better cook dinner.I know how much he hate eating leaves like a rabbit, so I will do curry and rice.

I put the rice on the stove then go up to shower. My phone beep as I take the stairs down after dressing up in my casual clothes.

It's Zethu's text; I'M KILLING MYSELF  
And now?

I call her immediately, but she doesn't pick up.

Is she high?

I call Sbu, he answers after a decade.

"Big sister"

I'm freaking out.

"What is happening? Zethu is texting me saying she is killing herself"

He laugh, "Maybe with booze"

"She is not answering her phone" I say in frustration.

"Okay I'm going to go check on her, she better make my drive worth it" he say.

"Okay, let me know when you are there"

Zethu had never had suicidal thoughts. Maybe she is bluffing. Why would she kill herself, her life is smooth. Tyson love her to death.

I'm pacing in the dining room, impatiently waiting for Sbu's call. How slow can one person drive? Nx. I grab my car keys and dash out.

I get inside like a police officer.

"Zethu!!!" I yell.

Sbu reply from the bedroom. I walk there and find him brushing her head while she is lying on his lap.

"What is happening?" I ask with my heart pounding out.

"Tyson broke her heart" Sbu say.

I exhale, "What did he do?"

"He is fucking his late twin's wife, I hate him" she say breaking down.

I can't express my shock.Wtf!

"How did you find out?" I ask in astonishment.

"She sent me the picture of him sleeping in new boxers she say she bought"

Wait a sec..

"Who is this woman?" I ask.

"Nicole, she is a bitch and he stupidly take her side" she say.

Okay,now a certain bitch is tormenting my sister and Tyson is neglecting her and picking her side.I don't care if her husband died because of Tyson, I'm not going to let them make Zethu cry.

"I need to see this moron" Sbu say,filling up with anger.

"We must, but he must come over here. Zethu get up" I say.

I know exactly how people like Tyson operate, getting his ass here is going to be easy.

I quickly look for a lingerie. I know Sbu is going to hate this. I call Zethu to the bathroom.

"Why am I wearing this?" She ask.

I wink, "To get Tyson here"

She frown then slowly take it. She look so broken and hopeless. I know she love him and this is her first serious heartbreak.

"Sbu don't freak" I yell before we walk in.

He cover his face, "Get the fuck out of here!"

"It's not the first time you see a

lingerie" I say.

He curse, "Not on my sister.This is disgusting"

I laugh, "Nothing is revealed here.Open your eyes and help us"

He look at Zethu with a disgusted facial expression.

"You are stealing sex,but you go overboard for it.Why are you buying lingeries? For which fucker cause you're not married?"

Argh!! Brika.

"Not now..Alright, Zethu lie on Sbu's lap.I will not show his upper part,only you and his legs" I say getting my phone ready for taking pictures.

They look at me like I'm crazy.Sigh!

"We want to deal with Tyson,is it? Now let do something that's going to get

him here flying. We know his possessive ass" I say.

Sbu hate being a part of it.I totally understand, he is a black brother. In his head we mustn't wear all these kinky staff,only his wife must.Double standards!

I make sure not to capture his face.I forward pictures to Zethu's phone and order her to update her status with them.

Sbu walk to the lounge to watch soccer.We keep checking if he has viewed them.Five minutes later he has viewed them.Woola!

Zethu dress up,I go to the kitchen to prepare bucket of icy water.The door opens.

It's Thapelo and a little girl.My heart

light up.It's good to see him,he look better than before.

"Hello" he greet.

I smile, "Hello Mr Sunshine"

He laughs, "What is your brother doing here?"

"Watching TV,did they shoot your leg or eyes?" Sbu reply.

"They shot my dick"

I give them a look, "We are kids,hello"  
They laugh.

Zethu appears, "Oh Phindile you're here"

She knows the girl with a huge bag?!

"Guys this is Phindile,my roommate"  
she say taking the bag.

I look at Sbu with a frown, "You need a roommate?"

"No she need a room" she say then

order the girl to follow her.

Sbu turn to Thapelo, "Where did you find this girl?"

"Long story.Why are you all here?" He ask taking a seat.

Before we can answer there is a white angry face at the door. Sbu get on his feet.

"Where is Zethu?" He demand.

He get a fist against his jaw for an answer. Sbu have his collar in his hand.

"Who do you think you are?" He is asking.

Thapelo break them apart. Sbu is fuming.What I didn't know is that Tyson tried to put his hands on Zethu.I trusted him, he is turning out to be like Loyiso.

I should pour cold water over him,but I

stop myself. Let Sbu deal with it.

"I'm not cheating on her" he say.

Sbu is hearing none of it,he want to have him on his hands.

"I don't care, I care about you giving your bitch my sister's cellphone number.I told you not to hurt her,now she want to die because of you"

He remove blood on his lip, "I didn't give anyone her contacts.I swear you're making a mistake"

"Why are you here?" I ask, calmly.

"I want to see her"

He is lying.

"No you saw her pictures and thought she is cheating on you.Did she show up in your house when you sent her your picture wearing your new boxers?" I ask.

He look shocked, "What?"

"When pictures of you having breakfast with your wife were flaunted on her face did she show up on your door?"

He clench his jaws, "She is not my wife"

"Yes she is not, you are taking over your brother's place. Isn't you also took over his businesses? The game continues" I lash.

Sbu chuckles, "And he thought tagging my sister along his games would work. You are a mess bro! If you want to play Darren, leave my sister out of it" He try to speak, but the cat get his tongue.

"Guys I think that's enough" Thapelo say.

I grin at him, "No it's not, Tyson need to choose which life he want to live.Zethu doesn't need irrelevant drama"

"I love her" he say apologetic.

"Do you love her enough to let go of Darren?" I ask.

He keep quiet.

"I thought as much.Please get out of here" Sbu say.

Thapelo try to intervene, I stop him.Zethu appears with her arms folded.They stare at each other.

"Queen" Tyson say.

Zethu exhale, "Leave"

He look hurt by her words, he wait for confirmation.

"I don't ever wanna see you again"

Zethu say.

He shake his head, "You don't mean that"

Sbu push him out,he doesn't fight.He bang the door after him.I look at Zethu.Tears are running down her face.

I hug her, "He is not worth these tears"

"I don't get it.I love him so much"

I stay until Zethu fall asleep then leave along with Sbu and Thapelo.I wonder how that little girl feel with all that drama on her first day.

I park my car in the garage,but something rush into my mind.I left rice on the stove,I didn't even lock the doors.

I get inside the house on full speed and dash to the kitchen.

I stop dead on my track as I find a guy

sitting on my kitchen chair.He is wearing a three-piece suit,his eyes are glued on the cellphone.

"Who are you?" I ask my heart pounding out.

He look up, "Please forgive me for making myself comfortable.You were in a big hurry and left the doors unlocked"

Who is he?

"Can I help you?" I ask.

"I'm here to pick you up,but it's late you can sleep" he say.

Pick me up?

"Your rice burnt,I didn't know you left a cooking pot.I hope you are not hungry"

I'm hungry, what is he thinking?

"I'm Fikile,the house owner" I say

sizing him up.

"I'm sorry" he chuckles.

"My name is Nceba. I was told to come here and pick you so that you join us for dinner. But you left as I arrived, then I was instructed to wait for you and make sure everything is fine"

I sigh in relief, "Everything is fine, thank you"

He give me his hand, I shake it.

"I'm happy to finally meet you" he say.

I smile, "Likewise"

"I wasn't sure what to buy you, I ended up buying this bracelet. I hope you will not throw it in the bin" he say handing me the small box.

I smile, happily.

"I love it"

He nod and give me a stern look,

"Don't disappoint us"

I frown, "With what?"

"By leaving him.If he does something you don't like talk to us or sit down with him.Leaving must not be an option"

He is somehow making me nervous.

"I won't leave" I say.

"I trust you"

"How old are you?" I ask.

He chuckles, "Around 25,26 and 27"

I laugh.He is afraid of telling people his age.

"How is Nqubeko?"

"He is fine.I heard you gave him a good hiding.I owe you a pair of high heels for that"

I laugh, "Am I ever going to hear the last of it?"

We chat a bit before he leave.He is the good one.He is handsome, polite and well mannered.The way he dress up scream 'Backham' instead of 'Nkosi'.  
Now what am I going to eat?

## Chapter Hundred &Twenty One Zethu Biyela

.

Phindile has started at the restaurant,she take a cab to and from work.Thapelo is temporarily taking care of her,financially.She just came back but she is already on her feet cleaning.

"What must I cook?" she ask.

"Cook me a man"

She frown.

I sigh, "I want my man,not food"

I can't believe I'm this pathetic.Life ne!

"I'm sorry sis' Zethu"

She is an angel I tell you.I motion her to sit.

"You are not a maid here, you are a room mate.You cook when you feel like cooking, and cook what you want to eat.And we have a cleaning service, when you come back from work you need to rest"

She nod her head.

"Great.Do you have a boyfriend?" I ask.

She laugh, "No"

"Neither do I"

We laugh.

"I have a sister,younger than me,she went missing. There is nothing

concrete we are holding on, except hope. Then my pillar of strength has left me, this is not my year" I sulk.

"My brother disappeared five years ago. Mom searched hospitals, morgues and prisons with no success. Now she is suffering from TB and diabetes, I'd do anything to keep her alive. She is the only family I have"

I pull her for a hug, "That's sad, I'm sorry you're going through such pain at this tender age. But you have to return to school"

We cook supper together. She know her way around the kitchen, I'm passing ingredients while sipping on wine. I also help with stirring curry pot.

After eating I leave her watching TV

and go bath. My life is fucked up. Trust them when they say money doesn't buy you happiness.

I put on the big Nike t-shirt I stole from Sbu's house. I stole it for pyjama purposes.

I bump on Phindile. She look frightened.

"What is it?" I ask.

"He want you"

I frown and walk to the lounge.

Really? Legs on the table, remote in his hand and my TV playing some stupid music channel.

First thing I kick his feet off my table.

Yes, I kick. Then I grab the remote and switch off my TV. He have an audacity to come here like a debt collector and make himself comfortable on my

couch.

"You.. you are wearing a man's t-shirt!  
What's the fuck?"

He fall to the floor when he attempt to stand and grab me. He is kaak drunk.I don't know why God is challenging me like this.

"What are you here for?" I ask.

He balance by the couch and close his eyes. Wow,just wow!

I roughly shake him, "Get out of here"  
Where is his Nicole?

"I want to stand up and look at you.I miss you,my queen"

Sigh!

"Do we really have to do this? We are adults we are supposed to have a clean break up.And you are a bee,buzzing annoyingly next to my ear" I say lifting

him up.

I'm going to push him outside and lock the door. Then I will call Nicole to come and get him.

"Aren't you just a fucked up moron?" I ask leading him to the door.

"I'm your fucked up moron, I love..."

Mighty Jesus! Matthew! Johannes!

Maria! Hezekiah! Adam & Eva!

He fuckin' threw up on my face! My t-shirt! I let him fall to the floor and run to the bathroom screaming. I get under the cold shower.

When I come back he is fast asleep on his vomit. I pull him and take off his shirt. I wonder how wives of drunkards deal with this everyday.

Phindile come to check on me and find me cleaning the floor with a half-naked

white man snoring on the couch.  
She give me a pitiful look that say  
"Love neh?" I tell her to go sleep,I got  
this.

I should let him sleep on this couch  
with no blanket, but my heart fight  
that little devil whisper.I slap his  
cheek,another stupid argument start.I  
drag him to the bedroom.

He sleep peacefully on my bed.I never  
thought we would be here.I trusted  
him with my heart. I put my hand on  
my face that is drawn on his chest.To  
think he got this tattoo before we even  
started dating is creepy.I smile when  
running my fingers through his hair, I  
did this the first day I saw him.

I get under covers with him but leave  
enough space in between.I turn the

lights off.

I wake to the sound of a cellphone ringing. He is still snoring, fast asleep. I pull the phone out of his pocket. Guess who is calling?

I smile,

"Tyson's phone hello"

"Who is that? Where is Tyson?"

I roll my eyes, "Nickie just leave the message, I will tell him when he wake up"

She chuckles, "Look here girly, Tyson is a family man and right now me and Danny need him. So put your bitchy ass on hold and do the honourable thing. Wake him up and tell him we need him"

I laugh, "You need medical attention for having such mentality state. Please

don't disturb us again, we had a long night"

I drop the call and put the phone under the pillow.

I get off bed and walk to the bathroom. I wash my face, brush my teeth and wear my gown. I find Phindile in the kitchen fixing her lunchtin.

"Girl"

She glance at me briefly and dash to the fridge.

"Hi sisi, I'm late yazi"

I laugh at her. She is disorganized like me. Things are all over the place.

Ten minutes later she is running to the door with sleepers on. Gosh this girl!

"Shoes!!"

After Phindile has left I make myself a

cup of coffee and cuddle myself on the couch.

Oops! I have a guest in the bedroom. I get in and find him staring at the ceiling.

"Nice hotel room you booked yourself into" I say looking at him arms folded. He look at me and keep quiet.

"Thanks for throwing up on my face last night. It was a great gift I've ever recieved after being ditched and cheated on"

"I threw up on you?" He ask clearly shocked and embarrassed.

I roll my eyes, "Get up I want to make my bed, your wife or bitch has been calling and calling"

He sit up, "I have a terrible headache, do you have painkillers?"

"Is this a pharmacy? Am I a pharmacist? Are you my patient?" I ask.

"Queen"

Really?

"Get out" I say firmly.

He sigh, "Where is my shirt?"

I roll my eyes.

"Can I use the bathroom first?" He ask.

"Sure"

He walk to the bathroom and stay inside for ten minutes. I didn't allow him to go shower his body, I thought he wanted to pee.

I knock on the door, "Don't waste water"

I wait by the door until he get out looking yummy with damp hair.

"I'm hungry" he say.

"This is not a hotel,go home I'm sure Nicole have prepared you Jamaican breakfast" I say.

"I love you,only you just so you know" I exhale, "Go Ty"

"Let's talk,please"

"We passed that stage" I say.

He chuckles, "It's either we talk or fuck each other's brain out because I'm never letting you go Zethu.I know I'm piece of shit,with a fucked up life. I'm sorry I fell in love with you and subjected you into this life.One way or other you need to accept me,change what you can and live with me"

I let out a chuckle, "Is it?"

"Yes it's that or death does us apart" he say.

There is no smile.No uncertainty on his

face.

"Are you threatening me?"

He shake his head, "I wouldn't do that. So what is it gonna be?"

"I don't know"

He smile, "I want to fuck you"

"What if I don't want to be fucked?" I ask.

"We will make such harsh decisions once we are horny" he say.

We are still outside the bathroom door. He take my hand, I allow him. We walk to the kitchen.

"I visited his grave yesterday, I feel better. I know he wanted me to be happy and you are my happiness"

He squeeze my hand, "Talking with him made me realise how short life can be. Starting from today I want to

cherish and love you with all I have.I  
love you,only you"

I exhale, "Love is not a problem, Nicole  
is"

"I only want to be part of Danny's life,  
she can fly to wherever she want.I  
don't love her,never have"

"That make her part of the package,  
mother and child always go together" I  
say.

"If I have a soft spot for a person she  
can have things her way, but when I  
lose that soft spot things go my way or  
otherwise"

What is 'otherwise'?

He sit me on the chair and make  
breakfast. He must wear something on  
top,it's a disturbing view.

He dish for me,

"You need all the energy. Have some redbull too, I'm very horny plus angry"

I laugh, "Angry at who?"

"At myself for being a fool"

"You are right, you're very foolish my dear"

He smile, "You should stop telling your brother your problems. I didn't grow up in Mlazi eating brown bread and potatoe chips, he nearly broke my jaws"

I laugh. We are good.

Chapter Hundred & Twenty Two  
Fikile Biyela (part 1)

.

I met the Nkosi's. It was Nkanyezi's birthday, Skhu's last born. It was hosted in his Zimbali house. All thanks to Nceba for corresponding decor and for keeping it a 'kid's party'. Oh well Skhu was having 'sports discussion' day with Nqubeko. I'd love to reprimand those two one day. Maybe lock them inside the house with cockroaches and mice.

He asked two minutes of everyone out of the blue. The house went dead quiet. He is treated like a god in his family. His mother treat him like her husband but I hear it's how every mother treat their first sons.

Now,

"The unfamiliar face you see within you Great Mphazimas, is my chosen

flower"

People turned and stared at me with different shocked faces. He didn't care about the uncomfortable spotlight he put me on.

He smiled and continued, "She is beautiful, very humble and loveable. Her name is Fikile Biyela. I hope you guys treat her with respect, especially you boys"

I couldn't describe Sthelo's facial expression at that moment. If he was a girl I'd say he rolled his eyes internally. The middle son, Mfundu, looked at me with a secret smile. He took most his father's features. He is cute.

Nkanyezi. Mr Party, the last born. I doubt he heard or understood anything his father said, he was busy

on his new tablet.He remind me of Kuhle.Maybe they will be friends. He is spoiled like my Kuhle is.

Then there was a wrinkled old woman staring at my face.She was surveying my face actually.Skhu came to us,smiling like a fool.

"Babe this is MaMthembu, a lady who gave birth to your handsome man" he said proudly tucking her mother's doek properly.

I couldn't stop myself from smiling,  
"Hello Ma"

She shook my hand with her shaky hands.

I don't know how old she is but her childhood friends are likely to be teenagers in heaven now,if they're dead.

Right, MaMthembu is a nice woman. She was sweet, she didn't interrogate me or diss my dress, which I now realise was too tight. The uncles greeted me too, they are all humble people. There were two other female cousins I didn't know but got along with very well.

Later parents started collecting their children, relatives left in a macro-bus. Only MaMthembu, her sons and grandsons stayed behind.

Sthelo went to his room as well as MaMthembu, her feet ached.

"I saw you on the TV" Mfundi said looking at me happily.

"Are you sure it was me?" I asked.

"Yes. I can't believe I know you in person"

I laughed, "I can't believe I know you either. You are cute, do you have a girlfriend?"

I was just asking...

"I'm not sure where we stand yet, but I'll say yes. I'm not single" he said.

This child!

"Does your father know?"

He shrugged his shoulders, "Ya he does know about Ammy"

"How old are you?" I asked.

He is the most shocking kid I know.

"I'm thirteen"

I need to keep tabs with Kuhle and Simile. They could be dating too. Gosh!!

I need to collect pamphlets that teach about sex and give them to Skhu to read for them.

"Go help Nkanyezi with presents" he

said walking on us.

Mfundu quickly rushed off. He wrapped his arms around my waist and stared at me with a smile.

"He was telling you about your daughter-in-law, Ammy?" he asked.

So he knows for real!

"Partly" I said laughing.

"Well there is a lot of drama happening in that relationship"

I laughed, "Are they serious?"

"I think so. They call each other future wife and husband already, the wedding maybe around the corner"

I laughed so hard. I wish I was a hands-on parent like him. I'm missing out on a lot in my kids' lives.

"How is Mr Party?" I asked.

He exhaled, "When all his gifts are a

week old he will start recognizing people around him"

He love his kids.I saw it in his eyes, when he spoke about them his eyes lit up.

"And Sthelo?" I asked.

He sighed.

Why did I ask him? It's obvious.

He kissed my forehead, "He is fine"

"He hate me"

He chuckled, "What? No,babe"

I exhaled, "Skhu he think I'm here to resume his mother's role.I'm not here to do that,I'm here to begin my own role from scratch"

"It doesn't matter what he think, you are here to stay"

How could he say his kid's feelings don't matter?

"I'm sorry" I said.

He frowned, "For what?"

"I'm being petty. Listen, do you want a glass of wine?"

"Out of order Miss Biyela" he said robotic.

I grunted, "Why?"

"You don't need wine, you need a good sex in the bathroom with your hands on the basin, while you look at the reflection of us in the mirror" he said so deep and seductively.

Just when our lips locked,

"Get a room"

Aah! Nceba.

"Do you know how I can't wait for you to leave my house and return to wherever you came from?" Skhu said to him.

He laughed, "I own this house,I will come back whenever I want.Leave Fiki alone,MaMthembu needs you in her room"

Skhu exhaled, "I love you.Don't forget the bathroom deal"

Deal? We had no bathroom deal or any kind of deal.

Nceba shook his head, "You people need Corinthians 13,verse 12" he said plugging the kettle.

"What does it say?" I asked.

I've never heard of Nceba,or any Nkosi being a churchgoer.

"I don't know what it say,I don't read the bible"

What on earth is wrong with him? He is the one who quoted bible verse for me.I guess you can take the boy out of

the Nkosi's but you can never take the Nkosi out of the boy.

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Part 2

Family Dinner

.

My nerves are running wild. The kids are here, all of them. Their mothers are making more noise than them. I didn't tell them about the real intentions of this dinner. Skhu doesn't know who he is gonna be dealing with. What make me even more restless is the fact that he may rock up here wearing Brentwood and animal-skin sandals. I wish Nceba didn't leave.

I call him again.

"Babe where are you?" I ask.

He is so chilled.

"I'm somewhere around, you know I can't come now. I need to have a grand entrance"

I smile, " You love attention, even when the time is wrong"

"You are sure your father is not there?" he ask.

Well I thought my parents wouldn't come, I gave them an invitation by sms. I was hoping they wouldn't take it serious, but of course my mom wanted to come and spend time with her other grandchildren. So they are here.

I clear my throat, "Umhh..I'm not sure, you will see when you get here"

I hear him sigh, "Rest in peace mfana kaNkosi. You loved people, you was always smiling"

Now he is being extra, my dad is not

that bad. The only bad thing is that Aunt Lydia arrived too.

"I'll be holding your arm, don't worry sweetcorn" I say.

He laugh, "I love you"

"Okay, let me know when you're at the gate"

I drop the call.

And now???

"Dad hate Tyson" she say gulping down a glass of Merlot.

I sigh, "What did he say or do?"

"He is giving him 16 rules and telling him about the importance of marriage in our culture"

I laugh, "Marriage?"

She exhale, "Yes marriage, imagine!"

"You haven't heard from thee wife?" I ask.

She smile proudly, "Nope,probably never will. Boyfee took care of it,he say"

"I'm glad he came to his senses"

Zanda walk in,open the fridge and take out grapes.She live to eat this one.

"Aunt Lydia is getting fed up,you better hurry.The table is ready" she say mouthful.

Zanda take her grapes to the dinner table. It's all look great but my stomach is in knots.

"You boys need to learn what football is all about.The greatness doesn't come from the number of goals"

Argh dad!

"Yo baba I swear I sweat just from hearing about football,can we talk about something else?" Zethu say

fanning herself with a hand.

"Don't mind her she is white, she talk golf" Sbu say.

Tyson clear his throat.He look uncomfortable.We are a big black family, with my dark,super gloom son over there staring at him.Simile need like,a smile class.I'm not sure if there is anything like that,where they teach kids how to smile and be social active.

"I want to eat,Muzi bless the food"  
Aunt Lydia say,her facial expression dead serious.

My father is shocked.He is wearing a huge frown, maybe he think Aunt Lydia is gonna be frightened.

"Don't just look at me, pray for the food" she say.

We all want to laugh

"I've prayed with my heart, let's eat"  
he say after a moment.

Mom sigh, "Let's close our eyes"

My phone rings. I forgot to put it on  
vibration, phones aren't allowed on  
the dinner table. Now everyone is  
giving me nasty glances.

"You will have to excuse me" I say  
getting up before they can shout.

I meet him outside the door. He is  
holding a bunch of flowers.

"Am I too late?" he ask.

I shake my head, "No, are these for  
me?"

He smile, "Yes, beautiful flowers for a  
beautiful lady"

I take them, "Oh I love Nceba!"

He raise his eyebrow, "I bought the  
flowers"

"Well thanks to him.I think he should become a president of this country once and for all.He can do so much change"

Dress code? Not that bad, or not what I imagined.He is wearing a black t-shirt,printed with his clan names of course,white Nike sneakers and a new jean.

I lead the way,he follows behind me.Zethu screams while everybody else is zoned out.

I secured a seat for him next to me,we sit.

"As you can see guys we have a guest" I say my palms sweating.

I'm expecting a reaction but they are just staring at us.

"This is Skhumbuzo Nkosi..umhh I'd

like to introduce him to you  
guys..Well,he..we are together"

"Wow!" I don't know who said that.

"Where did you meet him? At the  
rank?" Aunt Lydia ask.

"No,we actually met at..umhh.." Oh no!

"Tell them,you met at my house. He  
actually doesn't listen,I told him to stay  
metres away from you" dad say.

"That's not romantic. I mean meeting  
in the house!?" Sena say.

"We are not characters of a love story"  
I say.

"Eyy kifi kifi you told me to come here  
for dinner,what is this now?" Aunt  
Lydia ask.

"It's still dinner aunt" I say.

"With a guest who brought no gift for  
me? Does he work?"

I sigh, "Yes he is employed"  
I look at mom, she have this  
undescribable look on her face.  
Zethu clears her throat, "Umhh  
Skhumbuzo this is Tyson, my  
boyfriend. You will know the rest as  
time goes on, but that cute pie over  
there is my brother, Sbusiso. And this is  
me Zeey"

He look at everyone around. I'm  
amazed by his fearlessness.

"I'm happy to meet all of you" he say in  
a deep, humble tone.

"Do you have any allergies?" My mom  
opens her mouth for the first time.

"I don't like grass and trees, but I eat  
the rest"

Ya neh...

Don is gonna love this, he is laughing

already.

"Oh salads." mom say holding herself from laughing.

Aunt Lydia crack up, "Ah Fikile my child! You need to come over my house, you need strength more than ever"

I ignore her and dish up for my man. Dad is giving me a certain look, he need to chill now.

"So Skhumbuzo do you have kids?"

Sena's first question comes.

"Yes, I have three handsome sons" he say proudly.

Simtho gasp, "You already have a family so what are your intentions with my sister?"

"Beside the fact that I love her, I need a woman in my life. I need someone I can

share my life with, and build a home with. I might have a family, but the most important thing to me is having a home" he answers.

I want to clap my hands for him.

"Where is their mother? The children" Sbu ask.

He clear his throat. The interrogation is getting extreme and uncomfortable.

"I don't know. She left shortly after giving birth to my last son. It doesn't matter anymore, they are grown"

I brush his hand under the table. I love him.

Sena shake her head, "Fiki just update your relationship status with 'It's complicated' babe"

I give her a look.

"It's not complicated, they only need to

come to my house. I'm a marriage slash mjolo counsellor by profession" Aunt Lydia say.

"Oh please aunty" I say.

"In church I am.I tell people what they must and not do in their relationships.I've helped a lot of people make up and break up,it's a skill" she explains.

She has a skill of talking that's all.

"We will, thank you" Skhu says.

"Glynbrynth or red wine?" Mandla ask Skhu.

He think he is having water by mistake or he is scared to drink.

"I'm fine,thank you" Skhu replies.

Dad chuckles, "You can have a drink young man,the only thing you can't have is my daughter's heart broken"

I'm glad they are not punching him.

"Thank you baba but I don't drink alcohol" he say.

"You are a Shembe follower?" Don ask.

He laughs, "No.It's a personal choice"

Dad raise his eyebrow, "But you date girls who drink alcohol?"

"Surprisingly yes,love knows no colour" he say.

"So you judge people who drink?"

Nozipho ask chewing meat like there is no tomorrow.

"Maybe"

He should've said no.

Zanda laughs, "Why do you think they drink?"

"Because they have problems,I mean why drug your brain if you're okay"

Mom is loving this,her smile is

reaching ears.

"We don't have problems, we drink for fun" Zethu comes to defense.

"We don't like him Fikile, find another one" Sbu say with a grin.

I laugh, "But I love him"

"Then he need to learn to stop judging people,we are not judging him either"  
Sena say sipping on her glass.

"You people were the ones that grilled him with questions.I love that he is honest,he doesn't lie in order to get his way through people. Welcome to the family Skhumbuzo" mom say.

"Thank you ma'am"

"Tyson and Lwazi will teach you everything you need to know about the divas.Especially Lwazi,he have years of experience with an alcoholic, mental

unstable woman" Sbu say.

We all laugh while Sena is fuming.I wish Thapelo and Ziphe were also here.

Soon everyone is done interrogating my man,we are eating and having general conversations.Mandla is making my man feel at home.They were not as bad as I thought they would be.

I look at Sbu,he winks at me.I don't trust him,he has never let any boyfriend walk in freely.

Chapter Hundred &Twenty-Three

4months later..

Nozipho Biyela

.

I'm heavily pregnant, I'm due in two weeks. I should be home relaxing, getting pampered by my husband. But in this family we don't relax, there is always something going on. Good or bad. And right now is,

"I can't believe this is happening. I told you months back to lose a few kilos" the bride says in frustration.

Simtho exhales, "I did lose weight. This dress was fitting me perfectly Tuesday"

"Then you gained weight in a few days time, that's how irresponsible you are. I begged you to watch what you eat"

Yes she told everyone to go on a diet. She doesn't want unattractive people on her wedding pictures. The

bridesmaids were given lists of what not to eat and sent healthy recipes. It's been hell. That's Sena for you.

"Honestly I can't wait for this to be over" Fiki say.

We all can't wait. We love weddings, but Sena had us all exhausted from tantrums and crazy demands. I designed her wedding dress, everything had to be perfect. She want top of everything, she is flying to the venue.

Well Simtho's dress is too tight, which make her look different from other bridesmaids. After pregnancy she has developed hips, it's like her butt grow daily. She is different but absolutely beautiful.

"You can breath right?" I ask.

"Yes, but I'm sure my body is gonna have line marks"

The make-up crew is done, everyone look beautiful. Nontombi and Aunt Lydia are here with their hands on their waists. Time is up.

Zanda walk in, "Lwazi is panicking, his bride is not showing up"

We laugh. Mr Madlala need to chill, we didn't get all this make-up for nothing.

"Zanda don't tell me this is the dress you're wearing now?"

Can Mrs Madlala chill for a second?

"This one make me feel good, beside I'll be in the back sucking my lollipop"

Zanda say.

Sena look gorgeous in her wedding dress, I get teary watching her. It's been a crazy journey, nobody knew one day

she would give herself to a man. We hug her one by one. She is not scared, she is beaming with joy. Well it look like most people are settling down in this family. Mandla sent a delegation to pay lobola for Zanda two months back and we are expecting the Nkosis soon after the wedding. It wasn't a surprise when Fiki told us Skhu want her down the aisle, I mean Skhu is a respectful Zulu man, ofcourse he wasn't going to play hide&seek for long. He did say he want to build a home with her.

Only family, close friends and colleagues were invited, so it's not a big wedding.

Lwazi's family is here, including his stepmother. She is wearing a two-

piece and look very annoyed. His mother is the most beautiful widow on earth. His old sister, Nonhle is team GetFat like Simtho. I don't know when I last saw her, I hear she is travelling the world with a wealthy married businessman.

My eyes land on someone wearing a white shirt.

OMG! I didn't know he was gonna come.

I walk to him and throw my arms around him.

It's been two months since I last saw him. He grew distant from us, although him and the guys are still much of close friends. Sbu say he have a fuck girl, who is in his house most days. He bought a townhouse and moved

there. Well I don't know how I feel about him having a fuck girl.

"Nozi come on" he say laughing.

I remove my arms from his neck, "You look good"

"I try"

"I will see you after the wedding, we need to catch up" I say.

He nod, hesitantly.

"It's good to see you, for real" I say.

He smile, "It's been a while, you look big"

I give him a look, "I don't want to hear about it"

He laugh, "Okay, later"

I can't believe Sbu didn't tell me

Thapelo was coming to the

wedding. This lift my spirit even more.

Mandla said he was slowly sinking into

depression. They had to motivate him to attend therapy, where he offload everything when he feel like it's too much. Many people believe that we are relaxed and not worried about Ziphe anymore. The truth is she is on our minds daily. Dad's men are still on a hunt.

The big moment has arrived. Senamile Biyela has landed like a queen.

They look absolutely beautiful. The bridesmaids are wearing yellow ankle-length, off-shoulders column dresses with ribbons. Zethu is the maid-of-honour, she keep getting taller and crazier. Then there is Fiki, Simtho and Wendy.

Mandla is the best man, then there is Lwazi's lawyer Teekay, Don and

Lwazi's young white brother Jay. They are wearing light blue tuxedos, white shirts and yellow bowties.

Lwazi look very scared right now. The pastor is white, I don't know where they got him.

I was expecting 'Here comes the bride' or Luther Vandross, but Junior take over the piano. I want to scream, he is so good.

Oh no! Now I want to faint. Can I just faint?

"Ndikuthandile Sthandwa Sami  
Ngenhliziyo Yami Yonke Ngith'  
Uthand' enginali Soze Luphele"

I'm surprised, he didn't tell me he was gonna sing for her entrance. Omg! I love my husband. He is not singing for me but I'm blushing anyway.

My girls appears wearing their fluffy white dresses,they throw flower petals on the carpet.Now I want to shout 'those are my daughters'.

And she appears.The bride.The queen.The diva.

I see Lwazi gasp as their eyes meet.She is accompanied by Biyela.He is here to give away his second daughter.It's the second time he walk one of his girls down the aise.

Pastor start with his program.Is there anyone who want to get murdered by stopping this wedding? Of course not.They get their rings ready.Even the birds stop singing.

Senamile to Lwazi: With this ring..No,I give you this ring today..argh man! Everyone laughs,including the bride

herself. Come on, this is serious.

"Vow from your heart, don't follow the tradition of vows. This is about you, why are you giving him this ring?" The pastor say.

Sena look at the ring then at Lwazi,

"I, Senamile Biyela, give you this ring as a sign of love. Love that you grew in me and keep watering everyday and giving me endless reasons why I must never leave. Lwazi Madlala today I swear before God and everyone in here that I'm going to love you, cherish you and respect you every day of my life. Through it all I'm gonna stand by your side as a loving wife. I will be yours until death do us apart. Before God I swear to love you Lwazi, and I vow to be your loving wife till forever"

That was sweet.I find myself squeezing Sbu's hand.

Lwazi take Sena's left hand,

"Senamile Biyela,I feel so blessed.No words or carats can ever describe the amount of love I have for you.You believed in me when nobody did.When nobody loved me you came and loved me.You gave me something nobody gave me,you gave me love.Your love has made me stand against the world.Your love has made me ubaba kaQuinton and today your love is making me Sena's husband. I am blessed,I feel special to put this ring on your finger.This ring is the sign of love I have for you,the unconditional love.Everyday I will be standing right next to you, showing the love I have for

you. I love you, more than anything.

And I will always do"

Sena is getting emotional as Lwazi slid in the ring on her finger.

"Now I announce you Mr Lwazi

Madlala and Mrs Senamile Madlala. You

are now wife and husband. You may

kiss your bride" the pastor say.

Lwazi get on it. The crowd go crazy. I

turn to my man, he smile.

"I love you so much mama" he say.

"Not as much as I love you"

My eyes fly to where Thapelo is. It look

like he just zoned out of this world.

Chapter Hundred & Twenty-Four

Fikile Biyela

.

I've been good. I'm happy and falling in love with him everyday. A lot has changed in the last couple months. He bought a new house, where we both live mostly. I'm keeping my house, just for control. His uncles are coming in three weeks. Everything is just so right. Today I invited my kids over, they will be here through the weekend. He did meet them, they were okay but I feel like I need to ignite some relationship between them. He needs to be more close to my kids since we're going down the marriage route.

I am close to Mfundu and Nkanyezi. They are easy to love. They visit us most weekends, we go out frequently and do shopping together. Sthelo does come, to spend time with

his dad.He doesn't like me that much but we talk.I don't mind him,he is a teenager and attitude comes as a component.

"Ah! What is this?"

I expected this kind of reaction.

"Vegetable breyani,you will love it" I say closing the oven.

"It look great but there is no meat"

I laugh, "That's why I said vegetable breyani"

"Sena is gone to India and you're here acting like an Indian" he say shaking his head.

Sena and Lwazi flew to

Jaipur,commonly known as the Pink City of India, for their three weeks honeymoon. She has been sending us pictures every minute,they are having

lot of fun and exploring new things.I'm  
jealous, no lies.

I look at him, "Love"

"Yes babe"

"Do you believe in sangomas or  
witchdoctors?" I ask.

"Yes,I do"

"You believe that Ziphe may be gone to  
sangoma initiation? Or they are just  
lying to make money"

He pull me by the hand to the couch,

"There must have been signs.Did you  
notice anything rare about her?"

I frown, "No"

"There must have been some signs" he  
say.

I exhale, "There weren't any.So what  
do you say?"

"We will go to eMpangeni Sunday,

there is a good nyanga I know.He will give you clear answers"

What??

"No,I'm scared of them.They look freaky" I say.

"I will be there holding your hand"

I lean on his chest, "I will think about it"

He kiss my cheek, "I miss Apple"

Really now?

"Come on babe, not now"

"Last night you fell asleep before our second round,in the morning you ran to work without giving me anything.

Do you still love Nkosi?"

I smile, "I hate your voice, it turns me on"

When he speak so deeply near my ear I get turned on.He suck my neck,

"Please,before the kids get here" he beg.

We start kissing.He really want me, his hands are all over me already.His erection is poking me,my body is reacting warmly to it.

My phone rings.

"Ignore it baby" he groans.

I try to ignore it but it keep ringing. I stop kissing him and untangle myself.

"Maybe it's an emergency" I say.

He grunt,lean back on the couch and close his eyes.

It's Sbu.

"Sbusiso" I'm irritated.

"We are here,they took her.I don't know what is happening, she is a week early"

He is irritating me even more by

speaking in riddles.

"What is happening? Where? And why am I being called?" I ask.

"Nozipho, she was screaming. I didn't know who else to call"

"What is happening with Nozi?" I ask alarmed.

"I don't know, I'm in hospital waiting to find out. Please come" he beg.

I drop the call.

"My sister-in-law is in hospital, I gotta go"

"What?" He say rising up.

"Now, please don't go anywhere so that the kids arrive on someone" I say rushing up the stairs.

He run after me and hold me before I can get in the bedroom.

"Babe you can't leave me like this"

Are you kidding me?

"Skhu come on, this is an emergency"

He pull me and try to kiss me. I shove him away.

"My brother is alone there and panicking. His wife is in labour, anything can happen. And you're only worried about your erect cock?" I ask angrily.

"I know babe, I just need a little bit of it"

I really can't do this right now.

"You are stupid" I say and walk away.

I pick my jacket and check myself in the mirror. When I walk down he is nowhere in sight. He must be taking a cold shower somewhere.

I get in my car and speed off to hospital. I find Sbu in the waiting area.

He stand up when he see me, "Thanks God you're here"

"Shouldn't you be inside with her?" I ask.

"I'm scared"

What?

"Come on let's go"

We walk inside and find Nozipho crying.

"I don't want him here, get out Sbusiso" she scream.

Sbu look at me,I shrug my shoulders.

He walk out sheepishly.

"Are you okay?" I ask dumbly.

"Switch off the aircon"

Am I allowed to do that?

"But you need air,I mean you're sweating" I say.

"I need the toilet" she say.

The nurses come dragging their trolley.

"Cynthia it's time" the other one say. An old one, who must be Cynthia sway her hips to Nozipho. I don't want to see this.

"Excuse me" I say running to the door. I find my brother speaking on the phone with a shaking voice.

I tap his shoulder, "Hey you need to go in"

He drop the call.

"Now, go hold her hand or whatever" I say.

"But..."

"Go!" I say clapping my hands.

I call Simtho and tell her to go to Sbu's house and stay with the kids. Zethu arrives and start asking me questions.

Thirty minutes later the nurse call us in.

"Is it a girl or a boy?" Zethu ask the moment her foot get inside.

"It's a boy" say the father holding a little bundle on his arms.

"My word! He is so cute" I say.

"He look exactly like me" Zethu say covering her mouth.

This time she is right. The baby look like her when she was a baby.

"Nozi are you alright?" I ask.

She start crying.I go over her and hug her.

"I know we don't say this often but thank you for being the light in the Biyela household" I say.

She sniff, "I'm so happy. God has blessed me"

Everyone arrives. The baby is passed from one to another. Sbu can't stop smiling.

I FaceTime Sena, she ululate and scream.

"Dad is here" I say.

She laugh, "I was taking a bath. What is the name of the baby?"

"We don't know, dad said he must be Smangaliso"

She laugh, "No ways, he ain't gonna drive taxis. I say Yamihle"

"I love it" Nozipho say.

"Oh gosh! I'm creative" Sena beams.

"Make your own kids and name them with your creativeness, you owe it to Madlala after that luxurious wedding he gave you" dad say from the back.

"I love you baby Yami, bye"

We all laugh. She agreed to marriage and doesn't want to have kids?

Funny.No wait,do I want to have more kids?

"So it's Yamihle Smangaliso Biyela"  
Sbu say looking at us.

Nozipho's dad walk in with a bag of goodies.He is getting old but have that rich man swagg.I love how he love Nozi even after he found out she is not his daughter.

As much as I love being with baby Yami I also need to go home before the kids go to bed.Kuhle is probably giving Skhu a hard time.He is spoilt.

I drive back and find the house too quiet.As I walk toward the dining room I hear Kuhle's little voice. He is talking nonstop.

"Mom" he scream when he see me.  
I hug him and kiss his little face all  
over.

"I missed you"

I turn to Simile and give him a hug.He  
grunt when I kiss his cheek.

"You guys have a new cousin, his name  
is Yamihle" I tell them.

Kuhle frown, "Why he is Yamihle?"

I smile, "Because God's has done good  
by us"

"Okay"

I exhale and look at him.He is not  
looking at me.

"Did you buy this food?" I ask.

"Yes" he answers without looking at  
me.

"What happened to the breyani?" I ask.

Kuhle laughs, "It's dry and not yummy"

"Did you guys leave anything for me?" I ask looking at Skhu.

"It's in the microwave"

I walk to the kitchen my palms sweating. We haven't fought, we only have had silly arguments. I take my plate and spoon then join them.

"Are you guys okay?" Simile ask.

I look at him.

"Huh?" I say puzzled.

"Are you okay?" He ask again.

"Ay Simile why are you questioning..."

He cut me in, "We are fine boy, we were worried about your aunt in hospital"

He wasn't worried about Nozipho. He wanted sex despite the situation.

"Okay, can I go to my bedroom?" he ask.

"No we are still..."

Again,he cut me in.

"Of course, just don't turn off the lights before Kuhle come,you know he is scared of dark"

Simile push the chair and collect his plate and walk away.

I give him a look.He drink his water.His face tell me one thing, mad.

He leave the table with Kuhle.I stay behind unable to finish the food.I

prepare a defense speech in my head.

I pass him on bed with his laptop and go to the bathroom. I take the longest shower and change into my pj's.

He close the laptop and put it away when he see me coming.

"Hi Fikile" he say.

I remain on my feet and keep quiet.

"Aren't you coming to sleep?" He ask very calmly.

I look away. He get up and come stand in front of me.

"I'm sorry about earlier" he say.

Funny how he say he is sorry but his face look otherwise.

I clear my throat, "It's okay"

"I'd like you to repeat what you called me before you left" he say.

My heart start beating fast.

"I don't know what I said" I lie.

"You said I'm stupid.Repeat it ke"

Tears start trolling down,not because

I'm scared but because I'm

disappointed in me.He made it clear to

me that respect means everything to

him and he has never disrespected me.

"Why are you crying?" He ask.

I wipe the tears, "I don't know"

"So the only way to get your horny man off you is to shove him on his chest and tell him he is stupid?"

I shake my head, "No"

"Then why did you do it?"

"I'm sorry"

He stare at me, "I love you, with all my heart and you know it by now. I'd do anything for you,even die if I have to but I will not allow you to spit kaak on me or put your hands on me.Do we understand each other?"

I nod, "Yes"

"Do you want to see me like this again?" He ask.

I exhale, "No"

"Do you want your son to question our relationship again?"

I shake my head.

"Then go fetch your manners in a private school where you left them and go collect respect in your multi-million rands home"

That's was not necessary.

He get back on bed, "I don't want us to have this conversation again"

"Okay babe"

"Before you sleep go check if the sneakers I bought fit you"

I look at him, "What?"

He give me a look, I run to the closet. It's Nike sneakers, similar to his except the colour. Mine are pink.

They fit me perfectly, I get on bed.

"And then?" He say looking at me weirdly.

"What?"

"Bed. Shoes."

"I'm sleeping with them" I say.

A smile creep out his face, "That's dramatic. You can wear them in the morning"

"No"

"So today you are kicking me with sneakers all night?" He ask.

I do not kick at night,he is lying.

He smile, "Come lie on my chest"

I climb on him and stare at his handsome face.

"I'm sorry babe,I really am.I love you"

He brush my cheek, "I know.Please kiss me"

"You don't have to ask"

He is my everything.

## Chapter Hundred & Twenty-Five

### Nozipho Biyela

.

I haven't got that bonding moment with my son. Sbu has been holding him since yesterday. He didn't even leave, he slept on the chair. His father have been up and down too. Mandla also came to practice how to hold a newborn this morning. Yamihle doesn't even know who his mother is.

I've been discharged. He is the one who dressed Yami up and now he is holding him.

"I will hold him to the car" I say.

"No you're tired"

My gosh!

"He need his mother, you've been

holding him ever since"

He sigh, "Okay, but when we get home it's my turn"

The nurse next to us laugh. I can't believe we are acting like this and this is our third child.

When we get home Simtho is baking in the kitchen, the kids are helping her. Everything is everywhere.

"Yami" she scream and come to take Yami.

I'm glad this whole situation isn't affecting her badly. She is making baby talks to Yami. She would've made a great mother.

Sbu call the kids to the lounge. We sit on the couches, they are staring at Yami in Simtho's hands.

"Your little brother arrived" Sbu say.

I want to laugh, this is harder than I thought.

"Why is he wrapped like that?" Sphiwo ask.

"Because he is a baby" Sbu reply.

"His name is Yamihle,he love you very much.When we went to fetch him he insisted on buying you gifts.See there, all from Yami" he say.

That get them smiling.

"He can write our names?" Liyanda ask opening her gift bag.

"He bought me a barbie doll" Ayanda say disappointed.

"Me too.He should've bought us phones" Liyanda say and grunt.

Simtho help Sphiwo open his car box.

"Didn't he know I have cars?" He ask.

"These are cute,you guys should be

grateful" Simtho say.

They make sad faces.

"So big brother and sisters did you get your little brother anything?" Sbu ask.

They look at each other.Simtho laugh.

"No" Liyanda say.

"Oh.Then say 'thank you' to Yami for thinking about you while you didn't think of him" he say.

He is bullying them.They all chant 'thank you Yamihle'.

"Okay come and see him" Simtho say uncovering Yami's head.

I leave Simtho in charge of the kids and go rest.I get on bed with my Yamihle and doze off.

I don't know how long I slept but when I wake up Yamihle isn't next to me.At first I panick but then I hear laughter

coming downstairs and chill.

I take a warm bath and change into a dress and sandals. When I walk down the whole family is here.

"I didn't know you will all be here" I say surprised.

"We want to welcome Smangaliso properly" Biyela say.

"We bought Yamihle presents" Kuhle shout.

He is one highly spirited child, unlike his brother who is over there reading a book.

I smile, "That's sweet"

Yamihle is now dressed in blue. I take him from Zanda and sit. He look so innocent, I kiss his lips. My boy!

"You remember these clothes?" Sbu ask.

I frown, "Not really"

He smile, "You bought them for Sphiwo on that day"

That day is the day I was heavily pregnant and holding a little baby up and down in town,him running after me with his sorry ass.The day I became a mother.

"Thank you" he say.

I exhale, "I will never forget that day" I don't know what this is.Maybe it's a little party or family snack time.Yamihle got lot of gifts from his aunts,uncles,grandparents and cousins.

Simtho baked lemon cake,scones and biscuits.Don bought drinks.Now we're having a welcome moment for Yamihle.

"Where is your man?" I ask Fiki.

"You know he doesn't like showing up at his in-laws unless if it's necessary" she say.

"He need to chill, we are no in-laws but family" I say.

She chuckles, "Tell your father-in-law that"

He can't be scared of Biyela.

They leave very late. Nontombi stay behind, she is leaving late in a week. She want to make sure everything is okay.

Yami is a good baby. He eat and sleep. His cot is next to our bed.

"My boy" he say looking at him.

That's all he does. He admire him.

"Our last born" I say.

He look at me, "Hhayi we don't know about that"

"I'm serious"

He slid in and hold me, "Let's not have this conversation now"

I exhale. Having more babies is the last thing I need.

He kiss my lips, "I love you"

I smile, "I love you too"

He sigh.

"Thapelo didn't come to see Yami"

My heart sink.

"Maybe he is gonna come" I say.

Honestly I don't think Thapelo still cares,about anything or anyone.The dude doesn't care even about himself.

"I never thought we would be this parted. However I understand why he feel forsaken,I just wish there was something I could do"

I squeeze his hands, "He is gonna make

it through this"

He sigh, "I hope so"

"I can't believe I have four kids" I say.

"When you chose me as your ride-or-die you signed up for it. I score better than Messi" he boast.

Unfortunately for Mr Messi Plus there will be no sex for three weeks. We cuddle and talk until we fall asleep.

It's good to have Mam' Ntombi here. By the time we wake up kids have taken bath. She is preparing breakfast in a squeaky clean kitchen. Everything is in order. Oh she prepared Yami's bottles as well!

"Good morning Ma" we greet.

"You two can sleep, look at the time" she say.

"I got the habit from pregnancy" I say

helping her with the plates.

A security guard walk in, "I'm sorry to disturb,there is someone who wish to see Mr Biyela"

"Who is it?" I ask.

"It's a yellow lady" he say.

"Let her in" I say.

Yamihle start crying, I put the dishes down and rush to him.

"Hey mom is here, why are you crying"

I take him slowly from his father.

"You have a guest" I tell him.

"As long as it's not Zethu" he say and call the kids to breakfast table.

I sit on the couch and feed Yamihle first.

Now who is this Pearl Thusi in my house?

"Hi,I'm sorry to show up unannounced" she say looking around the house.

"How is he?" she ask when nobody say anything.

How is he,who?

"What do you want in my house?" Sbu ask firmly.

"I want to see my son"

I blink a couple of times.

"Your what?" Nontombi ask.

"My son, I gave him to Sbusiso umhhh..six years ago" she say.

I get on my feet, "Wait, who is your son?"

She look at me from head to toe, "Your husband know him"

"No,I don't.Maybe you should be more specific and give us his name" Sbu say.

The girl keep quiet. I can't believe this is happening, now.

She then exhale, "I don't really have time for this.I need to see my son"

Sbu push his hands in the pocket, "Sphiwo your mother go to your mother"

Sphiwo get up and run to me.She come to us and bend near Sphiwo.

"Boy boy" she say.

Sphiwo grin, "Ma tell her to stop calling me that,yuu"

I'm fuming but I can't afford to lose it in front of the kids.

"Jessica or whatever your name is please get out of my house" Sbu orders.

"I'm not going anywhere without him.My boy" she shed some tears.

I give Nontombi Yamihle and tell the kids to go with their food to the TV room.

"So you're the trash that dumped Sphiwo outside the house?" I ask.

"And you are the trash that married his father"

The nerve of this girl!

Sbu hold my hand from behind when I attempt to slap her.

"We don't touch trash my love" he say.

"Well lovebirds I'm back,my gigs are over and I need my son back.I carried him for 9months"

Sbu chuckles, "Who knows that you're his mother? Cause I don't know that, Sphiwo's mother is Nozipho my wife.Do police know that? Umhh no. What about social workers and

nurses? No they don't. Even his documents don't support what you're saying. Now pull your ass out of this door and never look back"

She swallow, "I regret it,okay.I was obsessed with my career and young"

"Look lady,I don't care how you feel.What I want you to do is to stay away from my son and this family, otherwise I won't be responsible for what I will do to you.You don't know who I am" I say giving her a hard look. "He is my son,not yours" she say tears running down.

I think she is not okay upstairs.I call the security.She start begging us to let her hold Sphiwo.The security guard come and pull her out.

"Babe"

I just break down and cry. Why she is coming back now? I don't want my son to grow up confused.

"I'm sorry, I will make sure she never set her foot here again"

I shake my head, "He is my son"

He squeeze me in his arms, "I know and that will never change"

"But..."

"Shhhh"

Nontombi come with Yamihle and hand him to Sbu.

"I have to go somewhere" she say.

I look at her, "Why are you leaving Ma?"

"Because I need to take care of things. You stop crying"

I wipe the tears, "I'm just hurt"

"Your kids want milkshakes" she say

and walk away.

I look at Sbu, he is angry to the point that his eyes are getting bloody red.

## Chapter Hundred & Twenty-Six Zethu Biyela

.

Phindile is off today. That means the house is squeaky clean and the pots are full. That's her, no hiring of maids or takeouts will stop her. She is domestic active, a total opposite of me. I only love washing glasses and pouring drinks.

"You said Danny is coming?" She ask.

"Yeah, later though"

She sigh, "Okay"

I look at her, "You have an issue with

him?"

"No,not at all.I just don't like speaking English all day,I just run out of breath"

I laugh, "What do you do at work?"

"Sometimes I forget and add a few Zulu words while serving white customers"

"You know you can sleep or go out when he is around because he is not gonna let you keep quiet" I say.

She chuckles, "He speak a lot"

"Hiding will help you,anyway have you spoken with your mom?" I ask.

"Yes.She is still coughing but her appetite is back,so she is getting better"

"That's good"

My phone beeps.I check the message.

It's from Sena,she want me to go to Lwazi's office and scan some

documents for him.

Are they working on their honeymoon? Clap once.

I better hurry before Tyson come with Danny and discomfort sweet Phindile.I start in their house to grab the keys.When I get inside the first thing I do is open the fridge.Arh! Nothing interesting.

When I get in Lwazi's company there is a security guard,he have some company and look very frightened to see me out the gate.

"Hey I see you're working with madam today"

He clear his throat, "Not at all ma'am I just..."

"I seriously don't care,in fact I think she should be here so that you don't

fall asleep, this place is too quiet"

He look relieved, "Is there anything else I can do for you?"

"No, thank you"

I park in an open space and walk to the offices. I sit comfortably on Lwazi's leather chair and open the drawers. Fortunately I find the papers, but there is a memory stick hidden under.

Why is it hidden?

I know I should listen to the little voice in my heart that says 'mind your own' but curiosity win me over. I take it with the documents and walk out.

I give the security and his mistress a huge smile and wave then drive off.

"You're back" Phindile say.

"You really need a boyfriend, you can't

be sitting in the house on your day-off. You will grow grey hair really quick"

She grin, "I don't have anyone asking me out"

Really?

"Are you asking anyone out?" I ask.

She frown, "You mean as in...? No ways."

"You don't need to say things upfront, just like an ambulance darling. INDICATE!!"

I leave her laughing and go to the bedroom. I scan the documents and forward them to Sena.

Now I need to see what's in here.

Wait, isn't this a man who went missing then found dead week later?

I'm holding my breath. This can't be

true! Lwazi's past is darker than Alek Wek.

And the man say Quinton's name..blink blink he is on the table with his tongue out.

"Lwazi stop"

Oh!No.He fall to the floor, unconsciously.

He killed him! Lwazi,our saint, has killed a man.I shut the laptop trembling.

Phone rings.

She can't be ignored this one,I take a deep breath and answer.

"Umhhh hey"

"The Jessica person refuses to leave the country"

"Sena please focus on your honeymoon, let us worry about the

Jessica person" I say.

"When I come back I don't want to share the same Mzansi oxygen with her"

I clear my throat, "Trust me we are dealing with it,we all want what's best for Nozi and Sphiwo"

"Why are you like that?" She ask.

"Like what?"

"Out with it.What's bothering you?"

Oops!

"Nothing,maybe I'm catching a flue" I lie.

"Come on,I know you're lying"

Zethu kicks in.

"Did your stepfather-in-law's killers get arrested? I'm watching this documentary that relates exactly to it"  
She chuckles, "I never cared to find

out"

"Why?"

That came out unexpected.

"Because I have a man to feed, up and down. A kid to bath. Businesses to run and crazy family to keep up with. There is no time to follow up on rapists cases"

She knows about Lwazi's past, she knows it all.

"Oh okay" I say dumbstruck.

"Whatever you saw, destroy it"

Huh?

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"I know you, stupid detective. Destroy it"

"But Sena this is..."

"I don't care, you have my back I have yours. Dad sorted it out"

Yuu!

"Okay"

"I love you,bye"

I have headache. I always knew dad had a favourite son-in-law,which is Lwazi to the moon and back.

I need to burn this thing and push what I saw in it to the back of my mind.

Why was Lwazi keeping this? He can be too dumb.

Tyson comes as I finish the memory stick cremation.

"I love you" I say.

He laughs, "Do people still say that to each other?"

Danny giggles, "It's boring Dad"

"What's the new line?" I ask curiously.

"I tyzee you" Danny say.

I laugh, "I love it.We actually deserve

to be in the dictionary. Tyzee a verb that describe the feeling of attraction between two people"

"Yes, we should be in the bible too"

Tyson say.

"Tyzee 14,verse 1 He got to her kitchen and started dishing up for her as she was hungry from the north pole to south pole"

He smile, "My boy,go check on Phindi"

I want to laugh because Phindile is gonna be smiling with a throbbing heart,while her nose is suffocating from English.

"Now my queen,where are you most hungry at?"

"North,but I can do south first" I say.

He brush his hair, "We need to do a clean job"

"Then your car is the only option"  
He scoop me up and walk to the door.

## Chapter Hundred & Twenty-Seven Senamile Madlala

.

As we depart India I'm having mixed emotions. A part of me is happy to be going home to my son and family, but I'm also sad about leaving. I feel like we didn't have enough time, our honeymoon was short. Only three weeks, then back to work and real world.

My husband on the other hand is over the moon about leaving. He started packing two days ago.

Oh I loved Jaipur! I'm definitely having

more India holidays. I love their nation, culture and great hospitality. Now we're back in SA. A lot has happened after I left.

Yami was born, the Jessica person arrived and Fikile consulted a nyanga who told her Ziphe is training in Swaziland. That got Biyela driving to Swaziland only to come back with nothing.

Now I'm back to my life, the drama series.

"I think we should drive to Mandeni from here" he tells that driver.

"Dad is gonna send Quinton to us. We need to rest" I say.

"So where are we actually going?" the driver asks.

I answer first, "We are going to my

house"

Thank you.

"But he miss us babe"

I sigh, "Dad knows that,we don't have to fetch him"

He exhale and sit back on his seat. I miss Quinton as much as he does but we need to rest,we've had a long journey.

"I'm tired"

I grunt, "These robots ain't working properly, how come they close after two seconds for this side?"

I hate how taxi drivers bully other drivers.Look at this one,he want to completely overtake our position.

"Don't let him pass" I say to the driver.

"They are road bullies,let him be"

Lwazi say.

I look at the passengers looking at our car in the backseat of the taxi. My eyes meet with eyes of this guy. He look at me until their taxi drive past ours.

I know that guy, I just don't know him. Trust me I know that sound stupid.

"Did you see a ghost?" Lwazi ask.

"No. I saw a guy that I know, although I'm not sure where I know him from"

He chuckles, "Maybe you know him from back home, that taxi could be..."

Click.

"It was the letter guy Lwazi!!"

He frown, "Letter what?"

"The letter guy, driver please run after that taxi. He knows my sister"

Now I'm shouting.

"Babe calm down. Drive us to the house

my brother"

I shake my head at him, "You need to believe me"

"What if it's not him? If it's him your dad will find him" he say.

I bite my lip,angrily.

"He haven't found a single trail of Ziphe's disappearance. Why would he succeed now?"

He pull me to his shoulder, "Babe please"

Please for what?

"I can't believe you" I'm disappointed.

"I'm sorry"

We are no longer on speaking terms as we get home.Welcome to the marriage!

He walk after me with the bags.I'm not going to help him carry them.He stopped me from running after the

only person that can link us to Ziphe.  
Thapelo! Why didn't I think of him?  
I call him quickly. He pick up after I've  
called twice with no response.

"Mrs Madlala"

I smile, "That's me. Look, I saw the guy  
who gave me the letter from Ziphe, he  
was passing by taxi in the robots"

"Oh! Her boyfriend"

"Are you being serious? That guy was a  
messenger, we need to find him"

He chuckles, "Sena you can track him  
down, find your sister in his crib and  
have a warming reunion. I'd appreciate  
that for you"

"What about you?" I ask.

"What about me? Is there anything to  
be about me?"

I exhale, "She is your wife"



"Simile taught me how to be a man"

We look at each other confused.

"And how to be a man? Teach me"

Lwazi say.

Ooooh!!! That was one of a hell spin kick.

"Babe are you okay?" I ask, trying with everything in me not to laugh.

He is holding his chin. It must hurt

Quinton is wearing his leather boots.

"Yesses child! Why did you kick me like that?" He ask.

Quinton look very proud by now.

"Because I am a man" he say.

I burst out laughing, "Bosso yama bosso!"

Being at home with grandparents

changed him. I don't think he missed us

the way we did. When dad dropped

him here, he just walked in, without greeting he asked us if we would cook home-made pie with mince for him.

"Stop laughing, this is not funny" Lwazi say pissed off.

"I think I need Simile to teach me a few chang chuu bhaa haa"

He is not pleased at all. He pull Quinton to his lap.

"You are quite a fighter my boy, but that doesn't mean you are a man" he say.

"I am a man" Quinton insist.

He is very stubborn.

"No you're not. Beating someone doesn't make you a man, it only make you a fighter"

My boy is disappointed.

I give Lwazi a look, "You don't have to

put him down like this"

"He have to learn..Boy have you seen me kicking people?"

Quinton shake his head, "No"

"Am I not a man?" He ask.

"You are"

"There you have it.You don't have to be physically violent in order to be a man,you just use your brain to fight" he say brushing his head.

"So Simile lied? He is my big brother, he is not supposed to lie" he suck.

"No he didn't lie,he just passed incorrect information to you.I will have a talk with him and give him the correct information"

"Cool"

He say that and get off Lwazi's lap and run to the kitchen.

When Lwazi shift his attention to me  
I'm staring at him.

"What?"

"I'm proud of you"

He smile, "I promised to do my best.I  
want to see a reflection of how I was  
supposed to be in him"

"That is what..."

He cut me in, "And I love you very  
much"

I smile, "You do?"

"Come here"

God knows how much I love this  
guy,my husband.I'd do anything to  
make him happy and ensure that this  
love stay true.

## Chapter Hundred & Twenty-Eight

### Zanda Dlamini

.

I can't recognise myself in the mirror. My cheeks are so big, they match their neighbor, the nose. Sometimes I wonder if I will ever look like the same old me again. Some days I cry, for looking like this. And he always do his best to comfort me and compliment my nonexisting beauty. It has been tiring, now we are counting days. Yeap, only a few days before I get this baby out and stop eating like a pig. He is more excited than I am. I've been sceptical about going out in public, I just felt like people would look at me and judge. It's been months, I don't even go to spa/salon anymore. I

do indoors,for every activity. But today Mr Zungu put his foot down,we are going to have lunch in Glenaire.I agreed because,well now I hate him less and didn't want to disappoint him.He even went as far as buying this huge dress,that perfectly suit me,for this lunch.

"Babe" he say walking through the door.

"Hi"

He come to me,kiss my cheek and put his hand on my tummy.He always do this.

"Are you okay?" He ask.

"Yeah.How are you?"

"I'm good my love.Sorry to keep you waiting, I will hit the shower then we go" he say and hurry up the stairs.

"Bring the hair brush when you come back" I shout.

I forgot to brush my hair while I was upstairs. I forget a lot lately.

I need to find something to eat while waiting for him. Peanuts. I love them.

When he walk down I'm on my third pocket of salted peanuts.

"Babe here is the brush"

He look very handsome in those printed short.

"What for?" I ask.

He exhale. I look at him frowning. He start brushing my hair. I laugh as I remember about my messy hair.

"Thank you" I say.

"I think I can work in the salon, look at what my hands can do"

I think we're getting too ambitious and

moving a little too fast.

"I see"

He laughs, "Go look at yourself"

"I hate looking at myself"

His face drop, "I don't like that

Zanda,you're beautiful"

I take my bag, "Let's go"

He think being pregnant and ugly is a joke.Who knows maybe he wake up in the middle of the night and look at me then laugh?

Walking in the restaurant we bump into a pregnant lady.Unlike me,she seem not to care.She is eating burger,her bag is squeezed under her arm.She is wearing sleepers on her feet.I'd kill to have this kind of confidence.

The moment food arrives I know I

want to eat it all,at one go.But I'm not about to grab myself unnecessary attention so I eat like a human being.I finish my meat in two ,it wasn't that much anyway.

He look at me, "Babe"

"Mhhh"

He smile and put his meat on my plate.

I want to hide my joy, "You didn't have to,I'm full"

"No,eat babe"

My honour!

I regret eating a lot for the course meal,now I don't have enough space for this delectable dessert.

Wait...

"Babe" I say in panick.

He look at me, "Yes,love"

I point at myself, "I did something"

He is confused.

"I think I wet myself, I don't know."

Gosh! This is so embarrassing.

"As in pee?" He ask.

I nod my head, "No!!! I can't stop it"

He blink a couple of times before coming to my side.

"Oh my word! Babe your water just broke"

What water?

"Don't talk loud" I say looking at people who are now looking at us.

"You're about to give birth,we need to hurry to the hospital" he say pulling me up.

Am I not supposed to feel contractions?

Now all eyes are on me as he pull me out.The cleaning lady hurry to where I

was sitting with her tools.

People hold their mouths as we walk to the parking. Some ask him to hurry. His hand is sweating in mine now. He is trying not to panick, but his body gives away.

"Lie comfortably" he say.

How do I lie comfortably in the car?  
I'm freaked out. Why am I not feeling any pain?

He is shouting for nurses from the entrance.

"Her water broke already?" The nurse ask.

Can't she see how wet my dress is?

"Yes, it broke about twenty minutes ago"

"Did you bring baby clothes?" she ask him.

"Yes,they are in her bag"

"Why am I not feeling any pain?" I ask.  
The nurse laugh, "You want to feel  
pains?"

"Isn't that normal? To have pain in the  
abdomen"

"Don't cry when they start"

An hour later I'm remembering her  
words.In my life I've never felt so  
much pain.Mandla is next to me,he  
doesn't know what to do except  
apologising.

I'm begging God to take me.I've had  
enough.This is too much,I can't handle  
the pain anymore.

After three hours of unbearable pain  
the doctor say the baby is near.

"Must I stay?" Mandla ask.

I shake my head, "No"

I don't want him to see me giving birth and we've had this talk a number of times. I heard it can be very traumatic for a man.

I feel the urge to push, the nurse is holding my hand encouraging me. I'm giving it my all.

"I need a big push, give it your all" the doctor says.

I do it, again and again. On the fifth push I feel something.

I hear the little voice crying.

"Is it a girl or boy?" he asks me.

I look at him, "It's a boy"

They put him on my chest.

"Here is your baby, make him warm"

I put my hand over him, "Thank you"

Tears just run down as I feel his breath on my chest. After a few

minutes they take him from me. The nurse clean him and wrap him with a thin hospital blanket. They stitch me and do few examinations.

"Must I call your husband?" the nurse ask.

"Yes, please"

He walk in, slowly. His eyes are fixed on his son.

"This is our baby" I tell him.

He look at him, tears forming in his eyes

"It's a boy?"

"Yes" I smile.

"Thank you Zanda"

"Do you want to hold him?" I ask.

He nod, "Yes"

I carefully pass him to his daddy.

"Hello son"

Hours later Mandla's mom arrives, as well as Sbu, Don, Zethu and Sena.

"So what his name?" Sbu ask.

"Leano" Mandla say.

"What is that?" His mother ask.

"Thapelo suggested it months back and I loved it"

"It's a nice name. I will also go for Sotho names for my next baby" Sbu says.

"His second name need to be Zulu, this is Manzini" his mother say.

"His Zulu name is Skhanyiso" I tell her.

I breastfeed Leano while listening to all the madness. I'm grateful to have people like them in my life, now I know how it's like to have a family.

The nurse walk in to check on us,

"Everything okay?"

I smile, "Yes, we are good"

She then frown, "I thought you came to check on your sister" she say to Sena and Zethu.

"We are checking on her" Zethu say.

"The one who came unconscious few days ago with a newborn"

Huh???

## Chapter Hundred &Twenty-Nine

Sena Madlala

.

The nurse is convinced they have one of my sisters in the hospital.Nozipho came out three weeks back, she surely isn't referring to her.Beside Zanda I didn't have any pregnant sister.To put her at ease I tell her to lead me to where the so-called sister is.

We bump into a white doctor coming out of the ward.

"Doc I found her sister" the nurse says. He look at me under the glasses, "I was getting worried that no one was visiting her. Your sister had numerous vaginal infections, including bacterial vaginosis which she may have contacted during delivery since she gave birth at home"

Now I know whoever they are talking about is not my sister. Gave birth at home?

They lead me to the room telling me about how weak she is because she lost so much blood during birth. I start feeling sorry for that girl.

We walk in.

"She sleep a lot, her body is tired" the

doctor say.

I walk closer to the bed.No matter how dark her skin colour is I know it's her.My knees fail me I fall ass flat to the floor.

"Sisi are you okay?" the nurse ask.

I want to say something but my tongue is tied.I'm trying to control my breathing, my heartbeat and emotions.

I gather some strength and hold onto the bed.It's her.My little sister, Ziphelel'izintombi zoBiyela.

"Ziphe" I whisper.

I haven't found my voice.I touch her face,she doesn't move.I look at the doctor.

"She doesn't feel anything when she is asleep,but she is fine" he say.

"When?" I ask.

They look at each other.They think we knew.

"Three days ago.Her brother brought her here,she already had given birth.He covered all the hospital expenses for her"

What brother?

"Is she okay?" I ask.

"She is a little weak but we managed to cure the infections" the doctor say.

Now the main question is,

"Where was she? We've looked for her all this time?"

I'm asking wrong people. They give me sympathetic looks.

"You say she have a baby?" I ask.

"Yes, a big baby boy.He is such a saint" the nurse say smiling.

I don't know what to call this.Ziphe

went missing for almost a year, she comes back sick with a baby. What the hell is happening?

"I'd like to call my brother" I tell them.

"Feel free, she needs her family the most" the doctor says.

I run, in my pencil heels, to where the others are with Zanda. They look at me strangely when I get in like a madwoman.

"It's her" I say.

Sbu looks at me funny, "It's her?"

"Ziphe, she has a baby" I say that and run out again to Ziphe's ward.

They are following me asking questions I can't answer.

Zethu screams in shock and nearly bangs herself on the wall.

"Oh my God!!" Sbu says analysing her

carefully.

Don also walk in and gasp in shock.

"She is so dark" Zethu say tears  
trolling down.

"Is she unconscious?" Don ask.

"No, she is asleep. They say she doesn't  
feel anything when she is asleep"

"Wow! I can't believe this" Sbu say.

None of us believe it.

I remember I need to call mom and  
dad.

I speak as soon dad pick up,

"Dad you need to drive to Durban now,  
we found Ziphe"

"What?"

"Ziphe is alive. You and mom need to  
get here asap" I say and drop the call.

"See the bangles she have on her  
wrists" Don say removing the sheets.

"Iziphandla ezingaka!" Zethu exclaims.  
The nurse walk in holding a wrapped  
bundle,

"I thought you'd want to see him"

The baby!

I take him from her, "Thank you"

Okay this is getting freaky. The baby

look exactly like Thapelo. The

complexion, the forehead, the nose and

ears. It's like I'm looking at the baby

version of him.

"He is Thapelo's!!" Don exclaim looking  
at him.

"No doubts" I say.

"How come?" Zethu ask.

"Why did she run away and kept him  
in the dark about pregnancy?" Sbu ask.

Who have the answers? Ziphe.

"I don't know, he just look cute" I say.

We call everyone to come, except Thapelo who isn't available on his phone.

The nurses understand when we want to stay with Ziphe until everyone arrives.

Everyone express the shock in different ways. We didn't know whether we would ever see her again. We almost lost hope.

Mom break down and cry when she see her.

"Oh my child! God thank you, thank bawo for returning my daughter alive" We all get emotional. She must wake up and tell us where she has been and why all this time.

Dad take the baby, "One of the sangoma's we consulted said

something about the baby but I dismissed it"

We look at him like 'what'.

"Baba you shouldn't have dismissed it" mom whine.

"She look weird with her hair cut and all those scary bangles on her wrists" Simtho say.

Don take her hand, "This one look like a chimpanzee skin"

Surprisingly Ziphe pull back her hand and open her eyes. Mom go crazy. We are all calling her name, she look confused.

"I want food" she say loud.

Do we have food? Nobody thought of it.

"Ntombizethu" dad say.

Zethu walk out in a speed without

throwing tantrums.

"How are you?" Mom ask wiping tears of joy.

"I'm fine"

We all want to ask questions but now is not the time.

"Is that my baby?" She ask me.

I smile, "Yes.You want to hold him?"

"Yes"

I place the baby gently on her chest.

"Where is Thapelo?" She ask looking at us.

No answer.

"He is alive,right?"

Sbu chuckles, "He is alive"

"Where is he?" she ask.

"He is on a business trip,he didn't know you will be here" dad say.

She exhale, "Please call him and tell

him to come back"

"I will"

Now the problem is we can't afford to lose her again, one way or another Thapelo need to come here. Will he???

## Chapter Hundred & Thirty

Fikile Biyela

.

She was in a sacred place, her being there was a calling that saved her baby. That's all she says. No further explanations. She say she will tell us more about her stay in that place once she has reunited with her husband.

She is not fit for the truth. It will crush her. Thapelo had divorce papers ready long time ago. If she hear it she need to

hear it from the horse's mouth.

Mom insist on staying behind with her in hospital. We can't blame her, she just reunited with her last born after nine months.

Once we are out approaching the parking dad call me and Sbu aside.

"This need elders but you know the situation between me and

Mokoena. Your uncles are miles away, Lydia is probably busy with stuff and your mom doesn't want to leave her daughter alone. So it's time you both step up"

Sbu ask, "Step up, how?"

"Find Mokoena and make him come to Ziphelele"

I exhale, "Make him?"

He look at me, "Yes. Do whatever it

takes,my daughter need him"

"It's going to be hard" Sbu say.

"There is a baby involved,plus he took emotional decisions based on the absence of truth.Ziphelele did this for her marriage"

Now we have to hunt Thapelo down.His phone is on voicemail,but Sbu knows his new townhouse.We drive to his house,hoping to find him there.I seriously can't be spending the night on the road looking for someone's husband.

I sigh as we arrive, "The lights are off Sbusiso,he is not in"

Sbu continue walking, "He could be in,you think Thapelo cares about lights?"

I follow him hesitantly.He knock once

and push the door.It opens.

"See" he say to me.

"But he could be out and forgot to lock"

He turn the lights on.There is no one.Only empty bottles on the floor and takeout boxes.

"Yoh" I exclaim looking at how untidy his place is.

"Wait here" Sbu says and walk up.

I take time to look around this house.There is no decoration.Not even his own picture on the wall.

I heard he have someone he fuck when he likes.I wonder if she is around.

Sbu doesn't come back, I decide to seat on the couch.He have his t-shirts on the couch.

"Ouch!!"

I sat on the blade. Why is he keeping weapons on the couch? Okay maybe not a weapon but a dangerous item. No, I'm okay on my feet. Who knows what else he put on these couches. Finally Sbu come back looking drained. I hear he is very stubborn, sick stubborn.

"Where is he?" I ask.

"Coming"

I sigh in relief. He walk down the stairs wearing boxers only. He is a mess. The mighty one!

"Ah Sbu you brought your sisters here!" he complains.

Hello to you too brother!

Sbu give him a look, "We need to talk to you, it's serious"

He chuckles, "Let me guess, you want

me to attend church?"

"Let's sit" Sbu say.

We all sit down.

"I'm listening"

I look at Sbu, he need to break the news.

He clear his throat first, "We've been trying to call you bra. Unfortunately your phone was off"

He is now giving him one of his killer looks, his scar has printed into three lines.

"Ziphe was found in hospital" Sbu says. His face goes blank.

"She is not 100% well but she is alive"

It take a moment, he sigh and look at Sbu straight in the eyes.

"Okay" he say.

Is that all he is going to say?

"Aren't you curious about where she has been and how she was?" I ask.

"Was she curious about how I was?"

He ask.

"Yes but there was nothing she could've done, she was protecting your son" Sbu is getting worked up.

"My what?"

I think there is a better way of saying this.

"When she was taken she was pregnant. The ancestors called her into the sacred place so that this baby came out alive" I explain.

"Where is that baby?" He ask.

"He is with her. He was born four days ago, that's when she was freed to come back" Sbu say.

He get on his feet, "Sbu bra this isn't a

Nigerian movie, it's my life"

So he doesn't believe us. Sigh!

"Why don't you come with us to the hospital and hear it from her?" Sbu ask.

"And she'd love to see you" I add.

He clench his jaws, "No! No man. This is a sick joke"

Sbu go deeper in the brotherhood. He take his hand,

"Thapelo we've come too far. You are not a sbari or some old friend. You are my brother ntwana, I'd never lie to you. I know how you feel, but please. Please bra go meet your son. He is you"

Thapelo blink a couple of times, "I don't know who I am anymore. Even if that baby is mine, I don't qualify to be a

father. That Thapelo is long gone, I'm just alive. Just alive. What am I going to say to them?"

"You don't have to say anything. Ziphe is weak, she only needs to see you"

He sits on the couch, "I'm also weak" Now that I look at him closely he looks weak, very weak.

"Are you hungry?" I ask.

"No. I want to be alone" his voice has toned down.

"Don't do this Thapelo" Sbu begs him.

"I want... eyy look guys please leave" Sbu exhales and motions us to go. We walk out, he switches the lights off after us.

"What now?" I ask Sbu.

He shrugs his shoulders.

Now we are in a sticky situation

because dad told Ziphe that Thapelo is gonna come see her. But we tried our best.

## Chapter Hundred & Thirty-One

### Sena Madlala

.

I'm scared to even look at her in the eyes. Her eyes are frequently glancing at the entrance. She is hoping to see him walk in.

Her baby start crying. I give him to her so that she can breastfeed him.

"Shush baby!!"

I laugh, "How long do we keep calling him 'the baby'?"

"We will name him together with

daddy"

My heart sink. This is day two, Thapelo haven't come. We keep lying, feeding her excuses. Her excitement and longing to see him make her blind to our lies.

I need to get out here and go find Thapelo. I will drag him here if I have to.

"I need to go check on Quinton, you know how he is" I say.

"Pass my regards to him"

I smile, "He can't wait to see you"

We are a big family. She doesn't run out of visitors. I bump onto Simtho with a basket of fruits.

"Is she okay?" She ask.

I sigh, "Thapelo haven't come and her hopes are high"

"I wish I can help"

"I'm gonna fail trying" I say and leave her there.

I get in my car and drive straight to Thapelo's house.If I don't find him I'm gonna turn this town upside down until I find him.

Luck is my best friend!

When he see me I know he want to die.He doesn't like company very much.

I greet formally,

"Good day"

"Hi" he reply flatly.

"I know you don't want me here,you don't want to see my sister and your son as well.I don't know how you feel or what motivated your decision,so I'm not here to judge you" I say.

"Okay thanks"

I take a few steps forward, "However the baby have needs.Ziphe doesn't work,you married her which means she is no longer our responsibility.Your son need clothes,blankets, diapers,powders and lotions.Who do you think is gonna take that responsibility for you?"

"Sena you don't understand this"

I shake my head, "No I don't and I don't have to.All I want is money for the baby"

"How much do you need?"

He is too quick to offer the money whereas he has been running mountains with his presence.

"We will see at the shops"

He frown.

"You seriously think I'm gonna go around sweating with shopping bags for you. Get real" I say chuckling.

"He is your nephew" he say.

"All my nephews have fathers you don't see me slaving around for them. Step up to your role like everyone else"

He doesn't answer he walk away. I sit my ass on the chair. After a while he walk back with changed clothes.

Why didn't he comb his hair?

"We are taking my car" he say.

It's a long ride because he is not friendly. His son doesn't really need clothes, I'm making means for him to go see Ziphe.

I didn't intend to buy a lot of clothes since we already bought everything for

him.I pick a few vests,socks and toys then tell him we are done.

When we get in the car I tell him that Quinton need me home asap.I try to act like a panicking mom.

"So you're taking these with you?" He ask.

"No you go drop me home first, then go drop these in hospital"

He close his eyes and exhale, "I'm not ready"

"You will never be"

"She left a huge void in my life.Her returning is opening wounds I thought had healed"

I look at him, "So you are divorcing her?"

"I don't know what to feel or think anymore.I don't know who I am"

He is getting emotional.I tell him to drive.He need to say all this to Ziphe. Before I close the door when he drop me off,

"You are strong Thapelo"

I know he doesn't believe me.He is strong, just not strong enough stand still through the sstorms.

Chapter Hundred &Thirty-Two  
Ziphelele Mokoena

.

He is the only thing that kept me going. Being able to come back home,to him with our baby became my motivation. There wasn't a single day when I didn't think of him.Is he okay? Did he eat?

Who is reminding him to remove socks from the shoes before he put them away?

I've been waiting for him to come. To hold his son for the first time, I even had dreams of them playing together. I don't know if they are hiding something from me, they keep telling me he is going to come.

I'm alone with my thoughts. They took my boy, I'm not allowed to sleep with him. They bring him to me when it's time to breastfeed him.

I feel uneasy and lift my eyes to the entrance. He is here. He is staring at me with shopping bags in his hand.

I should be screaming and throwing myself at him. I missed him. But he is not the same. I didn't imagine him

being like this.

We just stare at each other without saying anything. He walk in slowly and sit on the visitor's chair. He doesn't break the stare.

His hair doesn't look like they've been cut since I left. He is bulk by nature but his eyes and cheeks are hollow.

Instead of greeting him the first thing that comes out of my mouth is,

"I'm sorry"

He bury his head on his hands,

"No" it comes as a whisper.

"I didn't leave on purpuse,it was the ancestors.They needed me to be in that place so that they can protect the baby I didn't even know I was carrying" I explain.

He lift his head up, "Couldn't I get at

least an explanation? A signal or anything. How was I supposed to live not knowing why you left?"

"But you lived, I knew you would. It was only temporary and I had no control over it"

"I didn't live" he says shaking his head. I smile, "But here you are babe"

"Things changed"

What is that supposed to mean?

"What things?" I ask.

"Everything including me. Nothing is the same"

I need to stay composed, he may mean other things.

"Did you move on?" I ask.

He doesn't answer.

I ask again, "Did you forget about me and moved on Thapelo?"

He exhale, "When you left or got kidnapped I was in hospital, shot by my uncle who aimed to shoot Sbu. We were not on good terms, but that doesn't matter anymore. I chose my family, you chose yours. All in the end I lost relationship with my sister, niece and uncle whom I counted on in my life"

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"They cut me off their lives, but that doesn't matter anymore. I learnt to live without them. But I didn't learn to live without you so everything changed" I can see how uncomfortable he is. It feels like I'm not talking to my husband.

"What changed?" I ask desperately.

"I suffered from anorexia, started

drinking excessively, I smoked and I started sleeping around"

I will not cry, no I won't do that.

"You slept around? With who?"

He look away, "I can't answer that"

I sit up, "No I deserve to know"

"Why?" He ask.

"Because I'm your wife"

It's too late when he hide his left hand, I've already seen it. I can't stop tears from escaping.

"You took off the wedding ring?" I ask defeated.

"I didn't know what I know now. In a letter you said you're okay where you are, I thought you left me. Wearing the ring reminded me of what I've lost"

I cry, "Thapelo I lived like a khoi-khoi, adjusted to life I didn't know, all

for us to be able to hold our little baby. To be someone's parents. And you gave up on me, that quickly?"

He scratches his head, "It's been almost a year, you're the only one who had a clue of what was happening and why. I was all alone, no family no wife. It may have been a short period to you but to me every day felt like a year"

"I trusted you" I say wiping the tears.

"I also trusted you and thought you left"

We glare at each other.

"Ziphe there were times I thought about taking my own life. It hasn't been easy, I don't know how I got here"

I exhale, "The girls that you slept with, were they in my bedroom?"

"I haven't been there in six months, I

moved out.It was too much"

I nod, "Were you in love with them?"

"I fell out of love with myself, how could I've loved someone else"

To think about everything I went through for us to be parents make me want to scratch his face, but he must've gone through a lot too.

"So what now?" He ask.

"I should be asking you that,I'm not the one without a wedding ring"

He look down, "I'm really sorry,I thought you were not coming back"

"So if I had died you weren't even gonna mourn for a year?" I ask.

"I would've dealt with it because I would have clear understanding of where you are.This was different I did whatever I thought of to help me ease

the stress"

The wife in me kick in,

"How are you now?" I ask.

He shrug his shoulders.

"I don't wanna pretend as if I'm okay, but I understand and I'm sorry for leaving you alone" I say.

He sigh, "I still can't believe you're here"

The nurse disturb us, "I'm sorry but big boy need to be fed"

I smile, "He is sucking me dry today"

I take a wipe, wipe the nipples and place him on my arms. He start sucking like a puppy.

I look at Thapelo watching us, "I did it for him"

He get up from the chair and come to us.

"This is our boy" I tell him.

He watch him until he stop sucking.He  
have no emotions displayed.

"Take him" I say.

He swallow, "He is gonna wake up"

"Please"

He take him and go sit on the chair.He  
look at me then look at him.

"I didn't even know you were  
pregnant" he say.

"Me neither,I found out in that place"

He take out the baby's hand and kiss it.

"I'm sorry boy"

Tears start running down his face,his  
eyes are fixed on him.He doesn't wipe  
the tears,he keep sniffing with the  
baby's hand on his lips.

"I'm sorry I failed mommy"

"You didn't fail me" I say.

"I hope he will keep it in his mind when he grows that you loved him too much that you sacrificed everything to bring him on earth"

I smile, "You'll be there to remind him when he start disrespecting me"

"I will be there?" He ask.

"Yes.Where else would you be?"

He frown, "You want me in your lives? Even though I'm like this"

Is he mad?

"You are my husband and I expect to see the ring on your finger the next time you come here and you are his father"

He look at me in disbelief and relief.No matter what happened I still want my family together, the family I've been fighting for.

"Whose father am I?" He ask.

"The baby" I say.

We both break into laughter. Did we just laugh together?

"I thought we'd name him together" I say.

"I feel blessed, but we can't name him Sbusiso cause he will grow up mental unstable"

I laugh, "You have a death wish"

"I really don't know. What did you think of?"

"It may sound ancient, but he is my forever. I say Phakade" I say.

"Then I'm Phakade's daddy"

I smile, "Welcome to fatherland"

"Welcome back... My wife?"

"Always" I tell him.

I don't know if I'm stupid or what, but

I'm gonna make sure we find our way back to each other and become the best parents to Phakade.

## Chapter Hundred & Thirty-Three Ziphe Mokoena

.

Today I'm going home, a part of me is excited but I can't ignore the fact that I haven't been there in nine months. I have to share the roof with my husband I've parted with for almost a year. We still love each other but the time we spent apart has affected our connection.

He is the one to fetch me, I can't say he look any different from the first day

but his ring is back on.

He greet me,formally.That's how bad it is.

I'm ready to go, everything is sorted.The nurse wrap Phakade,I don't know how to do it. You have to make sure his head is covered and also he can breath properly.

Funny how I came here with nothing, not even a cosmetic bag but today I'm leaving with two heavy bags.He take the bags to the car first then come take Phakade.We leave to our home.It feels like a dream.

"So he doesn't have a room?" I ask.

"I will sort it out, he will be sleeping with us..I mean with you, for now"

I have missed sharing bed with him,being held strongly in his arms but

I'm not sure about our sleeping arrangements as yet.

"Is it your first time going to the house today?" I ask.

"I was there earlier"

We fall into silence until we reach the house. You can tell nobody has lived here for quite some time. I look around with Phakade on my hands. I'm glad my kitchen still look the same.

I exhale. Dear home, I've missed you.

He walk in with the bags and put them on the table.

"I cooked, if you're hungry" he say looking at us.

"No I had Steers burger earlier, it one thing I dreamed of eating throughout the pregnancy. Sometimes I'd cry for mango, luckily the trees were

everywhere they'd go and get it for me"

He sigh, "I'm sorry"

"It's fine I will eat all those things now. Starting with a cold drink. Do you have any in the fridge?" I say.

"I promise I will buy everything you want later. For now let me go put Phakade down"

I give Phakade to him. He is so good with him. He holds him like a pro. I follow him up the stairs.

He puts him on the bed and stares at him,

"Did you hate me?"

I frown, "No, why?"

"My mom hated my father's brother and I came out looking exactly like him"

I laugh, "It's a myth. I loved you, the thoughts of you"

"And I hated the thoughts of you" he says regretful.

I exhale. I'm glad he respected my bedroom, everything is as it should be.

"Welcome home" he says.

I smile, he opens his arms. I snuggle on his chest. I'm home.

He lowers his hands to my waist and stares at me.

"I still love you"

My heart starts beating fast, "Me too"

"Can I taste you?"

I give him a soft look. He lowers his head, kisses my cheek and then caresses my lips with his lips gently. He stops and looks at me.

"I'm so grateful to have you back" he

say.

I touch his face. He looks uncomfortable.

"Did they ban you from the salons?" I ask.

He touches his head with one hand, "Am I ugly?"

I rub my neck and look away. He chuckles.

"Does it hurt?" He asks.

"Where?"

"Where Phakade came from" he says.

"Not really, I don't have any stitches"

He nods.

"So how are we sleeping?" I ask.

"If you need time I can use the spare room"

I narrow my eyes, "And get to stay up with Phakade at night alone?"

"I can use the floor"

I sigh, "I want to share bed with you"  
He smile in relief, "I will obey your  
rules"

I sit on the bed, "Are they still around?"

He sit, "Who?"

"The girls"

He swallow, "I cut ties with them after  
I saw you in hospital"

"How many?" I ask my eyes fixed on  
the walls.

"Ziphe please"

"How many Thapelo?" I say firmly.

"The other one it was once,then there  
was the one I saw time to time"

Okay,breath properly Ziphe.

"What made you went back to her time  
to time?" I ask.

"She was available and she didn't  
mind"

I know I shouldn't be hurting myself like this.

"Who is she?"

He exhale, "She is the secretary"

"You used protection, right?"

"Yes,I did"

I turn my face to him, "I don't want her in your workplace, or anywhere near you"

"I hear you and I understand"

I take his hand, "We will be fine"

"I'm scared. What if they take you again?"

I don't know how to tell him this.It took me time to accept it.

"There is something you need to know" I say.

He look at me,fear written all over.

"Phakade is spiritually gifted"

He frown, "What?"

"They told me the day I arrived there,  
and I can't have more kids"

He blink rapidly, "Why?"

"If I do it will endanger Phakade's gift  
which he can't live without"

He sigh and look at Phakade who is  
sleeping peaceful.

"But we can adopt" I say in  
consolation.

"I don't mind,you've made me a proud  
man.I'm a father,it doesn't matter to  
how many children.You've completed  
my manhood" he say squeezing my  
hand.

His words warm my heart.We stare at  
each other,he lift his hand to my mouth  
and caress my lips.I wish I can  
describe the love I have for him, my

first and last.

"So what else happened while I was away?" I ask.

"I found a girl, one day at the club. She is a teenager, she had no place to stay. Her mother was sick, she came to look for a job in order to provide. Her brother had disappeared, so basically she is the breadwinner of the family. I helped her, together with Zethu. She now stays with Zethu in her flat, works in a restaurant as a waitress and also taking business classes"

I smile, "Wow! I'm proud of you"

"She is a great kid, you will meet her soon"

I can't wait to meet everyone, especially the new babies

Leano and Yamihle. I hear Fikile is stepmothering some cute boys too.

## Chapter Hundred & Thirty-Five

Zanda Dlamini

.

Today I'm a 24 years old who look 55 years old. Motherhood is not a joke. Leano is not a doll, he is a real baby. He cries until the sun rise. The only time I get to rest is when he decide to take a nap. Mandla's mom is here, she does help here and there. Sometimes I think about getting myself a nanny but then it make me question my motherly instincts. A nanny must be there to look after him

when I'm not there, not because I can't cope with my restless baby.

Today is one of those days when he take 10minutes nap,wake up and carry on where he left off.He is wailing!

"You can't be like that he will sense it and it will make it worse.Ease your heart"

I don't want her to tell me how to feel.She take him from me and give him his bottle.

I fold my arms and walk up the stairs.I need to let it all out.I close the bedroom door behind me,jump on bed and just cry.

Why is my baby always crying? The doctor said he is 100% fine.It's like he doesn't even recognize that I'm his mother.Yesterday he cried until his

cheeks turned pink.

As long as I brush my teeth and bath anything else don't matter. I wear no bra, no makeup or weave. Hell, I don't even comb my afro. Looking good is the last thing on my mind, I know Sena would have a heart if she was to walk here.

I hear footsteps and the door opening. I don't look who it is, I know Mandla's mom doesn't enter our bedroom.

"Are you crying?"

I don't answer.

He sits on the bed, "Babe don't do this"

I turn to the side and face him, "He won't stop crying Mandla"

"Babies cry, all of them. You heard the doctor, he said he is fine" he says.

"Nozi said Yami doesn't cry"

Just then we hear Leano's wails. His mother knock on the door. I exhale and go take him.

I put him on my chest, shush him while pacing around the room. He cry until his voice dry up.

I have tears running down, "I don't know what to do"

He take him from me and walk to the balcony with him. He calm down a bit.

I'm struggling. I find myself on the phone calling Mam' Biyela. She tell me to give him water & sunlight enema. I know how to do it, I'm just scared to do it to Leano, he is too young.

Mandla walk in with him, peaceful sleeping. I better rest for the next ten minutes.

"I think we need to go to grandpa's

place" he say.

Not the mkhulu who came here with a strict stinking attitude and forced us to go to Eshowe!

I look at him, "Why?"

"Him and Gogo can help us"

I exhale, "How can they help us? Babies cry, it's their life"

Look who is talking now!

"Not like this. I will pack the bags"

He walk off. So we are going to Ndwedwe, now.

He throw a navy flare dress and scarf on bed. I want to take a loud sigh.

"I need fresh underwears" I yell for him.

He give me black panty and red push-per-cup bra. Given how huge my breasts are I think they gonna be

popping out all day long.

I dress up, tie up my head and change Leano, who for a change has decided to keep quiet.

"You look beautiful" he says.

It's a story of my life. In his eyes I always look beautiful.

His mother has packed Leano's bag. She walks us to the car. Her and Mandla's grandpa aren't such great friends. Apparently this mkhulu is the real mkhulu's brother, when Mandla's father died he wanted one of his sons to take over where Mandla's father left. Ukungena in Zulu. Mandla's mom put her foot down, they tried to take the house but Mandla was grown it didn't happen. Now they treat each other fairly for the family's sake.

"I can't believe he is still quiet" I say.  
He glance at us in the rear-view, "I  
can't wait for him to grow up"  
I want to laugh, just yesterday we  
couldn't wait for him to be  
born.Nozipho and Sena made  
motherhood look so easy.I guess I  
judged the book by it's cover.  
We arrive in a well-built home,with a  
small vegetable garden.Mandla get out  
the car and push the gate open.He  
drive in and park in front of the  
house.He take Leano,I get the bags and  
walk after him.

They are watching news on TV,two  
little boys are eating on the couch.  
"Mandla is this you?" The woman ask.  
Mandla smile, "Come on gogo"  
She lower the TV volume, "Why didn't

you call and tell us you were coming?"

"It was a last minute thought"

She look at me, "Finally you decided to come MaDlamini"

I don't know what to say. She look like a nice person though. Unlike her husband who has been staring at us since we walked in.

"Is this Mlamuli's son?" Mandla ask looking at one of the little boys.

"You don't have to ask, look at that nose" she say laughing.

Mkhulu clear his throat, "Why did you take this long Mandla?"

"We didn't have time mkhulu"

I'm not following.

"You know he could've died" he say with an unfriendly expression.

Mandla exhale.

"Are you not hungry?" Gogo ask.

"No,I'm fine" I say.

"Are you breastfeeding him or you are giving him that powder they sell in stores?"

I feel like she is judging me already with this question.

"I do not breastfeed him, I don't have enough milk" I say.

She chuckles, "Rich people always say that. Us,the old school would drink mahewu and black tea to make the milk pump more"

Somebody get me outta here!

"Go make fire at the back of the house" mkhulu tell Mandla.

For some reasons Leano is peaceful asleep,it's been almost an hour.

Mandla walk to the other room,I don't

know the deal between him and his mkhulu.

"You and this boy love doing things your way" mkhulu say to me.

I short glance him then look down.

"That woman has turned my son's house into a circus. The Zungus have traditional routes and cultures to follow, we don't just do things"

Gogo chuckles, "No Manzini education is making them think they are clever and know everything"

Like really?!

"Look how that woman allowed makoti to come here with all her arms revealed like this. I told her, a woman cannot be the head and woman of the house simultaneously"

Right now I wish Leano could wake up

and do what he does best. Wail and block my ears from all this talk.

Mandla walk in, "It's done"

Mkhulu get up from his chair. Mandla take Leano.

"Where are you going?" I ask.

"He is his father. Why are you questioning him?"

Can this gogo give me a break tuh?

"I'm going for fresh air" he reply and walk out after his mkhulu.

Now I'm left with the talkative gogo. She start telling me all about respect and how the makotis should carry themselves in the Zungus. It ancient feminist advises. She think Mandla must detect my life, and I must submit to everything. I'm glad Mandla understand the importance of

cooperation in a relationship.

I think I hear my baby cry.

"Sit,he is with his father" she say.

I sit.The cry has stopped.

"Go make them tea,you will find everything in the kitchen"

I exhale.Their kitchen is small.I boil water and get the cups ready.

"Aunty"

I turn.It's one of the little boys.

"Hey you"

He smile, "Are you making tea?"

"Yes.Do you want a cup?" I ask.

He shake his head, "I want sugar"

Sugar?

"What?"

"Here" he put his hands out.

I burst out laughing.I give him half teaspoon of sugar. He lick it with joy.

"Don't tell gogo he will whip me" he say.

"I won't"

He have a burn mark on his earlobe like Mandla.He look so happy licking sugar off his hands.

"Where is your mom?"

Oh gosh! How is this my business?

"She went to heaven with my dad.They stay with God now"

I feel bad.I shouldn't have asked, but he look untroubled.

"I'm sorry" I say.

I give him a teaspoon of milo.He is the happiest kid on earth.

I hear Mandla and his mkhulu talking in the lounge and unplug the kettle.

I put tray on the coffee-table.Mandla is feeding Leano his bottle.

They show us the room we will use and give us new blankets. Leano is peacefully asleep, all of a sudden he is a good boy. The bathroom is outside, we take turns while the other is looking after Leano.

I go first and make it snappy because with Leano you will never know. While he is gone I go boil water in the kitchen then ask for a dish I can use to bath Leano.

Gogo give me a sympathetic look while giving me the dish. I mix water, making it warm then go to our temporary bedroom. I find Mandla in. How did he finish bathing this fast?

"What are you doing?" He ask.

"I'm bathing Leano" I say opening his bag looking for his bath set.

He hold my hand, stopping me from what I'm doing. I look at him confused. "You will bath him tomorrow. Let him rest"

I frown, "He can't sleep without taking a bath"

He pull me to his chest. I push him off. "Babe what is going on?" I ask.

He look away from me. I walk to Leano on the bed. I pull the blanket off.

Wtf!!!!!!

"Mandla what..what happened to him?" I ask in a wobbly voice.

He swallow.

Tears run down, "Mandla what did you do to his earlobe?"

"It's a mark that get our ancestors to acknowledge one of us"

I pull his t-shirt crying, "Mandla you

burned my child's ear!!"

He hold my hands, "Calm down Zanda,he is not feeling any pain"

"Is this why you brought us here? To burn my son Mandla! Why are you people so cruel?"

He pin me to his chest,tightly.I can't move anymore.

"I'm sorry" he say.

I cry on his chest, curse him and try to bite him with my teeth.He don't let go,he pin me to his chest until I calm down.

"Let's get on bed" he say.

I can't describe the anger boiling inside of me.I wish I had power to slap his face.They burned my son,purpsely.How sick are these people?!

## Chapter Hundred & Thirty-Six

Simtho Biyela

.

Her phone ring again. I regret coming here early. She walk away blushing as the caller speak. She didn't even lower the heat in the oven. Zanda is with her long-lost friend probably discussing baby oil prices.

I know Zethu is gonna make a grand entrance when everything is done. It's her style. Sena is probably still rubbing her husband's feet. I'm literally alone, doing everything that needs to be done for this dinner. Fikile is on her phone after every two minutes. Her

and Skhumbuzo need to grow up.  
We appointed this day to come over  
for dinner as girls, to officially welcome  
Ziphe back and catch up. A lot has  
happened, we wanted her and Thapelo  
to have some reconciliation period  
before we crowd their house.

Oh finally!

I sigh in relief as I see the wife walking  
in with her helper. I wonder how she  
managed to lose pregnancy weight so  
quickly. I mean look at me. But I've  
made peace with it, plus Don love my  
curves.

"You look busy"

I exhale, "I think I'm gonna half cook  
everything, the heat is too much"

She laugh, "Take Yami, I will continue"

"This is why I married you. Come to

auntie Yamyam"

She is such a lifesaver.I take Yami and go to Phakade's nursery.

Ziphe's face light up, "Is that Yamihle?"

She put Phakade in his cot and take Yami.Her complexion has improved

"It troubles me that he look so much like Zethu" she say.

Zanda laughs, "Why is it a trouble for him to look like her?"

"You know he might turn out to be a pyscho too"

We laugh.I take Leano.He took most his mother's feature, he only took the nose from his father.

"How is Phakade's father?" I ask.

"He is trying, some days are good some are bad"

Both Zanda and I look at her.She sigh.

"It's like he is used to being alone, one day I found him sitting in the bathroom looking lost"

"Have you guys connected?" I ask. She shrug, "Yeah, he is open about everything but we are just not there yet"

I roll my eyes, "I mean connected as in connecting the cables"

Zanda is the first to growl at me, "It's only has been a month, the cervix haven't healed properly"

"We should wait six weeks" Ziphe say in counteraction.

These kids!

"God gave you hands, mouth and tongue for different purposes. Their cocks are not stitched, make good use of available tools. Your men still need

to let the steam out. Especially you Ziphe, your man haven't felt your touch for years"

Ziphe give me a sad look, "He has been getting sex"

"More reasons for you to remind him where home is"

Zanda chuckles, "Maybe you're right on Ziphe's case, but me and Mandla are waiting for three months".

Mandla is in for a dry season. I move Leano to the other arm, something catch my eye.

"Zanda what happened?"

She smile, "Some weird ritual. Oh! I was so mad that day. They did it without informing me"

I may need to sit down for this.

"Start from the beginning. What is

this?" I say.

"Remember when I told you about Leano crying nonstop? Well turned out his father knew what maybe the problem. He ordered that we go to his mkhulu in Ndwedwe. When we got there his granny was on my case about everything, I couldn't even question him when he took Leano for fresh air. Come night time Leano's earlobe is burnt, that was the last day he cried for no reason"

Clap once!

"Isn't there any other way though? This is extreme for a baby" Ziphe say with a weird expression.

"A great-great grandfather accidentally burnt his earlobe but after the incident his life started heading to a rosy

direction. So it led them into believing that all Khangelwayo Zungu's offsprings needed this mark, otherwise nothing would go well in their lives"

The world and its abnormalities!

"At least it works" I say looking at the burn mark on Leano's ear. It look scary in a newborn.

We hear multiple voices coming from the lounge. Miss Flashy and Mrs Taken are here at last. We walk out with the babies.

Zethu came with Phindile, the girl who never go out.

"Those boys will grow up as triplets" she say.

She have a glass of wine in her hand already.

Nozipho take Yami, "His father want to

FaceTime with him"

Huh?

"He can't talk mos" I say.

She walk away punching her phone,

"They talk trust me"

I think Sbu is dramatic.

"Hi there" Ziphe say to Phindile.

"Hello sisi"

This girl can be extra respectful.

Zethu jump in, "It's Phindile, Thapelo told you about her. Girl this is

Ziphe, the one who went to Kalahari"

Phindile smile, "I'm happy to finally meet you sisi"

"Okay everything is ready, we will sit outside. Nozi's helper will look after the babies"

She just arrived but she is in charge already. That's Mrs Taken for you.

We take extra chairs and sit around the wooden table in the balcony.

"Juice for four" Zethu say putting the jug of juice on the table.

"Count me in the juice please"

We look at her with our eyebrows raised.

"Fikile it's a plain juice" Zethu tell her.

She narrow her eyes, "I know,duh!"

Since when she prefers juice over wine?

"Did Skhumbuzo threaten you?" Sena ask.

She chuckles, "No, I want to slow down a bit"

Talk about a bombshell!

"How is his old son treating you?"

Zanda ask.

She exhale, "He is still himself and I

don't care anymore. I make Skhu happy, he make me happy that's what matters"

"Maybe you need to sit him down and let him lay out his thoughts as to why he is not happy about you and his dad. At the end of the day you are going to marry his dad, and that make you officially his stepmother. You don't need to turn out like MaQwabe" Zanda say.

"You are right, they need to talk" Sena say.

Ziphe chuckles, "I can't believe you fell for that guy"

Fiki frown, "What is that supposed to mean?"

"I know him. Remember when I went to stay at Inkandla? He is the one who

drove me back to Mandeni. He was intense and playing maskandi all the way"

Fiki smile, "He still play it"

"You wanted nothing to do with him when he came to the restaurant wearing ingwe vest" Ziphe say.

Fiki laugh, "I didn't know him back then. He is such a great person, you need to come over one day"

"Enough about Skhumbuzo. He is arrogant. My own dad is betraying me" Sena say.

We all look at her.

She gulp her wine, "He is convincing Lwazi that he need to expand his family"

"But that's what must happen anyway" I say.

She give me a look, "Quinton is still young and I'm not ready to lose all this sexiness again"

"What does Lwazi say?" Nozipho ask.

"He want another baby, thanks to Biyela"

Zethu chuckles, "Biyela would do anything to see Lwazi happy"

"I agree" Fiki says.

Sena look at them, "I don't think so"

"I'm telling you. I think he doesn't like Tyson that much"

I think she is whining now. Why must our dad like our boyfriends?

"You know why? Because him and Tyson think alike, Tyson is like a white version of him" Fiki says.

I don't like this kind of talk.

"Can we stop gossiping about

Biyela. Phindile how is your brother?" I say.

She smile shyly, "He is good"

Zethu jump in, "He is buying his mother a house"

Wow! I see how proud Phindile's face look. They deserve it. We congratulate her, we know how much she wanted her brother back.

Sena pours another glass, "Have you tried to find Phakade's godfather Ziphelele?"

She look down, "I still need to talk to Thapelo"

"Are you guys okay though?" Nozipho ask.

She exhale, "We are okay, just not the way we used to be"

"You need to give him his cookie, that

will remind him you are his wife"  
Zethu say.

Phindile look at her shocked. She  
should be used to her by now.

"That's what I told her" I say.

"But I'm supposed to heal first" she  
say.

Nozipho throw a piece of meat in her  
mouth, "What is healing? What are you  
guys talking about?"

We look at her.

"You don't mean you are already  
opening your legs for Sbusiso?!" Fiki  
says.

She sip on her juice, "This meat is well  
cooked"

We broke into laughter. The hoe my  
brother married!

"I don't feel anything" Zanda say.

Now we are looking at her.

"How?" Zethu ask.

"Like I don't get aroused at all.Maybe I need to wait for designed time"

"You mean you don't feel anything even when he grab your waist and kiss your neck?" I ask.

She shake her head, "The best excuse is that we are supposed to wait for Leano to grow"

"You need to buy erex arousal drops" Nozipho say.

"What is that?" She ask.

Nozipho explain to her.I think this while dinner traumatises Phindile.She look like she want to fly.

We open the second bottle of wine.The conversation is heated,Phindile has excused herself and went inside the

house to watch some talk show.

"She look familiar" Ziphe say.

"Who?" Zanda ask.

"This girl.She look like someone I know but it's a coincidence"

"That's how I felt the first day I saw her,I guess she just have a familiar face" Zanda say.

"It's Aunt Lydia's birthday soon, we need to organise a birthday celebration.Reaching 58 is a blessing" Nozipho say.

Just when I thought my bank account was safe!

"Where is it going to be held?" Zethu ask.

"Sbu bought her a house I think it would be perfect if we set up a party in there.Everything will be a surprise"

I can't wait to see the lioness of Judah's face on that day.

## Chapter Hundred & Thirty-Seven

### Ziphe Mokoena

.

They are gone. I'm left with Phakade and my thoughts. I miss Nkabenhle, right now he would be telling me what to do.

He was always right. He became more than just a guardian to me. He made me his soul sister. He was the first to hold Phakade. He was holding my hand through the delivery.

He became my pillar of strength. He let me in. He knew my troubles, I knew his. I can't help but worry about him.

Is he coping? Did he find his family?  
For the most did he find the girl and  
apologise?

What my sisters told me give me knots  
in the stomach. What if Thapelo isn't  
interested?

I realise Phakade is fast asleep on my  
arms, I get up from the rocking chair  
and place him in his cot.

I go to the closet once again, to review  
my set of sexy underwears. I used to  
find confidence in them, now I'm  
scared to even try them on. I feel loose.  
Phone screen flashes. It's a text from  
Nozipho. Thapelo is on his way home. I  
take a deep breath. No, I'm not wearing  
these.

I go to the kitchen to warm up his  
food. My hands are literally shaking.

Ten minutes later he walk in.I look at him,he look at me.We do this a lot.

"How was dinner with your sisters?"

He ask.

"It was good"

He walk past me, "I missed Phakade"

"He is asleep. Your food is ready"

He stop and look at me, "Thanks.We had a little braai with the gents"

My face drops.He walk to me and stop a few inches away from me.

"I'd love to eat but I'm full babe"

I nod.

He kiss his fingers then place them on my lips.Our eyes lock for a moment before he walk away.My stomach turn even more.

Nozipho's texts are giving me unnecessary pressure,I switch off the

phone.I wait for some time before I follow him.

He has taken Phakade out of his cot.He is on his chest.I decide to give them their moment and go wait for him in our bedroom.

Maybe I should just jump on top of him.Or start by asking to give him massage? He walk in as I'm in the middle of my thoughts.

"Are you okay?" I ask.

"Are you okay?" He ask me.

I nod, "Yeah I am.Are you?"

"I am"

He walk past to the bathroom.I don't know why I'm following him.He close the bathroom door behind him.

I open it,he look at me.

"I love you" I say and close the door

before he can reply.

I hear the shower running. I want to imagine his body wet by that warm water. The body I've longed to touch and taste.

He walk in wearing long pyjamas. He sit on my side of bed. He is quiet for a moment.

Then,

"I love you too Ziphe" he say.

I get up. I stand in front of him, wrap my hands around his neck. He is not comfortable.

"I missed you" I say.

He lift his head up and look at me. There is nothing but sadness in his eyes.

I exhale, "I want to apologise to your family. Even if it means I must get

down on my knees and beg for their forgiveness I will. I wronged you, I failed to stand by you. I'm the reason your family hate you, I want to make things right. I know I've caused you pain more than I've created you happiness. I owe the Mokoenas an apology"

He put his hand on my arm, "You don't have..."

I cut him in, "I will do it. I know the importance of family. Phakade need to know his aunt, you also need your family. People you share your blood with"

"I don't know what to say"

"You don't have to say anything. Your wife is back. I'm back my love"

I kiss his forehead, he chuckles. I slid

down to his lips.He smell nicotine. I stop and look at him.

He is embarrassed, "I'm sorry,I only took..."

I shut him with a kiss.I don't know what demon is pushing me.I'm all over him.I push him backwards, he fall on bed by his back.I sit on his waist and suck his lips hungrily.

I feel his erection poking my butt.I deepen the kiss.He wrap his arms around my back.I feel my body heat up.I know his touch.I know only his touch.

I pause,

"Do you remember me?" I ask.

His eyes are turning red, "Yes I do"

I push his pyjama pants to his ankles.He is asking me questions.

Am I sure I want to do this? Of course I am.

I swallow as his dick sprung out. Was it this big the last time? I touch it. I hear him inhale.

When my tongue pat on its tip he let out a single moan. I still know how to blow it. I play with it until he beg me to stop. All his veins has come out.

He pin me on bed like a wrestler. So quickly my clothes has been striped off. He have my legs on his shoulders. He rub my clit fleetly. I'm more than ready. I just want him in.

He stop, breathing heavily.

"Must I put on a condom?"

"No, I want you babe"

He kiss me, "Thank you"

He push it in. He is keeping the eye

contact.I'm seeing my husband.They were right.

He is thrusting hell for leather.My fingers are digging on his back as I'm trying to keep up with his moves.

"I..I missed you Ziphe...Oh! Babe"

I want to tell him I missed him too,but his thrusts are making my mouth dry.He is digging my vagina,touching every corner.

"Oh my love!" He say hitting it one last time.

I'm shaking.My whole body is trembling.I'm crying out his name. He calls me back, loud in a groaning voice.I feel warmth all over my thighs. We open our eyes and look at each other. He close his eyes and open them again.

"Hi"

I smile, "Hey"

"You took good care of my nunubery"

"You were the first, you will be the one and only till forever"

He put his forehead on mine.

"I love you my wife, with all my heart"

Phakade is crying!!!

Chapter Hundred & Thirty-Eight

Fikile Biyela

.

I finish my day early. My last meeting was at 13h45, I knock off right after it. I need to do my hair, nails and little shopping.

Skhumbuzo left for Inkandla yesterday so there is nothing to rush home to. I

drive to Musgrave. I like doing my hair at Le Glam, plus they are all beauty in one. I decide to do straight up, let me look simple for once. I do my nails and thirty minutes massage. This is about me, why not go for a glass of wine. I said I'm slowing down, not stopping. I love wine.

My phone ring as I'm about to drive off. I don't recognise the number.

"Hello"

The person keep quiet, but I can hear the breathing.

"Are you there?"

Instead of a reply the call is dropped.

Who could this be?

A text follow instantly:

PLEASE COME HOME, HURRY

This freak me out.

Which home must I come to? And who is this?

I call Sbusiso.

"Sbusiso is everything alright?" I ask without greeting.

It sound like he is busy.

"No,I don't know what happened to this sink it's blocking water and Nozipho..."

Geez!!

"Sbu damnit! Is everyone fine?" I ask in frustration.

"Yes.Do you by any chance know a good plumber that can come over here asap?"

"No Sbu.Thank you,bye"

I decide to drive straight home.I don't know who is this person telling me to hurry but I know if there was

something dodgy the security would've warned me by now.

I'm anxious as I open the door. The house is too quiet. I put my bags on the table and check in the lounge.

The cushions are on the floor. My favourite vase is broken. There is a pair of sneakers and backpack. I know these sneakers, they are Sthelo's.

"Skhumbuzo" I yell.

He appears, with blood all over his face. I'm electric shocked, with my mouth wide opened.

"Sthelo!!!"

He walk toward me. He is limping.

"Sthelo what happened?" I ask in a scream.

He sniff.

Oh my gosh! The attackers could still

be here.

"We need to get out of here" I say  
trying to pull his arm.

He can see that I'm freaked out, he tell  
me there is no one.

"Who did this to you?" I ask.

"It's dad"

Say what?

"Sthelo who did this to you? Where are  
they?"

He balance on the couch, "It's dad"

"You're kidding, why would he do this?  
You're his son"

He scratch his head.

"Where is he?" I ask.

"He left, maybe he is with Aunt Lungi"

Okay I need to breath.

"We need to go to the hospital" I say.

He shake his head.

"Come on, look at you. You're bleeding"

He look away, "I only need to be bandaged"

This kid!

I help him clean up. It's a small cut, I don't know what that fool used to hit him with. He also punched his nose. How cruel!

Firstly he didn't tell me he is coming back, secondly he come back and beat his child to death in our house, thirdly he leave him bleeding just like that.

What kind of a father does this to his own child?

"Come, you need to eat something then take painkillers" I say.

He follow me to the kitchen and sit on the chair while I make sandwich for him. He only eat half and take the

tablets.

"How are you feeling?" I ask.

He chuckles, "They won't work in two seconds"

Yeah he is right.

"I need you to go lie down while I go look out for your father. He's got a lot answering to do"

He jump off the chair, "I will go with you"

I'm too angry to be arguing with him.

Wait, did we just talk for more than five minutes?

I drive straight to Durban North, his ancestors should protect him and get him out of that house before I get there.

"Stay in the car" I tell Sthelo.

Lungile is the one to open the door. I

don't even greet her I walk inside,

"Where is he?"

She close the door, "Fikile are you okay?"

"Where is he Lungile?"

He appears with a mug on his hand. I still can't believe how cruel he is.

"MaBiyela"

"Don't MaBiyela me you Satan! What kind of an animal are you? You attack a child! Your child Skhumbuzo, how can you hurt him like that?"

He give Lungile a look, she walk away immediately.

"That boy..."

I cut him in, "I don't want to hear a word from you. You are cruel, you hit him and left him like that to die. Did you want him to die?"

He frown, "Die over a fist?"

Why is he so chilled?

There is a tear escaping my eye.

"You throw your fists on a child? Can't you fight your own peers?"

He walk to me, "He need to be handled like a man he is"

I shake his hands off me, "He could've died.You left him bleeding and helpless"

He doesn't understand how wrong it is.He sip on his cup.I grab it and put it on the counter.

"You're so angry at me MaBiyela.Did he tell you he is now a dagga boy?"

What???

"Oh he didn't tell you that I'm funding his rugby trips and tournaments so that he can roll weed after and

celebrate!"

His face has changed.He is angry.

"No,he didn't. But all that doesn't give you the right to be Mike Tyson on him, you should've talked to him he have two functioning ears"

I'm back at shouting again.

"Do not shout at me and defend that boy"

I fold my arms, "And do not come to my house.You are danger to his life"

He is getting very irritated.

"I have every right to reprimand my son and every right to go home tonight"

He think he know me.

"Skhumbuzo I'm not Sthelo you can punch on the face, hit with my favourite expensive vase that you're going to

pay back,I'm Fikile and you're not  
welcome in my house nor near Sthelo"  
Now he knows I mean it.His face is  
softening to begging.

"Goodnight" I walk out.

I ignore him calling my name.And this  
one,what make him think he can sleep?

I shake his shoulder, "Wake up"

He look at me, "Are you okay?"

"Is that you or weed asking?"

He look down, "I'm sorry"

Does he owe me an apology?

"I don't care if you're sorry or not.Why  
did you smoke weed? And when did  
you start?"

"I swear it was once-off thing,I was  
celebrating with the team and things  
got out of control. I don't do drugs, you  
have to believe me"

I exhale, "Why must I believe you? You can lie to me, you wouldn't care"

"Please believe me, if you can believe me dad can believe me too"

He mustn't tick me off.

"Don't you take drug tests in your school?" I ask.

"We do, as I'm saying it only happened once. Mr Meyer decided to tell dad because he is too forward"

I give him a look, "You're so surprising for a rugby captain. Have you ever seen Bernard Parker high in drugs?"

"He is not a rugby player"

I don't need motivation to drop him here and leave.

"It doesn't matter, he doesn't smoke weed so you must look up to him"

I guess he will sleep over. It's just us,

how rare!

I order pizza since my night have been fucked up.He has been watching some rugby match quietly. His father has left tons of messages.

I give him juice and pizza,then sit next to him.I grab the remote and change the channel.

"But I was still watching" he say.

I look at him, "You shouldn't be watching TV.If I was your mom I was gonna ground you, but I'm nobody you can watch what I'm watching"

"You are not a nobody"

I look at him.

"I thought you would leave us,just like she did"

My heart sink, "I will not leave"

"I don't want you to leave.Thanks for

coming through for me today"

I smile, "You're welcome, but never think about smoking again"

He nod.

I regret telling him not to come home as soon as I get on bed. That wasn't fair, but we still need to address the issue of punishing kids in this house. He can't punch kids and think it's okay. I

wonder if he has done the same to Nkanyezi.

A part of me want to text him and tell him he can come home, but then he need to learn a lesson. Nobody is to raise a hand on one another in this house.

I got my sleep around eleven, which is why I'm waking up at seven sharp. I'm late for work, I better alert my PA.

I run to the bathroom,I need to hurry up.

Sthelo!!!

I put on my formal pants,shirt and coat.I find him in the kitchen.He has made breakfast.

"Good morning" I greet.

"Morning I made breakfast"

I take a seat, "Thanks.Aren't you supposed to be in school?"

"I've been suspended for a week"

Oh wow!

He is strict on what he eat so he prepared two different breakfast.He have a green shake he keep drinking.I still think he should be enjoying being a teenager and be carefree.

The door swing open.

"Morning"

Sthelo look frightened.

"Morning Nkosi" I say.

He take it as an invitation to join us on the table. Sthelo get up from his seat, I order him to sit down.

"There will be no beating in this house" I tell them.

He need to say something.

"Am I clear Nkosi?" I ask.

He exhale, "Yes"

"And there will be no smoking nyaope Sthelo"

He nod.

I get up to fix breakfast for my man. They remain quiet till I finish. So they are not speaking to each other, how matured!

"Thank you" he say as I put the plate in front of him.

Sthelo excuse himself and leave the table.

"I know you hate me" he say.

I sigh, "I don't hate you,I can never do.I just don't like what you did.I know Sthelo is not my child, I just can't..."

He cut me in, "My children are your children, just like Kuhle and Simile are my sons"

"Okay don't beat my children then"

"If they misbehave?" He ask.

"We will talk to them.Kids are human,they can listen without being physical hurt"

He sigh, "Okay"

I get up and kiss his cheek, "I will see you after work"

He hold my arm, "You are not going to work"

"Excuse me?"

He sneak his arm around my waist,

"Today we are going to have sex in the pool.I missed you last night"

I smile, "Sounds tempting but I have to be at work"

He is crazy. If Sthelo wasn't here I was going to scream at him.He put me over his shoulder and take me upstairs.

"Skhu are you crazy?" I ask.

He lock the door.

"I miss you like crazy"

I sit on the bed, "You can't be serious"

"I love this new thing you did with your hair"

Gosh!!

"It's not a 'thing', it's straightup" I say.

He take off his t-shirt, "Great,let's make straightup sex then"

"Are you high?"

He chuckles, "I'm not Sthelo. It means I will tap Apple while you're standing, you said it's straightup"

I shouldn't be turned on by this.

"You're crazy"

He smile, "I love you"

Am I really calling my day off because of the dick???

Seems I am.

Chapter Hundred &Thirty-Nine

Zanda Dlamini

.

We didn't make it to six weeks. The drops Nozipho recommended make me horny af. It's sex as usual, so I guess

my cervix has healed.

Mandla is such a great dad,I'm so grateful to have him in my life.Today before he left for work he prepared Leano's bottles and made me maize porridge with some squeezed lemon. His mom left since Leano became a normal baby.It's just me and Leano all day.Maybe I should get a helper who is gonna help me with the house chores,plus I need some company during the day.

I finally get off bed and shower.I bath Leano and dress him up.He look so cute.I wonder if dad can see how I've grown.I'm a mother.

When he take a nap I clean the house. I'm juggling between doing laundry, ironing and attending to him.I

should've kept that lady Mandla hired. I've watched movies, ate multiple times and took naps. Mandla is a bit late today, so I eat dinner without him and keep his food in the microwave.

He come as I put Leano on bed. He always give me a hard time when he want to sleep.

He soften his steps so that he doesn't wake Leano up. He kiss my cheek.

"Is he sleeping now?" He whispers.

"Yes"

He kiss his lips softly, "Hey"

I pull his arm, "You will wake him up"

"I missed him"

"Around ten he will wake up, you will see him then" I say.

He exhale, "Okay, how are you?"

"I'm good. How was your day?"

He hold my hand, "Long and tiring my love"

"Do you want massage?"

He smile, "No,I want a back scrub"

"Okay,go fill the bathtub I'm coming"

As soon as he disappear in the bathroom I pull the drawers and take my arousal drops.This feels so wrong.

I strip my clothes off and get in the bathtub.He put me between his legs.

"Aren't you the one who need a back scrub?" I ask.

He kiss my neck, "If I have you in my arms there is nothing more that I need"

"Babe" it come out as a whisper.

My clit is throbbing, his fingers are all over my cookie.

"What is it Mama kaLeano?"

The way he say that make me moan.He  
bite my earlobe,

"You are so beautiful babe" he say.

I close my eyes, "Mandla I need you"

"I'm all yours"

I turn to him,our lips lock.His hands  
are massaging my face,his eyes fixed  
on mine,his lips are smoothly sucking  
my lower lip.

"Get on it babe" he say.

I sit on his waist and position myself  
well.He hold my waist,his tongue is  
stuck out.I move softly, his hands are  
directing me.He look like a hungry  
puppy.I remove his hands around me  
and start bouncing freely.He is  
grabbing my boobs and groaning.

Climaxing has been a problem,I just  
fake it so that he can go on and reach

his break. Giving birth has left me with few bedroom difficulties and I'm scared to discuss them with Mandla. It's better if I take arousal drops and make him happy.

He grab my butt, the more his grip tightens is the more I raise my pace. His eyes roll back, his jaws tighten. He make the loudest groan.

"Zanda" he say.

I smile, "Yes babe"

"Come here" he open his arms.

I lie on his chest. He is still breathing heavily.

"I don't know if I tell you this enough, I love you"

My heart warms, "I know, and I love you too"

"When I'm away from you, you are the

only thing that dwells on my mind. You've given me more than I wanted. You've given me love, honesty and son. You've made me a father, I will never, I mean never stop loving you" Now I'm getting emotional. I look at him, his eyes are teary red. He give me a beautiful smile, showing all his front perfect white teeth.

"Your cookie made me cry"

I laugh, "Is it that hot?"

He kiss my lips, "I want to have you again, and again and again"

"Let's finish in the bedroom"

We fill the bathtub with fresh water and bath. We take our deeds to the bedroom. He take me from behind. Here we have to control ourselves otherwise Leano will wake up. He keep

covering my mouth with his hand.  
He is trying so hard not to explode, he  
keep begging me to cum.I'm not even  
close.I go reversely. Now he is the one  
who need to cover his mouth.

"Babe...no..no babe" he cry.

I don't stop,neither does he.He hold my  
thighs and thrust rapidly while  
groaning.We both fall on bed.

"Baby I'm sorry"

I hold his hand, "I'm good"

We lie face to face.He is sweating.He  
look sleepy and so sexy.

"You are so cute" I say.

He laugh, "What is that? Am I Leano  
now?"

"Yes,you are my big Leano"

"The one you fuck till lights out" he  
say.

I put my hand over his mouth,  
"Language!"

He glance over Leano's cot, "Sorry little man"

We make another round while Leano is still asleep. When he wake up Mandla attend to him. I wrap myself on bed and doze off.

Leano must've kept him up all night, he doesn't hear the alarm goes off. I choose not to disturb him and go prepare his bath and take out his clothes.

Then I wake him up, "Babe"

He open his eyes, "Mhhh"

"Your bath is ready, it's close to seven now"

He sigh, "Okay thanks babe"

I leave to make breakfast. I prepare a

light breakfast and make two cups of coffee. I get yesterday's leftovers for his lunchbox.

I don't know if he slept after I walked out. His coffee is getting cold. I finish drinking mine and return upstairs to check on him.

"You're going to be late" I say walking in.

He is half dressed, grounded on the same spot with something on his hand.

"Babe are you okay?" I ask walking to him.

My jaw drops!

He look at me with a blank expression,

"What is this Zanda?"

I swallow, "This..I bought it"

"What is it?"

I keep quiet.

"Why did you buy it?"

I look away, his eyes are scaring me.

"Why Zanda?"

I exhale, "It helps me with arousal"

He frown, "What do you mean?"

"It help me get wet"

He opens the drawer, put the parcel inside and close it.

"Have you seen my dark grey socks?"

He ask.

I just look at him, studying his face. It gives nothing away.

I shake my head and sit on the bed. He continue dressing up in silence.

"Babe, let's talk" I say.

He doesn't even look at me, "I'm running late babe, what do you want to talk about?"

"I've had arousal problems, ever since I

delivered Leano"

He chuckles, "You don't have to try and comfort me. Last night you didn't cum because you no longer feel me"

"That's not true, I enjoyed last night"

"That thing made you enjoy last night. I can't believe the same thing is happening again!"

I walk to him, "What do you mean?"

"I love you"

He walk away. I take Leano and walk after him. I find him drinking his cold coffee.

"Mandla don't do this" I say.

"Do what?"

"Walk away while we are still talking"

He exhale, "What do you want me to say? I love you and thank you for covering up for my failures"

He is starting to piss me off.

"Stop this victim act, I'm the one with a problem here!!"

He put the cup on the table, "I'm the one who can't make his girlfriend wet. This is not your fault, every man must be able to make his woman want him. You don't want me, my touch is cold"

"I hid this from you because I knew this is how you would react" I say.

He chuckles, "So you faked it?"

Someone clap hands on the doorway. My heart drop to the floor.

What brings her here? Who let her in?

"You're traumatising my nephew with all this sex argument"

Sigh!

"Phumla why are you in my house?" I

ask.

"To see my nephew" she say smiling.

"Who told you you are welcome here?"

Mandla ask.

She roll her eyes, "Shouldn't you be booking an appointment in Men's Clinic?"

"Phumlile you need to get out of my house now!!" I say.

"Let me see my nephew. Look at you little sister, so dickactive but your man is dickdeactivated"

What on earth did I do to deserve this evil human being as a sister?

"I don't want to put my hands on you, it will be more like assaulting a dead dog. Please get out, I don't want you near my son" Mandla say, very collected.

"Oh I nearly forgot you are a woman

beater! Does my sister know you nearly killed me?"

I roll my eyes, "This is such a great morning"

She put a gift bag on the table, "For Leano. Aunty love you nana. Bye parents"

When she is about to walk out she turn around,

"Mntase don't hesitate to contact me if you need useful sex toys"

Mandla clench his jaws, I go shut the door after her.

"I can't believe her you know" I say in shock.

He chuckles and walk to the bathroom. This morning couldn't get any worse.

## Chapter Hundred &Forty

Zanda Dlamini

.

He stayed for ten minutes in the bathroom, I don't know what he was doing there,when he came back he grabbed his bag,car keys and left.He said nothing.

He didn't call nor text the whole day.It's not like him not to check up on us.Nevertheless I cook dinner,cabbage mixed with mince and phuthu.It's his favourite meal of all times.

I wait for him to come.I'm not eating without him,again.I wait in the lounge,Leano is resting peacefully in my arms.

I stand up,relieved, when I see him

walking in.

"Hey" I say.

He put the bag on the table, "Hi"

He doesn't say 'hi' to me, he say babe.

"I'm waiting to eat with you,yesterday  
you skipped dinner" I say.

He take Leano, "I had late lunch,thank  
you"

"I cooked cabbage and mince with  
uphuthu"

"When did he sleep?"

I open the silver bowl, "Look at this  
cabbage, I added..."

"Zanda I said I'm not hungry"

He walk away.

I feel a painful stab in my heart.I lose  
my appetite. He is rejecting my food,  
last night he didn't eat either.

I take out his lunchbox and open it.The

food I dished for him isn't touched. It  
smells sour. I've been wasting my  
energy.

I send Nozipho the text:

\*\*\*He found out about the drops and  
he is angry, I don't know what to do  
anymore\*\*\*

I know Phumla humiliated, shattered  
and bruised Mandla's bedroom  
confidence but I shouldn't suffer for  
it. I've told him time to time that he is  
enough for me. That is the entire  
truth, he satisfies me in every way. Or is  
it because I'm not comparing him to  
anyone?

"I can't believe you Zanda!!!"

And now???

I look at him lost.

"You think this is funny? You've been

telling the whole world about our issues?"

I don't know what he is on about.

"What?"

His lips are trembling, that's how angry he is.

"I'm the laughing stock now. My sister knows, I'm sure Sbu's sisters know too"

Oh that!

"Stop shouting. Nozi is the one who recommended those drops, but she said my body is still...."

He cut me in, "Great! My sister recommend self-romance, your sister recommend plastic dicks. You are sorted I guess"

I just look at him, out of words. I'm not good at arguing and I can't be

defending myself when he is shouting. I walk away.

"Enjoy yourself" he says.

I go to the spare bedroom and cuddle myself on bed. This is fucked up.

Why are we even fighting? Why can't he listen?

I don't know how I fell asleep with no blanket covering me. I nearly get a heart attack when I see the sun shining through the curtain.

My baby!!!

I forgot him. I slept throughout the night. I jump off bed straight to the main bedroom. His cot is empty. Mandla is not on bed either.

I run down shouting for Mandla. My heart is thumping out. I sigh in relief as I see Mandla feeding him.

"Baby"

He stop me from taking him, "Can't you see he is eating?"

That was cold!

"I don't know where I got such deep sleep, I didn't mean to leave him with you all night" I say apologetic.

"You're too good"

"What is that supposed to mean?" I ask.

He put his focus back to Leano and ignore me.

Sigh! Let me take this opportunity and go take a bath.

I take a quick warm shower. Since it's cold I put on my big fluffy gown.

I find him putting Leano back in his cot. I take him from the cot, I've missed him.

"Hey my angel, mommy missed you"  
I walk and sit on bed. Mandla disappear  
to the bathroom. I rock Leano, humming  
for him until he doze off. I love being a  
mommy.

His daddy walk back wrapped in a  
towel.

"I have an important meeting, my  
mother will come and take care of  
Leano"

I frown, "I can take care of my son"  
He must get serious.

"I prefer my mother taking care of  
him, you already have too much on  
your hands"

"He is my son" I say through my teeth.  
He doesn't say anything, he dress up  
and collect his stuff. A part of me feel  
bad for not preparing him lunchbox

but it's not like he is going to eat it.

He kiss Leano, "See you later boy"

Where is my kiss?

I will deal with his childishness later. I leave Leano and go prepare his bottles and some breakfast for myself.

Someone is at the door.

I open.

"Good morning" she say walking in.

"Morning Ma"

"How are you?" She ask.

"I'm good.I wasn't expecting you"

"Where is Leano?" She ask.

"He is sleeping upstairs"

She walk on,up the stairs.I attend to my eggs.Maybe I should make more for Mandla's mom too.

She walk down holding my baby with his bag.

"Ma you shouldn't have woken him up"  
I'm trying so hard to bury my  
irritation.

"I'm taking him.Didn't Mandla tell  
you?" She say.

"No.I don't want Leano to go out"  
She take the bottles, "Mandla insisted  
that I take him"

"No Ma,you can't" I shake my head.

"Until you resolve your issues Leano is  
not gonna be around. It's his right to  
be in a peaceful home with positive  
atmosphere"

Is this a joke?

"I'm his mother, I make the rules"

She exhale, "I hear you slept the whole  
night without checking on him.I know  
this motherhood thing is new to  
you,that's why I'm giving you this mini

break"

She walk out.Tears troll down.They are taking my son away from me!!

>>>>>>>>>>>>

Sena Madlala

.

She keep dropping the call.I wish I can drive faster but that would be against the road rules.I know whatever it is is not good.Her painful sobs stabbed in my heart.

I park outside and rush inside the house.

"Zanda!!!"

There she is on the couch.Her eyes are swollen.

"Babe what happened?" I ask.

She bite her lip.She can't even talk.Tears just roll down.

"Hey,it's me.Talk to me"

"They took Leano" she say between the sobs.

"Who took him?" I ask.

"Mandla and his mom"

Umhhh....

"Please calm down and tell me what is happening" I say.

She slow down,wipe her cheeks and start.

"We are fighting over the arousal drops,he think I don't want him anymore.He made the whole thing his fault and now he is angry that I told you guys about it,he say I'm making him a laughing stock.Last night he was shouting I got angry and went to cool my head in the spare bedroom.Unfortunately I fell asleep

there and slept throughout the night"  
She exhale.

"Now he has painted me as a bad mother to his mom, as if I'm failing to look after Leano..and she came, sent by him and took him from me"

Who gave them the right? Leano is Zanda's son.

She look at me, "But maybe this is how he wanted it. He just needed a baby, then toss me aside like a used tissue. He doesn't need me anymore"

"Don't talk like that. Mandla loves you"

She shake her head, "He doesn't eat my food"

"What do you mean?" I ask curiously.

"He return with the lunchbox untouched, he refuse to eat dinner. He eat out"

"But maybe it's because he have out of office meetings,I mean he can't be travelling around with lunchtins" I say.

"You're just saying.Mandla doesn't love me anymore,he have what he wanted.Happiness was never meant for people like me,if it was I was gonna have a normal childhood.The only thing he did is fooling me"

Her words break my heart.

"Please Zanda he..."

She cut me in, "Sena he sent his mother to take my son.He knows I'm nobody,I have nothing, no one to fight for me.He know he dusted me,fed me and fended for me for years,he have every right to do as he pleases.Even if it means taking my son from me,he knows I can't do anything about it."

She break down again. I pull her to me and shush her.

"I'm here for you Zanda and you will get Leano back.No one is gonna hurt you like this while I'm still alive"

She look at me, "He is my son Sena"

"I need you to calm down, go lie in your bedroom or sit outside and get some fresh air" I tell her.

She nod.

"I will be back"

I've been to Mandla's workplace, I'm just not sure about his office.If he think he is going to walk over Zanda he's got another thing coming.

I walk to the reception lady,who look like a 50years 25years old.

"Where is Mandla Zungu's office?"

She look at me,her nose raised.

"Hello to you to miss"

I sigh, "Girl I'm in a hurry,so if you can help me"

"Mr Zungu have a meeting in town"

She have attitude for days,no for years.

"Can I have his meeting details,this is urgent... Oh by the way I'm Senamile Biyela Madlala"

The way she is checking up her computer in a speed make me wanna laugh.

She give me the meeting details in such a humble voice.I'm out!

It's one of those fancy places with aircons every where, slippery tiles and glass walls.

They are now chatting happily with his business associates,there are plates of food in front of them.No wonder he

doesn't eat Zanda's food.

"Gentlemen" I greet.

They all look at me. It's a men's only meeting.

"Mandla I'm here for you" I say.

He excuse himself and follow me out.

"What's wrong?"

I'm glad he knows something is wrong.

"Mandla I respect you, you are like a big brother to me"

He frown, "Okay..."

"Don't make a mistake of thinking just because you are coming from a stable family, you have a mother and money you can do as you please with Zanda. She may not have a mother or a biological family that cares but I'm here for her and I will fight for her, even if it means fighting with

people I respect"

He fold his arms and exhale.

"You are the last person I imagined using her. She gave you a son, something nobody has ever gave you and you think because you dusted her and took care of her it gives you the right to take away her son, the one she went through unimaginable things to deliver?"

"You're taking this whole thing wrongly. I love Zanda"

"No you don't, you are just polishing the wounds Phumla left you with. You are using her and now that you got a child out of it your true colours are showing"

He clench his teeth, "I love her and you know it"

"She is moving in with me. My lawyer is getting ready to represent her in court over Leano's custody"

He chuckles, his eyes are getting a little warm.

"Are you serious?" his voice is breaking a little.

"You and your precious mom get ready. She is no longer an orphan you picked from the street and turned into an unmarried wife, she is my sister now"

I walk away, leaving him standing like a statue fighting his tears like a man.

I find Zanda drinking a cup of tea, still wearing a gown. My instincts tell me Mandla is following behind me.

"Let's go pack, now" I say.

She frown, "I thought you went to get

Leano"

I take the cup away and pull her.

"Hurry, we need to be busy with packing"

"Ouch!!"

She pull her hand and run after me.

"Why are we packing my clothes?" She ask.

"You will see,just pretend as if you're packing that bag"

She do as told.Not even five minutes pass before we hear slow footsteps approaching.

His eyes tell me a story.I'm glad both of them cried,they're now even.

He come and sit on the floor next to Zanda.Zanda should be pretending to be angry, but no she start crying again.

"Zah you're leaving me?"

I want to jump in and say yes, but hey.

"You are leaving me Zah?" He ask again.

"I want my baby Mandla" Zanda say crying.

"I wasn't taking him away from you. Please Zanda, I'm sorry"

The mighty has fallen!

"I want my son"

"I'm gonna get him, unpack the bags. Let's talk about this, please"

Zanda keep quiet and continue throwing clothes inside the bag.

"I know I did you wrong, I shouldn't have taken Leano. I know I'm a fool. Please don't leave me, please don't hurt me like this"

Let me walk out, this is getting personal and emotional. I will peep

through the door and eavesdrop.

"I love you Zanda,I'm not using you and I never will.Please listen to me Zanda,I love you"

He is grabbing her hand.

"Don't touch me,just like you don't touch my food" Zanda says.

She continue packing. Good girl!

"You are giving up on us Zanda? After all these years,did you find someone better than me?"

Zanda keep quiet.

"Is he good than me?"

Mr is insecure.

"Just stop,okay" Zanda say.

"I will do anything you want.You can even take that arousal thing you're taking, buy sex toys and all just don't leave me.We can find a way to make it

work, please don't give up on me"

I know Zanda is sighing.

"When do I get a break from these Phumla planted insecurities?" she ask.

"Do you still love me Zanda?"

I roll my eyes until they touch my brain.

"Sena is in a hurry" she say zipping the bag.

He grab the bag and throw it across the room.

"You're not going. Awuyi lapho Zanda!"  
This is what I call action.

"I'm making things easy for you, you don't have to feel uncomfortable in your own house. But I'm coming back for my son"

"No I'm going to get our son back and we are going to stay with him,

together"

Is she not a bad mom now?

"Let me go Mandla"

He push her further until she reach the wall.

"I'm sorry, but I won't let you go"

"You don't love me, you are using..."

That was shut by a violent kiss, Zanda's neck is in his hands.

This is live.

Must I continue watching?

This little bitch is moaning for what?

Talk about betrayal.

Mandla's jean is on his ankles. His other hand is busy under Zanda's gown.

I should go, my man is only coming back at five.

## Chapter Hundred &Forty-One

Zanda Dlamini

.

I can't believe I just gave in just like that.I pull my gown from the floor and hid my body.I'm not comfortable flaunting the big tummy broadly.

"I'm sorry" he say when our eyes meet.

"I want my baby"

He wipe his face, "I will tell mom to bring him"

I leave his sorry ass and go to the bathroom. My vjay hurt,he was trying to paralyse it.

I fill the bathtub with water and float my body inside.I close my eyes and think about everything that is happening.If we were to break up he wouldn't hesitate to take Leano away

from me.

I don't know why I'm crying again. I need to resume my studies next semester. I need to build my own independent future. Mandla love me but future isn't guaranteed to anyone. This water is getting cold. And then???"How long have you been here?" I ask embarrassed.

"Did I hurt you?"

I throw water on my face, "No..I..I'm just not okay"

"Mom is on his way, I'm sorry sthandwa"

He sound so sincere and heartbroken. He get me the towel and pull me up.

I grab it and wrap myself immediately. His eyes are on my

tummy.I try walking away from his steady stare,he hold my arm.

"What?" I say.

"I want to look at you"

Oh! Look at me and laugh.

"No"

He hold me tighter and open the towel wrapped from my breasts.My face flush with embarrassment.

"You kept my son in here" he lower his head and kiss my stomach.

I giggle, "Don't do that"

He look up at me, "You sacrificed everything for me,I owe my life to you"

I exhale, "If it happened that we broke up would you consider taking Leano and keeping him from me?"

"I gave you wrong impressions, didn't I?You don't trust me anymore"

I keep quiet.

"I will never hurt you like that, and by the way we will never break up"

He wrap the towel back and fix it. He look up, our eyes meet I look away instantly.

I dress up with him watching me like a hawk. Is he not going back to work?

His mother arrive with Leano. She can sense the heaviness in the house. She give us a lecture and threaten to come back and take Leano if we don't sort our issues. This is what get me worked up, the threats over my son's custody.

"I hate being threatened over my son" I tell Mandla as soon his mother walk out.

"She is just saying"

"Just saying? Didn't she take Leano

hours ago?"

He look down.

I sit on the couch and play with Leano.He leave us.A few hours without him in my arms feel like years.

"I'm sorry about last night Ncwane wami.Mommy was angry,she didn't forget about you.Mommy just fell asleep,I hope you were a good boy to daddy"

He is eating his fists,his little eyes are roaming around.I think he is happy to be in my arms.

"It is nice"

I turn my head to him. He have a plate of last night's food.

"Maybe you should cook cabbage two times a week,then I will keep all the leftovers" he say sitting opposite me.

I exhale and play with Leano's cheeks.

"What are you cooking today? I hope it's not pasta"

Am I cooking today? We will see.

"Zanda" he say when he realise he is being ignored.

"Mhhh"

"We can go and get professional advice regarding our situation" he say.

"Maybe"

He focus back on his food, "This is tasty my love"

"Aren't you returning to work?" I ask.

"No,I want to be with you who knows if I will find you when I come back"

I smile, secretly.

"I enjoyed the upstairs session"

He look at me, "You did?"

I nod.

The corner of his lip stretches, "I felt your soul"

We are back to speaking, but deep down in my heart I'm still hurt. He is a nice person naturally, but now he is extra nice.

I'm resting on his lap, Leano is sleeping as usual.

"I'm going to marry you, you know" he says out of the blue.

"I know, you've paid lobola for me"

"I don't want you to overwork yourself, you are not my wife yet. Even when you are I don't want you to slave yourself"

"Where is this coming from?" I ask.

"No where, I just want you to know"

He gets up and leaves to the kitchen. I also leave to the bedroom. I rest with

Leano on the bed.

I fell asleep with Leano, I only wake up when I hear his little voice crying in my ear.

I check his diaper, he has done the job. I get the wipes and clean him. He must be hungry, I don't know if there is any bottle left.

We go down and find his daddy busy in the kitchen with the apron on. He has prepared the bottles.

I go to the lounge and feed my son.

"Finally you guys are awake? I was bored" he says walking to us.

"Ya"

He sits next to me, "He is getting bigger, your resemblance in him is also growing"

I smile, "But the nose is yours"

"It means I scored with my eyes closed"

I laugh, "You believe in that thing?"

"The Zulu scientists don't lie" he say.

I roll my eyes, laughing. He pinch my cheek and smile.

"Don't do that" he say.

"What?"

"Rolling your eyes"

I roll them again.

He chuckles, "Before I beat someone and burn my pots"

He leave.

So he is the one cooking dinner today. This should be interesting.

Let me watch some TV. He come join after a while. He is done cooking.

He offers to bath Leano while I go to the shower. Maybe we should fight

more,I'm enjoying this special treatment.He get in the shower after me.

I call Debonnairs and order a pizza.He need to know how it feels like.I go down to the lounge and relax.

He come down wearing shorts and get busy in the dining room setting the table.He have so much determination, just like I did yesterday cooking him cabbage.

"Love" he calls.

I ignore him.

He call again then decide to come to me.

"Dinner is ready,come"

My focus is on TV, "Umhhh..I'm not hungry,thanks"

He take the remote and switch the TV

off,

"Come on babe, you haven't ate anything"

I sigh, "I'm just not hungry"

"I made chicken liver"

"I'm not hungry" I say in emphasis.

He look so disappointed. This must be how I looked yesterday.

"Okay you can eat dessert only"

I exhale, "I don't want to eat"

I'm hungry and craving the dessert but the childishness in me won't allow me to eat.He look hurt.He is standing and staring at me.

"What?" I ask.

"You haven't forgiven me,have you?"

"This isn't about you,I'm not hungry"

He nod, "Come sit with me then.I don't want to eat alone"

I've been eating alone for days.

"I'm still watching the movie"

Lol,I'm so shallow.

He turn around and walk away with tail between his legs.I mentally high-five myself.

And then?

"Aren't you eating?" I ask.

He sit next to me and keep quiet. I let him be.

"Who is at the door?" He ask.

It must be the pizza.I give him Leano and rush to the door.

"Thank you so much" I say taking my pizza.

Seems like he packed everything away.The food is in the fridge and the plates are back in the cupboard.

I love how neat he is,you wouldn't tell

that there has been a man cooking in this very same kitchen.

He walk in as I'm on my first slice.He is shocked to find me eating.

"I thought you said you're not hungry" he say.

"I couldn't say no to pizza" I say mouthful.

He watch me for a good while before walking away.I wait a few minutes then go check if the coast is clear. He must have gone upstairs.

I run back to the kitchen, grab the plate and dish myself food.

Oh mnandilicious!!

He really outdid himself.I dish some more,then down it with a glass of water.

I prepare the night bottles for Leano

and follow them up.

Leano is already asleep in his cot. His father is lying on bed, staring at the ceiling.

I put on my pj's, brush my teeth and get on bed next to him.

I burp out loud.

"Excuse me" I say covering my mouth.

He look at me, "Are you okay?"

"Yeah"

I put my hand on his chest, just to test the water. He pull me closer and wrap his arms around me.

"Have you thought about what are we going to buy for Aunt Lydia?" He ask.

"I don't know, I'm not even sure what is it that she really like"

"We will go buy together, I'm not sure either"

While he is saying that his stomach  
make a loud groan.It make me feel like  
Satan's cousin.He is hungry.

I get up, he ask where I'm going.I tell  
him I forgot my phone in the kitchen.  
I get in the kitchen,warm the food and  
dish up for him.I take a can of cold  
drink and go back.

He look at me walking in until I sit next  
to him.I put the can aside and order  
him to sit up.

"Come on babybaddy,open your  
mouth" I say holding up the spoon.  
He chuckles, "You're something else"  
I feed him until he finish. He is smiling  
all the way.Then I open the can and  
hand it to him.

"I feel like a baby" he say.

"You are my baby"

He drink with me watching him with anticipation.He put the can down and look at me.

"Thank you mom"

## Chapter Hundred & Forty-Two Simtho Biyela

.

Today is the day.The whole week have been busy.Yesterday we wrapped everything up,including room designs which was done by Zethu.Sena bought the beddings, curtains and kitchen appliances.The furniture was bought by Thapelo and Ziphe.Everyone contributed in making this house the

most beautiful, comfortable luxurious home.

This woman deserve all the best in this world,for all the shouting and advises she give us.She may not be our aunt by blood,but she hold a very special senior position in this family.Even dad knows how important Aunt Lydia's word is,he treat him equally as he would with his sister.And she is not scared to call out on him when he get out of line.

Time is flying.I'm going through my closet trying to find something stunning to wear.Don is right beside me shading everything.

"You'll just look like a zebra on that one"

I exhale, "The zebra have black and

white stripes, not green and white"

"You'll look like a photoshopped zebra"

I can't deal with him. I put it back and take another one.

"That's gonna make you look like Mirriam Makeba's late version"

He live to criticise. He doesn't even wait for me to fit and see how it look like on the body. I put it back on the hanger disappointed and take the creamy one I recently bought.

He doesn't say anything bad about it so I put it on.

He whistles.

"Yo babe! Kim Kardashian doesn't stand a chance here.

I give him the back view, "Are you sure babe?"

He spank my butt, "This is real deal Biyo. The top quality fresh meat" I smile proudly, "Bitches will wish they can slice me while their men linger their tongues over me wishing they can touch me"

He laugh, "And I'll be watching them trying to catch their breath"

We high-five. I give him all views, he compliment me.

Then I help him choose what to wear. We agree on knee-ripped jean, brown boots, white tshirt and jean jacket. He is flames.

"Are we going to go?"

This kid. Why is he rushing us?

"I still need to make-up Jnr, go watch TV" I say.

He look so irritated. He was ready an

hour ago.

"I wish I had my own car" he say and walk away.

"Only 3years to go dear son" Don shout at him.

I need to do my make-up fast before Jnr commit suicide. He also bought aunt Lydia a present,a secret one.I respect the bond and relationship he have with Aunt Lydia.She is gogoring him more than Don's mother.

"Hurry he is waiting in the car already" Don say.

Like I'm walking on heel bra,hello.

It look like everyone is here already, judging by the number of cars parked outside including my dad's BMW.They are making noise as usual.I can hear Sena talking all the way from here.

Junior has left us and ran inside on a full speed. Him and Kuhle are great friends, that's why he wanted to fly here.

"OMG! You look stunning" Nozipho say.

Everyone turn and look at me. I'm now walking like a peacock going to greet my parents.

"Did you do something to your butt?" Zethu ask.

"No silly"

Mom whispers in my ear that my dress is too tight. She should attend chilling school.

"Daddy" I kiss his cheek.

He is focused on the newspaper. This man! I deliberately close the page he is reading.

"Dad I'm here,hello"

He smile, "You look beautiful"

The smile that is on my face!

"Ah-aah baba if it was me wearing a dress like this you were going to sing a different tune"

Can Zethu stop whining? The party haven't even started.

"That's because you don't eat,you have no meat to show off.I mean you can't be skinny and wear skinny dresses and show us your bones"

The whole house break into laughter.Zethu is fed up.

"That's why I wear bumshorts,to show my long skinny legs" she say.

She know dad hate her bumshorts.He tell her he is going to burn them one day.

"Mommies" I say to Zanda and Ziphe.

"You look hot" Zanda say.

"Thanks dear"

Oh here is Phindile!

"You came to the PARTY???" I ask.

She smile, "Oh yes, sis' Zethu convinced me there will be no boys, no noise and no loud music"

"She lied"

She bat her eyes, "Are you for real?"

I laugh out, "I'm kidding, it's a granny's birthday party"

I walk to the guys. Only Sbusiso isn't here, he is coming with Aunt Lydia. Even Skhumbuzo from Inkandla came, imagine. He is the only man drinking water in this house.

"Hello" I greet.

Mandla whistles, "Eh Donald is this

you?"

Don put his arm around my waist, "As you can see boss"

"You look good sisi" say Lwazi, the humblest one.

I smile, "Thank you..and Thapelo?"

Thapelo chuckles, "You look beautiful"

He is now the Thapelo I know. Is he and dad okay now?

Tyson wink at me.

Skhu mustn't test me. He should know I don't fear that expression on his face.

"Come on, Nkosi I want to go" I say.

He is frowning. Don is rolling with laughter.

"Are you really not going to compliment the lady?" I ask.

"Oh! You shine better than the sun"

This guy! I'm outta here.

Nozipho call every one to the lounge,the biggest room of this house where everything is happening.

"They are around the corner.We are all putting on our best act,until the biggest announcement" she say.

We take our seats and wait.We can hear Aunt Lydia shouting at Sbu all the way from the driveway.

"You seriously need to go back to driving school.You are a horrible driver!"

Here comes the drama!

"Who died in here?" She ask as soon she appear at the door.

"No one sisi,join us" mom say.

"Which one of them bought another house?" She ask.

"It's mine" Fiki say.

"Is it yours or your small-eyed village man?"

Fiki laughs, "It's mine"

She turn to dad,

"You see your son Muzi,he nearly killed me with his horrific driving" she say to dad.

"I tell him everyday to drive smoothly" dad say pretending to be serious.

Sbu sigh.

"Next time on my birthday don't buy me those perfumes and funny smelling lotions" he say to us.

"I bought you a bag" Ziphe say.

"Same difference, If I'm putting the funny lotion inside that bag it smell funny too"

"Okay Aunty we made this dinner to celebrate you.We wish you a happy

58th birthday and more birthdays to come. We love and appreciate you"  
Sena say.

She smile, "Thank you. Now this is special, not the perfumes and short text messages"

"Sure let's eat" Zethu say.

"Ah bless it first" she say.

Zethu exhale and tell us to close our eyes. Skhu's face make me wanna laugh. He still doesn't get how this family operate.

She say a "God bless our food" prayer then we start eating. It's like a usual family dinner.

We finish eating the helpers come and collect the plates and clean the dining table.

~HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU HAPPY

BIRTHDAY TO YOU HAPPY BIRTHDAY  
DEAR GOGO HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO  
YOU ~

All the minions come singing holding a big cake. Aunt Lydia is perplexed. She didn't expect this at all. Her eyes are moisturising.

"Oh babies thank you, this is such a nice surprise" she say.

Jnr get the knife and give Aunt Lydia. She cut the cake bragging about how blessed she is.

"Do you like this house?" Dad ask her.

"Yes I love it, I just don't like the house owner's breasts popping out like that"

Zethu and I laugh. Skhu and Fiki share a secret smile. They're weird.

Sbu put the small box in front of her,

"This is a thank you from me, for

everything you've done for me and this family"

She put the glass down and open the box.

"What must I do with the keys?" She ask confused.

"Go open your bedroom, your study and bathroom. Check if you like it"

She frown.

"This is your house aunty. Happy birthday to you" Sbu say.

"My house???"

We all laugh.

"Yes, everything thing you see here is yours" mom say.

Whoah! She get up and look around with the biggest smile on her face.

Mom get up and lead her to every single room. She is speechless.

"Oh my god! She is so happy" Nozi say teary.

They come back, she stand in front of us.

"Thank you so much, this is something I never imagined. God will bless you all" she say.

Sbu get up and kiss her cheek.

"We love you" he say.

Then she switch back to her natural self.

"Eya wena Simtholile stop scratching my table with your long nails"

I wasn't even scratching it.

She check the wallpapers Sena used to decorate the wall and disappear to the kitchen.

"Now how are we going to give her the presents? She is unstoppable now"

Ziphe say.

We hear her speaking on the phone and breaking the ceiling with laughter. She come back, "Listen guys, I love you all with all my heart. You are like a family to me"

"We know" Zethu say sipping on the drink.

She smile, "But you can't be here in the next hour"

Say what???

'Wait, are you chasing us out? After everything we've done for you? " Don ask.

She fix her top, "It's up to you if you leave or stay and participate in the house prayer the pastor is bringing" Dad frown, "House prayer, now?"

"Yes, my pastor have to come over and

pray for this house before I sleep in it so that the witches can't bewitch me" Skhu is holding his laughter, Tyson is looking confused than ever.

"Your pastor is always on standby shame" Sena say under breath.

"Doesn't he have a wife?" Nozi ask. Her face!!!

"The prayer definitely can't find me here.. Here is your little gift" Dad say handing her the gift bag.

We all give her our little gifts. She is all smiles. Jnr is the last one to give her his gift. He whispers to her ear first, they both laugh.

"This is the best birthday ever! Sbusiso your kids are finishing the cakes, what is the pastor going to eat?"

Nozi call out the twins and tell them to

slow down on sugar.

After doing everything we take our bags and walk out. Aunt Lydia is walking us out telling us how grateful she is to have us in our lives.

The cars start leaving. I tell Jnr to get in with Ziphe and Thapelo. Don and I still have some introspection to do.

We park just around the corner. I take off the heels then follow behind him. I think we are the weirdest couple.

The pastor drives a Land Rover! And he is not so old.

Isn't he supposed to be having a bible with him?

"Look, they're hugging" Don whispers. I hold my mouth and laugh, "I've always wondered why she go to church. I mean it's not like she is crazy

about Christianity"

They disappear inside the house. This woman is creepy. What kind of a prayer is this?

"Look Sunday we are going with her to church. We need to see how they react during the service" he say.

I'm shocked because this pastor is married, his wife and Aunt Lydia organise tea-parties together.

Does the wife know he is here?

"Have you ever had sex behind the trees?" He ask out of the blue.

"No"

He hold me from behind, "Aren't you willing to experience things?"

Oh gosh!

"What about people?" I ask.

"They won't see us"

This is embarrassing. He lift my dress up and slid my panty to the side.

"Keep watching out for those two in the house" he say.

## Chapter Hundred &Forty-Three Nozipho Biyela

.

I knew he wouldn't approve of this. Not now, not after six months, not after a year. He just want to see me sitting on the couch, with a magazine on my lap, surrounded by four children. Honestly we all grow up dreaming of how we want our lives to be. And I wanted to be a successful fashion designer/businesswoman/wife. I've

done all of that,my boutiques are making waves.I'm more than just a Biyela wife.Unfortunately my husband want less of me.

I'm dressing up with him watching me with so much anger.

"You need to respect me Nozi,I'm your husband,the head of this family" he say.

He has been playing the 'respect' card from the moment I got up and told him I'm going to work.

"I respect you Sbusiso,you know that. I think you're the one who should respect me and my decisions,respect is two-way street"

He get up, "Respect your decisions? What decisions? You leaving a baby who is not even 3months at home.Why

are you rushing getting back at work?  
Palesa is there, your boutiques are  
running smoothly"

He just don't get it. This is not about  
money, it's about me living my dream.

"The nanny will look after Yami, I'm  
only gonna work 6 hours a day"

He shake his head, "I didn't impregnate  
the nanny nor married her"

I exhale, "I'm going to work Biyela"

He walk out. I know he is angry but I'm  
not backing down on this. He will have  
to get over it.

He is in the kitchen drinking coffee. The  
nanny is with Yamihle in the nursery,  
they get along very well. I trust this  
lady with my son, all her references  
complimented her. The twins and  
Sphiwo has already gone to school.

I kiss his cheek, "I'll see you later sthandwa sami"

He keep quiet.I walk out.

Everyone is happy to see me back at work.I missed this.

"Mrs Biyela welcome back" that's my personal assistant, Anati.

"A welcome back coffee would've been nice" I say.

"Rough morning?" She ask.

I sigh, "Hubby want me home with his kids"

"So?"

I give her a look, "Do I look a housewife material?"

"No but you have a loaded family.You can quit work,hire Palesa permanently and more designers.Then sit at home sipping on expensive champagne

waiting for your handsome hubby to  
come home while your house chef  
cook a delicious meal"

This girl!

I'm laughing, "Me? Never. Get my  
coffee"

She walk out laughing.

Then,

"Hello! hello! hello!"

That's Palesa with big pile of  
papers.Let the day begin!

Palesa has been updating me, taking  
me to meetings and driving me  
crazy.It's one day in hell.

I'm back in the office looking at the  
sketches.

"Did you see the time?" Palesa ask  
entering the door.

18h45? Are you kidding me?

"Oh shit!"

I get up immediately and grab my bag,  
"Call the police if I'm not on Twitter till  
ten" I tell her.

She laugh, "You're getting divorced  
soon"

She is finding this funny. My kids will  
be mad at me. Their father! I don't  
know, he probably has called our  
families and told them.

I'm running to the car. It's cold, I  
remember I came with a sweater. I  
must've left it in the office.

"Nozipho!!"

Who the hell is this? Can't she see I'm  
rushing.

"It's me, please wait"

My eyes got to be deceiving me. What is  
she doing here?

"What do you want?" I ask.

She stand in front of me, "I saw your Facebook update,I've been waiting for you to knock off"

I exhale, "I'm giving you two minutes to tell me what you want"

"I know what I did was wrong, your mother-in-law would probably kill me if she find out I'm here. I want to see my son" she say.

"You don't have a son Jessica.Sphiwo is my son, I have the documents to prove that"

"I was young,I regret giving up on him and choosing life.I think about him everyday,I only need a few minutes with him. You don't have to tell him I'm his mother"

I flip my weave, "You're not his

mother"

"I know" she say.

I exhale, "Well you can't see him"

Her voice start to break, "You're a woman, please feel my pain. I made a mistake, please let me see him. I'm not trying to take him away, I just want to spend time with him. You're his mother, you raised him when his own mother abandoned him after birth. You have every right to keep him from me, but please I'm begging you even if it's for five minutes"

Yes I'm angry at her, but seeing her break down like this touch my heart. She is young, we all make mistakes. Plus I think it will be fair on Sphiwo to know the woman who gave birth to him.

I exhale, "I will speak with my husband, give me your number"  
I wonder how Sbu is gonna take this.  
"Thank you sisi"

She mustn't thank me yet.

She get in her car smiling. Excuse me but she doesn't look decent. She have multiple tatooes, even on her leg and have a nose ring. She is very tall but her skirt is very short. She is a DJ anyway let me drive home.

The nanny knocks off at 17h00, which means Sbu is the one who has been taking care of Yamihle.

I walk in the house, guilty consuming all over me.

"Good evening guys"

They are in the kitchen. Sis' Zethu is here cooking, that's a relief.

"Finally!" She say closing the pots.  
One look at my husband tell me he is  
mad.

"Babies" I call the kids.

"Mom Ayanda lost her ribbon" Liyanda  
say before even hugging me.

"No I didn't" Ayanda say in defence.

"Hug me first"

They jump on me. Sphiwo grab my bag  
and run with it.

"I'm taking off the shoes" Liyanda say.

"What am I going to take?" Ayanda say  
pouting.

"The wig" Zethu say.

I look at her, "I'm not taking..."

"Yesss!"

Omg!!

I sit on the chair, Liyanda take my  
shoes off. Ayanda grab my head and

take off the wig.I didn't even bother combing my hair in the morning.

Zethu is laughing nonstop, "I knew it was you Robert Mugabe"

I also laugh, "I'm not that ugly,come on"

She is having a good day on this.My husband on the other hand is focusing on his phone,with no smile on his face.

"What are you cooking?" I ask.

"Chicken,why are you home late?"

I sigh, "I had too much work,I didn't even realised it was late until Palesa told me"

"Don't you have an assistant to help you with time table?" She ask.

"I do"

She look at Sbu and give me the warning look.

"Yamihle just slept" she say.

I get up from the chair, "I will go check on him. Are you spending the night?"

"Hell no! I'm eating and getting outta here"

I go to Yamihle's nursery and find him peacefully asleep. I take him out his cot and put him on my chest.

"Hello baby, I'm sorry you haven't seen me all day. Did you miss mommy?"

Mommy missed you"

I can't say I'm not worried about my husband. Fighting with him is the last thing I need.

I put Yamihle back in his cot and go to my room. I freshen up and change then go back to the kitchen.

"Just in time" Zethu say dishing.

I help her carry food to the dining

room.Sbu is already sitting with the kids.

Of course Zethu was gonna talk throughout dinner,which made it less awkward.

She leave soon after eating, her man is waiting for her outside. I go put the kids to sleep.Sphiwo have his own room,he has grown out the story reading habit instead he read the book himself.The twins make me read at least three stories and review them right away.

By the time I get in my bedroom Sbu is already on bed with his eyes closed.I know he is not asleep.

I wear my short pyjamas and get on bed.

"I'm sorry babe" I say.

He ignore me.

"I know you're not asleep, please don't be angry with me.Let's talk"

He open his eyes, "Nozi you're a worker, you should be resting tomorrow is a working day"

"I didn't mean to come home late.Thanks for looking after the kids and calling Zethu over, I promise it won't happen again"

He close his eyes, "Okay"

I put my leg over him, "I missed you"

"Not now"

I put my hand on his chest, "I didn't even get a chance to call you,things were hectic"

He doesn't answer me.I kiss his chin.

"Do you hate me?" I ask desperately.

"No, I just feel disrespected that's all"

he say.

I exhale, "I'm sorry, but I want to work and I'm not gonna allow you to turn more into a housewife"

"Working at home isn't being a housewife"

"It is to me" I say.

He stare at me, "You come home at 19h30"

"It's not gonna happen again"

"If it happens again, I will have to do what I don't want to do" he say.

I raise my eyebrow. What is that?

He put his hand at the back of my head,

"I missed you too"

I smile, "Do you want me to show you how sorry I am?"

He smile, "Yeah"

I give him my ass, "Home B"

He kiss my neck. We've been married for five years, he has never cheated on me. I've never cheated either. The biggest key to that is communication. We talk about sex and know everything about each other. After the steamy session I lie on his chest listening to his heartbeat.

"Babe" I say.

"Mhhh"

"Don't you think we should allow Jessica to meet Sphiwo?" I ask.

"No"

"She is his mother Sbu, we all make mistakes. She deserve a second chance" I say.

"No, she didn't even give him a name. She said she didn't have time to think about baby names, her life can't

be put on hold by 'this thing' she have  
gigs to attend"

I exhale, "But now she regret it"

"No Nozipho,I don't want her near my  
son"

I shut my mouth.The whole family is  
against Jessica, I don't know how I'm  
gonna convince them to let her see  
Sphiwo but I know it's the right thing  
and should happen.

My phone rings.

"Who is this now?" I say annoyed.

It's Palesa.

"Hey babe" I answer.

"I'm at the police station"

I laugh out loud, "Geez! Girl I just had  
sex,relax"

I can't believe she is still on that.She  
end the call laughing.

"Palesa thought you've killed me,I told her to call the police if I'm not online by ten"

He laugh, "The only thing I'm going to kill is this"

He slid his finger in my cookie.I gasp.

"The police may come" he say and bite my earlobe.

10111 somebody please!!!!

## Chapter Hundred &Forty-Four Ziphe Mokoena

.

It took some time,but we are finally reconnecting.Phakade is growing up,he is very chubby. My life is at peace,this is all I've ever wanted.

I've been up feeding Phakade who decided to wake up at 4am. My husband is sleeping peaceful, so I decided not to disturb him. As soon as Phakade fall asleep again I put him in his cot and go to the gym room. I need to get my body back in shape.

I work out for 45minutes then go to the shower. Thapelo need to wake up now, he said he have an early meeting. I lotion my body and dress up then go wake him up.

He open his eyes, "Where are you going?"

"Good morning babe"

He smile, "Morning my love"

"I was working out. You said you have an early meeting today?" I say.

He rub his eyes, "Yeah, thanks for

waking me up"

I peck his lips and go prepare breakfast. While cooking I call my parents. I speak with them every morning, just so they are relieved.

"Baby do you mind...(giggles)..Ah baba! Listen baby, next week you need to come home"

I can't believe her, "Mom are you in bed?"

"Yes"

I hear movements and giggles. Gosh!

"With dad?" I ask.

"Yes...(giggles)..."

I drop the call shaking my head. Why are they acting like teenagers? Or I called early today they were still having morning glory. No, I must stop thinking before I throw up.

I feel hands sneaking around my waist.  
"Babe" I say trying to concentrate on  
the frying pan.

"Hey"

"I'm cooking, you should be looking  
after Phakade" I say.

"He is deeply asleep"

When did he finish bathing? His hand  
passes me and switch the stove off.

I turn to ask him what he is....Omg!!

He came down naked. What is wrong  
with him?

"Close your mouth" he say smirking.

I laugh and choke, "What are you  
doing?"

His eyes land on my lips, "It's been a  
while babe"

We don't get intimate everyday. We  
have a baby in the house and we're

always tired.I close my eyes and kiss him.He kiss me back and hold my head. He get the dress off one shoulder, then the other. His hand go to my breasts,he squeeze them.

"Babe don't" I say breathlessly.

Gosh! He suck Phakade's breast.This is not acceptable. He look at me and smile.

"It's sour sweet" he say.

He get the dress off completely and turn me around.I hold on the counter.He get on his knees and run his tongue on my thighs.He part my legs and kiss my cookie.I feel my body heating up.

I feel his tongue pressing on my other hole.It make me a little jumpy.

"Ah ah baby" I say moaning.

His tongue run on my back, unexpectedly the huge rode penetrate my vjay. I gasp, "Slowly baby" He push in slowly, "Yeah baby" I'm trying to contain my moans, he is getting deeper and deeper. He stop making love and start fucking. He is gripping on my shoulders and pounding on me. I'm trying to scream but I'm running out of breath. "Yes baby..yes mommy" he say pounding on me. He hold my waist and pull me to him. I have no where to hold on to. He is driving me all around the kitchen. My legs are dripping wet. He is groaning like a bull. I think I'm about to collapse, he lift me

up and turn me down head.I'm a wheelbarrow.

"I love you Ziphe..I love you sweetheart"

After two thrusts I squirt,he groan praisingly and let me fall on the floor.He lie on top of me and get in from behind.I'm just tired, he groan on top of me until he scream "I'm here baby"

Did I hear someone scream? Anyway I have no strength, he carry me up the stairs and put me on bed.I can't sleep. No,no I need to take care of Phakade while he is gone to work.

And then???

I open my eyes and look around.The sun is up, the bedroom smell fresh. Where is Phakade?

I touch my vagina, it's a bit swollen. A smile creeps out of my face. I get my tired body up and go to the bathroom to take a quick shower.

When I come out he is here with Phakade.

"Aren't you going to work?" I ask. He looks at me, his eyes filled with affection.

"No baby, I need to spend this day with my two favourite people"

I smile, "Did you eat?"

"Yes, I ate" his lip curves a little.

"I'm serious" I say trying not to laugh.

"Phindile helped me with breakfast. Do you want me to bring it here or you want to eat in the kitchen?"

Wait, Phindile is here?

"I will go to the kitchen" I say.

"Phakade is running out of milk" he say behind me.

"I'll pump after breakfast"

Phindile is busy on her phone smiling. She is her brother's little girl, I'm sure it's him making her smile.

"Good morning" I say.

She look up,her eyes pop out. She can't get words out of her mouth. What is happening?

Thapelo walk past us to the balcony.

"Are you okay?" I ask.

She swallow, "Yes..sorry"

Umhhh...

"When did you get here?" I ask.

"About two hours ago,I really didn't mean to trespass I knocked a couple of times"

Omg! I don't know if I should laugh at

this or worry.

"You should've called first" I say.

She look at me, "Are you okay?"

I just laugh, I can't hold myself. She look traumatised.

"I'm fantastic, don't worry about me. Worry about getting this out of your head. I'm sorry you had to see us"

She look down, "It's fine, I should've called bhut' Thapelo first"

Thapelo walk back in, "Phindile's brother is coming over today"

I look at Phindile, "When?"

"He is just popping by around lunch time to meet bhut' Thapelo and say thanks in person" she say.

I give Thapelo a dead look. Now I have a guest and I can't walk properly.

"I will have to order lunch, I'm tired" I

say.

Thapelo hand Phakade to me and warm my breakfast.

Chapter Hundred &Forty-Five  
Sena Madlala

.

Quinton is not well,I think he is catching a flu,so I took this day off.I forced Lwazi to go to work, if he get worse I'm gonna text him. We can't stop the world just because our son is sick.

I'm making pancakes for the patient watching cartoons upstairs when I receive the strangest message from Jay:

\*\*I'm not so well,emotionally, thanks

for everything you and my bro have done for me. I hope you still remember Sunday night when we had the talk, I'm gonna find peace. I trust you with her, please take care of her for me. Send my regards and apology to Quinton\*\* I don't understand a thing he wrote, when I'm trying to call him it send me straight to voicemail. I'm getting worried.

I call Lwazi,

"Babe"

I exhale, "Hi, I just received a text from Jason. When did you last talk to him?"

"Yesterday, we had a fight" he say.

"About what?"

"Mom say he caught him doing drugs, I don't know what is wrong with him. His heart is not a problem now, he

should be focusing on school work" he say angrily.

"When did he start doing drugs?" I ask shocked.

Silence.

"Babe?"

I hear him sigh, "After his father's death"

My heart sink, "Tell your mother to take him to counselling then he can go to rehab"

"I will" he say.

I can sense how worried he is, "He is gonna overcome this,we will be there for him"

"Yeah..how is my boy?" He ask.

"He is watching cartoons, his body is heating up"

"I will come home early" he say.

"Okay,I love you"

"I love you too"

I can't believe the good boy is now  
hooking on drugs!

"Mom"

I look up, "Hey prince"

"I want my uncle"

I sigh, "Which uncle?"

"Baba ka Phiwo"

I smile, "We will see him later,come eat  
breakfast"

He love Sbusiso,they all do.He is good  
with kids.I wonder what he promised  
Quinton.

I need to call Ziphe.I check up on her at  
least three times a day, I need to know  
if she is fine.After what happened with  
her we need to be always alert,plus she  
is the pet of the family, the last born.

"Mrs Mokoena's phone hello"

I roll my eyes, "Thapelo where is my sister?"

"She is sleeping"

I check the time, "Is she sick?"

He chuckles, "No she is fine, she is good"

"Where is Phakade?" I ask.

"He is here with me"

Isn't he supposed to be at work?

"What did you do to my sister?" I ask.

He laughs, "What makes you think I did something? Listen Mrs Madlala I got to go"

"You better be telling the truth or else I'm gonna..."

He drop me.

Gosh this guy! He better be gentle with my sister, she is still fragile she just

gave birth.

Quinton didn't eat a lot for breakfast, for lunch he didn't eat at all. I gave him multi-vitamin syrup and panado before he fell asleep. If he doesn't get better tomorrow morning I'm taking him to the doctor.

Eish! He wanted Sbu earlier, now I'm busy with supper I don't think I'm gonna make it to Sbu's house. They will video-call.

I check the time,

"He is late" I mumble to myself.

I finish cooking and set the table. I'm not sure Quinton is gonna come to dinner table so I dish for him and take it to his room.

He is up, drawing on his book.

"Hey baby"

He look at me with sleepy eyes, "Mom I don't want food"

I exhale, "What do you want?"

"I want lemon juice"

"Okay eat a bit then I'm gonna make lemon juice for you" I say.

He take the bowl and eat five spoons and give it back to me. I kiss his forehead and go to the kitchen. I make the lemon juice and take it to him. I help him bath and put him in his pyjamas. He fall asleep again.

I need to find my phone and call Lwazi. His phone ring unanswered.

What is keeping him?

Wait..that is his bag on the table!

I go upstairs and find his clothes on the bedroom floor. Since when he does this filthiness?

"Lwazi we have clothes basket" I yell  
picking up his clothes.

I can't believe he is making me his  
maid. I open the bathroom door with  
force,

"You need to..."

No!!!

"Babe" I say panicking.

He is sitting inside the shower, leaning  
on the glass crying. I open the shower  
door and kneel in front of him.

"Babe!" I say.

He look up and blink, tears drop down.

"He is dead"

Who is dead? I'm panicking.

"Who?" I ask wiping his cheeks.

"My brother... He is dead Sena, he  
overdosed... It was too much for him"

I fall to my ass, "No it can't be Lwazi, he

is alive"

He cover his face, "He is dead baby, I killed his father,it killed him"

Tears fall down, "He overdosed you say,this got nothing to do with you"

I can't believe the good boy is no more.He overcame the heart condition,why couldn't he overcome the drug?

I hug Lwazi and cry on his shoulder.This is not gonna be easy on him but we need to kick the guilt out of the way and mourn for him normally. I take my clothes off and turn on the water.We let the water fall on us,silently. He is done crying, I'm also done I'm thinking about a way forward.

He dry his body,lotion and get on bed

naked.

"Aren't you going to check on Quinton?" I ask with a rough voice.

"Not when I'm like this Sena"

I exhale and walk to Quinton's room. He is up playing games.

"Baby"

He look at me, "Where is my dad?"

"Dad is tired, he had a long day at work. He will see you in the morning, okay"

He look disappointed, "Okay"

I video-call Sbusiso and give him. His face light up as he see his uncle's face.

"Mbekezeli is that you?" Sbu say smiling.

"I'm Quinton malume, I don't want that name"

"You are Quinton in Cape Town not

here, did you brush those teeth?"

Quinton laugh, "No"

"Are you sure you want the motorbike?" He ask.

"Yes, I'm gonna go brush my teeth now malume" he say shoving the phone to me and speeding to his bathroom.

I laugh, "Hey, thanks for cheering him up"

"Have you been crying?" He ask.

I exhale, "Jay is dead"

"Jay-Z???" He ask.

"Lwazi's little brother" I tell him.

"The white little dude? What happened?"

"Drug overdose" I say holding myself from crying.

"That's so sad. I will come there first thing in the morning, be okay"

I nod, "Okay,goodnight"

I pull myself together and wait for Quinton to come back.I read him bedtime story and cuddle him till he doze off.

I walk in the bedroom expecting to find Lwazi asleep but he is sitting on bed staring at nothing.

"You're still up" I say sitting next to him.

He turn and face me, "I want you"

I frown, "I'm here nje babe"

He put his forehead on mine and kiss me.His lips are very warm,he is very energetic.My clothes are on the floor in the blink of an eye.

He is pounding me from behind,roughly.He is moaning in mixture of pain and pleasure.I hope

this ease the pain. I know my man is softhearted, it gonna take years for him to get over Jay's death.

He was a good boy,he treated everyone with respect.I don't understand you death.Why did you wait for him to be okay then take him when everyone least expected?

I wish I had time to say goodbye to him....the message?!

Chapter Hundred &Forty-Six  
Ziphe Biyela

.

I got grilled chicken,rolls and salad.He better be not a judgemental person, I will cook for him one day that's if he

will visit again.

One thing about us is we don't cut people out of our lives once they are in. Phindile is more than just Zethu's roommate. She is like family, she attend family gatherings and treat us with respect.

Phindile and Thapelo are gone to get this brother. I've set for them in the lounge, my job is done. I need to rest a bit. I take my baby and go upstairs. I get on bed with Phakade, I'm still tired from the morning deed so we end up both dozing off to sleep. There is something about sleeping with a little one that brings peace.

I'm not sure for how long I slept when I wake up Phakade is not with me. I hear voices downstairs so I know his

father took him. I need a cold shower to wash off all this fatigue.

I come out of the shower wrapped in a towel. I feel a bit better. I put on the legging, Thapelo's t-shirt and sandals. "Babe" his voice come through the door.

I turn around, "Hey"

He look surprised by my look,

"Umhhh...we have a guest"

Oh shit!

I cover my mouth, "I slept and forgot"

"It's fine, you can come and greet him"

I look at myself, "I need to change"

"You're fine, it's not like you're meeting the president"

I smile, "Okay, let's go"

When I'm about to pass him he hold my arm.

"You're sore?" he ask.

"I'm fine now"

He kiss my cheek, "I'm still gonna fuck you hard,all day long"

I swallow and attempt to walk away.He grab me and squeeze my breast.

"Babe no" I whisper.

He shove his hand in my bottom front and rub me. I close my eyes and breath then pull his hand out.

He lick his fingers then smooch my neck.

What is wrong with him? The brother will think we are sex freaks. It's sad because my body is reacting, I'm craving him.

"Let's go" he say walking past me like nothing happened.

I pull myself together and follow him. Phindile is in the kitchen drinking water. Thapelo has gone to the lounge, him and the brother are talking and laughing.

"Hey, you're awake" she says smiling.

We walk to the lounge,

"Your brother probably thinks I'm a bad person, I don't know how I fell asleep I was waiting for you patiently" I say.

"No he doesn't mind"

The brother??? No it can't be.

His head is down, he has Phakade on his lap. I walk closer with my hand on my chest.

"Nkabenhle???" I say.

The brother looks up, our eyes meet. I jump up and scream.

He looks so shocked, "What are you

doing here?"

I'm so happy, I'm squeezing his shoulders because I can't throw myself on him because he has Phakade on his lap.

He looks at Thapelo then at me, "This is your husband?"

I look at Phindile, "And this is your sister? This is heaven, nooo! Oh my gosh"

"Okay guys what's going on?" Phindile asks.

"This is the girl I was talking about" Nkabhle says looking at me in disbelief.

"He is my son's godfather... The guy I was telling you about babe" I say.

Thapelo looks at me, "Wow, okay this is a great coincidence"

"I think this is ancestor's work, I did feel like I know this boy the moment I touched him" Nkabenhle say looking at Phakade.

He look at me, "He has grown"

I smile, "Yeah..man I've been looking for you,are you okay?"

"I'm good, how are you?"

I open my arms, "Good"

Thapelo clear his throat, "I guess I owe you a 'thank you' for taking care of my wife and help delivering my son"

Nkabenhle look at Phindile, "It's nothing compared to how well you took care of my sister,you are indeed a great man.I wish you'd allow me to pay you back"

I'm smiling nonstop.This got to be the most beautiful day I've ever had.The

way I was worried about Nkabenhle, asking myself if he found his family whereas I'm living with his sister. He look good, if he was a girl I'd say he is glowing.

"I missed you" I say smiling.

He look at me and say nothing.

I look at my husband, he have a look on his face. He know I didn't mean it that way.

Let me sit my ass down. I take Phakade and sit next to Thapelo.

"Wow!!" Phindile exclaim.

I look at her smiling, "You have a good brother, you are all he ever talked about"

"Don't lie to her, I only talked about mother. You are the petty one who cried for her husband every night"

I laugh, "I missed him"

"Mr Mokoena your son slaved me. One day I fell from the tree looking for mango while it raining" he tell Thapelo.

I laugh. I remember that day like it was yesterday, luckily he didn't get injured.

"She did tell me she liked mango"

Thapelo say squeezing my hand.

"And boiled fish with salt and pepper"

Nkabenhle say.

Boiled fish? I grin. I can't believe I loved that thing.

Thapelo chuckles, "Neh!"

Nkabenhle look at me, "Do you remember what you said?"

I frown, "What?"

"During labour you said God must take you"

Oh hell no!

"He mustn't dare!" I say.

They laugh.

"So you're the one who delivered my son?" Thapelo ask.

"Not exactly, I was there. I cut the umbilical chord and...yeah I cut the umbilical chord"

He also cleaned me after birth then took us out of Phakadeni. I lost so much blood on the road. He admitted me in hospital and left. His job was done.

"Thanks, hey" Thapelo say.

"Get us more drinks doll" I say to Phindile.

"I want a beer" Thapelo say.

I turn and look at him.

"Only one"

I exhale and look away. He know he is

not supposed to touch alcohol. In the last months he has drunk enough for a year.

Nkabenhle stay a bit longer. We are catching up and laughing. Phindile is talking about school work and waitressing. She remind me of myself before Thapelo broke my virginity.

Oh! He is on the second beer that one. We will address this later.

Nkabenhle get up and shake his hand, "It was good to finally meet my sister's guardian angel who is also Ziphe's husband. Thanks for everything"

Thapelo shake his hand, "Likewise man"

They are ready to go. I go put Phakade to sleep and walk them out.

"You guys are close" Phindile say.

"We spent nine months together" I say.

"In the wild, you must add"

"Dude! Do you miss hunting?" I ask him.

"Sometimes" he say.

"You once said you've never been at Pavilion centre, be available one weekend so that I can take you there"

Phindile stop walking, "There is no way you guys are leaving me behind" Nkabenhle chuckles, "I know princess" I stop, "I need to go back in the house, take my contact details from Phindile then call me"

"I will do" he say.

We stop, looking at each other. Phindile give us some space.

"How is it going?" I ask.

He exhale, "I can't find her, they say

she ran away from her home"

"I'm sorry"

He shrugs, "I just hope she is fine wherever she is"

"Don't worry one day you'll find her and tell her how sorry you are" I say.

He smile, "Your husband is quite scary"

Gosh! The pot calling the kettle black.

"Call me" I say in emphasis.

"Of course"

I return back to the house while they wait for the cab.I'm proud of him,he has opened a shop around his area and saved the rest of his fortune.

I walk inside and find him opening another beer.

"You said you'll only drink one" I say taking it from him.

He look at me,grunt and walk away.I  
pour it in the sink and put the bottle in  
the outside bin.

I take Phakade and go upstairs.

"Thapelo you need to keep your  
promises" I tell him.

He look at me blankly and lie on his  
back on the bed.

I put Phakade in his cot, "You smell like  
brewery"

He chuckles, "Oh yeah"

I exhale, "You need to get rid of all the  
beers and whisky"

He sit up, "Can I ask you something?"

I look at him, "Sure"

"That guy did he..." He pause and  
exhale.

"Did he what?" I ask.

"Did he touch you?"

I frown.

What kind of a question is this?

"In what way?" I ask.

"During birth was it the first time he touched your privates?"

He got to be kidding me?

"You're asking me if I had sex with him?" I say controlling the anger brewing inside of me.

"No, I'm just asking because it sounds like you guys were close, too close if I must say"

I take my cellphone, "No, when you were busy changing whores he was making sure I'm okay"

He keep quiet. I can't believe he would think like this about me and Nkabenhle.

"I'm sorry" he say.

I walk away, "Don't be, you're amazing"

I walk downstairs and take out all his alcohol and throw it in the big bin outside.

I know everyone is gonna hate me for this, but all our guests are gonna have to drink either soft drink or juice. There will be no alcohol drinking in this house.

I find him sitting where I left him, I walk past to the closets. I take his t-shirt off and wear mine.

"Ziphe come here" he say.

"Ufunani?"

He come and hold me from behind,

"I'm sorry"

The beer smell!!

I exhale, "Yeah, it's fine"

"I love you"

I untangle his arms around me, "I love you too"

He hold me again, "I'm horny babe"

Too soon.

"I'm not in the mood" I say.

He press his erection on my butt and moan softly.

"Please my wife" he whispers.

I close my eyes, "No Thapelo,I don't want sex"

He let me go.I walk to Phakade and arrange the toys.

He look at me like a hungry puppy then exhale and walk to the bathroom.

## Chapter Hundred &Forty-Seven

### Aunt Lydia

.

I exhale before answering the call that I've been ignoring for the past five minutes.

"Hello Zodwa" I say in a high tone, I should sound like I'm busy.

"I've been calling for twenty minutes Lydia!"

This woman! So what?

"I'm busy here" I say.

"I hope you will be done with whatever you're doing by five o'clock, I need every women here" she say in an ordering tone.

"Why?" I ask.

She bores me,actually she bores everyone including her husband.

"I want a special prayer, my son is going to the United States you know how successful his businesses are so he is expanding to the Obama's country"

I laugh. This woman is dumb! Obama is no longer the US president.

"It's actually Donald Trump now who is the president" I say.

"Whatever but he is going to the US by an aeroplane"

How else is he supposed to get there?

By taxi.

"I will surely come" I say.

"Okay ke mama,bye" I drop the call and grunt angrily.

I was busy trying to download sex videos here,I need to learn these late styles.This is really frustrating because

every time I try downloading the page redirect me to other useless sale pages. Oh by the way Zodwa is a fat,yellow woman with big forehead who married our church pastor,Vincent Khambule.She think the world bow to her feet.

Vince, as I call him, is a medium height, dark handsome pastor with trimmed beard and big eyelashes.He is always neat,the house helper make sure of it. I've been seeing Vince for a couple months now.We spend a lot of time together. We used to go to hotels in the evenings, now that I have a beautiful house Sbusiso bought me he come over.I'm grateful to that child, he really surprised me.

I'm not a sidechick,so don't dare call

me that.I'm just Vince's other lover.  
I'm trying to steal ideas of how to spice things in the bedroom.I'm clueless about the late sex styles,but I'm better than Vince.All he does is get on top of me and move like he is doing push-ups on the gravel. I guess the big mama ain't that big on bedroom actions.  
The downloading is giving me problems let me call one of my girls.I know they're masters of the internet. I call Senamile.She answers in a shallow voice.

"Aunty"

"Hello my child, how are you?" I say friendly.

"I was gonna call,do you remember Jason?"

Jason???

"The gay from old Generations? How can I forget him,he dated Senzo" I say.

"Aunty I'm talking about Lwazi's brother" she say.

I chuckle, "Oh the white one with cancer? What happened with him?"

"He had a heart condition,anyway he died yesterday"

I exclaim, "Such a young cute boy,did his heart stop?"

"No,he overdosed drugs"

Yoo these born-free!!

"That's so sad.Askies my children"

"Yeah tomorrow we are going to Cape Town to attend the memorial service"

"I will come over before the day ends.Should I bring you anything?" I ask.

"No,we're fine you don't have to worry.

I will update you once I'm in Cape Town"

"I will pray for God to give you strength, keep Lwazi in comfort ne"

"Okay, bye"

I drop the call. I'm shocked by this. Not so long ago Lwazi lost his stepfather, now it's his brother! He definitely need prayers.

The sex videos!!!

I need to make another call. Zethu this time. She will bubble it out without getting a direct question.

"Ma-Antiza" she answers.

"How is my brat?"

She grunt, "I'm not a brat, but I'm good anyway. Where is the pastor?"

"Shut your mouth! I didn't call you to speak about pastors. I need your help"

I say.

I hear movements, "I'm sitting down"

"How to download videos in the phone?"

"Aww Aunty you enter the web address and search the ones you want"

Web address?

"Where do I find this web address exactly?" I ask.

"Google it if you don't know it"

Why didn't I think of that?

"Alright, thank you" I say happily.

"But if you want the pastor-prayer related ones go to xHamster or TastyBlacks" she say laughing.

"What is that?" I ask.

"Nothing.Bye Aunty"

She drop the call laughing. You always wondered why I always want to kill

this child, there you have it. What is she laughing for?

Anyway let me check what is this TastyBlacks she is talking about. It sounds like cooking website though. Umhhh...Heeee!!!

Let me get off the chair and go sit comfortably on the couch. I'm gonna try this one doggy one first. I never thought Zethu was this brilliant. I also need these sexy underwears these women in videos wear. I don't know if I will find a suitable one for a 58years old woman.

My phone rings while I'm watching, I would've got angry if it was someone else but it's Pastor Vincent.

"Hallelujah" I say in a sweet voice.

"Lydia"

If he call me by my name I know the coast is clear and whatever it is is not church related.

"How are you?" I ask.

"I'm a bit tired but I'm not complaining"

I smile, "That's wonderful. Your wife just invited me to a prayer in your house late today"

"Today late I was supposed to meet with Bishop Mngadi but unfortunately he won't make it"

"So?"

He chuckles, "I'm free to see you my love"

I just melt, "Then I'm clearing my schedule for you"

"Thank you, that will mean a lot to me"

"Okay let me start cooking so that you

don't come here and die of hunger" I say.

He laughs, "I'm not coming to eat, I just want to see you"

"Either way I'm cooking for you"

"Okay, let me not keep you then mcwa mncwa"

He end the call.

I put the rice on the stove and defrost meat and mixed veg. I'm humming a song while at it. Life is good.

Oh! I have to let Big Mama know that I'm not coming to her prayer. Sigh!

I call, she answers immediately.

"Hello Zodwa"

"Yebo Lydia, talk I'm busy packing for my son he just drove out in his BMW"

She exhaust my bones.

"Something came up, I won't be able to

come but do read Isaiah 43:19-Behold I shall do new thing.Now it shall spring forth,shall you not know it? I will even make roads in the wilderness and rivers in the desert" I say.

This verse got a very deep message for her.

"Thank you mama for the wonderful verse, but I feel like you're skipping this prayer on purpose.Some people hate seeing other women's children getting richer"

This witch!!!

"It's not like that Zodwa,Sbusiso want to take me to Sibaya Casino.You know how he is like when I don't do things for him,he is such a baby" I lie.

"You're going to Sibaya Casino?" She ask jealousy.

"Yeah...the chef is here, bye"

"You have a chef???"

I smile, "Yes,bye sisi"

I laugh out loud after ending the call.Her husband can't eat burnt rice now, can he? I attend my pots singing. Later my pastor walk through the door with a Pick'n Pay plastic bag.I take it and put it on the table.It's soft drinks and some goodies.

We hug and share a quick kiss.

"It smells nice in here" he say smiling.

"I went all out for you, you are my pastor after all" I say putting a glass of fanta in front of him.

He smile, "I'm here as a man who is inlove"

I blush, "Mhhh lucky me"

How did we start doing this? It was

one day after church I didn't have transport back home. He offered to drive me, his wife was driven by her son. I was being myself talking about everything, he kept quiet listening and laughing. Then when he dropped me outside the gate he said "I wish I can spend my life with you, I'd be so happy" After that more lifts home followed, the conversation was continued. I ended up inviting him for tea inside the house where I went from blushing from his compliments to gasping from his kiss. I have no idea what's gonna happen in future but whatever is it it's not good for any of us. But we're going to enjoy it while it last.

Vince's other lover!

## Chapter Hundred &Forty-Eight

### Ziphe Mokoena

.

When I open my eyes he is staring at me.Last night we slept without talking.He really angered me by questioning my loyalty in our marriage.I would never cheat on him. He clear his throat, "Good morning"  
"Hey"

He take my hand under covers, "I'm really sorry about yesterday"

I sigh, "It's cool"

He kiss my cheek, "I was out of line, jealousy got better of me"

"What are you jealous for?" I ask.

"He was there for you.I'm...I just wish I was with you during pregnancy and enjoyed those moments with you.Rub your feet,feel my son kick and hold your hand during labour"

I look at him, "Babe you're still going to share your lifetime with me"

"You're right"

I get closer to him and put my head on his chest.

"I love you" I say.

He put his arms around me, "I love you too my wife"

"Are you still horny?" I ask.

He chuckles, "No, but anytime is teatime"

I shove my hand under his boxers and play with his dick.It doesn't take a

moment for it to rise up.I get on top of him and kiss him.

I glorify his morning on top, making him speak in foreign languages.This is compensation for last night.

"You're fire today" he say holding me on his chest.

I smile, "I want you to feel like I've never left"

We go to shower together. He want another round,unfortunately we have to get out before Phakade wake up.I will give him more later.

He take Phakade and go to his study while I go fix breakfast.It's a bit cold today so we're going to have coffee and full breakfast.

"He just laughed at me" he say walking down.

He is so happy. This is funny.

"Laughed? Are you sure?" I ask.

"Yes, I was telling him about how hectic my day is gonna be"

I laugh, "Babe Phakade is too young to be able to laugh"

"He did, I'm telling you" he want me to believe him so badly.

"Were his eyes opened?" I ask.

"No, but he heard me" he say.

"He was only dreaming, he smile a lot in his dreams" I tell him.

"Believe what you want but Phakade love my jokes"

I roll my eyes and pull the chair for him.

"This breakfast make me miss Zanda, she never get tired of cooking that one" he say stirring his cup of

coffee.

"She say you were hardly eating, the only thing you did passionately was drinking whisky and beer" I say.

He give me the look, "I was not into alcohol that deep"

"If you say so"

He smile, "Why is she scared of me? Did you tell her I kill people"

I laugh, "She is respectful, not scared"  
The intercom rings.

"Your family" he say undoubtedly.

I know he could be right. My family is always popping here unannounced.

Unfortunately it's not my family, it's just a girl I don't know. I let her in.

She walk in and greet me. She look frightened.

"Is Thapelo here?" She ask.

"Yes, please follow me"

When Thapelo see her he drop the fork. He doesn't look happy.

I take Phakade, "I need to go change his nappy"

I walk away leaving the girl looking like she want to fly out the window. I change Phakade's diaper and feed him. I don't want to make things awkward between Thapelo and his guest. I know it's probably one of his clients. I wait some time before returning to the kitchen.

The girl is gone.

"Are you okay?" I ask.

He look flooded.

He look at me, "Yeah..Did you change the nappy?"

He is being weird.

"Yes.What was that about?" I ask.

He blink repeatedly, "What?"

I narrow my eyes, "The girl.What did she want?"

He choke and cough. Now I'm staring at him.What is going on?

"It was nothing"

He must do better than that.

"Thapelo who is the girl that just came in my house?" I ask sternly.

He unbutton his shirt and look at me with apologetic eyes.

"I'm listening" I'm trying to stay calm for Phakade's sake.

"Zinhle" he drag the name out of his mouth.

"Is she famous? Am I supposed to just know she is Zinhle from where without being told?" I ask waving my

hand up.

My sixth sense is tapping on my mind, telling it stories.

"She is the other girl...I hung out with her one night"

My heart sink, "The girl you slept with? What does she want?"

He play with his fingers, I'm looking at him.

"She claim she is pregnant, I told her to get out"

I let out a chuckle, "Are you the one who made her pregnant?"

"No, I swear I used condom"

I feel my knees getting weak, "She came to my house?"

"No, I don't know how she got it here"

I get up and walk away. I need to be alone. This cannot be happening to me,

to my marriage.

I get in the guest bedroom and lock the door. I put Phakade on the bed then sit on the floor, I have no strength. I can see through his eyes, he might've made her pregnant. I feel like my heart is tearing into two pieces.

Why Ngqongqokazi didn't prevent this from happening?

Why didn't she give him strength and keep his hope alive?

What is it exactly that I've been fighting for?

I've given him a child, a son. I've made him a father, I've completed our marriage. Now I can't have more babies, but he can. What am I being punished for? What is it that I don't do right?

The knock on the door is so persistent.  
He must go away.

Phakade start crying.I take him and  
press him on my chest.He cry louder.I  
push the nipple in his little mouth, he  
suck.My tears fall on him.

I wipe them, "I'm sorry baby"

He fall asleep, I put him on bed and  
kiss his forehead.

The knock comes again, "Ziphe it's me"  
It's Fiki's voice.I slowly go to the door  
and unlock the door.

"I'm alone" she say.

I open the door, she walk in and close  
the door behind her.She doesn't ask  
me questions she pull me in her arms.

I break down and cry, "He  
impregnated someone Fiki,how can he  
do this to me?"

"I'm so sorry babe"

"This is how he thank me?!" I say crying.

"It could be untrue" she say rubbing my back.

"He slept with her Fiki,he did" I yell.

"He say he used condom" she say.

"It's not 100% safe.He shouldn't have slept with her, I was coming back to him.I've never slept with anyone else, why he is breaking my heart?"

"Please calm down, you guys need to face this together" she say.

I sit on bed, "I want to go home"

She chuckles, "No you're not going anywhere Ziphe.You are not leaving this man on his own again"

"I want my parents.I don't want to stay with him"

She take my hand, "Do you see this?"  
She point to the ring on my left hand.  
"This binds you to stay here.You  
married him, so you two are in this  
together"

I shake my head crying.

"Cry all you want,when you're done  
crying go to your man upstairs and talk  
to him"

"What do I say to him? I have nothing  
to say" I say.

"That's fine, you're going to keep quiet  
by his side.Don't abandon him again"

I look at her, "I never abandoned him"

"He felt that way,look where that got  
him.I'm not saying it's your fault,I'm  
saying you have the power to control  
his life direction"

I close my eyes.Why did I get married???

## Chapter Hundred &Forty-Nine Fikile Biyela

.

I leave Ziphe sitting in the lounge, Thapelo is upstairs looking sorry.I trust them, they are gonna go through this together.What I suggested is that they go for ultrasound with the girl, Thapelo must know when he slept with the girl and the ultrasound will reveal everything. Going for DNA test while pregnant may put the baby's life in danger so it's not an option for now. I drive to Sena's house.It seems like

bad lucks are never gonna leave this family. My heart bleed for Lwazi, this must be hard on him.

Sena is with Quinton in the kitchen, I greet and sit on the chair.

"How is it going?" I ask.

She exhale, "We're leaving in two hours"

"How is Lwazi doing?"

She glance at Quinton, "He is devastated"

Quinton jump in, "Uncle Jay is dead"

I look at Sena shocked, "You told him like that?"

"I told him he went to heaven, he said only dead people go to heaven so it means he is dead" she say.

This kid!

"Do you need help with packing?" I

ask.

"Yes"

We go upstairs to pack. Quinton is happy he is going to Cape Town, nothing else matters.

Lwazi is sitting on bed, he look shattered. I greet him politely. He clear his throat before greeting me back. His voice is soft, in a sorrowful way. Quinton jump on his lap and grab his cellphone.

"Can I call uncle Jay in heaven?" He ask.

"No you can't" he say.

"Okay, let me call my uncle" Quinton say scrolling the phone.

There are all uncle this, uncle that but when it comes to Sbu he is 'my uncle', to all of the kids.

He pick Quinton up and walk out.I turn to Sena.

"Does he eat?" I ask.

"He eat me more than he eat food"

Shoot me!

"Blessing in disguise" I say.

She pinch me, "Don't talk like that"

"I'm complimenting the other side of the coin.The last time I had sex was 4 days ago"

She stop folding the dress in her hand and look at me shocked.

"Say you're joking!"

I sigh, "He is using a certain traditional medicine (imbiza),he say he is not supposed to be in sexual contact for a week"

She laugh, "Is he sick?"

My life will make you laugh too.

"No, he is drinking it and bathing with it so that he doesn't attract any bad lucks" I say.

"My gosh! He is so Nkandla"

I roll my eyes, "Tell me about it"

They will be gone for only one week so there is not much to pack. He pack for her husband while I pack for her and Quinton.

Did I say there is not much? There is two full bags already, the toiletries aren't even packed.

"I tell you what" she say.

I look at her, "Ye"

"You guys still share the bed, isn't?"

She ask.

"No, he is using the guest room"

She look at me like 'what???'

"I was gonna say masturbate in front

of him tonight and scream hysterically" she say.

I laugh, "That would traumatize him"

"That's the point"

This girl is crazy.

I offer to bath Quinton while they are

gone to the shower. I bath him and

dress him up.He take his small

backpack with snacks inside and wait

in the lounge.He is so ready to go.

Sena come down with one bag, "This is

heavier than I thought"

"Send my regards to your mother-in-

law" I say.

She click her tongue, "Don't start with

that witch"

I bid them farewell and drive to my

house. My man is back from work.He is

in the kitchen cooking.

"Hello" I greet.

"Hi sthandwa sami"

I kiss his cheek, "What are you cooking?"

"I'm cooking meat"

I smile, "You just saved my ass,I'm tired I've been helping Sena with packing"

"It will be ready now now" he say excitedly.

I leave him and go freshen up.Before going down for dinner I call Ziphe.

"Hey" she sounds so down.

"Hey big girl how are you holding up?"

I ask.

Silence.

"Ziphe have you talked to Thapelo?"

"I told him to take the girl to the ultrasound" she say.

I exhale, "I'm so proud of you. Whatever the outcome is you will stick with your husband"

"Okay" she say.

"I love you,bye"

It's a relief to know that they are trying to tackle this together.

"Love" I call walking to the dining room.

"I'm coming"

Gosh! He haven't set the table.

Let me check on Twitter while he is at it. I'm not going to help, as I've said I'm tired.

He appears with a tray.

"Loaf of bread???" I ask in surprise.

He put it down and rush back to the kitchen. Are we eating meat and bread for dinner? Or this bread is a salad?

He walk back with another tray.I break into laughter.

"This is not hostel, you said you're cooking meat" I say.

There is hot sauce and salt at the side.

He start cutting the meat. It's boiled full chicken.

"Wait until you eat it" he say.

Come on! I've eat boiled chicken before, it's nothing exciting.

"What are we going to drink?" I ask.

"I forgot.Please go take the 2l coke" he say.

I'm not going to drink Coke,I would've heard if he said Stoney.I get his Coke and a bottle of water for myself and glasses.

"I forgot the gravy yazi" he say.

Geez! I return to the kitchen to get the

gravy.It smell heavenly.

He serve me then sit down and eat.At least I'm not going to bed hungry.

"When are you going home?" He ask.

"Maybe next week,I don't know"

"To my home"

I stop eating and look at him, "Where is this coming from?"

"My mother has never drank tea made by you" he say.

"I will see one of the weekends" I say.

"It better be soon"

I look at him, "I miss you Skhumbuzo"

"Only a few days left babe,hold on"

My heart sink, "Okay"

He believe in tradition, I'm okay with that but this "no sex" procedure is taking toll on me.I miss my man.

We clean the table and take the trays

to the kitchen.

He stand behind me,when I turn I bump my face on his chest.

"Look at me" he say.

I do.

"I only use this medicine once in a while, it's important for me as a Zulu man.I come from rural areas, this protect me from bad spirits, witchcraft and bad lucks. I know you don't believe in those things but I do.Please bear with me,I'm yours"

I put my hand on his chest, "I understand"

No I don't understand but...

"Thank you" he lift my chin and plant a soft kiss on my lips.

I try lingering on the kiss for a little longer but he pull away.

"Look I can't even kiss you" I say disappointed.

"You know it will get deeper and trigger some feelings"

I feel my eyes warming up, "Okay, goodnight"

"We're not going to even watch TV together?" He ask.

"As I've said I'm tired" I say walking away.

This is the most pathetic excuse I've gone sexless for.He must drink his medicine and leave me alone.

I get on bed and text my sisters.They need to hear this.

"I knew this happens with Zulu guys,that's why I went for a white dude" Zethu replies.

I laugh. They cheer me up.Simtho offer

to lend Donald to me. I can imagine being fucked by Don, he is young for me.

"Hey" the voice.

I let out a huge sigh, "Hey roomie"

He look offended, "Do you want a glass of wine?"

Since when he offers me glasses of wine?

"No thanks, it will make me horny" I say.

He come plant a kiss on my forehead,

"Goodnight my love. I'm going to bath outside, I will see you in the morning"

I smile, "Goodnight to you too"

He walk out.

I receive video clips from Sena. She is on a mission. I open them, a tall black guy is pounding on a bootylicious. I'm

turned on.

I watch 3 more videos then put the phone away. I lie on my back with my knees up and play with my clit. It's a pity I can't insert my fingers because of the nails. I close my eyes and start moaning softly.

Self-service is awesome because you're the one in control of when you want to cum.

"Ooh baby!!!!!!"

I'm swaying my butt as the fingers circle around the clit. It feels so good.

"Oh yeah fuck"

Now I'm screaming loud, I'm so wet. My body is heating up.

"Fikile" the low voice next to me says.

I'm like fuck you fuck you fuck you.

I open my eyes, "What?"

"What are you doing?"

"What does it look like Skhumbuzo?"

"Get out" I say angrily.

I was so close, damnit!

"I don't want you to do this"

Like the fuck you don't. I close my eyes and continue pleasuring myself.

"Ooh yeah" I moan.

I feel strong hands grabbing me up.

"Dude leave me alone" I say wiggling.

He lift me up and throw me back on bed with my stomach.

"You have no patience, I asked you to wait for only one week" he say roughly pulling my legs to him.

"Skhu!!!"

"This is what you want, isn't?" He shove Nkosi in me.

My mouth opens, I think I'm about to

throw up the boiled chicken.

"Babe you're deep" I cry.

He stir me, "Who said I'm deep?"

He shove it all inside, I fail to breath.He

give me long, deep strokes.I'm

grabbing the bedsheets apologising.

He hold my shoulders and pull me

backwards.I can't do this.

"MaBiyela awungizwa (you don't hear me)" he say slaughtering my vagina.

He let go of my shoulders and hold my

waist,I escape and stand on the other side of the bed with my eyes all out.

He walk around the bed to me, "Come here Fiki"

No ways!!

I get on bed and jump to the other side.

I don't know how he got me.

"You can run,hey?" He say holding my

arm.

"No"

"Hold your toes" he command.

I swallow,

"Babe I can't do this"

"You're the one who wanted it,my  
R450 medicine is gone to waste.Make  
it worthy" he say.

I exhale and hold my toes.He slid in,his  
hand on my butt.

"Oh I missed you my apple" he moan.  
It's a great thing it's just both of us  
living in this house,another person  
would think he is killing me.

Chapter Hundred & Fifty  
Simtho Biyela

.

I'm in front of the mirror trying on different hats. I have to look respectful. The black one make me look like a widow, the white one make it look like I'm attending a gogo's wedding. I sigh and take out headscarfs. I'm not a master when it comes to head wrappings, Fiki is. I need to check how it's done online.

"Ngikhokhele O Jehova Ngingumhambi  
O Nkos' Yam..NGIKHOKHELEEEEE  
JESU WAMI"

He is getting louder and louder.

"Babe shut up" I yell.

He walk to me singing a bit lower,

"This make you look like a male Indian,  
just wear the white hat"

I look at myself in the mirror, "Are you serious?"

"Yeah,it's not your thing"

I grunt and take off the scarf.I put on the hat and turn looking myself in the mirror.

I go to the drawer and take my brand new first bible.

"You bought the holy book?" He ask shocked.

"Yes we can't look like a pair of fools when everyone reads the bible during the service"

He is wearing formal; tie, pointy shoes and creamy suit.I'm wearing the maroon knee-length skirt,white shirt, maroon blazer and my white hat that slid to my left.I'm on my high black pencil heels.

"Wow!!" Junior exclaim as we make our way down.

"You're heathen, shut up" Don say.  
Junior laugh, "It's only your first day  
Dad"

"Get some stimorol and halls" I tell  
Don.

I've seen lot of churchgoers buying  
these sweets before church. I think it's  
tradition.

We walk to the car, we are going to  
drop Junior off Sbu's place then  
proceed to Aunt Lydia's church.

Don turn on Joyous Celebration, Junior  
laughs at the backseat. I think this  
Sunday is gonna be eventful. I can't  
wait to see Aunt Lydia's face when she  
see us walking in. Mostly I want to see  
the pastor and his wife.

Nozipho is surrounded by her  
chipmonks. Sbu is eating a plate of red

meat.

"And then?" He ask looking at us.

Don take the piece on his plate and throw in his mouth, "And then what?"

"Did we miss a wedding?" Nozi ask.

"It's Sunday" I say.

"So?"

"Church, duh!" I say.

She look at Sbu, they both laugh.They don't believe us.

"Show them the Holy book baby" Don say.

I open my bag and wave it for them to see.

"What inspired you? This is great,like a great couple of God-worshippers" Sbu say.

We were inspired by curiosity.

"God's word came to us" I say looking

at Don.

He smile, "Yes my love,let's go before we miss the service"

"Toodles" I blow them a kiss.

Sbu shout after us, "Pass my regards to Abraham"

He need Jesus.

It look like we're late. There are few people coming from their cars. They are already singing inside.

By the time we walk through the entrance everyone is sitting down, there is a lady speaking on the front.

There is a bench with few people, I show him with my eyes. It look like we are overdressed, people are looking at us.

I smile at our benchmates in acknowledgement.

"Which one is the pastor's wife?" He whispers.

"How am I supposed to know?"

I'm trying to find Aunt Lydia with my eyes. The lady on the podium start the song, everyone get up. She then ask for Mam' Mfundisi to give an opening verse and prayer. I pinch Don. We are all eyes.

The big woman, with chubby cheeks and big forehead take to the podium singing like a battery low stereo.

"Hallelujah!!!" she say after singing. Everyone wave their hands on the air and chant 'hallelujah'. She smile and walk around.

"Before I open the verse I would like to thank God. To thank him for protecting my son all the way from here in South

Africa to the United States, as I'm speaking he is breathing the same air as Beyonce"

Bathing! What kind of a woman is this? The church applaud and ululate. She open the bible.

"I want to quote there on the Proverbs 3,verse 5-6" she say.

The lady walk toward the mic with her bible. She start reading, luckily I find the verse immediately so we are able to read with her.

What I notice is that the pastor on his chair doesn't cheer on his wife like the rest. He is sitting on his chair, focusing on his book. Even when his wife talked about how he started this church with nothing on his hand but God's word, he looked unmoved at all.

I lean to Don, "Are you seeing Aunt Lydia anywhere?"

"Front row, creamy two-piece" he whispers.

Oh! Now I see her. I think I'm seeing braids under that hat. She is braiding her hair now?

The big moment comes, our beloved pastor take the stand. He start a song, everyone get up. Aunt Lydia is walking to our direction.

"Nifunani la nina? (What do you want here)" she ask in a low stern voice so that people next to us don't hear.

"Shhhh" I say.

She give me the look, "This is not playground.. Follow me"

She take us to the front seats. All eyes are on us. I feel like those men in the

front are judging us.

The pastor pause the song and look at us with a smile.

"I didn't know we have guests"

Aunt Lydia smile and look at us. She was mad at us minutes ago.

"I'm sure the congregation would love to know how to address our guests.

Mama if you can introduce..your kids I think, to us" he say.

"Hallelujah Baba! Today this church is blessed with the presence of my children, Donald and Simtholile. Finally the word of God I've been preaching on them touched their hearts. Can you see how gorgeous they are?"

Everyone laugh and shout

'Amen'. Some shake our hands. Now we are sitting in the VIP section. It make it

easy to observe Aunt Lydia's reaction to the pastor, as well as Mam' Mfundisi's reaction to Aunt Lydia. The service goes smoothly. I'm actually enjoying being here. The choir sings, they are so good and I'm watching for free.

And now?

He is up clapping his hands,

"Ngikhokhele O Jehovah

Ngingumhambi Nkos' yami"

People get up from their seats and sing with him. He sing for good five minutes, I'm sure people are tired now. I pull his arm without anyone noticing.

He stop singing and shout a loud Hallelujah. He need to sit down, everyone is sitting down.

"It's so good to be here, thank you bazalwane for welcoming us with open arms. Indeed the pastor's verse touched my heart" he say.

People shout, "Amen"

He turn to me, "Please reread it for me for me my love, I think it was there on Ephesians 1"

"Verse 20" the pastor say.

I can't believe he is doing this to me. I get up feeling hundred eyes piercing through my skin.

"Ephesians 1 verse 20; the same power that raised..."

He cut me in, "You can start by greeting then read my love"

He is not getting sex this month, I swear.

I fake a smile, "My apologies. I would

like to greet our beloved pastor and his wife. Then with respect I'm gonna greet everyone at the front according to their seats, then all the women and men inside the house. Girls and boys how can I forget you future leaders? Sunday school I recognise and appreciate your presence"

They all shout 'Amen'

"I'm gonna reread the bible verse that was read by the pastor for my fellow here who was busy on Facebook then" I say.

People laugh.

"Well, this time I hope you open your ears this is not a playground. The Ephesians 1 verse 20 read: The same power that raised Christ from the dead lives in you. Amen"

I take my seat satisfied with myself.  
"I was not on Facebook Beloved. This is a very important verse, it tells us about the power that we possess. The power weighing as that power that raised Christ from the dead, if we utilise that power there will be nothing that can fight us nor stand on our way. Not even Devil himself" he say. People shout 'hallelujah', I'm amazed by this. We came here to find out if our suspicions are correct. When did he become a preacher?

I'm so glad when they say the closing prayer. Aunty Lydia ask us to wait for the pastor. Now she look pleased to have us here.

Mam' Mfundisi walk to us with a smile, "What a surprise! Lydia didn't tell me

you are coming to church" she say shaking our hands.

"We decided on last minute" I lie. She look at Don, "You'd make great friends with my son, he is in the US.You are on his standard" Really???

"Awesome" Don say.

She attend another man passing and walk with him.Aunt Lydia roll her eyes. The pastor comes with a group of men,they greet and pass.He stop and shake our hands.

"Thank you for coming" he say.

"It was a great pleasure Baba" Don say.

"Vince you are dropping your handkerchief" Aunt Lydia say.

I pinch Don.Pastor Vince smile and get his handkerchief.

"Thank you Mam' Lydia"

They are dating!!!!!!! And the wife doesn't know,she only knows that her son is breathing the same air as Beyonce.

Next week Sunday I'm coming to church,I don't want to miss a thing.

Chapter Hundred & Fifty-One  
Zethu Biyela

.

Zanda and I are gone over Ziphe's place.She is not okay, today Thapelo is taking the girl who claim to be pregnant by him to the doctor.I'm crossing my fingers,Ziphe doesn't need this drama.She just got back, she should be happy with her

husband,making up for the lost time.

"I still say you should've gone with them" I say.

"And listen to their baby's heartbeat? No thanks" she say massaging her baby's hair.

"If the baby is his you need to make some rules,if the girl needs anything she should contact you not Thapelo" Zanda say.

I think she is right,to avoid trust issues Ziphe need to take charge. It's really not fair on her because her husband was not there for her throughout the pregnancy and there will be no second time.Now he might experience all that with someone else.

She sigh, "I still need to wrap my head around all this.If it was not for Fiki I

would be home, I don't want to be here"

It's time to woman up girly, shadile shadile.

"I'm trying to wrap my head around the fact that you threw away booze worth of R2000. Who does such psychotic thing?" I say.

Zanda laughs, "She did good, if it was up to me I was gonna do the same to Mandla"

"If you do remember I'm the charity case" I say.

This house ranks the most boring house in Durban, no in the whole KZN. We are hanging in front of TV watching a cooking show Zanda picked with glasses of Oros.

"I love Tropika with some chocolate

biscuits, don't you have some?"

Oh it's Tropika. Same difference to me, it's all pure juice.

Zanda leave to get the biscuits. Ziphe's phone rings. She smile and lower the TV volume.

"Hey"

She lean back on the couch, "I'm trying to be okay... Maybe next week... I will tell you when I see you... I don't know, I feel betrayed.. Thanks, later"

"Sena???" I ask.

"No, it's Nkabenhle"

They're pretty close. It's such a small world, hey. Now I know us taking care of Phindile was God's plan. Her brother was taking care of our sister too.

Zanda come and sit, "Who is Nkabenhle again?"

"Phindile's brother" I say.  
She bite a biscuit, "Oh Phakade's  
godfather. Is he handsome?"  
We give her the look.  
She laugh, "I'm just asking"  
"Does Mandla know you go around  
asking about men's looks?" I ask.  
"Yes" she say.  
I pull out my phone and look for  
Mandla's number. I put it on  
loudspeaker while it rings.  
"Hello" he answers.  
Zanda's eyes pop out,  
"Are you crazy?" she ask in a whisper.  
"Hey I'm with Zanda and Leano"  
"Are they okay?" He ask.  
I look at Zanda, "Yes, but Zanda is  
enquiring about Phindile's brother's  
looks"

He chuckles, "Why?"

"She say she need a side nigga that is cute"

Zanda chokes, Mandla request me to give her the phone.

"Babe she is lying" she say.

"I know.Why are you not returning my messages?" He ask.

"My phone is in the charger" she say.

"Did you see the picture I sent earlier?  
I miss you"

"No, what is it about?" She ask.

"Check it,I've been like that the whole day"

"Okay,let me check.I will text you back"

She end the call and pass back my phone.She have Leano on her arms so I decide to get the phone for her.

"Thanks" she click on the new

messages.

She laugh out loud.I turn halfway to my seat.

"What's funny?" I ask peeking.

She put the phone upside down,

"Nothing"

I grab the phone and look at the picture.

Oh my God!!!!

"God help me unsee what I just saw" I say covering my mouth laughing.

"What is it?" Ziphe ask.

Zanda try to stop me but I've already said it.

"It's Mandla's horny dick"

She exclaims, "What???"

"You guys need to stop,this was meant for my eyes only" Zanda say embarrassed.

"His balls are like two frogs" I say  
laughing.

Zanda throw a biscuit on my face,  
"Don't piss me off"

Her phone rings.I tell her to put him on  
loudspeaker, she give me the middle  
finger.

"I'm still typing my reply" she say  
shyly.

"I can't... (she laughs) No I'm not doing  
that,I will see you later... Geez  
baby,bye" she end the call laughing.

"Didn't you give this man morning  
glory?" I ask.

"No, Leano was up"  
God please don't give me a kid,I love  
my morning glory.

"At least he is not cheating on you"  
Ziphe say.

We look at her. She need to let it go.  
She exhale, "Now that I've seen the girl  
I keep picturing them together and  
wondering if he did her like he do me"  
"Why are you even thinking about  
such things? You have a baby, keep  
your head clear of nonsense" I say.  
She shrugs and brush Phakade's head.  
"Don't be too hard on yourself" Zanda  
say brushing her arm.

When Zanda's show ends we pick a  
movie and watch while eating  
snacks. My day is boring, I text Tyson.  
He doesn't get back to me. I think he is  
busy wherever he is.

"Good day"

He is back.

"Thaps" I greet him.

He look at Ziphe, "I'm back"

Ziphe ignore him, this is awkward.  
Zanda offer him some snacks, he say  
he will eat later and walk away.

"And now?" I say glaring at Ziphe.

"He took the girl to Spur after the  
appointment" she say scrolling on her  
phone.

"How do you know?" Zanda ask as I'm  
about to ask.

"There is someone on Facebook who  
posted that she just waitressed for  
Thapelo Mokoena.A Spur waitress"  
Gosh!!

"Did she write that he was with a girl?"  
I ask.

"Isn't it obvious? She is pregnant, she  
is always hungry"

I let out a huge sigh, "You sound so  
pathetic.Zanda we need to leave,her

husband is back they need space"

"No don't leave" she say.

I look at Zanda, "Let's go"

I take Leano, she go collect her

bag. Ziphe need to put on her soldier uniform and deal with this logically.

"I can't believe you are leaving me with him" she say.

"You chose him babe girl, I didn't tell you to. You are the one who was catwalking down the aisle to say "I DO". I was only a bridesmaid wearing an ugly pink dress while you came down looking like an angel in a long white dress wearing a pretty smile on your face...'I do babe, I do', now do it"

"Zethu!!!"

I turn to her, "What Zanda? It's the truth I was there"

"You're right we must go. Ziphe we will call" she say.

I kiss Ziphe's cheek, "You do"

She click her tongue. I follow Zanda. She is leaving me with her heavy baby now.

"Sweetness you're leaving Leano behind. I wasn't there when you said 'Ooh yes fuck me raw'" I yell.

## Chapter Hundred & Fifty-Two Ziphelele Mokoena

.

I drag myself upstairs after Zethu and Zanda decided to leave me. I'm already shattered, whatever the results are they won't make any difference.

I walk in and put Phakade on bed. He is

in the bathroom, I can hear the water running. I pick the jacket he was wearing and search the pocket. There is no slip or any incriminating evidence. I sit and wait for him.

He walk out lotioning his arms. He is surprised to find me with his jacket in my hands.

"Are you alright?" He ask.

"Yeah I'm good"

He take the vest from the closet and put it on.

"You went to Spur?" I ask.

"Yeah" he say not looking at me.

"You went alone?"

He look at me, "Yes..why are you asking me this?"

I ignore him, "So are you the father?"

He exhale, "I might be the father, she is

15weeks"

I keep quiet.He sit next to me.

"I'm so full of doubts.She could've slept with another guy on that day, she came with a bunch of guys in the club,drunk.I only took her in the early hours of morning"

I bite my lip and keep quiet.

"And at home we have no history of twins,not even from our forefathers'  
Shoot me!

I look at him, "Twins???"

"Yeah,the doctor said it's twins"

I can only exclaim my shock to this.

"I'm gonna do a DNA test when she give birth" he say.

"What about now? Are you taking over as the babydaddy? Paying for her medical aid and attending check ups

with her?" I ask.

He take my hand,I pull it away and glare at him.

"Do I have a choice babe?"

We all have choices in life dude.

"I guess congratulations are in order" I say getting up.

"Where are you you going now?" He ask.

I gather Phakade's stuff,

"Out for some fresh air, I don't know"

"Are you angry?" He ask.

"No,I'm excited for my husband"

I take my sunglasses,I don't need people spotting me in the crowd.

"Can we talk about this?" He say behind me.

"Can we not talk about it?"

He exhale and put his hands on his

waist.I grab Porsche keys and walk out.

I don't know where I'm heading, but I'm definitely not going to my sisters or brother.I need to be in a place full of strangers who are not going to judge me or tell me how to feel.I want to be somewhere I'm not required to explain myself.

My phone has been ringing nonstop.Not now.I need to clear my head.

I never imagined my first months back home being like this.I never imagined Phakade not enjoying being the only child for at least 3years.

Illegitimate kids were not in the list.We agreed to adopt should we feel like we need more kids.

I'm not angry at him,I forgave him but I feel betrayed.I find myself driving through Chatsworth and parking in front of the house.

I take Phakade and walk inside the yard.I knock twice.

"Ziphe" he say surprised.

"Hey Nires" he say

He rub his eyes, "Wow!!!"

I just look down.

"I'm sorry,come in" he say shifting.

I get in and look around.It look like he is home alone.

"I saw that you were missing" he say looking at me weirdly.

"Long story"

He look at Phakade, "Is he yours?"

I chuckle, "Yeah"

"He is cute"

I exhale, "I'm sorry to intrude, I don't know what I'm doing here. I'm just going through some stuff and I need..."

He cut me in, "It's okay"

I sigh in relief. I'm glad he understands.

"Let me take the baby to the room so that he can sleep peacefully" he says.

I sit on the chair, "I want to feed him first"

I poke Phakade's cheeks until he wakes up and breastfeeds him.

"You're so good at it" he says watching me.

I smile, "It comes natural"

He looks so mesmerized.

"What?" I ask.

"I'm also expecting in a few months" he says.

"Wow, congrats"

Phakade sleep again, he take him and go put him in the room.

"Where are the younger ones?" I ask.

"Tasha stays with Miss White now.Suresh is away on the school trip" he say.

It's been a long time,hey.

"Did you find the job?" I ask.

"Yes, I work at the petrol station.I'm also selling cakes during weekends door-to-door"

"Do you bake them yourself?" I ask.

"Yes"

Wow.

"Maybe you should apply in my aunt's bakery.It's more like a learnership,you get experience and baking certificate after 12months of service" I tell him.

"Really? When is the closing date?" He

ask excited.

"I think soon, applications have been open for the last two weeks"

"Please write their email address for me I will apply right now"

Eish!

"I will text it later, give me your numbers I lost them"

He come hug me, "Thank you thank you thank you"

I laugh, "Okay"

I give him my phone, he punch and save his numbers. He is so happy, it's funny to watch. I can't believe I'm laughing.

"What is it?" He ask looking at me.

"I'm laughing" I say in a sad voice.

He look at me with pity eyes, "It's hard, is it?"

I nod my head, "Yeah"

"It's going to be okay"

I feel my eyes warming, "Yeah..maybe"

He pull me for a hug,I just cry on his shoulder.He pat my back and let me wet his t-shirt.

"You are a good person you don't deserve to be crying" he say wiping my tears.

"Why then?" I ask.

"I don't know, God work in a mystery way.These are tests"

I close my eyes.I feel soft lips caressing my lips. I part my lips and let him suck my lower lip.

He stop, "I'm sorry"

I shake my head and kiss him again.It clears my head focusing on something else.He is trying to talk in between, I

don't want to listen.I don't want to stop.His front poke me.He is getting turned on,so am I.

"Let's stop" he say pulling away.

"No" I say.

He lift me with his arms and take me to the bedroom.He pull my skirt up and slid his fingers inside my panty while kissing me.I start moaning.

I lie on bed with my back with my eyes closed.He part my legs and pull the drawer with one hand.I hear him tearing the condom foil. All I'm thinking about is getting the dick inside me,not my husband expecting twins from another woman.

"Are you sure?" He ask.

"Yes,please"

He push it inside.I wrap my legs

around him and moan in pleasure. He go for 3 minutes then collapse on me.

"Oooh fuck" he curse.

I open my eyes and look at him.

"You're so good" he say and kiss me again.

Is that? Oh my God!

I push him off and pick his t-shirt on the floor and wipe myself. I pull up my panty and run to the room where Phakade's cry is coming from.

"Baby" I take him and just cry.

What have I done? My baby is crying.

I close my eyes, "Nooo!!!"

He cry louder. I push the dirty nipple in his mouth. My whole body feel dirty.

"Are you okay?" He ask from the door.

"Please" I say wiping my tears.

I need to get out of here.

"Ziphe are you okay?" He ask again.

"I'm sorry I need to go" I say rushing out the door.

I continue breastfeeding Phakade in the car then put him in his seat and drive off my body cringing.

How am I going to face Thapelo after this?

Why did I even do it?

I'm driving slowly. Tears are dropping down. The nearer I get to my house the more nervous I become. I feel like there is a huge sticker on my back written WHORE.

I take a deep breath before opening the door. It's quiet, but I know he is here.

I take the walk of shame upstairs, looking everywhere for him.

I'm relieved not to find him in our room. I put Phakade in his cot and rush to the bathroom. I turn on the cold shower and scrub my body.

I've never been to church but today I'm saying the longest prayer with my heart. This is not me.

I nearly fall to the floor when I see him on bed with Phakade in his arms.

"You came back" he say.

My heart is thundering. I just nod. He put Phakade down and come to me.

He wrap me in his arms, "I'm sorry I disappointed you. I'm gonna take my chances and do the DNA test, I know I didn't make her pregnant"

I start sobbing on his chest.

"I love you Ziphe, I'm willing to correct my mistakes. I want to make you

happy,make you proud to call me your husband"

Guilt is wrapping me.I want to die,I'm so ashamed of myself.

He take my face in his hands and stare into my eyes.

"I'm gonna wipe these tears.I love you from 18years to forever,please be patient with me"

I feel my knees getting weak.I shouldn't have.

Chapter Hundred &Fifty-Three  
Nozipho Biyela

.

Last night I tried bringing up Jessica topic to Sbu but he just dismissed

it.I've been trying to make him see the positive side of it for the couple of days,he won't hear any of it.

He hate Jessica.I understand where his anger comes from but we also need to take Sphiwo into consideration.I love my son and I know for sure this Jessica cannot claim him back,I have all the documents certifying that I'm his mother.Even if she decide to take me to court I'd win the case.

It's around lunchtime, everyone is busy.I'm still shadowing Palesa,there have been so many changes.I want to be sure I have everything right before I take over again,I'm not going to fire Palesa though she is my potential manager.I'm thinking of going home, Sphiwo is back from school. He is still

in preschool.

I text Jessica;

**\*\*Can you come to my house, you will get a few minutes with him\*\***

She respond immediately saying that she is on her way.

"And now?" Palesa ask.

"Jessica is coming to see Sphiwo in the house"

She frown, "Ini? Didn't your husband say no?"

I sigh, "He did. I'm just feeling bad"

"I wonder how bad your husband is gonna feel when he find out all of this?"

"Girl I don't need judgement now" I say.

She shrug her shoulders and focus on the files.

"I don't think I'm coming back, send me important emails. I will see you in the morning"

I take my bags.

"Good luck" she say.

I roll my eyes, "I know you don't mean it"

"Whatever, bye"

I laugh. Palesa has been my friend since childhood. We've had our ups and downs and survived. I know she is my girl and got my best interest at heart, but this I've decided.

I drive home and find the helper serving them lunch.

"Mommy" one of the girls scream.

"Hey babies" I hug them.

"I wrote a story about a giraffe"

Ayanda say.

"That's amazing.How many words?"

She think hard before answering,

"Five"

A story of five words,she is creative like me.

"Phiwo why are you not eating your veggies?" I ask.

"I'm not hungry"

Liyanda laughs.

"What did you eat?" I ask.

"He used all his money and bought cakes" Liyanda say.

I'm confused.

"What money?"

They look at each other.

"Hey,I'm asking you a question. Where did you get the money from?"

"From dad's wallet" Ayanda say.

Wtf!

"Did daddy give it to you?" I ask.

"No,we took it because he doesn't use it" Sphiwo say.

"He doesn't use money?"

They got to be kidding.

"Yes,we take some and leave some.He doesn't mind,he put some again"

I look at her, "Liyanda stop,I don't want to hear another word from three of you.Your dad will deal with you"

"Okay"

They are not threatened. I can't believe they've been stealing money.Gosh I can't be raising thieves.Sbu better discipline them.

"Mah" I say walking to Mam'

Hlengi,our helper.

"Yebo sisi" she stop folding the dishcloths.

"I need a favour"

She listen.

"There is a girl who is coming here to see Sphiwo,I don't want my husband to know about it"

She nods, "That's not a problem"

"And can you please take the two rascals to the mall? will give you the card you will do whatever you want"

"Yes"

I call Liyanda and Ayanda in their room.I change their clothes and tell them they're going to the mall with Mam' Hlengi.

"Why is Sphiwo not going?" Liyanda ask.

"You can't all go.Who is going to stay with me?" I say pretending to be sad.

"Next time we will go with you,don't

worry" Ayanda say brushing my arm in consolation.

"Okay, go and enjoy"

Mam' Thembi has changed, she is ready. I give her the car keys and credit card.

"Don't buy them too much sweets" I say.

"Don't worry sisi"

I go to Yamihle's nursery. The nanny is busy on her phone, she try hiding it but I tell her to carry on with it. I'm not a strict person, as long as people are doing their jobs correct.

Now....

"I don't want to hang out with you, I also want to go to the mall" he say arms folded.

"Look I have a friend, she really likes

you. I told her today she can come over and spend time with you" I say holding his hands.

"Okay cool"

I look for my bag, take my phone and call Jessica. Fortunately she is driving in.

"The friend is here" I tell Sphiwo. She walk in with shopping bags. I'm like girl????!!!

"Hey, thanks" she say.

I smile, "You didn't have to buy anything"

"I'm sorry, I got carried away"

"Fine, let's go to him"

I call Sphiwo. He appears and look at Jessica with a frown.

"Are you the friend?" He ask.

I smile, "Yes she is the friend I was

telling you about"

"She was here that day fighting with you and daddy"

Omg! I didn't think he would remember that. Aren't kids made to be forgetful?

"I wasn't fighting baby, I just wanted..."

Sphiwo make a face, "Yuuuuuu"

I give her a sign, "Not baby"

"I wanted to see you" she say.

"Do you like me?" He ask her.

"Yes, I love you a lot"

"Okay come watch my favorite cartoons with me"

I nod at her. I also join them and watch. Sphiwo is explaining everything and telling us what previously happened and what might happen.

"I want magical sneakers mom" he say.

"I'm going to buy them next week" I lie.  
He get up and leave.I guess this is it.

"He is grown" she say.

"Yeah you last saw him when he was a few days old" I remind her.

She look down, "I'm a bad person"

"We all make mistakes,I just hope you're learning from them. Does your family know you have a baby?"

"I was raised by my aunt.She doesn't know"

"You are still a DJ?" I ask.

"Yes"

"Okay look DJ Jess,I'm not doing this because I'm stupid.This can cause problems between me and my husband, that's why I'm introducing you as a friend to him.Sphiwo is my son,I know I didn't give birth to him

but that doesn't mean anything. I'm his mother. You are gonna have these sneaky visits until I'm able to convince my husband to let you see him"

"I understand and I appreciate this" she say.

"Okay tell me about yourself and why so many tattoos?" I say leaning back on the couch.

She chuckles, "I love tattoos"

"Aren't they painful?" I ask.

"Isn't giving birth painful?" She ask.

I laugh, "Giving birth is a product of sex and sex is nice"

"So how come you're so sexy and healthy looking soon after giving birth?"

"You sound like a journalist. Well I got on a strict diet after giving birth, I have

a fitness trainer and I do lot of sex" I tell her.

She laugh, "I wish I can get your body" I look at her, "Stop mocking me, look at you"

She laugh and stand up.She lift her t-shirt.I'm like what's the fuck?!

"But you have a figure to die for when you have your clothes on" I say trying not to laugh.

"That's because I hold in when I'm in public"

Gosh the struggle!

"You need to go to the gym,that's all" I say.

"I'm always busy" she say and check the time.

"I shouldn't put you in trouble" she say.

"Yeah, come say goodbye to him"

We go to Sphiwo's room. He is watching another cartoon movie.

"My friend is leaving now" I tell him.

"Okay friend, bye"

He is not that interested.

"Can I get a hug?" Jessica ask.

He jump off bed and give her a two seconds hug.

I walk her to the car. She is a chilled girl.

I need to give the nanny a break, and besides I miss my little prince. I find her dressing him up, she just gave him a bath.

"Don't worry I will continue, you can go rest" I tell her.

My baby.

Later the girls and Mam' Hlengi return

with a couple of new toys. They start telling me about their trip. Sphiwo is telling them about his friend who is also his mommy's friend that bought him toys and goodies.

When Sbu walk in he is surprised to see me home.

"Did they chase you out at work?" He ask kissing my cheek.

"I'm being responsible. How was your day?"

He grin, "Nothing interesting"

He go to the kids and kiss them.

"You guys got new toys?" He ask.

"Yes, we went to the mall" Ayanda say.

"My mom's friend bought me the toys" Sphiwo brag.

He look at me questioningly.

"From work" I lie.

"My boy got a charm,he is taking on FFH now" he say brushing Sphiwo's head.

Oh before we forget.

"There is something you need to know about your kids" I say.

"What?"

I sit next to him, "They've been stealing money from your wallet"

"What???"

He look at them.

"Everyday, they don't even eat their lunchboxes at school" I say.

He laughs, "No wonder I've been running short of petrol money everyday"

"It's not funny" I tell him.

He stand up, "Okay come here,three of you"

"Where are you taking them?" I ask.  
They look very scared right now.  
"They are coming to wash my car" he  
say.

I still need to have a talk with  
them.They must know it's not  
excusable to take something that  
doesn't belong to you without the  
owner's consent.

Chapter Hundred & Fifty-Five  
Ziphelele Mokoena

.

We've been distant,or should I say I've  
been distant to him.He tries to touch  
me,but stop when I show him  
uncomfortableness.

He think it's him, but it's not. It's me. I can't let my husband touch me after I've been touched by another man. I feel so guilty and scared. I remember what happened with Simtho, I don't want to be in the same position.

It's been two days since that incident, my mind has been ruffled up in a way that I completely forgot to forward Niresch the e-mail address. I can't be selfish and deny him this opportunity, he need it. I forward it. He replies; Thanks.

Before trouble come I need to close the Niresch chapter. We need to forget about this little friendship or whatever it was. I can't lose my husband.

\*\*Can we pretend like Monday never happened and move on with our

lives?\*\*\* -sent.

He replies instantly; \*\*Did your husband find out?\*

\*\*No, and he must never find out that's why we need to move on with our lives as if we don't know each other. I wish you all the best in life\*\* -sent.

\*\*I understand where you're coming from. Thanks for the awesome moment, you really took me to places I've never been to. He is blessed to eat such creamy cookie everyday. T'was the best sex I've ever had\*\*

Gosh!!!

\*\*Send your CV before tomorrow 8pm. Bye\*\* -sent.

He is making my head spin right now. My head pounds. I really gave him Thapelo's diamond. I sink on the couch

holding my head. Fuck me!!

"Knock"

Who the fuck is that???

She let herself in and sit opposite me.

"Hey babe"

"Fiki"

"Where is Phakade?" she ask.

"Sleeping"

"You look troubled"

Is it that obvious?

"I am" I say and sigh.

"Don't worry this girl is showing us her true colours, she was taking her chances from the beginning"

I frown, "What are you on about?"

"The DNA test" she say.

I give her an expression saying go on.

"You don't know that the girl has blocked Thapelo and ran off because

he wanted to go do the DNA test"

"No" I say shocked.

She smile, "It was never his baby and she knew it"

I hold my head, "My God"

"How come you don't know, didn't he tell you?" she ask.

"I've been blocking all sort of communication from him" I say.

She stare at me with underlying anger,

"Why? We talked about this"

I can't tell her.

"I don't know.. I'm just..drained, I'm lost in emotions" I say breaking down.

"Ziphe you need to pull yourself together.You're not a child

anymore.You're married,you have a husband and a child" she say.

"I know"

She come sit next to me, "I know it's hard, given everything you've been through. Nobody said it was going to be easy, sometimes you need to pull out your guns and fight. You need to concur this, for you and your son. Don't you think he is too young to have his parents against each other?"

"He is" I say.

"You think mama and daddy have never had problems in their marriage? Well look at me and Sbusiso. Dad cheated on Mom when I was two years old, while Mom was pregnant with Senamile"

I chuckle, "He is something else"

"Yeah, but because they loved each other they stayed together and fought their demons together. It only take

communication to do so"

She is right. Looking at Mom's situation I realise that sometimes you need to choose what is gonna make you happy regardless of the circumstances. I know being with Thapelo is what makes me happy. There is no where in the world I wanna be except here with Mokoena.

"Do you understand?" she ask.

I look at her, "I do, it really make sense"

She smile, "So???"

"Help me make lunch, he must be hungry"

She look at the ceiling dramatically,

"My man also left with no lunch"

"Please" I beg making a sorry face.

"Gosh fine!"

I open the fridge, "Should I make

steak? I think it's gonna be easy if we put it in the oven with the onions and make pap,pap only take..."

She cut me in, "You'll make that for dinner. Now we're making burger and chips that's it"

I look at her, "No, he need to eat a homely lunch"

He open defreezer and take burgers, "I'm not about to go Chef Pinaar for your man while my man is also at work hungry"

Geez!!

"Fine" I say in disappointment.

We make burger and crispy chips then pack it with juice.I hope he haven't eaten.

Just when I'm walking through the reception area Sky (the receptionist)

scream calling the kiosk lady.

"Phakade is here"

She is screaming.I laugh. This is my first time here since I came

back.They've never met Phakade.

They grab him from me.I'm left with a lunch bag looking like an idiot.They are all over Phakade commenting about how he look like Thapelo.

They finally give me the attention too.

"How are you girl?" Sky ask.

"I'm good. Is my husband in his office?"

"Yes,he bury himself there all day long" she say.

She is so forward, "Is this lunch you're bringing him?"

I laugh, "Yeah"

"Let's not keep the boss hungry then" she say getting back in her desk.

I take Phakade from the lady and walk to the lift. I am nervous.

I can't knock because both my hands are occupied so I just push the door and let myself in.

"I told you I don't want to be disturbed" he shout without raising his head from the laptop.

"Hi"

He look up, his face goes 'woooo'.

"Hi" he say looking at me in shock.

"I brought you lunch, I hope you haven't eaten" I say.

"You brought me lunch?"

"I say lunch because it's around lunchtime but it's only burger and chips" I say putting the lunch bag on the table.

"I'm hungry, thanks"

He push the laptop and papers aside  
and open it.

"It's fresh" he say.

"Yeah I just made it"

He start eating right away.I'm  
watching him. It's so stupid that I love  
everything about him.The way he  
chew and swallow. The way he lick his  
fingers and pick the chips.

"I love you"

He look up, "Baby"

"I'm sorry about everything.I should be  
supporting you not fighting you"

He exhale, "I don't blame you,I'd also  
be destructed if I was to find out that  
you slept with someone else"

He doesn't know pull yourself  
together, my mind say.

"Umhhh..I miss you" I say stuttering.

"Do you want us to go home?" He say smirking.

"You don't have to leave work, it's only a couple of hours before you come home" I say.

"How is my boy?" He ask.

"He is fine"

He wipe his hands and come take Phakade.

He look at me, "Wait, is this his first time in his office?"

"Yeah"

He smile, "I need to show you around champ"

He plant a kiss on my lips, "Thank you"

He walk out with Phakade. I think he is going to show him to everyone in here.

A part of me want to go through everything in his office but I kick the

thought off.I'm trying to rebuild my marriage here,it's time I trust my husband.

They come back after a while with some snacks.

"Whose snacks are these?" I ask.

"Phakade's" he say.

I laugh, "He doesn't have teeth"

"We will eat them on his behalf"

I love him more.

We eat Phakade's gift snacks while laughing.You can't tell we've been fighting the last four days.

"It's time to go" I say looking at the time.

He sigh, "Really?"

He doesn't want us to go.

"Unfortunately yes"

"I want to cry" he say.

I laugh, "Are you Phakade now? Crying because he is not seeing anyone"

He walk me out holding Phakade. When we come out of the lift we bump to another colleague of his.

"Where are the champ's snacks?" he ask.

Thapelo look at me, I look away laughing.

"They are in Mrs Mokoena's bag" he say.

I thought I would dodge Sky this time but the girl have eyes everywhere. She stop us and tell Thapelo how much Phakade look like him. Only the phone save us.

"She is a typical reception lady" I say.

"I ignore her, that's the strategy that brings me peace"

He open the car door and put Phakade in then hold my hands.

"Thanks for forgiving me and bringing me lunch and my son" he say staring at me.

"It's a pleasure"

He lean over and slowly kiss me.I need to block these images in my head,I'm not a bad wife.

"I love you" he say.

"I love you too"

I drive back home in a good mood.I'm glad we've worked this out. All thanks to my big sister's advises. Skhumbuzo has matured her, she is now a different person. I send her a text telling her everything went well.

Around 17h00 I cook dinner and bath my son then take a warm shower.He

called saying he is gonna be home a bit late.

I'm mixing the salad when the phone disturb me.

Didn't I tell this person to forget about me?

I answer, "Hi"

"I hope I'm not disturbing"

Of course you're disturbing.

"I thought we are staying away from each other" I say.

"No I just wanted to tell you that the bakery has responded, they want me to come for an interview next week"

I just sigh.

"I'm happy for you Nires, can you please not contact me again?"

"Umhhh..okay, thanks for everything"

I drop him and grunt loud. He is making

me a bitter ex-friend. I don't want to be harsh on him, he is a good person that's why I want us to call the friendship off before it goes south.

I jump as I feel hands on my waist,

"Nires!!!"

"What???"

I turn around.

No!!!!

"Love" I say my heart pounding out of my chest.

"You called me Nires? What's the fuck Ziphelele?"

Tears roll down, "I just saw the accident, an Indian guy was knocked by the water truck in town. He looks like him, I'm scared"

"I thought you forgot about him" he says glaring at me.

I rub my neck, "He saved me from the street, who knows what could've happened if he didn't give me the taxi fare"

He exhale, "Let's hope it's not him"

He pull me for a hug.I don't know what is happening with me.Lies are just flowing out of my mouth.I'm becoming one of those twisted wives.

Chapter Hundred & Fifty-Six  
Zanda Dlamini

.

I just heard now that we're going to Ziphe's house. Leano is visiting Phakade,that's what I was told.I'm not sure if Leano knows that there is someone called Phakade existing.I

think he is suffering from the 'New daddy' fever.

"Do we need to carry that car?" I ask as he pack the big toy tractor.

"Yes"

I just sigh. Car toys are for toddlers, but what can we say.

My phone rings. A smile creep out.

I answer, "Finally he remember he have a sister"

"My little sis"

"How are you big bro?" I ask.

"I'm good. How are you and the little boy?"

"We are good. When are you coming back?"

He went to London with his friends four months ago, when they came back he stayed behind. I'm yet to find out

why.

"Next month, I can't wait to meet my nephew. I'm gonna bring you the bling-bling"

I laugh, "I want no bling-bling"

"When did you last see your sister?"

He asks.

"She came here one day, I'm certain that I don't want to see her again"

"Why?"

I exhale, "Her mission is to destroy Leano's dad's happiness. She always has some nasty things to say to us"

"We will talk when I come back" he says.

"Why did you leave Siza behind?" I ask.

He chuckles, "She is the one who chose to stay behind"

I'll never understand their

marriage, but what I know is that Siza need to wake up.

"Okay, thanks for calling I was missing you" I say.

"Pass my regards to mshana and Mandla"

"Okay, bye" I drop the call.

Mvuse was not ready for marriage. He should be home with his wife starting his little family. First it was Fiki, now it's this London girl. I'm sure it's a girl that's keeping him there. Poor Siza!

"Babe" he call.

"I'm coming"

I pick Leano's bag and follow him.

I didn't know the Biyela son was also here. He have Yamihle in his arms, but I don't see Nozipho.

"Hello" I greet.

"Hey Zanda. Who is that you're walking with?"

He is starting. I just laugh and walk past them.

"Girl"

She turn around, "I'm glad you're here, can you please make this coffee for my brother?"

Can I sit for a bit?

"Where is his wife?" I ask.

"She is taking a shower"

I check the time.

"I think they had sex in the car, they parked outside for almost thirty minutes not coming out of the car" she whispers.

I'm not surprised, it sounds like them.

"No wonder she is taking bath. But where was Yamihle?" I ask.

"He was with them,I think he is going to need counselling when he grow up"  
We burst out in laughter.I add another cup of coffee for my man.

"How is Thapelo coping without his alcohol?" I ask.

"He is surviving"

I wipe my hands, "I'm glad you guys worked things out"

She smile, "I love him"

Sounds like a good fucked wife.

I take coffee to them

"I feel like I've come to a tea-party"

Sbu say taking one cup.

He always have something to say.He is a Biyela after all.

Oh Mrs Sex-in-the-car is back!

"Hey love" she is washing the rice.

"Hey how are you?" I ask hugging her

from behind.

"I'm good"

"You should be" I say and pick the carrots to peel.

"I know this bitch was discussing me" she say looking at Ziphe.

"What did I say?" Ziphe ask laughing.

"At least I'm not getting tied on bed and blindfolded" she say.

"I'm still receiving the D in flesh, I haven't got weird toys stuffed inside me" Ziphe say.

Nozipho stick her tongue out,

"Babygirl you're yet to learn what sex is all about, it goes beyond your man shoving his dick in you"

"Girls you're traumatising me" I say.

Nozi laughs, "Say the biggest D-sucker"

"That's Sena not me. When did you last

talked to her?"

"This morning. Her mother-in-law is on her best behavior, she say"

Ziphe chuckles, "Widowhood has humbled her"

Nozipho cook everything, I just help with salads. Ziphe can't do much because she have to breastfeed Phakade every now and then. I have some respect for her, the divanness in her vanished after Phakade. She is a natural mom, breastfeeding and keeping short fingernails. She have no nanny, no housekeeper. She is a devoted mother, wife. Unlike her brother's wife here, I don't know how she is able to hold Yami and not scratch him with such long nails. I'm not saying she is a bad mother, this one

was born with a mothering gift. She is practical raising Junior, Sbu and her kids.

We set for lunch and call them. They talk very loud when they're together. I take Leano from Mandla.

"How are you going to eat with him?"

He ask.

"I will manage"

Yamihle and Phakade are asleep, they put them in the next bedroom.

"Why are we not allowed to bring our own beers atleast?" Sbu ask.

Thapelo chuckles, "Ask your sister?"

"Guests must obey the rules without questioning, it's rude" Ziphe say.

I laugh, "They must suffer"

"I'm already grumpy as it is" Mandla say taking a sip on the juice.

"Guys stop being so dramatic, your lives don't depend on alcohol" Nozipho say.

"Mine does" Sbu say.

Nozi look at her, "Oh okay"

Sbu smile, "I mean it doesn't"

These two!!

I still don't know why we had to meet here for lunch, but it always happen. Their friendship is genuine and rare to find.

"You said you have a conference call at half past" Mandla tell Thapelo.

He get up, "Juice is making me forgetful"

"I know, it's not a good thing. You need beer vitamins" Sbu say.

They laugh.

"Don and Simtho now attend church"

Nozipho say.

I laugh so hard, "I heard Don was singing his heart out during the service"

"Aunt Lydia say she doesn't want them in her church again, they must go somewhere else" Sbu say.

Mandla frown, "That's so unchristian. Did she say why?"

"Nope, but what are their motives anyway?"

"Motives? Is it a crime going to the same church as your aunt?" Mandla ask.

"No, but they went soon after they heard about the pastor going to Aunt Lydia's house to pray" Sbu say.

I laugh, "Don't tell me you think they went to spy"

He shrug, "Won't you believe it if they did"

"Then they need a special prayer" I say.

Thapelo come searching his pocket, "I don't know where the hell is my phone"

Ziphe look at him, "You had it upstairs with the laptop"

"It's not there, I need to call it" he say taking Ziphe's phone on the table.

"Try searching in the bathroom too" Ziphe shout after him.

"See the bad effects of having juice from morning till day ends" Sbu say shaking his head.

"What doesn't kill you make you stronger" Ziphe say.

I give Leano to Mandla but Nozipho

take him instead.

"Does he ever sleep?" She ask.

"He sleep more at night"

"He is a man" Mandla say.

Nozipho roll her eyes, "You need to chill,he is yet to crawl and break everything in your house then start walking and get lost in the house and end up sleeping under the table"

I laugh, "Sleep under the table?"

"Ask Sbu how we looked for Sphiwo everywhere in the house only to find him deep asleep under the dining table.The other day he got inside the closet"

Well I can't wait.It sounds funny.

"It was a job looking after him,the twins were also handful.I thank God I didn't grow grey hair that year" Sbu

say.

"You did actually" Mandla say.

Sbu touch his head, "Don't lie man"

Thapelo appears walking slowly

looking at the phone.

Didn't he say he was going to make a  
conference call with his colleagues?

Ziphe drop the glass and rush to him  
her eyes all out.

Are we missing something?

And....

She is on the floor.

"Thapelo!!!!" Mandla scream.

That slap was thunder. What is  
happening? I'm shaking.

Chapter Hundred & Fifty-Seven  
Nozipho Biyela

.

I'm not sure how we got here. Everything was well, we brought our sons here to bond. Ziphe's phone is in pieces on the floor. I don't know what Thapelo found in it, he is trying to get off Mandla's grip. Sbu have Ziphe behind his back, he is fuming.

"Guys calm down" I beg.

It like I'm adding fuel to the fire.

Thapelo get past Sbu and slap Ziphe again. Zanda scream.

"You don't fuckin' put your hands on my sister"

Sbu grab him by his t-shirt, he throw his fist right on Sbu's nose. Sbu punch him on his face repeatedly. Thapelo go wild.

I scream, "Mandla do something!!!"

He try pulling them apart. They're

getting past him and grabbing each other. They're both bleeding. I can't believe I'm witnessing this, they're best friends.

There is another thunderous sound. Did Mandla slap my husband like that? My husband.

"Mandla" I cry.

He turn to Thapelo and slap him even harder.

"Fuck you! What are your kids supposed to do when you fight in front of them? In front of your wives?"

He is angry.

"He have no right to put his hands on my sister" Sbu say wiping blood off his nose.

"Shut the fuck up!" He say charging to him.

He keep quiet.

"Thapelo" he say looking at Thapelo.

Thapelo just walk away.

I look at Ziphe, "What is wrong?"

She just cry.

"What did you do Ziphe? What is in that cellphone?" I ask.

"He is going to kill me" she say her hands shaking.

"Kill you for what?" I ask.

"I wasn't thinking straight, I did something bad"

Mandla realises that Zanda is still in the house,standing against the wall with tears on her face.He walk to her and take Leano.

"I'm sorry" he say.

I look at Sbu, "Are you okay?"

"Yes,let's go home"

I look at Ziphe.

"We are going with her" he say.

This is a disaster, but I think it's for the best if we take Ziphe with us. Thapelo need to calm down from whatever it is. He go wash his face and take Yamihle. I take Phakade and follow him with Ziphe.

The journey back home is filled with silence and Ziphe's soft sobs. I'm still asking myself what is it that angered Thapelo that much. I thought they ironed their issues.

What was going to happen if this happened with just two of them in the house? She was definitely gonna end in hospital, if not mortuary.

I'm glad Simtho took the kids to her house, they'd be traumatized to see

their father in this condition.

Ziphe take Phakade and go to the guest's bedroom. I'm gonna talk to her, but right now I need to attend my husband.

"Are you okay?" I ask entering the bathroom.

"It just punches Nozipho"  
He is still angry.

"Can I get you anything?"

He click his tongue, "No, geez! Go call your friends or something. Get something to do"

Wow okay. I'm just trying to help. Don't blame me for caring, I'm a typical wife. I give him his space.

She has stopped crying, I walk in and sit next to her.

"Are you ready to tell me what is going

on between you and Thapelo?" I ask.

"I slept with Nires"h"

Oh shoot me! Again and again and again. Bury me if you have time! She did what???

She look at me, "I know, shocking right?"

"Right, it's shocking. Why if I may ask?"

She shrug, "I was angry at him after he told me about the ultrasound results"

"When you're angry you sleep around? I'm not trying to judge, don't hear me wrong" I say.

She blink tears off, "I regret it"

"Did you record it with your phone?" I ask.

"We texted each other after the incident, I think he saw the the texts" Talk about being careless!

"And you didn't bother deleting those texts?" I ask.

"He hardly touch my phone,it never came to my mind"

It's a disaster.

"I'm sorry" I hug her.

I hear multiple voices arguing,Sbu is one of them.

"Please don't tell him I'm here" she say jumping to the corner of the room.

Phakade is awake and making happy sounds on the bed.Good for him.

I close the door behind me and walk towards the voices.

"No she made me a fool" he roars.

I'm glad Mandla came with him.

"Nobody is innocent in this situation, you had no right to put your hands on her" Sbu say glaring at him.

Thapelo's eyes are bloody red, "At least I was honest, I didn't lie to her. I didn't leave her in the house and go fuck someone else"

"I think Thapelo you need to go back in your house and calm down" I say.

"I'm leaving with my son"

Silence.

"So where is my son?" He ask.

"He will need Ziphe for breastmilk" I say.

"I will buy him formula milk, he won't suck the same breasts Indians suck"

Mandla hold him back, "Man don't do this"

"Mandla let me go get my son and leave in peace"

Mandla let him go. I lead him to the bedroom, Mandla is behind him.

Ziphe start crying when he see him walking behind me.

He look at her, "Where was my son?"

He said he is only taking the baby and leaving in peace.

"Answer me damnit!! Where was my son when you were busy opening your legs for that fool?"

Oh Ziphe! She is just crying.

"You let my son witness that? Ziphe you fuck another man in my son's presence" he charge toward her.

I get in the way, "Not in my house"

He scratch him head and face violently,

"No man! No.You were calling me this fucker's name"

Mandla see the upcoming trouble he pick Phakade and hand him to him.He stare at Ziphe,holding Phakade with

one hand.

"You called me his name and lied to me" he say in a broken voice.

"Babe I'm sorry" Ziphe say crying.

"I hate you Ziphelele" tears escape his eyes.

He push Mandla out of the way and walk out.

I look at Ziphe, "Look what you've done"

I can't believe Ziphe is this reckless. You can't cheat and get caught just like this. To think this kid went to private schools!

We walk out of the room and find Sbu drinking Hennessy.

"I also need one" Mandla say.

I just sigh and sit down. What a day! Ziphe walk to Sbu and stand next to

him,

"Bhuti I..."

He raise his hand up, "Not now.I don't want to hear anything coming out of your mouth"

She come and sit next to me.

"Do you want something to drink?" I ask.

She shake her head.

Well,I do need a drink.I pour wine and dial Simtho's number.

"Please keep the kids over,I have a situation here" I say.

"Okay,no problem.Is everything alright?"

I sigh, "Everything is a mess,but don't worry about it"

"Okay, I will tell them they're sleeping here then"

"Thank you"

When I turn around he is here. He take the glass from me and put it on the counter.

"I'm sorry for snapping at you"

"It's fine, I understand"

He exhale, "I don't know if I should call the elders to sort this out or not"

"Rather not, Biyela is gonna take this thing the wrong way"

He brush my cheek, "She disappointed me"

I look at Ziphe through the passage,

"We don't have to take sides,Thapelo also cheated"

"He is broken.Thapelo is very strong on the outside,but very fragile inside"

He look very concerned.

"Are you regretting fighting him?" I

ask.

He chuckles, "I don't care about the stupid fight,he doesn't care either.I only care about his emotional state,he has been trying so hard to fix the Zinhle situation for Ziphe's sake and now this"

"Ziphe is young" I say.

He give me a look, "Why are you defending her?"

I shrug my shoulders.He kiss my lips.

"If you ever cheat on me Nozi...I don't know" he say staring in my eyes.

"You know I will never do that"

We share a moment just staring at each other.

Someone clear her throat, we break the stare and look at her.

"I'm leaving"

"What?" I ask.

"My son needs me,I need my husband"  
she say.

"The same husband who want to kill  
you?" I ask.

"If anything happens I will call" she say  
and walk away.

I look at Sbu, "You're letting her go?"

"I will get the security to follow her  
and observe the situation"

I don't think this is a good  
decision.Thapelo might kill her before  
the security get inside.

Chapter Hundred &Fifty-Eight  
Ziphelele Mokoena

.

I have no idea what I'm gonna say to

him.I've seen him angry before, but not like this.If my brother and Mandla weren't here maybe I would be in hospital bed right now.

I wipe the tears and turn the door handle.

There is a tin of formula milk on the kitchen table.Water is spilled on the counter.I think he has been making him a bottle.Great,now he is taking the only chance I have in life to experience breastfeeding.

I take the steps upstairs slowly, my legs are trembling.I pause before entering the bedroom.

Phakade is sleeping on bed.The water is running in the bathroom, I think he is in there.

This works on my favour.I pick

Phakade and put him on my lap.He won't do anything while I have his son. I'm nervous.

He walk out of the shower.His bloody red eyes shoot at me.I see him clenching his jaws.

"Babe I'm sorry"

He charge toward me, "I don't want you in my house or near my son you bitch"

"Our house,our son"

I shouldn't have said that.He grab Phakade and put him on bed then pick me up by throat.This time I'm not crying or screaming, I'm just taking the heat as it is.

When he finally let the grip loose I'm struggling to breath and choking.

"Get out before I kill you" he say.

I sink on the floor coughing, "Kill me"  
He chuckles, "Ziphelele I said get out"  
"I didn't mean to hurt you,my mind  
was clouded"

"I don't care.GET OUT!!!"

I'm not leaving this house and I'm  
definitely not leaving this marriage.

I look at him, "Thapelo I love you,I  
don't want to be with someone else"

"But you went and fucked someone  
else"

"My mind wasn't functioning well,my  
husband had hurt me.You mean so  
much to me,I can't handle being  
disappointed by you.I had hope that  
you were waiting for me,but you were  
sleeping with different girls while I  
was making sure that I'm gonna come  
out with our son alive"

He rub his hands, "Now you're blaming me"

He want to attack me again.

"No I'm not..please don't do this to me"

I say.

"You knew exactly what you wanted, you walked out of the door knowing exactly that you wanted that Indian's dick.It wouldn't have been someone else,you've always wanted him" he say.

"That's no true, I only want you"

He kneel infront of me and pick my face, "And you had the audacity to call me by his name"

His face make me shiver.

"And then lie"

Tears start building up, "I'm sorry"

"It's okay, maybe I've been holding you back.Take your bags and go wherever

you want to go,fuck whoever you want to fuck.I'm done standing in your way"  
I shake my head, "No,I'm not going anywhere"

"How are you going to get an Indian dick then? Because you're certainly not getting it in my house or in front of my son again"

I swallow the lump on my throat, "I want you, you are my husband"

He smile, a fake one.

"Really?" He ask.

I nod my head, "Yes"

He stand up, "Get up"

I get up and look at him.

"Take off your clothes"

I look at him confused,he narrow his eyes.I take my clothes off.

He pick me up.I wish I can just take a

deep sigh.

He open the sliding door leading us to the balcony.

"Babe people are going to see us" I say when he put me against the balcony railings.

The sun haven't set completely. Construction workers just knocked off, they are in the street waiting for their transport. There is a high chance that they could see us.

"I don't care" he say parting my legs.

"I'm not ready" I say.

He doesn't mind that, he push his thing in and start moving. I'm holding my screams and just moaning softly because I don't want to grab the street attention.

"Not too fast babe" I say holding tightly

on the rails.

He pound faster than before. I let out a scream. He stop and push me to the floor with my back then get in between my legs.

He is not moaning, not saying anything, just grinding me. His hands wrap my throat and tighten.

I'm trying to tell him he is hurting me but his grip is getting tighter as his thrusts get harder and faster.

His eyes roll back, he let out a groan and let the grip loose.

"That was rough" I tell him.

He open his eyes and glare at me.

He take on my lips and suck the hell out of them then let go.

"Thapelo!!" I scream.

He get up and leave me on the floor

with his saliva all over my face.He spat on my face!

I feel even more naked.Nobody has ever made me feel so loose and unworthy.I'm scared to get up on this floor and face reality.I'm nothing, just a sex object.

Tears roll down my face.My husband is a monster.He have no heart.

I find him in the bathroom lotioning his hands like nothing happened.I just close the door and wait outside.After a few minutes he open the door and walk past me like I'm invisible.

I get in the bathroom and fill the bathtub with water.I feel like the walls can see through me.I close my eyes and lie back crying.

Maybe I should go home.My presence

here disgust him.He need some space to calm down.I don't know if I can handle another scene of humiliation. I wrap myself with a towel and walk out the bathroom.He is on bed with Phakade looking at his phone.It's like nothing happened.

I feel anger rising up.He also cheated on me.I lived like a khoi-khoi for him to have this son.But nobody is hitting him and sexual humiliating him for it.He apologised and I forgave him.It wasn't just one girl,it was different girls.One of them could be pregnant with his twins, her disappearance doesn't confirm anything.

I unwrap the towel,it fall to the floor.I go take Phakade from our bed to his cot.He don't even look at me, he is

concentrated on his phone. Texting his bitches maybe??

Slowly I walk toward him and stop next to him. He sigh and turn his eyes to me I give him one hell of a slap.

"What's the fuck???" he say touching his face.

I jump on top of him and punch his face crying. He is blocking the punches and asking what is wrong with me. I put my little hands around his neck and strangle him with all the energy I have.

He hold my arms and shove me away.

"You fuckin' cheated on me with different girls and have the audacity to take my son away from me. The one I was fighting for while you were fucking around.. You motherfucking

monster!!" I get on top of him again.

"Get off me" he push me off.

I balance by the edge before falling to the floor.He is powerful than me, that's why he think he can do as he pleases with my body.Slap me,fuck me in the balcony and spit on my face.

Let's see.

"Ziphe damnit!" he groan.

He is trying to push me off, but if he push harder I hold them harder.

"Please babe let's talk"

Now we must talk? He is done fucking me and humiliating me.

"Nooooo" he scream in a crying voice.

I don't care.He can scream all he want.

"Ziphe!!!!"

I'm holding on these balls for dear life.He have to feel the same pain he is

making me feel.

"Babe" he is breathing fast.

I press harder and harder. He is getting tired of fighting me, he is now fighting to breathe.

"I want you to die, I hate you" I say tightening my grip on his balls.

"I'm sorry babe" it comes out softly.

I cry, "No you're not sorry"

I see tears rolling down his face, his head lie back on bed. His body loosens up. He has ran out of energy. I let go.

He is breathing soft, I'm not sure if he is dying because his eyes are closed. I take Phakade and run out.

Wtf!

Sbu and some men are running up the stairs. I'm naked.

"Don't look" Sbu tells them.

They walk past me with their heads looking down.

Sbu stop, "What is happening? We heard screams"

What are they doing here?

I don't answer, I run down leaving him like that.

"Wear something" he yell.

I get inside the laundry room and lock the door. Fuck my life!!

What if I killed him? I can't go to jail and leave my son.

After a while I hear voices talking. My brother is among them.

"All the cars are here" he say.

"Check all the rooms" another one say.

I pick Thapelo's dirty t-shirt and put it on. Voices draw closer, I take Phakade and lean against the door.

"This one is locked" the voice say  
outside.

"Go I will check" that's my brother.  
There is a bit of silence, then he knock.

"Ziphe I know you're inside, open the  
door"

I keep quiet.

"It's me, your brother. Please open, I'm  
alone" he say.

"I don't want to go to jail"

"You won't, trust me"

I exhale and turn the key.

He walk in and look at me, "Are you  
okay?"

"Yes" I nod my head.

"You said you will call" he say.

I blink the tears away, "Is he dead?"

He burst out laughing. What's funny?

"Sbu"

He stop, "No,he is eating"

Eating???

"You will kill him next time, don't ever do it again.My friend nearly passed out"

I sigh in relief.

"Thanks" I say.

"Come to my house for a few days,you guys are going to kill each other"

I shake my head, "No,I'm done running"

"Fine but I'm leaving two men here"

He walk out,I stay for a while trying to figure out what I'm gonna do when I walk inside the house.

He is indeed eating. Sbu is gone.I walk in and stand far from him.

"You thought I would die,then get to fuck your Indian freely"

Oh now he can talk!

"Do you want a sandwich?" He ask.

"Are you trying to poison me? No thanks,tell your bitches they can forget"

I walk away.I'm only moving to the spare bedroom until further notice.Now he is going to think twice before putting his hands on me.

Chapter Hundred &Fifty-Nine

Aunt Lydia

.

Zodwa has gone over a family relative for an emergency.I don't know what excuse Vince made for staying behind.Isn't Mam' mfundisi must always have Mfundisi by her side? I

think Vince is becoming a distant husband.

Anyway he is coming over to spend the night with me in my house for the first time. I've cooked three course meal. The dessert is to die for, I took some chocolate cake from the bakery. But that's dessert part one, there is gonna be dessert part two. I'm very confident about it. I've been eating healthy and jogging from the kitchen to the laundry 2 times a day.

I set everything, light the candles and all then call him. He say he will arrive in twenty minutes. That give me time to recheck if everything is correct.

There is a knock in the door.

Didn't he say he will be here in the next twenty minutes?

Arghhh!!!!

"Donald what do you want?"

He look around and frown. It must be the dimmed lights and colourful dinner table.

"Is it a party?" he ask.

"No. Can I help you?"

He walk toward the table, "It's a feast in here"

"Don't touch"

He pick a roasted drumstick, "Aunty I haven't eaten in three days"

He is lying.

"Donald" I pick a spoon and point it to him.

This boy have no respect.

He move away, "I thought you loved me"

"No get out" I say.

He look at me, "I'm visiting"

"Visiting hours are over" I tell him.

"Is this a hospital?"

I throw the spoon at him,he duck and run.

"But Aunty I'm really hungry,Simtho is mad at me.She didn't cook" he say standing in the doorway.

"Have you ever heard of restaurants?"

I ask.

He keep quiet.

Oh my poor baby! He is really hungry.

"Fine get in,but I'm only dishing up then you're taking it and leaving" I tell him.

He walk in and follow me.I take my precious tupperware and go to the dining room.Why is he following me? I need to talk with Simtholile.Just

because you're angry at a man doesn't mean he should go to bed hungry. How is Donald going to marry her if she behave like this?

"Not that one"

Bathong!

I turn to him frowning, "Not that one??"

"I want the more brown one" he say pointing at the biggest drumstick.

"Say one more word and you're leaving with nothing" I tell him.

I don't have kids of my own, but trust me I know how handful they are. This one has always been trouble.

"This is it" I say closing the lid.

"No salad?" He ask.

"Men don't eat salad" I shove the tupperware in his hands.

His phone rings, "Thanks"

He answers walking out, "No baby don't worry. Relax I'm coming with food..yeah it's a lot of meat..no just relax that sexy butt"

"Hey you donkey ears!!!" I call out.

He disappears. Nxx! I'm gonna hit them so hard when I see them.

Fortunately Vince arrives when he is long gone. As usual he has brought me some goodies. He put the bag on the kitchen counter then hug me.

"You look beautiful" he say.

I smile, "Thanks Vince"

"You're the only one who calls me like that. I like it"

Well, I'm always standing out.

I lead him to the table, "I hope I didn't prepare all this food for someone

whose stomach is filled with Zodwa's food"

He chuckles, "She never cook.This looks good"

She never cooks,gawd!

We close our eyes and bless the food then I give him the starters.

When he is with me we hardly discuss church or Bible scriptures.He is not a pastor with me, he is just an ordinary man.We talk about our childhood,life adventures and our love.It's always a great time when we're together.

He stretch his arms, "I'm so full, I doubt I can move"

He have to be able move, get real!

"Can I run a bath for you?" I ask in a polite tone.

"Yes,please"

We bath separately then watch eNCA. He have my hand in his, fingers entwined together. He is wearing short and white vest. I've put on my silky nightdress, I couldn't bring myself to buy those lacy pants youngsters wear. I look at him in the eyes, "Let's go to bed"

He get up and follow me. His hands on my waist. We enter the bedroom and close the door. Then I turn to him and put my hands on his shoulders.

"I'm so happy to be here" he say staring at my eyes.

"Not as happy as I am"

He take me for a long, passionate kiss. I pull him to the bed. He is getting ready for action. He help me get the nightdress off then take off his vest

and short.

"Lydia you make me feel like a 20years old boy" he say before kissing me again.

I turn and push him beneath without breaking the kiss.He think it's one of those days where he just tick tick me from the top then lie next to me trying to catch his breath.

Well today we are...

"What are you doing?" He ask.

"It's a Democratic era, 50/50"

He smile, "This is a man's job"

I shut him with a kiss and slowly insert his manhood with my hand.I lie on his chest and start moving.His hands are wrapped around my back.

Wait..\*\*Hands on his chest\*\*

I get from his chest and put my hands

on it then dance on him. I was once a good Tsibha-t sibha dancer. This shouldn't be hard for me.

"Yooo! Yooo! Yooo!"

This man can scream! Imagine if that foolish boy was to come back and hear this.

Ouch!! I can't do this for another four minutes. It's indeed a man's job to ride a woman. My backbone has just tensed in the middle of the deed.

"Don't stop" he say with his eyes closed.

"Ah! It's your turn" I say getting off him.

He open his eyes and get up, he is still making the 'Shhh shhh' sound holding his manhood.

"Come from behind, now we are

praying" I say.

"Huh?"

"Come in Vince, before my knees start hurting too" I say.

"Oh I must get in like this"

He push himself in and put his hands on my butt.

"Whoooah" he say thrusting in repeatedly.

He should attend moaning lessons, most people say "Oh babe" and compliment.

He start making weird sounds like a goat getting slaughtered.

"Oh my God! I want this, I want this, I want this" he cry as he thrust in repeatedly.

After a few minutes he freeze behind me and make a shuttering scream. The

neighbours are probably worried now.  
Yuh my knees hurt, I lie on my  
stomach and catch my breath. He is  
lying like a sack of potato.

"Vince" I call turning on my back.

He open his eyes and look at me.

I smile, "Are you alright my love?"

"My joints are shaking" he say.

Mission accomplished.

"You need to come and massage my  
knees" I say.

His phone rings, he glance at me  
shortly then say 'sorry' in a mouth-  
movement.

"Hello" he answers.

It's the big mama.

"Oh pass my regards..look I'm busy,  
have a goodnight, I will see you  
tomorrow" he drop the call.

"I'm sorry about that..you said you want massage?" he say touching my legs.

"Yeah,press harder" I say.

He chuckles, "Where did you learn all those things?"

"I didn't grow up attending Bible study groups"

He look at me, "You keep wrapping me around your finger"

"Pity you are a married pastor, I was going to take you to places" I say.

"Life is not fair sometimes"

I laugh, "Nobody said it was going to be fair.I'm just grateful that I'm alive and happy,that's the most important thing"

"Yeah,I thank God everyday for being alive, I even pray in the middle of the night thanking Him for the protection

he provide me with on daily basis. His word has seen me through hard times and comforted me on my worst nights. Never had I thought something is lacking in my life" he say.

"Something is lacking?" I ask confused.

"You've shown me, behind Pastor Khambule is a man with needs and longing for a woman like you"

I laugh, "Jesus didn't go buy wine somewhere else, he turned the same water into wine"

"This talk is making me uncomfortable" he say and take a deep sigh.

He put his hand on my thigh, "Do you think you can handle going on your knees again?"

I put up my hand, "No, tomorrow I

might need a wheelchair as it is"

We are sleeping now.

He squeeze me in his arms, "Oh! My lovely Lydia"

He hold my hand and entwine our fingers.

Chapter Hundred &Sixty

Nozipho Biyela

.

Today Sbu is going out with Thapelo and Mandla until late.I think they want to talk to him,man to man.Fikile is also with Ziphe.There is so much drama at the Mokoena house.I called Thapelo and suggested that they go see a marriage counsellor,he told me only Ziphe need to go as she is the one who

fail to communicate with him and seek comfort by sleeping with Indians. You know what, they will deal with this the way they want to or divorce.

Jessica is leaving for Umthatha in two days. She does a lot of travelling. I think she has somehow matured up from that girl who dumped a baby outside a one-nightstand home. We've been in touch, texting and following each other on social media. She may not look like a good girl, but she is not that bad at all. She was raised by her aunt after her parents died when she was 11 years. She has a National Diploma in Financial Management, but getting gigs left right and centre has made her more passionate about Deejaying. Her cousins are educated, one is a clinical

psychologist and the other one is a pharmacist which make her more like the black sheep of the family.

I've invited her over, again. I know I shouldn't be doing this, but she is longing to spend some time with Sphiwo before she leave. I told her not to bring any gifts this time, the twins are very clever they'll go straight to their dad and spill the beans.

"Don't sleep before I come back" he say putting his jacket on.

"I won't, just don't come after 10pm"  
He kiss my cheek, "Make sure they dust the chairs in the balcony and clean their bathrooms before they go to bed"

Yep, we're still punishing the brats for stealing the coins. They clean their own

rooms and the balconies. The car washing the didn't work, they could only wash the tyres.

When he drive out I call Jessica and tell her she can come. I get her from the door and lead her to the kitchen.

"Hello" she greet the kids.

"Hello"

They are looking at her confused. Sphiwo jump in and tell them she is her friend.

"Do you need something to drink?" I ask her.

"Yes, Hunter's dry"

Gosh! I give her a look.

She flap her eyelashes, "Oh I'm sorry, just give me water"

"So Sphiwo are you going to tell your friend that you're a thief?" I say going

to the fridge.

"I'm not a thief" he say.

"You are you stole your father's money" I tell him.

"I'm no longer a thief, I clean my room and wipe the big table outside"

I laugh, "The punishment isn't meant to erase what you did"

"Hawu Mama" he sulk.

Jessica is watching us arguing with a smile on her face.

She look at Sphiwo, "Didn't they tell you in school that you must ask elders if you want something?"

"Miss told me" he put his hands on his cheeks.

Jessica look at me, "I do this"

"What?" I ask.

She scroll her phone and show me the

screen.It's her in what look like a party sitting between the crowd with her hands on her cheeks.

I laugh, "You look so bored"

"I was surrounded by snobs,it was like sitting with my cousins"

She ask Sphiwo to sit on her lap,but Liyanda runs first.Now she have to hold two of them.

"One day I want to be a wife" she say brushing their heads.

"Are you willing to quit deejaying?" I ask.

"Hell no"

I laugh, "Then forget about it, men are so controlling. No husband will stay alone in the house for two weeks while the wife is out of town deejaying in men-crowded parties"

"White guys understand" she say.  
I stop wiping the spoons and look at her, "Are they?"  
She narrow her eyes, "I mean, so far"  
"You're a whore" I say.  
She laugh, "Geez! I always thought you're a snob"  
"I can be one when I'm with my husband"  
I set the plates for dishing, "So how long have you been together?"  
"It has been awesome six months, he has helped me grow up" she say her eyes softening.  
"I once dated a white guy in high school, he was so caring"  
"Mom!!!!"  
Omw! I completely forgot about them.  
"What?" I ask.

"You dated!!" she say.

How else did I end up marrying their father?

"What do you know about dating?" I ask her.

Jessica is trying hard not to laugh.

"It's like going with a boy who is not your brother to the movies and calling him 'Baby'"

I exhale, "Okay go watch TV"

She jump off Jessica's lap, they follow each other to the lounge.

"She is so clever" Jessica say laughing.

"They watch too much TV"

I dish up and take their food to them. Jessica and I eat in the kitchen.

"He have sea-green eyes, every time he look at me I want to scream

'hallelujah'. Nozipho you should see his

pink lips when he chews,he always  
have gum in his mouth"

She got it so bad.

I laugh, "I'm sure he is all that,but I just  
love my black guy"

She roll her eyes, "The mean one"

My husband is not mean.

"You clearly don't know my man" I say.

She chuckles, "Ow he was like "Get  
dressed and go,my mom is awake"

This is not funny,I'm the wife hello.But  
the way she imitate Sbu's voice make  
me laugh.

"He was a mama's boy when I met  
him.It was always mom this,mom that"

She move on from telling me about her  
white green-eyed boyfriend and ask  
me to tell her about Sphiwo.

After eating we join the kids in the

lounge. Yamihle is up and crying for no reason. I get a light blanket and strap him on my back. I'm still an African mom.

"I can take them to bed for you" she say.

"Oh please"

Ayanda is falling asleep on the couch. She carry her, the other two lead her to their bedrooms.

"Don't worry about these two" I say giving her and Sphiwo some moment. She need to sit that ass down and listen to him reading the book and mispronouncing words.

I read miss Liyanda a story, she is less demanding if her sister is asleep. She fall asleep immediately, before the story even ends.

I go check on Jessica and Sphiwo. She is sitting next to him helping him read.

"Mom the bear is about to get married, come listen" he say when he see me in the door.

I've listened to this story more than ten times.

He is the last one to sleep. Jessica look at me with teary eyes.

"He is so clever" she say.

Well, I just look at her.

"Thanks for looking after him, you are a good person Nozipho" she say hugging my shoulders.

She take her bag and bid goodbye. There is a car parking outside shortly after she drove out. This was close, hey.

I clean the kitchen, I need to remain on

my feet Yamihle is still enjoying my back.

"MaZungu"

I nearly faint. What is he doing in Durban?

"Baba"

He sit on the chair and look around.

"How are you?" He ask.

"I'm well, can I get you something to drink?"

He clear his throat, "No, thanks. Are my grandchildren asleep?"

"Yes, except for this one. He is restless"

"I see"

I get a plate and dish up for him. He is so quiet. That's strange, he is always talking about the kids when he is with me.

I put the plate in front of him, "Is Ma

okay?"

"Yes.. How is Sphiwo?"

"He is good" I say.

He start eating, "And Sbusiso?"

"He is fine,he went out with Mandla and Thapelo"

"Who cooked this? You or that friend of yours?"

My heart start beating fast, "I cooked"

He look at me, "So now you wear the pants in here?"

"I don't think I understand"

He put the spoon down, "The security tells me that that loose girl is up and down in my son's house"

Damn! I should've known.

"She made a mistake Baba,we all do" I say.

He chuckles, "You're also making

one. How long do you think you're going to play this game?"

I sigh, "Sbu is being hard headed, Sphiwo deserve to have a relationship with Jessica. She gave birth to him, keeping them apart is selfish"

"You're married to Sbusiso, you take decisions together. It's your job as his wife to change his mind and open his eyes. Not to jump over his head and do things without his permission"

I keep quiet.

"So how long are you planning to keep on doing this?"

"I will talk with my husband" I say.

"I bet you will"

I look at him, "So you're angry with me?"

"Not yet"

Not yet???

"Can you please not tell Sbusiso?"

"Tell me what???"

I look at him walking in. Biyela focus on his plate.

"Umhhh..you're back early" I say.

He give me a frowny look, "What are you planning to keep from me?"

"Nothing" I say.

"Baba what's going on? Why are you here?"

Biyela raise his head, "Hello to you too son"

He exhale, "I'm sorry, how are you?"

"I'm good, those are good sneakers"

Pshhh!

"So what are you keeping from me with my wife?" He ask.

"That the woman who dumped Sphiwo

is your wife's best friend now"

I want to die.I asked him nicely to keep this to himself.

Sbu laugh, "I'm serious guys"

"We're also serious, I'm eating the food she cooked as we speak.It taste like a remix,right MaZungu?"

A smile disappears from Sbu's face,  
"Nozipho???"

I just look at him and say nothing.Biyela turn back to his plate and eat like he didn't just sabotage someone's marriage.

When is he leaving???

Chapter Hundred &Sixty-One  
Senamile Madlala

.

It's been a sad journey, yesterday we finally said our goodbye to

Jason. Another young soul lost. His mother is not coping at all, but her family is here and supporting her. Hope is handling it better than I expected. My man! He is not okay at all. He has been quiet and spending a lot of time alone ever since we got here. Which is one of the reasons I'm already packing. I can't afford him to break down here and start saying inappropriate things. We need to go home, there I can talk with him better. Quinton walk in, "Gogo is calling you" Oh! By the way the woman has been nice to me. I'm not certain that she is not faking it so I'm very cautious. She is sitting on the couch with her white friend, they call her Maggie. There is a girl opposite them

wearing a tracksuit. I think I saw her in the cemetery crying yesterday. Maybe she is one of the schoolmates because she is black.

"Hello" I greet her and sit next to her. Maggie look at Lwazi's mother, "We should give them some privacy Natalya"

Privacy? With who?

I frown, "What's going on?"

"The girl is here to see you" Natalya say.

I hope it's not one of those meet-your-star situation cause I'm really not in the mood.

"You're the one who want to see me?" I ask frowning.

"Yes, Jason said we were going to come to you in Durban next month but this

happened"

I sit properly, "Okay I'm listening"

She smile, "He said you are a good person, I also think you are a good person"

Now I need someone to come and save me.

"I see"

She clear her throat, "I'm due during the holidays so it's easy because I won't be affected in my school work"

"You're due to what?" I ask.

Why am I even listening to this? Where is my husband?

"Birth" she say like I should've figured it out.

"Okay"

I'm not sure if congratulations are in order here, this is a kid who is still in

school but she is "due during school holidays" already.

"So it's up to you whether you want me to come down to Durban or you'll fly here"

I go like, "Hhaybo ugirl!"

We don't even know each other mos. She slap her forehead, "I'm sorry for confusing you,I'm the girl"

"The girl who did what?" I ask.

"Jason said you guys made plans together, I'm only gonna carry this baby then you're going to raise 'her' for him"

I'm...

"Wait,what are you saying?"

"You expected me to be white or coloured" she say laughing.

This shit ain't funny.

"Jason only proposed the idea to me,I never said yes. His decision was based on his medical condition and we sorted that out.Why would he do this?"

Goshhhh!

Her face changes, "No he told me you agreed to mother his baby,I'm only an incubator"

Jason need to get up from that grave and explain this.

"Girl I know nothing about this" I say in a firm tone.

She get up with tears in her eyes, "So he fooled me,I want no baby"

"Sit"

She pick her phone, "No it's cool abortion is only R450"

What???

"Hey" I say holding her arm.

"Sit"

She wipe her eyes and sit.

"Did your parents agree to this?"

Madness I should've added.

"Jason paid R150 000 so they don't have a problem"

Jesus are you there my Lord?

"And now you're going to abort his baby?" I ask.

She shrug, "If the other part isn't meeting their end of the deal then the deal is off and there is no refund since the fault didn't come from my side"

What is she studying again? Gold-digging science.

"What's your name?" I ask.

"Zolekile"

Nice name for an opportunist.

"Look Zolekile I didn't know anything

about this, Jason only talked to me about it once and we made no promises. I have a husband who I take decisions with" I tell her.

"So?" She say.

I look at her, "So what?"

"What are you going to do? Natalya is not fit to be a grandmother"

"She is a grandmother, her old son have a child" I tell her.

She clear her throat, "I mean she is not one of those grandmothers that raise kids and she is moving to Australia soon"

I sigh, "So now it's my job?"

"I was told it is, that's why I agreed"

Why me Jason???

"Don't abort the innocent baby, give me your contact details I'm sure we will

find a way forward"

She call out her cellphone number for me and the alternative one.

"How far are you?" I ask.

"Three months going to four months" she say uncertainly.

"Who is taking care of your needs?"

She smile, "Jason"

I fold my arms, "From now onwards"

"He gave me enough money to get me throughout the pregnancy"

Clap once!

When she leave I go to Natalya and ask if she knew about this. She say

yes, Jason told her the baby would be raised by me.

Jason has thrown me into the deep ends. How am I going to tell Lwazi this?

I send the girl a text emphasizing that

she mustn't abort. Aborting the baby would be dishonouring Jason whereas I have so much making up to do to him. His death weighs on my shoulders. If his father was alive he would be alive too.

"So what are you going to do?" Natalya ask.

I exhale, "I don't know, I need to talk with Lwazi. I don't know when cause now he is not in the state for surprises"

"Well, good luck" she say.

"When are you leaving?" I ask.

"As soon as possible, this place have so many memories for me. I want to start over"

She would never be there for Lwazi, not in this lifetime.

She look at me and force a smile, "I'm expecting you to visit me,I will miss my grandson"

Yeah right.

"We will" I say faking a smile.

I return to the guest bedroom and find Lwazi sitting on bed.

"Hey"

He look up, "Hey"

I sit on his lap, "Where have you been?"

"I was out for fresh air"

Quinton appears, "When are we going home?"

I look at the watch, "We are going now"

He run out happily. He senses the sadness in this place.

I frown and take out my phone. The

message Jason sent me!!!

\*\*I'm not so well, emotionally, thanks for everything you and my bro have done for me. I hope you still remember Sunday night when we had the talk, I'm gonna find peace. I trust you with her, please take care of her for me. Send my regards and apology to Quinton\*\*

A hand tap my shoulder, "What is it?"

"He knew he was going to die" I say in shock.

"What?" he say taking the phone.

He read with a frown then look at me, "Who is 'her'?"

I stammer, "Look we will talk at home"

"Sena!!"

I sigh, "Trust me it's better if we talk when we get home"

The journey back home is filled with

silence. Quinton has fallen asleep. Lwazi has gone to his quiet self. I'm on my phone texting with my sisters. It looks like the drama is never gonna leave my family. Ziphe's marriage is rocky again. She slept with Nires, that might have slapped Thapelo so hard. You know those husbands who found their wives virgins, they can't even handle a hug coming from another guy to their wives. I didn't expect this from Ziphe, but it's better now she know a different dick. She can choose if she want more dick-tasting or her marriage. I was hoping we'd stop by a restaurant and have something to eat when we arrive in Durban, but no they want to go straight home.

When we get in the house the first thing I do is get in the kitchen and fix something to eat. Quinton has ran to his room, he is making noise upstairs now.

"Can you wash the mushrooms for me?" I ask when he stop next to me.

"What was Jay talking about in that message? What happened?"

I sigh, "Can't we eat first Lwazi?"

He pull my hand, "No"

Why is he angry now?

"So?" he say sitting opposite me.

"He made someone pregnant"

"What???"

I clear my throat, "She is 14weeks"

"How long have you known this?" he ask.

"I found out in the morning, the girl

came to talk with me"

He look at me, "Why?"

"Jay wanted me to raise the baby"

"Why?"

These why's!!!!

"When they came to visit he told me about his heart condition and said that he want to have a baby before he die"

He look down, "He never said anything to me"

"He only talked about it once to me" I say.

"Why can't the mother raise the baby?"

I exhale, "The girl was paid R150 000 to carry the baby, now she is threatening to terminate the pregnancy because I said I can't raise the baby I never agreed to it"

"I'm sure mom will make a plan, they have so many relatives who could raise this baby" he say.

I stretch my neck, "But he wanted me to raise the baby,even on his last day"

"Why you?" He ask getting irritated.

"I don't know, he said he trusted me"

He nod his head, "So you want to raise Jason's baby?"

"It's fair and it's the only way we can make up to him"

He chuckles, "Sena you're not ready to be a mother again"

"How?" I ask.

"You are on the pill because you don't want a baby.I'm still waiting for the year you told me to wait for.You told me you're too busy to raise 'my baby', now out of the blue you're ready and

willing to raise someone else's baby"

Oh wow!!

"He is not someone else, he is your brother who died because he was depressed after his father's death" I tell him.

"Okay" he say.

"So do you understand how fair it is that we raise this baby and honour Jason's wish?"

"You've made up your mind Sena" he say.

I take a deep breath, "Why are you being difficult? We need to get back to the girl"

"Do as you planned with Jason"

He get up and leave.

I didn't expect this reaction.I thought

we'd be matured about this and look at it from all angles.

## Chapter Hundred & Sixty-Two

### Zanda Dlamini

.

I needed a few things, including baby food so I dragged him with me. There is a soccer game at 15h00, now it's 14h40 and I'm not even done. You know South African men and soccer, now he is irritated.

"Where is the next stop?" He ask.

What else do I need? Umhhh..

"Stop at Debonnairs, we will buy pizza and go"

He sigh, "I will only see the highlights of this match"

He park opposite Debonnairs, "I will stay in the car with Leano"

I take my pursue and walk to the entrance. There is only three people in the que. I put my order triple-deck chicken & mushroom then wait on the chairs.

Somone tap my shoulder, "Sis Zanda"

The frown is replaced with a smile, "Phindile what are you doing here?"

She sit on the chair, "I'm getting my brother to buy me a pizza"

I laugh, "You work, buy your own pizza"

"No ways. You're here also pizza?"

"Yes. I left the baby in the car" I say.

She frown, "Alone?"

"No, Mandla is with him irritated af. There is a soccer match he want to

watch"

She smile, "Oh Free State Stars and Swallows? I will just listen to it on the radio"

"You're also a soccer fan?" I ask.

"Yes, but I'm more of a Khosi fan"

Well I also support Kaizer Chiefs, I know that Itumeleng Khune is the goalkeeper.

"Hi"

I look up, my mind flips. The guy is talk, dark with bushy eyebrows and brown eyes. My mind is racing, for what I don't know.

"Zanda"

It's Phindile trying to get my attention. I'm staring at the guy, he is staring right back at me. He must be thinking I'm the psychotic type.

"Huh?" I say trying to redirect my attention to Phindile.

"Your order number was just called"  
I grab my purse and rush to the counter,

"I'm sorry, this is me"

The girl take the slip and give me the box.

"Enjoy"

I turn around and look at this guy again. Phindile come to me.

"That's my brother, Nkabenhle" she say.

I must be weird. I walk to the guy, I think he is now freaked out.

"I'm sorry, I'm happy to finally meet you Nkabenhle" I say pulling out my hand.

He look at it then at me.

I chuckle, "I'm not crazy,ask Phindile"  
Phindile laughs, "This is Zanda, Bhut'  
Mandla's wife.You remember him  
right?"

He nod, "Yeah... Nice to meet you  
Zanda"

He shake my hand, my whole body  
cringe.Something is off with this guy.  
"Where are you from?" He ask.

Phindile jump in, "Somebody's wife,tu  
tu tu"

I laugh, "I'm from Eshowe.I need to  
run, Phindile I will see you"

He freak out even more and push his  
hands under the table.Well he is  
freaking me out too and I don't know  
why.

"That was long" he say starting the car  
before I could even sit properly.

The drive back home is long. My mind is racing, I'm even sweating. But the problem is I can't point what my delusion is all about.

He park in the garage and open the door for me then take Leano.

I take my bag and pizza. He carry other two shopping bags then return to take the rest. I've opened the pizza box, now I'm staring at the pizza inside.

"Babe"

I freak out and jump, "Huh?"

He touch my arm, "Zanda what's wrong?"

I try to smile, "Nothing"

He look in my eyes, "You can't fool me"

I take a deep breath, "I saw Phindile's brother, I've been freaking out since then"

He chuckles, "Nkabenhle?"

I nod my head.

"Well the guy is dark babe, but we've seen worse..Skhumbuzo?" he say.

I laugh, "Skhu is a charmer"

"Is it?" he say pinching my butt.

"Go, the match has started"

His eyes pop out,he rush to the lounge.I put pizza slices on the plate and pour juice in the glass and give him.

"Lower the volume" I say.

He doesn't even hear me.I can't stand this noise,I take Leano and go upstairs.

I need to call Ziphe and tell her about my psychotic episode.

"Hey love" she answers.

I lie on my back, "Hey you,what's up?"

"I'm just sitting with Phakade

watching TV"

"Where is the hubby?" I ask.

"He went out, I don't know where" she say clearly frustrated.

"You still sleep in different bedrooms?"

She sigh, "Yes, we are just strangers living under one roof"

"I'm sorry friend, but you know that man's weaknesses you should use them to your advantage" I say.

She chuckles, "You sound like Fikile"

"Take him back where you guys met, remind him why he married you. Just do anything, take him on the boat cruise if you have to" I say.

"I will try, I love him. I just hope wherever he is he is not with a girl"

They are both insecure in their marriage.

"Don't worry, he won't repeat the same mistakes"

"What's up with you?" she ask.

I exhale, "I have no idea"

"What do you mean?"

"I met a guy, Phindile's brother in the mall and something just ticked off"

She laugh, "Trust me he scare a lot of people, plus he doesn't know how to smile"

"Yeah,I see"

"Oh speak of the devil! He is calling me, I will call you back" she say and drop the call.

They're so close,it's amazing. The guy took care of her in the wilderness, she is the only person who find him normal and interesting.

I take a deep breath and close my

eyes. Whatever it is must go away.

"Zanda!!!"

Someone is calling my name. I look at Leano, he is sleeping. I get my push-ons and walk downstairs.

Judging by the noise coming from the lounge they are all here.

"Hey" I greet above the noise.

Lwazi is here, looking refreshing than ever. But he is quiet as usual and concentrated on the game, unlike the rest.

"We also want pizza" that's Nozipho's husband.

They lower the TV volume. Thapelo is also here, praise the Lord.

"I'm not sure if there will be enough slices for all of you" I say.

"As long as I get two slices, you can get

them bread and butter" Don say.

His feet are on my coffee-table.

"Bread for who? Don't you have those full roasted chicken in here? My wife always have them in the refrigerator"  
Sbu say.

"Get them bread and polony my love"  
Mandla say.

They can be very childish  
sometimes,you'd swear they don't  
have kids.

With great fortune I do have Sbu's  
chicken, I put it in the oven for a few  
minutes then put it on the tray.I will  
serve it with a loaf of bread and  
yesterday's gravy.

"Woooah" Don say meeting me half  
way.

"I only have Fanta and Coke, which one

must I get you?" I ask.

"Amstel" Sbu reply.

"Heineken for me"

Did I not say Fanta and Coke? I look at Mandla.

"Over to you" I say and walk away.

I go back upstairs. Ziphe said she is going to call me back. I call her again, she doesn't answer.

I text her: \*\*He is here watching soccer\*\*

She reply immediately: \*\*That's a relief, thanks\*\*

I chuckle and call her again. She ignore my call.

I text her: \*\*Why are you not picking up my calls?\*\*

She reply: \*\*I'm crying\*\*

Wtf!

**\*\*Why are you crying? I told you  
Thapelo is here\*\* -sent.  
I get no reply after that.**

**Chapter Hundred &Sixty-Three  
Ziphelele Mokoena**

**.**

**Just when I'm speaking with Zanda on  
the phone talking about him he  
calls.We don't call each other  
regularly,I have to cut Zanda's call.He  
said he doesn't want Thapelo to think  
otherwise.**

**"Just when I'm talking about you" I say  
answering the call.**

**"Ziphelele"**

Okay I know something is wrong.I sit up straight.

"Nkabenhle are you okay?" I ask.

"I saw her"

I'm lost.

"You saw her?" I ask.

"She was looking at me,I don't know if she still remembers.My God!!"

He is panicking and it's strange.Wait he is talking about the 'girl'..

"Oh my word! Are you sure it's her? Did you speak to her? What did she say?"

"She is married to your husband's friend"

What???

"No no no Nkabenhle! It can't be" I say my heart pounding.

It's Zanda!!!

"She has grown, but I know it's her. She is the girl from Eshowe" he says in a broken voice.

I'm putting 1+1, Zanda is the girl Nkabhle raped with his high school friends. I know his story, I know how remorseful he is and how much effort he has put seeking for peace after the incident. But no man, I don't want the girl to be Zanda. She is my best friend, I saw the broken girl in her the year she came into our lives.

"I've known her all this time" I say in tears.

"I thought it would be easy, but right now I won't mind going under the moving train"

"Don't do anything stupid, you've come too far. Give yourself some time before

approaching her..you know she saw you, she sensed something is off.I just didn't think it would be this" I say.

"I'm so scared"

I close my eyes, "So am I.I need time to think"

"Sure,thanks for listening"

My Lord!

Zanda is calling me,I can't bring myself to answer the call.She text,I text back.I'm happy Thapelo is over there but right now he is the least of my worries. I'm worried about my friends, Zanda and Nkabenhle.

I don't have energy to cook,Thapelo will sort himself out.It's not like he appreciate it anyway.

I take Phakade and go to my current bedroom.I get on bed and

cry.Nkabenhle hurt Zanda in the most cruel way,I don't think she would want to see him anywhere near her. Thapelo will make sure to keep Nkabenhle as far as possible from Phakade.I don't even want to think how Mandla will feel.Nobody is going to understand Nkabenhle except me.I've seen him breaking because of this. Unjustifiable but I know he was under peer pressure. Isn't life about making mistakes, acknowledging them and taking responsibility?

I'm getting a headache from this,I drink painkillers and sleep.I might've slept for an hour or so, when I wake up Phakade is crying, it's dark outside. I turn on the lights and feed him.I feel weak,all I want to do is cry.How come

this situation face two people I care about the most?

There is a knock at the door.I don't say anything.

The door handle turn,I don't even bother looking who is it.

"Hey"

Oh it's hubby dearest!

"I was at Mandla's house watching soccer,just so you know"

I don't say anything.He must go away.

"Ziphe" he is still standing at the door.

I hear steps coming to the bed.I quickly wipe the tears.

He sit on bed and pull the cover down.

"Why are you crying?" He ask.

I don't answer, I don't look at him either.

He take Phakade and put him at the

other side and come look at my eyes.

"Babe" he say.

When was the last time he called me that?

"I'm okay" I say trying to dismiss him.

"Look at me...Is it me?"

I exhale, "No, please go away"

"I'm still your husband you can talk to me"

Tears flow down again, "I am..I don't know. Can you please hold me and tell me everything is going to be okay?"

He take his shoes off and get on bed.

"Climb on me" he say.

He smell alcohol, but I have bigger worries now. I get on top of him and lie my head on his chest.

There is a moment of silence.

"It's gonna be okay"

I breath out, "I hope so"

"Can you please look at me?" He ask.

I raise my head and look at him,he bite his lip.

"Was it the only way?"

The question is choking me.I thought he came to comfort me.

"I'm really sorry Thapelo"

He chuckle his eyes getting red, "I know I hurt you,but Mama kaPhakade giving your body to another man is a deep cut. How can you do this to me?"

"I wasn't thinking straight, I regret it"

He put his hand over his face, "Did you use condom?"

He is making me uncomfotable, "Yes"

"How many rounds did you give him?"

He ask.

I look at him, "Thapelo!"

"How many rounds Ziphelele?"

I exhale, "One, it didn't even last five minutes"

"Am I supposed to feel better?"

Sigh.

"No"

Silence.

"When are you coming back to our bedroom?" he ask after a while.

"Whenever you're ready, I don't want to disgust you"

He remove the hand from his face,

"Please come back"

I look at him breath taken, "Are you sure?"

"You know I'm nothing without you"

Now I'm in tears of joy.

## Chapter Hundred & Sixty-Four

### Fikile Biyela

.

This was supposed to be a peaceful evening, but now Skhu is upstairs locked inside the bedroom because my dad decided to show up unannounced and occupied the whole living area. We were just coming from work, still greeting each other the lover's way when he pushed the door open and looked at Skhu from head to toe. Luckily we still had our clothes on. This isn't just my house, it's Skhumbuzo's house too. The TV he is watching was bought by Skhu, even the couch he is sitting like a king on. My dad though!

"Are you not cooking dinner?" he ask.

He can't be serious.

"You're staying for dinner?" I ask my eyes popped out.

"Yes, make grilled fish and garlic bread. I miss your home-made garlic bread"

Why is he telling me what to cook? Do I even have fish in here?

"I don't think I have fish here?" I say.

He push his hand inside the jacket pocket and take out his wallet. He take R200 and give it to me.

"This will be enough, Spar sell fresh fish"

Sigh.

"But dad can't you eat chicken or lamb?" I ask.

"No, I want fish"

He is so demanding for an uninvited

guest, wait...I can't leave my man with him alone.

"Let me tell Skhu to drive me down" I say getting up.

"Nkosi's boy must be tired,let him rest" Oh how caring?

"Don't be mean to him Dad,he has paid lobola for me and this is his house" I say.

He give me a look, "I'm not a mean person, go"

I walk out with a heavy heart.I don't want a one-on-one between my man and my dad,it's better if everyone is present. Skhu may say inappropriate stuff and Dad will take notes and start hating him.

I quickly send him a text; \*\*I'm going to Spar,don't come out before I

return\*\*

Such long que just for fish? People need to go to the rivers and fish.

I pass by Fast Food section and remember that Skhu doesn't like bread that much, he can only eat it twice or thrice a week. Garlic bread? He'd probably vomit.

"Can I have pap?" I say to the serving lady.

She dish it slowly while talking to her friend. If I knew the girl they're gossiping about I was gonna tell her all this rubbish they're saying about her. Nobody gossip about you more than your colleagues.

I pay and rush to the parking. Skhu haven't respond to my text. I hope Biyela haven't anything stupid.

"Don't walk in like a police officer" he say busy wiping the counter.

I smile, "Dad I was gonna do it"

He is rolling the bread, his sleeves are rolled up. Maybe this is the second time I'm seeing him in the kitchen doing something close to cooking, the first time I saw him he was making coffee for mom on her 40th birthday. He is such a great man.

I put the Spar bag on the table and take out my phone.

I stream live on Instagram: \*\*Chef Biyela is showing us how to make home-made garlic bread, as you can see his sleeves are rolled up. This ain't no game... Chef Biyela a word to the viewers"

He look at the screen, "Fikile Trinity

Biyela I'm gonna take this phone and throw it against the wall then slap you so hard you will see your viewers flash before your eyes"

He is such a douch.He grab the phone and slam it on the counter facedown.

"Dad you're going to break it" I say picking it up.

"Continue with your duties"

He wipe his hands and walk away.I put the fish on the silver tray for marinating but remember that my man is upstairs.

I knock, "Open babe, it's me"

The door opens,he has changed his clothes.

"Did you hide here all this time?" I ask walking in.

"No,he came here" he say.

I look at him, "And?"

"He asked me which soccer team I'm supporting, before I could tell him he told me from now on I am Orlando Pirates fan"

I laugh, "He was kidding"

"No he was not. Next Saturday we're going to Mabhida wearing Orlando Pirates jerseys" he say.

"Trust me that's my Dad on his nicest. He is trying to make you feel welcome"

"Can't you give him How To Be Nice lessons?" he ask smirking.

Now he is adopting my style, I just laugh.

I kiss his lips, "Let me go back, he is staying for dinner"

"I hope he is not sleeping over" he say

looking at me.

I laugh, "No, he love his son's house or hotel room"

He exhale.

I start cooking, the bread is in the oven.I will warm Skhu's pap when everything is ready.I will make green salad for two because Skhu doesn't eat those things.

He later walk down and go join Biyela in the lounge. I'm so happy they're getting along.He still need to warm up to Sbu's squad.

"HELLOOOOO"

Ow.

"I hope I'm not late for dinner" she say. She is wearing high black boots,skinny jean and long white coat.There is nothing under that coat I'm telling

you,she only have a bra.

"What's up with you people showing here unannounced?" I ask.

She put her bag on the table and open the first oven.

"Mhhh! I should've came with Tyson"  
See my life!

"Where is Skhumbuzo?" she ask  
opening the cupboards.

"He is with Dad in the living"

She grab a pocket of chips, "Oh Chef  
Biyela? Let me go greet"

I know she is not going to help me,she is here to eat as she say.In this family peace is like abstaining, nobody does it.Skhu is yet to get used to it.Next time Sbu is gonna come here with his family for an unannounced sleepover.Speaking of him, I wonder

how things are between him and Nozipho. Every house have its own drama, I can't even keep up.

When it rains it pours.

"Hello" it's another one.

But this time I'm happy and surprised.

"Lungile"

I hug her, "Who is this munchy?"

She have a cute baby girl in her arms.

"I'm babysitting for a friend" she say.

I frown, "What friend?"

She look around, "Xolani"

Oh Xolani is her boyfriend, it's a secret. Skhu think she is going to find a guy who have lot of cows, get married and bear beautiful children. Well she is in love with Ackermans cashier. On top of that he have a child.

"I didn't know he has a child" I say.

"He got her before we met, she is about to turn one year"

"So where is the mother?" I ask.

"I don't know, she stays with him"

I have so many questions but now is not the time. I just hope she know her story.

I call Zethu to come help me set the table. The conversation is flowing between Skhu and Biyela. This is great. He look at the food, "Pap and fish?" Dad look at him, but he doesn't say anything.

"Fish..?" Lungile say looking at me. Okay I get it, "I will get yesterday's beef curry"

What is wrong with the Nkosi's? I warm the curry and return to the table. They start eating.

"You're a demanding family, so choosy" Zethu say.

Skhu chuckles, "We are allergic, it happen when you get too much money, certain food make you sick"

Dad laugh, "Or when you get too much education"

They're friends now.

"So when did you have this doll?"

Zethu ask Lungile.

Lungile side-glance Skhu then reply

"She is not mine,she was born in November"

Zethu frown, "Oh okay, so how old is she?"

Skhu chuckles.

I look at her, "She was born in November, obviously she is 11 months old"

"Excuse me, I didn't pass Maths at school. So when is she turning 1year? You need to throw her a big party as a good stepmother"

Ouch!! What a dumbkop?!

"It's her friend's baby" I say.

Skhu is looking at me with printed forehead.

Chapter Hundred &Sixty-Five

Senamile Madlala

.

I just received a message from Zoe, it's an ultrasound scan picture.I'm walking down the steps with a towel wrapped around my body,barefooted with a big smile on my face.

"Babe" I call.

He answers from the other side of the living room. I run to him.

"Look" I show him the screen.

He look at it, "What is this?"

"It's Jason's baby girl"

He sigh, "Wow"

"Do you think Quinton is gonna be jealous? Hahaha I bet he will be, we better tell him early before she arrives... Let me forward it to Natalya, she'll be happy to see her granddaughter"

He pick his golf stick and concentrate on it.

"Babe" I say.

"I'm happy Sena"

I know him better than he knows himself.

"There is nothing we can do to change

the situation, let's take this as a gift from Jason and appreciate it"

He doesn't say anything.

I grunt angrily, "Geez! Why are you so petty? It's your brother's child, would you rather he grow up in a loveless home like you?"

He look at me briefly, "I'm being petty?"

"Yes, it's not like I tied my tubes or removed my womb. We're still gonna have our own children" I say.

"When? When Jason's daughter is 5 years like Quinton?" he ask.

I chuckle in disbelief, "Stop saying that. It's your daughter too, you are being your father's son"

He look at me, "Answer my question"

"I'm gonna have more kids when I

want to, right now let's focus on raising Jason's daughter" I say and walk away.

I don't understand why women are expected to pop babies just because they're married. He married me because he love me, if he love me he must respect my wishes. It's my body. I dress up and put my make-up on. I have no plans for the day except hanging around this grumpy man. I haven't told my family about Jason's baby, I'm not sure what to expect from them but my mind is made up. I'm gonna raise this baby.

He walk in and go to the closet. He change his shirt.

"Where are you going?" I ask.

"I'm going to the office"

"I thought you'll be returning to work next week" I say.

He doesn't say anything. He is mad at me.

"Lwazi"

He look at me.

"Why are you like this?" I ask.

"Please, I don't want to fight"

I exhale, "I love you, we're going to have kids but now is not the time. We have so many responsibilities"

"Okay" he kiss my cheek.

"I will see you later" he walk out.

Sigh! I hate it when he is angry with me but pretend like everything is fine.

I walk after him, "I know you're angry, I'm sorry I talked to you that way"

"I said it's okay" he say grabbing the

car keys.

"Let me make you something to eat" I say.

He sigh, "I will have something from the canteen"

"I will make something quick, you only ate cereal" I say opening the fridge.

"Sena I don't want to eat"

I look at him, "You'll eat it at work"

"What is your problem?"

"Huh?"

"You never listen to anyone, it's only your thoughts that matters. It's like you don't even know what being in a marriage is, you just make decisions that suit you" he say.

"That's not true"

He fold his arms, "If I say I don't want Jason's baby what are you going to

do?"

"You can't be that cruel, it's your baby too"

"What if I am that cruel?" he say.

"Since when you're cruel?"

"Since I killed her grandfather then caused her father's death"

I exhale, "Can you please stop? The baby is innocent she doesn't know that. Using that to deprive her a warm home with her uncle and aunt is selfish and proves that you're Bheki's son"

"So when are we having a baby?" he ask.

"I don't know, now is not the time to plan that" I say and turn to grate the cheese.

There is someone at the door.

"And you say I'm lying if I tell you you

only think for yourself" he get the door.

I hear them greeting each other. I know it's my dad, he is the only person that call him by his surname.

"I wish I could've came with you but you know how work is" he say.

Lwazi scratch his head, "It's fine Baba, all went well"

"Senamile"

I wipe my hands and give him a hug.

"I saw you cooking for Fiki. When are you gonna cook for me?" I ask.

"When you get a second baby"

My spirit drop. Lwazi is standing with his arms folded, looking at me.

"Do you want breakfast?" I ask him changing the subject.

"No I'm going with Simtholile out for

breakfast then I'm going back home"  
he say.

Lwazi clear his throat, "I need to rush  
to the office, count me out on  
breakfast"

I look at him.He come shake Dad's  
hand.

"Thanks for checking on us Baba"  
Dad tap his shoulder, "Pleasure  
son,take care of yourself"

He walk out.I put cheese back in the  
fridge and get the container to put the  
grated one.

"So you're back at your old self?" he  
ask.

I exhale and close the container.

"Senamile are you treating your  
husband right?" he ask.

I look at him, "You're my dad,you

should be asking me if he is treating me right"

"Is he treating you right?" he ask.

"No, he only want me to bear babies.He doesn't respect my thoughts and decisions.He want everything to be about him whereas I'm always looking out for us in the best ways"

He stare at me for a moment, "I trusted Madlala with you,I can't believe he is treating you this way"

"See Dad,I'm the one who always make rational decisions the least he could do is support me.But no, he is into his feelings more than he is into the actual situation and solution"

He nod and take out his phone.He is calling someone.I hope he is calling Lwazi to tell him he is not happy with

what he is doing to me.

"Hey babe..."

He have 'babe'? Since when?

"Yes I'm with your second daughter here..."

Oh it's my mom, but why she is 'babe' today?

"She is not happy in her marriage... No her husband is not treating her right, he is selfish and very stupid when it come to decision making... No I want you to call Thobela, he need to come and talk to the Madlalas. For now come to Durban and get your daughter... yes later, I love you"

He drop the call, "Don't you have today's newspaper?"

He is not serious.

"Dad I didn't say all those things, I

don't want to go home" I say.

He raise his eyebrow, "Are you saying I am a liar? You didn't say that your husband is mistreating you and doesn't respect you as the rational decision-maker?"

"I only said he doesn't listen to me" I say getting an instant headache.

"Go look at yourself in the mirror Senamile"

I exhale, "Dad I didn't..."

"I mean it, go look at yourself in the mirror there"

I look at him "Why must I do that?"

His face change to belt-mode.I walk to the mirror and look at myself.

"Would you be happy if you married someone like the one you see in that reflection?"

I look at myself, "Yes, I'm beautiful"  
"Maybe that's the only beautiful thing  
about you, your looks. Otherwise you  
are just an annoying, selfish,  
inconsiderate human being that only  
listen to her own mind"

I'm shocked. My own dad is saying this  
to me.

"It's only a matter of time before this  
boy find himself another wife and  
believe me I will be wearing my best  
tux attending that wedding. Nobody  
can stand being married to you, you  
think you're all that"

Tears run down, "Dad you're so mean"

"Keep on failing to respect your man  
and his needs, another lucky well-  
mannered girl is going to be blessed  
with a good husband"

I close my eyes, I don't want to see myself crying.

"You told me you want to be a Madlala, I married you off. If it happens that you are failing to stay in this marriage you must know that I will never lead you down the aisle again, maybe Sbusiso will"

I turn and look at him, "Why are you taking his side without even hearing the full story?"

"Because I know you brought the Biyela attitude to your marriage and it's gonna be one of the causes for your divorce"

Who said I'm going to divorce? I wipe the tears.

"You're a Madlala now, you live by the Madlala rules. You're not a man of the

house, stop being a decision-maker. Let your husband make decision then support him or make him reconstruct them"

He walk away and enter the passage leading to the bathroom. I walk to the chair and sit down.

I call my mother, it ring for a while.

"Bab' Madlala" she answers.

"Mom it's me, not Lwazi"

"Yes I can hear you Mister" she say.

I exhale, "Mom I'm not unhappy, Lwazi is the best husband"

"Is he the husband or wife? You'll have to excuse me your titles confuse me"

I'm tempted to end this call, but that would mean I'm also a disrespectful daughter.

"Don't call Bab' omncane" I say.

She keep quiet.

"Mama?"

"Are you being a brat there?" she ask.

"No, I just don't want another baby yet.His brother left a girl pregnant,his last wish is that we raise the baby for him" I say close to tears.

"Do you look things from your husband's perspective? It's okay to decide when you want to have a baby,but you're married now you don't just decide alone"

I sigh, "Okay"

"So you agreed to raise the baby?" she ask.

"Yes, but Lwazi isn't happy about it"

"Give him time,this baby is his blood.All men are hard headed,don't force him,by doing that you're pushing

him away" she say.

"Okay I'll do that"

"Your father is not happy with you"  
she say.

"I know, bye"

He walk back, "Simtholile is late"

I keep quiet. He open the fridge and  
take out bottle of water.

"Why are you sitting there now?" he  
say.

Somebody save me.

"What am I supposed to do?" I ask.

"To make breakfast for your husband.  
Didn't Lydia tell you how to take care  
of a man?"

Sigh.

"Dad you saw him walking out saying  
he don't want breakfast" I say.

He walk and stop before exiting, "And

you don't know his office? I'm watching you Senamile"

Gosh! You'd swear he is Lwazi's father not mine. But I will take his advice and make Lwazi breakfast.

So all in all I am a bad wife. Maybe I need to see a specialist. I text my troubled little sister sending her a good morning. Maybe I should wait for Quinton to come back then go visit her. I need all the 'Cheating scandal' details.

I drive to Lwazi's work with a breakfast basket. He is busy sorting files.

"Hey" I greet from the door.

He look up, "Hi"

"I brought you breakfast" I say walking in.

"Thank you"

I sit and look at him carrying on with his work.

"Why are you looking at me?" he ask after a while.

"I'm gonna stop taking the pill"

He stop and look at me, "Why?"

"I want to give you another baby"

He chuckles, "No you don't, you just feel bad because I told you you are a selfish person and you just realised it's true"

"Maybe I am selfish, but my intentions are always good" I say.

He exhale, "Jason is my second sibling to commit suicide.Olwethu died because they wanted her to marry me,and now Jason"

"Olwethu died before you could repay

her for everything she did for you. She was a good little sister"

He keep quiet.

I lean forward, "Jason gave us a chance to make up to him. He gave us his little girl, he could've given her to anyone, he have a big family but he chose us. Your brother loved and trusted you Lwazi, please don't disappoint him"

He exhale, "I can't believe he was already making sex, I thought he was an innocent young boy"

I laugh, "Come on, you also started sex at young age"

He bite his lip and pull the basket.

"You know how I mean it" I say feeling a sword in my heart.

"Yeah... This looks nice"

I watch him taking out the plate and

setting the food on it. He is a good man I know he will raise this baby with me, all I need to do is be gentle with him and calm down my controlling tits.

## Chapter Hundred & Sixty-Six Ziphelele Mokoena

.

I'm standing in the middle of the kitchen with a dishcloth in my hands, I'm thinking about Nkabenhle. I haven't talked to him since that day. He must be thinking I hate him.

My eyes swift to the cellphone on the table, I put down the dishcloth and pick it up.

It ring for a while before he answers.

"How are you?" I ask.

"I'm good,how are you?"

I exhale, "I'm okay, my husband came around"

"That's great"

"About Zanda..."

I hear him clearing his throat.

"I was thinking maybe I should talk to her first, test the water, before you come forward" I say.

"You can do that?" he ask.

"Yeah, I think it's better this way.So she can get mentally prepared to see you,rather than just meeting her 'abuser' out of the blue" I say.

"I'd appreciate that"

I let out a huge sigh, "I will call you, please take care of yourself"

"Thanks Ziphe"

What was I doing here? I look around

and see no unfinished activity.It's time I polish my head with a talk-show.I need to concentrate on something else.I get my baby and walk up to the bedroom.

I lie down on bed and switch the TV on.

Wow! They're talking about rape.How coincidental? I watch with attention.They have two guests who are victims of rape. Both of them have tears running down as they tell their stories.

"They don't think about the emotional damage, they just want to violate your body.This goes beyond someone entering your vagina by force,the physical pain from the vagina muscles go away with just 3painkillers.It's your

mind that get destroyed, your dignity, your heart, your womanhood. When it happened I was only 14 years old, it took me 10 years to actually come out and talk about it. I was ashamed of myself, a man had come and stripped my soul from my body. I was alive because I was walking, my soul was just lost in the world of shame. Every night I would wake up with scary dreams, I even started doubting my own sanity"

I reach for the remote and switch the TV off. The girl looks fresh and glamorous but when she starts talking about the tragic experiences you can see the deep scars within her soul. I hear footsteps and a baby cry approaching my bedroom. She stands in

the middle of the door taking the blanket off Leano.

"Hello" she give me Leano and the bottle.

She take Phakade and sit, "Have you been crying?"

I chuckle, "Yes,I was watching a sad show"

She roll her eyes, "There are serious things to cry about in the country, real things.Yesterday a family of seven died in a car crash"

"I was watching rape victims speak out,it was heartbreaking" I say.

She look at Phakade, "Your mom just love crying, she want to be your father's baby"

Maybe this is the right time to get to know how she could take this.

"Do you think you can forgive them?" I ask.

She look at me, "Who?"

"Those people who abused you. Can you forgive them?"

"I can't say forgive them, but I've moved on from all that" she say.

"What if one of them was to come to you and ask for forgiveness?" I say.

She chuckles, "Would it matter to him that I forgive him or not? Do you think they care about those things?"

"Time change, people grow up" I say.

"And that's what I've done. I grew up, here I am now. I don't want a reminder or someone who is coming to ask for forgiveness because he see that things didn't turn out for the worst in my life" she say getting

worked up.

"I understand"

She exhale, "Honestly I'm happy with my life,I've buried all that. I'd be more happy if I never bump into one of them"

I close the bottle, Leano is done.I'm not sure if this is for the best but I think Nkabenhle should back off for now.He must concentrate on rebuilding his life.

"How is Thapelo?" she ask.

"He is fine"

She look at me with a smile, "So you're back in one room.How is that so far?"

Since when she is snooper?

"Well,nothing has happened so far.He just cuddle me all night" I say.

"You think he is still disgusted to touch you?"

I shrug my shoulders, "You know how men are"

"But he said he forgive you" she say confused just like me.

"I don't know, but I miss him"

She pout, "Oh salty"

We both laugh. I miss Thapelo, we haven't had sex in a week now. I was happy when he invited me back to our bedroom thinking that things are back to normal. But it seems like he is not over it completely.

We go to the kitchen for snacks and go sit in the lounge.

"Mandla want to go to Eshowe in January to finalise ilobola" she say.

"He want to put a ring on it soon"

She smile, "And I will make legal sex"

I laugh, "You will miss illegal sex, trust

me. I used to come to my brother's house and lie about going out with friends then come back in the mornings unable to walk and sleepy. But I had to stay up pretending as if my vagina ain't aching and I don't want to sleep in the middle of the conversation"

"Couldn't you keep your legs closed until you get married?" she ask laughing.

"You know when you're young and innocent men will take advantage of you. He was like 'if you're going to give me your virginity why are we waiting?' and Zethu was on my case saying he will leave me if I don't give it up" Someone is calling my name.

"I'm here" I shout.

I hear stilettos click toward us, "Hey girls"

She kiss Leano and Phakade then sit down.

"What are you planning here?" she ask.

"Nothing, how was Cape Town?" Zanda say.

"It was a sad time for the family but all went well"

I still can't believe the young boy is no more.

She look at me, "So?"

I frown, "So what?"

"How is everything? How was Nireshe compared to Thapelo?"

Who ask these questions? This is total out of line.

"Sena please be my older sister, you're out of line" I say angrily.

"Ziphe this is a family secret, we deserve to know all the details before we store it in our chests" she say.

Zanda laugh, "I couldn't agree more" I look at them, they look at me waiting for an answer.

I sigh, "I love Thapelo, I don't even want to start comparing him. His game is on another level"

"Fire mtchana!!" Sena say showing with her hand.

I laugh, "Yep, like he make me feel things that cannot be described in any human language"

"Well in that case you're sprinkling water on that fire by cheating. Men hate each other's dicks, they will never share the same honeypot" she say wearing a different expression, she is

no longer playful.

"It will never happen"

She exhale, "Good, you guys are a good couple after me and Lwazi"

Zanda chuckles, "Yeah right"

They stay watching movies and discussing late trends. Their presence make me feel a lot better. When they leave I start cooking dinner. Thapelo is about to come home. I have an idea how to get him in the mood for sex. I will do what I did the first time I seduced him.

I bath Phakade and dress him up then go take a quick shower. I put a little bit of make-up on and wear my black lacy underwears and put a big coat over.

I put Phakade in the babyseater and fill the sink with warm water and soap.

He walk in looking very tired. My heart drop this won't work.

He kiss my cheek, "Hey babe"

Then he put his bag on the table and take Phakade.

"Daddy's boy"

He kiss him all over his face then look at me,

"Did you feed him?" he ask.

"Yes"

He put his attention on him again, "Oh you're full big boy.. Look at how big your head is getting"

He laugh and put him up in the air.

"You're going to drop him" I say in a scared tone.

He put him down, "Your Mom is a chicken, how can I drop down my little prince? The one I love this much"

The plan is over. Phakade is here taking all the attention. I set the table as he goes to bath. Now I'm getting frustrated, he is not paying much attention to me. If he had, he would've seen the big coat and asked what's up.

I'm not even interested when he starts telling me about his work issues around the table. I only respond out of respect.

He takes Phakade with him after dinner while I stay behind and clean the table. What a waste of make-up? He didn't even notice it.

I walk up slowly. The first thing I'm gonna do is take out this coat. I'm so disappointed.

I find him putting Phakade to sleep making a soft "Sshhh" sound. I walk

softly to the closets and take out my nightdress. I can't change in front of him I walk to the bathroom.

"Is he asleep?" I ask when I walk back in.

"Yes, it was such a struggle"

I do it everyday. Phakade think by sleeping he is doing us a favour and we must beg him.

He take off his clothes and leave only the boxers.

"Why are you sleeping so far from me?" he ask getting on bed.

"I'm just giving you space"

He shift closer to me, "Why did you take the coat off?"

I look at him.

"I thought you had a surprise for me" he say.

So he noticed?!

"No I didn't, I was just feeling cold" I lie.

He smash his lips on mine then lift my nightdress up.

"The black queen" he kiss my thighs.

I smile, "Well this was your surprise, but I thought you're not interested"

"Why would I be not interested?" he ask pulling down the panty slowly.

"I don't know, I thought maybe you need more time"

He chuckles, "I wanted you to need me"

He strip me naked and kiss me all over my body. When he get between my thighs I scream. He stop after a few minutes and pick my panty on the floor. He tear it in two pieces with his

hands.

"You're going to wake him up" he say getting the bra.

He put bra across my mouth and tape it with torn panty and tie it at the back of my head.

"I will buy you new ones" he say before going down on me with his tongue again.

He pull me down bed by legs and let only my upper part lie on. He part my legs and push his manhood in slowly. As the thrusts grow harder and pace fastens I'm screaming behind the tied panties.

"Ziphe this is mine" he give me a spank and go deeper but slowly.

All I can say is "mhhh...mhhh" like background singers of isicathamiya.

## Chapter Hundred & Sixty-Seven

### Zethu Biyela

.

Nkabenhle has come to fetch Phindile, she will be home throughout this weekend. He is like a father to her, they're so close. He treat her like an egg, applying those baby kisses on her cheeks. I'd die if Sbusiso was like that with me, he only kiss my forehead when I'm crying or sad. I'm Lady Tyson. This guy is awkward and quiet. He is the type that stare at you but don't say anything. I think he have love life problems.

"Do you want me to hook you up?" I ask him.

"Hook me up with who?"

"With a girl obviously" I say.

He chuckles, "No thanks"

"But you look like you have a boring life. You need to cool down, I mean you've had four hectic years of your life. Even if you hit and run"

He frown, "I'm not that type of person"

I fold my legs, "Oh? What type of a person are you? You want serious relationships"

"No I don't want a relationship just yet, there is so much going on in my life"

He is such a waste of black dick.

Phindile appears with her bags, "I'm ready"

He get up, "Zethu we will see you Sunday afternoon"

"Okay go well"

Tyson is busy these days so I must say  
I will be bored

I try calling him it rings unanswered.I  
grunt disappointed.I want to be like  
Simtho, have my man with me every  
time and make sex five times a day.

I don't want to visit anyone's house  
today.Maybe I should get some groove  
tonight, it's been a while since I went  
to a club.I change into my Denim blue  
bumshort,oversize tee and ankle-  
boots.I take my handbag and pack lady  
necessities and walk out.

Tonight I'm gonna have a good  
night,I'm gonna be dancing my butt off  
in Joe Cools.I text my sisters telling  
them to watch out for my Instagram  
videos.I know they wish they can be  
me right now.

The place is packed. I spot some famous DJ's, they spot me. I'm sitting in the VIP section with some recognised faces. They keep em drinks coming. We dance and take pictures. I missed this. Someone hold my hand while I'm on the dance floor.

"Hey long time"

I'm a little drunk right now.

"Really? I don't even know who the fuck you are" I say and continue dancing.

He join me and dance. But he is dancing too close.

"You seriously don't remember me?" he ask.

"Dude!" I say.

He smile, "I'm Sanele, I was friends with Roman"

"And who is Roman?"

He stop, "Let me get you a drink then we can go talk"

I show him a Storm cider in my hand,

"I can buy you a drink,not the other way around" I say.

"I'm being a gentleman"

I pull my face, "Okay, Mr Neyo"

He come back with two ciders and pull me to the other side where the noise is a bit lower.

"So you don't remember Roman?" he ask.

"I told you I don't"

He chuckles, "But you guys were together for like three months"

I laugh, "I have a short memory, as short as your legs"

"I don't have short legs" he say.

I laugh and open another cider.

"You're still beautiful"

I look at him, "I'm taken"

He look at my hands, "You have nothing on your fingers to show that"

"That's because love stays here" I show him my heart.

"Not here" I say pointing at my hand.

"But I feel you babe, I always had a thing for you but you were with my friend"

I want to sleep right here.

"Was your friend tall?" I ask.

He frown, "Yeah...you really don't remember him"

"I probably dated him because he was tall.You are a shorty I can never date you, not even if I was single" I tell him.

"Why? I'm not crippled, I can do you

like tall guys do"

I laugh, "I can't have your penis touching my knees every time we hug" What's wrong with this guy? We'd make the funniest couple ever.

I feel strong arms grabbing me, I look around and see this bulky man who is spitting fire.

"Why are you grabbing me you Hulk?" I ask.

I realise there is some attention on us, another man who look like this one is grabbing... I don't know who, but the person I was sitting with.

"Where are you taking me?" I scream. The music is loud, people are minding their own drinks. This man has put me against his shoulder, he is walking fast like I'm weighing only 2kg. I'm

scratching his back and screaming. My  
cider and bag!!

There is a black SUV with opened  
doors and two guys waiting  
outside. What's going on here?

I need my phone to call my dad. I'm  
being kidnapped here.

"Who are you?" I ask the guy who took  
me out of the club.

"Ma'm I'm just following orders" he  
say.

The guy we left in the club come with  
blood on his shirt. Shit is happening.

Alcohol wash off as the car take off  
with four strange men in the car with  
me.

The guy who came last came with my  
cider and bag, but he have them on his  
lap.

"What do you want?" I ask.

They don't say anything. I say a silent prayer. At least they must ask for money, they will get whatever amount they want.

The drive isn't long, the guy on the wheel isn't such a patient driver. They let me out and escort me inside a certain building. There is no way I can escape four bulky men with big beards.

"What do you want?" I ask again.

He tell me to sit on the white couch. I hear voices coming behind the double door. Is this human traffickers' office? They lock the burglar gate and walk through another passage.

Oh how stupid of them to leave me with my bag?

I take out my phone. The screen is

blank,I press the side button harder.It flashes once and die.Damn! Didn't I charge this phone?

A male person come out from the same passage with a plate of food.He greet me nicely.

"It's a grilled wors" he say when I don't take the plate.

He think I'm gonna be stupid and take their drugged food.

The knife...?

I take the plate, "Thank you"

He breath out in relief.I take the knife and fork then push the plate down.It crashes on the floor.He turn around to see what is happening,I jump on him and stab him with a fork.

He is a sissy man getting him on the floor isn't such work.I search his

pockets for a cellphone, but the fool only have shopping slips.

"What is wrong?" he keep asking trying to get me off his chest.

I hear footsteps coming, whoever it is is running.

He cry, in a deep voice.

"Oh my God! My babe" he say trying to get me off.

The one I was stabbing have blood on his arms. The other one is still screaming asking if he is okay.

"Oh my God! Help"

He is touching this man all over.

"What's the hell?"

You gotta be kidding me!

I turn around to confirm what my ears heard. Wtf!

"Ty you have to get Amla an

ambulance, he is going to die" the dramatic man say.

He walk to me, "Are you okay?"

"What is going on? Why are you here?

Who are these men? Why am I kidnapped?" I say all in once.

"Kidnapped? You're in my studio. What were you doing in the clubs with men?"

I feel tears,

"Tyson you need to get serious and tell me what's the fuck is going on" I'm shouting.

He pull me toward the double door, more men have attended Amla. We enter a big room with music equipments.

"Now are you going to tell me what you were doing in the club with that

fool?" he say sitting on the desk.

"How did you know where I was?" I ask.

"My friend was there,he saw you so I sent people to get you"

"Do you have any idea how much trauma you've put me through? Are you crazy?" I ask pacing up and down.

"I've been calling you from 7pm,you didn't answer my calls because you had a man on your lap!"

Oh really? He is creepy,with a creepy studio and creepy men.

"I want to go home Tyson" I say.

He just stare at me, he is spitting fire.I turn around and walk to the door.Oh wait how am I going to get home? I left my car in Joe Cools.

"Get those stupid men of yours to take

me home" I tell him.

"They're busy with Amla"

Who is Amla? I want to go home.

"Fuck you" I say walking back.

The doors open, "Heya wena  
chakalaka"

I turn around.It's the dramatic man.

"Are you talking to me?" I ask.

"No" he open his handbag.

He take out the lipstick and come put it  
all over my forehead,

"I'm talking to you gumtree"

I push him away, "What is wrong with  
you man?"

Is he even a man?

"I'm gonna push a toothbrush up your  
ass, nobody stab my man like that you  
chakalaka bitch"

Omww!

I exhale, "I was protecting myself"  
He put his hand up, "You started this  
baboon boobs, I'm gonna make you  
know who Dina is"

He walk out swaying his nonexistent  
hips.

I look at Tyson, "This man of a man  
doesn't know me. Take me home, now"

I walk to the door, "Now bhuti  
womlungu"

## Chapter Hundred & Sixty-Eight Fikile Biyela

.

I am in the premises of the Great  
Mphazimas in Inkandla. We came last  
night, everyone was asleep. Being here  
isn't what I planned for myself this

weekend, but he put his foot down and forced me to start packing.

He is neighbours with my home. I wonder what will Bab' Thobela say if he see me here. Bab' Mzingelwa wouldn't care that they've paid six cows for me, he would get here with his knobkerrie and drag me out with my legs.

It's a traditional home, all the houses are rondavels, but modern-built rondavels with tiled roofs and four windows. There is a kraal in the middle of the yard. I was woken up by goats' noises.

"Babe" I say looking around.

This man is not here. I look for my phone and call him. It ring under the pillow. Where is he?

I get up and make the bed. There is a bucket of water and a jug on top. I put water in the kettle and plug for boiling. Today I will be bathing in a plastic dish. The time is 5:25am, I don't want MaMvelase to think I am a lazy city girl. I heard makoti is supposed to be up before anyone else.

I take a bath, I'm not comfortable in this dish but hey. I put my long high-waist black skirt and long-sleeved shirt. I wrap my head with a scarf and apply little make-up. Barbie looks get lot of judgements in places like this. I go throw water outside the yard and come clean. Yesterday we put our bags on the small table, our shoes are on the floor, it look messy.

I open the windows and sit. I don't

know what to do next.I don't even know which rondavel is the kitchen,I would be making breakfast by now.People in rural areas eat their breakfast at 6am, lunch at 10am, another lunch at 1pm then supper at 5pm and goodnight tea at 7pm.That's why they buy everything in big sizes; rice 25kg, mealie mealie 50kg, wheat flour 10kg, sugar 10kg etc.They buy all that for one month,they eat it and finish it before the month even end but they never gain weight.You hardly see a fatty fat from these places,they're fit more than yoga,strict-on-diet people. Someone knocks at the door.I open thinking it's Skhumbuzo, but it's a little girl.

"Hello" she greet shyly.

I sit on the bed, "Hi babe how are you?"

"I'm fine"

She doesn't look at me in the eyes, she is just standing next to the door.

"You want Skhumbuzo?" I ask.

She shake her head.

"Do you want to sit?" I ask.

She nod.I tell her she can sit on the chair.She doesn't look happy.I want to ask her where is the kitchen and what can I cook for people here,but I know I will look like a stupid adult.She sit for a few seconds then run out.Is this child okay?

MaMvelase knock and walk in soon after her.

"Sanibonani" she greet formally.

In Zulu it sounds like you're respectful if you greet one person as if you're

greeting many people. Sanibonani is used to greet a number of people.

"Yebo mama,ninjani?"

She sit on the floor.My eyes are about to pop out.

"No mama sit on the chair or here on bed" I say.

She straighten her legs, "I don't like sitting on chairs it make my feet swell"  
Old people!

"Are you well though?" I ask.

"I'm trying makoti, my joints are killing me"

My poor mother-in-law! I'm tempted to ask her where is her son.

She pass me the Spar plastic, "I'm happy that you're finally here in the Nkosis premises.Welcome MaBiyela"  
I open the plastic bag,there is a big

dress inside and a scarf.

She chuckles, "I thought you'd sleep till ten"

Oh really now?

I look at the dress, "Umhhh...is this a gift? Thanks"

"Oh that you must put on before we go to the kitchen" she say.

I frown, "Is there anything wrong with how I'm dressed?"

"Not at all my child.It's a tradition that umakoti wears the clothes provided by her mother-in-law on her first day in the kitchen"

This dress!!!

She reverse and hold on the wall before she can get up.

"Dress up and come to the first rondavel by the gate.Skhumbuzo and

the boys will be hungry when they get back from Mfezane" she walk out.

She knows where Skhu is and I don't. I wonder what they're doing there.

This dress is size 40,I put it on and feel like a Zion pastor.Couldn't they ask my size before buying for me?

I walk out,I bump into chickens running around squeaking.

She has made the fire,now she is sitting on the reedmat next to it.

"What can I do first?" I ask.

"Just put water with that big pot for boiling, Mahle is going to get breads KwaMbhele"

I do as she say.I don't know why I'm boiling this amount of water.As a girl I start moving around getting the plates and trays ready.The thing is I'm not

sure how many boys she was referring to.

"Skhumbuzo wouldn't want to eat bread today" I tell her.

She tell me to warm yesterday's leftovers for him. The cupboards here tell me that I have some serious shopping to do before going back to Durban.

MaMvelase is a good woman, she is telling me all about Skhu's childhood. Apparently he was in the National Top Ten of matric class of 1999. I'm yet to see his pictures.

Oh before I forget...

"Who is the little girl that came to me earlier?" I ask.

She chuckles, "It's Mahle, she probably thought you'd give her some

goodies. These kids think people who come from the cities have sweets dropping from them"

I look at her, "Mama"

"Argh! Don't worry about her. I will give her R2 later"

I feel very bad. I should've known that there are kids here and did some shopping. The girl must be hating me, I need to make up for this.

6:35am she is done eating breakfast, there is an uncle in the other rondavel he has eaten too. I'm the only one whose intestines are still asleep.

I don't know why I boiled water here and filled it up in the 20L bucket, I mean there are electric kettles here.

I hear whistles outside, his voice is shouting above them "ivimbe

ngapho".They are coming back from wherever with the cows.

"Don't worry about the others they'll fetch water themselves, take only Skhumbuzo's" she say.

I get a 5L bucket and fill it with warm water and go put it in 'our' rondavel.I feel like his savior.He take off his dirty boots outside and walk in barefooted.

"Good morning" he say.

"Hello"

He take off his shirt, "I'm sorry for leaving you alone"

"I really didn't expect you to do something like this on my first day here but it's okay. That's your water" I say and walk to the door.

"Fikile wait"

I turn and look at him, "I need to serve

breakfast"

"I will fuck you later.You look beautiful by the way"

I frown and walk out.One thing I'm certain about right now is that I look ugly.The dress!

Nkanyezi is in the kitchen eating bread,other boys are pouring water into their dishes from the bucket.Among them is Mfundi,their legs are wet,trousers are rolled up to their knees.

I greet them and get Skhu's food ready.I don't know if all of them are family or just boys from around.

"Do you want more tea?" I ask Nkanyezi.

"No"

I think he is the only one who didn't go

wherever they're coming from. Anyway where is the big brother?

"Where is your brother?" I ask him.

"He is sleeping"

I'm not an early bird myself but now it's a bit late for a person to be still sleeping, plus there is a lot of noise coming from the cows, chickens and birds. Maybe there is something wrong with him.

"Mama I will take Skhu's food to him then..."

She exclaims, "Never call him by his name again, at least not in front of the elders. Call him Nkosi or Baba kaSthelo"

Gosh!!!

"Okay I'm taking his breakfast to him, everything is ready for the boys they

can distribute it amongst themselves when they have finished bathing" I say.

"But he love eating by the fire"

I exhale, "Okay I'll tell him to come here then"

"Aren't you going to eat with him?" she ask.

"No, I'll eat a bit later"

I go to our rondavel and find him dressing up. He still dress up like isicathamiya singer and there is nothing I can do about it. He buy new ingwe vests every month. Today he is dressed up in a navy pant, it was long during its hey days then he cut it with a scissor down the knees. Now it's a three-quarter, he have a red t-shirt on top.

"Your breakfast is ready in the kitchen,

your mother said you're going to eat there" I say.

"Okay thanks"

I pick his clothes from the floor,

"Where were you?"

"We went to the cattle dipping, I had to let Bab' omncane rest for today since I'm here"

Bab' omncane must be the man who think goats can hear. He has been talking to them all morning, telling them what to do, where to go.

"You were supposed to tell me" I say.

He sigh, "You were sleeping peacefully"

"Have you seen Sthelo?" I ask him.

"No"

"Nkanyezi say he is still sleeping, maybe he is sick" I say in a concerned

voice.

"No, he is not. He is just lazy" he says and walks out.

I take my phone and call him.

He answers, "Hello"

"Hey I hear you're still sleeping"

"Umhhh... I'm sorry I'm awake now"

It sounds like he is moving fast.

"Sthelo what's going on?" I ask.

"Nothing.. I overslept"

"Come to your dad's rondavel" I say and drop the call.

He comes after ten minutes and walks in slowly. Now I'm convinced something is wrong.

"Sit" I say.

He sits and looks at me.

"What's up?" I ask.

He scratches his head, "Nothing"

"Did you smoke again?"

He sigh, "No, I wouldn't do that I told you. I kinda went out at midnight, my friend fell sick"

I frown, "What friend? Is he okay now?"

"Yes"

"Mhhh..So who did you tell that you're going out at midnight to attend your sick friend?"

"No one" he say.

"Okay, you're excused"

He stand up and walk toward the door then look at me.

"Are you going to tell Dad?"

I chuckle, "Of course I'm gonna tell him, we need to make sure that your friend see the doctor"

"But he is fine now"

This kid think I was born yesterday.  
"Just go take a bath, your eyes look funny I don't know what you was doing but whatever it is stop it. You are too young"

He nod and walk out.

I last saw Skhu when he went to eat breakfast, the whole day I'm with MaMvelase and Nkanyezi. I've cooked lunch, his is dry and cold now. He left his phone behind, which is the part I fail to understand. Now I'm busy with supper, MaMvelase is with her visitors whom I had to include for lunch. They've been here for almost four hours, they're talking very loud and asking me lot of questions. Can you do this? Can you cook this? Do you know how to knit?

It's dark outside, the cattle has been brought back but my man is still nowhere to be seen. The car is in the yard so he walked to wherever he is. I take a bath and go serve MaMvelase, Bab' Nkosi (uncle) and the boys supper. Family time is in the kitchen so I sit with them and eat. Bab' Nkosi is talking about what cows did today, he have a long list of other boring topics. "Mama" it's Mfundi.

He was the first to call me that way. I look at him.

"Where is Dad?"

The piece of meat refuse to go down my throat. I drink some water, he is waiting for an answer.

MaMvelase jump in, "He went to see Bab' Zwide, maybe he found him busy."

That place is always full"

So his mother knows where he is and I don't? Wow.

"That man look scary, he sliced my wrists with a bladder" Nkanyezi say.

Sthelo laugh, "He look like an ape"

"Hey you're talking about an elder here" Bab' Nkosi shout.

I put the plate on the table, "Excuse me"

I walk out and go to our rondavel. I feel like a fool. He is disrespecting me and disregarding my presence here. I mean this person haven't even shown me around his home, he just woke up and left. He is the one who is supposed to be by my side telling me how everything works.

I return to the kitchen when everyone

has left.I clean and wash the dishes.I feel bad for walking out on the kids.I call Sthelo and talk to them.

I wait and wait until sleep wins my body.My man is still not here.Now I'm starting to panick thinking something has happened.

Deep in my sleep I feel someone touching me.When I feel the hand on my butt I open my eyes.

"It's me"

I close my eyes again.I have nothing to say to him.

I feel lips on my neck and push him off.He push his dick on me.

"Please get away from me" I say.

"Babe"

He want me to repeat again? I roll far from him and sleep on my tummy.I

doze off while he is still talking.

I wake up in the morning before he wake up.I go to the kitchen and get busy.Breakfast time come I take Mahle and leave for town.We will get our breakfast there.

She is now happy and in love with me.I start by buying grocery then take her to the clothing shops. She is a girl,she almost suck me dry.Oh well it's her uncle's bank card.

Today I haven't seen him that much I'm avoiding him as much as possible.I'm actually giving him and his mother some space.It seems like they talk about a lot of things that I wouldn't understand.

Unfortunately our time is up,today is Sunday we have to go back.We get

back around 2pm, Sthelo and Mfundi has already left. I cook lunch and pack the grocery then go get ready for the road.

I bath, dress up, make up and pack the bags. He is still outside talking with his uncle. Calling him would be rude of me but we're getting late.

I go to MaMvelase by the garden.

"Mama Skhumbuzo is not ready to go, we are going to drive back at night and it's not safe" I say.

She sigh, "This boy doesn't listen. Now he want the Biyelas to come kill us for killing their daughter"

She put the hoe down. I wonder why her knees don't get stiff in the garden but always stiff elsewhere.

I sit with Nkanyezi in the kitchen while

he is getting ready. MaMvelase walk in with an old album and start showing me photos of his boys. Their father look like Nceba.

The drive back to Durban is filled with silence. I know he want to say something but my face give him the red light. It's either I'm looking outside the window or at my phone. He took me from Durban and went to dump me in his home all day with his family. His family was okay but I'm still annoyed. If he is with my family I'm always by his side making sure he is comfortable. When we get in the house I go straight to the bathroom and get in the bathtub. I wash myself slowly. I'm not gonna cook here, whoever is hungry must cook.

I walk out of the bathroom after thirty minutes. He is sitting on bed with his head bowed down.

"I'm going to see Simtho" I say.

He get up and grab my arm, "Fikile"

I look at him.

"Did they treat you bad?" he ask.

"Who?"

"My mom, my uncle and the kids"

What is he talking about?

"No they didn't"

"Then what's wrong? You didn't like my home?"

Gosh!!!

"No, I didn't like how you treated me. You abandoned me, your sons were asking me where you were and I didn't know because I'm an idiot. You only told important people about your

whereabouts and I had to figure out everything on my own"

He let go of my arm, "I told you I didn't want to wake you up yesterday morning, and I didn't tell you about another journey because you don't like the traditional healing stuff"

"That's understandable, you make so much sense. Bye, I will see you later"

He grab my arm again, "Don't do this, I'm sorry"

I sigh, "Okay, can I go see my sister?"

"I miss you" he say looking in my eyes.

"And I missed you too last night"

He exhale, "You've told me how you felt, I understand where I went wrong and I apologise"

I feel my eyes getting moist, "Do you love me?"

He look shocked.

"Of course I love you, I love you Njezi KaXhoko so much.You don't have to ask,I do"

"Then why don't you tell me the stuff you tell your mother?" I ask.

"I don't tell my mother the stuff I tell you because you guys don't play similar roles in my life.I love you, I love her but it's different"

I nod, "Okay, now I'm leaving don't wait up"

"Don't leave"

Something in the way he say those two words make me stop and look back at him.He has pushed his lips up like Mfundi.

I walk back and sit on bed.He turn and look at me,his eyes smaller smallest.

"There is one thing I fear more than death, more than leaving my children with no one to protect them, more than waking up one day diagnosed with cancer and that is you leaving me"

He put his hand on his forehead, "No matter how angry you are with me please don't leave, I don't care whether you'd be leaving for a couple of hours or days just don't leave me"

"Okay I won't, I promise"

"I'm sorry" he say.

I get up and throw myself in his arms,

"I love you babe"

He squeeze me for a little while then put his hands on my shoulders,

"The homepage of our rrelationship cannot be currently displayed because

of a server error.Can we please click on the refresh button?"

Just when I thought he was less stupid. I grab his bottom and press his dick.

## Chapter Hundred &Sixty-Nine Zethu Biyela

.

I'm not about to stay in the house on Sunday watching love drama series on TV whereas there is a real drama happening in one of the churches here in Durban.Nope,I want to be there witnessing a 58years old side-chick and the cheating pastor fooling the wife.

I'm not sure what time church start...

12pm maybe?

I check my watch, it's 11h55m. I'm early, I mean the drive is only 15minutes, being 10minutes late is being early.

I get in my car and drive to Tyson's place first, I need to give him a peace of my mind then go to church with a clean heart. I'm a changed woman, starting from today. I'm also going to go check on Amla, you remember him? The man of a man I stabbed with a fork.

I let myself inside, he is on the couch playing a guitar.

"Ed Sheeran"

He stop playing and look at me. We've been on bad terms since that day he kidnapped me and turned up on me in

the studio I knew nothing about. I thought he let go of the music thing and is only pushing his brother's businesses. It seems like there are things he is still keeping from me.

"Hey" he say.

I sit and fold my legs, "I'm not happy with that stunt you pulled on me"

"I know babe"

"I don't want to be stalked by my boyfriend and kidnapped from clubs while having fun and being accused of cheating or whatever"

He sigh, "I don't stalk you"

"Tyson!"

"Okay I'm sorry, I just want to be sure you're safe all the time"

Geez! I miss my life.

"I miss you" I say.

He blink his eyes, "I miss you too"  
I let go of the bag,he let go of the guitar  
and pull me to his chest.I love my  
man.I look at his eyes then kiss his lips.  
"You look sad" I say.

"You were not talking to me,I missed  
you Queen" he say then go for another  
kiss,a passionate one.

"I'm going to church " I say as my  
panty fall to my ankles.

"I'll be quick"

Oh yes babey!! I hold onto the couch  
and take the white dick from behind.

"Oh yes baby come harder" I scream.  
I can't believe I made sex before going  
to church. I run to the bathroom and  
clean myself up.

"You must go next Sunday,I miss you"  
I look at him, "No I can't miss the

drama...nx I mean the service"

He want to argue, but I give him a look and pick my bag.

"Don't be sending bodyguards to stalk me in church" I say walking to the door.

"Your panty..?" he shout.

Argh! Never mind I'm late.Nobody is gonna see that I'm not wearing a panty.

It look like church started a long time ago.I'm super late,now everyone is going to be looking at me like I'm the one who killed Jesus.

I adjust my hat, yes I have a big hat on.I can't be flaunting Brazilian hair in church.I need to cover up,church is a decent place. I have a big white fluffly jersey on to cover my chest and

shoulders.

I count to three then walk in. The man talking at the front stop talking, everyone turn and look at me. I did say they are going to look at me this way.

I put my hands up,

"Hallelujah ladies and gentlemen"

They don't say anything. Did I say it wrong? Never mind there is a space in that row.

As soon as I sit the man start speaking again. He is preaching, referring to the read verse. I missed the Bible reading. They'll have to brief me.

I poke the lady next to me, "Excuse me, what was the verse?"

Is she rolling her eyes on me?

"Exodus 14 verse 14" she say.

I give her the biggest smile, "Thank

you friend"

I don't have the hard copy of a Bible, but I downloaded the app this morning when I saw Simtho tweeting that today it's 'Church things'. She must be somewhere here, pretending to love and understand the scriptures. Little mamgobhozi!

There is a woman taking on the stand, singing in the highest voice ever. It feels like I'm listening to Babo, but she switch from Babo to Rebecca Malope within seconds and add some Sechaba in there. I've never heard anyone singing with so many voices all in one song with one mouth.

I'm trying so hard not to laugh, Sena need to come here.

"Who is that?" I ask the unfriendly

lady.

"It's Mam' Khambule"

Wait...

"MaMfundisi?" I ask shocked.

She glance at me and fold her arms,

"Yes"

I exclaim, "Oh my word! He he he  
pruuuu pruuuu"

Another big mama from the opposite  
row kill me with her look.I die.Now I'm  
gonna be watching silently, I know  
who is who.

There is some gathering at the  
front,the woman who killed me with  
her eye is talking with some other  
women.Aunt Lydia is among those  
women, she is explaining something  
with her hand.Is the pastor checking  
her behind or is it my eyes?

She walk to me, I'm looking at the pastor, his eyes are glued to her.

"Why are you here?" she whispers.

"Hello aunty"

She pinch my arm, "You're embarrassing me, dressed up like you're going to Durban July"

"I'm decent" I say.

"Come, we need to pray for you"

Pray for me?

"What?"

She pull me up and start a song;

OH COVER ME MY LORD

COVER ME MY LORD

UNDER YOUR SHELTER

She sing better than her, even the pastor is nodding with his head and singing along. But Mam' Khambule is also singing along with her, making the

whole thing sound like 3310 music tones.

I stand in front of seven women, I still don't know why they're praying for me. Maybe it's their tradition of welcoming guests.

"Hallelujah bazalwane" one start.

"Today God has showed himself, He has sent his lost child to us so that we can show her the right path"

I'm not the lost child, these people!

"I speak the Word of God upon this child, I'm cleansing her from all the evil Satan may have led her into. I

remove all the spells and bad lucks"

Aunt Lydia is the first to say Amen. It should be her getting this prayer, she need it more than me.

And this bitch?? It's her second day in

church and she think she can pray for people. She stand next to Aunt Lydia, with a smirk on her face and close her eyes with them.

Her man is standing with a group of men in the corner, singing with them .Who does Simtho and Don think then are? They're here for the same reason as me.

I wink my eye at him when our eyes meet. He signal that I close my eyes. Oh I'm supposed to close my eyes too.

The service end too quick, there haven't been an action yet. I came here for nothing.. Oh well I got the prayer, now I'm gonna go to heaven. But I was hoping to see Mam' Mfundisi arguing with the pastor over strange text messages.

Well I'm gonna go greet the pastor and his wife. Everyone go toward the exit door, I charge to the front where the pastor and his wife are talking with Aunt Lydia and some ladies.

"Baba and Mama" I bend a little.

The pastor look at Aunt Lydia then at me,

"Mam' Lydia's girl, isn't it?"

How formal?

I smile, "Yes, the youngest one"

"No, she is not the youngest. There is another one after her" Aunt Lydia say.

"She is married now, I'm the youngest"

I say.

The pastor chuckles, "Oh well, we are happy to see you in our church"

"Let's hope next week you're coming again like your sister" the wife say.

I don't think I'm coming to church again, maybe I will pop by next year.

"Of course" I say.

They shake my hand.

"What a great service" I say looking at the women.

They nod and compliment how great the service was.

The pastor take his wife's hand,they walk away.I look at Aunt Lydia, she look unaffected.She must wait until they kiss in front of her and talk about how much they love each other.Being a sidechick is hard,ask Fiki she was once there. I don't how Aunt Lydia is gonna cope with Bp, diabetes and sidechick's headache.

"And you?" Don ask as I walk up on him waiting for Simtho.

"What a great service!" I say.

He chuckles, "We need to take some pictures"

Indeed. People must know that I went to church

today [#hashtag\\_Church](#)things.

I get in the car and call Tyson. He wants me to drive straight to his house but I need to go check on Amla first. He gives me his address and tells me he needs me on his lap in the next 20 minutes.

I knock for more than five minutes without an answer. Just when I turn to go the door opens.

"Hey"

He looks at me, "Hi"

I'm glad I didn't stab him with a knife because he'd be in hospital right now and I'd be in jail.

"I'm sorry" I say.

He chuckles, "Get in before your boyfriend accuse me of making you stand on your feet"

I walk in, he lead me to the lounge. His flat is squeaky clean, he look like those neat freakish men.

"You have wounds?" I ask.

"Of course I have wounds, you stabbed me with a fork. What was wrong with you?"

I exhale, "I thought those men had kidnapped me and you were serving me drugged food so that I can be transported to Russia for prostituting without knowing"

He chuckles, "You watch too many action movies"

"I came here to apologise and check if

you need anything, like financial aid or doctor"

He chuckles, "Tyson managed everything"

I sigh in relief.

"Babe"

Gawd no!!

"Is this..? You gotta be kidding me" he say charging toward us.

I stand up, "I came in peace"

"No you stabbed my man, I'm the one who doesn't sleep a blink at night taking care of him"

"It's sleep a wink,not a blink" I say.

He point at me and clap his hands,

"You rich skanks think you can do anything and get away with it. I do not play with bitches, I'm the biggest bitch in this town.Y'all just chakalaka

bitches"

Amla get up, "Dina please babe"

Oh sweet!

"You're a man" I say.

He get to me and grab the hat off my head,

"I'm coming from that weave then I'm gonna cut your hair with a scissor baboon boobs!"

I think I'm gonna lose my cool with this man.

"Do you know how much that hat cost?" I ask.

He push one hip out, "I don't know, I don't care"

"You wouldn't know anything about hats anyway" I say.

"So you think just because you have a vagina you're a better woman than

me?" he say angrily.

I run my tongue over my teeth, "Ta-ra-ra"

"Bitch you can't even bake a cupcake and you think you're a woman"

I roll my eyes, "There is nothing I can't do bitch"

"Well I have something to prove to you, tomorrow 5pm be ready with your baking skills woman!"

I look at Amla then at him, "If you're sure, I mean I don't want to embarrass you in front of your man"

He come kiss Amla's cheek, "Babe you and Ty are gonna be the judges. I'm tired of women thinking they're better than me"

"Hey hey hey nywe nywe nywe battery doll, I will see you tomorrow. Amla get

better"

I walk out.

Well,I have a problem.I don't know how to bake.Why am I even in a competition with this man of a man? I am a woman,I don't have to prove myself to anyone.

## Chapter Hundred & Seventy

### Fikile Biyela

.

We're in Ballito with the kids. Kuhle is getting along very well with his step-brothers.Simile is not there yet,he do like Skhumbuzo I think but he is not that open and friendly yet. He stayed behind in Durban with his uncle.I'm planning to have a serious talk with

Sthelo later, this boy is growing and need some motherly advises.

"Nceba is on his way"

I turn and look at him, "What? He is in KZN?"

"Yeah, he arrived last night"

Oh this is going to be awesome. I like Nceba, he is the brother I understand.

"Well let me make go prepare a room for him" I say.

"I'm coming to help you"

Since when he help me with beds? I get new beddings and change the bed, then set the pillows and lamps.

"I thought you were coming to help me" I say.

He has been scrolling his phone by the window all along. He look at me and smile.

"How about we test this bed?"

I give him a look.

"I miss Apple, your kids never give us space come' n"

Is he serious right now? I just made this bed for a guest, who happen to be his brother.

"No" I say.

He walk to me and put his hands around my waist.

"Stop" I hiss when he kiss my neck.

He doesn't stop, he slid his hand in my butt and push his finger in between.

I move away, "Skhumbuzo!"

"Come on I will make it quick, I really miss Apple"

Gosh! I fix my skirt. He is giving me the puppy look, his front is poking out. Who think of having sex when his kids are

in the next room?

"I said no, I will give you later" I say and walk out.

I bump into Nkanyezi making his way to the bathroom. See what I was talking about.

Sthelo is now alone watching TV, he is always watching rugby. I take this as an opportunity.

"Ma I'm watching" he say when I switch it off.

I sit opposite him, "I want to talk to you"

"About what?" he ask nervously.

"About you"

He look at me freaked out. Now I know he is definitely doing something he shouldn't be doing.

"You have a girlfriend?" I ask.

He clear his throat and shake his head fast.

"No..no Ma I don't.I don't have a girlfriend"

"Don't lie" I say.

He cross his fingers, "I swear"

"Why do you have condoms in your room?" I ask.

Silence.

"Why?"

He scratch his head, "I got them at school, everyone was getting a pack.It was principal's order"

"Your pack is open" I say.

He is dumbstruck.

"Are you having sex Sthelo?" I ask.

He shake his head, "No,I swear"

He love swearing.

"The other day in Inkandla?"

He doesn't say anything.

"Was the girl a virgin? Because if so you need to get ready to pay for the damages" I say.

"Ma!!"

"Saying 'Ma' will not help you. So did you break someone's daughter's virginity?" I ask.

He look down, "She loves me"

Come again!

"She loves you? How old is she?"

"She is 15"

Love at 15?

"You don't know anything about love Sthelo. You're both young, you should be holding hands and hugging at least. Sex is for elders" I tell him.

"But it's nice"

Err! Kill me again.

"Nice is ice-cream for you, not sex.If you don't want me to call the girl's parents and tell them what you two are doing get rid of those condoms and stop doing adult's deeds"

He exhale, "Okay"

I narrow my eyes, "Okay? You know I can tell your father too,right?"

"Ma I will stop I promise"

Nice!

"I'm not stupid you must know that" I say getting up.

"I know"

"Okay I'm gonna make a nice dessert, that's the only 'nice' that will not get you in trouble or make someone pregnant"

"Who is pregnant?"

Sthelo look like he can pass out any

minute from now.

"The girl in the movie" I say walking past him.

"The TV is off" he say.

"Last night's movie"

He look at Sthelo then follow me. Why is he following me around like a puppy?

"Mama I want water" Kuhle say walking in the kitchen.

Skhu get it for him. He sit on the chair and drink small sips.

"Let me help you" Skhu say coming to the counter.

I pass the bowl to him.

"Squeeze the lemon like this, then take out the seeds" I say.

He take it, "Tonight I'm gonna fuck you so hard, you will regret denying me my

Apple" he whispers.

Wtf! There is a kid in here.

"Can you please shut up?" I say in a low voice.

"Oh take the seeds out?(loud) Then fuck you till you cry(low)"

I breath out, "Can you just...?"

"I think this slice still has some juice in it(loud), your big ass is not gonna stop me from fucking you from behind till your lips tremble (low)"

Okay, I think I'm done here.I walk away my panty getting moist.

"Baba is asking if he should add sugar?" Kuhle say.

I stop and look at him, "No"

Skhu smile, "Oh I must put it inside the fridge like this? Push it to the far corner"

I swallow, "Yeah, you do that"  
This is not funny. I go to the upstairs bathroom and change my panty.  
There is some noise downstairs, I know Nceba is here.  
He look smart then ever. He is the brother I can hug and ask why he is late. Unlike Nqubeko, I need to select my words when talking with him. He is a Zulu man like his old brother. He believe in shaking hands and addressing me by my surname.  
"You need to buy those pants for Skhumbuzo" I tell him.  
He laugh, "Don't worry, I will teach him some style"  
Skhu click his tongue, "I will never make myself Somizi's twin"  
I roll my eyes, "Tight pants don't mean

you're gay"

"It's a trend" Nceba say.

"My trend is Apple"

Wtf!

"What is that?" Nceba ask confused.

"You went to University of Fort Hare but you don't know what an apple is?" he say.

"It's a fruit, I don't get how it could be someone's trend"

He laugh, "Fikile is making a dessert with fruits.You will taste her

Apples,they're always fresh and nice"

Only if I gave this man sex when he wanted it!

I leave them talking and continue with dinner preparations.They talk very loud and laugh like hyenas.

"Ma"

I look at him, "Yes"

He open the drawer and take out the spoons.

"I just want to help you"

Oh nice!

"Don't bribe me Sthelo.No sex" I say.

He chuckles, "I'm not bribing you,I love you"

Huh???

"What?"

He shrug, "I love you"

I smile and open my arms, "Come here"

He stay in my arms briefly, "Well...the spoons"

I laugh, "You can't even stay in your mom's arms for two minutes"

"It's awkward"

But bonking that little girl isn't

awkward,neh.

"Thanks, I love you too" I say.

"I know"

I try to ignore all Skhumbuzo's sly comments throughout the dinner.He is making it hard for me to breath. I think Nceba is catching on,now he is laughing if Skhumbuzo compliment my dessert.He doesn't know that all this is happening because I refused to make sex on his bed.

After dinner Nceba offers to clean the table.He is a gentleman like that.The boys go to their rooms to bath.

I follow this man to our room.

"You amaze me sometimes, you know"

I say behind him.

"You also amaze me,I love you"

He is trying to be smart.

"What was that all about? Apple this, dessert that" I say my hands on the waist.

"That's food" he say taking off his t-shirt.

"But you was not referring to food" I say.

"I was talking about food"

I exhale, "Whatever, don't do it again"

He pull my arm, "I'm hungry, you know"

"You want food?" I ask.

His lip curve into a smile, "If you're hungry your lips stick together... Let me see if you're not hungry?"

He slid his hand in my panty "You're hungry MaBiyela"

I just kiss him, "I miss you"

He lift me to his waist, "You're so wet"

We take action to the bathroom. He is so energetic, Nkosi is all out and tigerish.

Today he is the one to fuck and fall asleep. As soon as he get on bed,he close his eyes and zone out.I put my gown on and walk out to the kids. They're still playing games together, only Sthelo is not here.I go to the kitchen to get myself a glass of wine.I feel moisture between my thighs.Skhumbuzo seriously need to start using a condom.I can't stand this. I rush to the bathroom and wipe.This bathroom is next to Nceba's bedroom.He is still up, the music is playing loud. I walk to his door and knock. "Push" he yell.

I push the door, "So much noise"  
He lower the volume, "I'm sorry,I  
thought you were all upstairs"  
"I just came to get a glass of wine"  
He chuckles, "It's true, opposite  
attract"

"Don't start with that,you haven't  
attracted any ugly woman" I say.  
He laughs.

"So when are you getting a girlfriend" I  
ask.

"Never"

"Are you gay?"

He laugh, "Hell no"

"I'll wait till you bring proof"

He shake his head.

"Pour a glass for me too" he say.

He doesn't follow me,so I must bring  
the glass back to him.I get a bottle of

dry wine and pour two glasses.

He is on the phone laughing. I stop by the door, I don't want to disturb.

"I miss you too...come on my love it's only a few days...tell him to stop being naughty, he is a big boy now...okay babe, tell him daddy misses him... Okay I love you Theh, goodnight"

So he have a girlfriend! But wait... he is a daddy? Why don't I know anything about it?

I walk in smiling, "Well..?"

He take the glass, "Well thank you"

"I heard something like 'daddy misses him' I didn't know you have a girlfriend, let alone a child"

He spill the wine on the bed, "I'm not sure what you're talking about"

I frown, "Are you okay?"

He nod his head, "Yes, I am okay"

He is acting weird. I offer to change the bed for him.

"Are you sure you're okay?" I ask again before walking out.

"Yeah" he nod his head.

"Okay,goodnight"

"Fiki"

I stop and look at him.

"I'd appreciate if you hook me up with your hot friends" he say with a fake smile.

"I'll try"

I'm confused.

Why is Nceba acting this bumpy?

Having a girlfriend and a child in his age isn't such a bad thing.It look like he want me to forget about his phone conversation and hook him up with

someone. Why would I do that? I heard him saying he love her.

And this one? Wasn't he sleeping ten minutes ago?

"Where are you coming from?"

Really? They need to stop being weird.

"Downstairs, I needed a glass of wine" I say.

I get on bed and lie on his chest.

"I thought you were sleeping" I say.

"Kuhle woke me up, he wanted a tablet"

I need to teach Kuhle some manners.

"You didn't tell me that Nceba have a child" I say.

"He don't have a child"

I raise my head, "I heard him speaking with his babymama on the phone"

He chuckles, "Was that before or after

you drank the wine?"

"I'm serious Skhumbuzo"

He pin my head on his chest, "Sleep my love"

I'm not drunk.

Chapter Hundred & Seventy-One

Zanda Dlamini

.

"NKABI GO FASTER"

The pain is unbearable, I want to fight him off but he is too strong. The other two is making sure that no one is coming. All I'm praying for now is that he finishes soon.

"You're hurting me" I say in pain.

He pin my hands to the grass and pump faster than before.

"HAHAHA THAT'S THE NKABI I KNOW" one say.

Tears are rolling to my neck, "Please stop,you're hurting me"

He won't stop.They're praising him,that make him even more aggressive.

"You're hurting me...Pleaseeeeeee!!!"

I feel strong hands shaking my body violently,my feet feel free I start kicking.

"You're hurting me" I keep crying out.

"Zanda!!" I hear the voice calling far away.

"No" I kick again and again and again.

"Babe"

Everything wears off,I open my eyes

and look around.Mandla is holding his chin looking at me.I kicked him?!

My hands are shaking,my cheeks are wet,there is a lump on my throat.

"Babe" he touch my face.

He look very concerned and disturbed.

"Ma..Mandla"

He pull me to his chest, "Don't cry, I'm here"

I'm so glad he is here.Glad that I'm on my bed and it was a dream.But it felt so real, I felt that pain.

I touch my lower body expecting to feel the pain.I move my legs and feel no pain.

I look at him, "Thanks"

He kiss the top of my head, "It's alright"

I've been occupying my mind with a lot

lately. I stress about a lot of unnecessary things, like people I randomly bump to. I'm slowly losing my focus, which is my little family. I get off his chest, he is hesitant of letting me go. I give him an assuring look and get off bed. Leano is awake, just looking around silently. I lift him up and kiss his forehead. He must be hungry, I need to go prepare his bottles since all the bottles are empty. I go to the bathroom first and wash my face and teeth. I look at my reflection in the mirror and remember the prayer I used to say every morning:

DEAR LORD

PLEASE HELP ME TO REMEMBER  
THAT NOTHING IS GONNA HAPPEN

TO ME TODAY THAT YOU AND I CAN'T  
HANDLE

I've been in the kitchen making  
breakfast with Leano. I feel better now,  
nothing else matters when I'm in the  
kitchen cooking.

I don't know what's keeping Mandla, he  
will be late for work. I take Leano and  
go up to check on him.

He is still on bed.

"Did you see the time?" I ask.

"Yeah, I'm not going to work"

I sigh, "You should've told me, I  
wouldn't have made breakfast this  
early"

I sit on bed and put Leano next to him.

"We need to go out, get some air since  
you're not going to work" I say.

"I don't want to go out, I wanna stay

with you here all day"

I smile, "I'm flattered"

"In the mornings you look even more beautiful"

I blush, "Is it?"

"Come here"

He put Leano on his chest and cover me with one arm.

"I love you two, so much" he say kissing both of us on the cheeks.

He is making this morning perfect. I don't know what I did for God to deserve this good guy. He is everything a girl want. I don't see my life without him, he is my light in the darkness.

"What was it about?"

I'm not sure what he is talking about.

"The dream" he say before I can ask.

"Oh it was... it was a bad dream" I say.

"I know it was bad, you nearly kicked my teeth off"

Gosh I didn't even say sorry.

"Did I hurt you?" I ask checking his chin.

"No,I'm hurting from these dreams you keep having"

I look at him, "Keep?"

"It's been two days,the other days you don't wake up.You cry in your sleep"

I exhale, "Maybe I need to clear my head"

"What is bothering you?" he ask.

"It's silly,I should've let it go.I'm just..."

He cut in, "What is it Zanda?"

"It's Phindile's brother, I just can't shake him off"

He sigh, "Not Nkabenhle again"

This is the reaction I expected.

"It's like I know him somewhere and he did something bad to me. I don't know, his presence brought something out in me. It freaks me out"

"Nkabenhle has been living in that Ziphe's place for years, there is no way you know him and there is no way he could've done something bad to you" he say.

I exhale, "You're right, he is a good person. I mustn't judge him"

"Exactly babe"

We spend half the day together, around 1pm he leave for work. Yeah he didn't keep his promise, duty calls. I'm grateful for the time he spent with me though. He fed me in every way. I'm even blushing to his picture on the wall.

Phone rings.

It's Phindile,I answer.

Me : Hello

Her : Hey sisi how are you?

Me : I'm good,you?

Her : I'm great,looking forward to tonight

What is happening tonight?

Me : Did I miss an important invitation?

Her : Don't tell me you forgot about Zethu and her gay friend's baking competition.

Omg! I totally forgot about that.Zethu is going to kill me.

Me : It is today?!

Her : You want to tell me you haven't sent the recipes to her as she asked?

Me : No

Her : I don't think she is a great loser  
so please do send the recipes

Me : Oh don't worry I will send them  
now

Her : Anyway if you're coming to the  
competition wear blue jeans and white  
top

I'm not going but what is the dress  
code for?

Me : Why?

Her : (laughing) I don't know sis'  
Zanda

Me : Your roommate is extra dramatic

Her : I was just passing the message,  
continue with your day

I clear my throat.

Me : Phindile how is your brother?

Her : Umhhh..He is fine,thanks for  
asking

Me : Our encounter was awkward,I wasn't very nice to him.Please send my apologies to him

Her : Don't worry,he is over it. You're our ex-hommie anyway

Me : Yeah well,all from the Thukela side ne

Her : I mean you are originally from Eshowe I heard, we also lived in Eshowe before his disappearance.Then we moved to Darnall

Me : Oh really?

Her : Yes,my manager is here.Bye This explains why I felt like I've seen Phindile before.I need to make a call. She answers after a decade,sounding like someone who just woke up.

"Are you sleeping at this time?" I ask.

"Yeah,it's early this side"

I find a place to sit, "I want to ask you about Nkabebenhle"

"What about him?" Now she sound awake.

"Is he a bully?"

Silence.

I restructure my question, "Do you think he is capable of hurting someone? A girl maybe"

"No,he is a good guy Zanda" she say.

"I had a dream, a crazy one"

"Do tell" she say.

"He was raping me in my dream" I say.

Silence.

"Ziphe are you there?"

She cough, "Yeah I'm here"

"I know it sounds crazy" I say.

"Ya it sounds crazy.I thought you had buried the past"

I didn't expect this response.

"I'm just curious,one of the guys who raped me was Nkabi, now he turns out to be Nkabenhle originally from Eshowe" I say.

"Nkabenhle is not a bad person,I lived with him for almost 9months.I saw him rectifying his past and becoming a new man,even the ancestors and God forgave him"

"Ziphe what do you mean?"

She drop the call.

It sounds like she knows something about this guy.I call her again,she doesn't pick up.I need to find the truth,she can't keep it from me.She is my friend,we were friends before Nkabenhle.

I get my baby and his bag then drive to

her place. She is in the kitchen washing the pots, they're killing my sight. Too shining.

"Slaving yourself?"

She turn and nearly drop down.

"You aren't answering my calls so I thought we'd talk face to face" I say.

She sigh "Talk about what?"

"How long was Nkabenhle in that place?" I ask.

"Zanda I'm sorry" she say.

I stare at her.

She put everything in the sink and wipe her hands.

"Give Leano to me" she say taking him.

She sit on the chair, "He told me one of the main reasons he came to that place was to find peace, something had been haunting him. As we grew closer he

told me what him and his friends did to this girl while he was visiting them in their village"

I swallow the lump, "Okay"

"I really didn't think that girl was you, he wanted to find you and apologise. But when he saw you in town he just sank..."

I bang the table, "So he is one of them? He killed my childhood Ziphe!!"

"He knows that and trust me when I say this has been haunting him for..."

I cut her stupid speech, "Now you know the truth about him, what are we going to do?"

She frown, "You want to report him to the police?"

I wipe the tears, "No that will drag all my energy, I will do justice myself"

"Oh?"

I nod, "All I need you to do for me is keep tabs on him"

"You want me to stalk him?" she ask.

"Yes,I need to know the places he go to regularly"

She exhale, "I love you Zanda and can do anything for you,except this"

Tell me she is joking.

"Ziphe you're the only one who can help me get my rapist" I say.

"I can't choose between you and him,you're both important in my life and I don't want to see either of you getting hurt" she say in tears.

"By not helping me you're blatantly choosing him"

She keep quiet.I take Leano and his bag then walk out hurt then ever before.

I never saw this one coming. Nkabenhle has taken my friend.

## Chapter Hundred & Seventy-Two Fikile Biyela

.

I've had a long day, all I'm looking forward to is a warm bath and foot massage. My heart sinks as I remember we have a guest, so I definitely need to cook. I can't feed him takeouts.

Before I get out the car I call my sons, by saying my sons I'm including Skhumbuzo's sons as well. I enquire about each of their day and check if they need anything. Now I am a mother of five boys, I don't think it would be a problem if I tie my tubes. I can't

imagine myself pregnant and explaining to Simile and Sthelo that I've been having unprotected sex now there is a little person growing inside my womb. That would embarrass them, they're grown.

There is an aroma infiltrating my nostrils. I know Skhumbuzo is not home yet and he would never cook such appetizing food.

If amazing doesn't describe this guy then I don't know what to say.

"Hello" I greet.

He turns around, "Hey you're back"

I put my bag on the table, "I didn't know you're a cook"

He smiles, "I try"

"You don't try, the smell tells me you're an expert and I must go take a bath"

quickly" I say.

"Well I learnt from the best"

I wink, "The babymama?"

"No my mother" he say turning back to the stove.

"Why are you keeping her a secret?" I ask.

"Who?"

He is acting dumb, but I'm Fikile I'm gonna milk this out of him.

"Theh" I say.

He turn around quickly, "Where did you get that?"

He look so freaked out, it's funny.

"I can't say my source" I say.

"Is it my brother?"

"Nope"

He look relieved.

"So he knows about her?" I ask.

He sigh, "No"

I widen my eyes, "Why? You guys are brothers,he deserve atleast to know his nephew"

He is failing to keep eye contact,

"You're right,I'm just waiting for the right time"

"Well it's your life,your calls" I say picking my bag walking away.

I don't understand why he is keeping this from his family.He is close to Skhumbuzo's children,why can't he let Skhumbuzo do the same to his child.

I take a long bath,I ain't rushing nowhere my brother-in-law is

cooking.When I get out of the

bathroom I call Skhumbuzo to check

when he will be home.My heart jump

in joyful rhythm when he tell me he

will be here shortly.It's been a whole day without seeing those Chinese eyes. I dress up and return downstairs to help Nceba where necessary.

"You need any help?" I ask.

"No,you can relax"

Well, I sit on the chair and watch him.

"You should try modelling,you have all the qualities" I say.

He chuckles, "Never,everyone would laugh at me in Nkandla"

He is right,especially his two brothers.

"You're a waste of height and good structure" I say.

He laugh.

"You're made for him"

I frown, "Huh?"

"My brother.You're the one made for him,I'm glad you're here"

I smile, "Match made from heaven ne?"  
"Definitely,love him and never change"  
he say in a serious tone.

"Trust me I love him"

He exhale, "Thank you"

"Why are you so serious?" I ask.

"I've been waiting for someone to  
come and rewrite his life and help him  
get over..his ex-wife"

I nod, "I understand that woman left a  
huge gap in his life.I wonder how she  
sleeps at night not knowing what her  
children eat and wear"

"Life is unpredictable I guess" he say.

"Yeah"

He take off the apron, "I need to take a  
bath,check the pots for me"

"Sure"

He walk away rubbing his hands.I

wonder what is troubling this  
dude.Maybe the babymama gave him  
korobela.

Cellphone rings.That's not my  
ringtone,he must've left his phone  
behind.

There it is.

The person calling is so persistent.I  
take it and look at the screen.It's 'My  
Love' calling,her picture is showing  
with her number.She is beautiful.

I rush to his bedroom and knock.

"Your phone" I yell.

He open the door, "Thanks"

I close the door and walk away.She  
look beautiful and familiar.Maybe I  
know her from Facebook.

Something is burning! I rush to the  
stove and check.

"Sthandwa sami"

I turn around with a big smile, "My Skhumbuzo"

I turn off the stove and go get my kiss.

"I was missed I see" he cheekily.

I put my hands on his cheeks, "Can I eat you?"

He laugh, "No"

I lick his chin "Mhhh"

He laugh and kiss my cheek, "Can I go take a shower first?"

I pout, "Fineeeee"

"Did you eat my brother too?"

I roll my eyes, "He is taking a bath,he's been cooking a storm here"

He laugh, "Typical bachelor"

I watch him until he disappears,I'm whipped.

The dirty apron is still on the table,I

pick it and feel an object in the pocket. I walk to the laundry room and take the thing out. It's a watch. Nceba must've forgotten it. It's a beautiful watch embroidered with small letters. Read: Thembeke & Nceba. Maybe it was a gift from the babymama. She is Theh, short for Thembeke.

I put the watch on the table and follow my man upstairs.

Arg! He is in the shower. I miss him. I pick his bag on the bed and go put it in the study. Oops! I drop something. His business card; SKHUMBUZO NKOSI.

I shake my head, "You can't even zip your bag properly dude"  
My mind dash elsewhere. The

traditional wedding picture I saw in Inkandla.

**\*\*Thembeke Sibisi and Skhumbuzo Nkosi 2004\*\***

Okay I need to think straight. The picture I saw on Nceba's phone is the elegant version of a lady in that picture. Her name was also Thembeke. I refuse to believe this. It's a coincidence, there is no way.

I'm supposed to get the Thembeke thing off my mind and focus on this dinner. Nceba is leaving tomorrow, they're talking about renovating their home in Inkandla.

"And you need to get a girlfriend, you're grown now"  
Skhumbuzo say to him.

He chuckles, "I'm still young brother"

"Young? You have a beard Nkosi"  
Nceba laughs, "Let me enjoy my life"  
Skhumbuzo look at me, "Tell him you'll  
be bored in that big home alone"  
I smile and look at Nceba. He doesn't  
keep eye contact.

"When are you bringing her?" I ask.  
He choke, "Guys stop"  
Skhumbuzo laughs "I'm losing hope in  
you"

"Don't worry about me, I'm fine" he  
say.

He is not fine, he betrayed his family  
and hell is gonna break loose. I'm not  
ready for the storm that is coming, I  
just hope everybody survive, especially  
the kids.

## Chapter Hundred & Seventy-Three

### Nceba Nkosi (Just a view)

.

I'm two months from turning thirty years, my life is something I never dreamed of.

I found love, I was young I didn't understand what I was doing but whenever I was around her I felt loved and needed. Every time I visited home she was the only person who made me feel welcomed.

She was also young, but older than me and she was married. Married to my old brother, Skhumbuzo. They had a child together, which I think was one of the reasons they got married. He was in varsity studying to be an accountant. I guess part of her coming to my hut

every night was loneliness. We'd talk for hours, about our lives and dreams. Before marriage she wanted to be a nurse, that's what she talked about every day.

All I wanted was love. Nobody gave me that. Not my mother, not my uncles. I was that child. I grew up in my uncle's home because he had no boy so I was the sacrificed child.

Whenever I visited home I got this bad vibe from my mother. Yes MaMvelase never liked me. I never got the lastborn special treatment, I was rather an outcast. Only MaSibisi gave me attention and treated me like her husband's little brother.

Nqubeko didn't have time, he was always away. Never did he sit with me

down and talked to me like his little brother. The only thing he did was catch a taxi to my school and stand outside the gate. Then he'd stop me and ask me to point at whoever was bothering me. Yes, the only time I'd see his love for me was when he was beating the shit out of my enemies. Skhumbuzo resided inside his varsity, I rarely spent time with him. But he sent me cosmetics and R200 every month. I didn't understand why he was sending me money instead of my mother. My mother was taking care of them, giving them everything. I didn't understand, I thought maybe it was because I wasn't staying with her. It was until I heard that I was an unwanted baby that I understood.

Apparently when her husband died she was forced to be a wife to his brother, who is my father. I confronted her about it, she apologized and blamed a couple of family members. Anyway I moved on from that and rekindled my relationship with her.

My brother had his second child, that time me and MaSibisi had grown closer. I was in studying in Fort Hare, we kept contact and updated each other on everything. We had made our first mistake, we had slept together a number of times. I wanted to stop, she wanted to stop but it was automatically going on. My brother never paid attention to anything, he was busy building his future.

It was September holidays when I returned home for two weeks. A lot happened in that two weeks, my mother visited her brother. Nqubeko was gone to a certain camp with his friends, Skhumbuzo was working and studying further part time. MaSibisi was convinced he stayed away from home on purpose, a part of me thought she was right. He never acted like a husband, he was always convincing her he is building a future for them. That he wanted to buy them a house in Ballito and make sure his children never suffer. He sold her dreams, so I thought back then.

I comforted her and took care of her for that two weeks. She spent two nights in my hut. We did everything her

and Skhumbuzo did.I dug my grave deeper,there was no coming out.A couple weeks later she called and told me she was pregnant and not sure who the father was.I went back home immediately and accompanied her to the doctor.To my relief she was two weeks early to be pregnant by me.That day we swore to stop.We cut all communication,I didn't return home for months.That was the hardest time of my life.

One day Nqubeko showed up in my residence wearing blue overrall and All Star takkies.He packed my bag and told me we're going home.I've never been so scared in my life.I could see on his face that something was wrong. When we arrived home Skhumbuzo

was holding a wailing newborn sitting on the bench looking lost. All the relatives were there including my cousin Lungile who welcomed me with a huge clap asking why did I abandon home.

She left.

There was a little letter she left for him. I didn't read it but I knew I had to find her. Skhumbuzo became the laughing stock in the community. Everyone knew that the Nkandla accountant was left by his wife. He lost weight and isolated himself. I saw weakness and hopelessness right through his eyes. I returned back to varsity and started my investigation. It wasn't hard to find MaSibisi, Thembeke. I found her and

begged her to go back home but it was like pouring water on the duck. As much as I was against her leaving her marriage I had to help her get her life together. We ended up renting a room together, that's when everything resumed.

Three years later she fell pregnant, there was no turning back. My son was born, he is seven years now and nobody in my family knows about him.

Everytime I look at Sthelo, Mfundi and Nkanyezi I feel guilty. I took their mother from them, if I didn't start sleeping with her and turn myself into her shoulder to cry on they would've grown with their mother.

By the way he did buy a house in

Ballito for his children.He is financial stable,his children will never worry financially.He has found love again and that make me feel like I'm indebted to MaBiyela,Fikile.She has filled all the gaps.The kids now have a mother,Skhumbuzo is happy and getting married again.I'm praying nothing go wrong.

I'm a messy person trying to live life under circumstances.

Chapter Hundred &Seventy-Four  
Nozipho Biyela

.

"Mama when is my friend Jessica

coming to see me?" he ask loud around dinner table.

I look at Sbusiso,he is pretending as if he didn't hear him.He hate Jessica with passion now.After a big fight we had the night he found out about Jessica's visits this talk is the last thing I need.

"Soon my boy" I brush his head.

He look up at me like I just announced World War 10.I keep the eye contact till he give up.I'm not about to break my son's heart,if lying to him is what I must do so be it.

"Are you guys done eating?" he ask.

They nod their heads.

"Okay go watch TV upstairs"

They stand up and leave.I don't look at him cause I know he want to fight.

"See what you've done"

I keep quiet and eat my food.

"This is what happens when you grow balls and make stupid decisions. Now my son is not forgetting about that bitch"

I clear my throat, "Should I pour you a drink?"

"You think I want a drink? No I want you to tell me how you're going to get Jessica out of his mind. I want no skunk near my son" he say.

I sigh, "Sbusiso I don't have time for this, I've explained and owned up to my mistakes. What more do you want from me?"

"He is my son and you are letting strangers in his life!"

I look at him, "He is my son too"

"Really?"

I will excuse him for that shade.

"I care about him,I was just trying to do what I thought was best for him"

He rub his hands, "Best Nozipho?

Maybe you needed a drop of his blood in your vessels to understand what's best for him"

"Wow!"

He stand and pick his glass.

"Stop taking ill decisions regarding my son without me.Just in case you didn't realise I went through your phone earlier and saw everything.News to you and your friend Sphiwo will not have any party planned by her"

He walk away.

I pour myself a glass of water to calm the heat I'm feeling.I've dedicated my all in this marriage and parenthood in

totality.I will never put my children's life in danger.For him to use Sphiwo's DNA to show his anger is wrong.He is my son.

I take the car keys and my purse and walk out.

I drive to the botique,I have so much work to do.I'm pretty sure his perfect parent self will manage.

I check time,it's 23h15.My eyes are failing to stay on the screen now,maybe I should knock off.I made a booking in the hotel.My phone has been on silence all along.I take it and swipe the screen.I have tons of missed calls and messages.

**\*\*MaZungu where are you\*\***

I shake my head.The first thing he did was run to his father.I know I'm acting

childish right now.I should put my children first,but he need to know how much of my energy I put on raising the kids I have and not have blood of in my vessels.

I spend the night in the hotel.I miss my kids so bad,especially my little Yamihle.It take everything in me not to get in the car and drive home.

My old man has been calling too.News travel really fast.He is the only person I can't ignore.I call him back.

"Dad"

"Nozipho" he say in a huge relief.

I wipe the tears, "I'm fine"

"Fine where Nozipho?"

"I'm in the hotel"

He stay quiet for a moment.

"You left without telling anyone where

you were going. Your family is worried sick"

"Dad he said Sphiwo is not my child"

"What???"

I exhale, "I was not right, but that baba?"

"This boy does not know me. You raised that child, he have no right" he say.

"He hurt me"

"I will fly to Durban tomorrow morning, return home to your kids I will sort this out with his parents as soon as I get there, okay nana?"

Sigh.

"Okay"

I drop the call and get ready to go home to my children. The time is 7:11am, I call their school and tell them

they will be late due to family crisis.  
The cars outside! I definitely married  
to the drama.I park my car outside and  
walk in.

"She is here"

Didn't we marry this one off this family  
a couple of months ago?

"Good morning" I greet them and walk  
past to where the kids are chaosing.

"Mommy" Ayanda see me first.

I take the remote and switch the TV  
off, "Everyone to the bathroom"

"It's our day off,we are not going to  
school" Sphiwo say.

"I said everyone to the bathroom" I say  
in a firmer tone.

They jump off the couch and run.I  
collect the gown and socks they  
left.They're so clumsy.

"MaZungu"

I turn around, "Baba how are you?"

"I'm fine"

I nod and walk past him. He look like he have something to say.

His son is waiting in the passage with a pissed off face. I don't give him the recognition. I walk to Sena, she have Yamihle on her lap.

"Can I?" I say.

She look at me, "Sure"

I squeeze the gown under my arm and take Yamihle. I wonder when did they arrive here. The prince must've said he is alone and they jumped straight here. She start laughing as I walk away.

"Must I book a normal room or VIP in the mortuary?" she is asking her brother.

I help them bath and get dressed then go pack biscuits and juice for them.

"You're taking Yamihle to school too?"

Sena ask.

"Yes...Sphiwo in the car"

Just a while ago they were telling me about their day off and sulking,now they're happy talking about what they will do at school.

I drop them off in their schools and drive back home.

The cars are gone,thanks God.

"Hey"

Hey???

I look at him.Who said we are talking to each other?

"Mama I was wrong,I'm sorry"

I fill the kettle with water and put for boiling.I'm not interested in his petty

apology. He sit on the chair and watch me making Yami's bottles. Is he not working today?

"Where did you sleep?"

I don't answer.

"Nozipho where were you?"

I exhale, "In the hotel"

"I didn't mean to hurt you" he say.

"Ya right, you were just expressing your true feelings"

"I'm sorry babe" he say.

"So am I for taking decisions regarding your son"

He chuckles, "You know he is your son too, I was just angry. I mean Nozipho you continuously disrespect me and plan things with that girl even though I told you I don't want her near Sphiwo again"

"I want her present in Sphiwo's life,I don't care what she did in the past.She gave birth to him,we all make mistakes" I say.

"No"

"I want her in his life,Sphiwo want her in his life.You're outvoted and selfish" He get off the chair, "I'm trying to work things out, it doesn't mean you should disrespect me as your husband and Sphiwo's father"

"You think you're being a husband and Sphiwo's father by denying Sphiwo to know his Jessica? No,you're being Biyela's spoilt brat who is used to have things his way"

"It's not about having my way" he say.

"Whatever,but you need to understand that this is not about you and your

feelings but it's about Sphiwo who I know nothing about because he is not my blood"

He sigh, "Stop saying that, I didn't mean it"

I pick Yamihle, "Well you'll explain it better to my dad tomorrow. How his grandson, he loved and still love so dearly is not his grandson because of blood"

He reach for my arm, "I admit I was out of line, please forgive me for that"

"I don't forgive you Sbusiso" I say and leave him standing there.

I stop halfway, "Just in case you've forgotten whatever happens, be it a break up or what, Sphiwo will always be my son. He is legally mine"

He look stunned. I walk upstairs with

my son and give him a bath. The helpers must've got the day off because the Biyela problems should not be witnessed by outsiders.

I hear footsteps behind me.

"So someone you've known for two minutes has turned you against me?"

Like really now? I keep quiet.

"You can let her see him, it's okay" he says.

What a revolution!

I look at him, "Really?"

"Ya, but tell me if she is coming I don't want to be around her"

My face drops, "I thought we're moving on"

"I will never forget the hatred she had for Sphiwo, evident on her face and words. I will never forgive her"

I exhale, "I understand"

He put his hands on my shoulders, look in my eyes then turn back and leave.

Chapter Hundred & Seventy-Five  
Ziphelele Mokoena

.

He is watching me as I put bread slices on his plate. I add sausages on the side and a bowl of chutney. He look even more stunned.

"Must I eat?" he ask when I sit down.

I look at him, "Yes"

He look down on his plate, "Today I'm eating breakfast for supper?"

Sigh.

"Bread can be used multi purposely" I

say.

Maybe I've spoiled him, now he feel entitled to three colours supper.

"I see,thanks" he pick a sausage and start eating.

There is a hard knock at the door.Whoever it is is aiming to break my door.Thapelo wipe his hands and go open.

He ask whoever it is if everything is okay.I don't hear the person's response,I hear footsteps drawing closer.

"How could you?"

It's Mandla.He is breathing fire.

"Hi bhut' Mandla" I say.

"You knew what he did to Zanda and kept quiet.You watched me laughing with the guy.What kind of a person are

you?"

He got everything wrong.

"Mandla I didn't know all the facts, I didn't know it was Zanda" I say.

"Now you know and what do you do? You stand by him. I thought Zanda was your friend"

Thapelo sit on the chair, "What is going on? Mandla you can't just budge in my house during dinner and shout at my wife. Talk to me"

"Don't tell me crap Thapelo, you and wife has let Zanda's rapist in your lives. That's inconsiderate, Zanda doesn't deserve this"

Thapelo frown, "What is he talking about babe?"

I look down. This is not the way I wanted him to find out.

"I'm talking about your wife's lifesaver, your son's godfather" Mandla say.

I look at Mandla, "Please calm down"

"I won't calm down until that bastard get punishment for what he did to Zanda with his friends"

I get a glass of juice and gulp down.

"Ziphelele what is he talking about?"

he ask again, his tone firmer.

"Nkabenhle was one of the guys who gangraped Zanda" I say.

"And you let him in my damn house?"

he ask standing up.

"I didn't know the girl was Zanda, he only told me about the incident. I found out recently that it was Zanda" I say.

"So him raping a random girl make it okay for him to come to my house and

hold my son? Ziphe I can't believe you"  
Now I have two angry men staring at  
me.

"He made a mistake.He is not a bad  
person babe"

He look at Mandla and point at me,  
"What is wrong with her? The guy  
raped a girl,not just any girl but her  
friend who is like a sister to her.But he  
is not a bad person?"

"Maybe they're fucking" Mandla say.  
I want to throw this juice on his  
face.How dare?!

"Call him and tell him to come here"  
Thapelo say.

"Why?" I ask.

"I want to see him"

I don't like this.

"He could be in Darnall,you know he is

not permanently residing in Durban"

He walk to me, "Call him"

"I don't want to play part in this"

"I'm gonna fuck you right on this table  
infront of your bhut' Mandla.Call him"

he say in a low firm voice.

I take my phone and dial Nkabenhle's  
number with trembling hands.I'm  
praying he doesn't pick up.

"Hello" he answers.

My heart sink, "Hey unjani?"

"I'm okay"

I glance at Thapelo, "Are you in  
Durban?"

Please say no.

"Yes,I'm returning home tomorrow" he  
say.

"Please come to my house"

"Is everything okay?" he ask.

"No"

Thapelo clear his throat.

"What's wrong? Are you well? Give me half an hour I'm coming. Should I bring anything?"

"Just be strong" I say and end the call. I look at them, "He is coming"

Thapelo grab my phone and put it on the other side. He stand up and take my hand.

"Come"

I frown and stand up. He pick Phakade from his seater and lead me upstairs.

He close the bedroom door and ask,

"How could you?"

"How do you expect me to choose from them? He is the reason why I'm here today with Phakade. He took care of me in the foreign world, I care about him

too" I say.

He put Phakade on the bed, "Do you remember Zanda? Did you not see the suffer, the pain and struggle in her?

Have you forgotten?"

"It wasn't just him, everyone must be punished when punishment is being served"

He pull me to his chest, "When paths cross trust me they will. It's one rapist at a time"

"He was, not anymore. He has changed"

He lift my face and kiss my lips, "Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure"

He pull my dress up and take down my g-string.

"I want to calm you down" he say.

I exhale, "Just tell me you're not going

to hurt him"

He get on his knees, "Mhhh"

He attack my vjay with his tongue.I  
part my legs and push his head deep  
in.

"Babe I want you now" I cry breathing  
heavily.

He throw me on bed and pull my leg to  
his shoulders.

"Did you pump enough milk for  
Phakade?"

My clit is throbbing, "Yeah, please fuck  
me"

"Okay my love"

He fuck me to the point where my  
body run out of energy.The last  
blowing orgasm shut down my  
system.I sleep naked with juices  
flowing down my legs.

I'm feeling so much fatigue, especially my legs. I open my eyes, the lights are on. I look around, neither of them is on bed.

Where did Thapelo take my son?

My mind flip back. He fucked me to sleep, I smile. But my smile is shortlived as I remember what went down before I was brought here.

I jump off bed and get a gown. I put on the gown and run downstairs.

"Thapelo! Mandla!" I call running to the dining room.

He is on his knees scrubbing the tiles.

"Babe" I say.

He look up, "Hey"

I look in the five litre bucket next to him, "Thapelo!!!"

The water is red. There is blood all over

the table and floor.

"Take Phakade and go upstairs" he say.

"No, what did you do to him?" I ask.

"Nothing"

"Whose blood is this?"

He ignore me.

"Where is Mandla?" I ask.

"He is gone"

I look around for my phone, "Where is my phone?"

"There on the stand"

I take it and swipe the screen. I have missed calls from Nkabenhle of about three hours ago. There is one text message he wrote telling me he is outside.

I call him back, it ring unanswered. I look at Thapelo.

"What did you guys do?" I ask.

"Nothing Addington can't fix"

I pace around in disbelief. Is this how he thank him for taking care of me and our son while he was throwing his dick in every possible hole?

"For your own sake pray nothing happens to him" I say.

He stand up, "Believe me Ziphe if I ever had to choose between that fucker and Zanda I will definitely choose Zanda, because she was also here for me when you were not. She made sure I eat, take medication for the leg and not fall inlove with anyone because she believed and cared for my wife"

"All I'm saying is pray nothing happens to Nkabenhle"

He chuckles, "You think God care for rapists?"

"Maybe we should give Phindile a call so that she can come see what her guardian angel did to her brother"  
His face change.

"I knew you didn't think this through, so pray nothing happens to him or else you stand to lose a lot people" I say.  
He look at me and bite his lip.I leave him standing there.

## Chapter Hundred &Seventy-Six Senamile Madlala

.

There are good and bad times in every family, but I think our bad time in this family is more frequent than our good times.

Last night I had to rush to Sbusiso's house, which is where I spent the night babysitting his children because his wife went missing.

This morning I get a shocking call from Mandla. Ziphe's Nkabenhle is one of Zanda's rapists. Now there is a beef between Zanda and Ziphe because Ziphe doesn't want to choose sides.

I get where my little sister is coming from, she feels indebted to the guy, but I do think we should be supporting Zanda on this one.

I drive to Ziphe's house, I need to talk to her before I go see Zanda.

It looks like she is getting ready to go somewhere.

"Hello" I greet.

"Hey sis"

I take Phakade from the seater, "Hello Mokoena..he is growing up,hey"

"Yeah, he will date your coloured daughter"

I roll my eyes, "They will be family"

"If she is too cute,we will please with a goat"

We both laugh.

"I hear about you and Zanda"

She sigh, "You're here to crucify me?"

"No, I just want to know if he is worth it?"

She look at me, "Do you see what you're holding? That's your answer"

"Ziphe I get it.He was your guardian angel and helped you throughout the pregnancy up until birth-giving.But he destroyed Zanda's life" I tell her.

"They destroyed Zanda's life; Him,the

other two, the policeman and the uncle. But only one person is lying in hospital, is it fair?"

I'm so glad Zanda is not here to hear this insensitive talk.

"Nkabenhle is here, the others are not. You want fairness on the rapist? Ziphe listen to yourself"

"Didn't Zanda's brother rape Fikile? Did he get punished?" she asks.

"The cases are different, Mvuse was her boyfriend" I say.

"Rape is sex without consent. We don't break it down and simplify it"

Ziphe is being difficult, she doesn't realise the long-term effect this might have on her relationship with Zanda and Mandla. Zanda might never trust her again.

"So you're off to the hospital?" I ask. She nod, "Yeah, then I will drive past Zanda's house.They're both my friends,I love them and understand each of their sides.I can't choose between them no matter whose past is darker and that is the part nobody want to understand"

The door opens, Zethu walk in followed by Phindile.

"What happened?" Zethu ask before she even get to us.

Phindile look devastated.Her eyes are red.This is going to break a lot of people.

"It was Mandla and Thapelo, I was sleeping when I woke up Thapelo was cleaning blood on the floor" Ziphe tell her.

"He didn't rape anyone,they got all this wrong" Phindile say.

Ziphe sigh, "I'm going to check him,do you want to come"

Phindile look at Zethu.Zethu brush her arm.

"It's gonna be okay girl"

Simtho walk in dressed up like Katy Perry.She look at Phindile and Ziphe then widen her eyes at me.

"You're still here?" she ask Phindile.

"Where else would she be?" Ziphe ask.

"I don't know,her brother is a rapist.I think we should upgrade our security systems,Durban is no longer a safe place"

"Keep Phindile out of this" Zethu say.

Simtho grin, "Her brother is a rapist,it's no lie"

Wooo!! They haven't done this in a long time.

Zethu has sent a slap across her face, in return she grab her hair and push her to the wall. Simtho has gained weight, she is bigger than all of us. I struggle pulling her away from her.

"Guys stop this" I say pulling Simtho to the other side.

"You'd swear she is perfect" Zethu say clicking her tongue.

"I'm gonna kill you skinny bitch"

Zethu walk want to get her to her, "I'm gonna slap you again and again and again. Just because you're fat doesn't mean I'm gonna let you bully

Phindile, she is a kid this got nothing to do with her. Nobody is perfect, especially not this family"

I stop her, "Don't drag our name in this"

"Phindile must not be dragged in this either"

She look at Ziphe, "You will find her there"

She take Phindile's hand,they walk out.She is really angry.

I look at Simtho, "You are wrong"

"I said no lie"

"Should I call you out by dad's sins?" I ask.

"It's not the same" she say.

"It is, and you must go apologise to Phindile otherwise Zethu is going kill you"

Ziphe shake her head, "What a show!"

I give Phakade to her, "Let's not keep you"

I give Simtho a look. She take banana from the bowl.

"I'm coming to finish him off, tell him to watch out" she tell Ziphe.

What is wrong with her today? People are hurting, we shouldn't be rubbing salt in the wounds.

"Let's go" I say.

.

Ziphelele Mokoena

.

\*\*If you're going to that monster of yours please leave my son behind\*\*

It's his text.

I don't know where he think I'm gonna leave Phakade. Simtho must've told him I'm going to the hospital. She is Nkabenhle's biggest hater.

Well, I'm in hospital with Phakade

waiting for the doctor to let us in. Zethu dropped Phindile and left.

"Is bhut' Thapelo naturally violent?" she ask.

"No" I say.

"You think Nkabenhle did it?" she ask me.

I brush Phakade, "I believe he is gonna tell you his side of the story"

She nod.

After ten minutes the nurse let us in. He is not in a good state. Phindile break down.

Both his eyes are swollen, I'm not sure if he see us.

"Nkabenhle" I say.

He move his swollen lips, "Mhhh"

"Oh my God! I'm so sorry, I had no choice" I say looking at his neck.

"It's okay...Phindile shouldn't be here"  
he say.

I look at Phindile then him, "She is  
worried about you"

"Don't let her see me"

I exhale and look at Phindile, "You  
need to come back after a few days"

She wipe her tears, "No I need to  
update my mother"

"Don't tell her I'm in hospital,please"

Phindile frown, "Why? She is worried  
about you"

"Please" he hiss.

"Okay, please get better"

She touch his hand and walk out.

I sit on the plastic chair, "I can't believe  
they did this to you"

"I deserved it"

"Nkabenhle come on, when are others

gonna get punished?" I say.

"Stop feeling sorry for me. How is the boy?"

I smile and look at Phakade whose eyes are wide opened, staring at me.

"He is fine"

"You need to make peace with his family"

My smile vanishes, "I intend to, time hasn't been right"

There is some silence.

"She hate me, doesn't she?"

"Zanda?" I ask.

"Mhhh"

I exhale, "Yeah, and she hate me too"

"You don't have to choose me, our roles in each other are over. You don't owe me anything, she is your friend"

"I don't choose you, I don't choose

anyone. Nkabenhle you deserve a second chance, you need to live your life, get a girlfriend and have kids. Yes, what you did was terrible but life is not about living in the balloon of the past and paying for your sins forever. Rewrite your life" I tell him. "I want her to accept my apology first" he say.

I sigh, "I don't think she will want to see you"

"Borrow me your phone I will record then you can ask her to listen when she get time"

I take out my phone and press record then put the phone near his face.

"You can start"

His apology bring me to tears. I pray Zanda agree to listen to this.

I drive to my house first so that I can get my sweater then go see Zanda.

To my surprise the door is open, Thapelo is home.

"What did I say to you?" he say walking to me.

I hold Phakade firmly, "When?"

"I sent you a text asking you to leave my son behind if you go to see that monster"

"I haven't checked my inbox"

"Give him to me" he say taking Phakade.

"I don't want to fight"

Phakade let out a piercing scream. He look at him, he has bent his head backwards. Phakade's neck can stand firm now.

"Hey come on big head" he say putting

his hand under his head to balance it.  
Blood ooze down from his little nose.I  
scream.

"My baby" I take him and pull his head  
up.

"What's wrong?" he ask panicking.

"Don't stand there, do something" I  
yell.

I can't lose my son.

"Baby come on,don't do this.Stay  
strong" I say wiping the blood off.

We rush to the car and drive to  
hospital.

Chapter Hundred &Seventy-Seven  
Fikile Biyela

.

He knocked off and drove past here to

change clothes then went to see his hommies in KwaMashu hostel.

I know I shouldn't be panicking,he's been living this life for a very long time.He know Thembalihle like the back of his hand.And to him that's a normal place,there is nothing scary about it.

Well I've heard horrible stories about that place,apparently they can kill you for being a fan of different maskandi singer.They have breakfast show of gun blazing.At night they say you lock your room and listen to the rhythm of AK47's and screams.

He said I must not wait up for him,so I'm just cooking for me.I guess he will eat inhloko for supper and come back walking like a penguin.

I'm not gonna go big,I just fry a piece of chicken and make macaroni salad.I settle in front of TV and watch American Gods.

There is someone at the door.Skhumbuzo wouldn't knock.I lower the TV volume and go open.

Ow..

"Hi"

"MaBiyela how are you?"

I open the door wider, "I'm good,please come in"

He walk in, "I hope I'm not disturbing"

"No, I'm just watching TV"

"Great,I wouldn't want to disturb you.You're the last person I want to get on the bad side of"

He will never let this go,will he?

"Is my brother home?" he ask.

"He went to KwaMashu.He didn't tell you?"

He frown, "No"

"Is it something important?" I ask.

He exhale, "Kind of"

Now I'm curious,but Nqubeko is not the type of person you'd interrogate.

"I will call him" I say.

He stop me, "No sisi don't worry yourself,I will go find him"

"Okay,can I get you anything to drink before you go?" I ask.

"A glass of umbhubhudlo" he say looking at his wristwatch.

My eyes pop out, "Oh okay"

I go to the kitchen and make a glass of umbhubhudlo.This is what Nkanyezi would want, the Nkosi brothers never cease to amaze me.

"Can I add another spoon of sugar?" he ask after taking one sip.

"Of course"

He keep looking at his watch. Whatever it is must be urgent.

"Have you been to Nceba's house?"

He look at me, "No, but I'm going there tomorrow"

"Is everything okay?"

"I hope so"

He put the glass on the sink, "Stay well"

"Okay be safe"

He walk out.

I'm a very curious person that when I see a puzzled person I also get puzzled trying to think what is puzzling him.

Maybe Nceba had an accident! My word, I haven't checked on him since

he left.

I look for my phone on the couch and scroll the contacts for his number. It rings for a while before he picks up.

"Hello"

I sigh in relief, "Hey how are you?"

"I'm fine I was about to call, Skhumbuzo is not answering his phone" he says.

"He went to KwaMashu. Is everything okay?"

"Yes, I just wanted to let him know I travelled safe" he says.

I'm relieved.

"I will let him know when he gets back"

"Okay. I purchased a gym bench for Sthelo they will deliver it in two days, I gave them your address" he says.

"I hope you know there is nothing you

can do that can erase what you're doing"

He keep quiet for a second then ask what I'm talking about.

"I'm talking about Thembeke" I say.

"I'm not sure what you're referring to"

He can fool everyone, but not me.

"I know you are dating Sthelo's mother, she is your babymama. You are brave Nceba" I say.

Someone cough behind me. Wtf! My phone drop to the floor.

"I forgot my keys" he say.

This damn phone didn't switch off regardless of hitting the floor that hard! It keep on ringing.

He is looking at me expecting me to pick it up and answer.

I pick it. It's Nceba calling.

I reject the call.

"So I'm right?" he say looking at the phone in my hand.

"Huh?"

He make a sound with his teeth,

"Damn!!!!"

He walk to to the kitchen and grab his keys on the counter. He is very angry, I'm shivering.

He walk out and slam the door behind.

I call Nceba back,

"You're in big trouble bruh. Nqubeko heard our convo"

"What? How?"

"He walked in on me speaking, he is breathing fire" I say.

He drop the call. If I was him I would be organising plane ticket fast.

Skhumbuzo!!!!

He was so happy when I saw him earlier,if he find out about this his whole world is gonna change.I need to find him before Nqubeko does.He can't find out yet.

I don't know the exact place he is in,but sure people will know where Inkandla men live,I hope.

I have love on the brain right now,I'm driving like a crazy woman as I embark on the journey to KwaMashu hostel.I'm crossing my fingers I get to him before Nqubeko does.

I'm next to the train station,I can see the buildings.I don't know which one he is in,so I'm just driving around each looking for his car.

I stop a lady passing by with a bottle of Hunters in her hand.

"My sista" she say getting her whole head inside the car window.

"Hey do you know where Inkandla men live?" I ask her.

She look at me, then laugh.

"My sista yo! You've never been here ne? Look, you see all these three buildings? Inkandla, Nongoma, Inquthu, Mtuba, Mkhuze and all stay here"

"Do you know where they practice indlamu atleast?"

"OThula?"

How am I supposed to know that person?

"Skhumbuzo Nkosi is the leader there, I don't know others"

"Umkhumbu-khumbu, uqolo lemfene? Hey sista that's my hommie. The one with expensive cars? I know him, he

bought me this beer"

I sigh in relief, "Can you please direct me to where he is?"

"He left with his brother now now"

Damn!

"Okay thanks ne" I say and restart the car.

"Woooah give me a lift"

I look at her. I don't trust her. I take R20 out of my purse and give it to her.

"Catch a taxi or train, I'm in a rush"

She snatch it and smile, "Aw skhokho sami"

I'm her skhokho already?

"Thank you"

I roll up the window and leave her drinking the remains of her Hunters. I wonder if this place is safe for girls to roam around the streets like

this. Everything about this place is dodgy.

When I get back I'm expecting to find them here. His car is parked outside the garage, but there is no one.

I dial his number and call him. It goes straight to voicemail. I call Nqubeko, his is also on voicemail.

I'm in dilemma.

I go upstairs to find the closets opened, some of his clothes are missing.

He wouldn't leave without telling me...! My head starts spinning. I balance by the closet and sit on the floor. I must've left my phone in the car, I'm helpless. Everything I ate is coming out. I'm out of energy.

## Chapter Hundred & Seventy-Eight

### Zethu Biyela

.

Phindile has been locking herself in her room since morning. She haven't eaten nor bath. I want to comfort her and tell her everything will be okay, but I'm not sure if that's gonna happen. Her brother raped one of us and in this family we take out those who hurt us. First it was Zamani, the one who nearly raped Ziphelele, then it was Loyiso. I can't guarantee it won't end the same with him once this reach the wrong ears.

Another person I want to go comfort is Ziphelele. Her son is in hospital and the doctors can't find what's wrong with

him. She has been through a lot, God must give her a break now. Maybe I should call Aunty Lydia and tell her to ask her boyfriend to pray for this family. Our problems multiply each day.

Since she is Phindile I have to make her a cup of tea. She hates wine although it's what could make her feel a bit better.

I ask her to open the door. She is still wearing pyjamas.

"Have tea and some biscuits" I say. She drags herself back to bed, "I'm not hungry"

"I never said you are, I said have tea and some biscuits"

She sighs and takes it, "Thanks"

I sit next to her.

"You need to come out of this room,you need to be strong for him"  
She keep quiet.

"Do you want to go see him today?" I ask.

"He doesn't want me to see him"

"He is just trying to protect you,seeing him all beaten up may traumatize you"

She put the cup down, "Why did he do it?"

"Only him can answer that" I say.

"Mother raised us well,if she hears this her sickness will worsen.This is going to break her"

I exhale, "Just relax Phindile,I know it's not easy but try to ease your mind"

"How? He is my father,my friend,my love and my brother.How can he hurt another girl like that?"

I hug her, "You need to be strong, at least for now"

She nod.

"Go take a bath then we will watch a movie and have snacks" I say.

She stand up and walk to the bathroom. I take a deep sigh and collect the cup and saucer. She only ate two biscuits.

I go back to the kitchen and start cleaning. The kitchen has been a mess ever since. Phindile must be back at her old self soon. After cleaning I prepare our snacks.

"Hello"

Who let her in?

I just roll my eyes.

"I came in peace" she say walking toward the counter.

She dig in the bowl of popcorn without asking.

I look at her, "Really?"

"I don't masturbate, relax. Where is Phindile I came to apologize"

Her? Apologise?

"What's in for it?" I ask.

"I realised I was wrong to come at her like that, she is young and hurting too plus she is innocent in all of this" she say.

"She is taking a bath"

She sit on the chair, "I'm not your peer, you know?"

Oh let me carry on with my duties.

"I'm telling you next time you put your skinny hands on me I'm going to break your bones. I'm not your peer"

I sigh, "We are going to watch a movie

are you staying?"

"No I have TV in my house"

The attitude is back I see. I choose to keep silent, I'm not in the mood to fight.

Phindile appears and look at Simtho. She look surprised.

"Hello Pinky"

I look at her, "Pinky?"

She flap her eyelashes at me then look at Phindile again.

"She is Pinky to me. I've always craved to call someone Pinky, I just never found a suitable face for it. Now you are here, young, slim and beautiful"

Phindile remain standing at the distance, not saying a word.

Simtho stand up, "You know what? You need a break from all of this"

She say pointing around, and at me.

"So get your bag we are going to shop our sorrows away" she say.

Phindile clear her throat, "Thanks sisi but..."

She jump in, "Okay fine,we will buy a bag there.Let's go"

She didn't tell me she is here to hijack her to the shopping spree, she said she is here to apologise.

Phindile is not comfortable but what can she say.She follow behind the witch.There goes the movie time!

I lie on my bed with my knees up and text my man.Fortunately he is not too busy to be in the constant messaging.I'm like a desperate horny widow.

I'm not old school,him putting me as his profile picture with status \*\*The

Future\*\* make me feel like Juliet was my sister.I'm all smiles asking if I can come and lick his white banana.

Twenty minutes later I'm holding on the table for dear life,screaming his name on top of my voice.

"Baby" he is breathing heavily,pumping me like a primus stove.

"Ya baby..oh yeeee"

"Will you marry me queen?" he ask lowering his pace.

Sex make people say weird things.It's pleasure I guess.

"Yes baby..yes"

He stop moving, "You will baby? You will marry me?"

Did I not say yes?

"Yes baby I will"

I feel his lips on my butt, "Thank you"  
He start giving me the spade-  
digging. Don't roll your eyes, you know  
that moment when he dig it from the  
bottom like municipality construction  
workers mixing cement and sand. It  
send me straight to cloud nine.

I lie on the couch, tired af. I don't know  
where he disappeared to, he need to  
come back and carry me to the  
bathroom then bath me.

He come back and kiss my cheek very  
intensely. I laugh.

"What's up?"

He exhale, "Thank you babe, I've been  
nervous for months"

He have a little red box in his hand. I'm  
watching as he open it.

What is happening?

He look at me in the eyes. So much joy  
in his eyes. So much affection.

My stomach turns. It wasn't supposed  
to be real.

"I love you, sometimes it scares me" he  
say.

I look at the shiny object glittering in  
the box. He take my left hand.

"I've been cracking my mind. I've been  
scared about this, I'm so glad God gave  
me the strength. You are everything  
and more of what I prayed for. I know  
people are gonna talk, say it's too soon  
but this is what I've wanted for  
years. You've lived here queen, I love  
you" he unbutton the top buttons  
showing me my face tattoo.

He slid the ring in my finger. I have  
tears in my eyes, this is not where I

thought we would be today. This is not the 26 years old me of my dreams. It wasn't supposed to be real.

"Tyson..."

He shut me with a kiss then squeeze my head on his chest. I feel his chest dancing. I need to breath.

He let go and hold my left hand,

"Thank you so much"

He is crying, squeezing my hand and kissing it.

"I love you"

I've never seen him looking like this. It stabs my heart. I know I can't disappoint him now. It will kill him and it will kill me too.

"I love you too Tyson" I say.

He sit next to me and hold me to his chest.

"I know I didn't bring flowers nor played your favourite song, but I promise the wedding I'm gonna give you will make up for it" he say.

"The wedding?" I ask in shock.

He chuckles, "Yes, the wedding of your choice. I just hope your father doesn't cost me more than what I've budgeted for lobola. I heard the Zulus even charge for the dog that protected their daughter. Like one cow for Bobby he's been guarding in the gate for her"

This is funny, but....

He kiss my neck, "I thought you wouldn't agree to be with me because I'm white. Not tall, dark and handsome"

"I love you as you are" I say.

He brush my hand, "I know you do and I'm grateful my future"

We cuddle and talk. He does most of the talking. Talking about us and our future.

He drive me back playing Babyface legendary songs. He is at the last stage of happiness.

Before I get out of the car he pull me for a world-stopping, mountain-moving, rock-shaking kiss.

"You don't like the ring?" he ask.

"No, I mean I do. It's beautiful" I say looking at my finger.

He smile, "That's a relief"

I kiss his cheek, "Have a good one, I love you"

"I will send your car"

"I know you will" I say opening the car door.

"Zethu" he say.

I look back at him.

"Ngiyakhuthanda"

I smile and get back in the car just to give him a kiss.

"Please repeat saying that" I say.

He smile, "I love you"

Mxm.

"Thanks for khungithanda, nami ngiyakhuthanda" I say imitating his accent.

We kiss one more time before he leave.I watch until his car disappears.I look at my hand.It has a ring on it.The platinum oval cut diamond.

I look around me and breath.I was not ready,but not as I'm not ready to break the news to my family.I take it off, wrap it with a soviet and put it inside

the bag.

What I know is that I don't know.

## Chapter Hundred & Seventy-Nine Simtholile Biyela

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"I think we should go home" I say  
trying to stand up.

Phindile hold me down, "Uh-uh we are  
not going anywhere. You know what.."

She tap her fingers and shout

"Barman!!!!!"

I bang my head on the table, "I want to  
go home, I want SEX"

She laugh so hard "You're killing  
me. You remind me of... I don't know  
who you remind me of, but whoever it  
is wanted to have sex in the middle of

the partyyy"

"Okay we are having two glasses and leaving" I say.

We are both drunk. She is more drunk than me because this is her first time drinking. After shopping I decided that we get a few drinks so that we can clear our heads.

"I want my boots"

She is talking very loud, no, she actually yells and that make me even more drunk.

"You know they are in the car" I say.

She stand up, balancing by the chairs.

"I'm going to get them...EVERYONE PLEASE GET READY TO SEE MY NEW BOOTS"

So she think she is gonna go outside alone? I stand up with my purse under

the arm.

When we get in the car she turn the music on and forget about the boots. She sing along and dance on the seat.

I stop the music, "We have a problem"  
She is not interested.

"I'm not gonna be able to drive"

I talk to the seats.

She has closed her eyes. I exhale and lie back on the seat.

Who is gonna be my saviour? Donald doesn't even know I'm here.

I pull my phone and call the one and only, Zethu.

"Where are you?"

I'm the one who is supposed to talk first, I called bitch.

"I'm drunk, I can't drive" I say.

"I don't care about you. Where is Phindile?"

I'm feeling drowsy.

"Here... Come get us, I will send the location" I put the phone away and let her talk to the dashboard.

I need to stay awake and guard us. My phone keep beeping. I don't even want to know what Donald is saying. He is angry, no doubts.

Nearly after an hour Zethu knock at the window. I move to the passenger's seat.

"I can't believe you" she say looking at the fast asleep Phindile.

"Please don't preach" I say.

"You are supposed to be a big sister Simtho and protect her. This is not what she need right now, she is not

you. She doesn't drink alcohol to solve her problems"

I sigh, "Can we please go? Phindile had a good time"

"You are a disappointment you know" she says starting the car.

How I wish I can sleep in this house too. She accompanies Phindile inside the building with her shopping bags then come back to take me home.

He is sitting on the chair, arms folded, watching me as I stagger my way in.

Zethu drops the shopping bags on the table, "She couldn't drive"

"Thanks"

His eyes haven't left me.

"You will hear from me first thing in the morning if Phindile gets sick from

all the alcohol you fed her" she say  
before walking out.

I take the blouse off, "Hey baby"

"Hi Simtho"

I chuckle, "You're mad I went out to  
have fun?"

"Yes" he say.

I laugh, "I'm sorry husband"

"I'm not being a husband, your nephew  
is in hospital the least you could do is  
support Ziphelele"

"Ye ye ye I'm wrong" I say.

He shake his head and stand up,

"Junior is sleeping,try not to wake him  
up with your noise"

"I miss you" I hold his arm.

"You need to bath and sleep"

I pull him to me, "Not before the chow-  
chow"

"Simtho no"

I put my arms around his neck, "Don't be like that I'm horny"

"I'm going somewhere with the gents from church early in the morning,I need to rest"

He has been making friends with people from church,now they are making him attend every little trip they take around Durban.

I roll my eyes, "Don't be a bore.Or you want me to go and get it somewhere else?"

He remove my arms, "You're now being an annoying,big bullying drunkard"

Are you kidding me? Me? Annoying bullying drunkard?

I hold onto him as we walk up the

stairs confessing my love for him. He is not listening to anything. He only wants me to bathe and sleep.

I'm not gonna bathe, I want to get on bed with him.

"So you're not gonna bathe?" he asks.

I put my leg over him, "I'm tired. I just want you to fuck me to sleep"

He turns the lights off, "Let's sleep"

I grunt and grab his balls, "I miss you"

"Simtho" he hisses.

I kiss him and play with his dick. He changes his breathing pattern. I go more seductively with a kiss.

"Baby"

"Mmmm" he replies with a moan.

"Fuck me"

He rolls on top of me and pushes my legs up to my shoulders.

The girl must get what she want.

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Senamile Madlala

.

I need to know what is happening. We were good, laughing together during supper. His phone doesn't show any history of weird calls or

messages. Basically nothing happened, that could've triggered this. He just went to the bathroom to take a shower then broke down.

Quinton came to play games in my tablet, so he is here witnessing all this. He hears everything.

"Baby play the Police Chase" I say shoving the tablet in his hands.

He put it down, "No"

I lift him up, "Okay go to your room and watch cartoons"

I need to get him out of here then go try to open that door one more time. He kick and fight my grip, "I want my dad"

He is about to throw one of the biggest tantrums that go with the world shattering cry.

"Look baby Daddy is not okay, he is..." Didn't I say it? He is on the floor on his stomach, kicking and slapping the floor. When he get like this he doesn't hear anything you say, and he can go on for hours.

I leave him like that and go to the bathroom.

"Lwazi please open the door" I say banging the door.

Nothing happens.

"Please my husband.I love you,please let me in"

After a few minutes I exhale and go back to Quinton.I pick him up and walk out.I get in his room and lock the door behind.

"Baby"

He get on bed and hid his face with a pillow.I let him be.He cry until his own cry rhythm shush him to sleep.I stay for a while making sure he is sleeping then leave.

In our bedroom the lights has been turned off.

"Lwazi are you here?" I ask walking in. Silence.But I know he is here.

I make my way to the bed, "My love"  
I reach out for the side-lamp and

switch it on.He quickly pull the covers to his head.

"Please switch off the lamps"

"Just tell me what's going on" I say.

He doesn't say anything.I pull the covers off him.

"Madlala"

He doesn't look at me.

"What's wrong?" I ask.

"Please switch it off"

I exhale and switch the lamp off.

"Quinton is heartbroken,so am I.What is wrong my love?"

"Nothing, I'm sorry I did that" he say.

"You can't just break down.What is happening?"

"Let's sleep, please" he put his arm around me.

"You're supposed to share your

burdens with me, I'm your wife" I say.  
"I'm sharing my life with you. That's my  
burden, my life"

"Lwazi I love you, I'm always gonna be  
there..."

He rest his head on my boobs, "Please  
cover me to sleep"

I put my arms around him. It get  
smooth, it get tough and get  
unbearable.

Chapter Hundred & Eighty  
Ziphelele Mokoena

.

She was waiting with me for the blood  
test results. The third blood test that  
has been done to him. Just like the first

one and the second, they come back negative of any illnesses. Now the best they can do is give him something for energy. My poor son!

"Are you sure you will be fine?" she ask for the third time.

"Yes mom, go rest"

She take her bag and look at me,

"Where is your husband?"

I shrug my shoulders.

"Does his family know he have a child now?"

"I doubt, we don't talk" I say.

She sigh, "I hope you two know what you are doing"

What is that supposed to mean?

She walk out talking to herself.

The nurse walk in for her routine of checking Phakade's progress. She is a

good woman, she talk with me and give me hope.

"Your son is a fighter, see how he is keeping his weight regardless of his situation"

I smile, "He is a little fighter like his mommy"

She look at me, "You even fight your husband's attention"

"What do you mean?"

She shrug, "I've seen you giving him a cold shoulder when he try to comfort you. Girl, this is the hardest time for both of you. You need to hold each other's hands and be there for each other"

I exhale, "I blame him"

"Why?"

"He made my son sick, he became ill

when he took him from me by force" I say.

She clap her hands, "Yoh! Maybe your husband did something evil, now it coming back to the child"

Someone clear his throat. By the look on the nurse's face whoever it is is scaring her.

"Mr Mokoena" she say collecting her files with shaky hands.

He doesn't say anything, instead he walk in and kiss Phakade's forehead. I blinked once and the nurse had disappeared.

"Hello my wife" he say staring at me.

"Hi"

"So you think the doctors can't find anything wrong with him because I'm what made him sick?"

I exhale, "Not now, please"

"You need to tell me. Is that why you despise me?"

I get up from the chair, "Yes, that is why. He was fine before you took him from me by force. Holding him with the same hands that spilled someone's blood the previous day. Not just anyone's blood, his godfather's blood" "That fool is not his godfather" he says through his teeth.

"Yes he is, your hate for the guy won't change what's on the book about him" He could burn me with his eyes, "You made him sick by taking him to that monster after I clearly told you not to" "He would've gotten sick on his first day on earth when that monster welcomed him, cleaned him and held

him in his arms for hours if he was the problem"

He rub his hands together and walk out.I click my tongue and sit back on the chair.He have some nerve pointing his finger at me knowing exactly what he did.

I thought he was leaving.

"Were you not leaving?" I ask.

He give me a pissed look.

Phindile walk in after him.I expect her to be in her brother's shop managing since he is in hospital.

"Good day sisi"

I return the greeting with a smile.

"How is the baby?" she ask.

I exhale, "No difference"

"My brother sent me here"

Thapelo turn to leave,she beg him not

to.

"It's important" she tell him.

"What's up?" I ask.

"He asked me to remind you of what he said" she say looking at me.

"I haven't seen her, but I'll send her the recording just now"

She frown, "About the baby's family, I think"

Oh that!

"Tell him I will do everything once Phakade has gotten better"

"But you need to do it for him to get better" she say.

"Do what?" Thapelo ask.

"Make peace with your family" I tell him.

"How does he know that?"

I look at Phindile, "Okay thanks, tell

him I'm grateful"

She nod and look at Thapelo, "He said you must do a ceremony for the baby,after every three months until he get one year old.Right now you're overdue I guess"

Why didn't they tell me this before? I don't remember anything about three months ceremonies.

"That's all, I should go" she say.

"How is he?" I ask.

"He is recovering well"

He hold his head and sit down when Phindile exit.

"We need to get hold of your sister" I tell him.

He look at me and exhale.

"I will apologize and get on my knees if I have to.Just tell her to come it's

between life and death" I say.

He pull out his phone and dial.I'm making a small prayer with my heart. He put the phone against his ear and stand up.

"Hello" he say and walk out.

Geez! I wanted to listen.

In my head I'm trying to make out their conversation.His sister is a good woman,but her hate for me can make her refuse to this.She may think I want to apologise because I'm desperate.Eitherway this is her nephew,she need to forgive me for his sake.

He walk back in after a while, "I need to go arrange for the ceremony"

I look at him, "Is she coming?"

"No"

"Thapelo I need her to come" I say in frustration.

He take a deep breath, "She doesn't want to listen"

"Give me your phone" I say.

He look at me.I give out my hand.He give it to me and sit on the chair.

I call her again,she take her time to answer.

"Thapelo nothing you say is gonna make me come there"

I clear my throat, "It's me"

"I don't want to talk with you"

"Please listen, my son is sick" I say.

"Now I'm hearing about this son I never knew anything about before"

I exhale, "I'm sorry about what happened.I was wrong and no amount of apology can make up to Tamika"

"Are you done?" she ask.

"I'm begging you, you two are the only family he have.He need you" I say.

"Your father is very powerful and monied,I'm sure he will find you guys an alternative" she cut the call after that.

I look at Thapelo,his head is hung down.I need to make this happen.

I take a video of Phakade lying there on his hospital bed.I caption it \*\*Aunty please save me\*\* and send it to her.

"What are you doing?" he ask.

"Nothing" I give him back his phone.

He stand up, "I will talk with the doctors then go"

I nod my head.

He look at me for a moment then walk to me.He pull me to his arms.

"Our journey is steeper than the higher mountain. Stop fighting me, I will stop fighting you. Whenever times require us to be united we always take different routes that collide with each other. Ziphe what is the matter with us? Is this marriage even blessed from above?"

I remove my head from his chest, "It is blessed. There lies our blessing"

He look at Phakade and exhale.

"There is so much love in this marriage Ziphe. You love me and I love you so much, yet we have so little time showing that because we fight most of the times" he say.

What he is saying is nothing but the truth. We love for one week and fight for a month, recurring.

"It's rocky" I say.

He chuckles, "Yeah, but we are not letting go"

"I hope you are not giving up on us" I say.

"I'm sorry"

I look at him, "For what?"

"For putting pressure on you, together with everybody else. I know the situation between Zanda and Nkabenhle is not easy on you. I still hate the guy, but he is in my son's life and important to him. I guess I have to live with it"

Oh praise the Lord!

"Thank you babe"

He stare in my eyes, "I wish I can make you happy, make all your dreams come true and be the husband I promised to

be"

"You are everything, believe me. Everything is gonna be okay"

He kiss my forehead, "I love you my wife and I'm not gonna let go"

"I love you too"

The baby cry. I break from him and check him. I pick him up and sit on the chair and breastfeed him.

"FUCK! Geez!" I get the little monster off my breast.

I put him on bed and cry out in pain while rubbing my nipple.

"What happened?" he ask freaked out.

"He bite my nipple. What the fuck is wrong with this child?" I say angrily.

What is funny?

"He doesn't have teeth" he say dead with laughter.

"It hurt.Come see this mark" I say.  
He walk to me and look,trying to stop  
himself from laughing.

"I can't see any mark"

He break into laughter again.

Someone clears his throat.I hid my  
breast but he has seen it already.

"Mr and Mrs Mokoena" he say looking  
at us funnily.

"Doctor Jan"

"My patient can't be witnessing such  
things while in this condition" he say.

"Trust me Doc,he suck these breasts  
more than me"

Wtf?

The doctor laugh, "I have no more to  
say"

"I was about to come to you,I need you  
to dischard my son tomorrow

morning"

He frown, "Discharge?"

Thapelo's phone rings, "Just a sec"

He answers it, "Hello...Oh...I won't  
make a mistake...thank you"

He look at me and smile, "I can't  
believe this"

"What?" I ask.

"She want me to come get her in town  
early in the morning"

Yasss! My trick worked.

"I'm still waiting for an explanation"  
the doctor say.

Thapelo start explaining to him the  
whole situation concerning Phakade  
and the ceremony.

## Chapter Eighty-One

### Fikile Biyela

.

For the hundredth time I wake up and text him.

**\*\*At least send me a plain message, I just want to know if you are okay where you are\*\***

It's been three days. No call, no text from him. Nceba's phone has been off since yesterday morning. I don't know what to do, my head is aching. Lungile is useless, she doesn't know anything but she promised to try to get hold of one of them.

I've had problems getting off bed. My head get dizzy, my stomach fail to hold anything except yoghurt. So I wait till the sun is up, that's when the sickness

wears off,then get up.

I haven't told anyone about this,I know it comes from the stress.I just called Sbusiso and asked him to take over my duties for a while.

The time is 09:19am,I wake up and open the windows.I miss him,not a minute passes by that I don't think of him.I hope he still loves me.She is still his wife,that's my biggest fear.I cannot afford to lose them,him and the kids.I've made a family with them.Speaking of which, I haven't checked on the kids.

I take my phone on the pillow and call Sthelo.His phone is off.Argh! School. I will call them later.I take a warm shower and put my gown on then go down to the kitchen.

I'm running out of yoghurt. I feel like crying because yoghurt is all I eat. Maybe I should ask one of my sisters' to do shopping for me. I can't go to the mall looking like this, I'd make headlines.

When I hear someone knocking at the door my heart jumps up. It could be him.

"Fikile"

I just sigh in disappointment. What is he doing here?

"Hey Dad"

He looks at me from head to toe, "Are you okay?"

I nod my head and walk back to the kitchen.

"You are supposed to be in PMB with F&V" he says.

"Didn't Sbusiso attend that meeting?" I

ask.

"You are supposed to be in that meeting,it's your job.Sbusiso has a lot on his plate,he had to put his job on hold for you"

I bury my head on the table and cry. He have no right to shout at me.Zethu and Simtho never do anything but they earn salaries every month.I work my ass off everyday for this family businesses,multi-managing and driving for hours attending distant meetings in every town.Now I'm getting shouted for taking only one week off.

"Why are you crying? I'm only asking you a question"

I look at him, "Because nothing I ever do is enough in your eyes.I go to work

everyday, making sure everything run smoothly. Our rates has never dropped, I'm signing new deals every month but you've never say 'thank you' instead you shout at me"

"I'm not shouting at you, I'm simply asking you why you are giving Sbusiso your job"

He sit on the opposite chair and look at me.

I take a tissue paper and blow my nose then put it on the table.

His face!!

"If it's too much for him, Zethu must take over. You have six children Biyela" I say.

He lean back on the chair, "Where is the Nkosi boy?"

I stretch my neck and keep quiet.

He raise his eyebrow, "I'm sure you heard me"

I wipe the tears, "I don't know where he is"

"How?"

I exhale, "He left after finding out about his ex-wife..wife's whereabouts"

He chuckles, "That's why you are this emotionally"

It's not funny.

"Dad he left without a word, he haven't reached out to me.I know he is angry with me, but it wasn't my place to make accusations"

He frown, "Angry at you? For what,you didn't send his wife away"

"I knew his brother was dating her"

He is digesting it.

"It's a mess, I just pray he doesn't do

anything stupid to his brother. Yes he is wrong, but it's done"

"Now I'm rethinking about allowing you to marry into that family. They are backstabbers" he says.

I exhale, "Everything is a mess, but I want to be there for him"

.

.

**\*\*Meanwhile\*\***

She gets on her knees, crying.

"Please Skhumbuzo, I'm begging you Mphazima allow me to take him to the hospital"

Begging him is like talking to the wall. He is sitting on the chair, leg crossed playing with his hands.

In the corner on the right side sit the unbothered Nqubeko sipping on his

umbhubhudlo in the jug.

Nceba is in pain, so much pain. Injuries on his head has oozed blood and dried off. He is breathing softly with his eyes shut. The beating he got from Nqubeko against his ribs with a golf stick is what make him struggle to breath.

Skhumbuzo turn his eyes to what he used to call his wife. His anger brew up again. He stand up and grab her by the blouse.

"Bafo" says Nqubeko rushing to hold him.

He push him to the walk and talk to him.

"Bafo we are not putting our hands on a woman" he say.

"I loved her"

Thembeke get up from the floor, "I

never felt that love, I only felt love  
when Nceba came home"

Skhumbuzo send a dead look at Nceba,  
who is listening but cannot  
answer. Nqubeko click his tongue and  
calm his brother.

"Today we are closing this chapter and  
going home bafo, let's not trip please"  
Thembeke walk to them and stand in  
front of them with her hands on the  
hips.

"Kill him" she say.

They look at her.

"Finish him off. You never really cared  
about him, even your mother hated  
him. He is not your father's child, that's  
why you two always sidelined him"

Nqubeko look at Skhumbuzo, they are  
both confused.

"Kill him just like your mother killed his father with poison" she say.

"What are you talking about?"

Nqubeko ask.

"Oh you didn't know? Your father's brother died of food poisoning because your mother didn't love him. She hated him so much that she killed him and even despised her own son"

Nceba wanted to say something. He forgave his mother. He didn't want his brothers to find out.

Skhumbuzo give Thembeke one hell of a clap that send her flying to the floor. It's too late when Nqubeko hold him back he has already kicked her in the stomach twice.

He scratch his head, "Bafo I loved this bitch. I worked for her and our kids. I

studied hard all night trying to secure a future for us.I was gonna send her back to school to do nursing"

Thembeke is moaning painfully on the floor holding her stomach.

Skhumbuzo breath out and hold on Nceba's bed.

"But she was fucking my brother every night.They fooled me"

He slap Nceba's cheek.He open his eyes.

"I don't care about her now, but you Nkosi.You betrayed me, you made me even a greater fool by consoling me everyday and assisting me take care of my kids"

Nceba open his mouth, "Bhuti..."

Skhumbuzo shake his head, "Mfana wasekhaya you took her from me and

my sons and made her yours"

Nceba is looking at him in the eyes hoping he can read the apology in them. He have no more words to say, no more energy to say them.

"Tell me what did I do to you? If you tell me that I will go. What is it that I wronged you with?"

Nqubeko exhale, "Don't do that, he is not worth it"

He shake his head, "I have to know so that I can move on"

"Siwela sikamabuya zimbeth' uogogwane, Ndlangamandla, yini mfowethu? What did I do that made you hate me so much?"

Nqubeko sigh and turn to Thembeke,

"See your work MaSibisi Nkosi"

MaSibisi Nkosi is in a pool of blood

moaning in pain. Nqubeko see this and jump up.

"Bafo she is bleeding" he say in panic. Nceba's blood didn't scare him like this, that's because it came from the injuries not between the legs.

"Please take me to the hospital, I'm dying" Thembeke beg crying.

Skhumbuzo is as freaked out as Nqubeko. This time they have no choice but to open the door.

"This is a mess" Nqubeko say.

Skhumbuzo exhale, "Pick her and go to the car"

He also pick Nceba and follow them. He is not feeling sorry for neither of them but he is worried about what is happening to Thembeke.

Nceba pass out on their way to the

hospital. Skhumbuzo hold him on his lap.

Thembeke's cry is deafening everyone in the car. Skhumbuzo is clenching his jaws wishing Nqubeko can drive faster. They've been waiting for hours for the doctors to update them about the two. Nqubeko is losing his cool.

"Did they even study what they are doing?"

Skhumbuzo exhale, "Bafo just sit down you're making me dizzy"

The doctor emerges, "You're still here?"

Nqubeko click his tongue. His trouser is rolled up to the knee on one side, he have a thin black band around his right upper arm.

"Your brother is badly injured, he is

unconscious at the moment but he is going to be fine because there are no internal damages done" he say expecting to see relief on their faces. They don't show any care they just ask him about the woman. He exhale, "She lost the baby,the nurse is still with her.I'm so sorry" Nqubeko look at Skhumbuzo with his eyes popped out.Skhumbuzo bury his head with his hands.

Chapter Hundred &Eighty-Two  
Zethu Biyela

.

Phone rings.

I answer, "Hey Dad"

"Ntombizethu"

I grunt, "That's formal, say Zethu like everybody else"

"How are you this morning?"

I laugh, "I'm awesome Menziwa"

"Are you ready for work?"

I still don't understand why Fikile is taking the leave. She is the firstborn, it's her job to run family businesses.

"Yeah, just getting my make up done then I'm gone" I say.

"You're already late for your first meeting"

I'm not late, I still have fifteen minutes left.

"Stop worrying" I say.

"I received a letter from the Givanstons, care to explain?"

My head start pounding.

"I'm using airtime child" he say.

Sigh.

"Tyson proposed"

I don't even know where I put my ring last night when I came back from his house.

"And I take it you said yes" he say.

I did say yes but I wasn't aware it was something he was asking for that moment. I thought he was asking for the future.

"You are ready for marriage?" he ask.

I keep quiet.

"You said yes, right?"

I breath out, "I did"

"So you are ready?"

I need him to stop.

"I love him, yes I'm ready" I say.

"Before I respond to their letter I want you to come home and have a talk with your mother"

"Okay, I will come after work"

"Hurry up and go"

I put the phone on the dressing table and look at my reflection in the mirror. I should stop being so hard on myself. Ziphe got married at the age of 19, it can't be that hard. I love this guy, marrying him is only making it official. I'm very late for the meeting. I make it ten minutes late to the boardroom. I tell everyone my car broke down, they feel pity for me and proceed. I don't know how Fikile does this. Meeting after meeting and reading tons of emails. Her PA is helpful though, she does most of the things and

give me delicious snacks.

My last meeting end at 15h00,so it's possible that I drive home and come back after dinner time.

I wonder why I have to have the talk with mom.I mean Ziphe and Sena accepted marriage proposals but they never had this talk.

Since he proposed he call more than twice in an hour.He want to know what I'm doing,with who, when am I coming to see him and all that.

"Love I'm still driving" I say answering the phone.

"You drive slowly,I should've driven you"

"Come on I'm respecting the road rules" I say.

"The Givanstons break the rules"

Sigh.

"I'm not a Givanston"

"Yet. In a few months you will be a Givanston" he say.

I look at my left hand, there is no ring. I left it in the house, I don't even know which part of the house.

"So what are you doing?" I ask changing the subject.

"I'm looking at the venues around here that can accomodate your village people, twenty siblings and their spouses"

I laugh, "We can hire Moses Mabhida"

"I don't think it's possible they have so many games booked for this season but I will check"

Gosh! I'm not even serious.

"You are something else, I'm not

getting married in a soccer stadium. Even soccer players don't do that" I say.

"I can do anything for you"  
I know that already.

"That's why I love you and have to end this call"

He keep quiet.

"Bye moonchie" I say.

He exhale, "Okay, call me when you get home"

I don't call him when I get home, he will talk for hours. I send him a text instead.

"Zethu" Kuhle come with his arms opened.

This kid need to learn respect, the Zulu respect.

"I'm your mother"

I pull him to my arms, I can't lift him up

he is big for that.

"You smell nice" he say sniffing me all over.

I laugh, "You are too young to be giving such compliments"

"Simile use perfume too,I also want one" he say leading me to the lounge.

"I will buy you one when you start high school"

He run to my mother, "Gogo guess who is here"

How can she guess who is here when she already see me?

"It's Zethu, go do your homework"

mom say.

He run off.

"Hello madam" I greet her.

She take out the eyeglasses, "Finally"

I hug her and take a seat.

"What are you reading?" I ask.

"Women's Magazine, there is a lot of stuff you need to read here" she pass the magazine to me.

The cover page alone bores me to the core.

"Can't you summarise everything for me? You know I hate reading essays" She chuckles, "It's married women's stories.They talk about difficulties,changes and challenges they face in marriage"

"Oh"

"Yeah,marriage is not easy.It's nothing like dating"

In my head I'm thinking is this a discouragement speech.

"How is it different?"

"You don't take decisions alone, you

have to bear children and be in charge of all domestic activities. Did I tell you that you don't go to clubs and drink alcohol every day?"

I exhale, "I'm sure it's hard but it's doable"

"So you are ready to be a Givanston?"

"Yes, I'm ready"

She doubts me more than I doubt myself. Mothers are supposed to believe in their daughters.

"Where is the ring?" she ask.

Umhhh.

"He didn't propose with a ring?"

"I forgot to wear it in the morning" I say.

"You take it off?"

God save me from this woman!

"I'm still getting used to it, it make my

finger itch" I lie.

"Is it a cheap fake ring?"

I give her a look, "Mom"

"You forget to put a ring on your finger, you think you will remember making him breakfast every morning?"

I want to roll my eyes, "Times have changed Madame, I can hire someone to do that for me"

She shake her head, "You know my mother was a maid and I'm her boss's child"

Oh yes,how can I forget my grandmother? Inja ye Game.

I laugh, "Alele amaqhawe"

She also laugh, "You get what I'm saying,right?"

I nod, "Yes"

"So you are 100% sure that you want

your father to allow the Givanstons to pay lobola for you?"

This is frustrating.

"I do want to be married, I'm just not sure if I want that now"

"Then tell the boy before it's too late" she say.

"It's already too late Ma, he is excited and looking forward to the wedding"

I don't want to break his heart. He has told his family, who don't approve of anything he does and they have approved.

"If you love him you will ask him to give you some time then to be agreeing to marriage with half of your heart. I'm sure he will understand, marriage is a big step"

My phone beeps.

**\*\*I miss you,I can't breath\*\***

I smile.

"Young love!" she shake her head and leave.

I haven't seen Simile.I go to his room and knock.He see me and quickly hide his phone.I wonder what he was doing.

"Boy"

We do the nigga's handshake and bump fists.

"I didn't know you are home" he say looking around like he is scared I might see something wrong.

"I'm leaving soon"

He sit on bed and arrange the pillows.

"So when am I meeting your girlfriend?" I ask.

He give it away by looking down and playing with his fingers.

Ayeye Fikile!!!

"I promise I will be nice" I say.

"She is shy"

Lilililili!!!

"I'm also shy"

He chuckles, "No Ma I don't want to make her uncomfortable"

So I make people uncomfortable? This kid.

"Do you kiss her?"

He cover his face, "Geez Ma"

"I just don't want you to do things you shouldn't be doing to her"

"I'm not"

I don't trust him.

"Give me your phone" I put my hand out.

"I promise we only kiss and chill out"  
That's great.

"Then give me your phone,I want to see something"

He want to die,but I'm trying to help him cause Fikile will make sure he die and get cremated.

First of all his wallpaper is a half-nude girl who is sticking her tongue out.Going through his Whatsapp him and this girl,saved by My Wife, are exchanging hot messages and pictures.

"Ma please"

I need a glass of wine, my chest is dry.He is busy sending his little penis to this girl, the girl is sending nude pictures.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?"

He look down and keep quiet.

"Are you sleeping with her?" I ask.

"No"

I give him his phone.

"Then why are you exchanging nude photos? You know this can get you in trouble"

"I'm sorry"

I need to breath and calm down.

"Simile you are young, I understand you've started puberty and developed some weird feelings. But do not, I repeat do not, listen to your friends. Sleeping with a girl doesn't make you cool, it make you a father. The girl will fall pregnant you will have to drop out of school and go look for a job to support your family"

He nod his head.

"I'm sorry I invade your privacy but it's because I love you. I want you to grow up, go to varsity and become a

lawyer. Don't create loopholes for your own future"

"I won't" he say.

"Okay come here" I hug him.

They are raised by the grandparents. Their fathers had never been present in their lives. I know they have the best of everything but that doesn't guarantee a greater future. They need to strive for it just like any other kids. I want nothing but the bests for them.

I go to Kuhle's room and find him watching TV with excersize book on his lap.

"Aren't you supposed to be doing homework?" I ask.

He jump off bed, "I'm waiting for you to come help me"

Why did I come here again?

The textbook is so thick, it's like he is a law student. This new curriculum is abusing our kids.

He sit next to me, "Here I have five living organisms that I need to group and name according to Carolus Lennaeus' taxanomy levels"

Who the fuck is that?

"Okay Caroline Lennas is who from where?" I ask.

"An old Swedish biologist, you can check the Leanaean taxanomy on page 123 and his biography"

I can't believe this is Natural Science. I used to know everything in this subject. What changed?

"Are you allowed to use Google?" I ask.

"Not in school"

Well we are not in school.Thanks to those who invented the internet.Our lives are so easy.

We finish the homework and go to the dining room.I will leave before they finish I need to get in Durban and look for my ring before Tyson request to see me.

## Chapter Hundred &Eighty-Three Fikile Biyela

.

I got a short notice of Phakade's ceremony that is taking place today.Since our parents can't be here me and Sbusiso are compelled to come on their behalf.

I don't know how these two managed

to put up a good ceremony in such short time. It's more like a birthday party, I don't know what's happening. They say it's an appreciation ceremony. There are kids running all over chasing one another. I wonder if they have yoghurt here..? Thapelo went out to fetch his sister, I heard. Now Ziphe is pacing up and down making sure everything look great.

"The last time I checked this sister hated you"

"I'm trying to correct that" she say.

Sbu walk in, "They are here"

I see the panic all over Ziphe's face. She must relax, we got her.

"Please take Phakade and go outside" she say to me.

I frown, "No I have to be here with you"

She exhale, "Please, I know you will direct the situation to another level"

"Fine.Sbu don't let them bully her"

I take Phakade and walk out.

There is a big argument inside the house.The sister is shouting and crying.I'm so glad they dismissed me before it even started.I have my own family issues.I don't even know where my man is,if he is still my man.

What hurt me the most now is that his phone is on but he is not calling me nor replying to my messages.He just don't want to talk to me.If this relationship fails I'm gonna end up in the psychiatry ward.I love him too much,he can't add to the list of people

who've hurt me and left me.

He is different. My heart beat differently for him. I love it when he say he loves me then look deep in my eyes like he is searching for a lost diamond. I feel him. His touch make my body feel unexplainable things. He is crazy but I love him.

He must not fight for her. I'm here, I will be a good wife to him and good mother to his, our children. I will never leave him or cheat on him.

"Lost in your thoughts?"

I look up, "Yeah bruh"

He sit next to me, "I can listen if you want to talk"

I laugh, "I'm just being a typical hearbroken girlfriend whose boyfriend left without saying a word"

"I'm sorry"

I exhale, "It's fine I'm a big girl. How are you and Sena?"

"We are good. She is a great woman, I enjoy being part of her life"

I nod, "Beside marriage how is everything?"

He take a deep sigh, "I'm battling with a lot of things. The past just won't leave me alone"

"I love that you are battling with it, not just facing it. You are strong Lwazi and I'm glad you are my sister's husband" I say.

He smile, "She is my sanity"

"Okay enough with the bragging. I don't know if my man still love me wherever he is"

He laugh, "Okay, I'm sorry"

Ziphe walk out of the house and walk to us. She look like she has been crying. See, I should've been there to defend her against the Mokoenas.

"They want to see him" she say taking Phakade.

"Are you okay?" I ask.

"Yeah everything is sorted now. You can come inside"

We stay outside for a while catching up with Lwazi before we walk back in the house.

Thapelo's sister is old. I don't know if getting married at young age have an effect on her aging like this but she need to start visiting Clicks.

"Hello" I greet and sit down.

They are still fussing over Phakade. Tamika look great I must

say. She greet me back with a smile.

"Do you still remember Fikile?

Ziphelele's old sister" Thapelo ask his sister.

"I know all of them. How are you girl?"

I smile, "I'm good"

"And that's Lwazi you know him"

Thapelo say.

She smile at Lwazi, "Nice to see you again"

There is nothing much happening except passing Phakade around and Sbusiso's kids running around the house. I wonder how Nozipho manages with all this noise.

There are two ladies wearing black and white uniform. I don't know what they are but they are serving food and drinks to everyone

I don't know what I was thinking eating that piece of cake. It felt like everyone was looking at me when I excused myself and ran to the bathroom.

Indeed they were. Ziphelele is outside with a glass of water. Who said I'm throwing up? I could be shitting.

"How are you feeling now?" she ask.

I gulp water again, "Better, thank you"

We rejoin the table, everything carry on like nothing happened. Thapelo is gushing over his sister asking every little detail about her life.

Tamika is just a sweet girl with a heart of gold and mental condition. She is talking with Ziphe and playing with Phakade. They all missed each other. I'm glad the Mokoenas has

reconciled, family means everything.

"Guys I need to leave, I have some emails to go through" I say.

I have no emails, I just don't feel well and need to see the doctor. I hope it's not cancer.

I hug Ziphe and bid my goodbyes to everyone then walk out.

.

I'm sitting on the chair, looking at him with pleading eyes. He got to be kidding. I understand he checked my urine and all, but something must be wrong here.

Yes, I skipped the pill some days. Skhumbuzo hate the condom so we rarely use it, but that isn't reason enough to make me pregnant.

The whole pregnancy just for sleeping

with a guy?! It's an exaggeration. I mean a whole human being inside your stomach just because you opened your legs for a man without protection.

"That's not fair" I say after staring at him for more than two minutes.

He look at me confused. He is new here, he look very young.

"Excuse me?"

I stand up, "I said it's not fair. You can't just say I'm pregnant, it's not fair. I'm not the only girl having unprotected sex in South Africa. Why am I the only one pregnant?"

He is trying so hard to maintain a professional face.

"Babies are a blessing Miss Biyela, you don't have to think it like some sort of punishment. I'm sure the father will be

thrilled"

Which father???

"Thrilled? He is not even here"

He nod his head in understanding, "I'm so sorry ma'am"

"Sorry is not enough"

I take my bag and the bloody pills he gave me and walk out.

"A whole pregnancy just for having sex the original way" I yell walking through the passage.

Who is that laughing at me?

I turn around, it's the doctor and his nurse. So unprofessional!!

Chapter Hundred & Eighty-Four  
Zanda Dlamini

.

I heard about Phakade's ceremony, Leano was invited but we chose not to go. It makes me sad that we are drifting apart. Our babies are supposed to grow together like brothers. But she broke me, I expected more from her as my friend. She has tried calling me, but I don't answer her calls. She picked her side.

Today she opted for a voice note. I want to delete it but a part of me is curious to know what she is saying.

"And now?"

I look at him, "Ziphe sent me a voice note"

"I bet her friend sent her" he says.

I exhale and click on it.

- "Start talking" - it's her voice.

A rough voice comes through. Mandla is

right,her friend sent her.

- "I don't know if I should start by greeting you or just get on it.I know you are probably too busy,too broken and too angry but when you hear this please listen..." -

I glance at Mandla, he is listening.

- "...I know no amount of words and apology can take away the pain and trauma I caused you.It was not a mistake cause I knew forcing myself on someone was wrong.Although I was young and peer pressured I still knew how wrong it was doing what we did to you.What we did to you doesn't define anything about you, you are a beautiful girl.A beautiful strong girl who was wronged and took advantage of by weak boys who had no integrity.

If I had power to change the past I would, not only for you but for me also. It's hard living my life knowing that I made someone's past horrible. But I deserve everything that's coming to me, everything. The horror, the nightmares, the fear about my own sister and all the darkness surrounding my life. Everything, I did it to myself. My stupidity and lack of humanity and morals has determined the kind of a man I am. I'm not asking you for forgiveness, that will be selfish of me. You don't owe me anything. You can hate me all your life, that's acceptable and fit... (exhale) But I want you to know that I am sorry, you don't have to forgive me but know that. I will carry my sins for the rest of my life. I

will live my life as a rapist,that's who I am.I can go on and on, there is so much I want to say but I know you don't have much time to listen to someone like me. My name is Nkabenhle, I raped you and I'm sorry" -

.

I put the phone on top of the table and walk outside for some fresh air.The past was better left in the past.I was broken but God sent someone my way.He picked me up,stuck the broken pieces together and made me this beautiful girl I am today. But destiny couldn't let the past be.No, it had to revive it and dig up the girl I buried.The weak, helpless girl whose face is always puffed up and wet with tears.The girl whose tears can create a

river.

"It's over my love"

His voice come behind me.

I keep walking, I don't stop. I feel his hand touching my shoulder.

"Let's go home" he say.

I don't say anything. I keep going.

"Let's go back to our son"

My son!

I stop immediately. Leano need me, he doesn't understand anything.

I walk back home. He is walking close to me but he is not saying anything. He keep glancing at me. Maybe he think I'm gonna run.

We are welcomed by my phone ringing. He get it first.

"She is not in a good space, you should be proud... I don't care what you were

trying to do..."

I know it's Ziphe. I walk away leaving him arguing with her. Now we are acting like a newly broke-up couple, she need to know her place.

I take Leano and go lie on bed with him. I love this boy, he mean everything to me. I'd die for him and live for him. I didn't know being a mom means putting someone else before yourself and loving that someone more than you love yourself.

He just walked in, his cologne has filled the room. This guy loves me, he has put work on hold just to be with me. He is too caring.

He sit beside me and exhale.

I don't want to shut him out, he deserve at least a smile.

"Thanks" I say.

"I know what you are going through. I wish I can cut him out of Ziphe's life, but he means a lot to her"

She has proven that. His wrongdoings don't mean anything to her. He did right by her so he is perfect.

"Can we not talk?"

I know if I talk right now I'm gonna break down and cry. And that is Zanda I'm trying to bury, the fragile one.

"I want to talk" he say.

I exhale and stare at the wall the other side.

"There is a guy I know, a strong intelligent guy who turned his scars into stars. Two years after he was born his mother married another man and they moved in with him. The man was

white, everytime they hosted dinners or events they would lock him in his room so that he doesn't show up and disgust white people. This man meant everything to his mother, she adored him more than her son. Everything he said she did it without questioning or considering his son. It got to the point where the only time she spent with him was when she was lecturing him about how to treat his stepfather..."

This story is close to his heart. He is telling it with so much empathy for the guy. I turn and face him.

"...Around 6/7 years his mother's husband started coming back from work during lunchtime, by that time everyone was still at work including his mother, and he was just coming

back from school.He would tell him to get his clothes off then polish him with vaseline and oils.He say at first he'd only put his two fingers in him and ask him to move his hand around his penis until white fluid came off.But as months went by he changed the adventure.He wanted him to eat his penis like ice-cream then he inserted it in him...."

I exclaim, "Babe no!"

He exhale then continue,

"He knew it wasn't right but he had no one to talk to.His mother had told him clearly that whatever his stepfather say he must do it without questioning because he was paying his school fees,feeding him and clothing him.It didn't stop, it carried on,whenever

they were alone it would happen.He would take him for a hike and do it, take him for a ride and do it.When doing grade 6 his mother fell pregnant,she took the maternity leave and stayed home.Only then he stopped coming to him,he spent time with his pregnant wife massaging her..You know when you think the rain is over but the storm is yet to start and shake your life? That's what happened. One day morning he woke up to a packed bag and bus ticket.His own mother threw him out of what he believed was his room,because she needed space for the baby's nursery.She told him there is no more space for him in the house.They gave him directions to his father's house.He

traveled from one province to another, alone, with no idea where he was going or who he was going to..."

Wow!!!

"He arrived in Durban and looked for his father's house with help from the directions he was given. He found him, married with kids.

His new life began. A different one from the previous.

In his father's house he had to work to get something. He had to cook to be able to eat. Handwash everyone's clothes in order to be able to wash his clothes. Clean the house in order to be able to sit and watch TV. But he soldiered on and finished high school. He enrolled in varsity to study electricity, his stepmother paid his fees

but she made it clear that she wanted all her money back when he complete the course.

Six years later he was sitting at home with his certificate looking after his sister's kids, taking insults everyday. You know when you are broke, broken and unemployed everyone take advantage of you and treat you like a floozie. It got to the point where everyone questioned his state of mind, everyone including himself. He say there were times where he would wrap his head with a scarf or piece of cloth so that he stop his head from thinking..."

"After sending hundreds of CV's he saw a post online about an electric company looking for electricians. The

post was about a month old, the closing date had passed but he had taken so much rejection in his life that he thought one more rejection wouldn't mean anything. He took his CV and personally went to the company with his last cent.. God's timing is the best, he has a purpose for each and everyone. He got hired, the very same day he met the love of his life"

I sigh in relief, "Thanks God"

He smile, "Today he has his own company. He is married and a father to a handsome boy. Those who scarred him are living under the light of his stars. He is a man of integrity, he love his wife with his whole heart. And for his boy, he'd kill for him. He has taken

everything that happened to him as a motivation to be a better person"

"Did he get justice?" I ask.

"Sometimes moving on from something that hurt you is the best option. The truth is unless you let go, unless you forgive yourself, unless you forgive the situation, unless you realize the situation is over, you cannot move forward. He wanted to move forward, so he didn't dwell on the past and try to make it right. He got justice for himself and that was peace"

I nod my head.

Then there is some silence.

"I've moved on" I say

He take my hand and kiss it, "Do not bury the past, move on my love"

"I did move on" I insist.

"Then shed no more tears. You've cried a river, built a bridge and crossed it. Now you need to focus on you. Carry on with your studies, be who you wanted to be. If you want to start a business, start a business. Turn your scars into stars and shine bright to their faces"

"I want to carry on with my studies"

He smile, "That's my girl"

"That's not all" I say.

He raise his eyebrow.

"I want to partner with Sena and build a centre or a shelter, I don't know, for people who want to escape their lives. Like the guy you were telling me about, it is to serve people like those"

He doesn't see it.

"Oh"

I exhale, "Share My Life"

"What?"

"It's a home of hope called Share My Life #SML Centre. It will help a lot of people, you will see"

My spirit has uplifted. I get up from bed and ask him if he want food. Of course he want food, he haven't eaten since morning.

Chapter Hundred & Eighty-Five  
Zethu Biyela

.

He has sent my number one hater to come pick me up. I was planning to go over his place so that I can talk to him about the marriage issue, but I was still practising my speech.

Now he has sent the man of a man to get me?! Send me away.

He know I don't get along with this guy, we couldn't even begin the baking competition because we couldn't stand each other. The fact that I wasn't ready for the baking challenge, Zanda didn't send the recipes and Google was too complicated, didn't hinder anything. His attitude was a problem. I've left him in the lounge with a long glass of wine. I only offered him the drink because I need to look for my ring.

I don't know what happened to it when I changed the bags. I'm sweating all over, I can't go without it. That will offend him more.

"I don't have the whole day" he yell.

We don't yell in this house. He hate me and the feeling is mutual but right now I don't need him pissed off.

"Just a minute"

"That's what you said ten minutes ago"

Brrrr!!! Annoying af.

I've dropped everything from the drawers to the floor. Where is the fuckin' ring?

Five seconds later he is threatening to leave again. Maybe he doesn't know that I have three cars, I don't real need his help.

"I'm fuckin' coming, geez"

I open the shoe boxes and empty them. All those who've said I'm the irresponsible one would have a good laugh if they see this. I also don't understand how I can be so

irresponsible. Losing the whole diamond rock?

"What's the fuck???"

Who let him in? This is a private space.

"Get out" I say glaring at him.

He step carefully over the mess on the floor, "I knew you were a pig, but this I never imagined"

Save him from me dear Lord, have mercy on his life.

"I said wait in the lounge" I say.

"What are you looking for?"

Did he not hear what I said? Man get your Pinpop legs out of my room.

I don't answer him, I kick things out of my way and continue searching.

"Are you looking for a lingerie?" he ask.

Voicemail! Ring where are you?

Holy mash! He is busy fitting my boots.

"Hey don't put your feet in my boots"

Does he care? No. They fit him properly, no wonder he turned out gay he have small feet.

"I'm taking them, it's for my petrol"

Whoah China!!!

"I never asked you to come pick me, manbae"

"Your fiance did...And about that, ware wuu?!"

I roll my eyes, "What a wow, stop being too girly it's not cute"

"Ware wuu ngeke ngizwe ngawe, can I see the rock?"

Oh no!

He pull my arm before I can come up with something. He is something else.

"Where is the rock? You don't put it

on?" he ask looking at my hand.

"I do"

He put his hand over his chest, "You lost the ring"

I'm pretending to be insulted by that statement.

"Are you kidding me,what???"

He look around, "You lost the ring, yes you did.Oh my God he is gonna kill you, I can't wait"

I take a deep breath, "Can you stop?"

He laugh, "How can a sane person lose her ring few days after the proposal?"

"I misplaced it,okay" I say.

His phone ring, he look at the screen and wink at me.God send that lightning now.

"Boss....yeah she is okay...we are on our way...cool,bye"

He look at me, "Let's go"

"I can't go without the ring, that would be like a double disappointment"

I sink on the floor.

"Double disappointment? What else did you do?"

"I'm turning down the proposal" I say.

He exclaim, "You said yes mos"

"I didn't mean yes yes like yes"

He clap his hands, "You are something else, but he must've prepared for this. You are nothing but a spoilt brat who cares for no one except herself"

"You don't know a fuck about me"

He laugh, "I know you lost your engagement ring"

Sigh.

"Maybe I should wear gloves, it's a bit cold anyway"

Yeah that's a great idea.I get up and look for my navy gloves.But what if he want the ring back when I tell him I won't marry him?

"You are more ugly when you are frustrated.Cdthill h

e will track the ring and find it"

"Track it?" I ask.

"You know your man"

No I don't.

He grab my boots and walk to the door.

"Come"

I look at the mess on the floor.I won't be able to tidy up...I shall see whose house I'm gonna sleep at.

"Drive like a lady" I tell him when he overtake two cars.

For the first time my heart is pounding

out of fear as I approach the door. I wish Dina had stayed. I feel like this is gonna go wrong. Like I'm gonna lose him.

He welcome me at the door wearing a huge, genuine smile. He hug me and kiss my cheek

"Hey baby"

"Hey love"

He take my hand and lead me through the dining outside to the balcony. He has set a lunch table.

"I hope you like my cooking" he say.

I smile, "You cooked all this?"

"I took the salads from the restaurant and the rest was done by me"

I'm swept off my feet.

"Thank you babe"

There is a bottle of De Rothchild Rose.

"You know you can't eat with the gloves on" he say passing me a glass. I take a sip, "I need to tell you something"

"Go on"

I take a second sip, "I went to the shower last night, took my ring off and now I can't remember where I put it" He doesn't say anything. He just stare at me with no expression.

"I'm gonna find it, if I don't I will pay you back"

His lip curve into a smile, "You should see your face"

I frown, "What?"

He touch my hand, "We will find it, even if we don't you don't need to pay me back for it. I will buy you another one"

How do I say this?

I clear my throat, "When I find it I want to give it back to you"

"Why? You don't like it?" he ask immediately.

"Tyson I wasn't honest" I say.

"About what?"

"About marriage.I shouldn't have said yes"

He put the glass on the table, "I don't understand"

"I love you Tyson,I really do, but marriage is a big step and I'm not ready"

"Loving someone is a big step, marriage is making that step official.I know you are scared my love but I promise I'm gonna be the best husband and love you

unconditionally.Nothing is gonna change,you will live your life the way you want.I just need you to be mine, me to be yours, officially."

He is making this harder.

"Can't we just date? I don't want to be a wife yet"

"You agreed"

I hold his hand, "Yes I did, but I want us to reverse.Let us slow down and enjoy the ride"

"I want to marry you"

"I want to marry you too, just not yet"

He pull his hand, "Why? Is it something I did"

I just told him why.

"No I love you, you love me.I couldn't ask for a better boyfriend.The time is just not right"

He stand up, "You love me but you can't marry me? What kind of crap is that? Why are you lying? Say the truth,you don't love me enough"

He is losing it.

"I love you, that's the truth.I can't marry you yet and that's the situation"

He put his hands over his face, "No man!"

He walk inside the house.I refill my glass and gulp it down then follow him.

"Tyzee" I call.

I look for him and find him in the bathroom sitting on top of the toilet seat. Wtf!

"Baby come back"

He walk past me and exit.So I'm what?

His puppy.I follow him and hold his arm.

"Come back, our food is getting cold" I say.

He shake me off, "Please leave me alone"

This is the first time I'm getting these words from a man I open my legs for.

"Let's have a matured conversation and come to mutual understanding" I say.

"You don't want to marry me, you changed your mind, I understand" I need him to look at me.

"Tyzee"

He look at me, "What?"

"Let's talk like adults"

He stare at me then leave. I'm done following him around. He will come and talk when he is ready.

Fifteen minutes pass with me sitting

alone on the table waiting for him with a glass of champagne in the balcony.

He wouldn't leave me here, would he?

I pick my glass and walk inside the house. There is no sign of him. He can't do me like this.

He is not picking up my calls, this is getting out of hand. How am I supposed to get home? I don't have Dina's number.

Simtho refuse to come and get me. She is a bitch we all know that. I call my brother, he tell me to wait for the driver to pick me outside. He is my world this one, God bless him.

His driver arrives shortly, I ask him to take me to Fikile's house.

I'm sending him tons of messages, he is responding to none of them. I hope he

is okay wherever he is. I know he is disappointed. Now he has to tell his family and friends that there will be no more wedding. His father never believed in our love, now he is getting more reasons to doubt us.

I walk in to my forever-sulky sister having a bowl of ultramel. Life must be nice!

"Hello"

She looks at me, "Hi"

I sit on the chair, "I'm visiting"

"Why?"

Do I need a reason to visit my sister?

"I need someone to talk to and a neat room to sleep in"

"I also need someone to talk to and a man from Inkandla with sexy eyes on my bed"

Ow that..

"He haven't called?" I ask.

She give me the look.

"Yoh! It's official, you are single again. What a bad luck you have mntase? You even moved in with him, how tragic!"

You know when you think you have problems then realise they are just a square root of someone's problems. Her man walked out on her a week ago, no calls no nothing.

"I'm cursed" she say.

"You need to go to Aunt Lydia's church and get cleansed"

She exhale, "You are having a snack over this, you don't know how hard it is. I keep looking at my phone expecting him to call, I miss him"

Ncoooh!

"Simile's father left you, Kuhle's father did the same and all other men you dated. Even your sweetheart Mvuse married someone else but you moved on, give yourself time" I tell her.

She shake her head, "No, I'm not going through this alone again"

I cross my legs. Sometimes hearing someone's problems make you forget your own.

"Go through what?" I ask.

"The pregnancy"

Huh?

"The what?"

"I'm pregnant"

Holy! Please kill me now and cremate me and throw my ashes in Inanda Dam.

"Oh shoot!"

She look at me, "I know I'm stupid, right?"

Of course she is stupid.

"Dad is gonna kill you, after Kuhle you promised to think before you act. What happened to condom? You could've waited for marriage before skoon kuva"

She take a huge sigh, "I can handle Dad, the only thing I'm worried about is if he is gonna come back"

"Well let's hope he does otherwise nc nc nc"

My gawd this girl! Nobody is saying don't have sex your own way but protect yourself. These situations happen and it's a girl that suffers the most. What if Skhumbuzo get back with

his wife? Fikile is gonna have yet another babydaddy who have his own family somewhere.

Her pots are clean.I should've went to Ziphe's house.

My phone ring as I'm busy cooking dinner.I don't recognize the number.

"Zethu speaking"

Whoever is calling is in a club or party.

"Bitch you need to get here asap"

Who is this calling me a bitch?

"Intro please" I say.

"Khethokuhle Mbuyazi from Esikhawini born on the 4th of February 1990 in..."

Argh!!

"Where did you get my number?" I ask before he can conclude his introduction.

"Two, now three girls over your man"

Fuck what???

"Where?" I ask getting off the chair.

"In the studio, it's a blast"

I drop her and walk to the door. Fuckin' shit I don't have a car.

"Borrow me your car" I tell Fiki.

"What is happening?"

"Tyson is sucking it up very badly and I'm about to kill someone"

She laugh and show me the keys.

I had no idea I can drive this fast. Fast and furious.

There is loud music coming inside the studio. There are skinny girls all over. This is insane.

"Tyson!!!!" I shout from the entrance.

Who is gonna hear me though?

I spot Amla talking with a white guy

and walk to him.

"Where is Tyson?" I ask without greeting.

He look around, "Umhhh I don't know he was here"

I run through every passage looking for him. I bump into someone when I open another steel door.

"Hello"

He is shirtless and sweaty.

"Hi have you seen Tyson?" I ask.

"Oh you are the ex-fiancee? You are so heartless"

Dude! I turn and walk back before I say something inappropriate.

Oh there is Dina!

"Where is he?"

"I think he went to the car"

He look pleased by this whole

situation.

I walk out to the parking with him behind me.

The doors are locked. I will be damned! I knock with my fists on the windows.

"Open this damn car"

There is a giggle behind me.

The window slid down a white bitch poke her face out.

"Can we help you?"

Yes they can.

After ten seconds the doors has been unlocked. The first bitch fall out holding her neck. I pull the second one out. She hide her breasts with her hands.

"Can I have my top, please?"

I pull her slinky top and throw it to her.

This one is pulling his pants up,  
looking like a sun damaged orange.

"What the fuck are you doing?"

"I don't owe you any explanation"

Like hell you don't!

"We didn't break up, we broke the  
engagement. You are still my  
boyfriend" I say in verge of tears.

"You are making me a fool Zethu. You  
threw away my ring and dumped me  
after promising me you will marry  
me. I'm a fool to everyone. I have to go  
back to my family and tell them you  
don't want to marry me anymore"

I wipe the tears, "So you are cheating  
on me?"

"I'm having fun"

He hold my hand when I try to slap  
him, "Don't you dare"

The car smell sex. I feel tears  
threatening to come out again.

"I love you" I say.

"Then marry me, don't do me like this"

Sigh.

"It doesn't have to happen now"

He pull a beer and gulp it down. He  
open the door from his side and get  
out of the car.

I throw back my head on the seat and  
let it out.

A hand touch my shoulder.

"You know I hate you and think you  
are ugly but bitches don't cry. What is  
your remedy?"

"Sleep and wine"

He pull me out, "Sleep and wine it is"

I need a lightning.

"Wait is that his wallet?" he ask.  
I don't know, I don't care.

## Chapter Hundred & Eighty-Six Fikile Biyela

.

Well I'm not gonna carry on cooking,if she come back she will sort it out,if she doesn't I will throw it out.I will eat cornflakes for dinner, lot of cornflakes.I hope she doesn't do anything that will put her in trouble with the law.At least I'm not the only one with relationship difficulties. I take a long warm bath that cool down my heart in its depths.Tomorrow I must go to work,I can't sulk

forever.Life has to go on.

I put on my pyjama shorts and cover myself with a fluffy pink gown.

I've been a mess, my hair prove that.I must take three hours off tomorrow and go do my hair.I apply hairfood and comb it nicely then tie it at the back.

I return back to the kitchen to have my dinner and call it a night.Zethu is definitely not coming back.

I send her a text message:

**\*\*Do not kill anyone\*\***

I know she is mental unstable at times but I trust Tyson,he will deal with whatever it is accordingly.

I take a big,round plastic bowl and make my cornflakes adding chopped dates to them then I take it to the lounge.

Life is good for Ziphelele.It's her and her husband all over social media.God's favourite children!

I feel the need to look up, like there is something behind me.

I meet the face I've been longing to see.He quickly drop his eyes when our eyes meet.

I should be jumping up with joy and throwing myself on him.

This is what I've been praying for.

He is back.

He came back.

But, all I'm feeling is anger,pain and disappointment.I expected more from both of them.They left with no explanation, never returned my messages and today they have the nerve to show up like this.

I don't say anything. They don't say anything, they just sit down on the other couch.

"Sawubona sisi" Nqubeko break the silence.

I left him tons of voice messages and texts on his phone, he never returned any. Why should I return his greeting? I carry on eating while browsing.

Because he is stupid he speak again, "I'm hungry"

Life has humbled me if it didn't I would've clicked my tongue or gave him the middle finger.

"I can have a glass of umbhubhudlo if you didn't cook" he add.

He should stay quiet like his ass-brother. They've proven how little I mean to them, to the Nkosi's, so I don't

owe them food or any word.

After a while he stand up,

"Stay well MaBiyela.Bafo I will call" he say and leave.

After him the house fall into an even silent silence.

His head is bowed down.I want to scream at him for leaving me and making me pregnant.But he is not worth it.

I take the bowl to the kitchen and go upstairs.

I take off the gown and go brush my teeth in the bathroom then get on bed.

He is more than welcome to return back to where he was.

I update the sisters on what is happening.I haven't told them about the pregnancy.I must tell them soon

before Zethu tell them for me.They have crazy suggestions on how I must deal with him.

Oh he is here!

He walk in and sit on bed.

I carry on with chatting pretending as if I'm not affected by his presence.

"Fikile"

Stay calm Fikile,my heart whispers.

"I know you are angry and you should be.I owe you an explanation"

I just breath in and out.

"Are you listening?" he ask.

I put my phone away and turn to look at him.His eyes immediately leave mine.

"Now I'm listening" I say.

"I know you know about the situation between Nceba and I.I haven't been in

a good space.I...I..I didn't want to put you in the picture and make you witness all the shit"

Wow! He is so considerate.Always putting me first.

"That is what you call an explanation?"

I ask lashing out.

He look at me, "I'm sorry"

I close my eyes and exhale.

Then I look at him, "You need to leave"

"I was in a bad space, I needed to be away from you"

I get on my feet and point to the door, "Out!!!"

"My own brother betrayed me babe.He took the mother of my kids"

"Then go claim her back" I say.

"Please calm down"

What is calming down?

"You left me the whole week and days.No call.No message.And now I must calm down because you've been in a bad space? So I was.The man I thought loved me abandoned me.He took me out of the equation and proved my least importance in his life" He stand up and come to me, "It's not like that.I didn't want you to see me like that, I wasn't okay"

I throw my hands in the air, "Oh wow! Check here Nkosi"

I show him my face, "I'm not okay either.I'm actually in a very bad space, do you mind giving me space? I don't want you to see me like this"

"I need you Fikile,please"

He is very calm, abnormally calm.His tone is very low and pleading.

"Follow your brother, I'm done with you" I say.

"Sthandwa sami"

I give him a "DO NOT" look.

"Leave or I will leave" I tell him.

He stand still and look at me with pleading eyes.

"I said leave"

He look at the door then at me. I fold my arms and wait for him to walk out. He walk to the door but stop before reaching to it.

"Sthandwa sami" he say.

I have my hands on the waist now, "I do not want you"

"A lot is happening babe you won't understand"

Did I say I'm interested? Maybe I did a few days ago, not now.

"It's a lot and I'm losing my sanity. How are the kids?"

Oh now he remember he have kids?

"Go" I say.

"Please sthandwa, please allow me to be here tonight. I need you to hold me and tell me everything is gonna be okay. I need you to tell me you love me and just hold me baby, please. I have longed for that, I have longed for you" My heart is begging me to say yes, but the hurt on the brain is saying no.

I shake my head, "Leave"

He give me the last stare that carry deep message and sadness before walking out.

I close the door behind him and throw myself on bed and cry. I'm crying because I have thrown him out. I miss

him so bad.

.

I don't know how sleep stole me last night. I was tossing and turning, drowning through my sorrows and wondering about him.

Today I'm going to work. It's a new day, yes it is.

Zethu call and tell me she is in her flat, dumped and fine.

I'm not gonna waste my time on her little break-up, they will get back together, if not she will find another boyfriend.

I shower, put on a pinstripe pantsuit with a simple white tee and gold sandals.

I get my lunch bag and fill it up. Fill it up!

Then I sit and have rusks and coffee. Oh the coffee! Welcome to hell Fikile.

"Sawubona"

Where did he come from? I even forgot he exist.

"Hi"

He look surprised.

"How are you?"

Now he is pushing it.

I don't answer that.

"I love you" he say.

**DO NOT SMILE FIKILE!**

I get up from the chair and take the bowl and cup to the sink.

"I'm off to work" I tell him taking my bags.

He grab them, "Wait"

Now he is using force.

"Why are you hurting me?" I ask.

He put the bags on the table, "I'm sorry, we need to speak"

"I'm not gonna speak about anything" I say walking to the door.

His hands grab me fiercely.

"You are hurting me" I scream.

He soften the grip around my wrists,

"Fikile why are you not giving me a chance?"

"A chance for what?"

"Look girl, I'm not gonna let you go"

His tone!!!

Who does he think he is?

"Don't say 'girl' to me" I tell him.

"Mfazi wami"

Yuuuu! I will throw up my breakfast.

"Why did you not say anything?" he ask.

"About what?"

He stare at me.

I sigh, "It wasn't my place"

He nod.

"From now onward your brother-in-law is Nqubeko, you don't have another one.Nceba is no longer part of our lives therefore you need to delete all his contacts" he orders.

"You are scared he might snatch me too?"

His face change immediately.He let out a short chuckle while his eyes are glaring at me.

"He won't, you love me" he say.

Okay, cut.The drama is over.

"How are you?" I ask him.

He let my wrists go, "I'm fine"

No he is not fine.

"What did you guys do to him?"

He look away.

"Is he alive?" I ask.

"Yes he is alive"

That's a relief.

"I'm still mad at you but I'm really sorry about what Nceba did"

He smile, "Thanks"

"I missed you"

The smile disappears, "I missed you too"

"What is wrong babe?"

He hold my hands and pull me closer to him.

"Something terrible happened"

Okay I'm freaking out.

I'm looking at his suddenly red eyes, tightening my hands in his sweaty hands.

"What happened?" I ask.

"She was talking about my mother and  
I lost it and hit her"

Oh the wife!

"Not hard I hope" I say eyebrow-  
raised.

"Hard"

My face drop, "Is she okay?"

He shake his head.

"Skhumbuzo!"

"She was pregnant"

My hands leave his.

"Was?" I ask.

"She lost the baby.I killed the baby"

My hand is on my tummy.

He cannot kill babies.No!

"What???"

His eyes land on my hand over the  
tummy.

"Fikile what...No"

I take steps away from him, "You made her miscarry?"

He scratch his head, "Fikile!!! You are pregnant?"

"How could you Skhumbuzo?" I ask.

"I didn't know she was pregnant"

I take a deep breath, "Yes I'm pregnant"

"How far?"

"Five weeks"

He exhale and nod. We stand looking at each other for a moment then he walk away.

Chapter Hundred & Eighty-Seven  
Ziphelele Mokoena

.

It is a special day, I guess. There is a

chef in my kitchen preparing American foods. He just showed up, I wasn't briefed on anything.

My dinner table has never looked this fabulous with a new gold vase he bought full of tree boughs.

Yep, Thapelo bought the vase.

Creamy napkins, creamy placemats. It's so beautiful, this chef is a genius. My brand new cutlery is out, the one stored for special occasions.

But what is so special about Thursday evening?

It's not my birthday nor his. It's not our anniversary or any memorable significant day.

"Why are you putting on that dress?"

What kind of a question is this?

"Because we are having a luxe dinner"

I say hesitantly.

"In our house, no need for Durban July outfits"

He laugh and disappear to the bathroom.

He is only wearing a casual white t-shirt and navy slim fit pant. Maybe I am overdressing, we are eating indoors. But I am bit disappointed, he was supposed to drool over me. Not laugh.

I change into the tropical print skater dress and flip flops. My hair is taking too long to grow, I want to braid. I'm tired of this boyish look.

He come back and pick Phakade.

"Where is his cap?" he ask.

"A cap for what? We are indoors"

No he want him to put on a cap.

He start looking for it.Maybe he think Phakade is his brother.He always try to make him look older than he is.

He find the cap and put it on his little head then we can go.

"Just in time" Gordon say.

That is his name, the chef.

"All good?" Thapelo ask.

"Please don't worry yourself Mr Mokoena, go sit in the dining table"

Thapelo chuckles and lead me to the dining.

"Do we have guests?" I ask looking at the setting.

"Yes...I think that's them pulling up"

He give Phakade to me and walk out.

Guests? Really?

"Wow!!" Nozipho exclaim.

It just her and her husband.So my new

plates and glasses came out for them?  
"Mama I'm gonna surprise you with a dinner like this one day" her husband say putting his arm around her.

Thapelo walk behind them looking defeated.

"Why are you two here?" Thapelo ask directing the question to Sbusiso.

Nozipho come to me and take Phakade.

"He look grown every time I see him"

"He eat every minute" I say.

This child suck life out of me.

"They are all like that"

She glance at Thapelo then look at me,

"Did you hide all the weapons?"

I frown, "Weapons?"

"Knives and all, we all know with him and Biyela under one room many things could go wrong.They don't

really like each other, intransigence is the reason"

My dad is coming here?!

Oh shut! He is here already with his wife.

Now I get why Sbusiso chose to come, he want to be a peace reinstator just in case.

Thapelo and my dad never really got along ever since the families feud.

Thapelo believe my dad is heartless and ruthless. My dad on the other hand believe Thapelo is arrogant.

They have sat on the same table a couple of time after the feud but never really talked. Dad also doesn't come to my house. It's more like me and him are also drifting apart.

They didn't make it to Phakade's

ceremony, which I felt like was deliberate, but I'm happy to see them. "So you are just gonna sit there?" Mom ask.

I get up and go give them hugs.

"You've gained weight" she say sizing me with her eyes.

I will take that as a compliment.

"Well life is good" I beam.

Dad chuckles. He must not start.

We all sit around the table, Gordon bring the drinks and appetizers.

Nozipho and Dad are in a deep conversation, she has taken our place this little crook. Dad love her more than he love Sbusiso.

"Do you tell him to cut his hair?"

Sbusiso ask mom looking at Dad.

"It's only a few days before I cut it

myself with a scissor"

He don't look bad, they are exaggerating.

"Don't cut it" I tell Dad.

Sbusiso laugh, "You look like him, what would you know?"

I touch my head, "I don't look like him"

"You don't want to look like me?" Dad ask in awe.

I grin, "I just have your nose, and short hair, nothing else"

He chuckles, "You look like your father, Mzingelwa anyway"

"Okay stop"

Everyone laughs.

Thapelo clear his throat, "Well, thanks everyone for coming"

"It's a pleasure"

He wasn't invited.

"Not you.Mam' Biyela and Bab' Biyela for the most"

Mom smile, "Thanks for inviting us.It's been a while"

Gordon bring the entree.Nozipho take it upon herself to serve around the table.We married her for this.

"I know it was a surprise invite, especially to you Baba"

Dad doesn't say anything but he give him his attention.

"I know I'm not your favourite person on earth" he say then chuckles.

"The reason I asked you to come over is because I need to clear the air between us.I do not have a problem with you Baba, it break my heart not to see you on my doorstep visiting your daughter because of me.The Biyelas

are Ziphe's family therefore they are my family too"

He sound so genuine, my heart is melting, I'm so proud of him.

"I think you are putting this the wrong way. I don't have a problem coming here, I just haven't had time" Dad say. Say someone who has been all over the city with Simtho, doing sleepovers in my sisters' houses.

Thapelo nod, "If you say so, but my door is opened for you, anytime"

"Well, thanks"

Okay now let me breath.

"There is another thing I want to say" he say putting down the glass.

"I wanna say thank you, especially to you Mam' Biyela"

Mom smile, "What have I done right?"

He look at me, "For giving birth to this beauty"

Sbusiso sigh, "Here we go"

Nobody is stopping him from complimenting Nozipho.

Thapelo shoot a look at him,

"It is me who beholds the fullness of her beauty and I can testify of its

sweetness and loveliness. She is the real deal, so I can go everyday bruh"

Nozipho clasp her hands, "Ncoooh"

"I'm being for real, I'm really

grateful. Life haven't been like how we dreamed of, it's a

rollercoaster. Sometimes we are

up, sometimes we are down. But I

couldn't have asked for a better wife, I love her with my whole heart"

I'm smiling ear to ear.

"Life has no script son, as long as you don't give up each other" Mom say smiling at me.

"You know Mama anyone can give up,It's the easiest thing in the world to do.But to hold it together when everyone would understand if you fell apart, that's strength.The strength your daughter is giving me by waking up everyday wearing this ring"

He shift his attention to me, "It's a great honour to be loved by you.You've turned our house,our home and turned our relationship into a beautiful family.You made all my dreams become a reality.Your family could've said no, I married you too young but they trusted me.That is why I invited them over today, they need to know

every now and then that they did not throw you into the dark hole when they gave you to me. Yes, I haven't been perfect. I make mistakes too, I'm a human but I love you"

He look at Dad, "Biyela I'm still taking care of your flower. She is the best thing that has ever happened to me, well my son too. Without them my sun doesn't shine. She just have me wrapped around her little finger. She is the best, different from the rest. Thanks for your beautiful daughter"

He squeeze my hand.

"Now you are bragging" Sbusiso say. I can't help but laugh through tears.

"I gained these bragging rights man. I got a wife who is beautiful inside and out" he respond.

Dad take a deep breath, "Thank you Mokoena, this means a lot to us"

"This is overwhelming" Mom say pouring a glass of water.

"I also love my wife people"

Nozipho roll her eyes, "Yeah right"

After that heartfelt speech he deserve a kiss and more later. Imagine I have Phakade on my lap, sucking from my breast and my head is faced up sucking on his father's lips.

"You know I can charge you another cow Mokoena for doing that to my daughter in front of me?"

Dad need to buy some chill pills.

Mom laugh, "Let the kids be baba"

He is not happy at all.

What does he think we do every night?

Hold hands and sleep. I'm a sealed deal.

"I'm sorry sir"

My stomach is full of butterflies, I can't eat anymore. I keep taking small sips of the drink and grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"So you still love those shumpu boys?"

Dad say looking at Thapelo.

"How are they shumpu boys? They gave your boys 1 nil. This week they are sending Amazulu back home"

Sbusiso jump in, "You can't be seriously bragging about a penalty win"

Dad chuckles, "Even that penalty goal was a momish"

"It went through your goalkeeper's hands, the momish here is him"

Thapelo say smirking.

This argument can drag for hours, Dad

want everyone to support his soccer team or else he diss your team every chance he get.

"Can we talk about something important?" I deliberately disturb them.

"Nothing is important more than this league" Sbusiso say.

"More than Supersport lifting the cup" Thapelo add.

Dad chuckles, "You dream big Mokoena, on the 11th you will sleep in hospital"

"Heart attack is real" Sbusiso say laughing.

Nozipho sigh, "Anyone for dessert?"

"On the 11th we are selling tissue rolls in the stadium son, many people will need them. We can make so much

money"

He bump fists with Sbusiso. Thapelo is giving them the mocking look.

Mom reach out for the small bowl with dessert,

"Baba you still remember about Chainz charity event on the 11th?"

Dad look at her like "what???"

"You should have a suit tailored, it's a big event" she say.

"I'm not going"

"Baba we are attending that event, Chainz is our biggest client"

"They chose a wrong date" Dad say.

Mom give him a look that say 'we are going papa'.

I would suggest she attend that event alone because if he force him to attend he will not smile to anyone and people

will accuse them of having marriage problems. You know how media is.

"We can go on your behalf, I need clients, an event could be the platform"

Nozipho say.

"Who is 'we'?" Sbusiso ask.

"Us"

He laugh, "Option not available"

Nozipho look at him, "Love"

"Error"

He usually eat out of the palm of her hand but not today. The 11th can't be sacrificed for anything.

Phakade start crying from my mom's lap, I think he is not sitting comfortable since she is eating with one hand.

"Dad please pass him to me" I say.

He look shaken up.

"Phakade" I tell him.

He look at mom, "Give her the baby"

"Take him"

Sbusiso get up from his chair and take him.

"He need a scar" he say giving him to me.

His sense of humour can be dark sometimes.

Come to think about it my dad has never held Phakade in his arms. This is worrying me because he play with everyone's child.

"Do you hate my son?" I ask him.

"Hate him for what?"

I look at mom. It like she just remembered something.

"You never hold him" I say.

"There are things I need to go through before I hold him"

Things like what?

"Thapelo has made peace with you,  
what else do we need to do?"

Sbusiso clear his throat, "You wouldn't  
understand, leave it"

"No I need to..."

Thapelo hold my hand, "Love"

I look at him. He tell me to let it go with  
his eyes.

I keep quiet and breastfeed my son.

"You made this boy all about you?"

Look at his big head" he ask Thapelo.

"I would like to tell you about it Biyela  
but I can't" he smirk.

Sbusiso laugh, "Smack-dab brother"

Nozipho lean to me,

"Iron that face, he love all his  
grandchildren. Phakade won't vibe  
with him" she whispers.

That!!

When is he going to stop his dark ways anyway? He is rich enough now.

"We still need to drive past Lydia's house" he tell mom.

"She said she don't want guests"

Sbusiso laugh, "She always say the opposite, go there she won't have a problem"

Aunt Lydia I hope you don't have 'other' guests there for a small prayer.

Chapter Hundred &Eighty-Eight  
Zethu Biyela

.

"Keep them coming" I tell the bartender.

He have a disapproving look on his

face. I narrow my eyes at him. He better do what he is employed to do.

I hate how Tyson has made me. I'm so weak, it's like my world crushed. The more I sit in the house is the more I think about him. The thoughts of him with another girl kill me and I know he is busy with fucktherapy.

"They used to cook like their mothers, now they drink like their fathers"

I turn my head to the direction of the voice. It's a tall, chocolate skin cutie portraying a perfect set of white teeth.

"Are you talking to me?" I ask.

He don't respond. He come lean on the counter with his elbows and stare at me.

"There is a screen over there" I show him TV on the wall.

He glance over it, "Nothing interesting,  
I'd rather stare at this beauty"

"Are you trying to flirt with Zethu?" I  
ask chuckling.

"Nice name"

I roll my eyes and shift my attention  
back to my drinks.

"I'm Mhlengi"

Do I even care? It doesn't even start  
with T.

"Who hurt you?"

The question make me put the glass  
down.

"I need to be alone, that's why I came  
here" I say trying to hide my emotions.

"Talking helps"

Goshhh!!!

"If I wanted to talk I was gonna go to a  
shrink.I want to drink, alone, that's

why I'm here sitting alone" I snap.

He keep quiet, thank God. I would appreciate more if he leave.

I take out my phone and check if I'm missing any calls. Nothing, sigh!

"Don't let a man who doesn't care enough be the reason you are miserable"

Shoot him!!!

"I'm not miserable"

He smile, "You look miserable and I would like to put an end to it"

"Oh nice!" I sip my drink.

"I don't have a big place but it can be enough for two people to sit, eat, drink and dance"

I laugh, "You are inviting me to your house?"

"It's better than here, I will take care of

you"

His words melt my heart, but I wish they were coming from Tyson. He is the one who is supposed to take care of me.

"Let's go, the person you are sulking for maybe out there enjoying life"

He is right.

Tyson may be out there fucking some random girls and I'm here drowning myself in alcohol and feeling sorry for myself.

"Don't think anything funny, my father will kill even your granny's cat" I tell him.

He chuckles, "Don't worry Daddy's princess"

Before I get in his car I send the car registration to Sena. You can't trust

anyone nowadays, especially strangers.

It's a bachelor's flat, nothing interesting except beautiful pictures on the wall.

"What type of music do you like?" he ask.

"If you have Travis Scott please turn it up"

Now I don't regret coming with this guy, he can entertain. We are chilling, listening to good music and drinking. For a moment I forget about the white guy who is cheating on me.

"What did he do?" he ask out of the blue.

"Long story dude"

"I have time"

Sigh.

"He proposed I said yes, but I didn't mean it..."

He cut me in, "What do you mean you didn't mean it?"

"I was enjoying the dick"

He laugh.

"Then I told him the truth,now he is hurt and fucking every girl in this town" I say and take a gulp on the drink.

"Do you blame him?"

I look at him, "Yes, he shouldn't have asked me during hot sex"

He nod and drink.

By the way I found the ring.I'm not sure if I should return it or keep it.Dina suggested I sell it and spoil myself with the money.Manbae is all about money, that night we spent all the cash we

found in Tyson's wallet. It was his idea, he said it will make me feel better. Three days later I'm still soaked in tears.

"I miss him" I say.

"Can I make you feel better?"

I shake my head, "Nothing can make me feel better, even Red Square couldn't"

"I can make you squirt"

He show that smile.

"I want Tyson to do that, not you" I say.

His smile disappears.

"You love this guy?" he ask.

"Too much"

"There is something I want to show you"

He get up and come to me. He have this smirk on his face.

"I'm not that drunk" I tell him.

He rest his hands on my shoulders,

"Close your eyes"

"No funny business" I say and close them.

I feel rush of warm air blowing over the side of my neck. Softly, he rub my shoulders.

"Do you want to experience things?" he ask in my ear.

"Mhhh"

This is so relaxing. He have magic hands.

"I'm gonna kiss you"

I don't say anything.

His lips sofly caress my neck, I even bend my head to the side. In a moment our lips has locked. I've opened my eyes, he is staring right through them.

He stop and unbutton my top. My braless boobs come to view. He grab them and squeeze. I'm wet instantly. "You are everything" he say staring at me.

"No feelings dude"

He chuckles and push his head between my boobs. I can feel his erection growing stronger and solid. His foreplay skills are of a cum laude, obtained from Oxford. When it time for the actual deed I'm already dripping wet from squirting from his tongue.

I haven't had a huge black dick in a long time, not that I've had any longing but Hallelujah the brother is gifted! I help him put the condom on and position my back comfortably.

Everything I never pictured happening is happening. My body belong to Tyson, so is his to me. But life doesn't play that card, there is no manual. Today I'm under stranger's chest with my nails digging on his back, screaming in tongues.

He wrap his arm around my neck, "I love you baby"

I've learnt not to say things I don't mean under dick influence, I learnt that the hard way.

"Right there" I say.

He thrust deeper, "Oh yeah baby"

I speak Swahili and explode. My whole body trembles, there is some numbness in my toes.

Then he start crying like a puppy in the cold rain.

"Ooooooh fuck!!!"

He lie on top of me catching his breath.I'm exhausted, my body has been dickfied beyond measures but in my mind, My Tyson!!!

It feels like I just cheated on him.I have disappointed him twice, now again.

"Hey"

I look at him.His post-sex face make want to lick him all over.I smile, he is...

"I was worried" he say and smile.

"I enjoyed"

He exhale and roll off me, "You are a heater"

I watch him taking the condom off.He is a snack.

Fatigue defeat my body, I close my eyes.

.

I slowly open my eyes and look around. The lights are on.

Oh shit!!

Where is my bag?

I shake him up violently, "Hey hey hey"  
Instead of waking up he turns the other side and snores louder than ever.

Sigh!

I get up and look around the room. It's obvious I left it in the lounge.

The empty bottles and cans on the floor!

I find it on the coffee-table and look for my cellphone inside.

Tyson called. Wow!

I reply to important texts and switch it off.

This guy is fast asleep, the time is 00:45. Definitely I'm spending the

whole night here.

I walk to his kitchen and look in his fridge for something to eat. There is food he prepared earlier on, I take it and warm it.

I make myself comfortable in his kitchen and eat with a can of Hunters cooling down next to me.

When I return back to the bedroom his phone is ringing nonstop. Maybe it's his girlfriend. If she show up here it will be a total disaster.

The number calling is saved as Lady M. I don't think he would save his girlfriend's number as Lady-so.

I press the side button silencing it. I need to sleep

.

My sleep wears off as I feel hands

going all over my ass.

"Dude what's up?" I say removing his hands.

"Come on baby, two minutes only"

Dear sex admin!!!!

"No.What is the time?"

"Ten to six"

I attempt sitting up but he hold me down.

"Baby come on"

"Stop calling me that.Get up and prepare me a bath" I tell him.

He give me puppy eyes.

"I'm serious I need to go"

He smile, "Okay we will shower together"

What are we now? A couple?

"No I don't take a shower with strangers" I say.

"But you sleep with them?"

I laugh, "Of course, dick is life"

"What if I love you?"

Okay I will see myself to the bathroom. He is probably new in this department.

I take a bath and wrap myself in a towel. I have a lotion in my bag.

He is still on bed counting his bad lucks.

"Where is your girlfriend?" I ask him.

"What make you think I have a girlfriend?"

"You are cute"

He smile, "I'm glad you think so, but I don't have a girlfriend yet"

"My boyfriend called last night"

His face change, "Ex-fiance. What did he want? Did he ask where you are?"

"I didn't answer"

Relief wash all over his face, "Good"

"Good???" I ask frowning.

"Look siso this guy doesn't care about you as much as you think he does. Even if you marry him he will run to random girls everytime you let him down"

The truth in that!

I exhale and keep quiet.

"Maybe I'm jumping guns, there is no need for us to act like partners. But we can hang out every now and then as friends" he say.

"Friends with benefits?"

He chuckles, "No, but we will fuck if you want to"

"Yeah right"

"You are beautiful siso"

I laugh, "What's up with that term?"

"I had a special friend, she was beautiful like you. I used to call her Siso"

"She died?" I ask.

He nod.

"I'm sorry bhuto"

He smile, "She used to call me like that"

He offer to make breakfast, but I tell him I will have something in my place.

"Do you have hangover?" he ask.

"Just a little"

He give me his jacket since it's a bit cold. The journey to my place is filled with good music and less talking.

"Can I have your cellphone number?"

he ask before I get out.

I take his phone and put it.

"Don't call me at night" I say.

"Okay siso, have a great day"

I open the door, "You too bhuto, drive safely"

My apartment is open.

Did Phindile come back from Darnall early than planned?

I walk in expecting to find her cleaning the kitchen. That's what she always do around this time.

"Where are you coming from?"

I nearly drop to the floor.

"Geez bhuto!"

He frown, "What?"

"What are you doing in my place?"

"Where are you coming from?"

I walk past him, "I don't owe you any explanation"

He follow me, "This is a man's jacket"

I don't say anything.

He grab my arm.

"Tyson!!" I warn.

He stare at me. The stare send shivers down my spine but I maintain the brave face.

"Let me go I want to give you your ring then you can leave" I say.

"Please take it off"

I frown, "What?"

"This rug"

Touchy!

"No I'm cold"

Bathong this guy!

He grab the jacket off me and throw it to the door. He is red angry.

"You are done fucking random bitches, you are now here to annoy me"

Nx! I walk away.

I come back with his ring, "Here"

He doesn't take it.

"Baby" he say in a pleading voice.

"Go back to your bitches"

"You love this jacket guy? Queen I thought you love me, like you'd never leave me"

Really now?

"I didn't leave you, I said I'm not ready for marriage then you walked out on me and hooked up" I remind him.

"I was hurt, I'm sorry"

I exhale, "Take the ring back"

"No it's yours, we may not marry soon but we will eventually get married is it?"

I let out a chuckle, "Tyson I'm not a plastic doll, I have feelings. There is something called trust, you don't break it because it cannot be amended"

"Can we talk, please?"

"I'm hungover and tired"

"Did you sleep with him?" he ask.

I clear my throat, "No"

"How did the jacket end up with you?"

"It's cold, some people are good hearted" I say.

"I don't trust you"

I laugh, "That's not my problem, yours"

He walk closer to me, "I slept here, I missed you"

Am I supposed to be wooed?

"Okay"

He pull me to his arms, "Please forgive me"

"You hurt me, it will take time"

"You also hurt me queen, acknowledge that"

My phone disturb us.I don't recognize

the number.

"Hello"

"Siso"

This guy!!!

"Hey bhuto"

"Are you okay?" he ask.

"Yes but a bit busy"

"Okay I will call later"

I drop the call and look at Tyson.

"Who is this?" he ask.

"You understand that I'm mad at you right? I don't exactly owe you any explanation just like you never owed me any explanation in the studio"

He sigh, "I was drunk"

His lame excuses!

"It's a friend I met in the Lounge last night"

"How did you meet?" he ask.

"He came to me then we started talking and became friends"

I don't even know why I'm explaining myself to him.

"You need to be careful baby"

Aargh!

"Don't start" I say.

"I care about you, you live here" he point his heart.

"I'm lucky" I say mockingly.

"Even when mistakes drift us apart I'd still care about you. I don't trust random people approaching you and befriending you just like that, this world is not safe, especially for you"

"Well said, can you leave now?" I say.

"I can't live without you"

I sigh, "Tyson"

"I mean it. I love you, I'm willing to

have you any how. Be my girlfriend, fiancée or wife, as long as I have you it's okay"

I close my eyes, "Ty"

"Keep the ring, I still want you to marry me some day. But now I want you, don't stop loving me please"

"I need time" I say.

He kiss my cheek, "I respect that, I promise I won't do anything stupid. Don't jeopardise our love, I love you"

I watch him walking out. I'm stupid in love. See I've already forgave him, I just don't want to let him off the hook easily.

I need to fry hot sausages and chutney then I will call Phindile and check on her.

Mhlengi's jacket!!!

Tyson is crazy.I need bhuto's jacket.

Chapter Hundred &Eighty-Nine

Simtho Biyela

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"Bath and do your homework" I tell him for the fifth time,if not sixth.

He sigh, "Yes Biyo"

"And don't touch my laptop"

"For the tenth time I won't, go"

This kid!

"Vukile" I look at him.

"Go"

Now I'm annoying them, okay.

"Warm Junior's food" I give the last instruction and grab my car keys and bag.

I'm heading to Fikile's house, she said it's important. I haven't seen her in a while, but her man is back so I'm sure it's nothing bad.

Senamile's car is already here. For news she can cause car accidents.

I wonder what made her partner-in-news miss this? The Zethu I know wouldn't say no to special news break.

"Leano!!!"

He is the only person I recognize in this room. I take him from his mother and sit.

"Tell them monkeys not to stare at your aunty like that...tell them boo-boo" I say lifting him up.

"We are looking at the tight skirt, your ass is all out"

"Tell Aunt Senamile jealousy is a

disease" I kiss his cheek and put him on my chest.

"How is your family?" Zanda ask.

I smile, "They are awesome"

"Is Ziphe coming?" Sena ask.

"No, she has something to do with her husband you know how she is" Fiki say.

That's bad cause we were hoping to make her and Zanda talk. These two have been friends for a long time and beside that we are family, we need to squash whatever beef there is and be there for each other.

Thee wife walk in, "Ladies I'm late"

"I'm glad you know" Sena say.

She put her bag down and take her brother's baby.

"Zungo" she kiss his cheek.

Fiki walk away and come back with drinks.

Coldrinks.

"There is no wine in this house"

"What???" I exclaim.

"That's breaking the rule" Sena say.

Zanda look at her, "Which rule?"

"The household rule, every household must have at least one bottle of wine"

I laugh, "Yes, Household Act67"

"Guys stop" Nozipho say laughing.

Fiki clears her throat, "I'm about to drop a bombshell, you guys will be left shocked and disappointed"

"You are moving to London?" Sena ask.

"No"

"I'm shocked already so out with it" I say.

She take a deep sigh, "I'm pregnant"

Well...

She is looking at us expecting us to say something but we are looking at her stomach expecting to see a little head or foot.

"Guys you are scaring me more" she say.

Zanda clears her throat,

"Congratulations"

"How far are you?" Nozipho ask.

"I'm six weeks"

"This answers your grumpiness. What are you scared of exactly? You'd be popping the head out of your vagina for the third time" Sena say.

"I'm alone, it's like history repeating itself"

She is close to crying.

"Is it the hormones speaking or you?" I

ask.

"Skhumbuzo is not happy"

Wtf!!!

"Did he say that?" Zanda ask.

"The last time we spoke about it was when I broke the news to him. He never mentioned it or asked about my check ups"

That is unlike the Nkandla guy, I thought he was legit.

"Maybe he didn't want more kids"

Sena say looking at her with pity.

"Why didn't he use protection then?" I ask.

"He obviously thought he was on the pill"

Why is she defending the jackass???

"Well she is pregnant now, everyone must take responsibility"

Fiki sigh, "There is more than what meet the eye"

Okay.

We look at her.

"He went to confront Sthelo's mom and Nceba, I think things ended up getting out of hand, the woman miscarried"

"Whaaaat?" we all exclaim.

"I think I'm paying for that sin"

Zanda hug her.

This is surely a messed up situation that doesn't concern Fikile but she is paying for it. It's not fair, she already went through two pregnancies alone.

"Will you be able to handle it alone?" I ask her.

She shrug, "I don't know"

"Then get the motherfucker involved"

Sena give me a dead stare, "The guy is obviously still feeling guilty, let's give him time"

"Time is money, Fiki didn't send him to kill his brother's child"

"It was a mistake, I think Sena is right" she say.

"I think you are very soft on him, next year you will be a housewife taking all his shit with a smile"

Everyone keep quiet.

Y'all can agree with me, ever since Fikile dated this guy her divaness vanished. She even address him with his surname.

"Yebo Nkosi" wtf!

I look at them, "We are the Biyela divas our heads don't work"

Zanda burst out laughing.

"I'm serious, don't sacrifice your own peace and comfort for someone else. He need to acknowledge this pregnancy or else your head must start not working" I say then sip my drink.

"What must I do? Force him to ask about my morning sicknesses?"

"No throw up on his face"

We all laugh. This guy really need a wake up call.

"Do you guys think Simile will have a problem?"

Sena laugh, "You are scared of your own son?"

"He is grown"

I don't picture myself worrying about Junior's opinion on my sex life. If I get pregnant I get pregnant, he will have a sibling that's it.

"Maybe he will be excited" Nozipho say.

"Or you can test the water first by beating around the topic and observing his reaction"

She nod, "I will buy a magazine and show him a pregnant woman then hear what he have to say"

Sena lift her can up, "To me and Fikile"  
Is she also expecting?

Oh the white boy's baby, but still this is Fiki's moment.

We toast to two new additional members of the family. We keep on growing.

"How is Lwazi?" I ask.

He was also not excited about the baby news. On his case I can say I understand.

She smile, "He is lovely"

"About the coming baby?"

"He accepted it but he still want another baby soon"

"So are you willing to give him another baby?" Nozipho ask.

She grin, "Time will tell, I want to focus on my daughter first. I don't want her to feel inadequate love because there is another baby"

"Lwazi is everything, don't push him away"

She smile, "Do you want my husband bitch?"

I roll my eyes, "Can he fuck?"

"He is a god"

"Eewu" I say laughing.

"I will show you, turn around" she say getting up from her seat.

I turn around and hold on the couch. She hold my waist.

"This is how he do it"

Bang bang bang!!!

"Oooh baby!!!" she groan like a man.

I laugh, "Ooh Lwazi my husband give it to me"

She spank my ass and bang me.

Everyone is laughing but immediately the room fall into silence. Sena jump off my behind.

I look up.

Shit!!!

They look traumatized. They don't even know where to look.

I'm trying so hard not to laugh, "Hello guys"

His brother look at him. He clear his throat and say a shallow hello.

"Come on in" I tell them.

Sena want to die. Her head is bowed down.

Nozipho is maintaining a cool face.

"Sanibona" the brother get his voice back.

We all return the greeting. I notice his eyes have landed on Zanda and they are not leaving her.

"Bafo this way" Skhumbuzo say.

Before they go....

"Congratulations daddy" I say.

He look at Fikile, "Thanks"

"So what are you hoping for? A girl or a boy?"

He must stop looking at my sister, I'm the one talking.

"Any, I don't mind" he say.

I take my drink, "Mhhh"

"It's nice seeing you" he say before they walk off.

Sena sigh as they disappear, "That was fuckin' embarrassing. They must be thinking we are crazy"

I seriously don't care. He did the same to Fikile, that is how she ended up with an unwanted pregnancy. Bang bang!!

## Chapter Hundred & Ninety Fikile Biyela

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They don't stay for long after Skhumbuzo and Nqubeko arrived. I'm glad I've told them, now I can focus on preparing how to break news to mom and dad.

They don't even clean after

themselves! I collect glasses and put in the kitchen then throw the cans in the bin outside.

I don't know where the brothers are. They must be somewhere counselling each other, they looked really traumatized.

What am I cooking today?

No, my head is not working. Simtho pulled my ears.

I will eat yoghurt and fruits then sleep. He doesn't give me the attention I deserve but I keep on cooking for him and giving him sex. Simtho is right I'm letting him walk over me.

"MaBiyela"

When did he walk here? Why is he even here, in our house?

"Hi"

"Are you busy?" he ask.

"No"

He doesn't say anything.I thought he was asking because he wanted to say something.

I turn back to the sink and continue rinsing the glasses.

He clear his throat.

This guy!

"So that girl.."

I look at him, "I beg your pardon"

"That girl with a baby"

What is wrong with his tongue?

"Zanda? What with her?" I ask.

He rub his hands together, "She is beautiful"

I don't laugh, "Yes she is"

"Is she taken?"

This time I laugh.She have a small

baby, that alone should be a hint.  
Nqubeko is crushing on Zanda. I don't  
know if Zanda have types, either way  
Nqubeko is not her type. He need to go  
pick a virgin eMhlangeni.

He look embarrassed, I stop laughing.

"Her lobola negotiations are in  
process, she is much in love with her  
babydaddy. They've been together for  
five years" I tell him.

"You mean I don't have a chance?"

I shake my head, "Forget it"

He must forget it. Mandla is our big  
brother, he can't chase after his  
woman.

He exhale, "Well I'm disappointed. How  
are you?"

"I'm good"

"How is my brother treating you?"

I shrug my shoulders.

"He love you" he say.

I nod.

"Really love you" he add then walk off.

Now I'm not sure if I should cook for him or not. My man is going through the rough patch of his life. Maybe I should reach out to him than to wait for him to reach out to me.

I take the kettle and fill it up with water. I'm gonna cook uphuthu and the spinach I've stored in the fridge for days. Hopefully this will remind him he is Nkosi from Inkandla. He don't bow down to his problems.

The Skhumbuzo I know would be here by now asking about Simtho and Sena's state of mind.

I stir my phuthu and decrease the

heat. Then chop the spinach and vegetables.

He clear his throat behind me. I turn around with a knife in my hand, he has sat on the chair now scrolling his phone.

"I'm cooking spinach" I tell him.

"Okay"

Sigh!

"How was your day?" I ask with my back turned.

I'm not sure if he heard me or not. He is focused on his phone.

MaMkhulu, Bab' Mzingelwa's wife, usually say you need to stir uphuthu five times before it's ready. So after stirring five times I take it off the stove and start on the spinach.

There is parent's meeting in Sthelo's

school, he want me to go but I don't think I will be able to.I'm trying to avoid crowds as much as possible. I finish cooking and dish, his phone is keeping him busy.Whatever it is must be interesting.

I put his food in front of him and a glass of water.

He put the phone aside and start eating.No thank you, not acknowledgment.

I grab yoghurt and three bananas and leave the kitchen.

I regret cooking for him.Ungrateful bastard!

First I take a two minutes shower,lotion my body and put on a silky nightdress.

I rest pillows behind my back and

eat. After eating I put the banana peels and yoghurt container on his bed side. He walk in as I get ready to sleep.

"You left me to eat alone" he say.

I get under covers and zip my mouth.

"Eish!"

I think it's a mess on his side.

After lot of movements he get on bed and put his hand on my hip.

"Are you asleep?" he ask.

"No"

He pull the covers off my upper body and kiss my shoulder.

"I miss you"

Oh no boy!!!!

I get up and sit on my ass, "You miss fucking me, not me. What do you think I am? A sex machine"

He look shocked by my outburst.

"I don't think you are a sex machine"

"All you ever do is get back from work, eat my food and fuck me. You don't even care how I am. There is no thank you or how was your day Fikile. You are just an ungrateful dog"

His face change, "Fikile watch it"

"Or what?"

He chuckles and say nothing.

"I don't work for you, you can call my Dad right now and tell him to refund your lobola" I say.

"What is happening?"

I click my tongue and take my phone. I find Dad's number and call him.

"Fikile I'm busy" he answers.

"Dad can you refund the Nkosis their lobola?"

This fool's eyes pop out. They don't real

pop, they narrow.

"I don't have time for games Fikile"

Biyela say.

"Please Dad, tomorrow morning. I can't marry this person"

"We will talk when you are calm"

He drop me!

I grunt and throw the phone.

"Since you are not ready to be a father, I'm also not ready to be a single mom. So we have an option then you can go sulk over your brother's baby and wife away from me" I say putting pillows under my arms.

"What option?"

"Option suck your dick" I say and leave.

If I don't open this door he is gonna break it.

"Vula" he keep saying then the loud bang would follow.

I sigh and go unlock the door.

His face tell me one thing, mad.

"What is your problem?"

I roll my eyes and turn back.

His hand grab my shoulder violently,

"Fikile you are going to respect me"

"Or what? You gonna kill my baby too?"

He pull me to his chest with force, his hand grabbing the nightdress on the chest. I'm expecting a huge slap or fist across the jaws, but all I get is a violent kiss and fierce ass grabbing.

When he let go I'm convinced my lip is swollen. I touch it and look at him shocked beyond core.

"You are a psycho" I say.

"What am I supposed to do?"

I look at him then walk to bed and cuddle myself.

"Tomorrow I'm going home, I want to spend the night with you"

"Why are you going home in the middle of the week?" I ask.

"It's family issues"

He just had to remind me I'm not his family.

"Okay travel safe, I want to sleep"

"Fikile you can't shut me out"

"You've been shutting me out ever since you found out I was pregnant. If feeling guilty is gonna make you resent me for this pregnancy then tomorrow morning I'm terminating this pregnancy. I can't go through another pregnancy alone, I can't Skhumbuzo" I

say through tears.

"Please don't do that.I'm gonna be here with you"

"You speak east your actions speak west.I didn't make myself pregnant, I didn't send you to beat your wife.."

He cut me,"She is not my wife"

I take a deep breath, "All I'm saying is you are torturing a wrong person.I love you and that's all I've done ever since we met.I've loved you, maybe that's why I'm paying for the sins of people who never loved you"

He hold my hand, "Sthandwa sami"

"No" I shake it off.

"I'm a mess, aren't I?" he say and bow his head down.

"Be my mess, talk to me.Don't push me away,we need you"

I take his face in my hands, "I love you"  
He bite his lip.I pull his head to my  
chest and embrace him.

One moment I'm screaming, next  
moment I'm crying because I'm not  
ready to lose him.I will never be ready  
to unlove him.With him the divaness  
vanishes.

"Ndlangamandla"

He force his eyes to look at me.

"I'm pregnant" I tell him.

He put his hand on my tummy and  
look at it.This is the moment I've been  
dreaming about.

"I don't want to be alone"

He look at me, "You won't be alone"

"I'm already alone, you don't care" I  
say tears dropping down.

He take my hands, "I'm sorry"

"Okay"

"Tell your father not to return lobola, we still want a relationship with the Biyelas. I want you to be Mam' Nkosi"

I look at him releasing all the anger I had. He is my boo.

"Can I cuddle you?" he ask.

"Let's go to our bedroom"

He help me up and take the pillows. We walk back to our bedroom, get on bed and cuddle.

"I missed this" I say.

He lift my leg and put it over him, "So what is happening with you?"

"What do you mean?"

"How is your body? What am I supposed to do for you? What do you like and not like?"

I smile, "I like apples,bananas and fruits"

He chuckles, "Honey you went to first class schools"

I give him a look, "I feel super sick in the mornings and tired in the evenings"

"So what must I do?"

"You have three kids Skhu" I say.

"I wasn't there when they were in the stomach"

"Well just do what I say do"

He smile, "Okay ma'am"

"I love you"

He draw me closer to his chest, "Can you feel that?"

"What?"

"Tell me you love me again"

This is silly.

"I love you"

His heart beat is stronger.Or we  
imagine so.

I kiss his lips softly, he kiss me back.

.

I remember us talking after the  
intimate kiss,I don't know how I fell  
asleep.

He is not on bed with me, but that's not  
important right now.Dudes I'm late,  
like really late.It's close to half past  
seven.

I drag my aching body off bed to the  
bathroom.

What am I even gonna wear?

I put the gown on and walk  
downstairs.

"You are up?"

Why didn't he wake me up?

I yawn, "What is all that?"

"Your apples,bananas and fruits are in the basket.This is the Nandos meat with some rolls.If you don't like it you will wait for me to make you a cereal or eat amagwinya in the microwave"

I just look at him.

"Oh the yoghurt! I bought it" he dash to the fridge and take 6pack of danone.

I laugh, "You are taking this too far.I'm not a pig.I only want apples,bananas and fruits"

He must be kidding me? Giving me the whole basket!

"And amagwinya with cheese and polony"

He smirk, "Only"

"Yes only.When are you leaving?"

"Leaving to where?"

"You said you are going home mos" I say.

"No I'm staying here with you, Nqubeko will sort it out"

I swallow the piece of apple, "He like Zanda"

He chuckles, "It's nothing wrong"

"No he need to get over whatever it is, she is Mandla's woman. And you know Mandla is my big brother"

"I know, don't worry he will just appreciate the beauty afar"

"Good" I say.

He put a plate with two vetkoeks, polony and cheese, in front of me. I do deserve this treatment.

"So your sisters do that all the time?"

I thought he unseen what he saw.

"No, they were just fooling around" I

say.

"Mhhh"

My phone rings.

It's Biyela.

"Menziwa" I answer.

"Fikile how are you?"

"I'm great, how is mom and my sons?"

I ask.

"They are good. Look I will send Thobela to discuss this matter with the Nkosis"

My throat dry up, "That won't be necessary"

"Hey child I don't have time for games"

"I'm sorry Dad I didn't mean what I said"

I hear him clicking his tongue before dropping the call.

Didn't Mom give this man a morning glory?

Chapter Hundred & Ninety-One  
Zethu Biyela

.

\*\*Drinks tonight? On me\*\*

Who ever say no to free drinks? I text him back immediately.

\*\*I'm coming with a one plus\*\* sent.

He call.

"Bhuto if I text you text me back,don't call" I say.

"I just want to know who you are bringing along"

There is only one person who like free things,he'd take a pass-out at work than to miss free drinks.

"I'm bringing a friend"

"What friend? Your white fiancée?"

I chuckle, "No, who told you my fiancée is white?"

"You told me, so must it be indoors or outdoors?"

"Indoors is fine"

"Okay call me when you are ready so that I can come pick you up" he say.

After he drop the call I buzz Dina. He is the one who need to call me and hear the good news.

He call after a while, he must've took airtime advance. This guy look like an overpaid broke manager.

"My love" I pick up.

"Don't my love me, what do you want?"

He never stopped hating me, he just

developed a little care.

"There is SAB truck that overturned down the road"

He scream, "What???"

"I'm telling you. There are beers all over"

"And you are only telling me now?"

I laugh, "Stop whining and get here asap"

"Twenty minutes"

Well let me change this dress and put on my jeans. Today Phindile is coming back, Nkabenhle has fully recovered. I'm happy for her, I know this took a huge toll on her.

I missed her, little sis. Ziphe grew up too fast and married so with Phindile it's like a compensation for a little sister.

"Come out you bitch"

Oh hell!

I grab a jacket and walk out. He is fuming with his hands on the hips.

"Do you see 'fool' written on my forehead?"

"Relax" I say and sit on the couch.

"I didn't drive all the way here to relax on your ugly couches, where is the truck?"

"You are so dumb. There is no truck, but I've been invited for drinks and I thought why not tag poor broke Dina along" I say.

"Who invited you?"

"You will see him, he is a friend"

I take out my phone and text Mhlengi.

"Does Tyson know?" he ask.

I roll my eyes, "Please"

He give me a look, "You want a repeat of what happened the other day?"

I sigh, "Fine I'll tell him but I won't tell him it's Mhlengi who invited us. He have trust issues and Mhlengi is just a good harmless guy"

"Are you sleeping with him?"

"No" I say typing a text for Tyson.

"Look at me in the eyes and tell me you don't know this Mhlengi dude's dick"

I don't look at him, "Mind your own business"

"Clap once, clap twice. What is it that you want to see? You know very well that Tyson is gonna kill this dude"

Sigh.

"It happened once and it won't happen again. Tyson fucked two girls, I was hurting"

He laugh, "You mean a strange dick healed you?"

"You know what fuck you, Mhlengi is gonna be here anytime now" I say.

"Don't forget to put your ring on"

Why must I wear a ring?

"We are not engaged anymore"

"You are decorating your finger, It's not fair for hundreds of thousands rands to stay in the drawers " he say.

To stop him from nagging I go put the ring on, but I put it on my right hand.

"Are you happy now?" I ask walking back.

"Yes, now let's go twerk. You said he is handsome?"

I laugh, "And straight af"

"You would know that more than anyone, wouldn't you?"

"Whatever, Amla is waiting for your ass"

My phone ring.

"Bhuto"

"I'm down here"

"Okay we are coming" I drop the call and pick my bag.

He open the door for us, his eyes are on Dina. He have this huge frown on his face.

"This is my friend Dina, Dina it's Mhlengi"

"Oh, nice to meet you bra" he offer him a hand.

Dina shake it, "I wear bras, I'm not one"

I crack up, "Call him Bae"

"Yooh ay no let's go"

Dina doesn't give him space to breath,

he is asking him all sorts of questions. He is not comfortable talking about himself, especially his background. He says he is from KwaMakhutha, nothing much about his family and his occupation.

I hope he is not a gangster.

We are in his place, sitting on the same couch fucked on. There are other two guys, named Luzz and Pheny. Basically I'm the only girl here, Dina is getting drunk within a minutes. Now he has turned the music to the max and dancing.

Mhlengi come sit next to me with a cider in his hand.

"So what's up with the ring?"

I look at him, "I'm sending a message to all hungry niggas out there, I have a

man"

He chuckles, "I can't believe you took him back"

"You don't even know him, that guy love me"

"So do I"

My word!

"Aybo Mhlengi!"

We agreed on being friends, why hit on me now?

"Can't you see this guy doesn't love you? You deserve better"

"I deserve you you are trying to say?" I say.

He smile, "I can treat you right"

"We are friends, that's where it ends bhuto"

The other guy, Pheny come to us.

"Mjita we need to turn around the

corner" he say.

Mhlengi look over Dina, "Take him with you and come back with red meat and some rolls"

He hand him a few notes.Both Dina and Luzz leave with Phenyoy.I feel somehow ganged on.

"What are you hoping to achieve?" I ask him.

He switch off the music and look at me with a smile.

"Nothing, I want to hang out with you" I put the glass down, "Well if you think I'm gonna open my legs for you again forget it.I love Tyson, he may not be perfect but he have my heart"

His smile has vanished, "I didn't say I want to sleep with you"

"Then you are clever" I pick my glass

and sip.

He exhale, "Maybe I'm too stupid, I catch feelings easily.Or maybe I'm too desperate to experience this thing called love"

He look at me, "You know it's lies, God doesn't love us equally.Some people have everything.Money, loving partners, parents and all.Some have nothing, we only came on earth to give compliments"

"Don't talk like that"

"I'm being real, love is not for everyone, me included" he say.

I don't know if he is trying to make me feel sorry for him or what, but hell it's working.

"You are still young, nothing has been concluded"

He shrug, "It has..It was concluded long time ago when my parents died"

"Do you need a hug?" I ask opening my arms.

I have my both parents, I cannot start to imagine life without them.I always feel sympathy for people who lost their parents, life cannot be easy.

"I'm sorry"

He breath out and hold onto me firmly.When he finally let go he have tears in his eyes.

"Bhuto"

He put his arm around my neck and kiss me.I kiss him back but at the back of my mind I know I can't comfort people like this.

The kiss is getting hotter and deeper, our tongues rolling on one another.I

try to break off but he pull me for more.

"Bhuto not today" I say when he attempt to take my top off.

"I want to get inside you, please"  
I get on my feet and straighten my top,  
"Sorry I can't"

"What are you doing?"

"I'm leaving" I tell him.

He stand up and hold my hand, "Please Siso don't leave, I'm sorry"

"I should've known this is what you wanted.I have a man, Mhlengi"

"I'm sorry, please stay"

I sit, "Do you know how immature this is?"

He sigh.

I pour a drink in my glass and drink.He sit and watch me.

"I don't love you" I tell him.

"I know, you love a rich white guy who is always out fucking different girls"

I laugh, "It happened once, don't have a snack over it"

He take his phone on the stand and scroll.

"I saw this dude and heard he is in a relationship with you"

I take the phone and look at the pictures.

"That was yesterday"

I wash down the lump on my throat with a huge gulp. There are two bitches sitting on his laps, he is laughing holding a cigarette in his hand.

He take his phone and sit next to me.

"He is playing you Siso" he say touching my hand.

"I don't understand, he apologized genuinely. He agreed to give me some time to get over everything then we will move on"

He exhale, "This guy clearly can't zip his pants"

"There must be some explanation for this. My Tyson doesn't smoke"

He chuckles, "We all smoke when we are drunk"

Tyson better have an explanation. I'm trying to be a changed girl, he is pushing me back to the crazy old me.

"You need to take some time, get fresh air and think about everything. You cannot do that here"

I look at him, "What are you saying?"

"I'm going to Mpumalanga for one week, It's a work trip. Please come with

me"

"So that I can be your snack throughout the week?" I ask.

He shake his head, "I'm not that bad. Yes I'm in love with you but I'm not gonna use you"

"I will think about it"

He smile, "You deserve a break from everything"

Dina and the guys return with more booze and meat. My whole evening has been spoiled. Tyson can't do me like this.

"Is everything okay?" Dina ask.

I nod my head.

"Then stand up and shake that flat ass" he say swinging his hips side to side.

"My ass is not flat and I'm not in the mood"

He look over Mhlengi then lean to me.

"I hope you didn't fuck him"

"I wish I did" I say.

As time goes by my mind get even more sober, I interrupt Dina and tell him we need to leave.

"There is no way I'm leaving all this booze just because Miss Long Legs have something to sulk about on her bed"

I don't have time to beg him, he will find his way back home. I tell Mhlengi to drive to my apartment. He try to convince me otherwise but my mind is made up.

On my bed I keep turning and tossing. My sleep is on strike, my mind is occupied with lot of things including Tyson's behavior and Mhlengi's trip.

Around 23h20 I get up, put my coat on and walk out with my car keys. I've tried being sane, it drive me insane. I need to see Tyson. He owe me some answers.

I have my own set of keys. I open and let myself inside.

I'm expecting to find him with a bitch but he is alone. Deeply asleep.

"Tyson" I shake him violently.

He open his eyes and frown.

"Baby"

I pace around, "Get up, we need to talk"

He yawn, "What is the time?"

"Who are they?"

"What?"

"Who are these bitches you are taking with you to clubs?"

He sit up, "Which clubs? What are you talking about?"

"I see now you are into white chicks, lovie missed home"

"Baby I don't know..."

I cut him in, "I saw it with my own eyes. I'll tell you what everyone went back home. Having a black dick after such a long time was amazing"

"What???"

I give him a cocky smile, "I lied to you, I slept with Mhlengi. The guy who gave me his jacket"

"Zethu you are drunk and talking nonsense"

Oh I'm drunk!

"Carry on with your bitches, I'm not gonna chase you around beating people for you"

His face turn red, "You slept with him?  
The jacket guy"

"Yes, and I will do it again"

I stop him before he can do  
anything.I'm from Mandeni,my roots  
are in Inkandla.One must think and  
digest before putting his hands on me.

"Don't even try" I say.

He take a few steps back rubbing his  
hands together.

"Zethu what's the fuck?"

I take the ring off and put it on bed,

"The fuck is you, I'm done here"

"I don't know what I did wrong" his  
voice is breaking.

"Bye Mr Givanston"

I walk to the door.He call my name, I  
turn and look at him.

"How did we get here? How did it get

so messy? Where did I go wrong?" he have tears in his eyes.

## Chapter Hundred & Ninety-Two Nozipho Biyela

.

I got a call from my helper telling me to rush home because a man calling himself my husband's brother has arrived. I don't know who she is talking about, Sbusiso is not answering his phone. I collect my belongings and leave piles of work behind.

I'm welcomed by kids' noise from the driveway. There is a white bakkie parked outside with NKA registration. Sphiwo see me before everyone does, "Baba here is mommy"

I can't believe I left work for Nduku.

"Hello babies" I greet the kids.

"Baba from Mkhulu's home is here"  
they tell me.

They grab everything I have in my  
hands and run up the stairs to put  
away.

"Menziwa" I offer him my hand.

He shake it, "MaZungu how are you?"

"I'm good.You surprised us with a  
visit"

"I missed my brother's kids, but ey  
they speak lot of English maarn"

I laugh, "You stick to your Zulu, they  
understand it, just that they are used  
to English"

"I'm hungry and thirsty, this skorokoro  
has been giving me problems all the  
way here.Right now I can eat a whole

human being"

I make him food and cup of coffee then attend the kids. He have a huge bag next to him, which make me wonder how long his stay is gonna be. He is a bit trouble when drunk.

"The actual fact MaZungu is I'm here looking for a job. I'm tired of staying at home looking after goats, I even smell like them. I want to stay this side now and meet new people" he say.

"I'm sure your father will find something for you to do"

He grin, "No I don't want to work for Muzi, he is controlling. I want to send CV's to other companies, go for interviews and train. I don't want to get hired because I'm the boss's brother's son"

I don't remember hearing anything about Nduku and academic qualifications.

"What qualifications do you have?" I ask.

"I have matric"

Oh wow! I underestimated him.

"Do you have a CV?"

"No, I was hoping you'd write it for me"

I smile, "That won't be a problem, we can write it tonight"

Today I need to cook a delicious meal to welcome him. Maybe invite the sisters over too.

Sbusiso is as surprised as I was. He is getting updated about what's happening back in Inkandla before he can even take a seat.

I make pasta with salmon and peas. Ayanda is on my neck requesting noodles for supper. I've had it with their choosy asses. Everyone is eating what I'm cooking. Pasta and noodles are children of the same mother, just that Noodles never attended gym. Unfortunately I couldn't get the sisters to come over, they promise to make time during the week and come see their brother, cousin in English world. Their fathers are siblings. I disturb the brothers tense conversation.

"Babe today you're bathing the kids"

"Yesterday it was my turn, today again?"

Sometimes I bath them the whole week without complaining.

"I'm busy with the pots"

He sigh, "Okay fine, but the next two days are yours"

He want lot of kids but he can't even manage three.Yamihle is the last born I swear.

I go prepare Nduku a room he will use.I don't want to be around when the kids give him trouble.Yesterday he had to fetch his belt before they obeyed.

I wrap things up before Yamihle's nanny knocks off.

"Your room is on the left side before the gym.You can go freshen up,dinner will be in an hour" I tell Nduku.

I don't even pass by the kids' rooms I walk straight to our room.Yamihle is asleep so I leave him on bed and go take a bath.

Around 7pm we all gather around dinner table and eat. Kids are in love with their uncle. They think he is interested in cartoons and telling him all about the latest.

I have to rescue him when they ask that he go watch Frozen with them upstairs.

"Bab' Nduku have something important to do, he will watch it with you tomorrow" I tell them.

Sbu get his laptop to type Nduku's CV. I'm gonna try to find out from my father about hiring companies.

"Tomorrow you need to go certify your documents copies. Criminal record? I doubt you have..."

Nduku cut him in, "Umhhh I did assault people three times, if not four but I

paid bail in all cases"

Awww! I look at Sbu. He look defeated and continue typing.

"Conclude that I took the first position in Standard 7 the whole year, all terms and I was soccer captain"

Sbu chuckles, "The only thing they care about is your matric results"

"That's not fair cause in Matric I fell sick"

I burst out laughing, "I'm sure if you put your principal as the reference he will vouch for you on that"

He click his tongue, "That elephant hated me, phela I once threatened to slap him. He wanted me to go stand in front of the whole school just because I refused to sweep the classroom"

Sbusiso clear his throat, "Bafo do you have matric certificate?"

"Write that I have it so that they don't throw away my CV.I will explain to them about what happened to it when I get there" he say.

"What exactly happened to it?" Sbu ask.

"I didn't get it, I was only short of 5% in Maths"

"You can't lie in a CV Nduku, I have to retype all this and put in the facts"

This may take longer than planned.I go take Yamihle's blanket and check if the chipmunks are behaving.They are watching Tv quietly.

"Have you been to an interview before?" Sbu ask him.

"No but it won't be a problem, I mean

it's just answering a few questions"

"There is more to it. You have to be professional" I say.

Sbu put the laptop aside, "Let me ask you a few questions they will ask if you go for an interview"

Nduku fold his arms and look at him.

I laugh, "In the interview you sit up straight, keep your back against the backrest. No arms folding. If you lean forward you keep your shoulders low. Your legs must be still, no dancing no chair wiggling"

"Aw MaZungu what does that have to do with a job?"

Sigh!

Sbu ask if he is ready, he say yes.

"Tell me about yourself"

He clear his throat, "I'm Ndukwenhle

Biyela from Inkandla"

We wait for him to continue, but he just pick his nose and look at us.

"Bafo that can't be all, you need to go deeper about yourself. How old are you, describe yourself in full"

"I wrote everything in the CV isn't?"

He is not getting a job anywhere.

Sbu sigh, "Fine we will do that part again"

"What are your strengths and weaknesses?"

"My strengths? I'm energetic, I'm an early bird and I love challenges. My weaknesses would be women. Ey I love women, they make me weak. A woman can say jump and I'll ask how high" I'm dead with laughter. He can't be serious.

"You can't say that in an interview,  
they won't hire you"

I don't think he understand.Sbu is  
losing patience here.

"What make you unique?"

"Everything, I'm unlike anyone" he say.  
Why Sena didn't come here? I can't be  
laughing alone like this.

"Why should we hire you?"

He is now leaning to the right, his hand  
on cheek.

"Because you are hiring and I want a  
job" he say boldly.

Sbu stand up, "I need water, Nozi carry  
on"

Nduku look at him walking off, "Come  
back with a beer"

If he get a beer nobody is gonna

sleep. When he gets drunk he turns into Vusi Nova, he sings his heart out.

## Chapter Hundred & Ninety-Three Aunt Lydia

.

Vince is getting attached. He went from visiting me twice a week to coming here almost every day. I'm not complaining, all the attention is welcome, but I don't want to raise suspicions. So today I've called him over because I want us to discuss our arrangements full minded. I prepare mutton stew and rice then sit and enjoy a cup of tea.

When I hear his car pulling outside I remove the scarf on my head. He has

to see this new hairstyle I did. It's soft dreads, the salon girl recommended it.

"Oh wow!"

My smile stretch from ear to another.

"Hello Vince"

He put the plastic bag with fruits on the table and hug me.

"You are so beautiful, when did you do this?" he say looking at me.

"Today in town"

"Jealous is a disease, you look really beautiful"

I need to find that salon girl and reward her. Tomorrow I need to go meet the church ladies, they also need to see this. Age is not an excuse to be ugly.

I put the plate in front of him and sit opposite him with mine.

"How is Zodwa?"

He cough, "She is good, she is fine"

"Is she not suspicious?"

He drink water, "She is excited about our son returning from overseas, she is not suspicious of anything"

Oh! Son is back so soon.I wonder what happened.

"I think we need to be careful despite that people are not aware of what is happening between us.You have a reputation to keep, your church look up to you"

"What are you trying to say?"

"I'm trying to say we need to be careful, the less you give Zodwa attention and you are seen driving here is the more people are gonna raise eyebrows" I say.

He keep quiet for a moment then tell me he have something he want to discuss with me.

"I'm listening" I say.

"I'm stepping down as the pastor, Myeni will take over"

"What? Why?"

"I can fool everyone but I can't fool God. He know my ways"

I can't say I'm not confused.

"We are all sinners, it doesn't mean we should crucify ourselves" I say.

He chuckles, "I'm doing what's right for the church, for you and for my heart"

I exhale, "Talk about surprises! What are you planning to do after stepping down?"

"Take a second wife"

I choke and drink water, "Vincent!"

"Then the church will decide if it still want me as a member or not"

He need to slow down and explain this to me.

"Who are you taking as the second wife?" I ask.

He look at me and smile, "How long do you think we will do this hide and seek? Lydia we are in love and culture allow me to marry you"

Yes I've asked a few men to marry me before, but now marriage scares me. Being a second wife for that matter, no I'm able to digest this.

"You are talking from the heart, not from your brain"

What are people going to say? The church? Zodwa?!

"We are old Lydia, if life throw a ball of happiness at me I'm not going to let it pass by.I need to be happy at least in my last days of life"

This man is dead serious.I stop eating.

"Vince you know how your wife is.She will never allow that to happen, not to mention the church and your family" I say.

"Well everyone will have to find a way of swallowing their opinions and accept the way things are going to be.I've seeked wisdom from the Lord, I've looked for advising scriptures, in all I didn't find any advice on how to stop the heart from loving someone"

"I don't know what to say, I'm shocked"

He take a huge breath, "You deserve

respect Lydia and decent love"

.

It's been three days since Vince came here and dropped the bombshell. I don't know how many people he has told about this, my nerves are short. I'm not ready to defend myself against haters.

"Lydia!!!"

I hear someone screaming my name at the door.

"Don't break my aluminum door I'm coming"

Whoever this is she have a death wish. Why bang my door like this?

Oh hell no!

She walk in with her hands over her head, crying like an ambulance.

"Zodwa"

"Lydia why?"

Bloody hell!

I look at her choked in my words.

"All this time, all these years Lydia!"

How am I going to explain myself now?

She is crying hysterically, her face is wet with tears. I knew this was a bad idea.

"I'm really sorry Zodwa, I didn't want things to turn..."

She shake her head, "Khambule is turning me into the laughing stock. How am I going to face Cynthia and Hlengiwe?"

This woman is full of surprises. Her husband is taking a second wife, she is only worried about what people are going to say.

"Zodwa this doesn't change anything,

I'm not coming to replace what.. " I say.  
"Hey Lydia you don't know what you  
are talking about.It's not your husband  
stepping down as the church pastor  
and marrying some other Aunt  
Caroline"

Aunt Caroline is me? Excuse you  
woman!

"Hey do not insult me.Aunt Caroline  
doesn't have a hairstyle like this"  
Bawo this woman doesn't even look at  
me carefully.

"This is not about you.I'm here  
because I need someone to talk to, but  
clearly I came to a wrong place.I  
should've gone to MaMsibi, she knows  
about marriage.You cannot relate to  
anything, you've never walked down  
the aisle and have a man vow to love

you till death. You cannot understand the pain I'm feeling right now"

I fold my arms, "Clearly you came to the wrong place then"

She sniff, "Give me a glass of water"

I get water and give her.

"If I find who this woman is, I swear hell will break loose. I'm not going to standby and watch a homewrecker marry my husband. Over my dead body!!" she say crossing her fingers in the air.

So she doesn't think the woman is me?

Wow, she is slow. I almost spilled the beans.

I put on a sad face and hug her.

"Dear Lord Zodwa, I don't know what to say but I'm sure God have a purpose for everything. You know what, let's

kneel down and pray"

I lead her to the lounge so that we can kneel on the soft carpet.

I start, "Our Father who art in heaven here is your daughter in front of you. She is coming with all her burdens. Almighty Lord I beg you to heal her bleeding heart, give her strength to face everything that seem to be a challenge in her faith..."

She break the ceiling with her loud breaking voice.

"You said you are Alpha and Omega, you will be here everytime. You said we must come to you with all our burdens and you will offload everything from us. Sovereign Lord I'm bringing the curse that want to break my marriage. Deal with this demon father

Lord. You are God of justice, I don't have power to do this on my own. I need you to show your highness to her, she don't have a right to destroy what you Almighty Lord built..."

No! I close my eyes again and pray all over again.

"You did say you are God of forgiveness, today some of your children have sinned, forgive them Baba. Everyone deserve happiness in this world, but some have went the wrong way in pursuit of that happiness. Again Father Lord forgive them, in their paths forgive them and bless all the reunions with happiness. You are God the blessed and the only Ruler, wipe everyone's tears and aggrandize happiness. All in the

name of the Creator and  
Almighty, Jesus Christ Amen"

I open my eyes and look at her, she is  
still praying.

After the prayer I offer her cookies and  
coffee.

"I think God has spoken to me" she say  
grinding my cookies.

"Uhuh" I say looking at her.

"My husband has been longing for my  
attention, that's why he is thinking of  
taking a second wife"

She smile, "Today I want to do  
something special for him, maybe cook  
a special dish and serve him on my  
knees"

"Oh!"

"Yes and you have to give me one of  
your recipes, you know I can't really

cook"

I'm being tested here. How come an ass wrinkled woman can't cook?

"I would love to, but I misplaced my recipe book. I've been looking for it since yesterday" I deliberately lie.

"But you are sharp minded, I'm sure you still remember one or two"

Sigh!

I get a piece of paper and pen. Here we go sisterwife

Lamb sosaties ingredients;

1 cup of plain yoghurt, stew meat cut in cubes, 1 large onion, 3 spoons of curry powder & 2 of salt, half cup vegetable oil, 2 tablespoons of brown sugar, 12 ounces dried apricots, 10 kabob skewers and 6 whole white peppercorns

Oh Vince you are going to eat some food today!

Why not add 3tablespoons of white vinegar?

Chapter Hundred &Ninety-Four  
Ziphelele Mokoena

.

Oh gosh! He never give me a break.

"Baby can't you just shut up? Mommy is trying to sleep, we were up all night playing remember"

I take him to my bed and sleep with him sucking on my breast.

His father didn't tell me he will will leave early for work.He didn't even bother waking me up, I just woke up to the empty side of the bed.I haven't

called him to find out, I'm tired  
Phakade kept me three hours at night.  
Phakade is a bully if I want to sleep, he  
stay awake crying for my  
attention. Now that I'm awake he is  
sleeping.

I should hire a helper just like  
everyone else. The day is so long with  
just me and Phakade in the house. Life  
without Zanda is boring. I miss her, I  
miss our friendship. I have my sisters  
but I miss talking to someone who live  
the life I live. Our similarities are what  
bonded us the most.

I take a bath while Phakade is  
sleeping. When he wake up I will bath  
him then we will hang out. I hang out  
with him, yeah he is my best friend. We  
watch movies together, I explain the

characters to him.He doesn't care though.

As a breastfeeding mom I'm compelled to take as much liquids as possible.

I drink tea while waiting for porridge to cook.I wonder if this man ate anything before leaving.He is my big baby, I worry about him.

I send a text asking if I should bring him breakfast at his workplace.It delivers but he doesn't respond, I will take that as a no.

I dish porridge and let it cool down while I bath Phakade.He hate water so bathtime is always stressful to me because he cries and I have to make sure I'm fast when doing it.

I dress him up and return back to the kitchen to have my...

And then?

"I thought you went to work" I say.  
He is dressed up in casual pants,  
looking handsome than ever...but he is  
eating my porridge.

"I went out for a drive" he say eating.  
A drive early in the morning to 9am?  
"Okay, that's my porridge by the way" I  
say.

He stop eating, "Oh I'm sorry, I thought  
it was my breakfast"

Since when I give him maize porridge  
for breakfast?

"No you can eat, I will find something  
else"

I give him Phakade and make myself a  
thick sandwich.

"Where did your drive end?" I ask.

"No where specific, I was just driving

around"

Why don't I believe him?

"And you didn't return my text because you were driving?"

"Yes"

I plug a kettle so that I can make him coffee.

"That's new" I say.

He smile, "Mhhh you are beautiful"

"I'm serious"

"I'm also serious you are beautiful my wife"

I look at him trying to study his eyes.

Why is he being weird?

I'm trying to interrogate him about the drive here and he is throwing compliments.

I make his coffee and put it in front of him, "Do you want toast?"

"No, thanks"

I sit and eat.

"Did you put all the trash in the outside bin? They are collecting at ten remember"

I look at him, "No, you can take it out too. It is not my job"

"It's not my job either"

Why is he insisting on pissing me off?  
The smirk on his face I can wipe it with a smack.

I eat my sandwich and keep quiet.

"So who is going to take the trash out?"

Hhayi bo!

"No one" I say.

"It should be you, you are the one who don't want to hire a helper"

"Thapelo it's still early"

He take his coffee and get up the chair,

"My boy let's go watch SpongeBob,  
mommy will take the trash out"

I watch him walking away humming a  
song. What an irritating husband!

I finish eating and empty bins in all the  
rooms. I can't believe this man is  
bullying me like this.

And this???

Who parked this machine in my yard?  
I leave trash near the bin and run back  
inside the house. I take on the steps  
and reach the top in two minutes.

"Thapelo there is Aston Martin parked  
outside" I say out of breath.

"Okay"

Hhe???

"Thapelo I said there Aston Martin, the  
car, the DBS, parked in our yard"

He raise his eyes and look at me, "I

heard you baby"

"Who put it there?" I ask.

"Me, you left the keys downstairs on top of the counter"

What???

"Thapelo!!!"

"Thanks for giving me this chap, I love you" he say kissing Phakade's forehead.

"You bought it" I ask.

"Yes"

"How did you afford it?"

"Are you trying to say I'm broke?"

I hold my chest, I need to keep breathing.

"Baby the car you bought me is still okay"

He smile, "Should I return this one back?"

For what???

I run down again.I grab the keys on the kitchen counter and run outside.

It is personalized with Phakade's name.I go crazy screaming and hugging it.

The seats! I want to sleep inside this car tonight.

Well I'm just sitting inside looking and touching everywhere.I can't believe this is my car.

When I step out he is walking to me with Phakade wearing a huge smile.

"Do you like it?"

What kind of a question is this? How can I not like it.

"I want to drive to Simtho's house" I say.

He laugh, "You want to show off?"

"Yes, please drive me there"

"Why don't you drive yourself? It's your car"

Well I'm shaking.

"I don't want to crash it" I say.

I feel like I'm riding Noah's boat. I feel too blessed, I want to open the windows and scream "I love Thapelo". What on earth am I going to do for this man?

I call Simtho when we are about to drive through and ask her to come out of the house.

I leave Phakade and Thapelo inside and step out as a mistress. She is looking at me flatly. It's like I just disturbed her on a serious duty.

"Hello sister"

"Ziphe I'm tired, what is it?"

Gosh! Is this girl dumb or what?

"Can't you see the car I'm arriving with?" I ask.

"I can see it, who does it belong to?"

"It's mine" I say with a smile.

"That's Aston Martin, it's not a toy car"

I pull her hand and lead her to the back of the car.

"This is for Phakade's mommy" I point at the registration.

"No Ziphe you lie"

Lie where? See the joy on my face.

She scream, "Oh my God! I'm Rick

Ross, I'm driving British cars"

Wait, is it hers?

She is surprised to find Thapelo in the front.

"Thapelo you bought her this? Oh my gosh I want it too. Get out I want to sit

on the wheel and take pictures"

Thapelo expected this.He step out and let her be.

"Do not bump on the seats" I tell her.

"Oh my! Oh my! We are running this city"

I walk to my husband and put my hands on his chest.

"Thank you so much baby.I don't know how I can show you how appreciative I am for this"

He smile, "Just love me"

I pull his head and kiss his lips slowly.I will always love him.My first and forever.

My car!!

"Simtholile" I scream charging to the car.

Who told her she can move it?

"Come on guys let's go for a drive, I'm on the wheel"

What? It's not her car. She have no right to lean out like that.

"I have some work to do" Thapelo say.

"Okay take Don's car, Ziphe and I are taking a drive"

Sigh!

We are heading to Sbusiso's house. I'm not happy with her speed.

It's only Nduku home, Sbu and Nozi are at work. He walk out with his hands pushed in his pocket. I can tell from his face he doesn't see anything rare with this car.

"My brother" Simtho scream.

He stop next to the car, "Hey sisters, what's with the noise"

"We are driving Aston Martin DBS"

Simtho tell him.

Only now he look at the car, "Hey nishaya ngetshitshi lomlungu elinje!"

"You will take it one day and go flaunt it in Inkandla"

I look at her like wtf.

"Imagine my sister. Getting there with...what's the name again?"

"Aston Martin" Simtho say.

"Mutton of a sheep?"

"No M-a-r-t-i-n, a name"

"Oh yeah getting there with Martin, all the girls would lie on this chest"

"Okay get inside, let's go see Zethu" I say.

He get in and sit then laugh, "Hey today I'm sitting inside Martin , this is what I love about this place. We live like white people, we even ride in

them.OMartin here we are riding them.Thatha dadewethu, sibangena ngoMartin.Sithathe usibeke tshitshi lomlungu"

I laugh and shake my head.He is that member of the family.If we are holding ceremonies at home he is not allowed anywhere near the hut with brewery before the ceremony day.He is Nduku,he is different from everyone.

## Chapter Hundred &Ninety-Five Senamile Madlala

.

"So you are not talking to me anymore?" he ask.

I keep quiet and fold the clothes.

I don't understand why he don't want

to buy me a car.It's not like he can't afford it.

"I can't believe you are jealous of your little sister" he say.

I look at him deadly.

"I'm not jealous of her"

"Then why are you trying to compete with her?"

"I'm not competing with her, I just want you to buy me a car"

He shake his head and walk away.

Okay maybe I'm jealous of Ziphe's car.I've been sulking to Lwazi ever since I saw it.I imagine myself arriving in Mandeni with it.The streets would jam, everyone would turn their heads.I'd definitely trend the whole month on Twitter.

"Mom where is daddy?"

"I don't know, find him"

He throw the ball to the wall, it bounce back and hit on the pile of clothes I've folded.

"Do you see what you've done? Who is going to fold these clothes again? Are you stupid?"

He look at me, fear written in his eyes.

"Quinton"

He run out the door crying.

Damn! Why am I snapping at the kid?

I bump into him clutched on his father's arm.

"What is wrong with you?" Lwazi ask.

I exhale, "I'm sorry baby, come to mommy"

"No, you are shouting at me"

"I'm sorry prince"

Lwazi is looking at me with so much

irritation.

Quinton jump down and come to me. He is heavy but I pick him up.

"You need Jesus" he say and walk off.

Okay.

I have to make up to Quinton. I get him chocolate slab and pocket of chips.

Oh! Mr Madlala is now folding the clothes.

"Love"

He look at me, "What?"

"I don't want a car, I'm sorry for being childish"

"You don't want a car?"

I clear my throat, "No"

"You are lying, you still want it and I'm not gonna buy it for you. Let Ziphe enjoy her gift without you trying to outshine her. I'm not competing with

Thapelo,drive your old cars"

He is dead serous, I know I should get over it.

"Fine what do you want to eat for dinner?"

"Don't cook, we will eat out" he say. I help him with folding then we get ready to go.

.

Guess who is sitting in the corner with a ben 10? Mandla's ex-wife.Okay maybe it's not a real ben 10 but the guy is younger than her.

"Look who is sitting on the third left table" I say.

He clear his throat, "You want us to leave?"

"No I don't care about her, I deleted her ass on your phone she knows

that..."

"Sena!"

Ouch! I look at Quinton, luckily he is focused on his food.

When our eyes meet she flash a fake smile and get up from her seat. She is coming to us, wiggling her ass.

"This is cute" she say.

I smile, "Hello Phumlile"

"You guys should have ordered a greek salad, it's cheaper, considering the fact that you guys should be saving money for the future. Phela nothing last forever"

I chuckle, "Well Mrs..umhhh sorry I forget about the divorce, see I eat what I want, when I want. Can we help you?"

"No I just came to say hi. Nice haircut Lwazi"

She is testing me.

Lwazi glance at me, "Thanks I guess"

"You're welcome sweetheart, how is business doing?"

"It's great, everything is smooth" he say.

"Smooth like the owner"

I keep my composure because there is Quinton here. She smile and walk back to her table.

"Baby are you done eating?" I ask Quinton.

He nod.

"We are leaving" I say looking at Lwazi. Phumla have a skill of getting under people's skin. The way she looked at Lwazi! We didn't moer this girl enough or she just doesn't know when to stop. When he see through the rear mirror

that Quinton has fell asleep in his seat  
he drive with one hand and hold me  
with the other.

"Don't let her get to you" he say.

"How? You were blushing Lwazi"

"See you are doing exactly what she  
wanted you to do"

I exhale, "I'm sorry, I just hate her"

"She is not worth it"

Can't God send a lightning to that bitch  
already? She is just waste of oxygen.

There is a car parked outside our  
house.

"That's Tyson" Lwazi say hooting.

He reverse and let us pass then follow  
us. This is a surprise, Tyson has never  
visited our house unless we are  
hosting family gatherings. He do get  
along with Lwazi but it's no obligation

for late pop-by's.

Lwazi get out of the car and walk to where he is parked. I take Quinton inside the house to his room.

Lwazi walk in after a while,

"He want to talk to you" he say.

I frown, "Me? Why?"

"It's about him and Zethu"

"Is Zethu okay?" I ask panicking.

"Yes"

That's a relief. Now I'm curious to find out what is it that need to be discussed with me about their affairs.

"Tyson"

He get up from the chair, "Hey thanks for coming"

I need to ask this,

"How are you?"

He breath out, "I'm trying"

He is not trying, he look like a mess.

"What's wrong?"

I'm not that close to him but I can tell something is totally wrong.

"Zethu left me" he say.

"But I thought you guys were working things out"

He rub his forehead, "So did I"

I have to call Zethu and find out what is happening.

"I need your help, I know this is a low blow but can you please talk to her for me? She don't wanna see me anywhere near her"

"And what exactly must I say to her?"

I'm sure she have her reasons" I say.

"I didn't do anything, I swear.I don't know what this jacket guy is doing to her, he has completely turned her

against me and I don't know why"  
Who is the jacket guy? It seems like  
there is so much I don't know about  
Zethu, like I'm so behind.

"Who is that?" I ask.

"The guy she slept with, she met him in  
the clubs"

Yoh! Maybe I don't understand their  
relationship as a whole. How can he  
talk about her sleeping with another  
guy in such chilled tone?

"Now are they dating?"

"I think so, she spent the last two  
nights in his apartment"

I feel sorry for him, I can see how  
broken he is.

He blink, "I love her, I really do"

"She clearly doesn't deserve that love"

"I don't trust this guy, his place of birth"

point to Ladysmith but he use  
KwaMakhutha"

And how does he know this?

"Are you following them around now?"

I ask.

He shrug, "I'm just trying to protect  
your sister"

"Well I don't think that's a great idea"

His phone disturb us, he frown before  
answering it.

"Hello...Yes It's me...Why? Who is this?  
Hello"

He look at me, "Sorry, I don't know  
who..."

His phone beep, he look irritated as he  
swipe the phone's screen.

Is that...? No he can't be watching porn  
infront of me.Judging from the  
moaning sounds that's doggstyle.

He grunt and throw the phone to the wall. It break into pieces and fall on the floor.

"Tyson!" I exclaim.

"How dare this motherfucker do this? He clearly doesn't know me"

"What is it?"

"He is fucking her and filming for me. He want me, he is gonna get me."

My eyes nearly fall to the floor.

That was Zethu?!

What's the fuck is wrong with her?

Even if she wanted to move to another dick why rub fresh wounds of your ex with a sex tape.

No wonder we get all kinds of labels.

I have to get people to follow Tyson. He could kill them.

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## NARRATED

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The door burst open as Zethu and Mhlengi enjoy icy ciders. He is breathing fire, Mhlengi has jumped to the corner dropping his cider to the floor. Zethu remain sitting on the couch, unmoved.

"You motherfucker" Tyson say charging to Mhlengi.

Zethu get up the couch and stand on his way.

"Tyson what are you doing here? Why are you following me?"

"I'm not following you around, but when the motherfucker start calling me and sending me your sex clips I'm gonna surely flip and kill the motherfucker"

Zethu look at Mhlengi, "Did we not leave our cellphones in my flat? What is he talking about?"

"I don't know, please Siso go with your fiancée I don't want trouble"

Tyson touch his pockets, trying to find his cellphone then he remember he smashed it.

"I destroyed my phone but the video was there and he called me"

Zethu exhale, "This is a low blow

Tyson.Mhlengi and I are just hanging out, we have no cellphones with us and we did not have sex"

"Baby I saw him fucking you, he sent the video"

"Your imagination is wrong, please stop.Mhlengi is my friend.You have no business in what goes in my life, go

have your bitches"

Mhlengi clear his throat, "Siso it's okay, I understand. I wouldn't be happy too if my fiancée had a guy friend"

"Ex-fiancée, I told you I was done being a white, rich guy's floozie" Zethu say.

Right there Tyson see through

Mhlengi. He is playing him and he is winning.

But the question is who is he?

"Zethu look at me" he say taking Zethu's hands in his and squeezing them.

"It's me, Tyson. We are the Tyzee, we will never leave each other. I have your best interests at heart, I loved you before you knew me. I care about you, I told you no matter what happens your safety will always be my first

priority. Baby it's me, look you are in my heart. Please let's go, for your own safety you don't have to love me"

Zethu close her eyes and take a deep breath, "Tyson you broke us, right now I'm trying to get over you. Please leave me alone"

"Queen let's go" Tyson continue begging.

"We have a trip tomorrow, so if you can allow us to have an early night?"

He frown, "What trip?"

"Oh so that you can follow me? No thank you"

Tyson look at Mhlengi, "Who are you? What did you do to her? What do you want?"

"Nothing sir, I don't want trouble, I'm just a friend but if you are not okay

with that we can break the friendship. I really don't want trouble" Mhlengi say his hands put together apologetically. "Bhuto you don't have to do anything, Tyson is not my life dictator and he is leaving now" Zethu say.

Tyson look at him, "La única cosa no he matado es un gato. Sabes bo quèr?

Pouquèr tiene nueve vidas, no me gusta perder las balas. Pero si no puedes resucitarà no me intentes"

(Translation: The only thing I haven't killed is a cat. You know why? Because it has nine lives, so I don't like wasting bullets. But if you can't rise again don't try me)

Mhlengi has no idea what he said because he said it in Spanish but he know it was no love poem. His hands

sweat as Tyson walk out.

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**\*\*MEANWHILE\*\***

After two hours of trying to track the sender's number Biyela is forced to comply and agree to the R2 mil deal. He cannot afford this kind of scandal. His brothers always judge him on how he raise his children. This will be a confirmation of that should it get leaked to the media.

His wife? She did a great job in raising his children. He don't want his family to paint her as a bad mother all over again.

After a phone call to his financial manager he walk outside for fresh air with a bottle of water. His blood is boiling, shame is suffocating him. He

never thought one day he'd see his daughter naked with a man on top her. Maybe he did fail as a father, this is what's on his mind as he inhale the Sappi polluted air of Mandeni.

## Chapter Hundred &Ninety-Six Fikile Biyela

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"Phone her and tell her to go to Sbusiso's place,she will be staying there for a couple of days"

That was my dad.I can't believe what he is telling me.How can Zethu be that careless?

I call her, her number is unavailable.  
I call Phindile.

"Sis' Fikile"

"Hey Phindile where are you?" I say.

"I'm on my way to work"

"Where is Zethu?"

"She is in Mpumalanga"

What???

"What is she doing there?" I ask  
shocked.

"Her friend is taking her to a vacation"

Oh my word! Zethu is real stupid.

After speaking with Phindile I call my  
father back and tell him about

Mpumalanga. I fear what he is going to  
do to her when he find her, that's if he  
find her. Who knows what this guy has  
planned.

Tyson!!

I should probably call him too. He will  
know what to do in this situation.

His phone is off too.

I exhale and lie on the couch.  
This guy have my dad where he  
wanted him to be.He is out of  
options.He just paid R2mi for the sex  
tape not to be leaked.Anything can  
happen.This person still have the  
video, he can request more money.

"Is everything okay?"

I exhale and sit up.

"No, I just received a call from my  
dad.Someone is blackmailing him"

He sit next to me, "Blackmailing him  
how?"

"The person has a video of Zethu on  
bed with a man"

"Her white man?"

I grin, "Nope"

I know when he is about to get  
judgemental, I stop him before he can

say anything.

"Zethu is still young"

He cock his eyebrow, "Mhhh I see"

I put my feet on his lap, "She is driving me crazy though. You should've heard Biyela's voice, he is so down. He don't deserve this, no parent is supposed to see his child making sex. It's humiliating"

He massage my feet, "But he is a good man, If Zethu was my daughter she would've been admitted in King right now"

"Do you want a daughter?" I ask.

He look at and smile, "Yes, I want a baby girl one day, someone I can protect and control"

Protect, yes. Control???

"Soon we will find out if it's another

son or a girl"

He put his hand on my stomach, "I can't wait to meet him or her. Are you going to breastfeed or you will feed him donkey's milk from the shops?" Should we really discuss this now?

"I haven't decided"

"Do you want yoghurt?"

"No, I want maas" I say.

"And who is going to cook phuthu?"

"You"

Like duuh!

He laugh, "I should've used condom"  
Lol I haven't even started. When I get real big I'm not gonna move from this couch. He will do everything. I'm not even going to scratch myself.

He kiss my forehead, "Let me go cook before you pop this baby"

"Make sure water boils before you pour maize meal"

"What make you think I don't know that?" he say then lick his lips.

Goshhh!

"I want to have sex"

He laugh, "This is sexual abuse"

What???

"Skhumbuzo!"

He is gone.

I grunt angrily and take the remote. I only asked for his dick twice today. Okay maybe three times, if I include the muffing I forced him to do. I took my panty off and sat on his face.

Phone rings.

Who is going to get it for me?

I do not recognise the number. I put it against my ear and wait for the caller

to initiate a conversation.

"Are you there?"

Wait! I look around to see if Skhumbuzo isn't coming.

"Nceba!!!"

"Yes it's me"

He is not allowed to talk with me.

"Skhumbuzo is going to kill me, why are you calling me?"

"I just needed to talk to someone from home" he say.

I exhale, "How are you?"

"I'm fine"

"I heard about what happened. I'm really sorry"

He stay quiet for a while.

"Fikile I'm homeless"

Huh?

"You don't have a place to stay?" I ask.

"I do, but I don't have a place called home. My family hate me, my mother said she don't want to see my feet in her home ever again"

How can MaMvelase say that to her last born?

"Did you apologise to her?" I ask.

"I doubt she want to hear anything I have to say"

What he did was terrible but I feel sorry for him.

"Give them time Nceba, they will forgive you" I say.

He clear his throat, "I'm getting married"

Excuse me??

"Come again"

"Everyone knows now, we decided we should make it official but she want to

meet the kids first"

Now this is funny.

"Are you being serious right now?" I ask.

"Yes I will refund my brother all the lobola then we will proceed. The sooner the better"

This need serious intervention.

"What do you mean the sooner the better?"

"The wedding is the only thing that can comfort her after what she went through"

Oh slap me again!

"She need counselling not a wedding. What kind of crap is that?"

Nx! I should keep my voice low or go speak outside.

"Fikile you've never lost a baby so you

won't understand how it really feel  
like so don't judge her"

Oh wow!

"So when does she want to get married  
to you?" I ask.

"On my birthday"

What? That is in a few weeks if I'm not  
mistaken.

"Nceba"

"Huh?"

"Do you love her?" I ask.

"What kind of question is this? Why  
else would I agree to marry her?"

"Because you are desperate for love  
and you don't know what love is. Tell  
me how many ex's do you have?"

He chuckles, "Why are you asking?"

"I'm asking because I think you are  
caught in a web of regret. Do you feel

like you owe this woman something?"

"I owe her everything, that's no secret. Can you organise a family meeting? I know they will agree, they love you"

"No, I don't want to involve myself in this" I say.

"Please sisi, you are my only hope. I need my family, I'm getting married I don't even have someone to share my joy with"

I exhale, "If you marry her you will never get forgiveness from your family. Now it's time you choose, either your family or the woman you think you destroyed"

"I don't have a choice"

"You do have a choice, a choice to live your life. You are young, you need to

party, date different girls and enjoy your life. Don't trap yourself in a marriage of debts, you can't pay with your life"

"She love me" he say.

Sigh!

"Can we meet and talk?"

"I don't know"

I breath out, "Nceba"

"I have to meet with a wedding planner and..." the phone move off my ear.

I turn and look at him.

"Love"

"What are you doing?"

"He called me, I didn't know it was him" I say.

"Why do you want to meet him?"

The questions!

"He is not in a good space, I thought maybe I should talk to him face to face"

"Is it your job to put him in a good place? Did I not tell you that I don't want you near him?"

I sigh and walk past him, he hold my arm.

"Don't walk away while I'm still talking"

I look at him, "What do you want me to say?"

"Say why it is your job to put him in a good place"

I keep my mouth shut. He stare at me waiting for an answer.

"Do you want me to make you talk?"

I don't say anything.

"Fikile why do you want to meet with him?" he ask again.

"He is getting married"

"And you are the wedding planner?"

Argh!

"No, can't you see your brother is getting trapped here?"

He look at me like I'm crazy.

"Why did he stay with your uncle when you and Nqubeko grew up with your mother?" I ask.

"My uncle didn't have a boy"

"Why didn't you or Nqubeko go?"

He frown, "We were older than him"

"More reasons for you to go, you were older and more understanding. Why did the last born, the apple of the family got rid of?"

He let go of my arm, "She didn't get rid of him. Like I said my uncle needed a boy"

"Skhu can't you see this?" I ask.

"See what?"

"There is a void that only a mother's love can fill, it's huge. I don't know much about psychology but I know most people can do anything in attempt to fill that void"

He clear his throat, "Uphuthu must be burning"

Yeah right, it must be burning.

He give me my cellphone and walk back inside the house.

Every situation has roots. There is a "why" every equation. The judgement comes because we usually read what's on the front.

Again MaMvelase has disowned her last born without hearing him out. If my sons ever fought, rather than

pointing out the wrongs and rights I'd focus on trying to initiate peace.

## Chapter Hundred & Ninety-Seven Zethu Biyela

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We are in Mpumalanga, somewhere in the farm called Macadamia. The place have that sense of unapologetic relaxation and opulence. We have separate rooms, he is hardly in his though. Most of the times he is following me around, being my servant.

I don't mind being spoiled like this. He did say he want this to be the most memorable trip I've ever had.

I'm outside in my shorts getting

sunkissed.

"Are you still good?"

I remove the sunglasses, "Yes, I love this place. It's beautiful and refreshing"

"I'm glad you like it, tonight we should go out and meet new people"

"What about work?"

"That can wait"

I look at him.

Is he even here by work?

I haven't seen a single sheet of work nor heard him on the phone with business partners.

He smile, "What are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking about this trip. Did you lie about work?"

He grin, "Ish!"

"Bhuto"

"Okay fine, it's not work related. I just

wanted to take you out of Durban, I felt like you needed a break"

I look at him then break out laughing, "You are something else yazi"

I can't believe he tricked me like this. I even packed my formal wear because I thought one of the days I'm gonna accompany him to a business dinner or something. But it doesn't matter, I needed this time.

He is everything, God sent him on the right time. It's been a couple of days without Tyson and I already feel 20% better. I need friends like him in my life. He give me hope.

"You are heavenly sent, you know. And to think I'm not gonna pay a cent for all of this, wow. Get me a drink"

He kiss my cheek, "As you wish"

ma'am"

Oh honey! This is the most refreshing moment I've ever had. How I wish Dina was here with me!

Thinking about him make me remember I haven't switched on my phone since yesterday. Mhlengi was worried Tyson will follow us so I turned it off so that he can have peace. I don't know what is it about Tyson that make him want to wet his pants. I mean Tyson don't even look scary. He is just a cute and...okay Zethu stop, you are getting over him.

I walk in, he is stirring the drinks.

"Hey"

He jump and nearly bang his head,

"Geez you are scaring me"

"Why are you stirring the drinks?" I

ask.

"Oh I'm trying to dissolve the ice cubes"

Why would he dissolve them?

I frown and walk away.

Sometimes he is weird. A lot of times I've caught him staring into space, chewing his lower lip.

My phone!

Where is it?

"Mhlengi?" I yell.

His footsteps come closer, "Yes"

"Did you open my bags? Where is my phone?"

"Oh sorry I put it in the charger in my room"

I exhale, "Do you know how hard I've been looking?"

He chuckles, "It was just 2 minutes, but

I'm sorry"

I close the bags, "I need to call home before they freak out thinking I'm kidnapped"

"Kidnapped by me?" he ask.

"They don't know you, they don't trust people they don't know easily. But I'm gonna work that out, I want you to meet them. You are a great person, all the sadness you've been through I wish I can erase. Yes you are a chancer when it comes to sex but I still appreciate you as a friend"

He chew his lip, "Thanks, hey"

"You are welcome, now go fetch my phone"

He smile, "Your drink is waiting on the counter, tonight I want to spoil you rotten"

We walk our separate ways. I take the glass on the counter and return back outside to the sun. We are about 20 minutes away from White River. Tomorrow I want to parade this place.

Mhlengi is not coming with my phone, I don't know what's keeping him.

My head is getting heavier. I struggle to keep my eyes opened.

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Did someone hit my head with a rock?

"Wakey-wakey" says a voice.

My eyes open. I look at this strange man sitting in front of me.

Who the hell is this?

I remember falling asleep waiting for Mhlengi to bring my phone. Now where

am I? This is not the hotel.

Where is Mhlengi? Where is my phone?

"You finally woke up, I've been waiting"  
he say.

"Who are you? Where is Mhlengi?"

Instead of answering the questions he  
take the jacket off.

"Maybe he is somewhere running  
another errand for his boss" he say.

"Boss? He said he is not here to work"  
He show his left dimple, "You really  
are stupid"

Aw....!

"Right now I want you to call your  
father and tell him to send the  
directions and codes of his safehouse"  
I laugh, really loud.

"Is this some kind of a joke?" I ask.

"The R2mil he gave for your sex tape

to stay a secret is running out. We need more, we need the safehouse itself."

Tell me this is a joke.

What sex tape? I don't have any sex tape.... No man, Tyson!

He also said something about the sex tape.

"Where is Mhlengi?" I ask my palms sweating.

"Mhlengi is out enjoying his pay. He pulled a good one. You are an easy target, feisty and stupid"

\*\*Please let's go for your own safety, you don't have to love me... Queen let's go\*\* these words repeat in my head.

"Who are you?"

"Lebo, pleased to meet you  
Ntomb'zethu kaBiyela"

Lebo???

Now that I'm taking a good look I recognise the motherfucker.

"What do you think you are doing?" I ask.

He pull out a gun, "I want three things; cooperation, respect and less noise"

I should've listened to Tyson.He warned me about Mhlengi, I didn't listen.

But Bhuto why?

"I'm gonna give you a phone, you will call your father and ask him to send the details of a safehouse.One wrong move I will blow your brains out"

I'm not tied, he trust his gun to keep me on this chair.I'm Ntombizethu

Biyela, both him and Mhlengi don't

know me.They see this crazy bitch who love alcohol and have no mouth filter.I

ate cow's eye, nothing scare me.

"Lebo, is it? Look man I'm not scared of a gun. This little game you are trying to play won't work, you watch too much TV. I'm not going to call my Dad, and I don't care whether you expose that sex clip or not"

He look a bit shocked, he didn't expect this reaction at all.

"Why didn't you kidnap Biyela? Why me? That alone tells me you are a coward. I'm a girl, like come on. You want Biyela go get him, man up" I add.

He cock the gun and point at me,

"Number 2-Respect or I'm blowing your brains out"

"I'm not going to respect you, so what are you waiting for? Man you are trying too hard. You used to be my

father's puppet, punching laptops and making phone calls. That's your specialty, not threatening people with your guffy huffy face"

He lose it and slap me.

"Say another word bitch, your father will fetch you as a corpse"

I rub my cheek, "My Dad is going to get you, you will pay for this"

He pull a phone and put it on his ear. While listening he put a gun against my head.

"Your highness I have your precious daughter here, why didn't you teach her respect?...Eyy madala it would help you to listen and listen carefully..."

I need to use this opportunity, I jump on his arm while he is talking. I feel hands pulling me backwards.

"What do you think you are doing?"  
What's the fuck is this bitch doing  
here?

"Phumla"

She laugh, "Dick got you here. Finally  
we are going to have a little game,  
without your sisters. I told you it was  
not over, that I was gonna get my  
revenge"

Damn! I can't believe I've been played  
like this. I feel so stupid.

"So Mhlengi is working for you?" I ask  
in disbelief.

She slap me, "This is for being stupid"  
Like hell I'm gonna watch her put her  
filthy hands on me.

"Hey hey hey!!!" the guy hold me by  
neck and remove me from her.

She get up from the floor, "Shoot her

Lebo"

"Lady M focus"

Lady M? Damn that phone call Mhlengi received in the middle of the night.

Miya!

The phone is ringing nonstop, it must be my Dad.

He signal for us to stay quiet and answer it.

"Lebo is my daughter okay?" Biyela ask, he is on loudspeaker.

Lebo eye me, "For now yes"

"How much do you want?"

My poor dad! Tears roll down my face.

"I want the documents of the coastal harbour dealings, everything about that business must be written down. So I want an entry to your safehouse"

"Mcineka took over, I no longer do that

business.I'm running only legit businesses now, the centre and restaurants" Dad reply in the most calm tone ever.

He is desperate right now.

"Don't lie to me, I want an entry to the safehouse"

"How are you going to get there? Are you not in Mpumalanga?"

"That's none of your business, send the details"

I click my tongue, "Don't send anything Dad"

My Dad worked hard for everything he have today.I'm not going to be the reason he lose everything.He have six children, seven grandchildren, wife and two other grandchildren on the way.

"You will regret saying that" Lebo say taking his t-shirt off.

When he finally stop beating me with the pipe I'm convinced I'll never be able to walk again, but when I move my legs they are functioning well. Phumla was taking a video, now she is on the phone.

My mouth is also working boo.

"You beat women, you have no shame" I say through the moans.

"I told you to cooperate"

Who does he think he is? My God of the moment, maybe.

"What do you think you are doing?" he ask.

I let go of the steel rod. He have a gun, I must thread carefully.

He walk toward me, "Maybe I should

put some manners in you"

He is fighting to open my legs. I would die first before I let anyone fuck me against my will. No, not me. He can take his gun and shoot me.

I've done a good job on his face with my feet, his lower lip has cracked.

"Lebo!!!!" Phumla shout.

He let go of my legs and get up. Thanks Chef Horny.

"You sick bastard!!!" I shove him with my feet one last time.

He lose balance and nearly fall down.

"I will kill this bitch"

There is a gunshot!

Phumla jump, "Someone is here"

"Stay with her" he say running out with his gun.

Well....

Feel my wrath bitch! I get the pipe before her and give her a good hiding. I'm limping but that is not going to stop me. Even if I die I want to leave marks on her, my soul will rest in peace.

Two more gunshots follow.

"Stop this we need to hide" she says shielding herself.

"We are not a team. I need to hide, not you. These are your friends"

I pick the steel rod and throw it at her ankles, she jumps before falling down.

There is nowhere to hide. I lie behind the empty cardboard at the back.

"Mhlengi!!!" I hear Phumla exclaiming. The motherfucker is here! Oh no I have to control myself. This could be the worse turn for me. Mhlengi is an

enemy.

"Where is she?"

I know that voice. How in the whole Mpumalanga did he find me?

"Tyson???"

He have a gun pointed at Mhlengi's head. I want to run and hug him. But I remember the last day we talked. I chose Mhlengi over him.

"Please Siso show him that you are fine"

Excuse me?? Where am I fine? I've been fighting for my life because you sold me out.

I look at him with tears. How can he do this and still get audacity to call me Siso? I'm not that.

"I'm sorry Siso, I needed money for my siblings. I needed to pay their fees, I'm

all they have. Tell him to drop the gun"  
he say tears running down.

His arm is bleeding. I can see he is in  
pain.

"Zethu" Phumla say lying on the floor.  
I don't say anything. I'm still trying to  
sink the whole scene in my head.

Another gunshot! He is on the floor,  
blood is oozing from his head. He is  
making no movement.

I find my voice and scream. He is dead.  
Two more gunshots. I hear Phumla  
screaming.

I need water, "W...a...t...e...r please!!"

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I open my eyes slowly. There is a  
beeping machine.

I'm in hospital!!!

"She is awake"

I direct my eyes to the voice speaking, it's a doctor.

"Zethu Biyela" she say.

"Yes"

She smile, "I'm glad you are awake, you fainted due to dehydration. We also found ketamine drug in your system, it is a dissociative anesthetic. Are you in any pain?"

"No"

I move my arms, "Ouch! Yes I'm in pain"

"I will give you something for it" she prepare a syringe.

"How did I get here?" I ask.

"Your fiancée brought you here"

My fiancée? I left the ring in Mhlengi's place, I'm not sure it's still there. The

guy played me.

"How are you?"

He is here!

He is sitting on the chair, burried in a rage of anger.His nose is red, he keep rubbing it.His eyes are marinated in resentment.

I struggle to find the right words to answer his question.I'm far from being fine, but I'm alive, that I should be grateful for.

Chapter Hundred &Ninety-Eight

Zanda Dlamini

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"If it wasn't important I wouldn't have

asked you something this big"

"You are my sister, I'm counting on you"

"Please don't let me down"

She kept going on and on. I had no other choice but to agree. I don't know this guy nor the purpose of this "talk" I'm supposed to have with him.

She said "Since you studied the therapy thing please go talk with him for me, focus on his background"

That's why I'm here. To grill a guy I don't even know about his past. Thanks to the big sister, Fikile.

I check time, it's close to 03 o'clock now. She said he will be here on quarter to three. I left Leano with Thandiwe, she is his granny but I can't help it and not worry.

I call Fikile.

"Zanda" she answers.

"Your person is not here"

"He is on his way, please don't leave"

I sigh, "Fiki I have a baby"

"He is with Mandla's mom, don't worry. You know how important this is to me"

There we go again!

"Fine I will wait another ten minutes"

I don't know the Nkosi brothers that much but judging from Skhumbuzo's house and cars they surely can afford a psychologist should they need one. Why am I here? Yes I studied OT, this could add to my practical experience but I'm not comfortable.

"Zanda Biyela?"

I lift my head up and look at this off-

magazine male staring at me with his hand out. He has thin, narrow crescent-of-moon eyebrows. He looks like a model, his hawkish nose compliments his prominent cheekbones.

Blink! Blink!

"Zanda Dlamini" I say welcoming his hand and shaking it.

He is dressed by a certain designer maybe. I feel out of place. I'm only wearing my Edgars long dark green dress and sandals.

He frowns, then smiles, "I may have got it wrong. Fikile is your sister?"

"Yes she is"

He pulls a chair and sits.

"I'm sorry I'm a bit late"

A bit late? You are almost 15 minutes late, that's being very late brother.

"I'm pleased to meet you" he say.  
He is a nice person, I can tell from his  
genuine smile. But wait...

"You are from Inkandla?" I ask.

"Yes"

Wow! He doesn't look like  
Skhumbuzo, not even a little bit. Even  
his accent point somewhere else.  
He call the waiter and order a  
drink. I'm already halfway with  
mine. Then he sit comfortably and look  
at me.

"I don't know why I'm here, so if you  
can brief me please"

Fikile are you kidding me? This guy  
doesn't know that he is here to talk  
about his life to me.

"Fikile want us to talk" I say.

He frown, "About what?"

"You"

He chuckles, "I don't think I understand"

"Okay here is the thing.I studied OT, Fikile is worried about you she think something is wrong and I can give you some therapy.She then asked me to come meet you so that we can talk"

"You are a shrink?" he ask in awe.

"No"

"If there was something wrong with me why would I agree to talk with a stranger? It's not like I can't afford someone professional"

Fikile thank you for this!

"Maybe that's the question you should ask her, not me.I'm just doing her a favour as my sister, I have a four months old son I should be with.So if

you feel like you don't want to do this I can leave then you will tell her you didn't need her stupid intervention" I say.

"No I didn't say it's stupid. Fikile is a good person, she have a great heart I'm sure she meant well but this is unnecessary"

I put on my sunglasses, "Well let me not keep you, it was nice meeting you"

"Please wait"

Didn't he say this meeting is unnecessary?

"What exactly do you want me to talk about?" he ask.

"Your upbringing. How was your childhood?" I say.

"Sit"

Okay now we are going to talk.

"My childhood was normal" he say.

"What is your version of normal childhood?"

He sip on his drink, "Waking up in the morning and go to school, come back and do domestic activities, and go fetch the cattle from the grazing field"

I nod, "I can relate. Who did you grew up with?"

"My uncle and his wife"

"You had parents right?" I ask.

He clear his throat, "Yes, my mom. I had to go live with my uncle because he didn't have a boy. There was no one to look after the cattle"

"How old were you when you started living with him?"

Gosh I feel like a mamgobhozi!

"I was 6 or 7" he say waving his hand

like it doesn't matter.

"Were you happy?"

He just look at me like he has had enough.Maybe I should reconstruct my question.

"Did you like it there? Didn't you miss home?"

"No, there was nothing to miss" he say and sip on his drink.

"Why? You were young, surely there were times you needed your mother and brothers"

He exhale.In his mind I'm sure he is saying 'girl you are annoying'.

"Maybe I did miss home at first, I was young and naive.At some point I was convinced I would visit home, share all these nice stories about my school and all, but as time went by I grew into

realisation that nobody really cared about that. Like I would go home my big brother would be away in varsity, the other one was always somewhere with his friends. Basically everyone was busy with something, so at the end I'd just visit home because all my friends had somewhere to go to during school holidays"

Fikile was right something is off with him and his upbringing is the cause for it.

"Can I ask you about your relationship with your mother? I get that you guys were not close since you spent a lot of time apart, but did you feel loved by her?"

He rub his neck, "No"

My word!

"Why?"

"She did not have time, for me specifically. I always felt outcasted. Like I would be there visiting and she'd be busy the whole day, not even asking if I've eaten or bath. But as soon as Nqubeko, my other brother, came home she'd be fixing him food asking about his day and all that. One day, I was fourteen at that time, she bought everyone Christmas clothes. I was the only one who didn't have anything to wear. On Christmas day everyone put on their clothes preparing to go watch umgidi, I went behind the house and sat there waiting for them to leave because I didn't want to be the only one arriving with snax clothes. Then my brother's then girlfriend saw me

and told my brother. He started shouting at me asking why I didn't tell him I don't have clothes. He had an argument with my mom, that's when she accidentally revealed that she bought them clothes with their father's money then I became..."

I stop him, "Please take a break and just breath"

After collecting his emotions he continues.

"I became curious and enquired about my identity from my uncle, her brother, the one I lived with. I found out I'm my uncle's son. The brother of her late husband who also died when I was young"

Now that answers the Christmas clothes saga.

"I'm really sorry, I know how it's like to be treated like an outsider by your own family"

I can relate to his story even though I didn't have biological parents. On his case it must be ten times painful because he was mistreated by his own mother.

"How was your relationship with your brothers?" I ask.

"They were okay. You know us boys we don't hug each other and send each other good morning texts. But you know as a kid who grew up away from home when I was with them I wished they could tell me jokes, teach me how to shoot birds and all that crazy stuff. My old brother was the one who usually bought me stuff, I didn't see

him very often but he made sure I had Camphor, roll on, toothpaste, underwears and pocket money" Skhumbuzo! That guy is a man amongst man, I'm glad Fiki found him. I can't believe he screwed him up, but I have to act clueless on that matter.

"And the other one?"

He chuckles, "He specialised in beating people. He would beat everyone who mistreated me, he'd just pop in a school gate with umshiza and sort all the old boys who took advantage of me. I'm not really a fighter so I just reported everyone to him and he'd give them beating of the year"

That guy did look like that type. His face say ngizokubhonya by just looking at it. He have this permanent frown

thing on his forehead.

"Are you close now?" I ask.

"They hate me"

I frown, "Why?"

"It's a long story"

There is nothing called a long story. He just don't want to tell me.

"I have time" I say.

He grin, "Don't you have a four months old son?"

I roll my eyes and laugh.

"Maybe I will tell you next time"

I sigh, "Okay, your story your calls"

He smile, "You have so many questions, it's exhausting but I feel like something has been took off my shoulders"

"Really?"

"I have a lot going on in my life, I'm

getting married soon, my family hate me.I needed this little talk"

Dr Dlamini in the building!

"Congratulations are in order I guess"

He smile, "Thanks, I'm still trying to sink it in.I'm getting married"

To your brother's ex-wife.

I laugh, "You say as if you were forced to it"

"No I wasn't but I really didn't have an option.You know how you women are"

"We can be bullies at times, I agree, I also bullied my man into renovating our house for Christmas.But I don't think you should allow a woman to force you in making a life changing decision" I say.

He nod, "I know"

"When I met my man I was broken, I

had nothing except a bag of clothes and my ID document and matric certificate. When I say nothing I mean not even a body lotion. He took me from the streets to his house, gave me everything and put me to school. Then we fell in love and made a baby. But you know what he tell me everyday? 'Baby you don't owe me anything, you don't owe me love because I gave you things you didn't have'

"Oh wow! He is a man, neh?"

I smile, "He is a Man"

He chuckles, "I will be late for my flight, I'm sure thee man is waiting for you"

Yes he is.

He accompany me to my car. He is way different from his brothers.

"When is our next session?"

I look at him, "What am I? Your shrink"

He laugh, "You were sent by my truly"

He adores Fikile, in a genuine way.I

hope it doesn't affect her and

Skhumbuzo, they care about each

other in a good way but you know

trust is a very fragile thing.He may not

approve of their relationship.

"I will hear from you" I say.

"On Thursday I will be here to book my

wedding venue, maybe I will see you

after"

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He is feeding Leano when I walk in.I

smile and kiss their cheeks.

"You took long" he say.

"Come on, did you cook?"

"I just came from mother's house after a long day at work"

He is grumpy.

"Okay go freshen up, I will feed him then cook supper"

I'm not sure I will cook, I'm also tired from driving. I will just go to Spar and buy their cooked food. But that sounds awful! Okay let me put the rice on the stove.

Someone is at the door. I hope it's not visitors. I can't afford to cook for guests, they will want salads.

"Girl"

She walk in carrying an overnight bag.

"Sena how are you?"

She open the fridge take out water and drink.

"I'm fine, Zethu was found alive. She is

in hospital"

That's yesterdays news.

"We heard that" I say.

"Where is Mandla?"

"Upstairs taking a bath"

She drink water and take Leano.

"You need to sit down" she say.

She is being weird, but that is her speciality.

I sit, "Okay what is happening? Who died?"

"Don't cry"

I put my hands on my cheek and make a face.

"I'm serious Zanda, your brother is taking the first flight back tomorrow, Mom and Aunt Lydia are on their way" Okay now this sounds serious.

"What is wrong?" I ask my mind

racing.

"Phumla"

"Phumla unani???"

"She died last night"

Excuse me?

"Huh?"

"She was shot, she died" she say.

At first I don't believe her. I take my phone and call her, it goes to voicemail. I check her last seen on WhatsApp, it's yesterday 13:45. The last time she sent me a message I blue-ticked her. She have her son and Leano as her display picture.

She is dead. There is no way she wouldn't have logged in on WhatsApp the whole day today

"Oh my God!" Exclaiming is all I can do. She was my sister, my heart is crushed

but I don't find tears to cry with. Just like that my whole evening has changed. Mam' Biyela and Aunt Lydia arrive and start ordering us around. I know the importance of family, that's why they are here, they want to support me. They are my second family. But now the whole thing has made it look like Phumla's funeral will be held here. Mvuse need to come and arrange everything accordingly. I can't believe the big sister is gone. We may have not seen eye to eye but we shared so many memories together. There were times when she was a really good person. I wonder who shot her? She made enemies everywhere. I feel sorry for Monde, her son. He was

not close to her, he grew with his father but she was his mother. This is going to be hard on him and exams are just around the corner.

Mam' Biyela as usual she have a hotel room booked, she leave immediately after eating dinner. Her hubby must be somewhere waiting for her.

Aunt Lydia is also not spending the night here because she have "somewhere to be tonight". Only Sena sleep over.

I get tons of condolences from the sisters and social media family. I'm tagged on her pictures asked for funeral details.

One of the messages come from Ziphe. \*\*I know I'm the last person you want to hear from but I just want to pass my

condolences. You two may have had your differences but I know you are hurting. Please be strong and take care of yourself.

I love you and miss you like crazy\*\*

I read and put the phone away. I miss her too, right now she'd be here taking that bottle of wine away from Sena and making sure everything is perfect.

I put Leano on bed and go look for Mandla. I need to use his laptop, I have a lot of shopping to do for the funeral. I need to compare prices.

Where did he go?

"Babe" I call outside his study room. There is no answer but I know he is inside. The door is slightly open.

I push it and walk in.

He is sitting on the chair, his face is

buried on the desk, his shoulders are moving up and down.

I don't know what to make of the situation. Do I walk away or go to him?

He is crying for my sister.

I turn around quietly and walk out. He is crying for my sister!

## Chapter Hundred & Ninety-Nine Fikile Biyela

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I got feedback from Zanda, she has done me a good favour. Hopefully with the next appointments she says they are planning to have Nceba will be able to see things from a different perspective. I'm surprised about how quick Nceba opened up to her. She

need to go get that degree, she is made for this.

Skhumbuzo don't want anything to do with him. He refused to attend a family meeting, he say he don't want anything from them. And she is definitely not meeting the kids.

He is hard headed, when he make up his mind on something there is no convincing him otherwise. Him and Nqubeko are sons of the same father, what happens on the right also happens on the left. I love their bond, they are inseparable. You touch one you touch the two of them.

I have a question though. Nceba?

Who have his back? Despite everything that happened, who have his back?

I will get to the bottom of this. On my

wedding day I want to see the three brothers wearing amabheshu. Argh yes, I will have a traditional wedding. "The white people's wedding" will follow after because it's not important, it's just a waste of time. He doesn't care, he calls the wedding gown a veil.

Okay we are not there, here is the thing. I'm heading to Mvuse's house. Phumla's funeral will be held there. He is the brother, they have no parents, the relatives distanced themselves. Now it's just him and Zanda.

I haven't seen him in a year, the last time we saw each other was terrible. I'm not sure I'm ready to see him. A lot happened between us. But I have to be there for Zanda, making

such excuses will be selfish of me.Zanda has been with us through good and bad times.

Simtho need to go back to driving school.She sucks.

Finally we are here!

You know sometimes Satan is one step ahead.The person I want to see last is here standing by his car with a cellphone on his ear.

"You used to have sex in that car, right?"

She never say right things.

I give her a threatening look.

She laugh, "Yes you did, I remember this one day you came back limping after staying two hours in that car"

"Can you stop? Skhumbuzo found me a virgin"

I open the door and get out. The stupid bitch is still laughing.

I walk straight to the house, I don't even look at his direction.

"You guys are late" Sena say before I even greet.

"What are you busy with?"

She flap her long eyelashes, "Nothing"

"So what are we late for then?" I say and walk to others and greet.

Mom and Aunt Lydia are here with another woman, Phumla's relative I think.

"Where is Zanda?" I ask.

"On the mattress" Mom say.

What???

"Why?" I ask shocked.

Zanda is a child. Where are the elders of this family?

Nobody answer me.I walk to the sitting room, all the furniture has been cleared.There is a white candle in the middle of the room.

"Honey"

She look at me and sigh.

"I'm glued here" she say.

"Why are you the one sitting here?" I ask.

"Nobody want to do it.Her father's sister is there in the kitchen, she said no"

We all deserve to be paid last respect when we die.I get it Phumla was a bitch who cared for no one except herself.But now she is dead, we need to honour her memory by giving her a dignify send off.

"I'm so sorry.Do you sleep here?" I ask

sitting on the only wooden chair left.

"Yes, I'm okay with it don't worry"

Yoh! I'd get nightmares. It already feel like her corpse is here with us.

"I can't believe she is gone"

She chuckles, "Me either"

"How are you?"

"I'm sad, I wish I had time to say goodbye to her"

She was her sister, as bad as she was but she was her sister.

"I understand, I'm so sorry"

I wonder if she know the story of her death. Phumla made enemies, lot of enemies but this time she went overboard.

Thapelo and Biyela let her get away with kidnapping Ziphe. This time she stepped on a wrong man's toes, Tyson!

I'm shivering just thinking about him. The white cute boy is a murderer. I wonder what's next for him and Zethu. I doubt it will be easy getting back together, trust is a very fragile thing.

"How did Mandla take it?" I ask.

"I never asked him"

I look at her like is she kidding?

"You never asked him?"

She take a breath, "I caught him crying in his study the day we found out"

"It's understandable"

She raise her eyebrow, "Crying for your ex-wife is understandable?"

Wait is this jealousy I see here?

"Come on Zanda, they were married for years. They met when they were still teenagers and shared so many

good and bad memories together. At some point they even adopted a baby, co-parented and did a lot together. It's not easy for him too. She was a part of his life, she taught him some things. Mandla is a loving soul, like the most goodhearted person I know. As much as she hurt him he still feel the lost"

"But to cry that hard for her?!"

"Zanda come on, he went to hide so that he could express his emotions without making you feel some type of way and you followed him. What did you expect him to do? Laugh at her death?"

Tell me I'm unreasonable, but is it really fair to be not allowed to express sadness when people you have a past

with die?

Love is more powerful than hate, or so I think.

Zanda's eyes dwell behind me. I turn and look.

Mrs Miya is here!

"Hi Siza" I greet her.

Instead of greeting me back she tell Zanda she is going to the shops.

"I don't need anything" Zanda tell her. She turn back and leave.

I laugh, "Oh my God she hate me!"

"Do you blame her?" Zanda ask.

"No, but she must get over it. It happened 50 years ago"

I understand I hurt her, no actually I didn't hurt her. Her husband hurt her, not me. I'm not the one who married her.

Later Sena and Simtho go to town with Mom to buy grocery that will be used before the funeral. You know how black families are, everyone who come to offer condolences get a plate of food before leaving.

If I continue wiping these dishes I'm gonna drop my head on the counter and sleep right here. I put the cloth away and go to Zanda.

"Where is your room?" I ask.

"I don't have a room here, go sleep in the guest room on the right side after the kitchen"

I walk to past Aunt Lydia and the other woman having a jolly conversation. I'm surprised Aunt Lydia like this woman. She usually don't like people. I send my man a text message before

dozing off.I miss him.

.

.

I'm still enjoying my sleep when I hear a loud voice speaking over my head.I open my eyes slowly.

"Vuka bo!"

What is wrong with Aunt Lydia?

"No" I say pulling the duvert to my head.

She pull it down and slap my cheek.I grunt angrily and look at her.

"Aunty I'm sleeping"

She click her tongue, "Eyy wake up maarn"

What did I do now?

She order me to follow her.I never get peace in my life.

The shoppers are back.Sena give me a

hand sign I don't understand.

"Come" Mom say getting off the chair.

They lead me to another

bedroom. Drowsiness has worn out,

anxiety has took over.

Aunt Lydia close the door behind us.

"Ya" she say.

"What did I do?" I ask nervously.

"Take off the jacket"

I look at her, "Ma?"

"Take off the jacket" she repeat.

I look at Aunt Lydia, she raise her eyes.

Phumla are you trying to take me with

you?

"I'm cold" I say.

Aunt Lydia laugh.

"I'm not playing with you Fikile"

God where are you?

I take it off and look at her.

"And the top" she say.

I exhale and take it off.

They look at each other. I feel like a 5 year old kid caught stealing milk powder.

"I told you" Aunt Lydia say.

I knew she was the one who put mom into this.

"How far are you?"

She is disappointed, I can see it in her eyes.

"Eight weeks" I say in a bubble of shame.

"This is the third time Fikile, you are not even married. Have you never heard of condoms or birth controlling pills?"

I keep quiet. Her question is making me feel stupid.

"This is what happen when you let them cohabit with men.Trust me Simtho is next, only Ntomb'zethu is clever"

I sigh, "I'm sorry"

"I thought you learned from Simile and Kuhle"

"But Skhumbuzo is different"

She exhale, "If you say so"

"He is the one Mom"

Aunt Lydia chuckles, "That doesn't mean get pregnant"

"I get it Aunty but I'm pregnant now live with it" I snap.

I mean what can be done about the situation now?

I'm hungry.

"Thanks for another grandchild, so when are you planning to tell your

father?" Mom ask.

"Soon I hope, Muzi need to live with it too"

I look at them, "You guys can't do that"

"Do what? You are pregnant, you need to tell your father soon"

I can't believe them right now.

"Mom you will tell him" I say.

She is the one who always tell Dad about pregnancies.

"You are on your own this time"

I look at Aunt Lydia, "Aunty"

"IGAZI LAKHE LINGINQOBELE,

UYINDLALIFA YEZULU

ITHUNA SELINQOTSHIWE

UJESU WAMI UYAPHILA"

She sing and open the door and walk out.Mom follow him.

I'm left speechless.How are they

expecting me to tell Biyela I'm pregnant? Show me any black girl who does that.

Simtho walk in as I put my top on.

"Sho sho"

I look at her, she is so childish.

"What's funny?" I ask.

"It serve you right, sho sho"

I click my tongue and laugh. We used to say 'sho sho' to whoever was being shouted at. It used to bring me so much joy putting my thumb up while saying that.

"What did they say?" she ask.

"That I'm on my own and I have to tell Dad"

She exclaim, "What???"

I exhale, "I want to die"

"Phumla will be thrilled"

I hate my life. How am I going to tell my own father that I'm pregnant for the third time? He like Skhumbuzo, I'm sure he trust him and this will destroy all that. Skhumbuzo haven't married me yet.

Well Siza is back, she have no smile on her face. I don't need any drama, my mother is here.

"Can we talk?" I ask her.

We step aside, away from everyone.

"Look I know a lot happened between us and I would..."

She cut me in, "You slept with my husband, don't beat around the bush"

"You married my boyfriend" my tongue slip out.

"I didn't know that"

I exhale, "I was hurt, I loved him but

I'm over that. All the stupidity I did was because of the pain he put me through. It wasn't my intention to put you through everything that you went through therefore I apologize"

"Are you still sleeping with him?"

I burst out laughing, "My word! You know if I had power to unsex him I would, the present is so great I wish the past didn't happen. Like I'm so happy"

"Are you gloating?" she ask.

"No, I'm just saying I will never sleep with your husband ever again. I have tasted greater things in life"

"Well we are happy for you"

I flash a smile, "Thanks, can we not act like jealous sisterwives now?"

Simtho has been watching us with her

ears sharpened up. You see if there is news and Simtho haven't heard about it you should consider it fake news. She is always alert of what's happening around her and everywhere.

A number of people arrive, I think it's other relatives. Nobody is showing remorse instead they are requesting for tea and biscuits.

"I miss my Lwazi"

"Can we not have that? At least for today" Simtho say

"I also miss Skhumbuzo, I last saw him in the morning"

She roll her eyes, "We all have partners but we don't bring them up every minute. Worse we are mourning here"

"But Phumla would want everyone to have sex with their husbands while

they wait for her bootylicious  
corpse. She would want those who  
don't have men to inherit her dildos"  
I look at her, "Sena! Mom will hear  
you"

"She know I know these things"

"It's called respect" I tell her and walk  
out to my car.

I need my minty chocolate slab.

Ziphe need to come. I'm worried about  
Zanda sitting there alone. Is she even  
supposed to be sitting there?

"Hi"

Wtf!

"Hi"

"You look great" he say.

Talking to him is the last thing I  
wished for.

"Thanks"

"Can we talk?"

No, what's there to talk about?

He brush his cheek, "Thanks for coming"

"I'm here for Zanda, there is no need for you to thank me"

"If you were not a good person you wouldn't have come after everything I did to you"

Alright, I unwrap my chocolate and eat.

"I heard you have a man now?" he say.

The 'now' at the end of his sentence!

This guy has always undermined me.

"I'm sure you were surprised" I say smirking.

"Yes I was"

"I will invite you to my wedding, put on your best suit" I say and turn to walk away but bump into Siza.

"You said you are no longer sleeping with him" she say crying.

"Are we sleeping right now?" I ask.

"Mvuse you promised me you've changed"

Gosh!

I sigh, "Stop with the drama"

"Siza I was just saying hello" Mvuse say.

"How am I supposed to feel about you guys having private conversations outside? I don't know what you are planning. You could be planning to go sleep together again"

I want to walk away and leave them to have this stupid argument alone but again I don't want her walking in and scolding me in front of my mom.

"We are not doing that"

"And we will never" I add.

Mvuse glance at me. I keep my face as serious, he must let that sink in.

She wipe her tears, "But Mvuse you did this, you always lied to me. You would say you are not cheating on me and go behind my back and sleep with her"

"Why are you crying?" he ask her.

"Because I feel like you guys are playing me again. You admitted you loved her sex more. What will stop you from sleeping with her again?"

Someone behind us clear a throat.

My chest dry immediately. What is he doing here? We didn't even hear a car pulling up.

"Can we help you?" Mvuse ask.

His eyes are fixed on me.

"I'm here to fetch this lady" he say.

"And who are you?"

Mvuse!!! His eyes immediately leave me, he look at him.

"I will go get my bag baby" I say saving the situation.

Siza look at me with trails of tears,

"Just leave my husband alone"

She say that and walk away.I'm left astounded.

## Chapter Two-Hundred

### Fikile Biyela

.

My appetite has vanished.He is not asking me anything, he is walking up and down with his hands in his pockets.I hate this silence, he surely misinterpreted the situation he walked

onto.

Maybe if I go and take a shower it will give him time to calm down a bit.

"Where are you going?"

He haven't said a word to me since we arrived and now that I'm getting off this chair he want to know where I'm going.

I look at him, "I'm going to take a shower"

"No"

"Excuse me?"

"No, don't go take a shower" he say.

I frown, "Why?"

"What's happening between you and that cheeseboy?"

I sigh and sit back on the chair.

"Nothing is happening, he is someone I once dated"

"Why was his wife crying then?"

"Because she is silly and dramatic" I tell him.

He pull a chair, put it in front of me and sit.

"Are you sleeping with him?"

My blood boil. What does he take me for?

"Is that how little you think of me? You think I go around sleeping with men" I ask my voice breaking.

"All I want to know is the truth"

I hate being accused of things I don't do even in my wildest dream. In my life I've been cheated on, never had I cheated on someone.

"She just feel uncomfortable with me being around her husband. I was 'the other' woman"

"You were the side chick?" he ask shocked.

"Yes, even though I met the guy first he married her and kept me a girlfriend" He chuckles, "Wow! So you nearly destroyed her marriage? Why didn't you walk away instead of making yourself cheap"

"Are you judging me?" I ask.

"Yes"

Oh!

"You are not perfect, you have your own past. We all make thoughtless decisions at times of desperation" I say.

"What were you desperate for?"

"A partner...stop judging me with your eyes"

He keep making this grinning and

frowning face.

"Now he is desperate for your sex, is it?"

"No you misheard, she said he said that he liked my sex more" I correct him.

"You sound proud"

Really now?

I sigh, "I'm not proud I dated him, if I could I would undo it"

"You didn't tell me you were going to your ex's house, is it even an ex or it's just someone who fucked you whenever he liked?"

He is taking this far.

"You like judging people, hey? It's like you are this perfect person who does everything accordingly but you couldn't even look after your young brother"

And the weather changes. From sunny to stormy.

"Which brother?"

"Nceba, you failed to look after him as a brother but you have an audacity to judge people about their imperfections" I say with a huge grin.

"I didn't fail to look after him, if that's what he tell you sweetheart wakhe. I tried my best to give him what I could, I also had no father I had to look after myself too"

"It's not about materialistic things. You let your mother send him away at six to a foreign place to look after cows. You had your mother's comfort while he slept in a dark hut alone at six years. Did you even visit him to see how he lived?"

His fury sprung to life.

"He was with my uncle" he say rage pouring out his eyes.

Now that we are both angry and dishing out facts I might as well speak everything that has been on my mind.

"You haven't told me why you or Nqubeko couldn't go live with the uncle. You are acting so clueless as to why your brother turned out this way but you were there when he was being mistreated by your mother. You found him sitting behind the house because he had no Christmas clothes whereas you and Nqubeko had but you never addressed that issue"

He look surprised. He don't know how much I know about what's going on in the Nkosi residence.

I suck my teeth, "You are not that perfect Skhumbuzo. I know I may have made bad choices when it come to my love life in the past but trust me nobody, my parents included, would ever mistreat Ziphe or Zethu under my watch. I'd turn blue if my mother was to whip one of them with sjambok just because she didn't wash Sena's shoes. Never would I watch my mother send Ziphe to bed hungry because she was supposed to return to where she live and didn't. It would kill me to see my sibling visit home on holidays and get nobody's attention"

He daub his eye with his finger,  
"Where is this coming from Fiki?"

"It comes where a six year old getting mistreated, hated and dumped

somewhere because a man he didn't know slept with his mother and he was created"

"Can you please stop this? You don't know anything about us. You don't know my mother so you have no right to judge her" he say veins popping out. "I know what I know and you know it's the truth. Your mother doesn't love Nceba, she love you and Nqubeko because you are children she made with the love of her life. Nceba underwent through a lot as a kid, he lived under situations that were above him, situations that were made seem normal to him. I'm not saying he did a great thing by backstabbing you but you gotta face reality. Nobody in your family really cared about him, so when

someone finally gave him attention he thought it was love. He did whatever that person asked him to do because she is the only one who gave him comfort he longed for without knowing"

He get up from the chair, "That's not true"

"Even today Nceba still need mother's love, he still need his family love. In two weeks he will be getting married to the only person who ever showed him she cares. She asked him to marry her, he agreed. He is a lost soul, he need his mother, he has always needed her, but she can't be there for him because he was born a mistake"

He is biting his lips so hard, they are going to crack.

"In two weeks he will be marrying his brother's ex-wife. He haven't dated anyone beside her, she has hooked him. It's the only love he knows and his family can't rescue him because he was born a mistake"

A tear drop from his eye, "Fikile!"

His voice carry warning and sense of sad realisation at the same time.

"I'm sorry babe but it's the truth. You can't be there for him because he found comfort in your wife and in your mind he took her away from you. Whereas the reality is he was too young to understand, she took him away. On the other hand Nqubeko also can't be there for him simple because you are not there for him too. You two are brothers and he is just your

mother's child.Your mother too can't..."

He grab my neck backwards and ambush my mouth with his warm lips.From them I can sense his brokenness and anger.

When I feel the wetness from his cheeks rubbing mine I realise the fretful sniveling he is making is not from kissing pleasure but he is crying. I went too far.I just broke his heart and hurt him and now he is crying.This is the first time I witness my own Inkandla arrogant indlamu leader crying.

I shouldn't have.

I push his face, "Baby I'm sorry"

He bury his head in my neck.

"Baby I'm sorry, I really didn't mean to hurt you"

He don't say anything, he just hold me tightly.

"Please babe look at me and tell me you forgive me" I beg.

Maybe I must blame it on the pregnancy, he will understand.

"It's the baby making me say all these things"

He eventually remove his head.I look at his face.His eyes are more smaller and red.I can't believe I did this.

"Sometimes my mouth automatically talk without my acknowledgement, I really didn't want to hurt you"

He wipe his face.

"It's okay" he say in a rough voice.

"Did you eat?"

He shake his head.

I'm so glad he don't hate me.I thought

after this he would go upstairs pack his bags and leave.

I dash to the fridge and take out the bowl with chicken curry. He walk upstairs as I warm it up.

I can't be pregnant and dumped again. I make it fast and dish.

He is not packing, wheew!

"Baby"

He is lying on bed facing the window.

"Mhhh"

"Here is the food, get up" I say.

He get up and eat only three spoons and put it away.

"You said you are hungry Skhumbuzo"

I say looking at the almost full plate.

"I can't eat"

My heart break into million pieces.

"Is it because of what I said?" I ask.

He close his eyes and lie back on the pillow.I need to keep my mouth on check.I can't believe how fast the conversation took another turn.

"I love you" I say and kiss his chin.

## Chapter Two Hundred &One

### Zethu Biyela

.

I've been trying my best to reach out to my Dad.It's either he drop my calls or tell someone else to answer it.My mom keep comforting me with excuses.He clearly hate the grounds I step on.

I want to apologize for everything.He wasn't supposed to see me in that sex tape, I've disappointed him yet again, for the 400th time maybe.He also lost a

lot of money trying to control the situation. All I want him to know is that I never meant to shame him, I, myself didn't have any idea of what was happening.

Tyson!!

He is here every morning to check on me. We don't say anything much to one another, he just sit and watch me doing whatever I'm doing. Another soul I disappointed. I don't even know how to start apologising to him.

I've been spending lot of time indoors with my wine. I'm scared to even step out, I feel like we have enemies everywhere I can't trust even a pedestrian down the road.

"Knock knock"

Who knock with his mouth and push

the door at the same time?

Man of a man.

"Oh man! They kidnapped you"

I'm not sure if he is asking or making a statement. Anyway he give me a gigantic hug. Maybe Jesus is about to return, he never hug me.

"How are you feeling?" he ask.

"Do you even care or you are just asking?"

"I don't care, Tyson sent me"

I knew it. I laugh and tighten the lid of my wine.

"You don't think I won't be able to open it, do you? Because that will be stupid, where do you put your wine glasses?" he say going to the kitchen.

"Take the mug with a broken handle, it's yours" I yell.

He come back with a long glass, "I've been waiting to say this"

I look at him pouring my wine like it's just tap water.

"I told you not to overtrust that guy, I told you so"

Geez! I'm still traumatized and here the dickhead is rubbing salt on the wounds.

"It's still early for you to be this insensitive. I'm fighting to get pictures of him dying in front of me and of that guy trying to rape me. The pipe marks are still visible as a fuck, have a heart"

He choke, "He did what?"

I shrug my shoulders.

"My jeans! Did you tell Tyson?"

I exhale, "No there is no need"

"I'm so sorry girl, I'm glad I told Tyson

to stalk you otherwise worst could've happened"

He never cease to amaze me!

"You told him to stalk me?" I ask.

"Yeah if you die Tyson will commit suicide and follow you to hell then I will be jobless"

"Aren't you supposed to be my friend?"

He lift his glass up, "You are my loaded friend, I know whenever I'm thirsty I can come here and have your expensive wines"

Is that what I mean to him?

"You are kidding, right?" I say.

"Of course I'm kidding, I care about your crazy ass. Brewery companies and porn industry will collapse if you die. Speaking of which, how do I get

hold of the copy of your movie?"

I burst out laughing, "A movie?"

"Yes I heard you were making some new moves in there. Lord Tyson was fuming!"

To think I didn't believe him when he came and told me, Lord I'm shit!

"Do you want an autograph?" I ask him.

"No, I need to watch it first"

"My father was the second person who watched it and he is not my big fan" I say.

He exclaim, "Oh shoot me! How are you going to face him?"

"I have no idea"

"I feel sorry for you, like in my life my biggest phobia is sitting in the same room as him"

That's a bit dramatic, my father is not an alien.

"Come on, you make it sound like he is one of Zimbabwean men who killed Jesus"

He laugh, "Was it the Zimbabweans who crucified Jesus in Nineveh?"

He didn't die there, he need to go to church.

I nod, "The BakaLangas,they are the only ones he didn't blessed with anything, they had a motive"

"Stop, they are sexy"

I roll my eyes, "Okay Pedi men killed him"

I feel so much better with him here.He have this crazy side I like and relate to.I have seen him drink more than I've seen him eat food.He is just a happy

soul, he make me forget about my problems for a while.

"You should come to the funeral" I tell him.

I mean there will be food and lot of drinks there, he will like it.

"Who died?"

"The lady who masterminded my kidnapping, she is a sister of a close family friend"

"You lie!"

He is so gay.

"Trust me I'm going there to watch her coffin going down"

He raise his glass, "To the dead bitch"

"A new Hell's prime minister"

Just as we are toasting and laughing Tyson walk in followed by Amla.

"Oh my word!" Dina exclaim.

I look at him, I could knock him down with feather.

"Hello Zethu" Amla greet me.

"Hey Amla"

He look at Dina, "We had an appointment with an endocrinologist"

What the fuck is endocrinologist?!

"Love I completely forgot.Oh my word! I'm so sorry"

He gulp the quarter of wine remaining in his glass and get up.

"She is the one who kept me" he say walking to him.

This is so funny to watch.He is so shaken up.

"No I didn't, dump him Amla" I say laughing.

Dina shoot me a look, "Let's go baby"  
My laughter and smile vanish as soon

as they walk out.

"You lost the ring?"

I look at him, "Hello"

"You lost the ring?"

I sigh, "I think so"

"Did I ever mean something to you?"

"Yes, you still mean a lot"

He sit and look at me, "If that's true why did you choose him over me? You didn't even know him"

"I was hurt, walking on you with those two girls in your car broke me then when I thought we were working things out I had to see you with other chicks on your lap again"

"I own up to my mistakes, I've never lied to you. I told you whatever you saw wasn't me. You know how much I love you, I wouldn't have indicted

myself while trying to win you back"

"Sometimes I let emotions control me. I apologise for everything, I'm really sorry" I say.

He outstare me. His face carry a lot of emotions.

"Thanks for coming for me"

He take a huge breath and rub his nose.

"I don't know what to think Queen. I shared myself to you, bared myself to every question and then you dropped me like I'm nothing. You hurt me in a way I never thought you would, in a way I know you are not aware of. It keep awake at night, I ask myself questions. How am I going to forget everything that has happened?"

I swallow a lump on my throat, "I

understand and I'm not expecting you to take me back. You did things, I also did things to you. It's just a lot of heart ache"

"So how do I leave without you?"

"I'm trying not to be selfish" I say.

"But you are a selfish person, you know how much I love you, you did everything because you knew I'd come crawling to you no matter what happens"

Lord have mercy!

"But you also cheated on me with two girls, that's where everything started. You left me in your house and went to have a threesome"

"Those girls meant nothing, that fool meant everything to you. You chose him over me"

I sigh, "Tyson I'm sorry, I only wanted to hurt you back"

The door burst open. I double take at the door.

It's him!

I can't look him in the eyes, I feel like I'm naked.

"Givanston what are you doing here?"

Tyson clear his throat, "I came to check on Zethu"

"It's Ntombizethu, not Zeetoo"

If he was some other father he would be grateful to him.

Tyson chuckles, "Just like it's Givanst(een) not Givan(stone)"

"Whatever. Hello sisi"

I'm sisi to him now?

"Hey Dad"

"I want my money" he say.

I look at him, "What money?"

"My 2 million rands"

Are you kidding me? Tyson is as shocked as I am.

"I'm sorry Dad"

"I want my money before the end of this week, if it's not in my account by Monday I will be forced to take drastic measures"

I look at him. He is serious.

"But that's not fair"

He tap Tyson's shoulder, "Tell your people we want our land"

R2 millions!!! He didn't even asked how I am. It was a person he doublecrossed who came after me. It was his enemy for justice's sake.

(Mafugal I will keep my promise today girl)

## Chapter Two Hundred & Two

### Simtho Biyela

.

I'm not sure about tomorrow's outfit. I like the grey dark dress but it won't match with my wide brim hat.

Maybe I should reconsider my purple satin sheath dress.

Phumla deserve to see the new collection of Christian Loubouton, I got my pump silvers for R8 600. She died before they came, what a shame.

Tomorrow is the day.

"Biyo"

I look at him, he don't give me any attention. It's like he never called me. He is busy on his iPad, he have

headsets on.

I need to address the headsets issue. These days you can't even speak to him, you have to poke him first to get his attention.

"Junior"

He can't hear me.

I walk to him and take them off.

"Umhhhhh....umhhhh oh yeah Dad is calling you"

"You know it's disrespectful to put headset on while talking to someone" I say.

"You look nice"

As if I appreciate his sulky compliments.

"Thank you, bye" I say and walk past him.

"My headsets Ma"

"Your voice is too soft I can't hear you"

He run after me, "My headsets"

"I can't hear you,it sound like you are in a deep hole"

He will now have headsets time schedule.They will be allowed in the morning before 7pm and at night after dinner.

I walk on Don emptying the cupboards.

"Junior say you are calling me" I say.

"He is only telling you now?"

I look at Junior, "You will get them after 7:30pm"

"No Biyo!!!!"

I smile, "You want them at 8pm?"

He drag his feet on the tiles, making crunchy noise with his boots.I will add ten minutes for that.

"Wena what are you doing?" I ask Don.

"Babe we are getting rid of all unhealthy food and alcohol"

I see food, but what does he mean getting rid of alcohol? No I actually don't see anything. That's my coffee creamer.

"Say ha ha ha"

He doesn't say it instead he take out more stuff.

"Don this is food, I bought it on purpose. Why are you throwing away money?"

He look at me, "Baby we need to look after our bodies. We eat junk food almost everyday, especially you and Junior. There are serious illnesses out there caused by unhealthy diet"

Is he a nutritionist now?

"I want to eat whatever I wanna eat, if

you don't like it you will be not forced to eat it. Don't throw away food"

He open a huge bag and start throwing everything inside.

"Can't you see you keep gaining weight?"

I can't believe my ears.

"You are calling me fat?" I ask ready to kill.

"See how worked up you are. Being thick is alright, I love you and your curves, but being unhealthy is a problem. Your multiplying kilos are results of unhealthy eating habit, you don't even bother doing a 1km jog"

He just had to spoil my day. I'm not unhealthy, I just enjoy food.

"There are people here" Junior walking to us.

"Tell them to come in"

Are we expecting guests?

A man walk in carrying two boxes,another one follow him with a basket of vegetables.

I see cabbage, maybe it's for coleslaw.I see a yellow butternut waving at me, I'm being tested here.There is box of tomatoes making its way into my fridge.

I'm astounded.

I fold my arms and watch.This is ridiculous.All my nice food is being replaced.

Junior come stand next to me, "Did you see beans?"

No I didn't.

"Beans???"

"There is a big bag of it, maybe it's

20kg" he say.

Don is making me regret moving in with him. In my house I ate whatever I wanted, now I have someone policing my eating.

I don't want to fight with him in front of Junior and these people. I turn and walk back to my bedroom.

How long before he start telling me my clothes are not healthy?

I can't believe my box of biscuits is gone. Junior is in his room mourning his mozzarella sticks.

"My love" he say excitedly walking through the door.

He put his hands on my shoulders, "Free massage R25.00, have you seen those ads?"

"No"

"You are sulking because of food?" he ask kissing my neck.

"You should've discussed it with me, I thought this was my house too"

"I knew you wouldn't agree, your mother is worried about you" he say.

I remove his hands and look at him,

"Worried about what?"

He curl his lip, "Umhhh..that you are not eating right"

"I am eating right" I almost shout.

"No you are not, we are not"

Dear democracy!!!

"I'm done talking, I will eat in restaurants" I say.

He chuckles, "Are you sure you can drive to restaurants everyday?"

Mxm whatever!

"Do you think Phumla's corpse has

arrived?" I ask.

"Most definitely"

"We need to go watch, we will get plates of delicious food"

He laugh, "No, I will cook a nice meal,you guys will love it"

He kiss my cheek and walk out.

He is the only one excited about dinner.He is on chef mode, setting plates infront of us and dishing.

"What is this?" I ask.

"I see broccoli, my stomach is knots"

Junior say looking at his plate.

"Chicken,broccoli and brown rice.Then here we have beetroot salad with avocado pesto"

I purse my lips and look at Junior,

"Sounds healthy"

"Are we ever gonna eat normal chicken

again?" Junior ask.

Junior fail to eat half of his food, he only eat meat. I wipe the plate clean, it's food at the end of the day.

"So who taught you to cook this?" I ask. He smile proudly, "No one"

Yeah right!

"Can I have my headsets now?"

I sigh, "Why not? Go take them in my room on bed and listen to Jack Johnson- 'Banana pancakes and have good dreams"

He take his plate, "Goodnight Biyo, goodnight Dad"

"You are not watching any movie before sleeping?" Don ask in surprise.

"No they will show nice food"

"There is something in my pink Hermes bag, take half of it" I tell Junior.

Don look at me eyebrow raised,

"Simtho!!"

"My love we need to practice a song we are going to sing tomorrow at the funeral"

"How about "Zawa izindonga zeJericho"?"

I laugh, "No maybe "Lord you are worthy to be praised?"

I can't wait for tomorrow, hopefully there will be co-chefs sending her off with mouth-watering dishes.

## Chapter Two Hundred & Three

### Senamile Madlala

.

The day is finally here. The weather is good, clear sky and fresh air breeze. It's

time we go put the divorcee in her eternal place.

Lwazi doesn't understand the big fuss I had over choosing the right outfits. He said the funeral is not a ceremony, there is no need to dress up like we are attending a fashion show. He is only wearing casual t-shirt and slim suit trouser.

Of course we are not attending a fashion show, a funeral is not a ceremony. That's why I'm wearing my dark navy skirt suit, black cone heels and a big flower with polka dots pinned on my Peruvian weave.

Sunglasses? Of course I have them, for when we go to the cemetery.

We are late, the service has already started. I can't believe all the VIP seats

are taken. The church is packed. All the slay queens she trained, one nightstands and her fellow scammers are here.

I find us chairs at the second row from the back. A lady pass me a programme. Simtho should've reserved seats for us. She is sitting at the front, just behind the family. She is wearing the most gigantic hat.

There is a priest???

Phumla didn't even know in which script does the fish swallow Jonah.

"I'm going to Sbu outside"

Really? We just got here.

I look at him, "Who am I going to sit with?"

He brush my hand and walk out.

We came to attend a funeral and they

think standing outside by their cars is being present? I can't believe them right now.

The programme director is asking for her friend Bongi to go say a few words. She is a slay queen with a blonde weave and colourful make-up. She have a saviette she is stopping her tears from even reaching her eyelashes with. "This is the most saddest day of my life. I met Phumla 3 years ago in a restaurant, we clicked on the first day. I was drawn by her free spirit, welcoming smile and her kindness. Every time I needed motivation I called her, she always gave good advices. We had a lot planned for our future, we had a long journey to go. Just the other day we

were talking about moving to the UK and start our business there. I couldn't believe it when one of her colleagues called me and told me about her death. The world has lost one of its greatest women. She had a heart of gold, always laughing and talking with everyone. Not even once did I see her fighting or swearing at someone. My heart is broken, I cannot start to imagine what her family must be going through. She loved her brother and sister more than anything in the world, she would've killed for them. And her son is all she was talking about, daily. My deepest condolences guys, hopefully justice will be served" I don't think she is talking about the same Phumla I know. Always laughing

and talking with everyone?

There is a long list of speakers and everyone is praising a good woman Phumla was. Nobody is telling about her sex addiction, lack of respect and scamming skills. Only good things are being said.

I don't know how people are able to lie in front of the priest. Even her aunt praise how good her niece was, it's the same aunt who refused to sit on the mattress for her.

I guess nobody ever tell the truth in a funeral.

Her coffin is beautiful, creamy and gold handles. The only bunch of flowers bought for her that she will never get to smell is on top of it.

There is a picture of her, smiling so

beautiful, for a moment I almost shed a tear for her. Then I remember with the same smile she was trying to snatch my husband. The same smile fooled Mandla for years and eventually broke him into pieces. This girl tried to kidnap two of my sisters. This beautiful smile doesn't matter, it has left so many emotional scars.

Mr programme director is very energetic and funny. He also knows the good hearted Phumla, the one I never met.

"I would like to give her son the opportunity to say a few words about his mother. Can we have a song while we are waiting for him to be ready?"

"Phind' ukhulume moya oyingcwele  
Khuluma, khuluma Nkosi yami

Ngokuba zonk' izono ebengizenza  
Namhla zisobala ebusweni bakho  
Phind' ukhulume moya oyingcwele"  
What's the heck???

I see the gigantic brim hat up. I know  
her voice, it's her, but hello???

Man! Who is gonna hit me if I start  
recording this moment for Facebook  
purposes?

I stand up amongst other people that  
have stood up, I'm only standing up to  
see properly. "Phind' ukhulume moya  
oyingcwele" for what? If she wanted to  
sing for her she should've sang Hoes  
Ain't Loyal.

Someone pull my arm, I look ready to  
clap.

"What did I miss?"

Just when I thought Simtho have the

biggest hat here Zethu comes with Queen Elizabeth royal hat with a peacock feather.

"Later, right now watch our own Fikile Mbambo" I say.

Simtho is gonna break her voice chord. I didn't even know she know these gospel songs to the end.

The boy is standing in the front with a middle aged man. He is grown, I'm surprised Phumla gave birth to him. That man must be his father.

He take the mic, "My name is Monde. Phumla was my mother. The last time I saw her was two months ago. She came to visit me for a weekend, she bought me five pairs of sneakers. She said she wanted me to pick anything I wanted, she was happy

and more generous than usual. When she left she told me she will see me this coming weekend. I didn't see her very often but when she came it would be the greatest time of my life. I don't have right words to say, but I have the right poem to recite for her. I hope she is listening"

The man give him a piece of paper. Even the gossipers behind us go quiet.

He start;

\*\*"The mountains have spoken, the valleys have agreed.

The heavens have appealed, the land have approved.

You were a special gift God sent on earth,

To live and leave your mark

And by excellence you did.  
You finished your journey earlier than  
expected.  
Dreams were not all achieved  
So many goals were not met  
Now hearts are broken, tears are shed  
God why?  
Couldn't your timing be less rushy?  
Maybe random, but no harshy.  
Right now I still need her warm smile,  
Tight hug and gentle voice.  
But the high voice has called, and with  
your soul you responded.  
Today far above the sky you will be,  
Just promise me one thing.  
When you look back you will smile  
proudly of a woman you were.  
The heavens have appealed, the land  
have approved.

Today above the stars, far away from  
the mountains,

A new woman you will be.

And all I ask for, is you never forget  
me.

You will forever be loved and  
cherished"\*\*\*

Tears betray me. My little Quinton just  
came to my mind.

What would he become without me?

No child deserve to go through  
this. Children need their mothers. The

Zulu say intandane ehle

ngumakhothwa wunina. No matter

how unstable their relationship was at

some point in his life he will need his

mother's hug.

"Come on" she say passing me the  
saviette.

I wipe the tears and compose myself. She will not understand why this is heartbreaking, she don't have a child who will cry for her when she die.

"I need some fresh air" I tell her.

I walk outside and go to Lwazi's car. I need a bottle of water.

Sbu ; I told you Bidvest have good strikers, there was no way.

Thapelo ; (laughing) It was luck man, Motupa is not that great. Chippa had a weak midfielder.

Lwazi ; If they changed him after the first goal everything was going to change on the second half.

I clear my throat, "Soccer review? Really guys?"

"Is the funeral over?" Thapelo ask.

"Yes, we've buried her"

I open the car door, grab a bottle of water and leave. Their argument resume as soon as I turn my back.

As I'm about to enter I spot Mandla by the side of the tent.

"Mandla"

I haven't seen him nor talked to him.

"Hey" he say his eyes running away from me.

"I didn't see you inside, I came late"

"I just came out for fresh air"

I nod.

I understand the sadness I see in his eyes.

"I know despite of everything that happened between you guys you are still hurting. She once meant something to you, but for your own sake I advice

you not to over-grieve people who were not in your life, it might hurt those who are currently in it"

He exhale, "I'm a fool, I shouldn't be feeling any sympathy for her. She used every chance she got to bring me down. It was like she got rewarded for every second my heart got crushed. She enjoyed seeing me in pain and I don't know what is it that I did wrong to her. I tried to be the best husband, I never hurt her. Nevertheless it still suck to know she is no more"

Maybe he could use some soccer talk right now.

"Your friends are by Lwazi's car, you need their company right now" I tell him.

Whoah!!!

"Where did you get that?" I ask her.

"A catering lady gave it to me"

I look around, nobody have a cold drink except her. I also had to go to the car and get my own bottle of water.

"What's so special about you?" I ask.

I mean not even family members have icy can of fanta in their hands.

"Shhhh we are praying"

Oh! I close my eyes.

The service is coming to an end, six men are on standby waiting to take the coffin.

Everyone walk out following the coffin singing a song. In the crowd I manage to pull Simtho's hand.

"We are taking one car, there are things we need to discuss" I say.

I don't think Sbu and his friends are

going to go to the cemetery. They came here to discuss soccer.

Now we are discussing whose car we are taking. There is five of us and Aunt Lydia. Sbu's SUV is the comfortable one, all of us can fit.

Fikile is by Zanda's side, I hope her ex don't get any funny ideas. She is doing this for Zanda.

"Let's wait for everyone to drive out"  
Ziphe say.

"What a great service!"

I look at her, "And what was your fuckin' problem? Singing your heart out for Phumla, you annoyed me there"

"You are jealous, she was great" Aunt Lydia say.

I roll my eyes.

"And my man was backing up for me like a pro"

"I'm proud of you my child"

Someone knock at the window, Simtho open the door.

"Hello you all...babe here" say a skinny pouty-lips guy passing a food takeaway and bottle of water to Zethu. We are all surprised.

Who is this guy? And why Zethu is getting food before everyone. Phumla is not even in the grave yet.

"Zethu get food?" Simtho ask.

"It's for the road, I didn't eat anything before coming here"

She look at the guy, "How did you make your way to the kitchen?"

"You remember my mother's uncle?"

His first babymama was a Miya, so I'm

a cousin"

Zethu laugh, "Of course, you are related. Look, now go get the coldroom keys"

They bump fists and laugh.

"Who are you?" Simtho ask.

"It's Dina"

Oh Dina!

"You girls look pretty" he say.

"Thanks, but you have to treat us all equally. How come you only got food for Zethu?" Simtho whines.

It's not even time to eat yet.

"You have to be connected first, Zethu have a connection, me"

They are a disappointment.

"You are boring, drive Nozi" she say.

"I will show you two ladies that were gossiping about your hat when you

come back"

"What? Get me off this car right now"

"Drive Nozi" I say.

Simtho is fuming, "I want them to repeat what they said on my face"

Now we are going to watch the coffin go down. Her chapter has been closed. Now I don't have to watch my back.

Thank you Tyson.

I wonder how long the truth is gonna be kept from Zanda.

Chapter Two-Hundred & Four  
Zanda Dlamini

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We haven't been together in what?

Five days maybe. You know how strict culture is when it comes to mourning. We are not allowed to associate ourselves with crowds, we are not allowed to play radio loud, there are lot rules we are made to follow in order to respect our late sister.

I miss her.

I never thought I would say these words, surprisingly her absence is felt enormously.

We usually came together to this house, Mvuse's house. She wasn't the best all the times but we did have good memories together. Now she is gone. Monde will never hear his mother's voice again. I wish I can pull him and just hug him tightly, but we are not

that close. Phumla never gave us a chance to know each other. I'm not an aunt he think he can call and ask a PlayStation from. He is better with Mvuse, they talk.

There is this aunt, I don't know how she is related to my mother. I never got to know that side of my family very well. She is now the madam of this house, judging every move we make. I can't wait to leave.

Mandla can't even visit me because she will tell him what shame he did by divorcing Phumla and jumping to me. She make everyone uncomfortable, even Siza is fed up.

"I can't believe these kids!!"

I wonder what we did now. I look at Siza, she look exhausted already.

"Where is Mvuse?" she ask.

In my head I'm like his wife will answer and Siza is also like his sister will answer.

"Am I talking to the walls?"

Sigh!

"He is outside Aunty" Siza reply.

She shake her head and walk out with her hands on the waist,yelling Mvuse's name.

"When is she leaving?" Siza ask.

"I don't know, but I am leaving today.Good luck with her"

"Mvuse have to do something about her, I can't survive another two days"

Siza is the last person to get angry at someone.She can put up with shit for years, look how she is putting up with Mvuse's shit.

She clear her throat, "So I wanted to ask you about Fiki?"

Oh!

I raise my eyebrows and look at her, "Oh yeah"

"Is she serious with that guy of hers?"

Guy of hers?

"He paid lobola for her" I say.

"So you don't think she can come back for Mvuse again?"

I don't like discussing the Biyela sisters, they are like my family. They've been with me through thick and thin, anyone who think I'm gonna rat on them is out of her mind.

"No, I don't think she can come back for him. You know girls like her don't come back to men, men come back to them" I pick my mug and leave the

kitchen.

I lie on bed and video-call Mandla.

"Hey baby"

I wish I can kiss those lips.

"Hey how are you?"

"I'm good, have you eaten?"

He smile, "Yes I'm in my mom's house"

What is he doing there?

"The house felt empty without you and Leano, I came here this morning" he explain without even me asking.

He know how to read my face.

"I'm coming back today" I say.

"I can't wait, I miss you so much"

"You will have to come pick me up" I say.

"Who is there with you?"

I look around, "Me and Leano"

"I'm horny"

Like wtf! I burst out laughing.

"I know it's been long, tonight I promise I'm all yours" I say.

"Tonight? As soon as you get inside my car I'm taking you on"

My nipples harden, "Damn I miss you"  
He chuckles, "Go pack, Manzini is hard and ready for you"

Okay I'm leaving, for real.

I end the call and feed Leano then start packing. It's over, my man is starving and lonely.

Most family relatives left the day after the funeral. Monde left yesterday, it's only me and Aunty now. Mvuse need privacy with his wife, they've been apart for months. Surely Siza want her husband's touch.

The door swings open, "What are you

doing?"

What does it look like?

"I'm packing Aunty" I say.

"Where are you going?"

"To my house"

She call Mvuse, "Come see this child of your mother"

This is one of the reasons I'm leaving with immediate effect, every time I do something she don't approve of she call Mvuse instead of talking to me about it. She treat me like a 4year old. Mvuse walk in, he look at me and then look at her lost.

"Can't you see she is going back to Phumla's husband?"

"It's her fiancée" Mvuse say.

"Fiancée? I want to know how you let the Dlamini's take her lobola whereas

they never paid damages"

This is...I just sit on bed and look at them.

"But they raised her, we didn't even know she existed"

She can explode like a volcano right now.

"You are weak Mvuse, you let people walk all over you.You are the Miya's head now, grow some balls.The Dlamini's owe us,when we are done mourning for Phumlile we are going to Eshowe"

She say her last words and walk out breathing fire.

Mvuse sigh, "So early in the morning!"

"I'm leaving brother" I say.

"I understand, I will drive you"

"Mandla is fetching me, don't worry"

He take Leano, "Shanaz you're leaving now?"

I continue packing while he plays with Leano. He have a good heart, although he is an ass-husband.

"Zanda"

I stop and look at him, "Huh?"

"Is Fiki pregnant?"

This is another reason I'm leaving, the Fikile talk. If it's not Siza asking me about her it's him.

"I don't know"

He exhale, "She was acting strange, I don't know her as the chocolate eater"

"Maybe you should worry about your wife, are you giving her enough attention?"

"Can you find out for me?"

Really???

"No, Fiki is with Skhumbuzo. It's none of your business"

He smirk, "I will find out myself"

He is an ass-husband.

Aunty peek at the door, "What is this private meeting? Come here you two"

She left us here, now it's a private meeting?!

"What now?"

Mvuse chuckles. We follow her behind. She is sitting on the couch with a black scissor in her hand. Siza is sitting next to her silently laughing.

"What is this?" Mvuse ask.

"Give your wife the baby and sit down"

She is always angry. Instead of talking like a normal person she yells, maybe I should give her some counselling. This can't be normal.

The scissor!!!

Oh no! I remember this part very well. When my Dad passed on they did the same.

"Aunty I can't cut my hair, let alone with a scissor" I say stepping backwards.

Siza break her long held laughter.

"It's a tradition, you will do it"

"No ways"

"I'm not asking you child. You can do whatever you want to do with your head after I've cut it with a scissor. Maybe get your brother to remove the remaining hair with a shaver"

I know this is a tradition, but many families don't practice it anymore. It's ridiculous.

Mvuse didn't have much hair, she is done with him within a minute. He is so ugly, I can't help it, I laugh.

It's my turn, there is no running back. Imagine I have braids, she take them off with a scissor.

Mvuse is ready with a mirror as soon as I finish. I don't recognise the girl I see in it.

"Can you shave all this off?" I ask him. Chiskop is better than this thing on my head. I'm not a wig person but this time I'm gonna use wigs. Mandla can't have his woman looking like him.

"Shanaz won't know who is Mom and who is Dad"

Did he have to say that?

"She is beautiful" Siza say.

"Thank you wifey"

I don't look that bad, I'm like a beautiful cancer survivor.

"I wonder where she took our hair to?"

"She will bury it" I say.

"What???"

"It's a part of letting go"

Africans take mourning very seriously. When my Dad passed on we were not allowed to talk loud, or even laugh. MaQwabe would be like "What are you laughing for? Your father's grave is still wet"

Aunty walk in, "I hope that man of yours knows that you are still mourning"

"He does" I say.

I'm surprised he said man of mine, it's always your sister's husband.

She look at Siza and Mvuse, "And you two knows,right?"

"Yes we do" Siza say.

"Good, the best you can do is sleep in different rooms because feelings are feelings"

Hold on a second...

"What do you mean they must sleep in different rooms?" I ask.

"You two are not supposed to involve yourselves in any sexual activities, you are still under the darkness" she say to me and Mvuse.

I need a glass of water.

"For how long?" Mvuse ask.

"Culture say three months, but I will make it only one month then we will do a cleansing ceremony, after that you can live your lives normally.Right now

you have bad lucks and by sleeping with your partners you will be passing bad lucks to them."

I need a whole bottle of water.A whole month???

Siza is more angry than Mvuse.If Zethu was her friend she would give her plenty alternatives to get rid of salt.

I call Mandla and tell him to come.I'm ready to go home but I'm no longer excited about it.I don't know if Mandla can handle to go a whole month without sex, not so long ago he went dry for two months after Leano's birth. He arrives, he don't come inside the house.Aunty is always ready to shoot him.

I say my farewells, Siza walk me out. He greet me with a hot kiss.I can feel

hunger in his lips. God knows how much I miss him!

"How are you?" he ask.

"I'm good"

I expected him to comment about my look but it's like he doesn't even notice.

"How do I look?" I ask.

He laugh, "I don't want to start a fight, I love you"

What is that supposed to mean?

He take Leano, "I missed you young man"

"I will sit at the back with him"

"Why?"

Because I don't want you to start touching me in the front seat.

"I need to feed Leano" I lie.

He don't say anything, he give me

Leano and kiss my forehead then go to the driver's seat.

The journey is shorter than I wanted. Leano has fallen asleep, I take him inside the house. He follow me with the bags.

.

His arms sneak around my waist.

"My love" he whisper in my ear and kiss my neck.

I feel a hot wave taking all over my body. I turn and face him.

"I missed you"

He rest his forehead on mine and kiss me slowly. When his hand get below my waist searching for the honeypot I break the kiss.

"What's wrong?"

I breath out, "I can't do this"

"Do what?"

"I'm still mourning, we have to wait a month"

He pull me by waist and kiss me again. His hand slide under my panty and draw O's on my clit.

"Mandla no!" I say between the moans.

"Baby I want you"

Bad lucks!!!!

"No" I say firmly this time.

He stop and look at me.

"You are serious about this?"

"Yes, I have to obey culture"

He take his hand out and rub his face. There is hunger mixed with anger on his face. His erection is poking out.

"I'm sorry"

He take a deep breath and walk out.

Can I do this for a month? I want to

mourn appropriately but at the same time I don't want to jeopardise my relationship.

Phone rings.

"Zanda's speaking hello"

"Hi, I hope I'm not disturbing you"

"Who is this?" I ask.

"It's Nceba"

Nceba???

Oh yeah!

"Hey Nceba, no you are not disturbing"

"I'm in Durban" he say.

"Umhhh..okay"

"Can we meet? I need to talk to someone, I feel like I'm carrying the world on my shoulders and I have no one to turn to. My life is falling apart"

"Give me an hour" I say.

Maybe we've made progress, I will tell

Fikile later. For now I need to find Mandla and see how he is doing.

"Baby"

He look at me, he is still angry.

"I'm sorry"

He nod, "It's okay"

"A meeting just popped up, must I take Leano with me?"

"Where are you going?"

"Remember Fikile's friend that she wanted me to go meet with?" I ask.

"Yes, she want to talk again?"

"It's not a 'she', it's a guy. Skhumbuzo's young brother"

He chuckles, "A man???"

"Don't be like that, I'm gaining experience here"

"Fine, leave Leano I want to teach him

how to play videogames"  
Leano and videogames???

## Chapter Two-Hundred & Five Aunt Lydia

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Vince has made his decision, he announced it on Sunday in front of the full congregation. I wasn't there, I was with Zanda's family.

It's a good thing I wasn't there, I wouldn't have had an audacity to look at everyone in the eyes while I'm the reason their pastor steps down.

He is a man of his word, today he called me for a family meeting in his house where he will reveal who the second wife is.

I'm nervous, I don't know what to expect. Zodwa may have a heart attack, this is going to be a bomb.

I put on my best dress, tie my head with a scarf and wait for him to come fetch me.

It's a long wait, my nerves are getting shorter.

This is polygamy, happiness is not guaranteed. I could spend the last days of my life fighting for love.

Wasn't it better when it was just me living my life the way I want?

He walk in with a big smile, "My love"  
I return the greeting.

His smile disappears when he realise I'm not in the mood he expected.

"Are you well?" he ask.

"Yes"

"What's bothering you?"

I exhale, "This whole thing. I'm not sure if we are doing the right thing or not"

He take my hand, "Lydia this is our last chance at happiness"

"What if I don't find that happiness?"

What if it's short-lived? This is polygamy I could spend the rest of my life fighting"

He pull me to his chest, "I understand your worries but please have faith. If anything I would never make you fight for my love, it's there in my heart. I love you"

I look at him, "You love Zodwa too?"

"I do love her, she has stood by me through hard times. She helped me build that church, she has never turned her back on me"

The bitter pill I'll have to swallow everyday.They've been together for a very long time.

"Why would you want to spoil your love?"

He is thrown back by my question,

"Lydia"

"Why? We can end this, you can continue with your life.People love you, many couples looked up to you, the church depended on you.I can't spoil that just because I want to have a chance at happiness"

He wipe invisible sweat, "That's the thing, people look up to me.I have to give them the best of images of me.My life has always been about delivering, even when things aren't great at home I have to smile the next day and

impress everyone. My happiness ended in May 2005. I just want one last chance, and that chance is you"

"What if it..."

He stop me, "Faith Lydia, faith"

I can't believe I'm shivering like a little girl on her first date.

He take my hand and lead me to the door.

It's happening!

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I thought he called for a family meeting, what is Cynthia and Makhoba doing here? It's not a church board meeting.

"What is Lydia doing here?" Cynthia ask.

"What are you doing here?"

"This is a strictly Khambule's family meeting" she say.

I take a seat, "And you are a Khambule?"

"You two stop, Bab' Mfundisi we are waiting for you" Makhoba say.

Zodwa is a volcano waiting to erupt. She have her hands folded by her chest. Their son is here too, he is on his phone not paying attention to anyone.

"Thank you all for being present"

All eyes are on him. We are sitting two seats apart, my palms are sweating. Cynthia is gonna be the first one to bite my head off. She is devil's little agent.

"I believe everyone is let on on what's happening, my decision still stands and..."

Cynthia cut in, "I thought you called this meeting to apologise to Zodwa for shaming her"

Makhoba nod his head, "You and me"

"Can I talk?"

They keep quiet.

"The woman I'm taking as a second wife is no stranger, she is a strong believer of God, she is a caring person and..."

"Strong believer of God my left foot! She is agreeing to marry someone's husband"

Cynthia again!

Vince clear his throat, "As I was saying you all know her, Mam' Khambule knows her. I hope God will instill the friendship they had and bless them with peace and cooperation"

Zodwa breath her first words, "Who is that devil?"

"Mama you know this household, you know the ins and outs. This should be no surprise to you, surely it has crossed your mind that some day I may look for happiness"

Sbonga, their son, look up from his phone, "Excuse me, I need to make an important call"

With that said he leave the meeting. It doesn't look like he cares about what's happening between his parents.

"Vincent don't start me" Zodwa say.

"Just say the name, we will go deliver a prayer to her. She have demons"

Isn't Cynthia is like a bad disease?

Ebola maybe.

Vince stand up, "Lydia if you may"

I get up and go stand next to him.

"Today I represent to you a woman who is coming to join this family. Lydia, my soon-to-be second wife"

There is shock and disbelief on their faces.

"Is this a joke?" Zodwa ask.

"No, this is going to be your sisterwife"

Like a lightning she stand up and send a legendary clap against Vince's face.

Thanks to Makhoba he hold her before she could come for me. I don't have face for slaps, Sena bought a very expensive make-up for it.

"Tell your skank about me, maybe she doesn't know me. Tell her what I'm capable of" she has turned pink.

Vince is still recovering from the slap. I didn't expect this reaction from her.

"After everything Zodwa did for you this is how you thank her?" Cynthia ask looking at me.

I'm cracking my head trying to remember those things Zodwa did for me.I can't remember any.

Am I suffering from amnesia maybe?

"Everybody calm down" Makhoba say. Instead of calming down Zodwa start crying hysterically.

Guess what? Cynthia join in and cry too.Talk about an ass-licker!

We needed this good cry in Phumla's funeral.Maybe they should make it a profession, we will hire them to funerals such as Phumla's where no one is willing to cry.

"Mom I'm trying to make a call"

This child!

He is standing with his hands pushed in his jacket's pocket, he look more annoyed than a Zulu man in an RnB concert.

She stop crying, "I'm sorry baby, it's your father.He has destroyed our family, he is letting this skank in"

"I'm not interested in your affairs, I just want to make a phone call"

This boy is rude.He always was rude, out of 10% in respect I'd give him 0.1%.

Zodwa turn to Cynthia, "Shut up!"

She stop immediately and wipe her tears.

Everyone take their seats.I'm watching her, one wrong move I'm taking out my nailclip.

"I can't believe this.Khambule are you

sure this is the right thing to do? You are a man of God remember" Makhoba say.

"I'm 100% sure, I'm taking Lydia as the second wife"

My name and the word wife in one sentence! Forget that "second" it doesn't matter. I'm going to be someone's wife.

"I cried on her shoulder" Zodwa tell Cynthia.

"I knew she was a snake"

I'm on my best behavior, I'm in front of my husband.

"There is no way I'm letting her in my house. You can marry her but forget about me befriending her. In my house she is not welcomed"

I expected that. It's not like I wanted to

come live here, I have my mansion that look two times bigger than this house. I will be like Amazulu FC coming from Premier's Soccer League back to National First Division.

"Can I ask?" Makhoba say.

He nod at him.

"Is this all because of the family issue we've been trying to solve these past years?"

He don't answer.

Now I'm curious, my ears are straight up.

"Khambule we made progress, things were getting better. Couldn't you give it a short while?"

"Actually no, I can't. Nothing will ever change Makhoba, I'm done with this perfection game. I'm a human, I have

feelings. I deserve respect"

Mhhh! I need to do a little investigation.

I guess that was the end of the meeting. No one say a word after that. The helper bring snacks, instead of eating Makhoba and Cynthia stand up and leave.

"Welcome to the family" he say and kiss my cheek.

"I'm going to fetch my jacket then I will drive you home"

Now on the table it's me and her. If eyes could spit poison I would be dead by now.

"Are you happy?" she ask.

"Yes"

"You have no shame, an old rug like you lurking for someone's

husband. You even settle for the second position just to prove a point, not everyone is meant for marriage. You don't have to try hard and degrade yourself"

I smile, "Maybe we should start discussing the sleeping arrangements"

"I don't give a damn about where he sleep, I just want you to know you are a curse"

"How does he like his tea?" I ask.

"I don't know, didn't you ask him when you were busy opening your old legs for him?"

Old legs???

"You are bitter, I'm not here to replace you. I just want a piece of Vincent, you can give me the 'Vi' and take the 'ncent' I don't mind"

She click her tongue, "You don't know me, ask your man he will enlighten you"

She keep saying this and I don't know what it means but I know I have to watch my back.

## Chapter Two-Hundred &Six Fikile Biyela

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I knock off and drive past Mandla's house. Zanda had a meeting with Nceba earlier, she said she want to talk with me in person. I hope they made progress.

Mandla welcome me at the door with Leano in his arm.

"Daddy" I greet.

"Hey how are you?"

"I'm good, you guys look pretty close"

He smile, "He is my best friend, he know me now.He make little noises when he see me and smile"

I doubt that's true, he is not even sitting yet.

"I can see, he is snuggling on you like a chameleon"

Zanda is cooking.At first I thought they have a new young boy chef.

"Oh my word! You are so ugly, you have a potatoe head"

She laugh, "I knew you'd say that, you are killing my confidence"

"I don't care, you need a wig"

"I tried it on, I got itchy within minutes"

Such a boring human being! Wigs don't cause itchiness.

"Wifey duties?" I ask.

She sigh, "I'm tired, I'm just boiling everything"

"Restaurants are there for such days, why are you slaving yourself?"

I look at Mandla, "Are you slaving her?"

"No, she do what she want whenever she want"

Okay I sense some tension here.

"Girl I'd help you out but you know the story" I say.

"Don't worry I'm almost done"

I take a seat. They have a wooden decoration filled with assorted sweets. I don't think they ever eat them. They just needed to put

something in it so they bought sweets.

I pull it closer to me, "I love this house, you guys are creative"

Zanda chuckles, "Already?"

"Yeah, it's going to be a long journey"

I love sweet things, I pray I don't gain much weight.

Mandla pick milk bottle, "I will be upstairs"

As soon he disappears I ask Zanda what's eating him.

"I took long with Nceba's meeting" she say.

"And you didn't tell him you are running late?"

"I did, he is angry anyway"

"Did you give him sex?" I ask.

"No"

I laugh, "That's the reason, you guys

haven't been together since last week  
Wednesday. He need to steam off"

"I'm mourning"

"So?"

"No sexual activities before the  
cleansing ceremony, that means for a  
month"

A whole month? Get out.

"How is that going to work?" I ask.

"I don't know, I can go for a month  
without sex but I don't think Mandla  
can"

This is day one and he already look like  
that, trust me a month is a decade.

"Try other alternatives, oral sex or  
frottage. Just give him something  
otherwise he is going to explode"

"I don't know if that's allowed" she say.

"Well it is that or he get a side-chick"

She close the pots, "Over my dead body"

"Men don't have patience when it comes to sex.It's better when it something worthy, unlike mourning for Phumla she was a dick master.By having sex you are honouring her legacy"

"And you make sex how many times a week?" she ask.

"What would I be counting for? I only count money"

She laugh and sit on the chair.

"He might change his mind"

I look at her, "What make you think so?"

"Today he was down, like really down.He found messages of that woman flirting with another guy"

Argh! He is just disappointed. She will convince him it was nothing.

"I don't think so" I say.

"I asked him what his fear is, he said it's to be alone. Basically he is scared if this woman leave him he will have no one, he might never have someone who will love him"

My heart breaks.

"I feel sorry for him, I wish I can make him see the hole he keep digging for himself by being with that woman"

"That guy need his family, I don't think he is only needing him now. He's been needing them forever. One hug from his mother can change all of this" she say sympathetically.

MaMvelase? I don't think she can do that. She don't want to see Nceba in her

home, hugging him is just a fairytale. She sigh, "You should've seen him, he was broken Fiki. That woman is his last hope, and if his family disassociate themselves further from him he will never be okay"

"I will talk to Skhumbuzo again, the last time we spoke he broke down. I think he realises his mother's faults" Most of the times if I'm stressed about family issues it would be of my family's issues, the Biyelas. Look at me today, worried sick about people I never thought existed. Life is unpredictable.

"I cried when he told me the birthday party story"

I've never heard of it.

"What birthday party?" I ask.

"When Skhumbuzo turned 10 years his

mother threw him a party, she did the same for the other brother when he turned ten. When Nceba was about to turn 10 years he invited his friends and told them on his birthday they must go with him to his home, his mother will throw him a birthday party. So on his birthday he took his friends and travelled to his home from his uncle's village. When they got there there was no cake, no balloons, no party. He asked his mother where his cake was, she asked him what cake. He then reminded her it was his 10th birthday, she asked what's special about it and told him to take his friends and leave "Wow!!" that's all I manage to say. "He say if he visited home randomly she was more hostile than she would

be when he visited on holidays"

This is making me angry at everyone, Skhumbuzo, Nqubeko, their mother and their uncle.

How can they not notice all that? A part of me believe they were all aware, they just didn't care because they were not victims of mother's hatred.

I take a couple of long minty-chocolate wraps and put them in my bag.

"Thank you for doing this, please take care of Mandla.I'm leaving"

She look at me with a frown, "You are angry?"

"Yes I'm angry.Imagine how he felt when she told him his birthday isn't special.He had to go face his friends and tell them there was no party.How can Skhumbuzo let her do that to him?"

Big brothers are protectors"

"Don't approach him like that. He was a child too, the only person who should be blamed here is their mother"

Yeah whatever!

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"Hello"

I don't reply, I fold my arms and glare at him.

"What did I do?" he ask.

I'm still trying to think of the worst name I can call him with.

"Baby talk to me, did I do something wrong?"

I breath out, "No, I'm angry at your whole family"

"Oh!"

"Do you guys realise how you hurt

Nceba?"

He sigh, "We are going to fight about him again?"

"He remember everything, every incident, every word that was said to him"

"You are still communicating with him?" he ask.

"No, I asked Zanda to intervene, counselling is her department. Your wife may be cheating on him but he can't call the wedding off and leave her because he is scared he will never get to be loved again"

"Can we not talk about this? For today" I shake my head, "He need you today, he need your forgiveness. He has been through a lot, he don't know what he is doing. Please forgive him, I'm begging

you Mphazima"

"Baby look I..."

I hold his hands, "I'm begging you, I can't tell your mother to love him. She never loved him, she cannot develop that love now. Your baby's love is installed as soon as you hold him in your arms. But you, I know you love him you are just hurt. Let go of the anger, see through him"

He clench his jaws and stare at me. I have tears in my eyes, "He is here in Durban, call him and go see him. You don't have to laugh with him just tell him you care about him. He need to hear you say that"

He don't say anything, I reach for his phone and give it to him.

"Call him, he is your little brother. You

couldn't save him from your mother's hatred, now it's your chance to save him from this woman" I tell him.

He exhale and punch his digits.I'm surprised he still know his number by his head.

"Hey...yes it's me, are you busy?...okay come to my house for dinner"

Dinner???

He drop the call and look at me, "He is coming"

"Are you okay?" I ask him.

"I don't know"

I hug him, "I know it was not your fault"

Well I need to start cooking, we have a guest.I'm nervous but also excited.They may make peace today.

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He is here. I go fetch him at the door, his brother has been sitting on the chair quietly.

We don't hug, we just smile at each other and go to the dining room.

He don't sit, he greet while on his feet. Skhumbuzo don't return the greeting.

I'm punching him in my head.

I smile at him, "You can sit"

I can see he is shaking.

"Thank you"

Awkward silence follows, Skhumbuzo is just staring at him. I thought he called him so that they can make peace.

I clear my throat, "The meat is a bit hot"

They don't say anything. I can see now he regret even coming here.

"I'm sorry brother" Nceba say after a while.

Skhumbuzo pour a glass of water and drink.

"How are the wedding preparations?" I didn't expect that question. This is not what we planned.

"Good" he say and look down.

"You disappointed me Nceba, I didn't expect this from you as my brother. She was my wife, your sister. I don't trust you even with MaBiyela"

This is not the right direction and I'm angry he think I might be Thembeke part2 but I'm glad he is saying this calmly.

"I apologize Nkosi" he is playing with

his hands.

Skhumbuzo exhale, "But I've realised my mistakes. I owe you an apology, for your baby and for how things turned out"

Nceba nod his head.

"I was not there for you. As a brother I failed to protect you, I let you go through things you shouldn't have gone through. I saw some of the things happening, I didn't do anything. I never asked how you felt, never checked where you lived. I'm sorry I wasn't a brother I was supposed to be"

"Thank you brother" he say.

Skhumbuzo glance at me then look at Nceba.

"I love you Nkosi, you are my brother. Same father or not, you are my

brother.I care about you so much"

Whoah! That didn't sound right at all.What a gay world!

Nceba react by burying his face with his hand, he didn't expect that.

"We just grew apart and honestly I don't know how to tell another man I love him.I'm at the happiest stage of my life and all I want is for you and Nqubeko to experience that some day"  
Nceba is very emotional.I look at my man, I'm proud of him.

He get up from his chair, "We are brothers"

They hug, I have tears in my eyes because now my first mission is accomplished.Now I have to get rid of that woman.

## Chapter Two-Hundred-Seven

### Zethu Biyela

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"Are you okay?"

I lift my head up and look at her, "Yeah I'm good"

"Okay if you say so" she say looking at me weirdly.

I'm not okay, I feel very tired and I have to drive to Aunt Lydia's house. It's a first time she invite us for dinner at her house. We are not even allowed to visit randomly, we have to book a visit five hours prior.

"When are you learning to drive?" I ask when she attempt to walk away.

"Not anytime soon, I don't have a car so there is no point"

"The point is you'd take my cars and drive them if you want"

She chuckles, "And drive you?"

"Well that too"

"No I'm scared of driving. Imagine having to control a big vehicle in a busy road, I'd crash on people"

"It's not that hard, I will show you when you are off from work"

I have to get up from this couch and go get ready. Maybe a glass of wine can prepare me for the drive.

I bath and dress up in sweatpants and crop top and push ons. I have no one to look glamorous for.

Tyson isn't contacting me anymore, he don't come check on me, he is just quiet. I think we are over, and if that's what he want, I have no choice but to

live with it.

It's hard waking up everyday hoping things will change and then realise the damage done can't be fixed. I still love him but I don't want to stand in his way as I've hurt him beyond repairs.

But Alsina haven't left me, we are still together. If you still don't believe that us, the Biyelas, are made for big things Ntsiki is the proof. She is the first black South African winemaker. I keep two or three Alsina wines in my house, just because it was made by one of the Menziwas.

Phindile is sitting in front of TV, eating grapes. Her lifestyle is all about that.

"Why you don't come with me?"

"No I'm good"

She enjoy boredom so I let her be. I

enjoy a glass of wine before leaving.

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This dinner is big, everyone is here. When the Mokoenas come to your gathering know that you've made it. They never come out of their house. I have to greet the host first, she is wearing her best smile. I wonder what's making her happy.

"Rakgadi" I say hugging her shoulders.

"Ngoana oa ka"

Thapelo laugh, "Sena se makatsa"

"Somebody give them blankets please"

Sbu say.

Fiki look bored, I wink at her.

"How is the baby doing? You look like you want to give birth"

Sbu look at her, "What baby?"

"Oops!!!" Simtho say laughing.

I'm surprised Nozipho haven't told him. Everytime he put his dick on her she sing out all people's news.

"She is pregnant this dumb child" Aunt Lydia say.

Fiki roll her eyes, "Can we eat already?"

"Good question, where is the food?"  
Simtho say.

"You are pregnant too?" Sbu ask  
looking at her.

"No she is not"

Is Don Simtho? Why jump to her  
defense like that?

"I need a beer" Mandla say walking  
away.

Do Aunt Lydia have beer in her  
Christian house? If so then I need one

too.

Thapelo lean over Ziphe, "Can I get one too?"

"Only one" she say putting her one finger up.

Their marriage is goals. I want a husband like that too when I grow up. I wonder what she is giving him to be obedient like this. It's like he is a first-year learner and she is a teacher;

Teacher may I go drink water?

"WE DON'T WORK FOR YOU!!!"

She is bursting all the way from the kitchen.

"Go help them" Aunt Lydia say.

That was Sena. She couldn't have asked for help any other way than shouting. I bet they cooked willingly but now it's everyone's job to help them.

"Take food to the dining" she orders.  
Ziphe pick two bowls and leave.I have  
to see what's in Aunt Lydia's fridge  
first.

"Zethu!!!"

I don't see anything interesting I close  
the fridge and take a salad bowl.

"That's all you are taking?" Nozipho  
ask.

"Yes, it's heavy" I walk away.

Simtho need to come help too.There is  
no need for her to glue that fat ass on  
the couch and watch us.

Zanda is not here, I don't know  
why.Mandla is not on his best mood,  
he is quieter than Sena's husband.

No, someone is missing.

"Sbu where is Nduku?" I ask.

"He went to his friends in hostel"

I'm not surprised he have friends there, he is Nduku.He probably wouldn't have liked food cooked here anyway.

Mom!!!

This dinner must be important.My mom don't just travel to Durban to eat food.

We are all happy to see her.I wonder where her husband is? I hope he has let this R2mil thing go because I can't pay him back.

"Who cooked?" she ask looking around the table.

"Me" Simtho say.

"No you didn't, Sena and Nozi cooked"  
She give me a nasty look, "You are single"

"You are also single" I say.

She tap Don's shoulder, "Mine dear"  
I laugh, "As South African Home Affairs  
we don't recognize your relationship"

"Jealousy suit you"

"Okay you two stop, where is Zanda?"

Mom say looking at Mandla.

He clear his throat, "She is home"

"What's wrong with her"

"Nothing, it's this mourning thing"

Mom look at Aunt Lydia, "But this is  
not a party, she should've came"

He shrug, "She do things her own way"

It's rocky! I wonder what's the issue  
between them.

Aunt Lydia shush everyone.

"I want you to throw me a  
bachelorette's party"

We are all like "huh???"

"I will draw a gift registry so that each

person knows what to bring, I don't want duplicate things"

Fiki sit upstraight, "I can hear you are getting into deeper details Aunty, what I want to know is why would we throw you a bachelorette's party?"

Aunt Lydia sigh, "My child bantu! This pregnancy is making you slow, I'm getting married why else?"

We are all shocked.

Who is marrying her? Is it a male or female? Is it a pastor or a heathen?

"Who are you marrying?" Mom ask.

I think that question is well constructed.

"Nontombi I'm not marrying him he is marrying me" she say.

"Okay, who is it? Where did you meet? How long have you known him?" Mom

questions with a concerned face.

"We met at church, he is a pastor"

Say what?!

Sbu and Don are dead with laughter. Simtho is screaming "Thatha pastor!"

And I'm under the table. When she said pastor I slid down the chair and got under the table. Someone will tell me when it's over.

"Isn't he married?" that's Thapelo asking.

"He is married, he is now becoming a polygamist"

No!!!!!!

Sena is laughing looking at me under the table.

"Get up and listen, the pastor is now a polygamist"

Is that allowed in the bible? The world is coming to an end.

"What kind of a pastor is that? A Shembe one?" Mandla ask.

"No he is a Christian" Simtho answers.

"I honestly don't know what to say"  
Mom say.

"You don't have to say anything Mom, Aunt is going down the aisle and I'm the maid of honour" Sena beams.

"Aunty you are full of surprises. What is the first wife saying?" Fiki ask.

She exhale, "She is threatening and trying to convince our husband otherwise"

I hold on the table and get up, "Our husband???"

Everyone laughs.

She is going a bit too fast.

"Yes he is our husband, I'm also marrying in the next two months"

Don get up from his chair, "Whoah not so fast! Where is the lobola?"

"Well since I'm old, no chance of giving him babies and all that, I thought we should just get married. Beside I don't have anyone he can pay lobola to"

"What?" Sbu ask shocked.

"We will just get married, we are old" Don bang the table, "As your uncle I refuse, I want 4cows"

Uncle Don, really?

"Aunty you don't have kids, that make you a virgin. I stand as your mother and I want my cow"

That part kill me, Sena must slow down on alcohol.

Mom is in tears. There is nothing this

family won't do to get money.

"That's crazy, Vince and I are old"

Don is having none of it, "No ways, he have to pay.If it need to be I will go change my name in Home Affairs and become Bhekamafa Mlotshwa, your mother's brother"

If I die today Don is the cause of my death.

Sbu clap for him, "Spot on brother, you are becoming Bhekamafa and no niece of yours is gonna be taken like a salespaper in a shop"

All Aunt Lydia wanted was a bachelorette's party, not this madness.

"Ay ay ay isencane lengane" Simtho say waving her hands up.

"Y'all don't have respect" Aunt Lydia say annoyed.

"No mshana, tell that man we want to meet with his uncles" Don say brushing his chest.

"Dad must be there too" Sbu add.

I raise my glass, "To the second wife" Aunt Lydia raise hers, "No, to Mrs Khambule"

We make a toast and start eating. People are still hyper. Don is now acting like the uncle of the house.

"You know I agree with Don and Sena, the pastor must pay a little bit, he can't just take our Aunt for free" Fiki say.

Mandla nod, "I agree, that will make her equal to the other wife"

"Hawu guys the spicy potatoes are finished!!"

She was bound to complain for food. She eat more than she breath.

Don't look at her, he doesn't look happy. She put more food on her plate. They share mean looks.

I want her to be single.

"Turkey anyone?" I ask raising a big piece with a fork.

It's a trap and my mouse is hoping to it.

"Me" she bring her plate.

Bhekamafa is far from happy. He must dump her.

"How is the business going?" Mom ask Lwazi.

"It's doing great, thank you"

He is the only one who didn't comment on Aunt Lydia's situation, but he never comment on anything anyway.

I think that's my phone ringing, I excuse myself from the table.

It's Phindile.

"There are people taking your cars"  
she say.

What???

"Thieves?"

"No, they say they are sent by your  
father"

This gotta be a joke! My cars.No

Chapter Two-Hundred &Eight

Senamile Madlala

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I haven't stopped smiling at the picture  
of her ultrasound scan.It was sent  
about 6 hours ago, my day brightened  
like a summer morning.So soon I will  
be holding her in my arms, the  
precious gift.

I feel eyes piercing through my back and turn around.

"You are happy"

I smile, "Yes I am. Are you not happy?"

"Maybe not as much as you are. I'm not smiling at the laptop"

I push the chair and stand up looking at him, "We should get her nursery ready, I will get Zethu to decorate it"

"Yeah"

He is not interested. He never is.

"Have you thought of any name?" I ask.

He shrug his shoulders, "No, I haven't"

I haven't either, but his lack of interest saddens me.

"Maybe Hope must name her" he say.

Well that's a good option. Hope will be honoured to name her late brother's baby. Then maybe Lwazi and I can give

her the second name.

"I can't wait, she will be a cute little girl"

"She will be"

His flatness is discouraging.

I sigh, "At least fake the excitement, you are spoiling my mood"

"I'm excited, I just don't show it like you do"

I cock my head so that I can look at his lying face better.

"Is it?"

"I'm happy, but not too happy to forget about my wife"

I take a second to process his statement. He have to be serious.

"I'm also happy and not forgetting my husband" I say.

"Why is it that I feel ignored then?"

Ignored? I've been cooking for him, matching his socks, replacing his empty lotions and all.

"I can't believe you!"

I really can't.

"These past few days all you talk about is the baby, you don't even give 'us' our moment without bringing it up"

"And what is wrong with that? This is your baby"

"It's not wrong, but..."

I stop him with my hand, "There is not 'but' Lwazi, we are expecting a baby and as expected to be I'm a happy mother"

"Okay"

I hate how he end all arguments with "Okay", it make me feel stupid.

"What is it that I don't do anymore?"

How did you come up with those accusations"

"I have to make a phone call" he walk out with his hands pushed inside his pockets.

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"Mom can I have a hot dog?"

"I'm almost done cooking" I tell him.

"But I want a hot dog"

Gosh! I take the viennas and tomatoe sauce in the fridge.

"As you can see I'm busy you will make the hotdog yourself"

He is happy, like really happy.I didn't expect him to be, I always do things for him.

"Don't cut yourself" I say when he forcefully cut the roll.

I carry on cooking, Lwazi is upstairs working on his laptop. He is angry but he is not showing it. I really don't know what's the real problem is. We talked the baby issue through, I promised to give him a baby when our daughter is six months old.

"Quinton pass me a dishcloth"

He reply with a 'Mhhhhh'.

"Dishcloth" I repeat.

He is...

My counter, my floor, his face!

"What did you do?"

He is wiping the tomato sauce with his hands and licking his fingers. The hot dog is covered in tomato sauce.

How did it even go to his forehead?

I wait for him to finish eating then wipe the counter and floor. The whole

bottle of tomato sauce is gone.

"I need to clean you up" I say taking him off the chair.

"Yoh what happened?" Lwazi ask when we walk in.

Quinton jump on him, he have no choice but to lift him up.

"Look at my hand Daddy, it's blood"  
Lwazi smile, "Where did it come from?"

"Here" he touch his head.

I'm raising a little liar.

"Is this a crocodile Daddy?" he say touching the Lacoste on his t-shirt.

Now both of them have tomato sauce all over their t-shirts. I should be mad, I'm the one who do laundry but I'm not. It's cute.

"No it's not"

He look at me, "Don't worry, I will sort it out"

"Thanks"

I walk back to the kitchen to continue with my duties.

We are set for dinner.I didn't make your typical Sunday supper meal.I didn't have energy.

"Why don't you let him eat by himself?" I ask when he start his routine of feeding Quinton before he eat.

"I don't mind feeding him"

"But he will never learn, he is 6years"  
He don't say anything he just keep on feeding him.I also love peaceful evening so I let them be.

"I was thinking we should give Quinton's old toys to charity, like that

white little horse, but wouldn't it be nice if his sister inherited them? I know they are boyish, but it would be nice"

Quinton look at me awakened, "My toys?"

"Not the new ones, the ones you had when you were a baby. Like that mouse phone, you are old now you play with a real phone isn't?" I say.

He nod, "Yes give those to the little baby"

I smile, "You are a good brother, high five"

We high-five across the table.

He is cool with having a little sister but we don't know what's gonna happen when the sister is actually here. Mom say I hated Simtho when she came, she

caught me multiple times pinching her and hiding her clothes. If given the opportunity I'd still pinch her even now, more tense this time.

Before I get on bed I have to look for different girl's room design ideas so that I can give Zethu specific details of how I want the baby's room to be. You know how internet can be, one minute you are looking for baby's room ideas next you are browsing through strollers.

I look at the time on my phone, it's close to ten. Tomorrow is Monday and I have an early meeting.

I close the laptop and go to the bedroom.

Umhhh...

"You are still up?" I ask.

"How am I supposed to sleep without you by my side?"

That's sweet but he don't mean it in a sweet way, his face say so.

"I was looking through perfect room designs, there are lot of pictures but I liked the Cinderella themed one. You should see it, it's amazing"

I lift the covers and slide in.

"You still don't label these actions as ignoring your husband?"

I look at him surprised, "You are still on that?"

"No I'm just asking"

I sigh, "Can we sleep without fighting? I'm actually very tired"

"I feel ignored, like you are not giving me attention"

"I'm sorry you are feeling that way, but

if you helped me with baby preparations maybe I wouldn't be so over-consumed in it" I say.

He breath out, "You were not like this with Quinton"

I chuckle out, "You have your issues"  
"I need you, why do I have to beg for your attention? When did you last approached me for sex?"

This argument is getting serious and I want to sleep.

"Okay take out your dick" I say laughing.

He don't laugh, he give me a piercing stare.

I get on top of him and sit on his waist,

"Okay I'm initiating it"

I kiss his lips while moving my hands on his chest.He kiss me back for a

moment then push me away.

"What now?" I ask.

He push me off his waist, "This is a joke to you"

"But you want me" I say laughing.

He is angry, really angry.

I dangle my boobs, "You want me...yes you want Sena..you want me..Boy you want nunurish"

He click his tongue and turn the other side.I jump to that side and turn to twerk for him.

"Dang dang you want me...Lwazi want my attention (clapping my hands)..But he didn't buy me a car...Dang Dang Lwazi want Sena whoop whoop!!!"

He shove my ass with his foot.I go balance to the wall.

"You are cruel!" I say.

He click his tongue and laugh.

"Can you get serious when I talk to you?"

"I said I'm sorry and kissed you"

"That was your best solution? You didn't say any sorry you just blabbed on and on about how unhelpful I am"

"You are unhelpful"

He sigh, "What do you want me to do? Talk about an unborn baby throughout the day"

"No, just show you are interested"

He open his arm, "Come here"

"No I still want to dance" I say holding my knees and bouncing my butt.

I don't know when he got off bed, I just felt his arms grabbing me.

"No let me dance" I say giggling.

He throw me on bed and put his knees

on both sides with me in between.

"You are childish you know?" he say smiling.

"That's why I don't initiate sex, I'm a child"

He kiss me and slid down my pyjama short.

"You are what?" he ask.

"I'm a child"

He rub my clit, while sucking my lower lip slowly with his eyes closed.

He slid one finger then another one inside me and chuckle. Then he look at me smiling, breathing without pattern.

"I'm not sure children can take two fingers inside them and mourn"

"I can take bigger organs, try me"

## Chapter Two-Hundred & Nine

### Simtholile Biyela

.

The last time I saw Nduku was when we took Ziphe's car for a spin. I'm sure he feel out of place in that house, always watching Sbu and his wife all over each other. Those two never take a break.

"Baby have you seen my other shoe?"

When you stay with a man these are the kind of questions you get.

Where did I put my boxers? Have you seen my vest? Where is the sock like this one?

"No I haven't seen it"

He sigh and walk out with one shoe. Tell me how does a sane person lose one shoe?

I look for Nduku's number and call him. He is not answering his phone, maybe it is in his leather jacket hanged in the closet.

"No baby you must have seen my other shoe"

Hawu Jesu Krestu!!!

I look at him, "I said I haven't seen it"

"Not even when you were sweeping?"

"Not even when I was sweeping" I say in emphasis.

He look around, "There must be tikoloshes in this house. My shoe didn't just fly out of the window"

"Or someone else moved it cause I remember exactly putting both shoes in the closet the other day"

Junior look up from his phone, "Dad who are you accusing?"

"Her"

I can't believe him.

"I don't wear men shoes, why would I move it? It's size 19 for goodness sake"

He move up a few things then walk out. He is being dramatic, he have many pairs of shoes.

My phone beeps.

\*\*Please call NO AIRTIME at...\*\*

I didn't think people still use Please Call Me's.

I call him.

"Dade" he answers.

"Brother where was your phone?"

"Isn't this thing pressed itself and went on silence, I'm only seeing your missed call now that I'm checking the time"

"I wanted to ask if you are busy?" I say.

"No I'm not doing anything, what do

you want?"

"I want you to get ready, I'm taking you out"

He is silent for a second then he ask.

"Out where?"

Well I haven't thought about where, all I know is we are going out.

"I don't know but we will go eat in a restaurant then go watch a movie or something" I say hesitantly.

"Who is going to pay?"

I laugh, "Me of course"

"Sure case dade, what time?"

"Get ready now I will come pick you up"

It's a last minute thing but I know Durban like the back of my hand. Finding a restaurant won't be a problem, as long as it's not an Italian

restaurant or Indian he will like it.

"We are going out, go put on warm clothes" I tell Junior.

He look at me with a popped lip, "Do I have to go?"

"You can stay if you don't want to, but we will eat yummy food"

He is not tempted.

"Nah I'm staying, I have too much school work to do"

He will enjoy his mushrooms and avocado, I tried.

I pick the magazine and go to my room. He is still looking, shifting the dressing table and talking to himself.

"I'm going out with Nduku" I tell him.

"Mhhh"

I sigh and help him look for it. Guess where it is? In the dirty laundry

basket.

"Thank you baby, these are my lucky shoes tomorrow there is a board meeting"

I laugh. This is what raising a kid do, you end up like a kid. He believe in that ish at his age. Lucky shoes!

"I'm taking Nduku out"

"When?"

"Now"

He look at me, "We will eat dinner alone?"

"Yes, but I'll be back before 10pm"

He sigh, "What can I say!"

I kiss his cheek, "I will bring you amaNice-nice"

I take a quick shower because when I come back I'm not bathing, I'm coming straight to bed.

"Why do you have to look this gorgeous just for taking Nduku out?"  
I wipe the lipstick at the corners of my mouth, "Do you want an answer or you want me to remind you why you can't be jealous?"

"I'm seriously asking, look at your butt all out. Your left thigh is gonna be showing all the way. Look how your cleavage is..."

I sigh, "Right I get it you are jealous but there is no need cause my vagina have your name on it"

"Who wrote it?"

"Bernard Parker"

"What???"

I roll my eyes, "Relax, he is just a crush"

"You have me and you have a crush?"

"What's wrong with that? I like his lips"

He fold his arms and make the meanest expression ever.

"Do you think about his lips while kissing me?"

I laugh, "Well sometimes"

OMG! He want to stab me to death.

"I'm kidding, but he do have nice lips" I say.

"Uyadelela yazi" he click his tongue and walk away.

"I love you, wait for me naked" I say after him and take my bag and walk out.

I pass Junior absorbed in his school work and give him a few instructions to follow before he go to bed.

I know if I get out of this car and walk

inside I will never get out of that house. Sbu's kids will come to me like flies on rotten meat. I just hoot and wait for Nduku to come out.

He walk out, dressed like he is attending 1976 youth strike. I don't know where he get these organisation t-shirts printed with slogans.

Where is Sbusiso going???

I open the door, "Hey guys"

"Dade" Nduku say.

They open the back doors and hop in.

"Sbu where are you going?" I ask looking at him.

"We don't know, we will see where you take us...fasten the seatbelt

Nduku"

Is this a test Ebenezer?

"Sbu I never said I'm taking you out, I

said I'm taking Nduku out"

He rest back on his seat, "Do you have Prince Kaybee on your playlist? We want some music"

"No dade, play no Princess. Bahubhe have a new album out"

"Sbu I'm not gonna pay for your meal or ticket" I tell him.

He doesn't care, he is here to spoil our evening. He should've stayed with his wife and made sex.

Sbu suggest we go to SunCoast, he is not the one driving but I don't say anything because it's a great idea.

Now we are in the restaurant filling our tummies before going in

Cinecentre to watch a movie.

The waitress come to take our orders.

"Can I have chicken teriyaki stir-fry

and salad?"

Oh how can I forget a drink?

"And a glass of Sweet Robertson"

She mark down then look at Sbu.

"Minted lamb and pea pie" he say.

"Anything to drink?" the waiter ask.

"Just water, my wife would kill me if I come back smelling booze"

She never kill him, he drink everyday mos.

The waitress is now waiting for Nduku who is glued on the menu with a printed forehead.

"Are you ready to order sir?"

He look up, "Oh hhayi smomondiya I'm still trying to read this name..."

The waitress look as he show her, "It's a tandoorie roasted chicken pie, it's very delicious"

He seem uncertain about ordering it. He flip to the next page.

"Rather give me this one written steak" he say pointing for her to see.

"Is that all?"

He flip back the pages, "Here is what I want, chicken and caramari combo"

"Must I cancel the steak and oyster pie?" the waitress ask confused.

"Cancel for what? Add brown ice-cream and potatoe chips"

I'm confused as the waitress.

"Nduku you are going to eat all that?" I ask.

He look at me, "This is nothing, look smomondiya make sure the chicken is fully cooked"

When our food come Nduku is not happy with the pie he ordered, it

doesn't taste like steak he say. Other than the pie he eat everything he ordered.

"You are settling the bill" I tell Sbu. He surprise me, he don't protest he settle it and tip the waitress generously. I guess he will be buying movie tickets too. Go brother!

"Where are the toilets in this place?"  
Ndukwenhle Biyela!!!

"Ay bafo you shouldn't have ate that much, look now"

Sbu is a blessing, I'm so glad he decided to come along. It was going to be a disaster with me and just Nduku. They are not back. I buy popcorns and wait for them.

When they appear walking shoulder-to-shoulder I take a relief sigh.

"You guys took long, the movie has started"

"What's the name of the movie again?"  
Sbu ask.

"Hichiki"

Nduku burst out laughing, the white lady in front of us turn and look at us. Instead of watching the movie Nduku is looking at the girls next to us.

"I've seen it before, it's boring" Sbu whispers.

I think it's going to be nice, it is already interesting ,I've never seen it.

You know after watching a movie, a good movie, all you want to do is go home and review it in your head.

But Sbu still want to go to the casino and play.

I'm tired, I don't play I wait for them

on the chairs.30 minutes turn into hour, hour turn into hours.

I walk to where they are.They have no smiles on their faces, that's what gambling machines do to you.

"Dade give me a few rands there"

Nduku say.

"No, let's go now"

"We are going after this round" he say.

Sigh.

When they finally leave the machines they are angry and arguing.Each is trying to tell another what he should've done and shouldn't have done.They both lost I think.

I told Don I will be back before 10pm, now it's close to 11pm.I'm glad Sbu didn't drink, he will be the one behind the steering wheel.

"Wait for me" Nduku say as we approach the car.

He walk to the white lady standing by her car.

"Hey" Sbu call after him.

He don't look back.

It's cold, I get inside the car and look at him out the window. He is talking to the lady.

I don't remember him talking English that qualify him to speak to white people.

After a while they both walk toward our car, the lady is all smiles.

"Guys this is Lauren"

I have my face out of the window, I don't know what to say to the smiling Lauren. Sbu acknowledge her with a smile, he don't know what to say

either.

"Give me your phone bafo, mine have ran out of battery.I want to take your future sister-in-law's number"

Sbu hesitantly take out his phone, he look at the lady for assurance.

She take the phone smiling and put in her numbers.

"Nazo-ke save it bafo, I'm coming back" he say putting his hand at Lauren's back.

"Let's go Lorry"

I look at Sbu, he is shocked as I am.Nduku can have any girl he want, just not a white girl.He will die of English suffocation.

When he come back and all doors are closed we turn to look at him.

He smile, "Did you see your sister?"

Lorry"

"She is not Lorry" I say.

"She is MaMeya or Lorry to me"

Sbu laugh, "Is that her surname, Meyers?"

"Yes, she will be MaMeya when she marry me. Give me your phone, I forgot to wish her a good drive back home"

Sbu give him his phone, "Better write your name at the end, I don't want Nozipho to think I'm cheating"

"Don't worry...Dade what must I say?"  
Are you kidding me?

"You said you want to wish her a good drive back home" I say.

"I can't say that only, I need to spice it and marinate it the problem is my English is running out"

Sbu laugh, "And you think you will

marry her?"

"Watch this space Sbusiso...Dade?" he look at me.

"Say ; Hey Lauren it's me the black guy, please drive safely drink water and keep your seatbelt on.Your beauty is still making my knees tremble"

He type that asking me to repeat now and then.I feel for Sbu and Nozi, they will be telling him what to say every time he want to text her.

Sbu drop me at my place and go with my car.

I grab a bottle of water in the kitchen and walk upstairs.I check Junior's room first, he is deep asleep with his books next to his pillow.He is determined to pass this term with distinctions.

I tiptoe inside my room and go change into my nightdress. Don is deeply asleep.

I slid under covers and cover him with my arms. That was a wrong move he open his eyes.

"You are coming now?" he ask.

"Yeah I lost track of time"

"That's bullshit you know"

"I'm sorry, I don't want to fight" I say and kiss his lips.

He wipe them, "Why are you kissing me? I don't have Parker's lips"

"My word Don! You are still on that, I was playing"

He is angry, like he just woke up and decided to be angry again over something I said five hours ago.

I put my hands on his face, "I was

pulling your leg, I'm sorry you took it to the heart"

"Mxm!"

Oh come on!

I force my mouth on his lips, "I love you"

"And Parker?"

I like his lips.

"He is a monkey" I say.

He smile and kiss me, "You said I must wait for you naked, I am"

I shouldn't be giving him this BJ, he is childish, he made me diss my crush.

Chapter Two-Hundred & Ten

Zanda Dlamini

.

I told him I'm meeting up with Nceba,

he said it's okay but he has been quiet ever since.

I'm dressing Leano because I don't know if he can stay with him in that foul mood he is in.

He wait for me to finish getting him ready and packing his bag then ask.

"Where are you taking my son?"

The tone of his voice tell me he is not happy with me.He is actually angry with me,but he is not the aggressive type he still look calm.

"I thought I should take him with me"

He take the bag and take out milk bottles then pick Leano up.

"He is staying, you can go alone"

I feel hotness rushing to my eyes.I have no idea what I did.I try my best to take care of his needs, so it can't be lack of

sex making him angry at me. He's been like this for days, I've asked for advice from Fikile. She told me what to do, I did it, he seem to enjoy it.

He take one bottle and walk out. My heart sink, I sit on the rocking chair and exercise breathing.

**\*\*Are you still coming?\*\*-Nceba Nkosi.**

I want to say no, but then I remember why I'm doing this. I'm doing this for my sister, Fikile. This guy's mental peace means a lot to her, to her Nkosi family and she trust me to do it. I can't let her down, she has never let me down.

**\*\*I will be there shortly\*\*-sent.**

I take my handbag and follow where Mandla disappeared.

"I'm going" I say leaning against the

door frame.

"Okay" he say with his back turned.

"Baby"

He turn and look at me, "Go"

"Did I do something wrong?" I ask.

"Would you do something wrong?"

I don't understand the question-  
answer.

"I will see you when I come back"

I walk to them and kiss Leano's cheek. I  
feel empty as I walk out.

I can't help but wonder if it's not these  
meetings making him angry with  
me. But we've always preached  
'communication is the key' to each  
other.

Nceba has made me his pillar of  
strength. When he feel uncertain he call  
me, when he feel down he call me. My

job is to update Fikile with everything that is going on Skhumbuzo is now on board he is willing to rekindle their relationship and that's one goal achieved.

"I thought you weren't coming anymore"

I smile and sit, "I never break my promises"

"Well thank you"

I grab a bottle of water he have ready for me, "How are you?"

"I didn't want to order you a drink you won't like that's why I just bought water" he say in embarrassment.

I know he can afford any drink, I chuckle and tell him it's okay.

"I'm great, really great"

He do look great, greater than the first

day.

"Is it love life or social life making you this great?" I ask.

"It's the realisation of how irrelevant it is to get married now, I have bigger things to achieve before I take that step"

Fikile will need a bottle of champagne to celebrate this.

"I'm happy for you, but how is your girlfriend or fiancée taking this realisation?"

He shrug his shoulders, "I've reasoned with her enough, if she leaves she leave"

"You still love her though?"

"I've spent most of my life with her, I will never stop loving her. She taught me a lot in life"

There is so much sincerity in his voice, I guess she means a lot to him.

"If she leaves do you think you will be able to move on?" I ask.

"Starting over is an exhausting process but I can do it.I've started over with my brothers"

I nod, "Seems like you've conquered a lot of things"

"I did, fear out of the most.I conquered fear, I'm not scared anymore"

"Are you not scared of your mother?"

The question throws him off.He is scared of her, I can see it on his face.

"I don't know if 'scared' is the right word, I want to protect myself from bad things she might say to me.I don't know if I have enough corners to hide the pain she could infiltrate by just

saying a few words. I have my brothers, they've forgiven me and that's enough for me"

I nod, "So it's fear of being hurt again?"

"Hurt by my mother" he emphasizes.

"What if she want to make things right?"

He inhale sharply, "I don't see that happening"

"What if there is a scar she have and everytime she see you she remember the painful events that left that scar?"

"I'm her child, there is no excuse for her to treat me this way"

"Maybe she didn't mean to, she just don't know how to deal with things"

His face changes, there is a glitter of tears and anger in his eyes.

"There is no reason why a mother

should hate her own child. She should've aborted me or poisoned me like she did with my father. That way she wouldn't have had to deal with me every day and make my life hell. I would be dead and long forgotten. There was no need for her to keep me only to punish me for things I know nothing about"

I watch him calming himself down, blinking tears away and gulping a huge sip of drink.

"I have a suggestion" I say.

He clenches his jaws and looks at me.

"Buy a punching bag, every time these thoughts cross your mind punch it, scream and let it all out"

He thinks I'm crazy.

"Try it and call me afterwards and tell

me how you feel"

"I will try"

There is no wedding anymore but he is far from being okay. My mind races back home.

Are we okay?

"Today you look distracted"

I look at him, "Huh?"

"Is there something bothering you?"

I exhale, "I don't know what's going on with my babydaddy, he is angry with me. It's been a couple of days and I have no idea what I did"

"Is he cool with me contacting you and meeting with you every now and then?" he ask with pity.

"He say he is okay, I don't hide anything from him except our conversations because they are

confidential"

He nod.

"I don't want him to think I'm trying funny things with you, you've helped me a lot and I'm grateful to you and him for allowing these meet-ups to happen"

I sip water, "Yeah"

"You will be fine, I'm sure there is something else bothering him. You are good at getting people to speak out, find out what's happening"

Inyanga ayizelaphi. I just smile and nod my head. We chat a quite bit then go our separate ways.

I have a few things I want to buy at Clicks. I don't want to waste time I just pick those things, pay and go.

"Hi"

The voice nearly make me drop on the ground. I actually jumped up before looking around. I didn't see anyone when I was coming.

Who is this?

"I'm sorry I scared you, I really didn't mean to" he say picking up baby lotions that have scattered down.

Who is he? I know him but I can't put my finger on him.

He put everything inside the plastic and hand it to me.

I find my voice , "Thank you"

"I saw you coming and thought I should come and greet" he say.

"I don't mean to be rude, I just can't remember who you are"

"Oh sorry, I'm Nqubeko"

Nqubeko???

He see my confusion in my eyes, "We met in my brother's house, Skhumbuzo Nkosi"

Oh damn! I'm so embarrassed, he might be thinking I'm amnesiac.

"Now I remember you, how are you?"

He have an unfriendly face but I can see him smiling behind the frown, crazy right?

"I'm fine" he say his eyes piercing right through mine. I feel a cold shiver down my spine.

I open the car door, "Nice to meet you again Nqubeko"

He hold my arm, I turn and look at him, my heart pounding like sangoma's drumbeat.

He let go of my arm, "I'm sorry to hold you like that"

This guy is scaring shit out of me.

"Can I go?" I ask controlling my trembling voice.

"You are beautiful MaDlamini"

MaDlamini???

I open my mouth to say thank you but I end up just nodding. If this is an innocent compliment, he have a funny way of saying it.

When I sit inside my car, with the doors locked I feel so safe. I glance at the window and find him looking at me.

Before I go to my house I drive past Fikile's house. I don't just want to update her about Nceba, I might have a problem with her other brother-in-law.

Skhumbuzo is not home, that's a relief

I don't find it fun being around him. He is a good person don't get me wrong. I just don't like the Zuluness he possesses, it's too much for me. Not even Bab' Mzingelwa Biyela is like that. What did I say? She pop a bottle of champagne right away.

"Trust me the bitch is gonna leave him" she say pouring into glasses.

"You haven't stopped drinking?" I ask.

"One glass won't hurt, this calls for celebration"

I wonder if Mr Nkosi will be okay with this. I don't like champagne but today I also need a glass.

"I have a problem"

She look at me, "Didn't you give Mandla blowjobs?"

"Not that, Nqubeko Nkosi"

She sigh, "What did he do?"

It's like she expected something.

"He came to greet me in the parking, when I tried getting in my car he held my arm then told me I'm beautiful"

She curse under her breath.

"Don't worry Skhumbuzo will talk with him"

"Do you mind telling me what's going on?"

She gulp the champagne, "He have a crush on you, I'm not sure if it's still even a crush.He is head over heels"

I'm angry but I want to laugh at the same time.

"Did you tell him I'm taken?" I ask.

"Yep, we told him over and over"

"Now tell him not to ambush me, he have no chance"

I can't believe this guy knows I'm with someone but he still came to me like that. Even if I was single I wouldn't associate myself with such freaky person.

I leave Fikile on her second glass, I don't know what Skhumbuzo is going to say when he arrives and I don't want to find out.

"You've been drinking?" that's the first thing he say.

I take Leano.

"I only had two glasses of champagne with Fikile"

"Zanda you drink now?"

"It was just champagne" I say.

"Do I look like an idiot to you?"

I have my son on my chest, it's pounding.

"Now for real, what did I do Mandla?"  
I never get answer to that question,  
rather I get more ugly looks. When  
Leano fall asleep I put him on bed and  
go find his father.

"Baby we need to talk"

He is chopping vegetables, a pot is  
boiling on the stove.

"Talk I'm busy" he say.

"Am I doing something wrong?"

"You are not giving me sex and you are  
going out a lot"

I don't know what to say. Is that why  
he's been angry? That.

"You know my reasons, I talk to you  
about everything"

"I'm feeling the same way I felt seven  
years ago married to your sister. It  
started with no sex then private

meetings"

Anger rises in me, he has been comparing me to Phumla.

"That's why you cried your eyes out for her, because she made you feel that way?"

He look at me shocked, "Zanda I..I don't..."

"I saw you" I say glaring at him.

He exhale, "Those were just emotions of the moment"

"You are taking them out on me.The emotions of her death?"

"It's not that way, I'm just scared and I don't know how to handle the fear"

If I could strangle him with my eyes.

He put the knife down and wipe his hands.

"I'm scared history might be repeating

itself, I don't want to lose you"  
I've been talking to him about  
everything, he told me it's okay to go  
meet with Nceba. I broke the rules and  
gave him blow and hand jobs. He  
reward me with sulking and shutting  
me out for days.

I shake his hands off me and walk  
away.

"Zanda wait, hear me out"

I don't look back. This is how we treat  
each other.

MOMENT LATER

.

I need to find something to do. It's a  
pity I can't be in the kitchen and cook,  
that's my medicine. I'm not just angry

over him shutting me out for days, I'm angry at him for comparing me to my sister. Is this how I'm going to live my life?

I open the closet and start folding the clothes.

He knows about my meetings with Nceba. I told him what they are about. What's gonna happen when I finish my degree and start working? Is he going to get insecure everytime I meet with male patients.

"Zanda"

I exercise breathing before looking at him.

"Why are you packing? Are you leaving?"

This is how his mind work? He see me packing the clothes, I'm leaving.

"This is how you do, you always think the worst of me. Now I'm leaving like Phumla left, isn't?"

He walk in, "Baby I didn't mean like that"

"How did you mean it? Phumla did this and that, you are also doing this and that. I'm tired Mandla, I'm sick and tired of living on her footprints"

He hold the shirt in my hand, "Please calm down"

"Don't tell me to calm down, get it in your skull I'm Zanda not Phumla, not anyone" I say my voice rising.

"I'm sorry"

I take a deep breath, I need to calm down. This is not my style.

"I hate it when you do that, it's like I'm making up for her sins" I say calmly.

"I'm sorry, I guess what I was trying to say is I'm not happy with the way things are. To me you said you are supposed to be indoors as part of mourning tradition but one call from this guy you are ready to go to public places"

"You think I love him?" I ask.

"That's not what I said"

Fuck!

"But it's what you are implying" I say.

"I trust you, I do...I ..I don't know Zanda, I'm just not too comfortable with it"

I've never gave him any reason to doubt me yet he is doubting my faithfulness. I look at him with disappointment.

He brush his head, "I'm sorry but I'm

being honest. I always worry when you go"

"Can you just turn around and walk out, please?"

He look at me in defeat.

"But you wanted the truth"

"I did, now thank you I know the perceptions you have about me"

After all these years I've invested in this relationship I still haven't won his trust. He don't walk out instead he stand and look at me with regretful eyes.

"Please go"

"Zanda" he say in a pathetic voice.

He hold my arm, "I'm really sorry, can we just talk? Tell me what you are thinking"

What am I thinking? I'm thinking about

where can I sleep tonight.

"Do you not miss me?"

I look at him with my eyebrow raised.

"Sexually, it's been a long time for you too. Do you not miss me? Cause I miss you"

Mandla is becoming something I don't know. We talked about this.

He continues, "I miss watching your face as you cum. I miss your screams, your nails digging on my skin. I miss the warmth of your cum, I miss feeling your body trembling beneath me. I don't just want to cum myself I want to experience it with you"

I can see he is getting warmed up by just saying this and looking in my eyes. It's something we've talked about, over and over again. He is Zulu like me,

he understand culture.

I walk past him, "Excuse me"

I hear him taking a deep sigh behind.

I open the cupboard and take Leano's

formula.I quickly pack his bag and my

overnight bag.I will see where we go,

Mandla need to be alone a little bit and

get over his ex.

"Where are you going?"

He has been following me around

asking the same thing.

"I will see" I say clutching one bag over my shoulder.

"If you don't want to be with me can I be the one moving out please?"

And why would he do that? This is his house.

I walk toward the door but he rush to it before me and stand against it.

"Zanda don't do this, I'm begging you"  
I exhale, "I'm going to my brother's house, I shouldn't have left in the first place. Look how my bad lucks are making us fight"

"I'm not gonna fight with you anymore, I'm sorry. Please stay"

"No" I say firmly.

"I'm not gonna say anything, I know my insecurities sometimes get better of me. I love you and I trust you, you've gave your all to me. I realise my mistake, I get why you are angry and all I'm asking for is that you don't spend the night away from me, I'm not gonna touch you. I just want you to be here, please.

Now I'm having second thoughts but there is a little voice in my head that

keep pushing me to go.

"I want to go" I say after a moment.

He move from the door, I walk to it and turn the handle.

"I will call you when I get there"

He nod his head and watch me go with glittering eyes.It's tough love,he need to realise the past he keep bringing to the present has made me doubt my worthy.

Chapter Two-Hundred &Eleven

Fikile Biyela

.

It's just champagne.

I keep telling myself that until the bottle is almost empty.I'm shocked.

How much did I drink? When I stand

up my head feel funny.

I'm drunk.

This man is coming back from his indlamu group in KwaMashu and there is no food. It's too late to order, he could be here anytime now.

I turn up the music and start cooking. My hands are unsteady, they chop different sizes of onions. I will add vegetables and chicken pieces then VIOLA chicken curry.

He don't like salad so I'm not gonna waste my time. Oh I can't believe I forgot to peel potatoes. What curry without potatoes?

"Good evening"

I didn't hear him walk in, I turn and look at him. He is gorgeous.

"Hey, I'm cooking" I say.

He take his jacket off and put it on the chair.

"I see"

I smile, "Wait five to fifteen minutes" I'm not sure that's how long it's gonna take, I'm just assuming.

"Are you okay?" he ask.

"Yeah, why?"

"I haven't got my kiss"

I roll my eyes, "Just because I do that every day doesn't mean I will do it even today. Did you talk with Nceba today?"

"Yes, earlier"

Men and entitlements. He is used to me kissing him every time he walk through the door now he think he is entitled to it.

"I was with Zanda, you know Nqubeko

went to her in the mall" I say.

"Oh!"

Is that all he is going to say?

I look at him, "I don't want him near her, she is Mandla's woman"

He don't say anything.

I point a knife to his direction, "So you better make sure he play far from her"

I'm not playing with them, Zanda is Mandla's pillar of strength and I want no one to destroy what they have together.

"He must go pick a virgin eMhlangeni in Ulundi or Nongoma or wherever those pure girls go to have their vaginas tested"

He chuckles, "Did you ever attended umhlanga?"

I laugh, "Umhlanga? Who? Me? At

14years I already had two ex's"

"Yoh I'm glad you are not my daughter"

Now that is an insult.

"But you are marrying me" I say.

"Because you are a great woman, but you were not a great child.You never respected your father's kraal"

I laugh, "And I don't care one bit, sex at 14 and sex at 25 is still penis going through the vagina"

"Is that what you are going to teach our daughter?"

Why is he angry now?

"Who said it's a girl? Hold your horses Nkandla boy"

Maarn the pot!

I turn swiftly and nearly lose my standing balance.I open the lid, it look

cooked.

"Dinner is ready"

I open the cupboard and take out two plates. I'm trying my best to keep a sober posture. I dish his plate and put it in front of him.

"Wait for the spoon" I tell him.

I open the drawer and take out the spoon. When I turn to him, he has his small eyes glued to me.

I smile, "Admiring?"

"No, what is this?"

Umhhh... There is no rice, no pap, no pasta. Just chicken curry with potatoes standing tall above gravy.

I can't believe I forgot to cook the rice!

But this is funny.

"Are you drunk?"

I shake my head, "Nah, my memory is

slow today"

He push the plate and stand up. Within seconds he is in front of me.

"You are drunk Fikile"

I sigh, "Ya fine, I did drink a little bit"

"Are you fuckin' serious? You are pregnant woman"

I hate being addressed like that. Woman!!!

"Don't call me woman" I say.

He grab the spoon in my hand and throw it against the wall.

"You are trying to kill my child"

So much drama! We are in Sibaya.

"Come on, the baby is still alive" I say rolling my eyes.

He stare at me deadly and walk away.

I put bread slices on his plate and call him. He don't respond. He is watching

TV with his hand balanced on his cheek.

"Here is your food"

I hand him the plate.

"I won't eat this rubbish" he say without even looking at the plate.

"But there is bread now"

He press the remote, lowering the volume.

"Look here I don't drink alcohol, I don't lose my mind so don't vomit your alcohol on me"

"My love"

"If I was anything close to your love you wouldn't be putting my baby at risk to feed your sick addiction"

Uh'huh! I'm not addicted to alcohol, I like it. As for today I made a mistake. Maybe.

"Okay fine whatever"

He look at me with his eyes blazing fire, "Are you saying that to me?"

"Nope"

I sit and eat. The food is not that bad, he is missing out.

.

.

I wake up on the couch and look around. TV is playing softly, it's in the morning.

I slept on the couch???

I find him in our room dressing up. Is it time for work already?

"Morning babe"

He don't greet me back.

"You are going to work already?"

????

I sit on bed, "About last night, I'm

sorry"

"Go bath"

Am I stinking? I sniff my arms and look at him.

"We are going to the doctor to check the baby" he say.

"That's not necessary, the baby is fine. I promise what happened yesterday will never happen again"

"Go bath Fikile" his voice carries authority and demand.

I sigh and walk to the bathroom. It's a cold morning but I take a cold shower. I need to wash the fatigue off.

When I come out wrapped in a towel there is my ugliest maxi dress on bed. Since when he take out clothes for me? I put it on, I'm only wearing it because my apology is still pending. I tie my

head and put on my make-up.

Now all I want is a burnt sausage and hot chutney.

Where is he anyway?

In the kitchen.

"Eat, time is up"

Now I feel like a child before school.

Yoghurt and fruits it is. Time is up I can't make my chutney. He don't wait for me, as soon as he see I'm done eating he pick his phone and keys and walk out.

We are like two strangers with same destination. He is not even looking back to see if I'm okay behind him.

"I didn't expect to see you today. Is everything okay?" the doctor say.

"Yes"

"No"

The doctor adjust his glasses, "What is the problem Mr Nkosi?"

"She fed the baby Smirnoff and Black Labels last night. We are not sure if the baby is still fine so I want you to check her"

I can't believe him!

Smirnoff and Black Label? Am I his grandfather?

The doctor look from him to me.

"I thought we talked about the danger of alcohol and drugs during pregnancy"

I want to take a deep, deep breath.

"We did, I just slipped I apologise" I say.

"Alcohol is not a pool, you don't slip in it and get drunk. You drank because you wanted to and have zero care"

Are we really going to do this here? I keep my mouth shut and let the doctor do his job.

Indeed everything is fine. He instruct me over and over again and tell Skhumbuzo to get rid of all alcohol we have in the house. Like I'm some uncontrollable drunkard who get thirsty by looking at empty bottles. We drive back home in silence. He is playing maskandi, the whole car is buzzing with guitars and whistles. I'm getting a headache but I know he is doing this on purpose.

"Are you hungry?" I ask when we walk in the house.

"No"

"I'm sorry"

He look at me, "Sometimes I don't

understand you"

Like I always understand him?!

"You didn't wake me from the couch" I say.

I'm heartbroken. How did he sleep comfortably on bed knowing I'm lying on the couch with no blanket.

"If I wanted to deal with drunk people I was gonna be a security or bouncer in a club"

"But I'm your woman" I say.

"And you are pregnant with my daughter, you should take care of yourself"

His face softens as he say that. Now I'm hoping for a girl, he will make a good protective father. I put my arms around his waist.

"I will never put her in danger again"

He lift my chin up and plant a kiss on my lips.

"Does your body hurt?" he ask.

"Yes"

"Do you want massage?"

"Yes" I say excitedly.

"Okay I will drive you there, do you have to book first?"

Really? I thought he was going to give me massage.

I remove my hands from him, "If it's not your hands massaging me then I don't want it"

"If it's me I will end up giving you more than just a massage"

I smile, "So what?"

"You are tempting me but we have to get rid of all these Savannas making you tell me your virginity was broken

at 14years"

Embarrassment wash all over me.I  
want to give myself a huge slap.

He chuckles, "You are legendary, most  
14 year old girls think about dolls at  
their age and you were thinking about  
sex.No wonder you have all these  
styles, you've been in this game for  
decades"

"Geez! Stop" I say walking away.

I can't believe I told him that.Alcohol is  
out of the equation, otherwise I will  
end up revealing more shocking  
secrets.

"By the way I talked to Nqubeko, he  
said it won't happen again" he say  
behind me.

"Oh that's a relief"

"I also told him about your suggestion

of picking a virgin, he appreciated it"  
See, I don't understand him too.He  
went and told his freaky brother what  
nonsense I said.

"I like how your butt move when you  
walk...go on walk"

I stop and laugh.These are kind of  
things that make me drink.I just want  
to escape this reality for a short while.

## Chapter Two-Hundred &Twelve

### Nozipho Biyela

.

I can hear them playing, making noise  
and breaking things.I'm such a horrible  
mother, I haven't them since they  
woke up.

"No baby I have to go" I say untangling

myself from his embrace.

He rub his hard shaft on my thighs.

"Open your thighs a little bit, we will go"

Gosh! What am I going to do with him?

He finally let me go. I check the time, it's 9h39. We've up since five, it's been nonstop sex ever since. My vjay actually hurt, as well as my thighs. I have to walk slower.

"Good morning" I greet Nduku.

"Morning sisi"

I go take Yamihle from his nanny and greet the trio. Their toys are scattered everywhere.

"Ayanda broke my arm"

"You also broke my hand"

Here it is, my great morning.

"This is a kitchen, not a toys

room. Collect all this, I want to cook" I tell them.

Nduku is not so fascinated with English breakfasts nor cereals nor bread and butter. For him I always warm leftovers and make him tea. Back tea, no milk, no honey.

Mam' Hlengi help me, she is a star this woman. The kids are uncontrollable, they become even worse when Sbu comes.

"Guys go to the lounge I will call you when everything is ready"

He take his kids and go. The headache heals immediately.

"Soon I will give them a brother"

I look at him, "Are you serious?"

"Yeah, I want the Biyela family to expand. Imagine because mine will

look like Senamile's child, what's his name again?"

"Quinton?" I say.

He nod, "Yes, him.They will be between white and black"

I laugh.

"Have you called her today to wish her a good morning?" I ask.

Lauren/Lorry/MaMeya.

"I did"

Oh? And he didn't ask for anyone's help.

"I wonder what you said"

He swallow food in his mouth, "See these smartphones are really smart, they have everything worked out.I found these pictures with sweet messages written on them, I picked the one with a good morning message and

sent it"

Issa no!!!!

"That's not impressing Menziwa, you need to speak what comes from your heart not Google"

He drop his hand to the table, "I don't understand you women"

We don't understand ourselves either.

"You know what, write to her in Zulu"

He frown, "Lorry doesn't understand Zulu, she was born in Swaziland"

About that, she was born in Switzerland not Swaziland.

"Trust me she will download a translator fast, be a Menziwa don't bow down to her. She will love the challenge"

He think about it for a second then take his phone out.

"You are clever MaZungu you know"  
I smile and set breakfast.

"Do you mind if I make kids eat in the lounge?" I ask Mam' Hlengi.

"It's okay, I haven't cleaned there anyway"

That's a relief, they will scratch each other there.

"Sit next to me" Sbu say as we sit on the table.

I give him a look before sitting. He better not try anything funny.

"You know what bafo, take my CV from MaZungu. I'm applying for a job"

Nduku say.

"Right now?" Sbu ask shocked.

"Yes. Are you not the boss?"

"I am, but I'm not hiring"

He dismiss that with a hand, "I'm sure

you will find me something to do"

"Didn't you say you don't want to work for family businesses?" I ask in amazement.

He stretch his neck, "People who went to universities for 15years are not getting jobs, who am I?"

Lol he is only realising this now.

"I will speak with Fikile and see" Sbu say.

His hand brush my thigh under the table, I clear my throat and keep a straight face.

"I want to do something nice for Lorry, something that will prove to her that I'm serious. What did Sbusiso do to show you that he is really inlove with you?"

"I bought her diamond earrings"

I look at him. Earrings when? Where are those earrings?

"He was an ass, he never did anything" I say.

"Why did you date him then?" he ask.

"Heart is the most stupid organ in a human body. I first saw him in his mother's house collecting my parent's anniversary cake, I was a bit late. Yoh! He nearly killed me, he was like 'you rich spoilt bitch why do I have to wait for you all day, I had plans for my weekend too'"

Nduku exclaim and look at him.

"You don't shout at a woman bafo, what kind of a gentleman are you?"

"She is lying" Sbu say.

"Then the next time he saw me in a restaurant he was an ass reloaded. He

saw me with my cousin and thought we were dating. Imagine him and I were not even an item yet but he was already jealous"

His hand go up my thigh, I press them together.

"So he did nothing to get you hooked?"

I shake my head.

Sbu huffs, "Come on, I took you out and kissed you in a packed restaurant"

I smile and look at him, "And after our double-date with Phumla and Mandla you sang for me, for the first time"

"Then you spent the night with me. Oh and mom was so excited, she dressed up in a two-piece suit and waited for you to walk down"

She would've made a great grandmother. It break my heart that

she died without reconciling with her brother, Biyela.

"I'm glad I have her ring" I say.

Nduku clear his throat, "Okay we are here. What can I do for MaMeya to show her that I'm serious?"

I remove my eyes from Sbu and look at him.

"Take her out" I say.

"Out where?"

"On a date, I will arrange everything for you"

He stand up with his cup of tea, "Nakho ke MaZungu, nakho-ke"

Sbu's fingers grab inside my panty. I

wait for the excited Nduku to

disappear then slap his hand. My vjay is still aching.

"What?" he say smirking.

"I'm still recovering. Don't you get enough?"

"No"

Mxm! I move to another chair, he laughs. He is such an idiot, but I love him. And I love all the attention he give me.

My phone ring next to him. He pick it and answers.

"Bruh why are you calling my wife?"

I look at him with narrowed eyes.

He frown, "What? When?..What is happening? Okay she is here"

He pass me the phone, I look at the screen.

"Brother"

"Hey Nozi can you come over?" he say in a soft, draining voice.

"Why? Are you okay?"

"Zanda left"

I sigh.

"What happened?"

"It's me, I made her leave. Can you come over?"

I always wanted to have a sibling but now that I have one I realise how much trouble it is. Now I have to go over there because his babymama left him. Zanda will come back to him, she just want to cool down.

I look at Sbu glaring at me with his eyes.

"Okay I'm coming" I say.

Sbu chuckles, "You are going to comfort him now?"

"Yeah what else can I do?"

"I wish my sisters were like you" he mocks.

Whatever! I put dishes in the sink and go change from leggings to jeans.

"I was not done with you" he say walking in.

Like really dude?!

I look at him, "Go play with the toys, I have a heartbroken brother to go nurse"

"Who come first to you, your heartbroken brother or your horny husband?"

I laugh, "My heartbroken brother" I want to stay with my family and laugh like this but Mandla is my one and only brother. When he need me I have to be there immediately.

"I'm going to uncle Mandla, don't make any trouble" I tell the kids.

They think I'm going for a visit, they

want to go with me.Sbu take them to the pool, I sneak out and leave.

When I arrive the house is dead quiet.

"Oh Zanda is not here" I think to myself.

I walk in and call his name.He don't respond, I look for him in lounge.He is not here.

I look everywhere upstairs.Panic kick in, I call him louder as I take down the staircase.

Did I come to this room..?

"Mandla"

He open his eyes and look at me.

My heartbeat return to normal, "Geez I've looked for you every where"

"Please get me a glass of juice" he say and close his eyes again.

"Are you okay?"

"I feel weak, very weak"

I rush to the kitchen and fix a jug of juice. I don't understand whether he feel weak because Zanda left or he feel weak because he is sick. But I'm panicking anyway.

I pour in a glass for him.

"Here, drink"

He lift his head up and take the glass, but his hands start shaking.

"Mandla you are shaking. What is wrong?"

"I feel weak"

I help him drink the juice and watch him as he close his eyes again.

"Should I call Mom?"

He don't answer. I feel his head with my hand, his temperature is normal. I send Mom a text.

"Wake up we are going to the doctor" I say shaking his arm.

He manage to walk and get through the door.As we approach the car he collapses.He fall on the ground with his back and make no movement.

I scream for help while trying to lift him up.My own hands are shaking, my heart is pounding like a drumbeat.

I'm not powerful enough to lift him up.I fumble and search for my phone.Sbu take long to answer.

"My love"

I control my breathing,

"Mandla...Hurry up"

"I don't hear what you are saying"

"My brother is dying" I say in tears.

A worker in a blue uniform come to me running.

"Hey sisi what happened to him?"

I don't know what happened. He see my traumatized state and ask no further questions. He lift him up.

Car! My mind flip, I rush to the car and open the doors.

"I would love to accompany you my sister but I'm at work"

I nod my head.

"Good luck" he close the door.

I didn't even say thank you to the guy. I feel like I'm losing my mind. I don't know how I made it to the hospital.

As usual they are taking their precious time to tell me what's going on. Mom and Sbu arrive after an hour, still there is no update about Mandla's condition. The nurses are going in and out.

"God please don't take my son, I don't have the another one"

Mom keep making these small prayers and they annoy me because they are making me more nervous.

After what felt like a decade the doctor come to us.

"At this stage we can't tell what's going on with Mr Zungu, we are still running more tests"

"What do you mean you can't tell what's wrong with him? Are you not the doctor?"

I put my hand on his lap.He need to calm down.

"Everything look normal except for the headache caused by his collapse on the ground.We are giving him something for energy at the moment, we've

drawn more blood for tests"

"Can we see him?" I ask.

"Yes"

Seeing him lying on hospital bed with syringes connected to his arm break my heart.

"His eyes are closed" I say looking at the nurse.

"He is fine"

He is not fine, he is sick that's why he is here.

There is nothing much we do except sitting and watching him silently praying for him to get well soon.

PREVIOUSLY

.

He know his brother.He can read him

no matter how much he close in his emotions. Today is no exceptional. He know he has done what he told him not to do.

"Speak bafo" he say and lift bottled water and drink.

"I've been thinking about her ever since I saw her"

Did he hear anything he was told? He was told to leave her alone. To leave these thoughts of thinking he can have a future with her.

Nqubeko look at him. He see anger building up in furrows on his forehead.

"I really don't want to spoil things for you with MaBiyela..."

Skhumbuzo don't let him finish, "Why would you touch her then? Tell me why?"

Nqubeko scratch his head and sigh. His brother's glare make him spit the truth out.

"I wanted her to look at me in the eyes. She did and she felt closer"  
Skhumbuzo's hand tighten around the bottle.

"What do you mean she felt closer?"

"I had a black band on"

Say that again!

"You had a fuckin' band on and touched the poor girl. Are you crazy Nqubeko?"

"It's not much active when I'm in a crowd"

That doesn't calm Skhumbuzo down. He knows how much damage Nqubeko's arm band could do. It carry his Protectors. And they always work in

his favour.

He drink his water again.

"So you touched her, you had a band on and you connected to her with your eyes?"

He already know the answer to that he just want his brother to see the damage his action could cause.

Nqubeko nod.

"So basically you sent a message to your Protectors or whatever you call them, you showed them who you want by trying to connect to her by eye contact?"

Nqubeko sigh, "Nothing will happen Nkosi"

He don't believe his own words but he have to escape his brother's wrath.

"I hope so" Skhumbuzo say then nudge

his hands in his pockets.

"If it does I will do damage control"  
Skhumbuzo look at him, "Will your  
crush be over by then?"

He shrugs, "It won't matter"

"That guy is like a brother to Fikile. I  
don't know him that much but on our  
few encounters I've seen what a great,  
humble person he is. He has come too  
far, he deserve to be happy"

So does Nqubeko.

Him too deserve to be happy.

This is the first time after years of  
mourning that he meet someone  
whose presence can make him forget  
everything and start over.

Skhumbuzo realise how awful his  
words may sound to his brother.

"I know you deserve to be happy

too. And you will be, just not with her"  
he add.

Nqubeko nod, "I understand"

Skhumbuzo chuckles, "You know what  
Mam' Nkosi suggested? She said you  
must go and pick itshitshi  
eMhlangeni. She is drunk AF"

"Drunk???" Nqubeko ask in disbelief.

"She is something else"

"Tell me why are you marrying her  
again?" Nqubeko say laughing.

"She is a little witch, she have me  
wrapped around her finger. I can't  
believe how much I'm able to love  
her. Watching her sleep every night,  
running her crazy pregnancy errands  
and listening to all the craziness she  
speak. It is the greatest feeling ever, it's  
like I have never loved before"

He is really wrapped, Nqubeko think to himself. And he would love to experience that feeling too, some day. Skhumbuzo pick his jacket, "But I'm not gonna take her from that couch, she will sleep there"

Knowing his brother Nqubeko knows he mean that. Pity MaBiyela.

They bump shoulders.

"Don't forget what we talked about Mphazima" he say before removing his hand from Nqubeko's shoulder.

"I won't"

Nqubeko watch him get in his car and leave.

Reality surfaces.

He cannot have her. Even though he can be able to, he can't. And this reality crushes him. He have to let go of the

thoughts. Let go of the strong feelings he contain and let go of the fantasy he has created.

Letting that go means letting his hope for happiness vanishes.

He lift his t-shirt sleeve and undo the band. He is not getting her, hopefully the Protectors haven't done anything to try make it possible.

## Chapter Two-Hundred & Thirteen

### Zanda Dlamini

.

I want to stop crying. He is not dead, he just can't move. He is going to recover. But there is a little voice at the back of my head that keep asking, 'what if?'

"I know you can hear me Sengwayo,  
Gwabini wami.I know you are going to  
fight whatever this is and come back to  
us.Leano need you, I need you.You  
know you are all I have, find strength  
I'm begging you.Come back to me  
baby, I'm sorry for leaving you  
alone.I'm so sorry Mandla, I love  
you.Please don't leave me"

Hands grab me from behind.

"Zanda"

My mind is running wild.I'm trying to  
fight the thoughts of him leaving  
me.Him going down in a coffin like my  
father.

"No Thapelo he can't lose this battle" I  
say fighting his hands off me.

"He is going to be okay"

If so, why is his voice trembling? Why

is his face puffed up like this?

I sink on the floor and cry.

"I can't lose him"

I feel smaller hands wrapping around my shoulders.

"Please be strong for him"

I cry even harder because I don't know how to do that. How to be strong.

"Let's pray" she take my hands and start praying.

I've been hating her, wanting nothing to do with her but today she is here. And I'm glad she came. I need her more than ever.

I don't know when Thapelo disappeared, when Ziphe finish praying he is no where to be seen.

"Thank you" I say my throat roughing up.

"They still don't know what's wrong with him?"

I shake my head. She bring my head to her chest and rub my back.

"He will be fine, I know how strong he is"

There is little hope rising in me. He will never leave me like that. Never. Mandla love me, he love his son. He knows we depend on him, he will fight this and pull through.

"How is Phakade?" I ask after long moment of silence.

I feel bad for not checking on him when he was sick.

"He is fine"

I nod my head and breath out.

"He can sit now"

What???

"On his own?" I ask in shock.

She smile, "Yep"

I can't believe you my lazy Leano.

"Maybe I should've breastfed Leano too" I say.

"It's not about milk, I think it comes from natural abilities.Keep teaching him"

I look at her, "So this is how we are now?"

She frown.

"First thing we talk about after long time we haven't talked is babies?"

She slap her forehead and laugh.

"They replaced our lives" she say.

They did.For a moment I forget I'm sitting infront of my sick lover.Ziphe has brought energy, and maybe this is what Mandla need around him.

After a while Nozipho walk in with a bunch of flowers.I don't know who look worse between me and her.She can't even bring herself to say a few words.She just sit and watch her brother.

"Did you see Thapelo outside?" Ziphe ask her.

She shake her head.She has brought back the sour mood that had vanished for a while.

Maybe not...

"Guys Mandla is going to die if you mourn for him like this.Jesus Christ spread your fire in this place.Where are the doctors?"

Her voice is loud as always.

"They come and go" I tell her.

"Oh yeah.So what is this machine?"

Nobody answers her. How are we supposed to know names of hospital machines?

She throw her head backwards, "Guys guys guys! Stop mourning for Mandla, he is not dead. He is not dying"

She sound so sure. She was sure about her relationship with Tyson too.

She go stand in front of his bed, "I don't care what this is, but brother you need to pull out fast. See how this is breaking the family. Dying is not an option bruh, there you will meet Phumla with her friend Satan. She will tell him you divorced her, then hey. You will wish you never died. So don't even consider it, your son is only 1 year old"

This is not the time, but... I just rub my chin to suppress the laughter. Leano is

not 1 year, she need to get her Maths straight.

"Where is Tyson?" Ziphe ask.

Her purpose is to grind her tits a little bit so that she cut down craziness.

"I saw him on some magazine. I wonder if he will ever play wrestling again"

"Were you talking about Mike Tyson Ziphe?" Nozipho ask.

"No, and by the way he was not playing wrestling he played boxing"

"Wrestling and boxing is one thing, they fight"

One day I will tell her the differences between two sports.

"I was talking about Tyson Givanston" Ziphe say.

"Oh! That one" she say that and close her mouth.

One moment I've forgotten about Mandla's condition, next I'm staring at his face hoping he will open his eyes. Life is unpredictable. He never complained of any physical disturbances. He was totally fine the last time I was with him. When his mother called me to say he collapsed I nearly lost my mind.

She walk in, with Sbusiso, Mandla's mom. They look disappointed when they see him still lying the way they left him.

"Thapelo is waiting for you" Sbu tell Ziphe.

She hug me and tell me she will be praying for us then leave. She look happy, she is even glowing. Thapelo must be treating her right.

"You need to go check on Leano"  
Mandla's mom say.

"He is fine, I want to be here"

"He is not used to your sister-in-law, at least go fetch him then Mom will take him" Nozipho suggest.

It's difficult leaving him, I feel like something is gonna happen while I'm gone. But Nozipho is persistent, somehow she is right. Leano is better with his granny, he is not used to Siza. I won't be able to take care of him with constant hospital trips in between.

I realise as I walk out to the blowing wind that I'm actual hungry. I only had slices of toast and eggs. There is Nandos just around, I will grab chicken pieces and eat in the car.

I should've went straight Mvuse's

house and ate there. The place is packed.

When I finally get to place my order my feet are hurting. Time is flying I should be on my way back to the hospital now.

My appetite has vanished. All I want to do now is get my son and return back to his father.

"MaDlamini"

The voice startles me. When I see who it is my heart skip for a second, in fright.

Why is he here? He always manage to make me jump. He just pop out of no where.

"I'm Zanda" I say pissed off.

He clear his throat, "I'm sorry"

I don't like the way he look at me.

I open the door and get inside the car,  
"Nice to meet you again"

He hold the door when I'm about to  
slam it.

"Just a second, please"

I look at him with a frown.

"It's serious, I need to talk to you" he  
say humbly.

"I have to be somewhere important"

"I only need two minutes"

Do I have two minutes? No.

"I've told you I'm rushing somewhere"

I say getting warmed up.

He do this thing of touching my arm. I  
cringe and pull it away.

"Can I get inside?"

Inside where? This guy is crazy.

"No, talk right here"

He squat down. That alone take one

minute.

"Please don't freak out" he say looking up at me.

I freak out. First he is squatting next to my car, we are not friends. Secondly he tell me not to freak out.

"I love you, I know this is crazy. I don't even know you, but I'm drawn to you. You are all I ever think about, since the first day I saw you"

I look around to see if nobody is witnessing this madness.

"Thank you, but I'm with..."

"I'm pure, I have nothing on" he cut me in

I don't understand his statement, I continue with what I was saying and tell him I'm in a relationship, of which he already knows.

He put his hands in a prayer gesture and balanced them on his chin.

"What if I wait?"

I look at him, "We are not breaking up"

"I know...I don't know, I'm sorry"

I exhale, "Can I go now?"

"I'd do anything to have you, I'd leave everything. But I have to let it go? Just like that. What if...?"

I look at him, "Can I go?"

He look at me in the eyes, the anger I had is replaced with sudden fear. I divert my eyes else where.

"Where are you rushing to?"

"Home"

I can feel his eyes piercing through my skin. It take lot of muscle tensing for me to keep a cool composure.

"Where is the baby?"

I wish that banana seller could come this way and save me.

"He is home" I say.

"With his father?"

The interview!

"His father is in hospital"

I don't even know why I'm answering these questions. Maybe I just want him to hear what he want to hear and let me go.

"Oh what happened?" he ask in alerted tone.

"He collapsed in his..." I fail to explain and cover my face.

I don't know when or how his body consumed me. I just felt suffocated in his chest and squeezed in strong arms.

"Nqubeko"

I push him away.

He step few feet away.

I look at him still trying to process what he just did.

"You said my name like that" he say looking at me like I just called his biggest ancestor.

I clear my throat, I don't trust the sound of my voice. It may not be that smooth.

"I need to go, I want to get back to the hospital"

He take a deep, frustration breath.

"I also have to go" he say.

That's great, I think.

"I will stop"

I look at him, "Pardon?"

"I will stop the thoughts, but I won't be able to stop the feelings"

Before I can say anything he has my

chin in his hand, his mouth is on my lips.

Mandla is the only person I've kissed, on my own will. This adds to the list of people who have forced their lips on me, but this time it doesn't feel like all the other times. I don't want to scream, I just want to breathe.

So I do when he stops.

"Safe journey" he says and walks away like nothing happened.

I close the car door immediately and look at myself in the mirror. My lips!

Why did I let him do that?

Since when can't I stand up for myself?

Well, I've let everyone do as they please with my body. It's me.

The only person I know how to stop is Mandla. He stops as soon as I cringe. And

I just cheated on him..

I think what I did is cheating.I could've pushed Nqubeko or screamed.But I parted my lips and let him suck them.I forgot about my Nandos.I forgot about Leano.I forgot about Mandla.

.

.

There are screams coming from the lounge.I stand confused, shocked and embarrassed in the middle of the kitchen.

Siza!!

She is screaming and crying with pleasure.

Where the hell did she put Leano?! He is not in our room.I can't believe her and Mvuse could do something like this in front of him.

I want my son!!

I take the pot's lid and deliberately drop it on the floor. The screams immediately stop.

"I'm here for Leano" I shout.

After lot of commotion in the lounge Siza appear wearing a dress with its inside out.

"Hey I didn't know you were coming back so soon"

Oh that's why they are fucking in front of my son?

"I'm taking Leano and going back" I say trying to walk past her to the lounge. She block me with her hands.

"I will get him" she say pushing me back.

I stand confused. Maybe Mvuse is still dressing up.

I hear a strange voice asking if I'm gone. That is not my brother talking. Wooah wait!!! Mvuse is in Richard's Bay, isn't?

A super black dude on my brother's couch, with his towel on his waist.

"Siza" I say shocked.

The guy bow down his head, I can't see his face properly but I can tell by his hair that he is not a South African.

"I can explain" she say pulling me away.

I take Leano and look at her.

"Mvuse's towel! In his house Siza???"

She pace around nervously, "It's not what it look like. I'm not dating Dre"

"But you are fucking him in Mvuse's house?"

Really this lady?! I'm shocked.

Which verse told her to do this?  
Doesn't she live according to the Bible  
rules?

"He is leaving just now"

Sigh.

"I'm just here to take Leano" I leave  
her there.

I don't say good-bye when I go, I can  
hear their voices. Dre is still here, for  
another round maybe.

Nozipho is still here, she is the one that  
is going to take Leano to his  
grandmother's house. Mandla's  
situation haven't changed.

This day has been eventful. Siza  
cheating on Mvuse doesn't over  
shadow what Nqubeko did. That one  
take the cup and it make me feel  
terrible, like the worst betrayal.

## Chapter Two-Hundred & Fourteen

### Fikile Biyela

.

I drove past Mandla in hospital after work. It doesn't look good, worse the doctors have no clue what they are dealing with. They keep giving him injections.

We need Mandla, God must wait.

I park the car outside because I may need to drive to KFC for a burger. My spirit is down, I've been overthinking things. All the ish happening, including Mandla's situation.

Walking in my house I'm welcomed by a big argument coming from the dining room.

"I told you Nqubeko, this guy have a

small baby. A small baby Nqubeko is going to grow up without a father because of you. You know how hard it is not to have father, we've been there. Come on maarn!!!"

I stop and hold my breath. If eavesdropping is a sin Hell here I come.

"Brother this was not my intention" Nqubeko's voice is a bit lower.

"I told you to let go of this stupid crush, there are thousands of girls out there. What are you going to do now? Tell me"

My man can shout yoh!

"There is a portion I can give him but I don't know how" Nqubeko say.

"Make a plan, and make it fast. This will break Fikile if she find out you are

behind her brother's collapse.I told  
you long time ago to fix your life and  
get a real job"

This talk can't be about Mandla.

No.

Nqubeko is behind Mandla's  
sickness??? They gotta be kidding me.  
I walk in on them.They both look at me  
with wondering expressions.

"Bhut' Nqubeko"

He nod, "How are you?"

"I'm good" I say and look at  
Skhumbuzo then walk away.

He is going to speak the truth.I will  
choke it out of him.I walk to our  
room.Fuck a burger! I want  
Skhumbuzo.

It take a while before he walk in with  
his hands pushed in the jacket's

pockets.

He don't take them out, he lean over and kiss my lips then sit on bed.He is ready for a storm.

"What is happening?"

I want him to tell me everything by himself.

"What do you mean?"

Oh we are playing that game now!

"What did Nqubeko do to cause Mandla's collapse?" I ask.

"He didn't do anything"

Maybe I have "dumbass" written on my forehead.

"Skhumbuzo Mandla is my brother, despite being a Zungu.If there is something you know it will be better if you tell me, I wouldn't want us to break up because of such secret.I love

you. I love my family as well" I say.  
He exhale, "Okay, Nqubeko have a black band on his arm. Have you seen it?"

"No" I say.

"He have it. It's meant for his enemies, it protect him. Most guys have it, especially in hostels. His is different though, he got it from

KwaMhlabuyalingana. It can eliminate an enemy before he even become an enemy. It has protectors, they can predict a situation and do damage control without his acknowledgment"

No matter how he try to make me understand this I don't get it. All I hear is enemy and band.

"How is this related to Mandela?" I ask.

"He like Zanda, he saw her and

interacted with her. Protectors predicted Mandla being a problem in Nqubeko's life on a later stage and that maybe why he is in hospital"

Where are we?

Is this Nigeria or Mzansi?

WTF!

"So Nqubeko is a witch?" I ask.

"No, he is not. He just have lot of enemies, he can't just trust God and walk around like a born-free"

"No he is a witch, he is using this band thing to get rid of Mandla so that he can get Zanda. What's the fuck is that Skhumbuzo? Can't he man-up and get her the natural way if he get her? He is a coward"

I'm really pissed off. So Mandla must die for loving Zanda? Do they even

know how far he has come with her?  
The Zanda he saved from the streets  
and made a strong confident girl, now  
he must die because someone want a  
chance with her.

"I'm going to make sure Nqubeko sort  
this out" he say.

How does he live knowing his witch-  
brother is killing people with a band?

"Don't tell me you also use witchcraft  
on me?" I say.

He look at me, "Com' on, I don't do  
that"

"There are so many wrapped weird  
things in the last drawer in the  
kitchen"

"You know I use that stuff for  
protection against bad spirits"  
Protection???

Their protection means killing a challenger.

"Did you use something to make me fall inlove with you?"

He chuckles, "I'm offended, you think maybe you shouldn't have fallen inlove with me?"

"Maybe.You are a family of witchcraft, I don't know when I'm gonna be turned into a tikoloshe"

He nod, "Okay"

He is really offended.I shouldn't have said the family part, given that his mother also killed his uncle with poison.

"So what is Nqubeko going to do?" I ask.

"He need to take out a piece out of muti wrapped under that band and

feed it to him"

Now I give up.

"And how is he planning to do that? Fly by a broom to the hospital maybe"

He exhale and keep quiet.

I clap my hands and walk out.

Maybe I do need that short drive to KFC.I need to clear my head and just breath.

I will not buy him a burger.I will buy two for myself and large chips.

He will eat maas, I don't know how he is going to eat it without phuthu.He will see.Maybe Nqubeko will send a small mouse to go steal a plate of phuthu somewhere in Ndwedwe.

When I come back he is on the phone with "Nkosi" whom I think is Nceba this time.He is calm and laughing.

I set my burgers on a plate and pour a big glass of milk.

"I was wondering where you went" he says and balances his hands on the chair next to me.

"Until Mandela is fine there is no business between us Skhumbuzo. The time you spend wondering about my whereabouts you should spend trying to find strategies how your brother is going to heal Mandela"

"I've been thinking, there is no way he is going to be able to get in his ward. They are not related, not friends, they don't even know each other. How is he going to explain his visit?"

I chew my crispy chips, "Now focus on that, how is he going to explain his visit"

"I don't know, maybe if someone who don't raise suspicions do it for him it will be easy"

I look at him, "And who is that?"

"I'm trying Fikile, I don't want you to lose your brother. I also don't want to lose you" he say looking at me with sadness in his eyes.

"I'm not going to carry any muthi, find another way"

"Please my love"

I can't believe he is asking me to partner with his brother in this witchcraft business.

"No, I'm not about to start doing things my values and beliefs go against just because I'm dating you. Forget it"

I hear him taking a deep breath of defeat.

"All I want is my brother alive" I say.  
"He will be, but please remember one thing"

I look at him with my head cocked to the right.

"Nqubeko is also your brother, he didn't intend to hurt Mandla, he fell in love with his woman. What happened to him was not his handy-made decision. He was in the firing line, all he wanted was Zanda and he is not getting that. Please give him a break, he has been through a lot"

I have every right to take Mandla's side. He is innocent and I know what he has been through in his life. Now he have a baby he has always wanted so excuse me if I don't want him to die.

"I can't believe you think I must give

the same person who is killing Mandela a break? Do you know what my family is capable of?" I say glaring at him.

"Do you know what Nqubeko is capable of?"

I chuckle, "Flying by a broom and getting people's girlfriends by muthi. Maybe he should be Xhosa and go to entabeni, I hear that's where "how to be a man" is taught"

"Fikile don't lose respect for him because of this"

I add sauce in my second burger and eat.

"I love you, I never did anything to you. You love me because you love me" he say.

Oh that touched the nerve!

"Ay asazi" I say chewing.

"Fikile you are doubting your love for me?"

I shrug my shoulders and focus on my burger. I must get rid of all unnamed, newspaper wrapped parcels in the drawers.

I finish eating and go take a shower. Right now I'm scared to even check on Zanda. I feel like I'm part of witchcraft that's killing Mandla. And by keeping this from her and Mandla's family make me feel like I'm betraying them. Sbusiso will never forgive me for this. Actually all them will never forgive me. We usually look out for each other, their enemy is my enemy.

Look at what love is making me do? I return back to the kitchen wearing pyjamas. He is cutting small pieces of

bread and putting them in a bowl.

"What is that? Tikoloshe's food?" I ask.

He don't answer me. He pour maas in and mix.

I open the fridge.

Grapes!

Why did I forget to buy grapes?!

"Hey" I say.

He look up.

"Do you think you can get on the broom and fly to Spar and buy grapes for us?"

He drop the spoon and suck his teeth. He is in no position to get angry with me.

I pick two apples and wash them in the sink.

"Baby we are going to eat apples, Daddy don't want to go buy us grapes"

I say touching my tummy.

"So this is getting between us? It's making you resent me and disrespect me?" he ask when I walk past him.

"I don't disrespect you, I just want your brother to go heal Mandla"

"You didn't make me anything to eat, not that it's your job but I know you did that because you wanted to punish me" he say.

I yawn, "Skhumbuzo I'm not fighting with you"

"I feel like you are.I'm trying my best to sort this out, I never wanted things to be this way"

Sigh.

"I just want Mandla to be okay, I'm frustrated and angry at you guys.You knew this was bound to happen, you

didn't stop Nqubeko from going after Zanda"

"I did stop him" he say.

"You didn't stop him enough"

He exhale, "Blame me, it's fine. Now please help Nqubeko, help me. I will never be able to live with myself if anything happen to Mandla"

"I'm pregnant. What if that thing affect my baby?"

"It won't, Nqubeko will give you a bracelet to put on"

I'm like are you kidding me???

"You people are creepy. How did Nqubeko learn these things?" I ask.

"He just learned"

His eyes quickly move away from me.

"From you?"

"No, from his line of work"

This bring us to everyday question.

"Where does he work?" I ask.

"He don't work"

Dumbass Fikile, is it?

"Mhhh I see...Please clean the counter when you are done eating"

I walk away with my apples.

His arms hold my waist as I apply hand cream.

"MaBiyela" he say.

"Mhhh"

"Don't do this, I need your help"

I inhale my hands,they smell nicely.

"And I said I can't help you"

"Mandla is going to die, he won't make it to the end of the week"

I turn and look at him.

"Yet this is not witchcraft?" I say.

"I'm sorry.I hate myself for this, you

shouldn't be included in this mess but  
I'm desperate my love"

Why must I feel like Mandla's life is  
now lying on my hands?

"Why did I date you?"

He exhale and look down.

Why did I date him???

## Chapter Two-Hundred & Fifteen

### Zethu Biyela

.

I've been waiting for almost two  
hours. Working hours are over, he  
should be home by now. I was planning  
to go back to Durban but chances are  
slim now. I don't know how long it will  
take me to convince him to bring my  
cars back. He has been blocking from

every possible way of contacting him. Today I decided to come home and talk to him face to face.

"When is your sister planning to come home?" Mom ask as I help her with dinner.

"Which one?"

"The pregnant one"

I laugh, "That's how you call your first born now?"

"What can I say? She is only two pregnancies away from being like me, you'd swear she is married"

"Ma you are not being fair, Skhumbuzo is marrying her. This is the pregnancy she deserve" I say.

She dismiss me with a hand, "She could've waited until she tied the knot"

"Is it different getting a child in a

marriage than getting it before marriage?" I ask.

"Not really, as long as the baby daddy is supportive. But there is this thing about being pregnant with a ring on your finger and Fikile will never experience it"

And who said Fikile is not getting another baby after marriage?

"So you were more happier when you were pregnant with Sena than with Fiki?"

"I was pregnant and proud with Senamile" she say.

"I see"

"You need to settle down and get married before you consider starting a family. How are things between you and Tyson?"

She never bother asking about our relationships until they become official. And official means lobola has been paid. Maybe it's because Tyson proposed.

"We are not communicating"

"He is not communicating" she say.

Looking at her with my eyes narrowed I ask, "And that means?"

"It means you were wrong but you are waiting for him to be the one communicating with you, sending bunch of flowers and I'm sorry' messages. You think if you go beg for forgiveness it will make you less of a diva"

Am I?

I process her words and digest them. She is right.

I am waiting for Tyson to make first move. To show that he want me despite everything that happened.

Unlike man in fault I cannot send him a bunch of flowers and chocolate and say I'm sorry. I'm a woman in fault, I say sorry once and wait for you to come home.

"Relationships are like this pot" she point at it with her eyes.

"See there are two handles at the sides. You both hold each. If one let go of the handle the relationship sink"

Right!

"Pot, relationship. I heard" I say.

She chuckles, "And no unplanned pregnancy"

I roll my eyes, "Hear hear!"

"Otherwise your memulo won't

happen"

Excuse me???

"My what?"

She sigh, with regret.

"You are don't have a child, Ziphe married so basically you are now the last born of this house. And when you chose a boyfriend you followed traditional route, uyiqhikiza now. I know you do lot of crazy stuff in Durban but I'm proud of you. You are living your life, and it's making me happy cause I never got to live mine the way I wanted"

I smile, "Are you serious?"

"Yes, I'm proud of you. You are everything I never was, you are a fighter. You get what you want, your own way"

My heart melt.This is the first she give me her heart in this honest way.I hug her and kiss her cheek.

"Thank you Ma"

"Don't tell your sisters yet, I'm still convincing your father about it but eitherway it's going to happen"

Mara how am I going to keep quiet with such wonderful news?

Umemulo? In my book that thing is important than a wedding or any kind of ceremony.A whole cow will be slaughtered to thank me for taking care of myself.All those blowjobs I gave won't matter.My gold mine of a vagina won't matter.I chose a boyfriend infront of izintombi.I gave him ucu.

Go Zethu go!!!!

"My wife"

Here comes the devil interrupting our mother-daughter moment.

"Menziwa"

They share a brief hug.

"How is Kuhle's leg?" he ask.

"He is fine, ubetefa nje"

They are like Fikile's children parents. I can assume she don't really know how to be a mother except buying them stuff and taking them out.

"Mandeni you are not that small after all, what is the mighty Umhlanga girl doing here?" he say looking at Mom but directing to me.

"This is my home" I say.

"Welcome home"

I don't say anything. I know the purpose of his mockery.

"I'm going to freshen up. Where are these boys?"

"In the TV room" Mom say.

Mom is still appreciating her cocky husband when I clear my throat asking if I should take the spinach off the stove.

"See that watch I bought it on his 40th birthday" she say with a proud smile on her face.

"I don't care Mom. Did you see how much he hate me?"

She dismiss me with her eyes, "Hate? He love you very much"

Mxm! I wipe my hands and go up to my room. My anger send me direct to Tyson's number.

\*\*Hey, hope you are fine. Have yourself a great night\*\*

I was not expecting a reply but I'm little disappointed. A 'thank you' would've been nice. But I'm a fighter, I will fight for what I want.

A knock come through the door.

"It's opened" I yell.

Simile appears, "Mkhulu is calling you in his study"

"Alright"

I connect my phone to the charger and walk out with him.

"So how is my daughter-in-law?" I ask.

"Mah!!!"

This boy!

"I know, so just tell me" I say.

"She is fine"

"You are a man, always remember the rules" I pat his back and take my way to Almighty's study.

He has changed to casual wear. I wonder why he still lift weights in his age? He is embarrassing Sbusiso.

I sit on the chair and look at him.

"I had already sold your cars, but I was able to get them back"

I sit properly, "You sold my cars?"

"Yes, but I got them back. Now tell me where did you get the money?"

The money???

"I don't think I understand" I say.

He raise his eyes, "The money you paid me back with. Where did you get it?"

I'm lost. Totally lost in the bushes.

"It wasn't you, was it?" he say.

"No"

"Now Givanston is meddling in my business with my kids. Why he had to pay money on your behalf and pretend

to be you?"

Tyson paid the money? How did he know?

"I didn't know" I say flushed with emotions I can't describe.

"He don't know me this boy.I'm trying to discipline you and he want to play a stupid hero"

Oh dear Lord give this man a chill pill!

"Dad I don't owe you, you are still holding possession of my cars and that is theft.I don't even know why you took them in the first place, it's not like I asked to be kidnapped.Ziphe went through the same thing, you never punished her.It's your enemies coming after us, that's not our fault but yours"

"How is it my fault? You were warned to stay away from that boy, you had

options. You traveled to another province without letting me know. Even your mother didn't know. How stupid can you be? I have preached over and over about safety. I have hired bodyguards to look after you in Durban, all you need to do is call them when you are leaving the house since you don't want them 24/7. You don't want all that, you want to come back crying like a victim. Don't you dare compare yourself to Ziphelele, she has been through a lot and not once did I see her not using her head" Oh wow!!!

I look at him, my eyes prickling with tears.

"But it's your fault that we have to always watch our backs" I say.

"I did what I had to, I wanted my children to have everything I never had.If that's not enough for you my brothers are more than willing to let you live with them"

I draw my face back, "Enkandla?"

"If you don't want to watch your back go stay there.You will have no bodyguards, you will live this care-free life you want and stop being a spoilt brat"

There is no way I'm going live with Bab' Thobela.I'd rather live a life of being followed by men in black"

"No ways, I'm fine" I say folding my arms.

He take brown envelope and pass it to me.I'm eager to find out what's inside.I hope he is not suing me for whatever.

Excuse me???

"What do you mean I've been demoted with immediate effect?" I ask.

"Actually you are fired"

I look at him, "Tell me you are joking? Who is firing me? Sbusiso? What did I do?"

"I am firing you"

He is serious.

"Why?" I ask.

"You haven't been doing what you were hired to do. You only market on social networks, you don't even know when our sales pick and when they are not. You are incompetent, sloppy and fired" he emphasise the last words.

I can't believe him!

"Universities are still open for applications, think about what you

want to do. This time I'm not going to pay my hard-earned money for university expenses only for you to drop out before you graduate"

Hold your horses old man!

"Who said I want to go back to school?" I ask.

"Me"

I tit my head, "Is it?"

"I'm not hiring you in any of my companies. And if you are not in university studying it means you are in the world of independency. I will be not giving you a cent. It's up to you whether you choose to study and remain my baby or you go put your C.V's in other companies and survive on your own"

I've heard people saying he is cruel

now I know why. He is going to make sure I don't get a job anywhere.

"And tell Givanston the "Suitcase" is long overdue now" he say getting up from his chair.

I exhale, "What is that?"

"Educate yourself about your culture you will know"

He walk out.

I kick his table and grunt angrily.

On dinner table he is laughing with his grandsons and wife like my anger toward him doesn't affect him.

"Are you happy next year you are going to stay with your mother in Durban?" he ask Kuhle.

"No"

We are all shocked, but it's funny at the same time.

"Why? You don't want to go stay with your mother?" Mom ask.

"I want to stay with you"

Ou the attachment!!

"But you agreed to her"

He stuff food in his mouth and keep quiet.

Fikile will be heartbroken.

"Simile?" I say looking at him.

"I will go"

You can't read this one.

"Mah what is a 'Suitcase'?" I ask.

Kuhle laughs, "It's a bag with wheels"

"I'm not stupid Kuhle, I'm asking the Zulu version of suitcase"

I sound stupid but my mother get it.

"It is gifts of clothes a boyfriend send for his girlfriend.They put them in a big suitcase and accompany it with

other gifts for the rest of the family"  
My father is a gold-digger. Is the R2mil  
he took from Tyson not enough? Hell  
we are not even together anymore.

"Is it compulsory?" I ask.

"In my house, yes" Dad say.

Mom huffs and shoot a look at him.

"If my daughter give a man ucu, I  
expect to see him buying her clothes  
and cosmetics. What is she wearing  
when she is visiting him? Who buy  
those clothes? In my culture a man is a  
provider. Givanston took ucu from this  
house, it's still in his possession of  
which means I can still expect him to  
show his provider qualities. Zethu  
don't have clothes, look at what she is  
wearing"

I look at myself, "This was designed to

be torn like this"

"I want the Suitcase from the Givanstons, what do they think you are wearing? It's winter for goodness' sake"

People use to say AmaXhosa love money and materialistic things. Has anyone inspected Zulu culture? I can't believe my Zulu father right now.

I look at Mom, "You are not going to say anything?"

"It's culture"

I wash my hands.

It's either Tyson bring back ucu or he bring this 'Suitcase' thing. He have to make up his mind, and whatever decision he take will determine our future together.

## Chapter Two-Hundred & Sixteen

### Fikile Biyela

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I can't believe I'm really doing this. I feel like I'm losing my roots, my beliefs and values. Today I'm gonna carry muthi and sneak with it to the hospital and secretly push it in Mandla's mouth. How horrible one person can be!

I know this is for the best, but I can't help feeling like I'm betraying my family. Before I step out of my room with my bag I take a deep breath and say a small prayer.

Only Zanda is in hospital with Mandla. It won't be hard getting her out of sight for a while.

The nurses!

Sigh.

They are waiting for me in the lounge. When they see me coming they cut the conversation.

"I'm ready" I say.

Nqubeko hand the bracelet to Skhumbuzo. It just a bracelet made out of animal skin, nothing raising eyebrows.

"Is this the thing?" I ask taking it.

"It's a bracelet, put it on"

I put it on and look at myself, "Not bad" Nqubeko put a small piece of wrapped plastic on the table and motion that I take it. I don't want to lie, my heart is pounding. I pick it and throw it in my bag.

"Put it all in his mouth" Skhumbuzo

say.

I give him life-threatening look, "Did I say I won't?"

"Thank you for doing this" Nqubeko say.

"I hate you two for making me do this, I will never forgive you" I say and walk out.

What if I get caught? How will I explain this to Nozipho and Zanda?

We haven't been together for that long but the challenges I've been facing are are bigger than Simtho's ass.

My bag is clutched on my chest as I walk in the hospital. I'm scared someone could snatch it and Mandla's death would be on me.

Now I have to get it together. Take a deep breath Fikile.

I walk in, "Girl"

She look up, "Hey"

I don't know why she sit here all day. The hospital will call her if anything happens.

I give her a tight hug, but careful not to let go of my bag.

"How is he?" I ask.

She shrug her shoulders.

"Have you eaten anything?"

"No, Sbu is gonna bring me something" she say.

"When?"

Oh I feel like a witch already.

"Maybe he is on his way"

I open my bag and take out R50 from the purse.

"Go buy a sandwich, you look horrible"

I say handing it to her.

"Fiki I'm not..."

I raise my hand, "Not negotiable"

She sigh and take it.

Just as she walk out the nurse walk in. I want to kick her ass out of here. She check something on a file over the small table then walk out making those cha-cha-cha sounds nurses make with their heels.

I check the coast and take out the muthi in my bag and unwrap it with shaky hands.

Gosh this thing is black as charcoal! I'm lucky Mandla's mouth isn't tightly closed. I push it with my finger until it all disappears. I need to get a saviette and wipe my finger.

"What are you doing?"

I freeze right there.

Footsteps come nearer, "What is this Fikile?"

I pick the small plastic that was wrapping muthi and squeeze it in my hand.

"What are you doing Fikile?" he ask more firmly.

"It's nothing"

I honestly don't know what to say to get myself out of this situation. I hate Skhumbuzo and Nqubeko even more. Now I'm praying Zanda don't come back yet.

"Don't fuck with me. What is this black thing you are feeding Mandla?"

He look at Mandla then at me.

"Speak Fikile!"

My head start pounding.

"It's something to make him better" I

say.

"Who gave you the right to give it to him?"

"No one I'm trying to help"

He take out his jacket and put it on his arm, "I'm not playing with you. What is happening?"

I'm his old sister, he can't put his hands on me.

"Keep your voice low I will tell you everything" I say scanning my surroundings.

"Talk"

Zanda walk in and look at us with a frown. I give Sbu a fixed look. He is mad as hell.

"Is everything okay?" she ask.

"Yes, everything is fine"

Luckily Sbu doesn't open his big

mouth. Right now I have no choice but to come clean to him. As for what he choose to do with me it's up to him. He hand Zanda a lunchtin, "Nozipho said I must give you this"

He turn his eyes to me, "Walk me to the car"

I nod and look at Zanda, "I will see you later"

"Is everything okay between you two?" She can see something is not right. Sbu has walked out immediately.

"Don't worry about it, it's a siblings thing" I lie.

She nod, "Be okay"

What a good heart she have!

I open the car and hop in at the front with him.

"Mandla is sick because of

Skhumbuzo's brother, Nqubeko"

He look at me with a 'carry on' kind of look.

"He want Zanda. There are things he do traditionally that can detect an enemy from a distance. Mandla felt sick because he could've become a challenge to him, it happened automatically, as soon as his things realised he loved Zanda"

"Is this some kind of a sick joke?" he ask.

"I wish it was"

He shake his head, "And what were you doing to him? Finishing him off?" Really now?

"Skhumbuzo heard about Mandla's collapse and put two and two together then forced him to find a cure for

Mandla"

He is looking at me like I'm the one who trained Nqubeko to be whatever he is.

"So Mandla was bewitched by Nkosi's brother?"

I exhale, "He didn't bewitch him, the thing is meant for protection. Mandla was effected"

"Protection against what?" he ask.

"Enemies, he say"

"He have those black bands they wear on their arms?"

He knows about these things???

"Yes. How do you know?"

"I've been to hostels" he says and dwell in thoughts.

"They are hitmen"

I don't know if that's a question or

statement.

"Who?"

"These bloody Nkosis"

Whoah China!!!

"They are not, they just asked..."

He cut me in, "They are hitmen, it explains the weird protection muthis. That's what hitmen do"

"Skhumbuzo is not a hitman" I jump into defense.

I don't know much about Nqubeko. All I know is 'his line of work' requires every kind of protection, which bring me to wonders.

But he can't be a hitman either.

He shake his head, "And they have a nerve to send you to do their dirty work! How do we know whatever they gave you isn't meant to finish Mandla?"

Now he is taking it too far.

"Come on, Skhumbuzo will never do that"

He look at me, "You trust a hitman Fikile? You should've packed your bags as soon as you found out. Do they mean more to you than us?"

"No, I'm doing this for Mandla"

He click his tongue and pull his phone. He is making a call, his eyes are dark with anger.

"Menziwa are you busy?"

WTF!

"Are you kidding me?" I ask hitting his shoulder.

"Yes everything is fine...no actually nothing is fine, I need help...I need a traditional person who can help Mandla...No his situation need

traditional healers...Oh okay  
thanks....Bye"

He look at me, "Thanks for letting me  
know"

"Sbu nobody can find out about this, it  
was not his purpose.He promised to let  
go of Zanda's crush"

"I will come and have a talk with  
Skhumbuzo.I can't believe he sent you"  
he say shaking his head.

"Sbu I don't want bad blood between  
the two families" I beg.

"Go home"

Sigh.

I get out of his car and go to mine.I  
have many missed calls from  
Skhumbuzo.I will tell him when I get  
there about what happened.

.

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They both stand up when they see me walk in. I throw my bag on the table.

"I got caught" I say.

"How?"

He have a nerve to ask me how. We are in this mess because of him.

"Sbu walked in, and he is coming here"

Skhumbuzo take a breath of defeat.

"So you didn't do it?" Nqubeko ask.

"I did"

Skhumbuzo pull me to his arms and kiss my forehead.

"It's okay, you did your best and I'm grateful"

I nod.

He turn to Nqubeko, "Go"

I take off the bracelet and hand it to him. He take it and nod at me. I don't

know if nodding is him showing gratitude or what.

"He is angry Skhumbuzo, he called my Dad and asked him to bring Mandla a traditional healer" I tell him.

"I can't believe this is happening. I warned Nqubeko. Now they will never trust me again"

And they will never. I'm just praying Dad doesn't find out all the details.

"I'm nervous and hungry" I say.

"Sit I will make you something"

When I finish eating my sandwich a hard knock comes through the door.

"It's him" I say all the food turning in my stomach.

Skhumbuzo get off his chair and go to the door. I've seen Sbu angry, but today he is something else.

"Why is my sister running witchcraft errands for you and your brother?" he ask walking in.

I don't know how Skhumbuzo is going to get off from this.He respect Sbu like a king.

"Menziwa I didn't intend to..."

I jump in, "Sbusiso I told you the reasons"

"I'm not talking to you" he scowls me.

"No you can't interrogate Skhumbuzo, he didn't have a choice"

"MaBiyela"

I look at him, "No I told Sbusiso that..."

He pull me off the chair, "Go upstairs"

I look at him like 'what?'

He give me an assuring look, but I can see sadness in his eyes.

I walk up the stairs with a heavy

heart.Sbusiso is gonna insult him and say whatever shit come to his mind. I stand in the TV room, my ears wide opened but I can't hear anything.Eventually I give up and go to the bedroom.

Maybe I need chocolate to calm down.I remember there was a slab I threw in one of the bathroom drawers.Don't ask me why I put food in the bathroom cause I also don't know.I carried it while going for a shower then felt like not eating it and put it there.

Am I sure I put it here though?

I can't find it.Maybe I put it in Skhumbuzo's side.

Empty bottles of mouthwash and toothpastes.I take all trash out and even forget about the chocolate.

And then what is this???

I unwrap the towel and get the shock of my life.

He have a gun in the house???

"They are hitmen, it explains the weird muthi protection" Sbusiso's words repeat in my mind.

Could it be true?

Why does Skhumbuzo have a secret gun? Maybe that's why he always go, saying he is visiting his friends in hostel.

Thirty minutes later he walk in sipping a bottle of water.

"Your brother nearly killed me"

I get up on my feet, "Why do you have a gun in the house?"

"It can't stay outside"

He think this is funny.

"You are a hitman?"

His smirk vanishes, "What are you talking about?"

"I can't believe you fooled me, the CA position is only a front"

"I don't kill people" he says and I almost believe him.

"What do you need a gun for if you don't kill people?" I ask.

"Protection"

The way I'm so sick of this word 'protection'!

I glare at him, "The truth. What does Nqubeko do and why do you need a gun?"

"I told you for protection, I don't have bodyguards following me around"

Oh is it now!

"And Nqubeko???"

He close the water bottle, "He don't have a stable job"

"My brother advised me to pack my bags.I don't know the people I'm living with"

His face hardens, "You know me"

"No I don't"

I open the closet and start pulling my clothes.

"Fikile wait" he hold my hand.

"Wait for what? For another bombshell to come?"

"I'm not a hitman.Why can't you believe me?"

Against the evidence???

"Then explain all this" I burst out.

"Maybe Nqubeko is, but I'm not"

"Maybe???" I ask.

He exhale, "He is a hitman"

God I need your fire.

"I can't believe you Skhumbuzo" I walk past him.

"I tried all I could Fikile" he say holding my arm.

Why is everyone fucked up in his family?

"What else must I know about your fucked up family?"

His eyes get smaller, to almost closing.

"Now my family don't trust me because of you. I have betrayed my own family. You should've seen how my brother looked at me"

"I'm sorry, I will make this right"

Oh really?

"How?" I ask.

He lick his lips and keep quiet. See, he

don't have a plan.I have fucked against my family.

## Chapter Two-Hundred &Seventeen Zanda Dlamini

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Something happened, the nurse was with me, she called the doctor then they asked me to step outside.I'm freaking out cause I don't know what's wrong.

Nozipho and Don find me in the waiting area pacing around.

"What happened?" the ever-frightned Nozipho ask with her eyes all out.

I rub my hands together, "I don't know"

"Is he okay?"

Gosh!!!!

"I don't know Nozipho" I snap.

"Why did they close his bed like that?"

Don ask after taking a peek inside.

I feel my intestines freezing. They close curtains when something serious is happening. Something like death.

Now I don't care who says what, I walk straight inside.

"Could you please wait outside a little bit" the nurse say.

"Is he okay?" I ask in a trembling voice.

"The doctor is still..."

My word! I feel dizzy and balance by the door. The male nurse rush to me and hold me. He take me out and ask Don to look after me.

"Did you eat?" Nozipho ask.

"Yes"

I don't remember eating though. I don't know where Don got the juice. I sip it and feel a bit refreshed.

Nozipho check her phone, "I wonder what's keeping Sbu"

That one. I wonder what they were fighting about with Fiki, he looked really pissed off

"Did he find the traditional healer?"

Don ask.

"Yes, he got him in Empangeni"

I'm behind here.

"What are you guys talking about?" I ask them.

"Oh Sbu is bringing a traditional healer, he think Mandla's situation is associated with those things "

Excuse him!

"No, Mandla is in best hands" I say.

"Best hands? Have they found what's wrong with him?" Don ask.

"But Mandela don't like those things"

"We don't care, we just want him alive.If we have to slaughter goats for it we will"

Sigh.

I guess he is right.Anything for his survival.

The doctor walk out, walking arm-to-arm with that male nurse.

"Don't tell us he is dead" Don say when they are few steps away.

"Mr Zungu is much alive"

Oh thank God!

"Can we get inside now?" Nozipho ask.

The doctor smile at her and nod.I hope he know she is married, his smile says a lot.

"We need to find something that's going to distract these doctors while the healer is doing his bones magic" Don say walking in front of us.

"Maybe get Fikile's man to do indlamu dance by the reception, while they are all crowded there clapping hands the healer does his thing. The problem is who is going to go ask Skhumbuzo that?"

Does he ever get tired of talking? Nozipho walk to the small cardboard and open it. She take out all the food I've been storing there.

"You never ate Zanda that's why you are dizzy. You know Mandla is going to kill you when he wake up"

Geez! She must give me a break.

"They are both trying to make Leano

an orphan" Don say.

I sigh and sit on the chair, "Guys I was going to..."

"Why are you not eating?" the voice come from the bed.

I nearly fall from the chair, "Oh my God!!!!!"

He smile, weakly but genuinely. We just walked in, we didn't look at his direction because we thought it's same old news.

I kiss him like a mother kissing his son after scoring his first goal.

"Hey get off him" Nozi squeals behind me.

Someone tell this lady whose man is this, please.

I finally let her have a chance, but I tell her to be careful. She rolled her eyes at

that and hugged Mandela the way she wanted.

"What's the fuck were you doing?"

Don!!

I look at him.

"I nearly lost my mind bruh. What's the fuck?" he say slapping Mandela's head.

He have no heart.

Mandla laugh, "Geez hug me man"

"No these are Simtho's assets, all I want to do is slap you. We all thought you were dying, Sbu is out there getting traditional healers from Nigeria"

"Traditional healer?" Mandela ask with a frown accompanied by a smile.

"Yes, he thought you are bewitched"

Nozipho say.

"Sbu is crazy"

Speak of the devil!

"And then?" he ask looking at Mandla in shock.

Behind him there is a dark guy, around 35years if I assume.He have a bag around his arm.I guess this is the healer.

Unlike Don he hug him and ask how he feels.For a moment everyone forget about the healer.

"I heard you are bringing me oMathambo" Mandla say.

"Forget that, man you are awake" he still can't believe it.

Where are my manners? I get up from the chair and offer the guy.

"Oh this is Majola guys, he is the healer...That's my wife Majola" Sbu say pointing at Nozipho.

She roll her eyes and smile.

"I don't think we will be needing traditional help" Mandla say.

The guy look at Sbusiso, "Don't tell me I came all the way from Empangeni for nothing"

"I will cover all the expenses" Sbu say.

"Drive me home then"

"Someone who is going to drive you will be here in ten minutes" Sbu say punching his phone.

The guy is too angry, he decide to go wait for the car outside.

I know I'm being selfish but I want everyone to go. I haven't even got a chance to see him properly, everyone is all over him. And more people are still coming.

He can see I'm not happy, he tell Don

to let me pass.

"How are you?"

I smile, "I was scared but I'm fine"

"Where is Leano?"

"He is with your Mom, I've been staying here waiting for you to wake up"

He look at me with disapproval, "You haven't been resting?"

"You were dying Mandla"

"I'm sorry" he say.

"You didn't get sick intentionally, it's okay"

"I'm sorry about everything.Are you still mad?"

Gosh this is not the time.

"We will talk when you are home.Right now I want you to be okay, we miss you" I say.

He take my hand and kiss it.

"Alright thank you, everyone back to their seats!"

Don has no chill.Or is it jealousy?

He interrupt the bonding session and start telling Mandla about late soccer updates.

The Madlalas arrive, as well as the Mokoenas and Simtho who took lift in Ziphe's Austin Martin.Even the nurses make themselves scarce, these people can raise their voices when talking.It's crazy.

Ziphe came with Phakade.He is grown and so cute.I quickly text Mam'

Thandiwe reminding her not to leave Leano behind.

I take him from his mother and put him down to sit.This I got to see for

myself.

Indeed he can sit.

Nozipho clap her hands, "Yamihle is older but he is not even trying"

"They are slow like their fathers"

Thapelo say.

"Maybe Yamihle took after his mother, I've never been slow. Sphiwo is a proof of that" Sbu defend himself.

"That means Leano took after her too cause neither of us are slow" Mandla say looking at me.

Nozipho fold her arms, "Really now?"

Sena look at Sbu, "And you and traditional healers???"

Sbu sigh.

"I'm also interested, what made you even consider it? Since when you believe in such?" Thapelo say.

Sbu look uncomfortable, "They call it the trial-and-error method. You try everything and see what works"

Nozipho grins, "But still?!"

He sigh, "Okay guys leave me alone now, focus on Mr and Mrs Potato here"

What did I do to deserve this shade? I have a chiskop, Mandla have a brush cut. Does it make us Mr and Mrs Potato?

Simtho is ofcourse finding it funny and she is not going to stop laughing soon.

"By Saturday you will be out, we need to welcome you back with a party"

Thapelo say.

They couldn't have said a prayer. Even the churchgoers, Simtho and Don are applauding the idea.

It's Ziphe who might have an objection.

"He will need to relax with his family first"

"We are his family. Where is the pregnant sister?" Simtho say.

"She was here earlier..."

I then look at Sbu.

"She is with her man, you know the story" he dismiss it with a hand.

Ziphe look at Thapelo, "As long as you remember Saturday I will be home, you will be babysitting plus Phakade have a class at 15h30"

"A class???" Thapelo ask shocked like the rest of us.

"I told you I signed him for music lessons"

Simtho burst out laughing, "Basotho babies"

"Tell me about it" Sena say rolling her

eyes.

"They just play with music equipments, drums and all that. He enjoyed it last week, you guys should put Leano and Yamihle to it once they can sit properly"

I know mothers, mothers of mothers and experienced aunts, none of them has took this motherhood thing like Ziphe does. She is blowing everything out of proportion.

I share a secret laugh with Mandla. Even Thapelo himself can't believe he is a father of a music student.

Chapter Two-Hundred & Eighteen  
Aunt Lydia

.

I think I'm gonna love this polygamy thing. Some days I have a man over, some days it's just me alone in my house. I still enjoy having my space to myself, all women do. And that's why I think I fit perfectly in the polygamy world, there is time to breath.

I haven't been to church ever since the news came out. I will only go back when I have a ring on my finger. Even though I'm not attending Simtho and Don still go. And that make me so proud of them.

I told Vince about what those brats of mine said regarding lobola, surprisingly he thought the idea was appropriate as well. He is now trying to find abakhongi that would go on his

behalf. It sounds surreal, I wish Vivi was here to witness this. I have asked Muzi to stand in for me. I have no one else. But I'm taking 50% of it. It's me cracking my knees and breaking my spinal cord trying to please Vince every night. Maybe not every night, but you get what I'm saying.

We are not taking turns yet. Not in that polygamous way. Basically he is still staying in his house. He visit me three nights a week or less. The only difference is we are no longer doing it behind backs. Some times we hold hands and go out for dinner.

Today he is coming. He only told me two hours ago. I wasn't expecting him because he was here the day after yesterday. I'm excited though. I cooked

samp, you know how it feels cooking a meal that requires your all efforts and end up eating it alone. So I'm excited he will be here to eat with me. Getting compliments is life.

I get ready, dress up and spray myself then go set the kitchen. He will be here anytime now. I keep stretching my neck looking outside.

I can't stop myself from smiling when I see him getting out of his car. He have a big black jacket on.

Why didn't I meet this man earlier? Maybe we'd be celebrating our 20th anniversary together by now.

"Good evening" he greet and put his arm around my shoulder for a brief hug.

"Hello Baba Khambule"

He put a bag on the table.

"How are you doing?"

With a smile, "I'm good, enjoying the surprise visit" I say.

He look around, "You cooked?"

"Obviously, I don't want you to faint"

He put his hand on my arm, "I appreciate that"

I sense a 'but' coming so I look at him with questioning eyes.

"I would like to lie down" he say.

"Are you sick?" I ask in an alarmed tone.

"No, I'm just tired"

Oh that's a disappointment, but I'm not the one to be put down that easily.

"I will bring your food to the bedroom then" I say.

He smile, "I have no choice but to eat,

isn't?"

"You know me very well"

The bed is set but I still accompany him to the bedroom and readjust the well-set pillows. He get on bed with the big jacket on, my woman instincts kick in. He is catching a bad flu.

He will be accompanying dinner with a med-lemon.

Guess what he does? He wipe the plate clean and ask if there is still more in the pots.

It's official, I'm the best chef in Durban. Maybe I should reform my cooking classes. There is not much I do in the bakery, I can use my spare time to teach kitchen-clueless women how to cook and they will motivate me with a few R notes.

"Your juice will be med-lemon, I see a flu coming your way"

He chuckles, "What? I'm not sick"

"I'm a doctor Vince, I just never got space in varsity. I have a natural degree, believe me when I say you're catching a flu" I say.

"Can we wait till morning? So that we can be sure, I don't like these things"

I let out a sigh of defeat, "Fine"

I collect the dishes and bring them back to the kitchen then make myself comfortable on the chair and eat. I hate a dirty kitchen, I clean up before leaving for bed.

I thought he'd be fast asleep by the time I get on bed, I was wrong he is awake and lost in his thoughts.

"Mind sharing what's on your mind?" I

say.

"It's nothing shareable"

I slid under covers, "Alright"

I shift nearer him and cover him with my arms.

"This is horrible. Take off the jacket I will add blankets" I say.

He is hesitant about taking it off but I wasn't asking I was telling him. I get another blanket and lay it over.

Now I can feel his body under the t-shirt, it is better than nothing.

"Are you tired?" I ask running my hands on his back.

He wince and push them off, "Don't" Huh???

I put them again, "You don't want me to touch you?"

He push them, "No, not that"

"Is everything okay?" I ask.

"Yes" he move slowly, shifting away from me.

This man doesn't know me. I put my leg over him and kiss him. I'm too old for games. We should be doing this thing like never before. Like it's season finale.

"Lydia" he keep saying trying to stop me.

I put my hands under his t-shirt and feel his swollen skin. The wincing he keep making must be because of this.

"What happened?" I ask in shock.

"Nothing"

No ways. It got to be something. I turn all the lights on and pull down the blankets.

"Lydia let's sleep" he say.

"No, take off your t-shirt I want to see

what's happening"

I'm not playing with him, he can see it. He sit up and take it off.

"Please help me" he say when the t-shirt stuck before going off the head. I check and find it stuck on a spot of blood. The blood has dried and glued the t-shirt. There are swollen welts all over his back. I close my eyes and pull the t-shirt off despite his content groans.

"What happened?" I ask with a blooded t-shirt in my hand.

"It...it..can I have something for pain?" He like 'these things' now? I get painkillers and a glass of water. I wait for him to drink then ask again.

"What happened?"

He exhale, "It's embarrassing, I rather

not tell you"

Embarrassing is interesting to me.

"Come on, I have to know. Was it the street junkies?"

"No, I had a fight with Zodwa"

Viva comrade!!!!!!

But the question still stands, what happened to him?

"We will talk about that later, right now I want to know who did this to you?"

"It's her"

The wind, my bad.

"Who?" I ask just to be sure.

"It's Zodwa, my wife"

You know when you expect storm and get floods.

"How?" I ask unbelieving what I hear.

"With her steel rod"

Her steel rod? She own a steel rod!  
Okay I need to sit down and listen to  
this forktale before I clean him up.

"But your back is all swollen which  
means she was hitting you with a steel  
rod over and over again" I say.

"Yes"

Oh wow!

"Didn't you defend yourself?" I ask the  
to-be-asked.

"How?"

Bathong! How else do human beings  
defend themselves? We shield and hit  
back.

"Vince you are trying to tell me you let  
your wife hit you like this?" I ask.

"Lydia you don't understand, there  
was nothing I could do. The door was  
locked, my son was in the lounge, I

didn't want to cause disruption and unnecessary household drama"

Clap once, clap twice.

"You let her get away with it, she is going to do it again. She will turn you into pulp and you'd be keeping quiet avoiding unnecessary drama" I say.

"Please get me the green shirt"

I make my way to the closet chuckling and shaking my head.

"I have to wipe your back first" I tell him before going to the bathroom.

Now that I notice his other eye is a bit reddish. She even hit his face? God come collect us, we are ready.

"Vince you need to address this behavior, accurately. Get her family involved if you are scared of the police. She cannot put her hands on you

and think it's okay just because you had whatever argument you had"

He exhale, "I've been trying. She has tried seeking professional help, her anger just can't be controlled"

Wait a minute!

"This is not the first time?" I ask.

"It's not the first time, it's my life"

Chineke!!!

"She beat you?" I ask shocked to the core.

"When she get mad she get dangerous" If my memory serve me correctly she slapped him on the introduction day. He didn't do anything, he just took the slap and wiped his face. Cynthia and Makhoba showed no sigh of shock either. Everything carried on like nothing happened.

I wipe his back with a warm cloth, I'm still as confused. He has a norm of taking a beating from his wife and keep quiet because he don't want to cause disruption and unnecessary drama? She just lock the room and give him a hiding, good one if I must say. Is it even appropriate to call it an unnecessary drama?

"So what are you planning to do?" I ask.

"Talk to her when she is calm"

Oh wow, this is great!

"Just talk? Will that justify her actions?"

He wince, I realise I pressed the cloth harder.

"Sometimes you learn to live with circumstances that stab through your

heart length to length, it take a lot to build a family. I have a son who look up to me, how do you think he could take this? No I have to soldier on, I have you by my side now everything is alright"  
Hello Fish!!

"You think I'm here to nurse you every time you let Zodwa beat you?"

"No, I don't mean that"

I start applying cream on his back,

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I love you, I find peace when I'm with you"

Right?!

"So nobody has ever told you to man-up?" I blurt out.

"According to my books I'm a man enough" he say, clearly taking the dab to the heart.

"You just can't defend yourself from your wife? That's what your books taught you, to be a kota?"

I realise how harsh my words sound as soon as they leave my mouth. I just called my husband-to-be a kota.

"This is why I didn't want you to see me in this state, it has changed the way you look at me. You can never understand, you are a woman. I'm a man, I have limited rights"

It definitely did change the way I look at him. This means even if housebreakers were to come here he would get under bed with me.

.

.

In the morning I wake up to him dressing up.

"Where are you going so early?" I ask.  
His eyes run all over the house but  
don't dwell on me.

"I have to go meet the church seniors,  
we are still discussing the pastor  
position" he say.

"So you are not even going to wait for  
breakfast?" I ask.

"No I have to go"

I sit up and push the pillow behind me.

"This is new" I say.

"Don't be like that" he say with sudden  
shyness.

Just then something bang in the  
kitchen.

Is it housebreakers already?

Oh we should get under bed my kota.

"Stay here, I will go check"

Oh wow! Talk about massive

change.He is no longer kota, he is my hero.

I recognise the voice shouting.

Gosh not so early in the morning!

Now all I hear is "Zodwa

wait...wait...wait" and more swearing from Zodwa.I take back my statement, there is no peace in the polygamy world.

The swearing come nearer and nearer to my bedroom.I have a wedding in a few months I can't afford to have my cheek slapped or whatever.I saw how bad this woman can give a beating.To think I once underestimated her, yeses!

I rush to the bathroom and lock myself inside.I like how Sbusiso's designer made this house.It is safe in all

different levels.

I can hear her screaming for me to come out. There is a deep voice talking behind her shouting and clash of things. I certainly know who is getting that beating.

Shame God save us from Mamfundisi. Your man of God is also scared of her.

"Don't think you are going to make this lonely house of yours comfortable with my man" she yell.

By that time I'm relaxing in the bathtub.

"Go away. You beat your husband, you have no shame. I'm here to stay lo Madea lo"

I know no matter how big she is she can't break that door.

Now I'm let on in their lives, I have inner look at what happens behind closed doors. Am I going to be able to put up with this?

I mean giving up my peaceful life for this. Maybe not so peaceful including the Biyela drama, but there haven't been a big mama beating the hell out of everyone.

So what will it be? Peace or love.

Chapter Two-Hundred & Nineteen  
Zethu Biyela

.

I have bought flowers and chocolate. Desperate bitch neh? I know but a girl gotta do what a girl gotta do. I'm lonely without him. I messed up, broke the trust but I'm willing to make up for my mistakes.

I'm delivering the flowers myself, I checked with Dina he told me he is working in the restaurant today. Now I'm praying he is not too busy.

Luckily I spot the manager as I walk in, so I make my way to him.

"Hi manager" I say.

He smile, "Good morning Zethu"

Oh wow! He knows my name. I'm so terrible I can't remember his name but we've chat a numerous times in the past.

"I'm looking for Mr Tyson Givanston" I say.

He chuckles, at the formality I guess.

"He is in his office, I'm sure you still know your way there" he say.

Of course, I stride with a bunch of flowers on my arm and box of

chocolate in my hand. Because I'm Zethu Biyela, sometimes my head don't work. I don't do what normal people do. Like now I just pushed his office door and let myself in without knocking.

Guess what I walked on? A girl sitting with her skinny leg on his desk.

I stand, debating what to do next. Should I deal with this bitch or leave?

No let me leave, he is not my man remember.

"Zethu" he call as I exit the door.

I close it the way I found it and make my way out of the restaurant. People often think I don't care about anything. If I didn't care about anything I wouldn't be hurting right now.

He has moved on. That's why he never responded to my messages. Now I'm more like a nagging ex-girlfriend. I thought he was waiting for me to show remorse and reach out.

I was wrong, he is done. No matter how stubborn I am this I have to accept and swallow the lump forming in my throat. I've been sending him messages morning to night, he responded to none. He was busy with his new girlfriend.

My lost.

I bump to a girl minding her own business and stop her.

"Do you like flowers?" I ask her.

With confusion she say yes.

"It's your lucky day" I say giving them to her together with chocolate.

She exclaim, "Wow, why?"

"Long story girl, enjoy the chocolate"

She make a pity face, "Date gone wrong? Oh no phephisa"

Really girl?

I smile, "Thanks, bye"

With flowers and chocolate gone I feel less disappointed and embarrassed. I make my way to Sena's house. I need to offload a little bit.

She is on her way out, judging by high pointy heels.

"Gosh I have an appointment. Why are you here?"

I sigh and throw my bag on the table.

"Life sucks"

"What's up?" she say chewing a slice of orange like it's the end of the world.

"Tyson has moved on"

"Good for him"

"What's good? He is my man"

She chuckles, "Come on, you should be happy for him. You've hurt that guy more than enough. First you accepted his marriage proposal then called it off out of the blue. Secondly and for the most you cheated on the guy, made sextapes and chose another guy over him. Now that the guy is dead you want him back"

"That's not true, I love Tyson. I was hurting, Mhlengi came on the right time and knew exactly which buttons to press"

"And the girl Tyson moved on to also came on the right time"

Fuck her.

What happened to sisterhood? She is

supposed to take my side.

She roll her eyes, "Okay fine. What do you want us to do? Break them up or kill the girl?"

"Really now?"

"Okay do you want me to hug you?" she ask.

"Hell no"

She laugh, "Oh sweet little sister, broken hearted girl. Single diva come here"

She put her arms around me tightly. I push her off.

"Geez don't hug me" I say.

"Must I pour you a glass of wine?"

I look at her deadly, "What am I? A single drunkard?"

"Your words, not mine"

I breath out, "What am I going to do? I

want him back"

"You want my advice?" she ask.

"Why else would I be here?"

Like duh!

"Get a tattoo with his name"

I knew a dumb advice was coming. How is a tattoo going to get him back?

"Your advice sucks"

"Pshhh suit yourself"

I smile, "You know there are big things that's going to happen in my life, huge things"

"Like what? Going to varsity and mingling with other students?"

No, things like umemulo. You girls have been popping babies, you will never experience it. I wonder if they will be able to handle that.

"You will see" I say.

"Yeah right, I'm leaving now"

I sit on the chair, "Go"

"I don't trust you alone in my house"

I laugh, "Then you are staying with me"

"No"

I shrug my shoulders, "Bye then"

"My bedroom is a no-go" she say emphasizing with her eyes.

"I respect Lwazi and I definitely don't want to bump on his underwears"

"Don't wet my cushions with the Tyson cry"

Who said I'm staying to cry? I just need to be alone, in a peaceful place.

"Can you go already?" I say.

"Another thing, when Quinton come back from school give him tuna rice

salad"

She is a chancer.

"Who said I'm staying till past twelve?"  
I ask.

"Come on, you will be here wasting my  
electricity and booze.It's the least you  
could do for me"

Sigh.

"Where is the food?"

She pull her weave off the neck,

"Umhhh..You will cook it"

Bitch are you kidding me?

"Sena I'm heartbroken.I want to eat,  
drink and listen to sad songs"

"I'm asking a favour alright"

God why did I come here?

I download Kenny G and listen through  
headsets while lying on the couch with  
my feet up.

"I LIE HALF AWAKE, LATE AT NIGHT  
I REACH OUT TO TOUCH YOU  
FEEL YOU BY MY SIDE  
AND I REACH, AND I REACH  
BUT I NEVER GET TO FEEL YOU  
WILL I EVER GET TO FEEL YOU  
AGAIN, AGAIN"

The lyrics speak everything that's in my heart. One more time, that's all I need. Another chance to take him in my arms.

Music eventually drive me to sleep. I'm woken by little hands slapping my cheek.

At first I'm like what's the heck? Where am I?

Then I open my eyes and find Quinton smiling at me.

"Zethu"

Gosh he have no manners!

"I'm a mother to you" I tell him  
stretching myself.

He is happy, he doesn't care about that.

"Do you want to see my new electric  
car?" he ask cheerful.

"No"

"No you want to, come"

Jesus Christ he is just like his mother. I  
said no for crying out loud.

"I will see it later, okay nana"

He pout his lips.

"Are you hungry?" I ask.

He nod his head.

"Your mother said you will eat tuna  
rice salad, sit here and wait"

"I don't want that" he say raising his  
nose.

"You want a burger?"

"No"

"A pizza?"

"No"

"A sandwich?"

"No"

Hhaybo this child!!!

"Danone?"

"No"

I fold my arms and exhale, "Quinton Madlala what would you like to eat sir?"

"I want a fried triangle egg"

I haven't seen anything like that, even on 7de Laan.

"Where does your mother buy triangular eggs?" I ask.

"She cook the round egg and then cut it in a triangle"

My mom was right, I'm not ready to

have kids. How does it change the taste when it's cut in shapes?

I make his egg and cut a triangle piece. It's not much of a job except that it's annoying. Like what's the heck am I doing?

"This is not my fork"

I let out a huge sigh, "Go fetch yours because I don't know any fuck around here"

He laugh, "Okay"

He eat and finish then look at me. I feel the need to sigh for whatever he is about to want.

"You asked me if I want a burger, I want it"

"But you just ate" I say.

"I'm not full"

I put him in his Adidas tracksuit and

sneakers. This is it, I'm driving him to his father. Sena didn't hire me to be sent around by her troublesome boy, she said she is asking a favour. I regret coming here in the first place.

I drive to Steers and buy him a burger then go to Lwazi's workplace.

"You are going to your father till your mama comes back, okay"

He don't say anything, his attention is on his burger.

He know this place very well, as soon he get off the car he run to the entrance. I find him already sitting on his father's lap.

"Good day" I greet.

"Hey, what happened?"

I sink on the guest's chair, "Your son is a piece of work. Like I can't deal I just

broke up with my boyfriend"

"Just broke up?" he ask.

"Whatever, but my heart is broken and now I have to make rectangular eggs"

He laugh, "You should take him for a week, he will teach you patience"

"Oh spare me"

He put him down, "Go take a cold drink for Mah Zethu"

"Where? I don't know any fuck around here"

I cough, so hard and so loud.

"In the bar fridge" Lwazi say in a defeated voice.

"Oh my Gee I said that mistakenly" I say apologetically.

I can't believe he recorded that and waited to say it right now, at the wrong time.

"Come on Zethu you know how kids are" he say clearly frustrated.

"No I don't, I just thought they are stupid little human beings who can't look after themselves"

He run his fingers on his forehead,

"Don't make me laugh, I need to be serious"

Quinton come back, Lwazi orders him to sit next to me. He is such a motivational speaker, he didn't need two page speech to address this little issue. He keep going on and on, I swear I feel like I'm in a TD Jakes show.

"I need to go, I will call Sena and tell her I dropped Quinton here" I say rising up to go.

He clear his throat, "Owkay..umhhh no problem"

I walk past the bathroom sign and remember I'm pressed.

"Oops" I say bumping to someone opening door from inside.

Are you fuckin kidding me???

"What are you doing here?" I ask.

She smile, "Cleaning myself up"

I can see how crazy the weave look, but bitch explain yourself.

"You left me in your house to take care of your kid so that you can come and have sex with Lwazi all day? Are you fuckin' serious right now?"

"Relax, it's not like you had somewhere important to go. How do my eyes look?"

"Like you've been fucking what do you think"

She laugh, "Oh I'm tired"

I can just punch the hoeness out of her. She is one selfish human being. But I'm grateful to my intelligence, I brought Quinton to the office so whatever they were doing ends. And it ends now.

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Phindile rush to me when I walk through the door.

"Thanks God" she say.

She look ready for work. She have crazy working hours. I don't why she is not taking a break and focusing on her schoolwork. Her brother is back now I frown, "Why are you so happy to see me home?"

She glance back,

"He is here" she whispers.

"Who? Michael Ealy" I ask whispering back.

"No your..."

Oh-O!!!!!!

Phindile clear her throat, "I'm grabbing my bag and going to work"

"I've been waiting since morning" he say standing by the counter.

I wasn't expecting to see him anytime soon. I just stand grounded to where I am.

"It's not what you thought it was" he say.

I'm not sure what he is talking about. What is not what it was?

"She is helping me with shopping, she is Zulu. She knows what to buy and not" Maybe I really should go back to school. Is it me or English?

He can read my silence, "Your father want me to do a traditional shopping for you or break up with you officially"  
Muzi Biyela!!

"I'm so sorry, I didn't know he would pressure you"

I don't know what Tyson did to my father, he strongly dislike him and he is going to do everything in his power to make this relationship hard and beneficiary. Even Zulu boyfriends didn't do all these things he is making him do.

"It's okay" he say.

He is not okay, I can see it in his eyes.

"Where are my flowers?" he ask with a single line of a smile.

Now this is embarrassing. What was I thinking buying him flowers?

"Who said they were yours?"

He shrug his shoulders.

Phindile walk past us, "See you guys"

"Work well" Tyson say.

I watch her until she close the door  
then I breath out and look at him.

His eyes are fixed on me, not even a  
blink can take them away.

"I got your messages, they were  
beautiful, thank you"

"But you never replied?" I say.

"I didn't know what to say"

"There are emojis"

He chuckles, "That's rudeness on its  
highest level"

Like ignoring me is not rudeness.

"Thanks for paying my Dad on my  
behalf, even though you shouldn't  
have.I appreciate it, I have my cars

back"

"He is not happy about it"

Is he ever happy with anything about him? Definitely no. He only like Lwazi, the rest he just tolerate.

"I miss you" I say in a controlled voice. I could've sounded worse than an old stereo.

"I miss you too"

He say these words and I find myself wrapped in his arms. It feels like home.

"Queen"

"Baby"

He breath over my shoulder, "Please marry me"

"Tyson we are still trying to work things out"

I mean we are not even together, like together-together.

"Ngiyacela"

Oh my Gee! He switch to my language to make me weak.

"Fine, but not this year. We can plan for next year"

This year I have big things happening, like umemulo so I can't squeeze things. Each deserve it's own spotlight.

"I can wait, but please put this on" he take out the ring.

He found it! How?

Chapter Two-Hundred & Twenty  
Zanda Dlamini

.

I know I'm a bit annoying right now. I'm following him around like a little puppy. The doctor told me to take care of him and that's exactly what I'm

doing.

When he go to the loo I stand by the door waiting for him to finish. When he walk down the steps I walk close behind him just in case he miss the step and fall.

Annoying? I know I just can't help it. I also can't help the concerned expression on my face when he pick up Leano.

"Are you being serious?" he ask with a pissed-off face.

"I'm just..." I actually don't know how to put it. I'm worried he might collapse again, with my son on his arm.

"I'm fine Zanda, I won't drop my son" he say and walk away

I need to calm down. It's his second day at home we should not be pissing each

other off.

I follow him, "I'm sorry baby"

"I appreciate you looking after me, I really do. I just don't like how you are treating me now"

I nod, "I understand, I'm a bit annoying"

"No you are not annoying. Come sit next to me"

We haven't talked about what happened, I came home with him after he was discharged. But my bags are still at Mvuse's house.

Other than wanting to be here for Mandla I don't want to get involved in the secrets and bind of lies happening in Mvuse's house.

"So are you moving back to your brother's house?"

It's like he is reading my mind.

"No, I want to stay here with you" I say.

He brush my hand, "Ngiyabonga"

He bring Leano close to his chest, "You guys mean everything to me. You are my strength and source of happiness. If you are here with me I can win every battle, physically and mentally"

I clear my throat, "We need to talk about what happened"

"I apologized, I still do even now. I'm sorry my love"

"Mandla it's not about apology. It's about the root of the issue. The insecurities" I say.

"I know you love me, I trust you very much. You have put up with lot of shit from me..."

I cut him in, "And I tell you everything, I have no secrets"

My conscious give me the side eyes..Did you tell him about the Nkosi guy? About the kiss? What's going to happen when you see him again?

Okay shut up!

"I hate being compared to my sister" I say guilty running through all my veins.

"You are nothing like her"

Nodding my head, "Then why do you keep reflecting me to her?" I ask.

"Sometimes I feel like I can't express my genuine feelings about certain stuff because it will boil down to my past.I didn't want you to go meet with that Nkosi brother, I was scared he will be emotional attached.Time went by I

could see he was getting more and more emotional dependant to you" He is insecure AF but this is how I wanted this to be. Both of us expressing our feelings in the most truthful way. I stay calm.

"So you think I'm going to leave you?" I ask.

"I can't say that's what I'm thinking, rather it's what I worry about. I'm 33 years, you are only 24 years you haven't experienced much. It has been me only, I don't know if I'm doing everything right"

I nod, "Well... Okay"

"Do you ever feel like I'm a barrier?"

I look at him, "No, a barrier from what?"

"The truth is I'm scared of losing you,

but the naked truth is I'm more scared of myself when I lose you"

"Who said I'm going anywhere?" I ask trying my best to stay calm.

"Phumla's death kind of triggered everything back, the past. I've been thinking about every word she said to me after she hurt me beyond repairs. She never apologised nor corrected herself, she stood by her word till death. It cut so deep, I don't trust myself like I used to. I keep asking myself what if she was right and you are just putting up with me because you love me. And then I'd ask myself, for how long?"

I feel like I keep walking the same road and there is no progress.

"You are fine, totally fine,

physically. Your mind is the biggest problem. They say our minds are our biggest enemies, right now you are listening to the inside voices telling you all the negative things that were meant to damage you. Honestly there is no need for you to long for Phumla's apology, just because she never apologised doesn't mean she was not wrong. Stop being too hard on yourself"

He exhale, "How do I forget?"

"By looking at me in the eyes, right now" I say.

"Why?"

I smile and take Leano from him and put him down then hold his hands.

"I discovered that Mvuse and his wife are actually not mourning

appropriately" I say with a huge grin.

"That's terrible"

I have to switch to Sena Mode, I prepare my voice. I need to sound confident.

"I want you to collapse on top of me like you collapsed outside"

You know what, I just want to give myself a huge slap for saying that. It's the dumbest line ever. He was sick for goodness sake!

He is smiling.....?

"Don't play like that, you know how I miss you"

Thank God he didn't find that offensive.

I put my hands around his neck, "I miss slow and deep"

He glance where Leano is then slid his

hand under my legging.

"You have no underwear?" he ask  
running his hands on my skin.

"I forgot to put it on"

He kiss my not-so-flat tummy, "What  
was on your mind that made you  
forget an underwear?"

"You"

He hiss through his teeth and put his  
finger inside my vjay and rub.

"It's been so long babe, I just want to  
take you on right now"

He pull down my legging and part my  
legs with his hands.

"Ride my mouth baby" he kiss the  
upper layer then lie on his back.

He hold my behind and disappear  
between my thighs. The sensation he  
give with with his mouth make me

want to scream, I feel like my body is going to break into pieces. It doesn't matter, in order for this to continue I have to contain my screams.

He turn over and pin me on my back. My legs go over his shoulders. There is a way he look at it, inside, before inserting his shaft in. It make me want to give him another baby. He is still licking his lips.

"Deep and slow?" he ask in a shallow rough voice.

"Yes, please"

It's like each thrust he drive in goes through my eyes. He is staring so deep in my eyes. No emotions on his face. Just a hard horny face.

I move up, "Mandla!"

"What baby?"

I hiss, "You are too deep goshhh you are hurting me"

He let down my legs and put his arms around my neck.

"I'm sorry" he decrease the pace.

I hold him tighter, "Baby you are not there"

He go in a few times before I feel him melting inside me.

"Baby please fuck me" I scream desperately, horny and sexually frustrated.

What's the hell? I literally have tears pouring down, my clit is throbbing. I need this sex as in now, fast and furious.

"I will make you cum baby" he say pushing his finger inside me.

A finger? Like for real.

"No I want you"

His breaths escalate, he push it in with his hand but it's too soft it falls down.

"Bare with me baby" that's what he keep saying trying to motivate his fallen hero with his hand

Eventually I go dry and uninterested. He is not winning this battle.

Leano is crying, I push him off and rush to the bathroom.

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We haven't talked. He left the baby crying on bed and went God knows where. He just walked back in now, two hours later.

"Can we talk?" I ask when he walk past us.

"I know what you want to say, I don't want to hear it"

I put Leano down, "I think you need to see a professional person who will help you revive your self esteem and help you open up and heal from your past"

"Okay"

"Mandla!!"

"I heard you, I will go" he say.

"Can you just look at me?"

He doesn't, for some reason he is angry.

I close my eyes and take a deep breath,

"I'm sorry if I did something wrong or said something wrong"

"I got nervous when you said I was hurting you, I'm ashamed to even look at you in the eyes" he say.

"Maybe you should tie a tape around my mouth so that I can't speak"

Did just Zanda say that? That's what he is asking himself.

"I think it could work because you are going to go dololo every time I say something that sounds judgemental when we make sex. Just like men we also want to reach our breaking point, if not we get irritated and angry" I tell him.

"I don't know Zanda, you've been through a lot. I don't want to trigger those memories where you didn't have a voice in such situations"

I understand his point of view, it could open old wounds but I want to take that chance. This is about him gaining his confidence back and sexual

authority is just a way to go.

"I want to do it" I say.

He scratch his head, "Okay"

I take out my clothes.His eyes pop out.

"You mean now?" he ask.

I smile, "You owe me an orgasm"

"Is it Sena who put you up to this?"

I laugh, "Poor Sena, always a suspect"

"My Zanda don't think dirty"

"Except when she is dickfrustrated" I say.

He unbutton his shirt, "Is that a word?"

I don't want you to hang out with the Biyelas anymore"

When he tie my mouth I feel like a loose pornstar.

"I can't kiss your lips, fuck!"

I want to tell him to kiss my "other lips" but I can't.He is the one in charge,

instead of kissing my paradise he stick his fingers inside and press his thumb on my clit.

This is what I ordered so I must deal with the bill that comes.He is deep, too deep but this is what I wanted.He is in charge and enjoying it, even Zungu is still standing up against all odds.

## Chapter 221

Simtho Biyela

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The reason I didn't go shopping with my sisters for Sena's upcoming baby is because I wanted to chill with Junior, watch movies and play videogames.

It's Saturday good people, the day of the week when everyone do what they like.No work.No meetings.No annoying

boyfriend calling you for unknown emergencies. It's supposed to be chillas.

Phone rings again.

Junior huffs in annoyance, "Biyo your phone is disturbing, I'm trying to watch"

I sigh, "It's your annoying Dad"

I answer it and walk out.

"Baby you need to come, I can't get hold of any of your sisters"

He just doesn't give up. I don't even know why he want me to come to Thapelo's house, he knows I planned to stay indoors the whole day today.

"Okay give me twenty minutes, but you owe me for this" I say.

"Whatever it is I will do it, I will even buy you a new wig"

"Yeah right" I drop him and walk back to Junior.

"I'm going to your Dad at Thapelo's house"

He look at me, "Oh wow! Okay, go well"  
He look excited to have me me gone, like he can't even wait for me to walk out the door.

"I hope you are going to be fine alone"  
I say with a fixed stare.

"I will be fine, I mean nobody can get in the house without my permission"

"Don't drink what you shouldn't drink, don't break anything..."

He laugh, "I know, I will behave"

"What is making you happy?"

"I'm going to watch the movie in peace"

Oh wow! I'm raising him for goodness

sake, I'm his mother.

"Am I annoying?" I ask.

"Yes"

My mouth opens in shock.

He laugh, "But I love you more than more than any woman in this planet"

"Whatever, you said I'm annoying. You are an ungrateful brat, I was quiet throughout the first movie"

I leave him laughing his heart out. I sacrificed this day to spend it with him. We watched the first movie I was quiet. I only started talking when the second movie started and that was because there was a female character who looked ugly.

Am I annoying for throwing a few shades at her and saying what should and shouldn't happen?

He doesn't even notice when I tell him I'm leaving. I get in my car and drive to Thapelo's house.

I'm welcomed by a loud cry from the door. It's baby Phakade. Thapelo is topless, he is pacing up and down shushing him on his chest.

There is no need for me to greet, he won't hear me anyway. I just wave my hand.

Don appears out of nowhere, "Thank God"

"What's up?" I ask.

He point at Thapelo, "He don't know what to do"

Oh Ziphe went home, no wonder Phakade is crying like this.

"Where is his milk?" I ask.

"He don't want it"

So this is why I'm here, to help with a baby Thapelo agreed to look after. Everyone knows I never got to hold my baby, I have no idea how to look after a baby. I only play with my nieces/nephews when they are happy. I have no idea what to do with an angry baby.

I take him from Thapelo, "How long has he been crying like this?"

"Since I started calling you" Don say. He started calling about an hour ago, which means this baby has been crying all along.

"Here is the milk, I need to go shower" Thapelo say handing me the bottle.

"Is this breastmilk?" I ask.

"Yes"

Geez! I hate pumped breastmilk.

And the father disappears without teaching me how to feed him. You know babies have positions they like to eat in.

I sit on the chair and put him on my left arm then push the bottle in his mouth. He push the tit out with his tongue and start crying.

I look at Don, "Do you want to try?"

"No, I've been trying I'm tired"

Gosh!!!!

"Phakade suck" I say pushing the tit in his mouth by force.

It seems like I angered him even more. I have to get up on my feet and pace around like Thapelo.

If I knew I wouldn't have answered my phone. This will be the worst Saturday ever.

"Can you call Ziphe and ask her to come back now?" I ask Don.

"It's her day-off, she will be angry at Thapelo for failing to look after his own baby"

There is no day-off, this is not government job it's motherhood. Once you are in it's a daily job so I don't understand how she take a "day-off". I take his bottle and walk out to the balcony. He slow down on crying and start looking around. I wait until he is calm then start feeding him.

"Oh wow!" Don say behind me.

I turn my head and look at him, "I can't believe you, you know I left Junior alone"

"I had no choice, Phakade doesn't like strange houses we couldn't come over"

he say.

"He have so many terms and conditions"

He lean over and look at him, "I still can't get over how he look like Thapelo, everything is just a duplicate"

"Just like you and Junior" I say.

"Now I want one that is going look like you"

I laugh, "Are you kidding me?"

"No, I really want a baby with you"

"If you like it put a ring on it" I say.

Pity I can't show him my left hand because I'm supporting Phakade with it.

"Like you'd agree"

He is right, I don't want to be married yet. Life is too good, I'm enjoying mjolo very well.

"I'm trying to say I want no babies yet"

He chuckles, "Okay, but you are good with him. You can make a great mother"

"When Junior turn sixteen we will give him a subling, okay?"

"Sixteen? You are kidding"

I'm not kidding, I still have fears. I'd rather not get pregnant than to be pregnant and give birth for soil. I felt her kicking, I would touched my tummy everytime she does. I didn't know that was the only interaction I would ever make with her, the closest we could only be.

"Biyo don't" he say.

I snap out and wipe the single tear that had fallen. He plant a kiss on my

shoulder and brush my head.

"You are strong, I'm proud of you. Don't cry, she is okay where she is"

I nod, "Thanks"

Thapelo walk out looking refreshed.

"Simtho you are everything to me"

Don shoot daggers at him, "You are going off the trail, she is mine"

"I'm serious, I didn't know what to do. Do you mind fixing something for us to eat?"

Don chuckles, "Do I look like your maid?"

"I don't have a maid, I have a wife"

"Then you will wait for her to come back, I'm not cooking for you"

"Then we are going to the restaurant I'm hungry, there is no cooked food in this house"

I heard restaurant and food and immediately adored Thapelo.

"That sounds like a great plan, I'm also hungry" I say.

"There was food at home" Don say in a disproving tone.

To me food is food because there is piece of meat in it. Not boiled meat with no spices, I'm talking about delicious meat.

I ignore him and suggest the nearest restaurant to Thapelo. It's just ten minutes away, there is no need for bags. We will just go eat and come back, it won't take that long.

"I will sit and watch TV, I'm not hungry" Don say in a bored voice. Well we are hungry. We leave him watching TV and go.

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I point the empty table, "Let's go there"  
The waitress come and ask if we would like anything to drink and start on with her specials.

"You are paying right?" I ask Thapelo.

"Yeah"

I look at the waitress, "Can I have half chicken and rib combo, chips and mushroom sauce?"

"Are you kidding?" Thapelo hiss.

I look at him, "Come on, it's me and Don"

"He stayed behind because he was not hungry"

Oh my Junior!

I turn to the waitress, "I saw a piece of toffee dessert...?"

"Yes, you get half portion for R40"

"And full portion?"

Thapelo clear his throat. Bathong! This is the least he could do for me, I was looking after his wife in primary school.

"R60, it's on discount" she say.

"Add it for me, I will have it at home with my boy"

Thapelo orders a light meal, mini steak egg and chips. Phakade has woken up, he is staring at his father's face like it's the strangest thing he has ever seen.

"He look at you like this all the times?"

I ask in amazement.

"No, I think he is not happy"

He mustn't dare pull one of his screaming stunts, better when we are done eating.

"Give him his bottle" I say.

"This is the last bottle, I don't know when Ziphe is coming back so it's better to save it"

Ziphe is dumb. She knew she was going home, why she didn't pump 4litre milk if she knew she was coming back late? And I don't know why we can't call her and tell her to come back.

"Call her" I say.

"No, I don't want her to worry"

Oh right! It's us who must worry.

His phone ring.

"It's her" he tell me then answer it.

"Hey my love...umhhh yes I remembered...jah jah I'm on my way there...eish babe I will call you back, there is traffic...ya I will"

He end the call, he have the faintest

look on his face.

"Where is the traffic?" I ask curiously.

"We have to go"

"No"

"Phakade's music class is starting in ten minutes, I completely forgot"

Is he kidding me?

"He doesn't even know what class is. He won't know he didn't go, so will Ziphe"

He stand up, "Ziphe want pictures, you won't understand how crazy she is about these classes"

"What about our food?" I ask.

"We will take takeaways"

My stomach heard that very well, it groans in protest. But what could I say, Thapelo is already speaking to the waitress and explaining.

He walk back to me and ask me to hold Phakade.He go back to the counter, they have packed food in brown paperbags.

He is freaking out, as if Ziphe is going to squeeze his balls again.He call Don to meet us there.

"I can't believe I nearly forgot.Ziphe think we are already there"

I lean back on the seat, "I can't believe I'm going to die of hunger"

"I'm sorry"

Argh! He must save his sorry.All I want is to get there and be done with this stupid class and eat.

To help my mood get worse the Mighty Phakade decide to fart, loud and continuously.

"Gosh!!" I close my nose.

Thapelo chuckles, "Stop with the drama, it doesn't smell"

He is his father, he is probably used to it.

"Does your car smell like rotten egg everytime?" I ask through pressed nose.

"Whatever all babies fart, give my son a break" he say laughing.

This is not funny at all. Worse Phakade haven't stopped. It's like he is starting with his music lessons already, making beats with his ass.

"Go boy" he say pleased.

They need to take this baby to the doctor. This can't be normal. I can't wait to get out of this car.

We find Don waiting for us by the entrance. We are late, very late.

A white lady come to us with a big smile.

"Is this Phakhade Mokhoena?" she ask.

"Yes"

She lead us to an open room where other students are. Phakade is the only black baby, the rest are white. Some are crawling, some are walking like ducks, some are sitting. All of them are making noise.

I'm not sure my head will be able to handle this.

The lady show us where to sit then bring toy music equipments. There is a small piano, drums, small microphones and saxophone or whatever this is.

There is no class, there are babies slamming drums and banging pianos with microphones. Some are crying,

some are screaming.

Thapelo is trying to help Phakade with a piano but he is having none of it, he want to bang it with a stick.

"Lord!!!!" Don say burying his head with his hands.

I feel exactly like him. I have my hand against my cheek, this day couldn't get any worse.

Oh Jeremiah! The lady start clapping and singing for them.

"Sing with me" she say directing to us, parents.

I don't know the song she is singing, I just open my mouth when they open theirs and close it when they do. My stomach is singing along.

Right now I wish I went shopping with my sisters. I hate Don for calling me to

Thapelo's house.

Thirty minutes later the class is dismissed, now the parents are discussing what an amazing class it was.

"Do you have painkillers in your car?"

Don ask Thapelo as we walk out.

"No, that time I have a killer headache"

I laugh, "Go boy!"

When we get in the car I take my food and start eating.

"Now I'm eating cold chicken because of you Phakade"

Thapelo is not talking, the class took all the energy.

"Put on some music, gqomunyana" I tease him.

"If I hear any more noise I would die"

We get to the house before Don. He ask

me to look after Phakade while he eat.

"He is smelling" I tell him.

"Don't tell me he has pooped" he is already defeated.

"I'm afraid he has"

He stop eating and exhale, "Really now Phakade?"

"Go boy!" I say giving him.

He disappear in the next bedroom with Phakade's bag.I take a plate and put the chicken I left for Don and warm it.

Time goes, Phakade start crying.His milk has finished.Don has tried feeding him chicken, he spat it out.I think it's time we call Ziphe and check where she is.

"Who are you calling?" Don ask.

"Ziphe"

This time Thapelo doesn't protest.He is

also tired.

"Hey sis" she answers.

"Hey where are you? Phakade is crying, the milk has finished"

"You are in my house?"

How else would I know? Duh.

"Obviously"

"I think I will be there in thirty-five minutes"

Thirty-five minutes? Kill me again.

"He is crying Ziphe, drive fast. Overtake and cross red robots if you have to"

"No don't do crazy shit baby"

I stick my tongue to him, "Do it Ziphe, we will bribe the cops if you get caught"

"Is that him crying?" she ask.

"Yes, he started two hours ago" I lie.

"Oh my gosh!" I hear her exclaim.

"Drive"

"Please strap him on your back, he will calm down"

"I'm wearing heels" I say.

"Please"

"Okay"

She drop the call.I can sense the worry in her voice.This will teach her a lesson.

I turn to them, "She say if someone strap him on the back he will calm down"

"Not me" Don say.

"Not me either" I say after him.

"You guys are helpless, I have a huge chest the blanket won't even close"

Yeah he is right, plus he will look weird with a baby on his back.But I'm also thick.

I look at Don, "You are the perfect candidate"

"No ways"

"Please brother" Thapelo beg.

He have no choice but to agree,

Phakade is not stopping. We put

Phakade on his back and strap him with a light blanket.

"Pace around" I say.

He look at me deadly, "Why didn't you put him on your back and paced around?"

I suppress my laughter, "Babe pace around, he is gonna start crying"

Indeed Mighty Phakade start crying. He start moving around shushing him, I break out laughing.

I take my phone and take

pictures. Junior need to see this good

mother.

"Thapelo you owe me bruh" he say  
irritated and walk away.

Thapelo sigh and sit on the chair,

"What a day!"

"It's what you get for hating condoms"  
Little sister took my advice, she arrives  
in less than thirty minutes.

"Where is he?" that's the first thing she  
ask.

"He is sleeping, thanks to me" Don say.  
She put a tupperware container on the  
table, "I want to see him"

While she go to see Phakade I open the  
container.

"Did Mom bake this for you?"

"Yes, don't touch them" she yell.

She must get serious, I'm taking five  
scones.It's the least she could give me

after what I've done for her.

"Did he enjoy his class?" she ask  
walking back to us.

"He did, we enjoyed it as well. Isn't  
Thapelo?" I say turning to look at him.

"No comment"

I laugh, "Come on guys, we enjoyed.  
Thapelo was even singing alone with  
the teacher"

His wife is pleased, she is smiling.

"We will go together next week" she  
say.

Don laugh, "He was planning the same"

## Chapter 222

Maybe he drank a little bit too much  
last night, his head is pounding. Not  
even Lerato's painkillers could help

him go through his last meeting. He will have to cancel and go home.

"Lerato" he call.

Lerato raise her head, "Love"

Sigh! He hate it when she act like they mean something. They don't. She is his PA, nothing more. Now he regret ever fucking her.

"Cancel my meeting with Mr Mthethwa, we will rearrange next week"

Lerato's face grow with concern, "Your head is still aching?"

"Do that Lerato" he say.

He is still her boss, she quickly go over the phone. Mvuse get up and gather his belongings. He feel like the world is placed on his shoulders. In a few weeks he is supposed to go to Eshowe to

demand Zanda's damages.Maybe if Phumla was here she would've convinced their aunt otherwise.But she is gone, sooner than he expected.Just like that God has taken another loved one from him.

He long for comfort.Fikile's comfort to be precise, but she is taken.TAKEN.He will never get to lie next to her again.He was once her 'all'.She gave her all to him, she loved him.

Why did he not realise the need for her love while it was there?

She is pregnant.He got the confirmation from his sources.Among other things that stress his life right now this made him go drink his night away last night.He can't bear the news.The rural guy got her.

"You are leaving?"

He turn his head and look at her, "Yes I'm leaving Lerato"

She run her hand on her showing cleavage and bite her lower lip.

"I thought I could help release the headache just a little bit" she say seductively.

He pick his blazer and bag, "Clear my morning tomorrow, I will come in late"

"Is there a crisis at home?"

She would love that, wouldn't she?

"No, I'm taking MY WIFE out for breakfast and spa treatment" he say deliberately hurting her feelings then walk out.

His wife!!!!

He know he is a bad husband, it bothers him at times.Siza has been

nothing but a faithful loving wife any man could wish for. Even today morning she didn't bother him with questions as to where he was all night. She asked how he was and got his breakfast and clothes ready. This is why she chose her over Fikile. Fikile was controlling.

He should do something nice for her. Breakfast and spa treatment idea is not bad. Women like being taken out. He drive home and find Siza on the couch glued to her phone. He greet her with a kiss at the back of the neck.

"Oooh baby!"

She didn't expect him this soon. She is surprised and little bit annoyed.

"How are you?" Mvuse ask.

"I'm fine, and you? Why are you back

so early?"

He sit next to her, "I had a terrible headache"

Typical just like any other woman Siza offer to get him painkillers.

"Lerato fed me three of them, I'm good" he say and guilt quickly run up his chest.

"Oh thank her for me" Siza say.

Lerato is Siza's cousin. She was hired because Siza wanted someone close to work with Mvuse. She don't trust anyone, especially after what Mvuse did with Fikile. At least she know he won't sleep with someone close to her. Pity because what happens behind closed office doors remain behind doors.

She put her hand at the side of his head

"You are not hot" she say relief written all over her face.

Mvuse trap her hand there, "Thanks for caring"

"I'm your wife"

He pull her closer to him, "I miss you"

"You are the one who is never home, I'm always here waiting for you to come home"

"I'm home now" he say looking at her in the eyes.

Siza clear her throat, "You should eat and lie down baby"

He grab her butt, "I will eat"

"I'm not in the mood Mvuselelo"

"Come on, I haven't fucked you in three weeks"

Siza throw back her braids, "We are mourning, remember"

"Fuck that, I want you"

Guilt devours her. She can't deprive him his cake, it's within his right to enjoy it when he want to.

She close her eyes and kiss his lips. They are soft and cold. She instantly realise how she has missed his touch, significantly.

She unbuckle his belt with one hand while massaging his chest with another. He kick his shoes off and help her get off his pant.

Siza get off her dress and kneel before him. He lean back and spread his legs. He is ready for the usual, the handjob. But something else happens. It shock him to the core.

"Siza what are you doing?" he ask his head popped foward.

Siza pauses, "I'm sucking your dick"  
Mvuse is thrown back, he is trying to make sense to the sudden change. But his mind can't make sense because his senses are in a cloud of tingling pleasure brought by Siza's hunting tongue. She have a moment of pressing her tongue exactly on the tip while massaging his balls.

"Ohhh my love" he cry in pleasure polishing her head.

She suck harder, grasping his shaft with her lips and throwing it deep in her throat. He feel his body deserting the world of living, he enters planet Mars. He pull her closer while pushing his shaft deeper in her throat. He shoot his fluid right inside her mouth. Siza who is still gaping for air feel the taste

of unpleasantness in her mouth, everything in her stomach turns. He was not supposed to shoot in her mouth. Dre never do that.

"I'm sorry" she hear that behind her when she slam the bathroom door closed.

Mvuse rush to the kitchen naked and pour water in a glass and follow Siza.

"Drink here" he hand her a glass of water.

While she drinks he get a saviette and wipe her.

"I will wash my face" Siza say walking toward the sink.

He follow her and stand behind. The position is just too right. He pull her a little bit backwards. His front collides with her behind.

"Let's finish baby" he say inserting his shaft slowly.

She is not that wet so it's a little bit harder but he keep pushing.

"Mvuse I don't like this position" Siza complain like she always do when they do doggstyle.

Mvuse put his focus on thrusting, they are watching themselves in the mirror infront of them.

"You are hurting me" Siza say moving closer to the sink.

Mvuse's shaft slip out, he follow her furiously and shove it inside.Siza move again, he grab her breast and squeeze it.

"Don't move" he say through his teeth. Siza bend her knees, "Mvuse I don't want this position let's go to the

bedroom"

Mvuse is too turned on to listen to anything. He push it inside again, she has got a little bit dry thus getting inside is a little bit of a struggle.

"Siza please allow me to do this, you are so tight right now" he say breathing heavily behind her.

"Baby you are not in the right..."

She is shut up by rapid thrusts. Like a machine Mvuse keep thrusting fast, keeping only two seconds space in between his moves.

Then his thrusts get deeper and slower, the grip around her waist tightens. The last thrust is accompanied by a bull groan that shatters the ceiling.

"I love you Siza" he say resting his

head on her back.

He pull out.Surprisingly even pulling out is a bit of a struggle.He raise his head and look at his tool.

"Siza this is not..." he run out of words.

Siza limp and stand across the wall.

"I went through your asshole" he say shocked and confused.

"I tried to tell you"

Mvuse look at her with a big frown on his face.

"This is the first time Siza" he say.

Siza open her mouth to speak but words fail her.

"Who opened you?" he ask.

"I..I don't know Mvuse"

He feel anger rising through all his veins.He walk closer to her and grab her arm.

"Who did this to you?"

"No one" she say in a trembling voice.

"Don't make me a fool.I've never fucked you behind, you were intact" he roars.

"I'm telling the truth"

She say in the most convincing voice but her face sell her out.Lying is not in her genes.By blinking a couple of times and failing to keep eye contact Mvuse realise something happened.She has been doing this, for a long time it seems like.

"Who is he?" he ask.

Siza keep quiet.

One clap is enough to get her on the floor where she cover herself with her arms and start apologising.

"Talk damnit!!!!" Mvuse roars.

Siza's face get to meet Mvuse's knee. She feel her cheekbones shifting. He pull her up by her throat and press her against the wall.

"Talk bitch, who is he?"

"It's Dre"

She was hoping if she tell the truth Mvuse will let go, but opposite happens. He tighten the grip on her neck and push her head, slamming it against the wall several times.

He only let go when he see her struggling to breath.

"Who the fuck is Dre?" he ask.

She is still trying to catch her breath, her head is also aching unbearably.

"You are cheating on me Siza?"

He is still in disbelief. He turn her head to his face.

"Why?" he ask.

When he get no reply he pull her by braids.

"I'm asking you a question or you want me to call your family and tell them"

"No no please, I will talk" she plead through tears.

"I'm waiting"

"I was lonely, he was here fixing the gyser then one thing led to another"

Mvuse loosen the grip, "Where did one thing lead to another?"

"Here"

Oh she didn't!

If she doesn't scream for help now he is going to kill her, the thought crosses her mind.

"HELP HELP!!!!"

"Shut the fuck up" he silence her with

his hand.

He wait a few minutes then throw her on the floor.

"Take a bath and come fix me something to eat.You have fifteen minutes" he say and walk out.

She have so many ideas.Police,family,friends or Dre.One call, they will be all here.But she can't, Mvuse is in the next room.Her phone is probably in his hands being paged right now.

She want to look at her face in the mirror but she is scared of what she might see.She can feel her left eye getting heavier, eyelids closing up.Her head is pounding, she can't even keep her neck up straight.

There is no time for lotioning, she put

a gown on and walk out.

His eyes pierce through her. There is nothing in them but anger and hatred.

"You were not my only option, you know that" he say.

Yes she was not, she saw that through his actions. He never treated her like "the only girl in the world", but that's okay. He married her, he chose her over other 'options'.

He click his tongue, "Leave it, I don't want anything cooked by you"

Siza let go of tomatoes in her hand.

"Are you dating this man?" he ask after long silence.

"No"

"You are just fucking? You are fuck buddies?" he ask.

"I'm sorry"

"Sorry won't fix anything. Are you still going to fuck him in my house or you are going to go live with him?"

"I won't fuck him" she say in a tearing voice.

"I'm so disappointed in you, just when I thought I was a bad husband BOOM my wife is two times worse. She fuck a man in my house, they've turned my house into their fuckzone" he say shaking his head in disbelief.

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He watch her sleep at night. Her face is fucked up. She brought out the worst in him. Losing control and aggressiveness is not his style. He is not sure what angers him.

Is it because she betrayed her vows or

it is because now Ciara has learnt Janet's dance moves (figuratively)? He take his phone from the stand and scroll his contacts.He stop on Fikile's number and call her.

It rings unanswered but he doesn't give up.He keep calling and calling.Eventually she answers.

"Fikile it's me"

The other side stay quiet.He check the screen, the call is active.

"It's Mvuselelo.I'm sorry to wake you up at this time, I didn't know who to call.I need someone who can calm me down..."

He pause and sigh.

"My life sucks Fikile, I miss you.I wish I married you when you wanted me to.I'm sorry for....."

She has dropped the call.

He send her a text : \*\*I miss smelling your panties, luckily I still have a few. Hopefully they will calm me down\*\*

He delete it as soon as it delivers.

In the morning Siza fail to get off bed. Headache got worse, her other eye has closed. Every part of her body aches.

"Sizakele" Mvuse call next to the bed.

"Please help me, I need to go to the bathroom"

He take her hand and help her up.

Tears stream down her face, "I'm in pain"

Mvuse exhale, "I called the doctor, he will be here anytime now"

He scoop her up and go to the

bathroom.He watch her until she finished.

"I didn't mean to"

Siza lie down on her pillow, her lower lip is trembling.

"Sorry baby" Mvuse say.

She want to tell him it's okay but speaking fail her.

He kiss her lips, "I didn't mean to hit you like this, you disappointed me so much Siza"

"I'm sorry" she whispers.

Chapter 223

Fikile Biyela

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I wake up to two pairs of half-eyes staring at me.

"Hey"

"Hey babe" he say shifting his eyes away.

I hope he wasn't planning my murder in his head. I'm not a likeable person lately, or must I say I'm not a liking person. I find little reasons to snap at people.

Last night I went crazy on him for warming my food. Sometimes I don't find him cute, if it's not his ears pissing me off it's his small eyes. I wanted my chicken cold, you all know how tasty KFC chicken is when it's cold and he warmed it. I was mad. I don't remember talking to him after that.

"Mphazima" I say touching his arm.

"Love"

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean all those

things I said last night. I love you, more than anything in this world"

He lean on the pillow, "I love you too"

"You are handsome, I appreciate everything you do for me. Sometimes hormones screw my head"

He smile, but the smile doesn't reach his eyes.

"I know, your brother told me what to expect"

I can't believe they were gossiping about me. I'm not fucking crazy!

"We were just talking, he didn't mean it in a bad way" he say before I can snap.

My face relaxes, "He talk to you?"

"Yes, he called me yesterday"

Oh wow! I thought Sbu hate him. They never include him in any of their "guy"

gatherings", not that he'd fit in but the gesture would be nice.

"And he was nice?" I ask in amazement.

He nod.

This means my secret is safe with him. I need to buy him a gift. Maybe a pair of red socks.

I'm pressed. I kick off the covers and walk to the bathroom. When I pee it's like I opened a tap or shower, it's embarrassing. After that I wash my face and brush my teeth.

I walk back in the bedroom and find him on my phone. We have same brand of cellphones, but mine is silver grey, his is black.

"Sergeant Nkosi can I see your warrant first" I say grabbing it from his hands.

He was on my e-mails, I shake my head and put my phone under the pillow.

"What were you hoping to find?" I ask sliding in bed.

"Nothing"

Oh it was just invasion for fun.

"Skhumbuzo you can't just page my phone, I never touch your phone without your permission. Respect boundaries"

"Okay"

I look at him, "I'm serious"

He smile, "That make the two of us"

I yawn and pull covers over my head. I hate it when he don't take me serious.

"Do you want food?"

"Who eat at 6am?" I ask.

"You"

Okay he want a fight, I'm not going to

entertain him. I keep quiet and enjoy the warmth of my bed.

"The kids are coming this weekend" he says.

"That's great"

"And my mother"

I pop my head out and look at him.

"What???"

"Nceba will also be here"

"Why can't you do this in your home, in Inkandla?" I ask.

"Nceba is not allowed there"

I exhale, "It will be a long long weekend"

"I have to tell the boys the truth"

I can see how stressed he is about it. I shift closer to him and throw my leg over his thighs.

"They will be fine, they are clever they

will decide what to do.I trust them" I tell him.

He put his arm around my shoulders, "If they want to see her?"

"You will allow them" I say.

"No, I can't Fikile.They are my children"

"She gave birth to them, they deserve closure"

His body tense, "No, they are my children.She don't know them, she never bothered to even call and ask how they are"

"They know that Skhumbuzo"

"I attended Mother's Day in Mfundi's school, he was angry.I was the only man among mothers, I embarrassed him.His friends were laughing at him, he didn't eat for two days"

"You are a good father Skhu, I've never attended those things. My mother always stand in for me on Mother's Day, my father go for Father's Day. Your sons are grown, they see and appreciate your efforts"

He bring my head to his chest and rest his chin on top of it.

"You changed everything in my life"

"For better or for worse?" I ask.

"For both"

Ouch!

"I hope you still love me like before"

"It grow everyday Menziwa, I fall deeper and desperately inlove with you everyday. And I'm going to make sure no one take you away from me"

I smile, "No one will take me away, I'm yours"

"And Apple is mine"

I roll my eyes, "Yes"

"Look at me"

I do. He smiles and kisses my lips.

"You said I'm ugly last night"

Yes I did. He was ugly, but now he is handsome and I want him to fuck me.

I slide my hand inside his boxers and massage his shaft, he is always horny in the mornings.

"Why are you touching my ugly dick?"

I said he was ugly, his face to be precise. I never spoke about his dick. I get on top of him and pull down his boxers.

He tries to touch my boobs and massage me but I was born ready. There is no need for foreplay, his voice is enough to get me wet. I sit on it, he adjusts his

position and hold onto my waist.  
When I ride him he lose all the  
handsomeness, but the stone-face turns  
me even more on.

He start moaning uncontrollably,  
trying to slow me down and  
controlling my moves.

"Fikile slow down" he cry.

I move in circles, rubbing every  
corner. He sit up straight.

"Baby wait"

I push him back, "Enjoy my love"

"Let me get on top"

On top of who? I'm getting tired so I  
need to make this snappy.

"I can't hold anymore Fik...Fikile shit"

His face turn demonic. His eyes roll  
back, all face muscles tense up. I  
actually like seeing this side of him. He

is bare, vulnerable and powerless.

"Fikile what are you doing to me?" he ask with his eyes closed.

I lie next to him catching my breath.

"I was showing you who Apple belongs to"

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I got the "pussy appreciation" breakfast, I deserve a high five. He is running late though, right now he is still looking for a certain file and it's quarter to eight.

"Babe" he kiss my cheek.

"Go"

He take his bag, "You are alright?"

Gosh!!!

"Yes I'm leaving in a few minutes"

He kiss me again and rush out. I clean

the counter and get my lunchtin ready. Around lunchtime at work I'm surprised by my mother. I didn't believe it when they said she is by the reception. Like what got the housewife out of her mansion?

"Mama" I say checking if she is alright.

"Your people didn't even offer me a glass of water"

I laugh and hug her, "This is not a restaurant, you should've went to Sena's work"

"Ay you have no hospitality"

Ncooh Biyela's sweetheart, she is used to special treatments.

"This is a surprise" I say.

"I'm here to take you out for lunch"

I look at her with a funny frown,

"Why?"

"Because it's lunchtime"

"And you travelled all the way from home to take me out for lunch?" I ask.

"Am I not a special mother?"

Of course she is a special mother, it's not even my birthday.

"Okay let me go get my bag" I say and rush inside the office.

My lady here has everything set. The table is booked, food is ordered. I want to ask her why she is nice but I don't want to offend her. My mother is a naturally nice person, but this is EXTRA nice.

"So much food!" I exclaim when the waitress set the table for us.

"You eat double remember"

"No I don't. Is this non-alcoholic?" I ask pointing a bottle of champagne.

"Do I drink alcohol?"

I chuckle, "We can never know, you are full of surprises"

I pick a steak stick and pour hot sauce over it.

"I appreciate you Mom, this taste like heaven" I say chewing and blowing.

"You put too much sauce"

I like it this way. This is better than my lunch in the office, I will throw that chicken in the bin. This restaurant is the best, I should bring Skhumbuzo here some time.

"There is always traffic this side"

And then???

He put his jacket over the chair and sit.

"I'm sorry for being late" he apologise to his wife.

I'm looking at Mom like 'woman are

you kidding me?'

I have no idea how to sit, I need to hide my stomach. She didn't even warn me to put on something big and long.

"How are you my baby?" he ask me.

"I'm good"

"You are eating like you haven't eaten in months" he say.

I cough and pick a glass of champagne.

"See how beautiful this view is"

"It is beautiful"

Damn this woman! If she wanted to hang out with her husband and watch beautiful views she should've kept me out of it.

She glance at me then look at him.

"The reason I called you here my husband is because your daughter here have something to tell you"

Tell me this is a joke. She can't spoil my day like this, actually she is crushing my whole life.

"Okay let's hear it" he says putting his fork on the plate.

I look at Mom and flash a fake, nervous smile.

"Our sales has picked 3%, I also found a new truck driver for our long distance deliveries"

He smiles, "That's great, I'm very proud of you"

"She surely knows how to run a business" Mom says smiling but her smile disappears when she looks at me.

"I trained her well. Sena is business-intelligent too, the only person I'm worried about is Simtholile. She is not interested in anything"

"Zethu and Ziphe?" I ask.

"Ntombizethu is going back to school, she will be fine. Ziphelele is not my business, her husband take care of her, she never ask anything from me"

I look at him with disapproval, "But she is your child"

"She is married"

"Sena is married too" I say.

"It's different"

Alright, I will let this go but I need to have a talk with Ziphe.

I look at Mom, "Did you order dessert?"

"Dessert? It's only lunchtime"

So what? There is no dessert constitution that is stopping us from eating it for lunch.

"I want something sweet" I say.

Dad tap for a waitress, "You deserve anything you want my baby"

"Mhhhh"

Mom!!

I give her a pleading look.

"Must I do this for you?" she ask.

I sigh, "I want to have a peaceful day, please"

"What are you two on about?"

I hold my breath and look at Mom.

She is devil-sent, I wonder why she pray every night. Right now I want to faint so badly.

"You are having another grandchild" she say.

"MaZungu is pregnant again?" he ask, already beaming with joy.

She point at me with her fork, "She is pregnant"

"What???"

How to faint unnaturally? Simtho once fainted in high school, maybe she would've gave me lessons of how to do it. I need temporary unconsciousness.

"You are pregnant?" he ask.

I take a deep breath, "Yes Dad I'm pregnant"

"Why?"

I didn't expect this kind of question. Why did I get pregnant? I don't think there was a reason, I didn't even plan it.

"I don't know" I say.

"This is the third time you are pregnant and don't know"

He is no longer proud of me, he is looking at me like I'm the most stupid daughter in the planet.

He look at Mom, "See what happens when you don't let a child take responsibility"

As much as I hate my mother right now I know this is not her fault.

"Mom didn't do anything" I say.

He glare at me, "She didn't hire a nanny for Simile and sent you back to university one week after giving birth? And what did you do after that? You came back with Kuhle. She did the same thing, she was the one who didn't sleep at night changing nappies. And where were you? Hosting parties in university residence"

"I was young then, I'm an adult now baba. Skhumbuzo is going to marry me, it's different"

"So you got pregnant because you are

going to get married? You are going to get married, you are not married"

I sigh, "I'm sorry"

"Nkosi's boy is disrespecting me, I talked with him. He is disrespecting the whole Biyelas"

I opened my legs willingly, I don't think this is Skhumbuzo's fault either. I was sucking and riding him, sometimes he didn't want to I forced him.

The waitress come with my dessert, blackberry and lemon fool.

"It's mine" I clear in front of me.

"My child take this thing back, eat it if you want it. I will pay"

I look at him, "Dad it's my dessert"

He look at the waitress with fixed eyes,

"Take this thing away"

The girl have no choice but to take it back.I want to cry but I tell myself I'm stronger than this.Skhumbuzo can buy me this whole restaurant.

"I want to go back to work, my lunch is over" I say directing to Mom who came with me here.

"Go, we are still eating" he say.

"Mom???"

She look at her husband then at me,

"Catch a taxi"

Oh wow! I can't believe they are my parents.

I take my bag and walk out.I stand near the pavement tears trolling down and scroll for Skhumbuzo's number.

"Love I'm in the middle of something"

"I want to go to my office, Mom don't want to drive me back" I say sniffing.

"I don't understand, are you not at work?"

Why he is so stupid?

"Skhu I want to go, I don't want to ride in a taxi. My mouth is sour, Dad turned back my dessert. They both hate me, you should've used a condom"

"Where are you right now?" he ask, clearly panicking.

"Outside Jiran"

"Okay find somewhere to sit and stop crying, don't worry"

I wipe the tears and sit on the pavement. Ten minutes later a red Ford Figo stop next to me.

The window roll down, Nqubeko look out at me.

"Hello"

So he sent a hitman to come pick me?

Wow.

I gather myself up and walk to the other side, he open the door.

"Don't mind the mess" he say moving empty energy drinks containers.

"It's fine, thank you"

"I was told to take you to the house and give you this"

It's a whole chocolate cake.I'm a bit offended but this was thoughtful of him.I love him so much.

"Do you have a knife?" I ask.

He frown, "A knife?"

"A knife to cut the cake"

He put his hand inside his jean pocket and come back with a small knife, okapi.

"This is the knife to cut the cake?" I ask.

"It cut everything"

Maybe it cut people's throats too. I give it back to him.

"Don't worry, I will use my hand"

He shrug and put it back in his pocket.

## Chapter 224

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Siza spent the whole day on bed, her phone has been ringing forever. She know it's Dre, he is calling with different numbers. His original one was blocked on that episodic night. She need to recover and make things right with her husband.

When the sun start to set she showers and put make-up on her ugly face. Her left eye is a bit better, although it's still

smaller than the other one and have dark circle around it.

When she hears a knock at the door her stomach turns. Could Dre come uninvited at this time? That could be a big mess because Mvuse is probably on his way back.

When she opens the door she is welcomed by three strange men looking at her.

"Can I help you?" she ask trying not to show them how fearful she is.

"We are here to see your husband" the one who look rather familiar when he speak say.

"He is not home yet"

"We will wait" say the one wearing a white vest and Cutty short.

He don't look friendly, him chewing a

gum like a goat eating grass isn't helping too.

"Please come in" she say gesturing them to follow her.

The other one is Fikile's current bae. Yes, she remembers him very well. He came before Phumla's funeral and looked at Mvuse like he was the tiniest thing on earth.

They fit on one couch. She remain on her feet, she is not sure whether to sit or go call her husband and warn him.

"Can I get you anything to drink?" she ask rubbing her hands on her thighs nervously.

"No, we are fine" Fikile's boyfriend reply.

"I'm not fine, I want juice" the one who has been quiet say.

Fikile's boyfriend look at him, "Why are you here again?"

"To watch the scenario" he say.

The cruel-looking one in a white vest burst out laughing. Even his laugh is scary.

"So it's juice only?" Siza ask.

"Yes" say the quiet one.

As soon as she disappears she take a deep breath and touch her face. They must be wondering what happened to her.

She get a glass of juice and return back to the lounge. The other two are talking and laughing, Fikile's boyfriend look pissed off and angry.

"Thank you" he say taking the juice.

Siza can't help but feel like he spent a few seconds looking at her face so she

immediately excuse herself.

Is that TV they are now playing? Wow they surely know how to make themselves comfortable

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Mvuse walk in his house, paranoia killing him. He is expecting to find Siza with a man or not at home at all. He walk in and check around, he hear men voices coming from the lounge and charge toward them.

"What are you doing in my house?" he ask.

Triple pair of eyes turn and look at him. He recognise Skhumbuzo's face from the day he met with Fikile outside this very same house.

He reconstruct his question, "Can I

help you?"

"They don't greet in this house"

Nqubeko say sizing Mvuse with his eyes.

"Hello can I help you?" Mvuse say.

"You can sit down first, you are standing over our heads right now"

Nqubeko say moving his shoulders up and down.

Now they are telling him what to do in his own house, but he sit without arguing and stare at them the way they are staring at him.

"Ndoda yamadoda" Skhumbuzo greet him.

He nod and look at him questioningly.

"You are calling my woman in the middle of the night"

Mvuse is not sure whether this is a

statement or question.

"Please get straight to the point, I'm tired I've been working all day" he say.

"Uuuuh straight to the point" Nqubeko say laughing.

"Don't talk to me like I'm your wife, I don't care what you've been doing. I want to know what you want from Fikile" Skhumbuzo say getting warmed up.

"I called her, she should be the one asking me this"

Skhumbuzo get up from the couch but Nceba hold him down and ask him to relax.

"You are here to fight me?" Mvuse ask.

"No, he don't fight yellowbones"

Nqubeko say throwing the gum he has been chewing over the TV stand.

"I'm here to collect her stuff, your following action will determine what happens next"

Mvuse pull up his chin, "What stuff?"

"I want her panties back" Skhumbuzo say.

Both Nceba and Nqubeko crack and laugh. This is exactly what they came for, to hear Skhumbuzo demanding Fikile's panties from another man. They didn't think such things happen.

Mvuse realise Skhumbuzo read his text message on Fikile's phone so there is no denying it.

"No, I bought them for her" he refuses. Skhumbuzo get up, this time Nceba don't hold him.

"Let's go talk outside" he tell him.

"I'm not going anywhere"

"I respect women, I'm not going to do this here in front of your swollen wife" he say taking his gun and pointing at him.

He have no choice but to get up and follow him.

"Nkosi watch out don't get a blue-eye too" Nceba say increasing the TV volume.

Outside the house Skhumbuzo stand face to face with Mvuse. He shove the gun back in his waist.

"So you want to fight first?" he ask him.

"No"

He give him one punch, it land right between his eyes.

"You are fighting for a woman?" Mvuse ask rubbing his forehead.

"Yes, I don't fight a woman. I fight for a woman" he say grabbing him by the tie.

He rough him up with his fist a few times and press him against the wall. Mvuse is not fighting back, the only thing stopping him is a gun in Skhumbuzo's waist.

"I want them back" Skhumbuzo say emphasizing with a knee on his testicles.

"Okay okay okay"

He let him go, "Sheshisa wena nja"

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Back inside the house Nceba get up from the couch to go put the glass in the kitchen. Siza is chopping on the counter, now she have a scarf wrapped over her face.

"Thanks for the juice" he say placing the glass next to her.

Siza nod and carry on chopping.

Nceba take a few steps and stop, "What happened?"

"I beg your pardon"

"What happened to your face?" he ask again.

Siza swallow, "I had..we had..they were breaking in..it was house robbery"

Nceba nod, "I see"

He look at her again then walk away.

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Mvuse come back from his car in the garage holding a small black box.He give it to Skhumbuzo.

"They are inside"

No words can describe how hurt he is letting the only reminder he has of

Fikile go.Skhumbuzo has started a war and he is not going to rest until he have Fikile back on his bed.

Skhumbuzo open the box and take them out.

"Keep your box" he say throwing it back to him.

He walk to his car, he don't wait for his brothers.He didn't even invite them to come.

When Nqubeko and Nceba see Mvuse they immediately get up and rush out.They find Skhumbuzo when he is just starting the car.

"Why are you leaving us?" Nqubeko ask fastening his seatbelt.

"Did you get them?" Nceba ask.

He ignore them and drive out.They are finding this whole thing funny but they

hold themselves. Their brother look angrier than before.

Nceba look at Nqubeko at the back, "Find my cellphone on that seat"

Nqubeko search for it with his hand, "Why did you put it here? What if I sat on it?"

His hand grab a soft fabric, he lift up to see what it is and scream.

"Heeeey smakade" he say throwing down the red panty and wiping his hands.

"What is it?" Nceba ask.

"I need a whole 20L of sea water to bath, it's panties"

Nceba collapse on his seat, "It's what?"

"Did MaBiyela wear this brother?"

Nqubeko ask Skhumbuzo.

"Even if she did I don't see a reason

why you are jumping, I will drop you here if you are crazy"

Nceba glance at Nqubeko, "Your 'things' have expired with immediate effect"

"You should've put these things in your pocket. This is unbelievable, I need to go to Shembe's temple"

Nceba is laughing so hard, he have tears in his eyes.

Skhumbuzo stop the car, "You two get off my car"

"Come on I didn't say anything" Nceba say in a pleading voice.

"Get out Nceba" Skhumbuzo say looking at him.

Nceba sigh and open the door. Skhumbuzo turn to look at Nqubeko.

"The only person I beg to do something is Fikile. I'm not going to beg you to get out, I can't shoot you but I can beat you. Nothing can stop me"  
Nqubeko open the car door, "You need to nut"

"Repeat that" Skhumbuzo say to a closing door.

He click his tongue and drive away.

It's dark Nceba is freaking out, Durban is dangerous. He deeply regret laughing at his brother, this was not a joke to him. Fikile means everything to him.

"Do you have your phone with you?" he ask Nqubeko.

He is whistling like nothing is wrong with being stranded on the street at night.

"No"

"How are we going to get to the house?" Nceba ask frustrated.

"We will hijack a car and go"

Nceba chuckles, "That's a bad joke, I want to go home"

It's not a joke at all, Nceba realises this when Nqubeko run in the middle of the road and stop a car that came speeding. The car slow down and stop at the side.

After a moment he whistles for Nceba to come to the car. The driver is an old white man, he look a bit shaken up.

"Hi" Nceba greet.

"Get inside man De Klerk here is rushing" Nqubeko say sliding inside the car.

Nceba is not happy about what happening, the old man look scared,

but they have to get home.He is grateful Nqubeko didn't hijack the car, instead he asked for a lift in whichever way he did.

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In Skhumbuzo's house Fikile has been patiently waiting for Skhumbuzo on bed.No she hasn't been patient, she is actually fuming and pacing around.He is not even answering his phone.

She is ready to bite his head off but when he see him walking in all she do is ask him what happened.She has never seen him this way.

"Baby" she say looking at him walk past him.

"I was held up somewhere"

"Why are you angry?" she ask.

"I'm not angry"

He take a deep breath and turn to face his sweetheart.

"I'm not angry my love" he say.

"Where were you then?"

"I was in Nqubeko's house"

Fikile nod relieved and kiss his lips.

"Are you hungry?" she ask.

"Yes"

She walk out and go to the kitchen to dish for him.

Chapter 225

Ziphelele Mokoena

.

He walk in from the gym dripping with sweat.Sometimes I feel like I don't put enough efforts in the gym.He is sexy, his six-pack look like Vuyo

Dabula's. And me on the other hand, you'd sigh when you see me. Right now I'm wearing his t-shirt, I don't even have a bra under.

"Babe I'm running late" he says opening the fridge, taking a bottle of water.

"Go take a shower. What are you going to eat for breakfast?"

"Just a cup of tea only, I will have something at work" he says and runs up the steps.

I plug the kettle and answer my ringing phone.

"Sister"

It's Fikile.

"Hey Ziphe how are you?" she says.

"I'm good and you?"

"Argh it's just another day! Are you busy today?"

"I'm a housewife" I say laughing.

"Okay so no schedule? Listen I want you to come to my house later, maybe around 4o'clock"

I press the phone to my ear with a shoulder and open the cupboard to take Thapelo's mug.

"Is everything alright?" I ask.

"Umhhh ya everything is good, I just need to talk to you about something"

"Okay I will be there"

"Kiss Phakade for me" she end the call.

I wonder what's happening. There is always drama in this family, sometimes I don't even keep up.

When Thapelo leaves I make

Phakade's food and feed him. I don't get bored like I was before sitting at home alone. I speak to Phakade and

respond on his behalf all day. We watch cartoons together, I read books and sing for him. I'm very happy, he is my everything and I thank God everyday for blessing me with him.

I put him on the floor and start cleaning the bedroom then bath him. When he falls asleep I go take a shower and fix something to eat.

I haven't talked to Nkabhle in a long time. I was going to pass by his home on Saturday but time went against my plans. I take my phone and call him.

"Hello" he answers.

"Hello you are speaking to Ziphelele Mokoena"

He chuckles, "I know, how are you stranger?"

"I'm good, how is everything going?"

"It's hard, I thought the business world was easy when you have money. Now I'm realising how hard it is, especially when you don't have a qualification like me. I have to hire people to do things for me, sometimes I feel like I'm investing too much money I don't even know if this business is going to work out"

"I wish you had a mentor like Thapelo but you know the story" I say.

"It's okay, learning is a part of growing up"

"The reason I'm calling is because I heard Hotel Kaboo's co-owner is selling his 25% shares, if you are interested I could send you his details" He stay silent for a few seconds.

"Ziphe I don't know, I don't trust

everyone" he say hesitantly.

"That's why I told you to get a lawyer. A lawyer can check the legit of every deal you make"

"I will think about it, please do send his contact details"

"Surecase, don't take too long everyone is hungry in the business world"

He chuckles, "Yes ma'am. Where is Phakade?"

"He is here, sitting on the floor"

"Sitting?" he ask.

"Yep"

"Oh wow! He must be grown"

I look at Phakade and smile. He is grown, and cute like his father.

"Have you met a girl?" I ask.

"Which girl?"

Oh we are playing dumb, aren't we?

"Any girl you love Nkabhle"

He laugh, "No, I haven't looked for one"

"You mean you haven't had anyone occupying your bed?"

"No"

God intervene!!!

I'm worried about him, "You need to live Nkabhle"

"I will find a girl, don't rush me"

"I'm giving you three months, if you don't find her I will find her for you" I say.

I'm dead serious, if he doesn't get a girl on his own I will find one for him. He need to get laid.

After Nkabhle I call Zanda. It's so great to have her back again. We talk for hours, exchange videos of our sons

and gossip about our men.

Later I prepare to go to Fikile's house. I prepare supper for Thapelo, just in case I come home late.

I find her busy cooking and chewing. Her tummy is growing. I touch it and greet her.

"The little one is growing" I say.

"She makes me tired"

I sit on the chair, "She?"

"We just assume it's a girl since we want a girl"

I smile, "That's sweet. Where is the Daddy?"

"He should be here anytime now, I don't know what's up with him. He came home late last night, he looked so angry. Even when he left in the morning he was not himself"

"Maybe it's work-related"

She shrug, "I hope so"

"Do something nice for him, he will relax" I suggest.

"I'm cooking spinach, he loves it, hopefully it will cheer him up"

She loves this guy, it's so good to see her settling down at last.

"I wanted to talk to you about Dad" she say closing the pot on the stove.

"What about him?" I ask.

"Yesterday Mom took me out for lunch, they grilled me about the pregnancy and dumped me there. Dad even turned back the dessert I ordered, can you believe that?"

I laugh, "They are still angry and disappointed, they will come around"

"I understand but I hate Dad"

I know she don't mean that. What was she expecting? Him to hug her and congratulate her? Biyela is still a Zulu man from Inkandla, his son must impregnate but his daughters must be not impregnated. That's how they roll. "Is that why you called me here? You want us to plot a revenge"

She chuckles, "Fuck no, the thing is we were talking about business. He said me and Sena are good in running business, Zethu is going to go back to university to obtain a qualification and the only person he is worried about is Simtho"

"And???" I ask.

"I asked him what about you, he said you are married. Then I told him Sena is also married, he said you are being

taken care of by your husband and not asking anything from him"

"That's correct, Thapelo is taking care of me" I say nodding.

"The way he said it Ziphe, there was something beneath that statement. Did you see him on Saturday when you went home?"

"No, he was not home. You know he is always working"

"Why didn't you wait for him?" she ask.

"I was rushing, I left Phakade with Thapelo"

"Do you call him?"

Gawd what's up with questions!

"Yes, I do call him"

"How many times a week?"

"A week? I don't know, but I call him" I

say hesitantly.

Maybe I call him twice in two weeks, I don't know.

She shake her head, "When was the last time you talked to him?"

Honestly I don't know when was the last time, we don't usually talk.

"You haven't called him this week?" she ask.

"Nope, but he hasn't called me either"

"You also went home and didn't wait for him to come? I mean Ziphe when was the last time you spent time with him?"

I sigh, "Where is this going?"

"It's going to where you just cut a relationship with your father. I want to know why"

I put Phakade on the floor to sit and

give him his toy bird.

"I didn't do that, I just don't communicate with him frequently. I'm married, I have my own life, he understand that" I tell her.

"Sena is married too, she have her own life but she still love her parents"

Now she is judging me and implying that I don't love my parents.

"Don't get offended, it's the truth. Sena still find time to call Dad on her marriage schedule, she go home and spend time with him, she call him and check up on him. You on the other hand is too busy on your marriage, he can't even reach out to you because you act like you don't need him anymore"

Right now I don't know if this is true or not. I used to share everything with

Dad, and then Sbusiso came to our lives I clung on him. He was my Bae, I wanted him to cuddle me in the mornings. But then I met Thapelo, he is my partner I share everything with him, I grew up.

"I'm not in the family business, I don't know what we would be talking about everyday. You guys call him because you work for him" I say defensively.

"No no no, we don't call him because he is our boss. We call him because he is our father, he raised us to be these women we are today"

I exhale, "Okay fine I get it, I'm a bad daughter. I'm not appreciative and whatever"

She look at me eyebrow-raised, "And you are asking yourself why he dislike

Thapelo?"

"I'm not, I made peace with it" I say.

"He fuckin' replaced him. He is a man, he have a huge ego but he misses you Ziphe. You are his last born, someone who should be closer to him. He is not going to whine about it, he want you to live your life the way you want but the gap you left is huge. You got married at 19 years, they've turned your room into kid's TV room. It's like you never existed, please show him the same love you show Mom"

I wipe the corners of my eyes, "What did he say?"

"He said both you and Sena are married but it's different"

My heart sink. Do my father feel like Thapelo replaced him? I need to do

some introspection.

I take my phone and scroll for his number.

Fiki hold my hand, "Don't call him, go see him in the morning. He will be happy"

I'm not going to lie it break my heart to know my father feel like I cut him off. I will never do that, I love him so much. But maybe I don't show him that, but I do love him. He is my number one man.

"You know how worried he was when you were missing, everyone was blaming him. Mom was not speaking to him, he had hard time. I'm sure when you came back he was hoping you'd unite and be a happy family, but you only focused on your own family

and..."

I stop her with my hand, "Enough, I've heard. I get it, okay"

She exhale, "That's good, I only wanted to talk you about this"

She take Phakade from the floor and eat chocolate with him. I'm ruined, I don't even have the energy to tell her not to feed him chocolate.

"Are you staying for dinner?" she ask while chewing.

"No, Thapelo will be lonely"

She chuckles, "Eyy Phakade your parents!"

"I'm not that bad, at least I don't cry when Thapelo is angry"

"Who is crying?" she say rolling her eyes.

Just then Inkandla man walk in, his

formal shirt sleeves has been rolled up to the elbows.

Did she actually allow him to put on formal wear and those flat white takkies?

"Sanibonani" he greet, briefly checking Fikile with his eyes.

"Hey Nkosi" I greet back.

"How are you?"

"I'm fine, the other day you drove me from Inkandla to Mandeni and you were not nice"

Yes I remind him this every chance I get.

He laugh, "Will you ever forgive me?"

I shake my head, "Nope, first impressions last. You didn't know I had a beautiful sister and now you are trying to be nice because of her"

"Whatever whites said to Mandela to get his forgiveness I'm saying it"

He is hilarious, that's why I like him.

"I came to comfort your woman, she was crying all day because you are angry at her"

Fikile send a murdering look my way, I ignore her and look at Skhumbuzo. He is now worried and looking at her.

"I'm not angry at you my love" he say.

Fiki sigh, "Ziphelele your husband is home now, LONELY"

"Don't worry, I'm leaving" I say getting off the chair.

"No sisi don't leave, stay for dinner"

Skhumbuzo say.

I take Phakade, "I will come for dinner some other time, my husband must be home wondering"

"And lonely" Fiki add.

"Yes, and lonely"

She laugh, "Whatever separated Brad Pitt and Angelina I declare it on you"

I laugh and walk out.

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I left Thapelo on bed, he was worried about Phakade travelling so early in the morning but I assured him he will be fine. I'm driving home, again. I'm hoping to find Dad still at home, he is an early bird. If I find him already gone I will be compelled to drive to wherever he is.

I'm driving all these kilometers to do one thing. To tell him I love him. I have no gift, no nothing. I just want to hug him. Thapelo thought it was hilarious

and unnecessary. He said he is a grown man, he understands that I'm married. I'm not a good driver, he has already left. But someone is too happy to see me. To see Phakade I mean.

"This one is going to be stubborn like his father, look how he is grabbing his hand back when I hold it" she says.

Sigh!

"Mom when is he coming back?" I ask. She dismisses it, "Sit down, we will have tea and biscuits"

"Mom I came to see him"

"Okay go see him, leave Phakade. He is in Gala centre"

Why she didn't tell me earlier?

I give her Phakade's bag, "Only add two spoons of milk on his cereal"

"I know how to take care of a baby, I

raised five"

I smile, "Fine but don't hesitate to call me if he cries"

I drive to Gala centre, people start greeting me as soon as I get off the car. I used to know all of them. All customers treated me like their child. I wave and wave, my arm is actually tired right now. I walk to the offices, bumping to other greeters. Some ask if I've come back to stay this side for good or will return back to Durban. The thing is people this side are nice, very nice. It's not like Durban where a person get killed in front of hundred people. There is unity and some homely spirit you get just walking in the streets.

It seems like I'm disturbing a staff

meeting. I stand by the door searching for him with my eyes.

"Ziphelele"

Oh there he is.

"Are you busy?"

He is busy, but I'm just asking.

"Yes, give me a few minutes to wrap this up"

I walk outside and wait. Five minutes later they walk out, some greet me, some acknowledge me with smiles. When they've all exited I walk in and close the door.

"What are you doing here?"

I sit on the chair, "I'm visiting you"

"Visiting me?"

I smile, "Yes, I'm visiting my number one guy"

He chuckles, "Is Mokoena divorcing

you?"

Fikile was right.

"No, I miss you"

"Ziphelele what is it?"

I get up from the chair and go sit on his lap and wrap my arms around his neck.

"I miss my father" I say.

"Why?"

"Because I love him"

He wrap me with his arms and chuckles, "You are okay?"

"Dad I don't only remember you when things aren't okay. I love you, and I know you are always looking out for me even when my back is turned. You are the best man in the world, I pray and thank God for keeping you. I'm so lucky to have you as my father"

He breath out, "Thank you"

"Do you miss me?" I ask.

"I miss you everyday.I used to look up the stairs everyday expecting to see you walking down crying because someone has said something you didn't like"

He touch my eyebrows, like he used to do when comforting me.

"But you are grown now, and so beautiful"

I smile, "I look like you"

"Oh so now you are admitting it, I'm nolonger ugly"

"We are ugly together" I say.

He laugh and kiss my forehead.I love him so much.Being in his arms and getting his kiss can't be compared to Thapelo's.It's different, it carry

different meanings and I need both of them to do it.

## Chapter 226

Nozipho Biyela

.

As you know my initial plan was that Nduku take out Lauren to the restaurant for a romantic dinner, now the plans have changed. Lauren will be coming over for dinner, Sbu got worried about Nduku being alone with her.

Dramatic right? I know, but let's look at it this way, Nduku knows nothing about how to treat a white lady. We've been teaching him over and over again,

he is just unwilling to learn anything. I thought Lauren will have a problem with getting family-dinner invites so early in a relationship. Yes I think they are in a relationship, she also calls him and send him sweet texts. Surprisingly she didn't have a problem, she is flexible and friendly.

I came home earlier to start with preparations. This is a secret of this house, nobody else knows. We don't want to chase Lauren away with the Biyela crowd because if the word go out all the divas and their spouses will be here.

I have a simple menu; red wine, creamy chicken lasagna and waffles topped with sliced peaches, whipped

cream and maple syrup for dessert. I needed to keep this simple for Nduku's sake. We don't want him throwing up because of "Indian food". Any food that is foreign to him belongs to Indians. Speaking of him, here he comes. He look impressed with the table.

"Bafo did a good job, you know your thing hey" he say looking around.

"Let's hope MaMeya likes it"

"She have to like it, this is exactly how they eat on TV's. Let me go get her"

Okay now I'm done here, now I have to focus on the kids. They need to eat, brush their teeth and watch TV in their rooms.

I call them to the kitchen and dish for them.

"Am I going to Jessica tomorrow?"

Sphiwo ask.

"Yes, are you excited?"

"Yes, she is nice" he say.

Tomorrow will be their first night together, Sbu is not happy about it. He is sending Biyela guys to watch her. He is overreacting but I get it, gaining trust from the Biyelas is hardwork. I have mixed emotions about it. I'm happy for Jessica, this means a lot to her but I'm also sad Sphiwo won't be in his room. What if he wake up and want me or his father?

"Why me and Ayanda are not going?"

It's hard making them understand, Sphiwo himself doesn't understand. All he knows is that Jessica loves him.

"Tomorrow we are going to see Mkhulu" I tell her.

Ayanda throw her hands up, "Yay! We will go to the centre and get money"

They think they are going to see Biyela. I'm worried about the way they love money. Last time they visited in Mandeni they came home their pockets filled with coins. I don't know if people gave them the money or they asked for it. You can never trust them, they once stole it from Sbusiso.

"We are visiting Mkhulu Faya, not Biyela" I tell them.

"I also want to go visit Mkhulu Faya" Sphiwo say.

I look at him, "But you are visiting Jessica"

He stop eating and push his lips.

Sigh!

"We will visit him with you next Friday, okay"

"Okay"

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"She is here" Sbu say walking inside the bedroom.

I close my laptop, "Did Nduku pull a chair for her?"

"What do you take him for? He was opening the car door for her"

"I have a feeling we are going to get a white wife"

He chuckles, "We will get a white wife after we've got Bab' Mzingelwa's approval"

Eish! I actually don't want to think about it right now. We will cross that bridge when we get there.

I check on the kids, Yami's nanny is watching TV with them. I asked her to stay today.

"If you need anything ask Aunty here, don't trouble her"

"Yes Mom" they say, their eyes fixed on the TV screen.

Lauren is beautiful, she have long blonde hair and thin pink lips. She is a bit short, she look shorter than Zanda. She is not that slim, she have some curves.

Oh! She make a beautiful smile.

"Lauren" I say smiling.

She get up from the chair, "Nozipho"

I look at Nduku, "You already told her about me?"

"I know you from Instagram and newspapers" she say.

I laugh, "Oh that, when I'm in the house I forget who I am"

I hug her then sit next to Sbusiso.

"How are you Lauren?" he ask.

"I'm good, thank you"

Nduku get up and pour her a drink,

"This is my family, quarter of it"

"I'm happy to be here, I can't wait to meet the rest of your family"

I did say they are already in a relationship. But when she meet the rest of the family I think she will wish she could've waited.

"So Lauren do you love my brother?"

I want to hide under the table. The question is off and asked too soon. Lauren look at Nduku, "Umhhh we are still getting to know each other. He is a great guy, complicated too" She answered him very well, I like her. "Let's not starve ourselves people" I say getting up from the chair. "If him and your closest friend were drowning in the river who would you save first?" Why did we train Nduku if he is the one who is going to make Lauren feel uncomfortable? What kind of a stupid question is this? Lauren chuckles, "I'd save him" "Why?" I hate how he is ignoring my

murdering look.

"Because my closest friend is a professional swimmer"

I burst out laughing. They didn't expect this. I serve everyone and sit.

"Do you pray before eating?" I ask her.

"No"

"Okay, we also don't pray unless Aunt Lydia is here so let's eat"

We start eating, she compliment how my food look and dig in. Nduku is still trying to hold fork and knife. He is going to embarrass himself, we taught him this multiple times.

"I remember my son hurting his right hand with a knife" Sbu say out of the blue.

I'm about to ask which son because I

don't remember Sphiwo being hurt by a knife but he clear his throat and push my leg with his under the table.

"That must've been bad" Lauren empathize.

"Yeah, his RIGHT hand was bad he cut it with a KNIFE" Sbu say emphasizing words 'right' and 'knife'.

Nduku quickly take the knife with his right and fork with left.

"So Lauren what do you do for a living?" I ask breaking the awkwardness.

"I'm studying through UNISA and also doing sales with my mother"

I nod, "You stay with her?"

"Yes, and my little brother" she say.

"What make you think my brother

won't make a good boyfriend?"

Sbu with his questions again!

Lauren chuckles, "I never said I thought he will make a bad boyfriend"

"So you think I will make a good boyfriend?" Nduku ask jumping in.

"Yes" she say without thinking.

Sbu whistles, "She is yours Menziwa"

"I mean he is a great person" she say laughing.

"See Lauren today if you walk out our door it means you are agreeing to be my brother's girlfriend"

"And if I don't walk out?" she ask puzzled.

"If you don't walk out you will sleep here safely in the Menziwas"

I give him an eye then look at Lauren.

"You will walk out, it won't mean anything" I tell her.

"I'm actually panicking, you guys are scaring me" she say with a nervous smile.

"I'm going to take good care of you, don't be scared" Nduku say looking at her.

She blush, "My mom is expecting me to be home before 10pm"

"Lauren you will go home, relax they are just playing" I say.

I don't think they are playing, Nduku is serious AF. Unfortunately I won't let them do that under my watch. He is supposed to be smooth with her. She is not a Zulu girl.

She relaxes and start asking me about

my job and how I met Sbusiso. The conversation start flowing smoothly around the table, my unruly husband concentrate on his food for a moment. "Your dessert look delicious but I don't think I can stomach more food" "You are a light eater?" I ask. "Yes, plus I'm trying to lose weight" Nduku look up, "Huh? Why?" She look down, "I want to look like other girls, be slim and sexy" "No don't do that, phela mina ngifuna izindawo zokubambelela" She look at him with confusion, "What is that you are saying?" I know that sexual comment would've been a turn off, I'm glad language is barrier here.

"He is saying weight doesn't determine the sexiness of a lady, you are beautiful as you are" I say.

She smile at him, "Thank you, I wish everyone shared the same mentality" I don't know what her problem is, she is not fat. She is a fit girl with round cheeks. Maybe she want look like typical white girls with long legs and flat ass.

"Must I put another drink for you?"

Nduku ask.

"Refill bafo" Sbu say.

Lauren smile, "Yes refill, please"

Everything goes well, except for stupidity from my husband here and there.

"I had a good time guys, thank you for

inviting me"

I smile, "It's a pleasure, we hope we are going to see more of you"

"Hopefully, yeah"

Nduku take her hand and help her up the chair. We didn't teach him this, brother is naturally romantic in his own way.

"You are letting her go Menziwa?" Sbu ask.

"Let's see them out, stop being an ass"

I say rubbing his back.

He smile and kiss my cheek.

Nduku let go of Lauren's hand when we are approaching the door.

"Wait" he say.

I can't believe him, he had a chalk in his pocket all this time. Like really??

He draw a straight line from the other side to the other.Sbu clap and whistle. He jump the line and stand on the other side.

"See MaMeya if you step over this line it means you are agreeing to be Ndukwenhle's girlfriend, it will mean you are crossing your mother's rules and giving me half of your heart" he say going back and forth and turning around like a man toyi-toying.

Sbu go crazy tapping his feet down, saying the Biyela clan names.Lauren is looking at me expecting me to say something.I don't know how to talk to them when they are like this, I'm trying to shush Sbu it's not working.

"But the line is from side to side, how

am I supposed to get to the other side without crossing it?" she ask.

For a moment I feel sorry for her, the restaurant was a good idea.Maybe none of this would've happened.

"There is a garage door, there are windows and ventilators and other doors" Sbu say amused.

I sigh, "Guys stop this"

"Decide MaMeya" Nduku say looking at her with determination.

"Liyashona ilanga!!!" Sbu encourage rubbing his palms together.

Expect him to enjoy this and encourage it, it's like him.

Lauren put his big girl pants on and walk over the line.Nduku lift her up and swing her around.

Oh! She was actually liking this. She giggles and tuck her head on his neck. He put her down, take her hand and kiss it.

Why am I smiling? I was angry at them mos.

Lauren look at us and at Nduku "You guys didn't give me a choice"

"We gave you a choice, your heart didn't give you a choice" Sbu say laughing.

"Yes bafo" Nduku say sliding his arm around Lauren's waist.

That giggle again!

I wave my hand, "Bye Lauren".

She smile, "Bye guys"

Nduku look at Sbu with an ear-to-ear smile, "Induku enhle igawulwa

eSwaziland brother"

Sbu laugh, "Switzerland bafo, not Swaziland"

I don't think Nduku heard nor cared. I shake my head and close the door.

"You guys are unbelievable" I say looking at him.

He is overjoyed, it's like Lauren accepted a marriage proposal. I'm also happy for Nduku, he is going to break the Biyela record. Oh my bad, Zethu already did that.

Chapter 227

Zanda Dlamini

.

We are inside Dr Shirley's office, I didn't want to come. He begged me, saying he need me by his side. I was scared, for him and myself. He will be opening up about everything, mainly his previous marriage to Phumla.

Dr Shirley advised me to sit next to him, for support.

"Are you okay?" she ask me.

I nod, "Yeah, just nervous"

"Why are you nervous?"

"I'm not sure" I answer honestly.

I have no idea why I'm scared, but I am. It's like I'm here to witness something that will break my heart.

She nod and turn her attention to him,

"You say your late ex-wife and your fiancée here were sisters?"

Mandla nod, "Yes they were sisters"  
"Beside sharing the same DNA are there any other qualities they share?" she ask.

"Great cooking skills, self-determination...umhhh...." he don't know what more to say.

"Let's go to features, is there any they share?"

"They almost look alike, she was thicker and tall"

She nod, "So the young sister look like her old sister, your ex-wife. You said you didn't know they were related when you met Zanda?"

"I didn't know" he say.

"Did it impact on you falling inlove with her?"

Mandla shake his head, "It didn't, I didn't even notice the resemblance. I fell in love with the inner her, she was humble"

I take a glass of water and sip. Are the aircons on?

"How long were you separated from your ex-wife then? When you started dating"

Mandla glance at me, "A few months"

"Can we just go back to where everything started. How was your marriage before your wife started cheating?" she ask.

"Everything was fine"

"She loved you?"

"I thought she did" he say.

"And you loved her?"

He keep quiet and brush his wrist.  
Dr Shirley adjust from her seat and  
lean back in more relaxed position.  
"You need to open up, this is the only  
way you are going to heal" she say.

"I loved her" he say after a moment.  
He loved her, that's why they got  
married in the first place. There is no  
need for me to feel somehow.

"Obviously you had plans and dreams  
together...?" she say indirectly asking  
him to get into details.

"We did, she wanted a baby, we tried  
but there was no success. Then we  
went for adoption, it was her idea, she  
did everything. I was happy Dr Shirley,  
I bonded with 'our' daughter then she  
took everything away from

me. Everything was fake, her infertility, Aphentle, her love... She just... wheew!!"

He shifts, lifts his left shoulder and raises his brows, "I never understood, I still don't. Why did she hurt me like that?"

"Do you think she ever loved you?"

"I don't know Dr Shirley, I really don't but I did feel loved"

"What was her reason?" she asks.

"She said I was not enough"

Old wounds are reopening, he is trying to keep a cool face but I can sense the pain behind that voice.

"Do you think you are enough?"

He is hesitant, "I think that lies to the next person"

"No it doesn't"

He exhales, "Well I don't know if I'm

enough or not"

I jump in,

"You are"

He wanted to smile but it doesn't

happen, "Thank you"

"Do you believe her?" Dr Shirley ask.

"Yes"

"When she is not next to you would you still believe that you are enough?"

Probably not, he is not answering the question.

"You didn't heal Mandla, you jumped into the next relationship because you longed the feeling you were used to, the feeling of being loved. When you met her she gave you the comfort you needed, it reminded you home. You may not have realised it literally but..."

He cut her in, "I didn't need comfort from her, there were so many alternatives"

"Like I've said you didn't realise that, you were not in a space to even recognise your surroundings you were hurt hence you didn't even recognise how she resembled your wife"

"I fell in love with her, I'm not gonna sit here and let you tell me how I feel about Zanda. I didn't use her, I fucked so many random girls after my break up I could've used any for comfort. She was different and I fell in love"

I'm here beside him because I'm supposed to support him, brush his hand when it get deep and calm him down. But right now I can't bring

myself to do it, I'm analysing Dr Shirley's perceptions.

"What scares you when she go out and meet with other guys?"

"I don't want a repeat of what happened" he say in a low voice.

"Are we a repeat of your previous life?" I ask.

He look at me, "No my love, we are different"

I snap, "How are we different Mandla? You feel the same way you felt with Phumla. You are scared because in your mind I'm like her, this is a continuation of your life"

"What are you trying to say? That I don't love you?"

I breath out, "I don't know Mandla, can

you differentiate between comfort and love?"

"No I can't, I'm dumb" he say getting up from the chair.

"Please calm down, this is the only way both of you..."

He look at her, "Calm down? She called me here so that the two of you can conspire against me and tell me that I don't love her, I'm just a broken man looking for comfort"

"That's not what I'm trying to do, we have to put everything on the table. Try to trace and tackle the problem together" she plead trying to convince him to stay.

He look at me, "I'm leaving"

This is just great!

I have no choice, we came in his car, I have to follow him. I take the backseat and slam the door. The journey back home is filled with silence, each is absorbed in own thoughts and anger. We pass by his mother's house to pick Leano. She can see something is wrong, I know in her mind she has concluded that Zanda is the wrong one. She is like that, Mandla can never do wrong in her eyes. He used to be the only child so I understand.

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As soon as we arrived he changed his clothes and drove out. I have no idea where he is, it's close to eight now. I don't want to call him, he will do this

the way he want.

I bring my son with me to bed and cuddle him. He is still young, we shouldn't be fighting like this. He need us both, he deserve a comfortable home.

A comfortable home? Is this what it is? A comfortable home I never had, comfortable home he used to have. For the first time I'm starting to question the premises of our love.

Did we build this relationship with foundation of love or we built it on mutual needs of love desperation?

He walk in and come stand next to me, "I was in Sbu's place"

Did I ask that? If I wanted to know I would've made calls and investigated.

"Zanda" he touch me.

"You are going to wake Leano" I say in full control of the anger brewing inside me.

"Let's go talk in the study"

"We were supposed to talk at Dr Shirley's but you walked out, I'm trying to sleep right now" I say pulling the blanket up.

"You said I'm enough then contradicted yourself and said you are not sure if I love you. How am I enough if the love I've given you for years isn't enough proof of the sincerity of my feelings for you?"

"Did she lie?" I ask.

He brush my arm and stare at me.

"Mandla be honest to yourself and be

honest to me. Was it love?"

"Yes, I think it was love"

He think???

"After being hurt the way you were hurt most men would take years to open their heart and love again"

"I'm not most men, I'm Mandla" he say.

"That's a weak comeback"

He sigh, "There is no manual Zanda"

Again I ask, "Did she lie?"

"She didn't"

There I have it. My heart shatters into thousand pieces.

"It doesn't mean I didn't fall in love with you. Yes you gave me comfort, but I had fallen in love with you" he say.

I exhale "Okay"

He sit at the side, "Come on baby, look

at me"

"I'm tired Mandla, I want to sleep"

"You said we must go to therapy so that we can work on our relationship. We didn't go there to find reasons to break up Zanda, we didn't" I remove Leano slowly on my arm and put him on bed with his stomach. I sit and bring the blanket over my shoulders.

"What are we doing Mandla?" I ask looking at him.

"We are inlove"

"Do you love me because I remind you of her?"

He sigh, "Really now Zanda? You think I still think about her after everything she did to me. You think I still picture

her smiling at me? The only thing that come to my mind when I think about her is what she did to me, what she said to me. You can never be her, she broke me. And you rebuilt me"

We both grow into silence and stare at each other.

When will I get a break? Should we be fighting about her? She happened years ago but her presence and absence keep and will continue to come between us.

"What is it going to take for you to move on and forget about her?" I ask.

"What are you talking about Zanda? I moved on, here I am with my little family"

Am I stubborn or it's him who is

stubborn?

"But you haven't forgotten, you haven't forgiven, you haven't healed from anything.."

He cut me in, "I have"

Sigh!

"The fact that you are still asking yourself thousand questions means you still need closure, you still need clarity. You keep asking what is it that you did wrong, that's crying out. It's cry for closure and she is not here to give it to you. You need therapy and you need space you never allowed yourself to have"

He stand up, "Whooah! Hold it right there, I need no space. I'm telling you I'm okay and I don't need to see that

coloured bitch again"

I look at Leano, "Keep your voice low"

"So that's why we went there? You needed a reason to leave me"

"What do you suggest we do Mandla?

Live like this? I must always live in

Phumla's shadow, listen to you

grieving your marriage" I ask.

"I said I will stop, I apologised Zanda.I

understand my mistakes, I admit I was

wrong.Can we move on now? I

promise it will never happen again"

I breath out, "So you are going to bottle

things in?"

"Zanda what must I do in order to be

enough for you?"

This question is exactly what I'm

talking about.It was supposed to be

directed to Phumla but since I walked in on her shoes it's me who is receiving it on her behalf.

I blink a couple of times, tears overpower my eyelids and escape.

"You really don't see anything wrong Mandla?" I ask in tears.

"Is it wrong for me to love you because you are her sister? I didn't know Zanda" he say taking me in his arms and squeezing me.

He tell me he love me and cuddle me to sleep.

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When I wake up he is already gone. There is a single rose and note on his pillow.

\*\*\*I have an early meeting, I will see you later my love. Keep it in mind that I love you with all my heart\*\*\* then there is a heart emoji.

My heart doesn't jump as it usually does when he do something sweet for me, instead it sink because Dr Shirley has uncovered the truth I want to deny so badly.

I'm not up for cooking so I take a bath and get ready to go out. I texted Ziphe and told her about what's happening. As usual she is supporting me but in emphasis she advise me to always remember there is a child involved.

I drive to Wimpy and order breakfast. Is it me or people are staring at me?

Maybe they can tell things are not great in my life.

To get me more attention Leano start crying. Now I'm trying to calm him down while eating before my food get cold. No, he want me to stop eating and give my attention to him only.

I push the plate aside and put him on my chest, he keep quiet and stare at my face. I'm angry at him, but I'm smiling at the same time.

"Can I help?" the voice come behind me.

When I see who it is my smile vanishes, fear take over.

"Is he scared of ugly people?" he ask taking Leano.

Leano doesn't protest, he hold onto

him and look at his face.They sit on the other chair opposite.

"I can see he is not letting you eat" he answer my silent question.

"I also came for breakfast with a hommie over there but we are done" he clarify pointing at his hommie with his head.

I'm shaken up.I don't know what to say to him, he always scare me.I raise my eyes and look at him, his eyes run all over the place.He don't want to look at me.

"Drink your tea" he say.

I want to tell him it's not tea, it's hot chocolate.

"Before he start crying again" he add. I nod and start eating.His presence is

making everything awkward, I feel like he is staring at me and judging how I chew.

I wipe my mouth and look at him, "You can bring him now"

He look at the plate, "You are done?"

I nod, "Yes"

Well I'm not done, I just can't eat with him staring at me like this. I will have something in the house.

"Go well Zanda" he say and for a moment our eyes lock but he quickly look away.

I pay and leave. My hands feel moist, I want to get out of his sight as soon as possible. I feel like there is a pair of eyes glued at my back.

There is a car parked outside the

house, I have no idea who it might be. It's a white van.

I hoot so that whoever it is let me drive in. There is white lady on the wheel, my nerves calm a bit.

"I'm Sasha from Nico's, Mr Zungu sent us to set breakfast"

Set breakfast? I'm lost, which breakfast? They will invade my kitchen?!

"Mr Zungu is not here Ms Sasha" I tell her.

"He sent us to set breakfast for you"

I nod confused, "Oh okay"

"So if you will allow us to come in and show us where you'd like to eat"

I'm standing in the middle of my kitchen watching this woman bringing

food and setting up. She asked to use my cutlery so that she can leave immediately and go back to work. I can see this, mouthwatering full English breakfast. But what is that? She chuckles, "It's a spongecake" Oh now I'm embarrassed, I thought it was a teddy bear.

"So I can eat it?" I ask.

"Yes, it was short notice. He asked us to make a small teddy bear cake and design it with LOVE"

I smile, "Wow thank you"

"You should thank God for giving you such a loving man, you are one lucky lady. Most girls are out there trying to make means for their babies, babydaddies ran for their lives. I'm also

a victim, I'm up every morning at 5o'clock leaving them on bed with my mother.They have to eat, they have to go to school and dress up.It's hard, be grateful you have a man who love you like this"

I brush Leano, "I'm grateful, thank you"

She smile, "Enjoy your breakfast ma'am, please share the cake with a little one"

Well I'm not going to share my cake with Leano but I tell her I will.I take my phone and text him; \*\*Thank you Daddy\*\*

## Chapter 228

Zethu Biyela

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Things have been great. Actually great is not even a word, life is sweeter than honey. I'm talking about expensive gifts everyday, flowers deliveries, surprise lunch treats and money. Money honey, not your typical R500 eWallet transfer. I'm talking about my own loaded card. Who need a job? I mean we can get rich white men to take care of us.

Talking about special treats Daddy dearest is taking me out for lunch. I know he want to talk about university, fortunately my fiance helped me choose the right career. I already

applied for Dramatic Art, I hope my lecturers will be good-looking.

I hardly see Dina, I heard him and Amla are not doing so good lately. I bet Amla got tired of his stinking attitude and heavy drinking. Anyway why don't I text the bitch and rub salt.

\*\*Hey bamboo-boo I hear you're in need of a dildo since Amla is dumping your stinking ass. Why don't you come over and take mine, I got real dick it's useless to me\*\* -sent.

It doesn't take a minute before he call. I laugh and pick up.

"My love"

"I'm not your love, look here you vampire Amla and I are good. I don't need dildos, those are for horny

bitches like you. The type of a bitch that can't be satisfied with one dick, especial if the dick is white"

I burst out laughing, "You have no idea Creampie, you should come over for a threesome some other day"

"I can't drive all the way from here to get a pink finger dancing in my ass"

"You think his thing is like a pink finger?" I ask.

"Duh!"

I'm dead, to make things worse Tyson walk in.

"It's not, it bigger than the pork sausage" I say laughing.

"I don't care, I don't want it"

"It's like what?" I ask laughing.

"Is he there with you? Zethu are you

kidding me. Oh my gosh I'm jobless..."  
he end the call.

I look at Tyson, he is busy on his  
phone. I laugh all over again.

"Share the joke" he say shifting his  
eyes to me.

"Nothing shareable. Are you going to  
drive me to town?"

He smile, "So that your father can  
shoot me?"

"He is not that bad"

"Maybe not, he just doesn't like me. I  
bought him a crate of beer"

"A crate of beer? Is that his gift? Tell  
me you're joking"

The Suitcase thing is happening next  
weekend in Mandeni. He is supposed to  
buy everyone gifts and a suitcase full

of clothes for me. He already bought my clothes, I've searched for them everywhere in the house. He hid them well.

"They said that's what I must buy for him, a crate of beer and bottle of whisky. Then a crate of cold drinks for your mother, doek and panifore and sleeping blanket"

"And for my sisters?" I ask.

"Nothing"

Nothing? They are expecting gifts too.

"Were you told not to buy them anything?" I ask.

"Yes"

"They will hate you"

He shrug, "I have no choice, I don't want to disrespect your culture or

overstep boundaries"

"I hear you, so what did you buy for me?"

He chuckles, "I told you I'm not going to tell you anything"

"You are such a bore" I say clutching my bag.

"My kiss"

I plant a kiss on his lips, "I love you"

"I love you too, tell your father I said I love him too"

I laugh, "He is going to appreciate that"

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He is telling me to look for a Shisanyama. God knows what he is doing there.

When I'm outside the place I call him,

he tell me to wait for him inside the car. I spot him walking out in a white shirt and navy suit pant.

"What are you doing here?" I ask.

"Lunch I told you, greet me first"

I hug him, "Hello Dad, so we are having lunch here?"

"Yes"

I walk behind him, "Is that okay? I mean there are restaurants here, I would've loved some seafood"

Did he hear me? I said I want seafood, not pap and cow toes.

"Dad" I call.

"Ntombizethu kawume"

Oh dear precious Lord! It's crowded but there isn't so much noise like you would expect in a Shisanyama.

We seat opposite the fireplace, all the smoke is coming directly to us. Okay maybe I'm exaggerating, but I can see the smoke from where I am.

"So how are you?"

I cough, fake coughing.

"I'm good"

"Our meat is getting ready, this is the best place in this whole town"

"Don't you think we are going to get sick from the smoke?" I ask.

"Fancy, you are from Mandeni. You inhaled Sappi's smoke day in and out but here you are today. Now stop being dramatic and tell me what you thought"

I sip the Coke he ordered for me,

"Thoughts about what?"

"What did we talk about the last time?"  
I knew this is why he wanted to meet me.

"I already applied for Dramatic Art"  
He frown, "What is that?"

"Dad!!"

"What are you going to become after completing your studies that's what I want to know"

"An actress or director or..."

"Ntombizethu you don't even know how to act. Is acting even a job?"

I sigh, "Dad you asked me to apply for whatever that I like and I liked acting"

"It's not entirely about what you like, you also look at your abilities and skills"

So much faith! I take a piece of saviette

and wipe my eyes.

"You can't divorce my mother, she has done everything for you. Dad we are your family, please don't abandon us"

He raise his eyebrows, "What???"

I weep, "I'm begging you, this family needs you. My mother needs you, you know her BP is high she won't be able to handle this"

"Ntombizethu are you crazy? Stop this nonsense"

I stop and wipe my eyes, "Did you see how good I act"

He sigh in relief, "You are very stupid, that was a stupid act"

I laugh, "I got you worried for a minute, I should've screamed. Do you want me to act like a sidechick who

want an official relationship?"

"You will be calling for a belt, I want no unnecessary attention"

I want to try it but I know he might use his belt for real.

"So you are going to support me?" I ask.

"Do I have a choice? Government gave you rights, isn't?"

I smile, "Well I love you, we need to discuss my allowance"

"R10k per month?"

He forgot the last zero.

"I have bills Dad, insurances and personal expenses"

"So how much do you want?"

I cross my legs and sip on the drink,

"Promise me you won't disagree"

"I'm waiting"

"Promise first" I say.

"As long as it's below R30k, I promise"

I think that's okay, I'm still going to request allowance from Sbusiso and Fikile.

"R29.5k"

He laugh, "You are mad"

"You said below R30k"

The Shisanyama guy come with our meat, it look delicious.

"Can I have another drink, not Coke?" I ask him when he put it on the table.

"Go to the counter this is not a hotel"

Dad say then signal for the guy to leave.

"Geez this is why I hate these places!" I say getting off the chair.

He doesn't care, he is cutting his meat.

"Dad" I say demanding his attention.

He look up, "What?"

"Money to buy a drink"

"You are buying a drink, not me"

"Well I don't have money, I don't work remember" I say.

"Then drink what I bought you"

I push my nose, "Coke is not good for me"

"Beggars can't be choosers"

Mxm! I open my bag and take out my purse and go to the counter.

I come back with my drink, "Maybe choosers can't be beggars"

"I see, put this sauce on your meat it's nice" he say then sit up straight.

"There is something I want to speak to

you about"

I look at him attentively, "I'm all ears"

"As you know you are a Zulu girl, you have reached a stage of full growth. In fact you did long time ago, it just never occurred in my mind that I need to traditionally embrace that and do umemulo for any of you reaching the age of 21"

I want to get up from this chair and dance like I'm making love.

"Your mother and I talked, we have decided to do umemulo for you on the 27th of December at home in Inkandla"

I hold my chest and giggle, "Can I kiss you?"

"No, we might have a problem"

"What problem now?" I ask a little disappointed.

"Your sisters. Fikile should've been the first person to have this ceremony but she made babies"

"That's her problem, so you are going to slaughter a cow?"

"Yes and a goat prior the ceremony"

Wow! I feel important already.

"Can I make a press conference?" I ask.

"I will tell people who need to know, you tell someone I'm cancelling it"

"Not even one Twitter update?"

He eat his food. This is going to be hard but I'm happy.

I let out a huge sigh, "But I'm going to start practicing Zulu dance"

Oh before I forget..

"Tyson said he love you" I tell him.

"Who is that?"

Really now???

"My fiance"

"You have a fiance?"

I wave my left hand, "Uh-huh"

He chuckles, "Eat and finish"

Chapter 229

Fikile Biyela

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The Nkosis are here,they just arrived with Nqubeko.I'm happy to see the kids, I'm not so sure about MaMvelase.I no longer look at her the same way but I have to know my place

and put on the best behavior. I take her bags to the guest bedroom where she will be sleeping. I hope she is leaving tomorrow.

"Can I make you a cup of tea Ma?" I ask her.

"Yes please makoti"

Skhumbuzo take her to the lounge, I remain in the kitchen with the kids and make tea for everyone.

"How is school Mfundi?"

He is the one I communicate less with, I know it sounds wrong but this is your future Nqubeko.

"School is great" he says showing no interest.

"I will be coming to your school month end to check your progress"

That get his attention, it make his eyes pop out.

"Umhhh...why?"

"So that I can see school is great for real" I say.

Sthelo chuckles, "Pass by my school that day, I want to show some morons who my mother is"

"Are they troubling you?" I ask.

"No, he is seeking attention" Nkanyezi say.

"Are you talking about me?" Sthelo ask with a printed forehead.

"Yes, what are you going to do?"

He is acting exactly like a last child, Ziphe used to be like this to us. Cheeky and quick to cry.

"I'm going to punch you worse than

how Mazwi did" Sthelo say pissed.

"Big head"

Sthelo get up from his chair. Is it not a little bit too early for me to be shouting?

"Guys stop, I will call your father"

And I'm acting exactly like my mother. That one can't solve a situation on her own, she have to threaten of telling Biyela first.

"It's this rabbit" Nkanyezi say.

I look at him, "This is your old brother, you ought to give him some respect"

"But Ma he started it"

Really now? I was here.

"Never disrespect your brother again, do you hear me?"

He nod, "I'm sorry"

I wonder how it's going to be like after marriage when we live with all of them. We will have a total of six children, five boys and hopefully one girl. I feel like my life is yet to start and it's going to be hectic.

I take tea to them in the lounge and come back to chill with 'my kids'. If I knew what was going to happen I was going to chill with my heartless mamezala and her sons in the lounge.

"Baba Nqubeko said you are pregnant, are you going to have a baby with my father?" this is the question I'm asked by Nkanyezi in the innocent voice ever. Sthelo is laughing under his hands, I want to slap him so badly. What does he know about babies?

"Nqubeko told you that?" I ask.

"No he was telling Mkhulu"

We were planning to tell them together in a quiet, comfortable place. This is just great!

"Do you guys want another sibling?" I ask them.

"Yes, if it's going to be a small baby" Nkanyezi say.

"How is it going to be a big baby when it just came out of the stomach?"

Mfundi ask.

I'm shocked. Today's kids know babies come from the stomach? I mean during our time babies were dropped by aeroplanes. Some mothers got them from town in shops.

"Is it going to be a girl or boy?" Sthelo

ask.

I laugh, "We don't know yet, I will tell you when the doctor has confirmed the gender"

I think they are happy, especially Nkanyezi, he will get to be a big brother too.

A while later Nceba arrive wearing all-black and the darkest expression on his face. Mfundi and Nkanyezi run to him. They are kids, they have no idea what's going on. They are just happy to see him after a long time.

He greet them and ask how they've been. Guilty is eating him, he can't look them in the eyes.

"Sawubona" he greet me.

"Hey, how are you?"

"I'm fine"

Skhumbuzo come from the lounge, he might've heard him coming. He tell him they are waiting for him then look at Sthelo.

"Go watch TV upstairs"

Sthelo nudge Mfundu with his elbow,

"Let's go"

Nkanyezi follow them behind. I take my phone from the table.

"I will be in the bedroom"

"No, we are going to the lounge"

I look at him, "We???"

"All of us"

He knows I don't want to be part of this. This is their problem, they must solve it as a family. Right now I have no choice, his brother is here I can't go

against his word.

Before I sit I return teacups back to the kitchen. There is a big elephant in the room, Nceba didn't greet, MaMvelase didn't even look at him.

Skhumbuzo start by taking a huge breath, "Nceba greet your mother"  
"Hello Mama" he say his head bowed down.

Instead of greeting Nceba back she look at Skhumbuzo and ask,  
"Nkosi what is this?"

"Nceba and I have talked as brothers, we forgave each other and left the past in the past. It's time for everyone in this family to resolve any issue there is, we need to reconcile and move on" he tell her.

"I came here to relax in my son's house, I didn't come to crack my head with your stories"

Nqubeko clear his throat, "Ntombi kaMvelase what Skhumbuzo is trying to say is you and Nceba need to talk things out. He is still your son, you can't keep him from his home"

"He can go to his home, as long as he stay out of my way"

"If Skhumbuzo can forgive him why can't you?" Nqubeko ask and this is exactly what I'm asking myself.

"I'm not stupid like Skhumbuzo, I can see a parasite when I see one. This boy is playing all of you, soon enough he will be cosy on bed with MaBiyela. You will remember my words"

Not only is she insulting Nceba, she is insulting me too. I tell myself I'm going to zip my mouth throughout this meeting, I need to stay calm for the sake of the baby.

"But Mama you never loved me, even before. I just want to know why do you hate me so much?" Nceba says now looking at her.

She claps her hands, "Skhumbuzo are you listening to him? Are you listening Nqubeko? I raised this boy to be who he is today. It was not easy, I even asked my brother to play a father role on him so that he turns out right. Is this the thanks that I get?"

"I didn't need father roles, I needed your role. I needed my mother"

She pull a handkerchief from her blouse and wipe her forehead.

"I said I don't want to speak to you ever again, you disappointed me Nceba.I do not want to speak to you ever again"

"Mama this is not how you are going to resolve this" Skhumbuzo say holding her arm.

"Leave me alone Skhumbuzo, he has turned you against me.HE HAS TURNED MY SONS AGAINST ME"

"My sons" that's how she refer to Skhumbuzo and Nqubeko."He" is Nceba.I'm glad kids are not here.This is getting out of control.I don't know why MaMvelase is crying, she is breaking my heart because she is refusing to

listen to Nceba. She is not giving him a chance.

"I'm sorry, for everything I did. I'm sorry mama, please forgive me"

She turn and point her finger at him,

"If you ever call me that again I will make sure you follow your father"

I gasp, I think everyone does. She is threatening to kill him???

"You are my mother, you gave birth to me" Nceba say in denial.

"And that's where it's ends, I gave birth to you"

"Mama come on, what is it? You can't say that, please don't say that"

I look at Skhumbuzo, my eyes shining with tears. I want him to do

something. That's why we are here, he

wanted to do something.

"Yes I did the family wrong, but I'm asking for forgiveness. Mama you can't forsake me, I love you. You are my mother, I love you even from the distance. I won't disappoint you again" Nceba is now begging.

"Skhumbuzo walk me to my room" she says balancing by the couch standing up.

"Mama come on, there must be something you feel for me as your child, I had my umbilical chord connected in you. We shared something. That little reminder in your heart hold onto it, I can't be an orphan" She adjusts her doek, "MaBiyela I will need extra pillows for this leg"

"Mama we are still talking about this!"  
Skhumbuzo say angrily.

"This whole thing is making my BP rise up Skhumbuzo, why are you allowing this devil to paint me as a bad mother? Did I not do everything for you ungrateful brat?"

"You did" Nceba say in a low voice.

"Then what is this nonsense? You slept with your brother's wife and even made a baby with her, how wicked! I don't want to see that bastard child near my house, do you hear me Nceba? Keep that thing away from me and my grandchildren"

"Mama that's enough, we've talked about this with Nceba. The child is innocent, please don't drag him into

this" Skhumbuzo say.

She walk away, "God blessed me with two boys and gave me this curse as the last born nx!!!"

They let her walk away.Nqubeko just sit on that couch and do nothing.Skhumbuzo is on his feet I don't know for what because he is not stopping her.

Nceba is blinking, biting his pink finger like his life depend on it.

"Nceba" Nqubeko call.

He stand up, a tear drop to his cheek.He quickly wipe it.

"I need to be...umhhh stay well"

Nqubeko get up and follow him.I'm traumatized on Nceba's behalf.This woman surely knows where to press

in order to break him.

"I failed him, isn't?"

I want to tell him yes he failed him but the pain evident in his eyes make me want to hug him tightly. It's not easy on him, he is watching his family break apart.

"He just turned 28 years, honestly I don't know what to do. I wish my father was here"

I brush his back, "None of it is your fault"

He put his hands on my shoulders, "So what must I do?"

"I don't know baby, but I know Nceba need you now more than ever"

"What do I do with my mother? She hate her own son"

I kiss his lips, "I don't know baby, right now follow your brother I will be cooking supper"

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When Skhumbuzo walk out Nceba's car is just driving out.He get in his car and follow them.He is following him because Fikile said he must, he have no idea what he is going to say to him.He was hoping MaMvelase will prove Nceba's allegations wrong.He was hoping she'd explain herself and prove her love to him.But no, Nceba was right all this time.Their mother didn't love him.Maybe if he didn't see her pregnant with him he would be doubting Nceba is really her child.But

he was eight years, he was there when she gave birth to him.

He take a huge sigh and walk in Nqubeko's house.

"Where is Nceba?" he ask when he see Nqubeko alone.

"He is in the bedroom"

"Why are you here, not with him?"

Nqubeko shrug his shoulders and walk to the kitchen.

Skhumbuzo walk in the bedroom where Nceba is.His head is buried in his hands.

"Brother" he say sitting next to him.

Nceba look at him with puffy red eyes,

"So I don't have anyone?"

"You have me and Nqubeko brother"

"No, I mean parents.I'm an orphan?"

Skhumbuzo tap his shoulder, "I will make it right, believe me"

"How?"

He have no idea how he is going to make things rights, he is only trying to comfort him. There is no amount that can buy someone's love.

But how is a mother able to divide her love amongst her children?

"Intandane enhle ngumakhothwa wunina bhuti, so I'm not that orphan. I'm not going to be comforted by my mother, I'll never feel the meaning behind that saying. Why am I still alive?"

Skhumbuzo pull his head in his chest, "We need you Nceba, don't think about that shit"

## Chapter 230

Zanda Dlamini

.

Nceba called earlier, he want to talk.It's been quite sometime since we last met to talk, I keep up with him through phonecalls and texts.Today he sounded really devastated, knowing what I know now regarding Mandla's feelings I shouldn't have agreed.We are also going through our stuff, but I've let Nceba be emotional dependent to me.Exactly what Mandla was scared of, now I can't let him down.Maybe I should suggest that he get a

professional therapist to Fikile. This appointment should be our last.

Right now Mandla is at work, I will be gone for a few hours so I don't think it would be an issue. We are meeting in a rather quiet restaurant, I guess he chose this place for comfort. He is looking good as usual, dressed up like he just came from the magazine photoshoot but his face is worn out. It's like he hasn't slept in days.

"I'm late, little man here was throwing tantrums"

He smile, weakly.

"It's okay, how are you?"

I sit, "I'm good, how are you?"

He exhale, "I'm trying"

"I thought you were in Pretoria"

"I'm here, I was trying to work things out with the family"

"It didn't go well?" I ask.

He exhale, "Nope"

"How are you buddy?" he ask Leano.

I look at Leano, "He is not good with strangers, he won't even smile"

"You should've told me you are coming with him, I would've brought him a present"

"Next time" I say.

There is a moment of silence.He is definitely not himself.

"What happened Nceba?" I ask.

"She told me to never call her my mother again.She has disowned me,totally"

"Maybe it was anger" I say.

He breath out loud, "No it was not, she meant it.I saw hatred in her eyes, she even threatened to kill me"

"Nceba!!!" I exclaim.

"Infront of my brothers and Fikile, she told me I will follow my dad if I keep calling her my mother"

Is this woman related to MaQwabe?

No, MaQwabe was better.She didn't hate her own kids, she hated me.Not her flesh and blood.

"I know how you are feeling and the pain you feel can't be compared to anything.But I want to ask you a question"

He look at me and nod.

"Are you willing to beg someone to love you? Someone you shouldn't be

begging"

"I don't know Zanda, I just feel lost" he say.

"Nceba I think this is where you accept your life as it is. You should stop apologising to people you never wronged. You have your brothers, you have your son and nephews. And they love you, you don't beg them to do. Appreciate what you have, one day she will need you. Trust me on that one, she will remember you"

"So I'm an orphan?" he ask like it's some incurable disease.

"I buried my parents, got abused physically and sexually throughout my childhood. My home was a nest of hatred and abuse, today I'm with

strangers who are showing me unconditional love and support. They have proven to me that there is nothing called an orphan, if you have people who love you no matter what you've done to them that must prove to you that you are not an orphan"

"What???" he is shocked.

"Yes, we all have our scars. Hold on to what make them heal, life has to move on"

"You went through that?"

I shrug, "Yeah, and I'm good. It's a matter of keeping those who love you close, haters will hold us back"

"But how did you move on?" he ask.

"Like I've said, hold on to what make your scars heal. I held on to Mandla, he

healed me.He showed me  
love,substituted pain with happiness"

"You are lucky"

"Yeah, so how is your love life?" I ask.

He chuckles, "I don't have that life,  
Thembeke left with my son.I have no  
idea where she is"

"Do you miss her?"

"Yes, always"

"That means you still love her?" I say.

"We may not be together but that  
doesn't mean all is forgotten.I still care  
about her"

He is a good guy, I pray he find a girl  
that's going to substitute all this pain  
with love.

"You will find another one" I say.

"Maybe I will, I just need to make sure

she is the right one"

I raise my eyes, "Sounds like you've already set your eyes on someone"

"Well she is married and it's complicated"

I cough, "Not another married woman, I will cut your balls myself"

He laugh, "It's different, I'm just not sure where is my direction going to point at"

Sigh!

"Not again Nceba please"

He has melt, he is laughing this out. I'm not joking, he need to go for single ladies.

While trying to convince him to let go of the married woman I feel something warm in my underwear. It's the most

uncomfortable feeling. Ever since I gave birth my circle has been unpredictable so I'm freaking out.

"Are you okay?" he ask.

"Umhhh yes"

He can see I'm lying.

"Zanda???"

Urgh!!!!

"I don't know, I just feel like something is happening and I'm scared to get up from this chair"

He frown, "Huh?"

"Do you mind holding Leano for a while? I need to go to the bathroom"

He relax his facial muscles, "Periods?"

Gosh this is so embarrassing!

"Do you have pads in your bag?" he ask.

He is so chilled, like there is zero Zuluness in this guy. We know how our brothers are when it come to these things.

"Yes, I do" I say.

"And the extra underwear?"

"Do you carry underwears with you?" I ask sarcastically.

"No, I don't get periods"

He take Leano and ask me to stand up.

"Yeses! Someone slaughtered a chicken here"

I freak out, "Oh my word! Is it that bad?"

He chuckles, "I'm kidding but there is a spot. Go to the toilets, I will go buy something you can change with"

I stay inside the toilets for almost

twenty minutes, people probably think I'm one of the cleaning staff members. My panty is now wet, I'm praying it doesn't flow down my legs. "Zanda" I hear a voice calling.

He should've entered, nobody would care about his gender at this time of the day.

He give me a shopping bag with a new dress and a pack of three medium panties.

"You are a lifesaver"

"We will wait here" he say.

I get inside the toilet, clean myself and change then pack my clothes in a shopping bag. When I walk out I'm surprised to see Mandla standing by the passage heading to Male Toilets. He

is with a white guy, a colleague I guess.  
When he see me he walk toward  
Nceba, "This is my son"  
It's like he is answering his long-asked  
question.

I take Leano from Nceba, "This is  
Leano's father"

He look at him, "Oh hey brother"

This is awkward.Mandla is looking at  
me with so much disgust and hate.I  
don't know whether I should start  
explaining myself or carry on like  
nothing is wrong.Nothing is wrong  
anyway.

"What is this you are wearing?" he ask.

"I had to change...."

He doesn't wait for me to finish, he  
grab Nceba by the collar and throw

him against the wall.

"This is my son wena nja!" he say  
punching him on the face repeatedly.

"It's not what you think" Nceba say  
trying to escape.

The white colleague is useless, I have  
to put Leano on the cold tiles and hold  
Mandla back.

"Mandla stop, it's not what you think it  
is. Leave Nceba alone"

He turn and grab me by my arm. He  
wanted to say something but his  
breath escalated.

"Nceba go" I yell.

Nceba is reluctant about leaving. I beg  
him with my eyes, he hurry and leave.

"Let go of my arm Mandla"

He let go and rub his head, "Yini

Zanda?"

"I'm not cheating, I had my periods and..."

His lower lip is trembling, "You gave your fool my son. Why did you bring him here?"

"Can we talk like adults? Let me explain and listen"

He look at the dress I'm wearing then punch the wall.

"Zanda what's the fuck dude?"

Now there is attention, people have stopped going in the toilet rooms they are watching.

The white colleague have Leano on his arm, "Mandla you will solve this at home"

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They took Leano with them, I'm driving with sweaty hands heading back home. My hands are sweating because of anger, I've never been so embarrassed in my life. He was not supposed to beat Nceba like that, he clearly don't trust me.

He is pacing up and down. Leano and the white colleague are not here.

"Where is my son?" I ask.

"He is my son too"

Really now?

"Mandla where is my baby?"

Instead of answering he ask me, "How long?"

"I'm not sleeping with Nceba, he was helping me. I had my periods out of

nowhere"

"Is that so? That's why you changed your clothes"

I nod, "Yes, that is why"

"I want to see"

I throw a shopping bag with my clothes at him.

He take them out, "There is no blood here, these are fuckin' wet"

"I washed the blood off in the sink"

He throw them across the room, "You are doing this to me Zanda? You said you are not like Phumla, what is this now? How are you different?"

I take the dress off and pull down the panty.

"I'm telling the truth"

When he see the pad he exhale and rub

his neck.

"Zanda I'm trying to...How was I to know you never told me you are meeting that guy again? We talked about secrets, why would you keep it from me?"

"I want my son, I'm leaving"

"Zanda I just bumped on a guy holding my son outside a restaurant toilet, then you walked out wearing a new dress like you've been cleaning yourself"

"You should've trusted me, I begged you to. Get me my son" I say trying not to break down.

"You can't leave me Zanda, we need to talk about this"

"I can, and I am"

I walk up to our room and start packing my clothes. I'm done proving my Phumla-lessness to him.

"I will go apologise to the guy, don't leave me it was an honest mistake. You would have reacted the same too" he says standing by the door.

"My son Mandla" I say shoving all my clothes in the bag.

"At least promise me you are coming back, that you just need time to calm down"

I look at him and not say anything. I want my son, that's all.

## Chapter 231

Nozipho Biyela

.

I have to leave work early, brother dearest decided to leave me six missed calls. When I try calling him back he is not answering his phone. Zanda's phone is also off.

They know how worried I am about Mandla, he was sick not so long ago. I may sound petty but this is the only brother I have.

I drive straight to his house, if I find him alive and well I'm gonna kick his ass so hard he will regret making me panic like this.

The nigga is fast asleep on his gigantic comfortable bed, his phone is on the

pillow next to him.

At first I panic thinking it's another collapsing episode then I see sleeping pills container.

I need cold water, maybe a belt too. I go get water with a glass and pour it on his face. He groan and turn to the other side. I take a pillow and hit his head with it.

"Uuuh huh Zanda" he say with his eyes closed.

"Mandla!!!!" I yell.

He open his eyes slowly then look around.

"Ah fuck!" he say rubbing his face.

"Why were you calling me? Get up and explain yourself" I say hitting him with a pillow once again.

"I'm tired"

Like I care!

"Mandla I'm married, I should be with my kids. But no, you had to give me a fright"

He sit up and rub his eyes, "I'm sorry"

"What's up?"

"Zanda left"

I sigh, "Again? What did you say this time?"

"Same old story, this time I even beat someone up. She was fuming, I embarrassed her"

He exhale, "But everything gave me wrong signals, I acted like everyone would have acted in that situation"

I take off my stilettos and sit on bed leaning by the pillow. I ask him to

explain. He start from the beginning.

"So she didn't tell you she was meeting with this guy and expected you to be okay and calm walking on that scene?"

I ask.

"Yes" he say.

"I know you have trust issues but Zanda is not helping either. She should be meeting you halfway not throwing you off the edge and wait to see you fall"

I know it sounds like I'm taking my brother's side, but I'm not. Mandla is insecure, he has been like this for a very long time and Zanda know this. She should be trying to work with Mandla on building his confidence up, not playing the teaser.

Leano is not allowed to meet with her patients or whatever she call those people she counsel for free. Why did she take him without Mandla's consent? Now it's like she was sneaking out.

If tables were turned how was she going to feel bumping on a strange girl carrying her son waiting for Mandla changing in the bathrooms? She was going to lose it too. She must cut my brother some slack.

"I just feel lost, like a man with no identity. I don't know whether I'm coming or going. I don't know when I'm right and when I'm wrong. It just feel like aaaargh!!!" he slam his head against the headboard.

"Why did you stop therapy?" I ask.

"That bitch was trying to convince us we don't love each other, I couldn't stand her"

"Try a male therapist" I say.

"I don't know Nozi"

"Trust me he will understand where you are coming from with a man's perspective"

He exhale, "Right now I need to go get my girl, I won't be able to live without her"

"Why don't you give her a break? It seems like you both need some time to think this relationship through"

"No, I don't need time. I want her back now" he say getting off the bed.

"Mandla don't forget how old Zanda is"

I say.

He turn and look at me, "Excuse me?"

"She is young, you ought to give her some space to breath"

"She can have her space, in this house"

I sigh, "Okay, don't bite my head off I was trying to advise"

"I just need you to accompany me to Mvuse's house, keep your advices to yourself"

I know Zanda is not going to come back today. She need time to process all this and realise her role in the situation. But Mandla is being stubborn as usual so we go to Mvuse's house.

I don't like Mvuse, he have this narcissistic attitude and arrogance. Now he is acting like

Zanda's deputy parent, which is right, he is her brother after all. But he is taking it too far. Or is it my dislike of him?

"You have to come back in the morning, she is resting. She had a stressful day, you know that"

"I'm not leaving without seeing her"  
Mandla say.

"I guess you will be sleeping on that couch"

Sigh!

"Mvuse can we see Zanda please" I say trying not to roll my eyes.

"I just explained to your brother that..."  
I cut him in, "I understand where you are coming from, I'm not saying don't protect your sister but Mandla and

Zanda have a child together. There is a lot you should consider before depriving him the right to see them, they do need to talk. Please don't be a reason they break up, don't get in the way"

That calm him down, "Siza go get Zanda"

I secretly roll my eyes. What did Fikile even see in this dumbass? Maybe it was the looks, that's the only attractiveness he possess.

Siza walk back after a moment, "She is waiting for you in the room"

How formal? And why is she looking so uncomfortable and nervous?

Leano is asleep on bed, I walk in and sit next to him.

"Hey girl"

She look at me with a knowing look,

"Hey Nozipho"

I smile, "We are here to take you home"

She chuckles, "I'm home"

"To Leano's home where you belong"

She exhale, "I'm not going anywhere Nozipho, I'm done fighting for trust. I'm tired of the comparison and constant stupid fights"

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"I'm done, this is it for me"

"Zanda!" Mandla say walking toward her.

"No Mandla we are through"

"I understand you are angry, we will work this out. I'm trying the best I can

Zanda, I hate myself too" he say trying to take her hand.

"No Mandla, work your issues out on your own.I've given you my all.I've never let you down, I deserve the benefit of a doubt" she say.

"So you are not just leaving the house, you are also breaking up with me?"

She look away, "Yes"

"Come on Zanda, this is our life! What about our baby? Our house? Our wedding Zanda?"

"We will make arrangements about visits, Leano is staying with me.Maybe the families should talk"

Mandla sink on bed next to her, "No babe, you can't leave me like this"

"Don't make this harder than it is" she

say pushing his hands off.

"Zanda I love you, please don't leave me. I will go apologise to the guy and continue with Dr Shirley's sessions. I will do anything you want me to do, I don't want to lose you please"

I clear my throat, "Mandla!"

"I love you too but I gotta give myself a break" Zanda say.

My poor brother his voice is trembling now.

"I'm sorry Zanda, please don't leave me" he keep apologising and begging. Zanda's mind is made up, she is hurting too. I don't want to take any side right now, the best thing to do is to let Zanda calm down.

"Mandla let's go" I say.

He look at me, "I can't leave them behind"

Now he sounds like a pyscho.

"You need to" I say.

He look at Zanda, "Babe"

"Mandla please leave"

"Okay come back home, you don't have to leave the house it's Leano's home"

How is that going to work?

"We are fine here" she say.

He stay quiet for a while then stand up, "Nozi"

I stand up too, we are leaving.

He turn back before walking out the door. He go to her and kiss her cheek then Leano's.

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Nozipho cook for her brother before leaving. She is worried about him, he has been quiet ever since they got back. If it was up to her she was going to take him with her to her house. But she is married, and Mandla is an adult. He promise her he will call her if he need anything. When she drive out he lock all doors and sit on the kitchen chair.

Alone on his chair, miserable and broken than he has ever been.

Is feeling so much pain after a break-up normal or it's a weakness in him? Weak as usual?

Unable to let go of the things that hurt him and hold him back. Unable to stop tears from coming out because his ex

wife died.

She took so much from him, so much but he had to be strong and move on.

"Indoda ayikhali" that's what they say, he is a man he have to be strong.

What hurt the most is the fact that she died without asking for forgiveness?

She never admitted her wrongs.

And because of that today he has lost his sweetheart.

Why is it that everytime he fall inlove he is always the one left with a bleeding heart?

He gave Zanda his whole heart, just like he gave Phumla and his ex before her. He invested his time, his heart, his money, his life, his future.

For what in return? A heart that has

been stabbed and broken into  
thousand pieces.

Why?

Is there any weakness he have that is  
hidden from his eyes,shown to those  
he love only?

Or is it his love that make him weak?

The kind of love that make a 33years  
old man sit on the chair sobbing like a  
woman who just lost her husband.

Is it because he made love the centre of  
his world?

But is there anything called a perfect  
lonely man John Mayer?

He take his phone and swipe the  
screen with trembling fingers.He dial  
Zanda's number and turn loudspeaker  
on.

It ring to voicemail so he leave her a voice message.

"Does it hurt to you like it does to me? Was it me against you or it was love against me? Like Zanda I know people who have done shit. Who have broken so many hearts but today they are happy and inlove with their partners. I didn't do anything, I try my best to be the kind of man I'd wish for my sister or my daughter. Is there anything I'm doing wrong in God's eyes? Where was the need for me to meet you, fall inlove with you and grow so attached to you if He knew we weren't made for each other? Zanda people have committed mistakes worst than mine but God has helped them resolved them. The same

problems you and I had God has  
strengthen some relationships with  
them, but ours get  
destroyed..(sobs)Next to you Zanda is  
the quietest my heart has ever been,  
deep down in your heart you know  
how much I love you.Yes I have a past,  
it messed me up but I've let you  
in.Trust me the love is pure but the  
person carrying it is not perfect.I'm far  
from perfection but I'm  
learning.Maybe I don't remember well  
but this got to be the most painful day  
of my life.Did I lose you? If I have this  
is the last time..."

## Chapter 232

Simtholile Biyela

.

"Biyo your phone"

It's Junior from the lounge. I close the pots, before I can go he is here running with it.

"Thank you boy" I take it and answer.

"Hey"

It's Fikile.

"I'm leaving today please tell Sbusiso that Skhumbuzo will not be joining us tomorrow, something came up" she say.

"Why are you not telling him yourself?" I ask.

"Come on, you know he will grind me with questions"

"It seems like your man don't like associating himself with us"  
Like for real, Skhumbuzo is scarce when it come to the Biyela gatherings. He is not close to his brother in-laws either. Right now I know they are making an excuse, he was never joining us for Zethu's Suitcase function.

"Trust me he does, his work is a problem" she say in his defence.

"Okay I will tell him. Why are you going home today anyway?"

"I have to talk with Simile and Kuhle before tomorrow"

"About what? Pregnancy"

She sigh, "Yep, guess what? I'm freaking out, I don't know how they

are going to react"

I laugh, "They are just kids, relax"

"Eish traffic here! Will call back later"  
she say before ending the call.

I call Sbusiso and tell him. He feel the same way like me, Mr Nkosi is avoiding us as usual.

Oh! On the headlines; Zanda and Mandla broke up. Zanda has moved in with her brother. Mandla was fetched by his mother, now he is staying with her. Apparently he called Zanda in the middle of the night crying and talking like a suicidal person. Zanda had to call his mother and ask him to go watch him.

It's bad, I feel sorry for Mandla. I know how much he love Zanda, this is going

to break him. I hope they work it out soon. My Don is broken too, he is too worried about Mandla.

I think we need to do something about Skhumbuzo's behavior. Yeah, we need to do something.

I, for one, hate being avoided by a family member. He is fucking one of us that make him one of us, that should sink in that big head of his.

I know if I call Zethu she will defend him, he is her bae. She liked him from day one and Ziphe will go all Oprah on me and tell me to let him be.

Zanda is in a bad space I can't bother her.

But I know my sister with misplaced dimples will share the same

sentiments as me. And if I choose the right words our wife will come on board too.

"So what do you want us to do?" Sena ask.

I sip on my glass of wine, "He is alone tonight, Fikile went home to her kids"

"Oh great, we are going over for dinner"

See, this is why I like her. She is a fast thinker.

"Get Nozipho on board. He is a saint we will have to carry our own wine" I say.

"Okay let me order something these two guys will have for dinner then get ready"

"Okay, call me when you are done"

"Sure thing"

She end the call.

"Where are you going?" Don ask  
holding my waist from behind.

I don't know where he came from.

"Skhumbuzo invited us for dinner"

"We are going to his house?" he ask.

I laugh, "Not us.Us; Sena,Nozipho and  
I"

"You are lying"

I look at him trying to put on a serious  
face.

"He did"

He pull my cheek, "When?"

I smile, "Umhhh...he just did"

"Don't harass the poor guy"

"We are not going to harass him, we  
are going to hang out with him" I say.

"Are you done cooking?"

"Yes, you will dish up and warm for Junior. I will be back late"

I'm okay, I just need to style my hair and put on high heels. I need to have my jacket just in case. I hope Fikile's cupboards are filled with good stuff. I'm getting used to healthy food but that doesn't mean I don't miss fejas. I've started jogging in the mornings with Don, it's so hard. I run out of breath within first five minutes. I don't know what Sena told Nozipho to get her here. We are ready, but I'm not sure why Sena is dressed up like we are attending a function.

"Who got this baby?" I ask lifting a bottle of Krone Champagne.

"Nozipho, but Sbu told her not to

drink"

I laugh, "She shouldn't, she is married. Alcohol was made for us unmarried ladies"

"Who told you that? It's us married women who should be drinking, we have real life problems" Nozipho say.

"What problems do you have? You have a nanny and Mam' Hlengi doing everything for you, you direct all your energy to Sbu's dick and counting money"

"I hate it when people judge me like that, I work and mother 4kids" she say. I roll my eyes, "I'm not judging you, I'm trying to explain why you don't need alcohol. You have everything on the silver tray, what would you be

drinking for? I mean which sorrows are you drowning?"

Sena chuckles, "Say someone who don't work, who sit in her boyfriend's house taking 1000selfies all day"

"And get paid large sum of money month-ends" Nozipho add.

So now they are grilling me? Maybe we should open this bottle right now.

"I'm drinking straight from the bottle" I tell them.

"Whoah did you suck Don's dick today?" Sena ask.

"I did, but I brushed my teeth" I say and drink.

"Lord have mercy!" Nozipho say before starting the car.

We arrive in Skhumbuzo's house and

park the car outside. I take the lead with a bottle on my chest.

We need to act like civilized women and knock.

"Qo qo qo" I say banging the door with my fist.

We wait for three minutes before the door swing open.

It's his brother from the other day.

"Hello" he greet.

"Hello can we come in?" I say.

He move aside, "Oh come in"

"Is Skhumbuzo home?" Sena ask walking to another direction.

The guy is a bit shocked and confused. She is making herself comfortable too soon.

Skhumbuzo appears followed by

another guy wearing tight blue jean and crispy white shirt.

"Hello Skhumbuzo, hello there" I greet.

"Good evening ladies" he say looking at Sena opening the pots in the kitchen then back at us.

"What is this burnt thing here? Is it pap wannabe?" she yell from the kitchen.

"We are visiting you, we heard you are alone and bored today" Nozipho tell him.

His brother look at him, "I have to go fetch that thing"

"Must I come and help you?" the younger one ask following him.

"Nceba we are still..."

He turn and glance at him, "We will be

back just now"

They are gone.

Skhumbuzo is left standing in the middle of the room with me on his left sipping on the Krone, Nozipho in front of him flashing her long eyelashes.

"If you'd like to sit down you can come this way" he say after a moment of being dumbstruck.

"Do you have cooked food?" I ask.

"No, there is no food here. What were you eating here? Maas?" Sena ask.

She is opening everything. Skhumbuzo wipe invisible sweat.

"I will order something, I didn't know you guys are coming"

"Don't worry we will cook" Nozipho say.

"Is this pork or lamb?" Sena yell lifting up a tray of meat.

"It's lamb" Skhumbuzo say.

I must get a glass, drinking like this is inappropriate for a lady.

"Your brothers are cute, can I have one?" I ask.

He chuckles, "Yes"

"I'm taking the younger one, the other one look scary like he'd kill you for shaving your pubic hair without telling him"

"He look like the kinky type" Sena say.

"Guys stop, you have men.Let's cook"

Nozipho say putting her bag on the table.

"So Skhu how is Fikile's pregnancy treating you so far?" I ask.

"Good, I enjoy every moment"

I nod, "What about demands? Does she boss you around?"

He smile, "Yes"

"I did the same to Lwazi when pregnant with Quinton. I was worse with sex demands, I demanded it every minute"

Skhumbuzo clear his throat, "I was about to go take a bath"

"If I cook with a glass wine will you eat the food?" Nozipho ask.

"How?"

"Like I will substitute water with wine to make gravy" she say.

"Can you do that?"

Nozipho laugh, "That's how all women cook, Biyela women for the most"

"Don't you feel a little tipsy after eating Fikile's food?" Sena ask.

"No I don't"

"Okay go bath, we know our way around this kitchen and tell your brothers we don't eat other human beings" Nozipho say.

"At least not in that way, we may lick them here and there and put some organs inside our mouths but we don't swallow human beings.They must relax" I add.

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Fikile Biyela

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My phone keep ringing, I'm cooking still waiting for Dad to come home

with the kids. He took them out, Mom  
say they will be back late.

I pick it up, "Babe"

"Fikile"

And then?

"Hey why are you whispering?" I ask.

"You've been drugging me"

"What?"

"You've been cooking food with  
alcohol"

Is that a question or statement?

"What are you talking about?" I ask  
confused AF.

"Your sisters are telling me you people  
cook food with alcohol"

"Us people???"

"They are downstairs cooking as we  
speak and I'm expected to eat their

food"

"They are there? What are they doing there?" I ask in shock.

"They came to visit me and decided to cook because there is no food"

These idiots!

"Where are you?" I ask.

"In the bathroom, I don't even know what I'm going to talk to them about. Zethu is better, these ones are too forward"

I'm angry at those bitches for invading my man's space but why is he whispering? I laugh.

"Who is there?"

"Sena, Simtho and your sister in-law"

"Where are your brothers?" I ask.

"You think they would've stayed? Your

sister in-law was looking at them with long eyelashes, blinking rhythmically. Babe I told you how uncomfortable Sena make me"  
I can't help it, I laugh at him.

"I didn't tell them to come, if you don't come out of that bathroom they will come and get you"

"Ah Fikile!"

I know Simtho, she can do that. She orchestrated all this I'm telling you.

"Have you eaten?"

Pregnant and dumb huh!

"I'm still cooking" I say.

"Feed my baby please"

"Don't worry I'm not starving her"

"I have to go, I love you"

"Love you too"

I call Sena immediately, she doesn't pick up. I try Nozipho and Simtho, they don't pick up either. They are doing this on purpose, I will deal with them tomorrow. For now let me worry about how I'm going to tell the boys that I'm pregnant.

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BACK IN SKHUMBUZO'S HOUSE

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Nozipho is the one cooking, I'm sitting on the chair drinking and tasting now and then.

She didn't cook with wine but Skhumbuzo think she did. I can see the concern on his face.

They dish up and take food to the

dining room. Runaway brothers walk in when we start eating.

They thought we would be gone by now, I see the disappointment on their faces.

"We are still here" I say.

"Come and sit guys" Nozipho say standing up to get extra plates.

I look at Skhumbuzo, he smile and look at his young brother.

"I heard you are single and looking" I say looking at him.

He clear his throat, "Umhhh..Okay"

"Look no further, I'm here. How old are you? I'm 28, I come after her, she is 43years" I say pointing at Sena.

"Have you seen this?" she ask standing up touching her flat tummy.

"No 43years look like this, even  
28years have jojo tanks and fat asses"  
She gotta be kidding me!

"I don't have a jojo tank, I'm fit.I don't  
have to look like an ant in order to look  
sexy"

Nozipho come back and dish for two  
quiet brothers.

"So you guys don't drink too?" she ask  
them.

"No" they say.

I smile, "Thank you, I was worried  
thinking you'd be drinking this bottle  
with us.Cheers!!!"

"Did you put alcohol in the food?"

Skhumbuzo ask.

The others look at him, confused.They  
already started eating.

"Just a little bit" Nozipho say.

He push the plate aside, "Well thank you"

"I will eat your plate" I say.

"Skhumbuzo eat Nozi is playing"

He look at her for assurance, Nozipho smile and tell him to eat.

"Skhumbuzo you've never given us money" Sena say chewing.

"Money for what?" he ask.

"For...umhhh...for being Fikile's sisters"

He chuckles, "She has never given my brothers money for being my brothers either"

"They've never asked for it" she say.

"You've never asked me either"

"I'm asking you now, we need money to buy another bottle of Krone for the

road" she say.

"How much is it?"

Sena look at me, "Do you know how much it is?"

Well,

"R450" I say.

"When it's on special maybe, the real price is R600" Nozipho say.

Nceba chuckles, "Mhhh ay!"

I look at him, he must not start us.

We finish eating and clean Fikile's kitchen. I also clean, just in case you are wondering.

"Thank you for inviting us, dinner was nice" I say.

He chuckles, "Well thank you for coming"

We are ready to go. I'm drunk but I'm

strong.

He take out three R200 notes and hand them to Sena.

"That's for your beer" he say.

It's not beer, Fikile should teach him about beverages.

Sena smile and put it in her bag,

"Thank you, now you are our brother whether you like it or not"

"Bye guys, you must know we don't eat people" I tell Nqubeko and Nceba.

"We do, we just don't swallow them"

Nozipho say.

We laugh and walk out.

"My share"

She look at me like she have no idea what I'm talking about.

"R200 darling" I say.

"For what?"

"You are out of your mind, why do you think I said it's R600? I wanted us to get fair shares" Nozipho say grabbing her bag.

"Take R100 each" she say.

She is crazy, we take our R200's and leave hers.

"I will tell Fikile you were milking her man"

I laugh, "Who asked for money honey?"

She fasten her seatbelt, "I hate you bitches, and you Nozipho I'm texting Sbusiso and telling him you've been drinking"

"I will win that case with a single round" Nozipho say.

I put R200 in my purse, Don will add a

few notes and get petrol for tomorrow.I'm hustling for my family.

## Chapter 233

### Fikile Biyela

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They finally arrive, Kuhle is carrying a big box of car toy.He drop it when he see me and run to me.He is a big boy but he is a baby to me.I hug him, he kiss me on the lips.

"How are you mama?"

I smile, "I'm good Kuhle, how are you?"

He don't answer that, "Mkhulu bought me a car, have you seen how big it is?

Uncle's baby can sit inside while I'm driving it"

Oh Mkhulu is gone by the way.

He didn't even greet me, I guess I need

to go ask for forgiveness and admit my mistakes. I'm a bad daughter, I will have three kids out of wedlock from different fathers. This is why Skhumbuzo refused to come here tomorrow, this man was going to give him hard time.

Simile has been standing against the counter like he don't know what to do. I look at him, "And you? Am I invisible?"

"Hey Mom" he say looking down.

"Come here"

I open my arms and hug him. He is growing up, his height isn't helping. He is only few centimetres from reaching my shoulders.

"My kiss" I say bending my neck.

He kiss my cheek.I hold his arm and bring him back to me.I don't care how tall he is, I will kiss those lips.

"Mama!" he say wiping his mouth.

"Is anyone else kissing that mouth?"

Kuhle burst out laughing.I look at him, he is pulling his ears to Simile.

"No" Simile say his eyes glued to Kuhle.

I look at both of them, "I hope so, I don't want to kill someone"

I don't know if Dad will come down for dinner,but I will dish for him and cover his plate nicely.

"Are you hungry?" I ask Kuhle and Simile.

"No"

Dad must've fed them all junkies, he have zero care about healthy diets.He

believe junk food make kids happy,  
and he want happy grandchildren.  
He need Don in his life.

"Okay go bath and go watch a movie on  
the laptop in my room" I tell them.  
I set dinner and call my mother. She  
make excuse for her husband's  
absence.

"I'm taking his food to him"

She put her hand up, "Fikile sit and  
eat"

"No Mom, I miss him" I say taking his  
plate.

"Don't come back crying to me" she  
say.

I knock outside their bedroom. Their  
bedroom is private even us, their  
children, are not allowed to enter

without permission. Maybe they are hiding freaky sex toys, you can't trust anyone these days. Everyone want orgasms.

"Push"

I push and enter.

He is sitting on bed in his shorts with a laptop on his lap.

"Hello Menziwa" I greet.

"Hello Fikile"

"It's room service" I say.

He lift his eyes and look at me, "Thanks for the service, I'm good"

"Dad I cooked this food with love. When was the last time you ate my food?" I ask.

"Before you got pregnant"

I exhale, "I'm sorry, I know I

disappointed you. Trust me I'm grateful to you and Mom for raising Kuhle and Simile. I'm not taking granted your support or exploiting it"

"What are you doing then Fikile?"

I'm still on my feet with a plate of food in my hand.

"I'm growing up, I have met someone who want to build a home with me. I didn't plan this pregnancy but I want this child. Like I have no regrets, Skhumbuzo make me happy. His intentions are clear, I know he is going to father my children and take good care of us"

He put the laptop on bed, "Give me my food"

I give him smiling, "Am I forgiven?"

"I hate that you make them fathers of my grandchildren because I can't kill them when they break your heart"

"You can kill Simile's father" I say.

He chuckles, "And make my own grandson fatherless?"

"He is fatherless anyway"

He chew and nod, "This is great but I won't finish it your kids fed me the whole McDonald"

"Your wife will fetch the plate, my food is getting cold"

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After dinner with Mom I go to room and find my two boys sitting on my bed, watching a movie.

I have to take the laptop so that I can

talk to them.

"You will finish the movie in Kuhle's room" I tell them.

"We will take it to my room?" Kuhle ask delighted.

"Yes, only watch movies I don't want my stuff deleted"

"Yes yes!!!"

"I want to talk to you about something" I begin.

They look at me waiting to hear it.

I clear my throat, "How would you feel if you were to get another sibling?"

"From where?" Kuhle ask.

"From me, your mother"

"A small baby?" he ask again.

"Yes, a small baby" I say.

"No I don't want it"

He is dead serious, he even fold his arms and push his mouth.

"Kuhle it will be a little beautiful baby, you will be a big brother looking after him or her"

He shake his head, "I don't want to be a big brother, I don't want you to have another baby other than me"

"Why?" I ask.

"Because me and Simile are your babies, or you don't love us?"

"I love you more than anything. That's why I'm going to give you another sibling" I tell them.

"No!!!!" he yells.

Sigh!

Simile speak for the first time, "You are going to live with the baby?"

There is something behind that question.

"We are all going to live with the baby"

"Where?"

"In Durban with Bab' Skhumbuzo. You guys are coming to live with us right?"

"I'm living with Mkhulu" Kuhle say.

He is now fighting with me.

"Kuhle we talked about this, next year you are living with me"

He get up and run out.

I'm left with my mouth hanging open. Did he just walked out while I was talking to him?

"Don't worry he will be fine when he is calm"

I look at him, "Is he always like this?"

"Sometimes"

I breath out, "The baby is not going to change anything, you guys are still my angels and I love you so much"

His eyes land to my stomach, "So you are pregnant right now?"

"Yes"

He look away, "Yuuuh!"

"Don't be like that, come and feel her"

He frown, "Umhhh..No"

I laugh, "Come on big brother"

I pull his hand and put it on my stomach.He is smiling.

"It's hard" he say.

"She must be big headed like you"

He chuckles.

He is the one I feared, thinking he won't be happy about it.I'm glad to see

him warming up, he will make a protective big brother.

"How do you feel about coming to live with me next year?" I ask.

"I'm fine with it although I thought I will be living with my uncle"

Yeah, change of plans.

"You'd be visiting him anytime you want, we are only few blocks apart"  
I'd be damned by this child!!!!

Wtf!

I cross my legs, "What's on your neck?"

He rub it, "What?"

"But I'm asking you"

"Umhhh...I don't know"

He is so bad at pretending.

"Who did this to you?" I ask as calm as I can be.

"Mama!"

"Simile you have love-bites what's the fuck?!"

"I have a girlfriend" he say moving to the wall.

"What????"

A girlfriend? He don't even have pubic hair yet...I think.

"I love her"

Don't mind me, I'm just laughing at how unbelievable this world is. Can he even define what love is?

"How old is she?" I ask.

"She is 15"

Older than him? This is like sugarmama stage one, sugarmamas begin like this.

"She give you bite marks and what

else?" I ask.

"Hah!"

"You better share everything with me or else I'm taking all your gadgets and going to tell her parents"

Well I'm just threatening him, he has been a good boy I won't punish him like that. Life is going to be hard in future, him and Sthelo are already growing up fast.

"Don't be mad" he say.

I nod, "I won't"

"We kiss and touch each other"

"Touch each other where?"

He smile so cutely that I end up smiling by mistake.

"Everywhere" he say.

"She touch your penis?"

He nod.

I want to be mad but you people are busy advising us to be a generation of better parenting styles, who are open about everything and discuss sex with kids explicitly.

"What else do you do to each other?" I ask.

"TMI"

I frown, "What is TMI?"

"Too much info"

I laugh, "God knows I want to strangle you, your penis is supposed to be touched by me and granny only. Do you guys do sex?"

"Not yet"

"Yet???" I ask with my eyebrows raised.

"We are waiting to be 16years"

"She will be sixteen before you" I say.

"She will wait for me"

Is someone going to explain to him or  
he will continue living the myth?

"Tell me before you do it"

"Who does that mama?" he say like I'm  
a vampire mom.

"I want to know every detail, I don't  
want to be a grandmother at this  
young age"

"Young age?"

Bathong! I shake my head and laugh.

A knock from the door disturb us, I still  
want to know more about his sex life.Is  
it even a sex life?

Dad and Kuhle on his arm walk in.He  
look angry,Kuhle have tears in his

eyes.

"What is happening here Fikile?" he ask.

"We are just talking"

"Talking? Is telling Kuhle that you don't love him talking?"

I'm so defeated.

"Kuhle?" I look at him.

"You said it"

He have the nerve!

"When?" I ask.

"You are having a baby with your husband"

Dad sigh and put him down.

"That doesn't mean I don't love you, you are still my baby"

"No I'm Gogo's baby"

Well that hurt, like really hurt.

Simile sensed this drama, he has disappeared.

"You are Gogo's baby and my baby too" I say.

"You are not my mother"

This child is going to make me cry, I know I didn't raise them up but I love them and I show them.

Dad intervene, "Kuhle stop this now, this is your mother. A baby won't change anything, stop acting like a six year old"

"I don't want your laptop" he say and run out the door again.

My hormones are on another level. I have never had a child making me cry until today.

"After the ceremony take him out and

spoil him, he will forgive you"

I close my eyes and just cry.

"Baba I'm a bad mother, I'm going to be there for this baby every step of the way but I was never there for them. He don't even want to come and live with me"

He sit next to me and pull me to him,

"You are a good mother Fikile you don't have to feel guilty, circumstances didn't allow you to be there for them physically but you loved them. You are in a better place now, you have a career, you are grown and intelligent. This is your chance"

"But Kuhle is..."

He shush me, "He is a big baby, your mother spoilt him. Tomorrow he will

be fine, it's one of his famous tantrums"

I wipe my tears, "My life sucks. All I want is my sons and a slice of chocolate cake, is that too much to ask?"

He stand up immediately, "Don't beat yourself about that rant"

"I'm hungry"

Hungry for the cake to be specific.

He pull the door handle, "Call Nkosi's boy, you went to Durban to work and decided to do adult's stuff"

"I thought I was forgiven" I say.

"Don't touch my wife's cake in the fridge, you have your own man to buy things for you isn't? Goodnight"

Wow, just wow!

He was my superheroic Dad not so long ago, hugging me and comforting me.

The door open again, "Mama"

He is not sleeping?

"Simile why are you still here?" I ask.

"Kuhle and I love you"

I smile, "I know, and I love you too"

He glance back outside then look at me, "You want cake?"

So he was eavesdropping?!

"I will have it tomorrow, your uncle will bring it"

I know my brother won't be an ass like his father, he will buy me a cake on his way here.

This child! He just bang the door and walk out.

I take my phone and text Skhumbuzo about what just happened with Kuhle. I hope those bitches haven't poisoned my man.

There is a soft knock on the door, I'm getting ready to take a shower and sleep, whoever it is must go away.

"Here"

He hand me a saucer with a big slice of cake.

"Simile your grandfather will be mad" I say in hesitation.

"I will say it was eaten by me, he won't mind" he say shoving it in my hand.

"Thank you" I say and kiss his cheek.

A good son is the one who take care of his mother. I couldn't have asked for a better son.

## Chapter 234

### Senamile Madlala

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If you see how many people are here, walking up and down and making noise you'd swear we have guests whereas it's only us, the family members. Only Mandla and Skhumbuzo are missing. Tyson is not allowed to be here. We all know Mandla is not in a good space which is why he is not here, and Skhumbuzo didn't come because he is who he is.

Zanda is here, but she is not herself. We are trying our best to support her and

be there for her, just that we don't know what can heal her beside alcohol. That's what we use to drown our sorrows and she is refusing it. Phindile is here helping Zethu dress up. I didn't know it was a big deal, she is wearing African attire, her face is decorated like a Xhosa woman. I think she is taking it too far, this thing is like a mere gift-giving ceremony but she look like she is having umembeso. There is marquee outside, Tyson's family is already there. Nonto had to switch from our side to be with the Givanstons. They have no idea what they are here to do, there are two black ladies amongst them. Their helpers maybe.

"Guys make fast, we need to start at 12h00" she say walking in.

Nonto is very traditional, she is about to get married to her high school sweetheart. I've never seen her in high heels or pants, she only wear skirts. Her man is also from Inkandla, I don't think they have any plans of relocating from that place. She is Nduku's sister by the way, meaning we also refer to her as a sister.

"What is she going to do when she get there?" I ask.

"She will sit, and Zethu you need to be respectful and keep your head bowed until they finish"

"They are white, they don't mind me staring at them" Zethu say.

"Stick to your culture"

She sigh, "What else?"

"Nothing for you, there is nothing you need to do"

Then she look at us, "And you guys, ridicule everything they are giving her"

She is serious, she is not joking.

"Like we must throw shades?" Simtho ask.

"Yes, say it's cheap, ugly, poor quality or whatever that comes to your mind"

Nozipho laugh, "Why?"

"That's how it's done, the girl's family show displeasure and ridicule every gift and they will be doing the same to you. I briefed them"

This get everyone excited, my family

love drama.

"We must get more wine" Simtho say.

"I should go tell the guys, we should grill those white people"

Nonto stop me, "They can enjoy themselves here in the house, this is a girls thing"

"There is no such thing in this house, we've never been to a ceremony like this they need to be with us" I say walking out stubbornly.

I find them by the balcony having drinks, my husband is the brightest and the cutest.

"Is it time to eat?" Don ask.

He is the most comfortable boyfriend you'd ever see. I think it's because he was a 'son' of this home way before he

started dating Simtho. Even my father still treat him like his half son than his daughter's boyfriend.

"How can you eat before the ceremony even start?"

"We are hungry" Sbu say.

"Were you not eating an hour ago?"

"No, we had a snack"

They had full chicken it was not a snack.

"I'm not here for that, I'm here to tell you that you need to drink until you are kaak drunk. We need to go diss Tyson's family and their gifts"

They are confused.

"Why?" Thapelo ask.

"Because that's how it's done, Don I trust you bring your A game"

"I don't understand, why are we  
dissing gifts?" Thapelo say.

"I don't know that's how it's done"  
Don pour a drink, "As long as Tyson  
doesn't shoot us"

Was that necessary? I walk to Lwazi  
and whisper in his ear.

He smile, "Go away"

"Are you hungry?" I ask him.

"We are all hungry"

Did I ask Sbusiso? They have their own  
wives and they ate an hour ago.

"I'm good babe" Lwazi say.

Don mumbles something under his  
breath.

I leave them like that, I know they are  
not hungry they just want meat.

Bab' Thobela is also here with his

wife. Nobody can make you humble like this man, if you are greeting him you need to bow and be collective. As divallic as we may be we know when to draw the line with him, he wouldn't think twice before giving you belt lashes.

I pass quietly by them and take the stairs. I bump to Nduku singing, he is not drinking today. That's amazing and probably the first.

"I can see the change MaMeya is doing, I can't wait to meet her"

He chuckles, "You will Dade, be preparing your English so long"

I laugh, "This is becoming a democratic residence"

He walk down, "I'm living the Mandela

dream Dade"

11h50 we are all instructed to go outside and sit on the chairs. Tyson's little sister is dressed up like a Zulu girl, she is so cute. Nonto and two other girls are in charge, one is black and the other one is white. She look bubbly, she keep throwing her hair back and smiling at everyone.

The guys stand at the back except for Don. He make his way inside.

"Free market ereng mo ngwaneng?" he say looking at the big opened suitcase. We burst out laughing, others have no idea what we are laughing at.

"Can we have some silence please? We know you are not used to good-looking people but please" Nonto say.

I think it was wrong of her to go to the Givanston's side, they should've hired a Zulu girl.If she diss too much she may not get dinner.

"With due respect we'd like to have Bab' Biyela to the front" she say.

My father doesn't come,instead Bab' Thobela come.They show him a seat and put a crate of beer and whisky infront of him.

"We know you work long hours, this is for when you get home.Relax on the couch and have a glass of Scotch or cold beer" says the white girl.

"And Menziwa you are a family man, you need a watch.You can't be coming home late because you didn't know the time" say the black one putting Rolex

watch on his wrist.

"It look exactly like the one from the Pakistan's shop in town" Simtho say loud and cross her legs.

"We wouldn't know, we don't know where Pakistan's shops are" the white girl say.

The Givanstons cheer and laugh. We need to bring our A game. They excuse Bab' Thobela and ask for my mother. They take out sleeping blanket and put it around her shoulders.

"We want you to be warm at night and..."

Before she can finish the voice come from the guys at the back.

"It's too small for her Queen bed"  
It's Sbu.

Another one follow, "Where do you buy such light blankets, I need it for my son"

Ziphe is surprised, it's her husband and he is drunk.

I laugh and give myself a mental high five, I did great by encouraging them to drink.

"I will put the slip inside the box, it clear you can't see properly" the white girl say.

She is obviously catching feelings, we laugh at her even more.

"Can we have Sbusiso Biyela please"

I thought we were not getting anything as Zethu's siblings.

I don't know what is it with them and sending people on their behalf.Nduku

come and sit for Sbusiso, they give him tea-set and bottle of whisky. After Sbusiso they call Fikile and Ziphelele.

"Don't cause any drama, you are middle children you don't get anything" Zanda whispers to me and Simtho.

"What?"

"Why?"

Instead of answering she shush us, "Later"

Oh I'm so mad at the Givanstons. How can they sideline us like this?

Time come for Zethu to come, she walk in with her head bowed. Phindile is with her, dressed almost like her. They sit at the front, there is a peaceful moment for a while. Nonto and the girls

are still taking clothes out of the suitcase. It's a big pink one, there is also a pink bag next to it. If both of them contain clothes Zethu need to open a boutique.

"We will start from the bottom honey, with your toiletries. I can see how dry your skin look, fortunately we bought this skin moisturizing lotion that is made with..." the white girl say taking out Nivea collection.

"Is that Clere? They still sell it in...umhhh where are you people from again?" I ask taking a glass of wine from Simtho.

"England mntase" Sbu say from the back.

The girl chuckles, "In case you didn't

read correctly this is..."

Simtho cut her in, "Can that woman of a free market t-shirt shift a little bit?

We can't see"

The white woman glance back at us, we laugh at her. She is not blocking any of our view, we are just frying her in a small pan.

Sbu and Thapelo at the back are not giving them any break, they are laughing at everything they take out. It's chaotic because Don is inside, they are outside but they are talking and laughing.

They get to clothes. Nonto lift a white skirt up for everyone to see it.

It is beautiful but....

"We are about to have our own nurse"

I say.

They ignore that and take out a pair of black stilettos.

"We know your fashion sense may be shallow given the fact that you guys live in this industrial place, we are going to teach you some class okay"  
Nonto say.

I want to strangle her, our fashion sense is not shallow. Who is she to judge us because of our town?

Okay I need to calm down, this is just a game.

"Just give her pantyhose already, the nursing uniform is complete" Thapelo say gulping beer.

"We did say something about your fashion sense people" the white girl

say taking out a formal black skirtsuit.

"Who died now?" Don ask.

Fikile laugh, "The patient maybe"

Zethu is not supposed to be laughing, didn't she listen to Nonto's rules?

They take out dresses and tell Zethu not to borrow us.

"This one was designed by Jimmy Justine, you probably won't know him. I mean he is a designer not Mr Price manager"

Who doesn't know Jimmy? He used to work for Nozipho, I mean duh!

"Is that a curtain?" Nozipho ask when they lift another red dress.

"That's so disappointing coming from a Nozipho Faya" the white girl say.

"Upgrade your knowledge honey and

upgrade the quality of your dresses. She is Nozipho Biyela not Faya" I tell her.

She roll her eyes and carry on.

"Now for your winter wardrobe here is your coat"

It's a beautiful, white coat. It seems like white is their favourite colour.

"She is a doctor now?" Thapelo ask from the back.

Ziphe is not giving him sex the whole week, she hate it when he drink. I think I like the drunk Thapelo better, everyone is laughing including my Dad.

"No umajazi" Don say.

Zethu look up at him, she is forgetting the rules this one. No looking up.

From winter clothes they go to gym

wear then to sleepwear. In conclusion Zethu will be not shopping for at least six months if she doesn't gain weight. I don't know why I wasn't told about this suitcase thing before marrying.

"Is that all you got her?" Simtho ask.

"Some are private, we sneaked it inside the bag"

"Lingerie?" I ask.

They laugh and fold everything inside. I need to call Tyson Givanston, he have some explaining to do but right now we need to go see if we can help in the kitchen.

## Chapter 235

Ziphelele Mokoena

.

When the ceremony ends my father announce that we are having a family meeting at 19h00.Only Phindile and Inkandla relatives left.Don and Simtho planned to leave but this meeting means we are all sleeping in Mandeni. Sadly I no longer have a room here.They turned it into a storeroom, it will take me hours to move everything to the garage and clean up.I guess I will crash in with Zethu.Thapelo is kaak drunk, he was and is going to sleep on the couch anyway.

I don't know what kind of a meeting this will be, the guys are drunk.The

heir can barely walk, Nozipho being a good wife that she is keep following him around and helping him, she is a bit drunk too though.

I do not have time for that, Thapelo's jean is dusty, I don't even care.

Even churchgoers are drunk. Aunt Lydia included, she have a bottle of wine on her lap. She is shouting like never before. Basically me, Zanda and my mom are only sober people in this house. I won't count Fikile, we all know if it wasn't for the bun she would be shouting 'yessss' like Sena there. My father is also drinking his whisky but he is not drunk. He is alcoholic but he is not a drunkard.

A hand grip on my shoulder, "My wife"

Phakade see his Dad and start kicking his feet. Unfortunately I can't let him go to him while he is in this state.

"Come to your father Phakade"

Honestly this is tiring. I move Phakade to my other arm and concentrate on the my phone.

"Daddy want sex" he say to my ear.

His aim was to whisper but the drunkard in him shouted. Now everyone is looking at us.

My mother!

I clear my throat, "Babe Sbu is calling you"

He smile, "You will give me my cookie?"

So he doesn't realise the intense look my mother is giving us. Fikile is

laughing under her hands.

I pull him by hand and lead him to where other drunkards are. Sbu and Nozipho are all over each other. The wife is so drunk, her thighs are displayed out, Sbu is touching them and sucking her lips. No wonder Thapelo wanted some sex too.

"Order guys there are kids in this house" I say.

Sbu balance by my arm to get up and pull his wife. They walk away giggling, Sphiwo's parents neh.

Don is already telling Thapelo an old story of their varsity life. I slip away and go back to the kitchen.

The only person I forgive for drinking is Lwazi. It has helped him chill. Him

raising his voice when speaking is a sign of being drunk. Hell, he is even walking around the house comfortably.

"Your husband" my mom say.

I look at her, "Sorry"

She sip her coffee, "Are you able to stand him?"

I'm uncertain about the answer.

"No, I hate the smell of alcohol"

"I mean do you cope with that animal?" she say.

Fikile burst out laughing. Zanda is trying to maintain a cool face but I can see she is dying with laughter inside.

I can't believe my mother's eyes roamed to my husband's front. And this is what she ask? Like really I'm her daughter.

How am I supposed to answer her?

"We adjust to our lives Mama" Fikile say.

"True my child"

No I cannot.

I stand up, "Call me when the meeting start"

"Yoh my child bakithi!" Mom say shaking her head.

So she is feeling sorry for me? I like it huge like that mommy need to relax and mind her own business.

Zethu is in her room.I'm sure she is fitting her clothes for the tenth time now.This is going to be a long week. I need to ask to share a room with her for the night.

Maskandi!

Since when did Zethu Biyela  
play this type of music?

She is clapping her hands to the  
rhythm, looking at herself in the  
mirror swaying her hips.

"How is this dress?" she asks.

We have complimented.

And complimented.

Again and again.

Zethu your clothes are beautiful, we  
keep saying.

I sigh, "Nice"

She takes shoes on bed, "Did you see the  
price of these?"

Sigh!

"I'm sure they are expensive"

She smiles, "They actually cost half your  
man's salary"

Right!

"Can I crash with you for the night?" I ask.

"You and Phakade?"

"He doesn't cry at night, I promise"

He cry at night but she is drunk, she won't hear him.

"Fine, you need to pack all this for me. I'm going to get a few drinks downstairs"

All her new clothes are laid on bed, now I'm indirectly paying for sleeping here. She has spent unannounced nights in my house, I never given her any duty.

Zanda come to the room and tell me to go down.

"And you?" I ask.

"I need to rest, I'm tired"

I exhale, "Babe you are the part of this family, whatever this meeting is about concerns you too"

"You will fill me up"

I nod.

"I will check on you later" I give her a brush on the shoulder.

My husband is sitting like everyone else but his eyes are closed. He is drunk more than anyone.

I sit next to him, he sense me immediately and put his arm over my shoulders.

Great.

"Can't you postpone this?" My mom say looking at Dad.

"No"

She is disapproving but she let him be.

He start by clearing his throat,

"Attention please"

"Can we do this and get over with it"

Simtho say sighing.

"Simtholile!" Mom warns.

Now everyone is calm, they are staring at him with drunk faces.I wonder if they will remember anything he is going to say.

"On the 27th of December we will be having a big ceremony in..."

Sena put her hands up, "Yeeey keep them coming honey"

She is shut by Aunt Lydia's killer look.

"Sizobe simulisa uNtombizethu"

Huh???

"Umemulo?" I ask in disbelief.

"Yes, she has taken care of herself pretty well. It's time for me to do umemulo for her and embrace her growth and..."

Simtho turns sober instantly, "What about us?"

Fikile nod, "Yeah, what about us?"

"You have children"

Fikile chuckles, "It doesn't mean anything, you could've done the same for any of us before we had children"

"When you were 14 you mean?"

Ouch!

"That's not fair Dad" Sena say.

When did alcohol wash off their blood system?

"Zethu doesn't have a child because of prevention methods don't mistake it

for 'taking care of herself' Simtho say worked up.

"Zethu has gone the traditional route, I know her boyfriend, she is

iqhikiza. Today there was another ceremony that proved that indeed the

Givanstons have my daughter's ucu. As her father I haven't seen any man

standing by the windows for her, she haven't brought any pregnancy

home. She deserve this ceremony"

I blurt out, "But you have seen her videotapes or that doesn't count?"

There is some silence.

"Should we really go there?" Mom ask.

"Yes we should" Sena say.

Dad rub his wrist, "Senamile Madlala and Ziphelele Mokoena"

I see what he is doing there.

"We still have a say, this is our home too" I say.

"I wasn't really looking for opinions, I was telling you to clear your schedules around the day"

Now he is being that Biyela.

"What about me?" Simtho ask, tears welling down her face.

"You have a child Simtholile"

"It's not like I have that child. Do you see my child around here? Can you talk to her?" "Miniey!! Miniey!! My child!!"

Now this is getting out of hand, alcoholic influenced. She get up from the chair and start calling her baby's name around the house, crying.

"See what you are doing, I told you to

postpone this" Mom say getting up,  
following Simtho.

Sena turn to Zethu, "Congratulations!"  
She leave the table, Fikile follow her. I  
remain, I don't know what to do. I also  
feel betrayed but hey I'm married.

"Sbusiso"

He look at him with one eye opened,  
"Baba"

"You need to talk to your sisters"

"Mhhhh"

He stand, "Madlala use the second  
guest room from the kitchen right, that  
wife of yours will puke on your face"

Lwazi nod, "Thank you"

He look at me, "Are you sorted?"

I just look at him and say nothing.

"She will sleep in her room" Mom say.

"Which room? The storeroom upstairs?"

"It's just a few boxes Ziphelele, we will move them"

Zethu clap her hands, "Yay!!!!!!!"

She is the only one excited.

The guys, well they are almost asleep right on this table. Aunt Lydia is enjoying her wine, she say things are hectic in her life hence drinking like a fish is what she deserve for at least today.

"What about Jesus?" Sbu asked earlier.

As usual she told the story of Jesus turning water into wine and how water is literally His blood.

I'm not up for moving boxes and sweeping, I tell Mom I will rather sleep

with Zethu.

"What about Thapelo?"

I shrug, "He will sleep on the couch or crash in one of the guest rooms"

She look around as if she is checking if anybody else heard.

"This is his in-law's house and you want him to sleep on the couch? You know the Mokoenas don't like us, you want to add to that and make your husband sleep on the couch?"

She is speaking low but her tone is steady and spitting fire.

"Mom did you see how drunk he is?" I ask.

"Did you see how drunk all these boys are? Where is Nduku? Drunk and asleep in his room. Did you see

Sbusiso? Did you see Donald and Lwazi? Did you see your own father?"  
Why is she shouting now?

"Now tell me, which one of them has been kicked out of the room to the couch because of that?"

I sigh, "Mom I'm not about to inhale stinking alcoho..."

She cut me in, "Ziphe you are not better than everyone, I don't want anyone on my couches. Go take the boxes out and prepare bed for your husband"

I can't believe her.

"Mama!"

She turn on her heel, "Yeses! Waze wavelelwa umfana wabantu he can't even enjoy himself with others"

"And you are not going to help me with the boxes?" I ask her.

She click her heels and disappear.

I go to Fikile's room, I'm trying so hard not to cry. Those days are over, I'm a big girl now.

"Can you hold Phakade for me for five minutes?" I ask her.

"Sure"

She need some practice anyway.

Zanda is pretending to be asleep. I know her, she is not sleeping she don't want to talk.

I move the boxes one by one to the garage. They are heavy, I don't know why they were in my room in the first place.

"Have you seen Donald?" he ask

meeting me on the steps.

How am I supposed to see Don while I'm busy cleaning the room they turned into storeroom?

"Why are you crying?"

I'm not crying, I'm shedding tears of anger.

"You put..you put boxes in my room and now I have to be the one who is not resting..."

He take my hand, stopping me from talking.

"Let's go move them" he say.

He take two boxes that were left same time, when he come back he have a broom and air-refresher.

He is Biyela, he doesn't sweep.He give me the broom and arrange other

things.

Now I recognise this room, I can fetch my bags.

"Thank you Dad" I say.

He nod and turn the door handle.

"Ziphelele" he look back.

He look sober and very tense.

"You know that I love you all equally, right?" he say.

With no hesitation I tell him yes.He walk to me and kiss my forehead.

Maybe we should cut him some slack and let him do this memulo for Zethu.I need to have a talk with my sisters before I fetch Thapelo.

"No ways" Simtho say first.

"He do so much for us already, this thing is not even a big deal.I mean Sena

we are married, Fikile you are about to have three children and Simtho you also had...I mean you fell pregnant too. Basically the only person who deserve this is Zethu"

"Dankie mntase" Zethu say from the corner.

"If anyone told us we would have umemulo if we don't fall pregnant until a certain age we would have waited too" Fikile say.

"But you knew culture mos"

She chuckles, "Culture say virgins get umemulo, it say nothing about gold mines"

"Times have changed preggy, and I don't have a gold mine" Zethu say slightly pissed.

"I'm with Zethu on this one, we are being jealous over nothing and Dad is hurting you all walked out on him"

Nozipho sigh, "I want my man"

I roll my eyes, "Go, you are not useful anyway"

She staggers out the door. I shake my head and laugh wondering if she still remember there is someone called Yamihle. Without those ladies looking after the kids this family would be fucked up.

"Okay guys we are done talking about this. Can anyone show me how to dance to maskandi?"

She is getting ahead of herself.

"Zanda come on" she say trying to lift her foot up like they do it in Inkandla.

I let out a sigh of exhaustion, "Guys can we be a family and just stop this?"

"Fine stop nagging" Sena say rolling her eyes.

"You guys are so jealous yoh"

Zethu though, I'm trying to end this.

"Like no congratulations on my clothes, no nothing. I wash my hands, is it because you don't expect good things to happen for me? Like I'm always hell bent when it comes to you, offering help and congratulating you on every occasion"

Simtho stand up, "I actually don't have time for this"

"Yeah go, but I'm having umemulo and I'm getting married soon. Night honey"  
She roll her eyes and walk out.

"Is this even necessary guys?" Zanda ask.

"Nope it's not, we are being childish and unnecessary as usual" I say.

Someone push the door violently. He hold on the wall and look at me. Today Satan is really testing me.

"Come" he say.

"Thaaaaps" Zethu say in her original high voice.

"Zethu I want my wife" he say as if he is begging her, like Zethu is holding me.

Fikile chuckles, "Why? What do you want?"

I give her a look and quickly pull him to the door.

"Come on Thapelo what do you want

from her?" she yells.

I close the door behind and excersize breathing before I pull him to my room.

"Thapelo this shit I cannot stand, like seriously.I don't care what Mom say, if you want to drink drink away from me.Only come back to me when you are sober, I don't want my son to see his father like this.Look at you Thapelo"

He lie on bed, "Ziphelele I love you"

"I don't care, just sleep.I will be sleeping with Zethu"

"Please don't leave me Ziphelele I'm sorry if I did something wrong"

I have to take his shoes out and pull covers over him.Wifey duties right?

"Ziphelele don't leave me, please" he say in a breaking voice.

I have to look at his face. Tears are rolling down.

"Thapelo???"

"You are leaving me again, please don't Ziphe. I don't know how to survive without you, please my love. I don't want to be alone"

He is really crying right now and I'm just confused AF.

"Thapelo I'm not leaving" I say.

He make louder sobs, "My friend...I heard he died"

"Which friend?" I ask.

"From university, I have forgotten his name. He died Ziphe, how can he leave me like this?"

"When did you find out about this?" I ask.

"Now"

Wow, great.

"Umhhh we will go meet his family tomorrow and find out about funeral arrangements. Can you stop crying and focus on getting some sleep?" I say.

"His family died too"

I wonder if sleeping pills will cause him nausea.

"Phakade is gonna wake up, please sleep" I beg.

"My son?"

Oh gosh! That excite him, he sit up.

"He is sleeping" I tell him.

"Why is he sleeping?"

"He is sleeping because Daddy is also

sleeping"

He make a weak laugh, "Like father like son"

"Yeap"

He sleep, amen. Tomorrow he will be paying for this.

Chapter 236

Zanda Dlamini

.

We are about to leave Mandeni, there is nothing I'm looking forward to. In fact I'm not even sure I want to leave. My brother's house have everything I need. Geyser, food, big bedroom and every necessity. Only one thing is

missing, love.

There is so much tension between Mvuse and Siza. Sometimes Siza stay in her room all day.

I'm scared to talk to her, I feel like whatever going on between them is bigger than me.

She was submissive yes, but now servant is a suitable word to describe her. Mvuse order her around, she never protest or show any disapproval. In short Siza is scared of Mvuse.

It get me wondering if it has anything to do with that 'scene' I walked on the other day.

"Babe did you pack everything?" Sena ask.

I'm riding with her.

I look around one last time, "I think so"  
She give Quinton his backpack and tell  
him to run to the car. The issue  
between Biyela and them haven't been  
resolved, they are still mad at him.

Speaking of the devil!

He look at Sena, "Madlala Mrs"

This man can be very sarcastic when  
he want.

"Hey baba kaZethu"

The drama in this family.

He chuckles and look at me, "Please  
come to my study"

He is Biyela of course my heartbeat  
escalated. Did I do something wrong  
yesterday?

I put the bag on bed, my palms are  
sweating.

"Relax, he won't kill you" Sena say laughing.

"Do you know what this is about?" I ask.

"No"

Then why must I relax?

I knock softly outside the door.

"Come in" his deep voice say inside.

He close the laptop and shift his attention to me.

"How are you doing?"

"I'm fine"

Everyone can see that I'm not fine, but I'm not the one to cry about it.

"How is Leano?"

"He is good baba"

"That's great to hear" he say.

There is a moment of silence.He is

looking at me but his mind is somewhere else.

"Why didn't you call me?"

Oh this is about the break-up.

"I was okay. I was able to sort everything on my own" I say.

"Are you happy where you live?"

I nod, "Yeah I'm okay"

Why am I doing this?

I shake my head, "No, actually I'm not okay"

"Why don't you stay here?"

"Umhhhh...the thing is I need to..."

He chuckles, "Okay I get it, you think we are going to bore you. Do you need your own place? Nothing big, just for you and your son"

He said the last line to stop me from

making unnecessary speeches.

"I'd appreciate it" I say surprising him.

"When do you want to move in?"

"Anytime that suit your arrangements"

He nod, "Say tomorrow afternoon, the car will fetch you"

"Wow thank you baba, I'm really grateful"

He dismiss it like it's nothing.

"I want to ask you one thing" he say.

I nod, looking at him.

"Please give him time"

My eyes drop to my hands.

"Don't give up on him, he is a good boy. He just need to deal with his issues"

I wish he didn't bring this up, I honestly don't know how to answer

him. I just nod, he take it as agreement.  
"Have a safe trip, tell those brats I love them"

I smile, "Thank you, I will tell them"

He have his ways but he is a great father. His love for his children is indefinable. My father was like him, he loved us to death.

Well he was a broke version of him.

Sena is like a radio, she is presenting different topics all the way to

Durban. Her husband is used to her, he have the "mhhh" technique he use as response for every conversation.

Their son is what we call a brat back in Eshowe. He is very demanding, noisy and have zero listening skill.

Lwazi is the "stop it boy" kind of

daddy. Not the "STOP IT BOY!!!!"  
type. Maybe it will get better when  
their daughter arrives.

They drop me off at Mvuse's house, I  
suddenly miss Mandeni.

"Brother" I greet.

He is sitting on the kitchen chair busy  
on his phone.

"Hey sis, how are you doing?"

"I'm hungry" I say.

He look up, "Okay sit and relax, Siza  
will come fix something for you"

"I can do it myself" I say.

"No sit, it's her job" he say firmly.

"It's not, I'm not her husband. Even if I  
was her husband it wouldn't give me  
the right to abuse her"

"Mhhh"

"Yep, when you don't love a person anymore you let them go. If you can't forgive someone for whatever reason you let them go before your grudge lead you to destruction"

He grins, "Is that a relationship slash marriage advice?"

"Pretty much"

He chuckles, "I'm here with my wife, still together. You are the one who need advices. Look at you, poor single mother"

"I'm not a single mother, Mandla is involved in his son's life. Get your facts straight and stop abusing your wife" I say.

"When was the last time he called you? Checked on his son?"

The last time he called was the night of the day I left. He hasn't made any contact ever since. I'm worried about him. I was hoping he'd make an effort to check at least on Leano.

"Truth is bitter neh? Now sit and wait for my wife to make you something to eat"

I don't answer him I go to my room and take my purse and put it inside Leano's bag and car keys.

"Later Miya" I say walking out.

He chuckles, "Later sis"

Phumla need to fetch his brother. No, I'm kidding. I love that annoying ass, just not at the moment.

I drive to the restaurant to get myself some food. I cannot sit with the

arrogant Mvuse and his battery-dead wife.

I hear familiar voices from the table behind me. I turn my head back, my eyes land on Nceba's.

He smiles and gets up from their table making his way to me.

"Hey" he greets.

I'm happy to see him, I'm just not comfortable that he is with his brother.

"How are you?" I ask.

"Ngiyaphila, ninjani nina?"

I smile, "Good, Zulu looks good on you"

He chuckles, "Is it safe for me to sit?"

I sigh, "Yeah it's safe"

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah I'm fine, I was worried about you but I was scared to call. I didn't

want to cause more trouble"

"We broke up" I say.

His eyes widen, "Was it because of me?"

"No, we had long personal problems"

He don't believe me,

"Zanda I don't want to be the reason why your family falls apart, I know how much you love..."

I sigh, "Trust me it was not about you, we had trust issues and they seemed to be escalating beyond perseverance level"

"How are you coping?" he ask his voice full of concern.

I smile, "What is this now? Vice-versa counselling?"

"We look out for each other"

"Well I'm trying, it's hard waking up without him next to me but I'm trying"  
Someone clear his voice, I know I'm boomed.

"You didn't tell me we are changing tables" he is talking to Nceba.

"Go sit on your table, this is a counselling session"

He eye me briefly, "Can I join too?"

He was asking but he didn't wait for response. He sit opposite me, to see my sweating palms right?

"Zanda this my ass brother Nqubeko"

Nceba say.

Is this an act?

I look at him, "Nice to meet you Nqubeko"

"Likewise ntokazi"

I need to get myself together, "So Nceba when are you going back to Pretoria?"

"Getting rid of me already?"

"Come on" I lift my glass and sip.

He look at the plate in front of me then at Nqubeko.

"Nkosi we have to go, Zanda we will catch up some other time"

I nod, relieved.

"Safe journey" I say.

They leave, my lungs take in some oxygen. I eat and finish up.

Why do I always have to bumb on him when I'm out?

And this effect he have on me, why can't I place it? What is exactly that make me sweat when I'm around him?

I feed Leano before paying the bill and making my way out.

At first I think my eyes are deceiving me, he is standing by my car.

Didn't he leave with Nceba?

I keep my legs straight and walk toward him. His head is bowed down but I know he can see me.

"Nqubeko what are you doing here?"

He push one hand in his pocket and look up, away from me.

"It's always good to see you"

That's not what I asked. I unlock the car and strap Leano on his seat.

"It was nice seeing you AGAIN

Nqubeko" I say opening the front door.

"Zanda this was a beautiful evening"

I stop and look at him. I should be going

but something is stopping me.

He take a deep breath, "I feel like we are in the wrong world.Zanda we don't belong in the world where we don't end up together.We don't, it should be me and you."

I need to breath, my nostrils are suddenly not doing their job effectively.

"I'm trying so hard to go back to who I was, a man who didn't believe in love and soulmates.It's hard to reverse feelings but I'm trying"

His eyes shift to me, "It just feel so impossible to let it go...Zanda I'm dying inside"

"I'm sorry" words come out as a whisper.I don't know what I'm sorry

for.

He rub my cheek with his thumb softly,

"Can I...?"

He pause and exhale.

"Drive safely Zanda"

## Chapter 237

.

Sbusiso has been all over his business, telling him how to behave and all the do's & dont's. Tonight is his first night with Lauren. He is wearing new underwears, Sbusiso forced him to buy them. They cost quarterly a goat's price.

They forget that he has had dozens of

girlfriends before. He also tapped Mandla's exwife's cookie number of times. He don't need Sbu's tips, he is not new in the game, Phumla also taught him a few moves. May her soul rest in peace.

Nozipho booked him in Royal Palm hotel, she also made sure Nduku look like a snack in blue knee-ripped jeans, white shirt with tight sleeves that make him uncomfortable. And shoes, black pointy shoes that make irritating sounds when he walk on the tiles.

"Bafo don't forget to eat it" Sbu whisper behind him.

"Ay maarn go to your wife"

Sbu never give up on anything,

"I'm helping you, eat it like a mango"

"Go to hell" Nduku say walking out laughing.

He now drives a red Polo Vivo that belongs to Gala Tradings, he is running casual errands around Durban. He still need to acquire certain knowledge and skills before he can be credited a real job in the company. But it's his uncle's company, he is earning a good salary for being present.

Lauren is dressed in knee-length black body hugging dress and gold stilettos. She have her fingers crossed, lot of stuff is being said about Zulu men, she could be short-dressed for Nduku's liking.

What bothers her the most is her cleavage, it's all out. She heard they

also tend to want their property to remain private.

Hold on a sec, it's not his property. They just started this dating thing, she must stop thinking like a new fiancée.

"Lauren!" she keep snapping at herself mentally.

She see a red Polo Vivo stopping next to her, she feel the need to pull down her dress.

Nduku come out the car, "MaMeya" Lauren smile, she actually find it amusing that he call her this way. Apparently it's a sign of respect in his culture.

They hug briefly. He open the door for her and put her bag on the back seat.

"Mama are you okay?"

Something cold flush her stomach. Her cheeks turn pink immediately.

"Yes I'm okay" she say nodding.

"You look beautiful Lorry"

She chuckles, "Will you ever try to say my name right?"

"Lauren" he say smiling.

"But I'm sticking to Lorry. Can you say my name? Ndukwenhle" he say looking at her eyes.

"Ndukhenhle"

He burst out laughing, his laugh isn't faked. He laugh as much as his lungs allow him.

"Can you say Dali?" he ask after laughing.

"Darling...?"

He shake his head, "Not darling, I hate that,I'm not gay.When you call me I want you to say Dali"

"Well that's easy, Dali"

He smile and start the car.

They eat and take turns in the bathroom showering.For Nduku showering time is sing-off time and no circumstances will ever change that.

Lauren is on bed listening to him singing and sending her friend an update.

\*\*Put that sexy piece on Lauren don't disappoint us, represent us there in Zululand\*\*- Kylie.

Lauren roll her eyes and text her back:

\*\*I'm in the same town as you, don't worry I'm already dressed\*\*

She don't want to tell her how insecure she feel in this lingerie she gave her.If she do she will start going on and on about beauty of all sizes and bla bla bla.She should be a motivational speaker somewhere in the world, she speak positivity in everyone.

Nduku walk back in with a towel wrapped around his lower body.He lotion his body and get on bed.

"You are okay?" he ask.

Lauren nod her head and continue staring at the ceiling.

He take her hand and lock their fingers together.

"I'm not going to do anything you don't want me to do.I'm here to spend time with you"

She smile, "Thank you"

"Does your family know?"

"Not yet"

He take a breath, "I'm not going to hurt you, I'm black, I'm not a lion"

She look at him, a little bit hurt and pissed.

"Race got nothing to do with us, we are two people inlove"

"Lorry your family...what if they don't want me?" he ask.

"I want you, this is between me and you. Besides my family is not racist, we don't see colour we see human beyond the skin"

He nod, "Kuhle makunjalo"

"Huh?"

"I'm say alright"

He pull her closer to his face and brush her cheeks.

"You are beautiful" he compliment.

Lauren sigh, "You keep saying that but you don't even notice me"

He frown, "Kanjani?"

"I'm fine" Lauren say.

He chuckles, "I'm not asking you kunjani, I'm asking how am I not noticing you?"

"I'm being petty, it probably doesn't look good on me" she say looking away.

"MaMeya what are you talking about?"

Tears escape her eyes, she wipe them quickly hoping he didn't notice them.

"Yini Lorry?" he ask sitting up.

"I'm..I'm sorry" she get off bed and

rush to the bathroom.

Five minutes later Lauren is not back, Nduku is worried he is pacing up and down.

Zethu!!!

He take his phone and call her.

"Brotherlicious" she answers.

"Hey Dade, I'm in a big trouble" he say.

"Oh what's going on? Are you in danger?"

"Uthuliswa kanjani umlungu okhalayo? (How to make a white person stop crying)"

Zethu burst out laughing on the other side.

"I'm not playing Ntombizethu, come with a solution" he say.

"What did you do to MaMeya?"

"Nothing"

"It can't be nothing"

He exhale, "She said I'm not noticing her then started crying just like that"

"Are you on bed?"

"Yes"

"Is she wearing something sexy?" she ask.

"Red net thing"

"Gosh Nduku she is wearing a lingerie for you and you are calling it 'a thing'?" Zethu say in disbelief.

"A what? What is it used for?"

"To look sexy, you should've complimented her and did all unimaginable things"

"Oh" that's all he can say.

"Stop being shocked by common

things go get her and strip that lingerie off"

He drop the call and sigh.

"Lorry Lingerie!"

He push the bathroom door slowly. She is sitting on the floor, her head resting on her knees.

He kneel next to her, "Lorry I'm sorry"

She rub her nose that has turned pink and avoid eye contact.

"You look absolutely amazing, I didn't know this thing was special"

He is calling it 'this thing'???

He regret his choice of words immediately.

"I thought it was normal white people's underwears..eish!"

"How?" she ask.

"Uxolo...I'm sorry"

She nod.

He lean and kiss her cheek, "Thank you, this thing means so much to me"

"It's not just a thing Dali, it's a lingerie, Abrams lingerie" she say emphasizing her words.

"Oh can I touch it?"

She sigh, giving up the straight face battle. A smile curve on her lips.

He touch it.

"Can you breath in it?"

Lauren's smile disappears.

He kiss her lips, "I'm sorry"

He take her back to the bedroom. Women are dramatic, their drama is bittersweet.

"I've seen people wearing this thing on

TV, I just never paid attention. Can you do a turn?"

Lauren turn and face him.

"Suka bo!" he say impressed.

Lauren is impressed with herself too.

"How does this work? Are you sleeping in it?"

Lauren smile, "The ball is in your hands"

"Well you are taking it off then, I don't want to dream of...who is the man again?"

"What man?" she ask.

"The one it belong to" he say.

"Don't tell me you want to say you don't want to dream of Abrams because I said it's Abrams lingerie" she say taking few steps toward bed.

He pull her back, their body collides.  
"Akaphume-ke uAbrahams MaMeya"  
he say stripping down the lace over  
shoulders.

He take the lingerie off and lift her to  
bed. For a moment he stare at her.

"I love you"

Lauren's cheeks heat up, "I love you  
too"

"Are you sure?"

She nod, smiling.

"I'm not educated so I don't know half  
of the technology things but I'm  
learning" he tell her.

"Do you know love science?" she ask.

He chuckles, "I do"

"That's the kind of education I need  
you to have. Love me, don't break my

heart and don't cheat on me.If you've had enough tell me, I will go"

"Thank you.Can I kiss you?"

She smile, "You don't have to ask"

His erection is hard like a rock but he don't want to send wrong signals by jumping on her naked body.His breath escalate as he suck her soft lips.His hand start running over her boobs, rubbing her hard nipples.

It get too much he groans and bury his head on her.

"Do you have condoms?" Lauren ask.

He look at her, his eyes smaller than usual.

"I do"

"I'm ready" she say.

He take a condom and exhale, "I will

fail, I'm too hard"

"I can help you"

She kneel in front of him and brush his shaft. She take it in her mouth and start sucking. Her tongue is making him groan like a dying patient.

"Lorry" he say pulling her hair.

Lauren stop at nothing. He have to push her off and nut aside.

"Aysh aysh aysh!!!!" he groan.

He take some time to breath then throw her on bed and do what Sbu advised him to do. Hopefully his ancestors are not angry at him. They need to know times have changed, now you have to eat it before slaughtering it.

He bury his head between her thighs

and let his tongue do the job.  
Come to Durban you will learn  
mkhaya.

"Baby please come inside now" Lauren  
beg gasping for air.

He put the condom on and smash his  
lips on hers. He lift her leg up and  
position himself in between.

"I love you" he say before putting his  
tip through her labias, rubbing the soft  
flesh with his tip.

He try to insert his shaft but she is  
tight. Too tight. He re-enter and push a  
little harder, Lauren wince in pain.

"Lorry" he say pulling out.

"Why are you stopping?"

"Has anyone entered here before?" he  
ask in a steady, calm voice.

"Not really but I have done lot of things.I can do this, please"

Nduku brush his face and sigh.He let go of her leg.

"Why are you stopping?" she ask in a breaking voice.

"You didn't tell me Lorry, I cannot do this now"

He pull the condom off and walk to the bathroom.Ten minutes later he walk back and find Lauren sitting on bed with a dress she was wearing on.

She is angry, it's visible on her face.

"I'm sorry" he say.

She rub her nose and keep quiet.

"I can't just take away your gold Lorry, not like this"

"It's not your decision to make" she

say.

"You will remember this night for the rest of your life, I needed to be aware and ready"

He is right, she should've been honest with him.

"Are you going to leave?" she ask.

He frown, "No, why leave?"

"I'm a 26years old virgin, that's some weird crap"

"Why are you still a virgin vele?" he ask.

"Honestly I don't know, I've been postponing since 23years"

He smile, "OBiyela ke labo"

"What Biyela?"

"My great grand-grand fathers"

She chuckles, "Well you are lucky, so

what are we going to do the whole night?"

"We will talk, tell me about you and Swizerland"

"Switzerland is great, I was born in Zurich. My father is a Swiss man, my mother is a South African woman. We moved back here after their divorce, my father remarried to one of my mother's ex-BFF. We don't communicate with him, he is living his life"

"Ex what?" Nduku ask.

"A woman who used to be her best friend"

"Mhhh"

She exhale, "I miss him though, I miss Zurich"

"I'm sorry" he pull her to his chest.

He pull her hair, playing with it.

"It's like I'm sleeping with a doll"

Lauren chuckles, "It's like I'm sleeping on a black man's chest which is a dream that has came true"

"I will marry you"

"And you know this right now?" she ask in disbelief.

"I have cows back home, I'm working and I have found my 26year old virgin girlfriend who wear Abraham's net-things"

She burst out laughing, "Get to know me better Dali"

He kiss her, "Awuzwa ke"

## Chapter 238

Nozipho Biyela

.

I had a hectic week, I've been going home very late. I haven't seen Mandla in five days so today I decided to end my day early. I will pick Leano from his mother's place and go with him. Mandla need to see him, I know he miss him but is scared to reach out. Sbusiso is home already.

Being a boss's son!

"Look who is home at 3:30pm today?" he say stuffing a piece of pizza in his mouth.

"My love" I kiss his chewing lips and drop my bag on the table.

"Babes"

"Why are you home early? And why are you eating pizza there is food in the fridge?" I ask.

"The kids wanted pizza"

Sigh!

"Sbusiso yesterday you were eating pizza, the day before it was burger and fries, that day was a 'family celebration' cake that was finished within a day.How..."

He shake his head, "Ay Nozipho maarn did you lose customers? Stop being grumpy for no reason it's just a pizza"

"You are feeding the kids junks before dinner they end up not eating proper food"

He gulp down juice straight from

bottle.

"Sbusiso!"

He put the cap back on and close it.

"You are never home on time, what am I supposed to do?"

"There is food, Mam' Hlengi prepare it everytime I'm not here" I say in a fixed tone. All he need to do is warm up the food. If opening a microwave is that piece of a job he could order proper food from restaurants not pizzas and burgers.

"Which panty did you put on in the morning? I didn't see you" he ask wiping his mouth.

I take a deep breath and walk toward the voices of my chipmunks.

"Mam' Hlengi" I greet passing her by

the passage.

"Hello Nozipho, how are you sisi?"

I stop her with my hand and walk past. She chuckles behind and carry on with her business.

I stay with them for fifteen minutes, catching up with their busy lives.

Sphiwo want me to buy him eyeglasses, I tell him I cannot buy them for him because he don't have sight problem. Now he is saying he turn blind sometimes and fail to see anything.

"I will buy you sunglasses"

He shake his head, "No, I want eyeglasses. The one that Mkhulu Faya wear when he read a book"

"Okay I will buy them" right now this is

the only way I can end this conversation.

"I'm also blind" Liyanda say.

"Me too"

Now blindness victims are coming forward, neh.

"And baby Yamihle too" Ayanda add.

I laugh, "Everyone is getting eyeglasses then"

I take Yamihle and go to my room. He is growing each day, so soon he will be crawling. As soon as he started sitting he started moving around on his tummy. He look like Zethu a lot, I need to put more effort in praying. I can't have a Zethu son.

"Mama are you still angry?" he ask walking through the door.

"Yes"

"Come on I'm your husband"

I laugh, "So what? I'm angry at you and that's it"

He take Yamihle, "Come lie on bed Menziwa"

He roll the sleeves of his shirt, "You are so grumpy"

"I'm not grumpy"

He pull my arm and make me stand infront of him while he sit on bed.

"Then what's making you shout at me?" he ask lifting my skirt up.

"I have to go see Mandla" I say.

"If you told me which panty you are wearing you'd be on your way right now"

He pull the panty down and insert his

finger inside my cookie.

"You need some dick"

I take a deep breath and relax my body. I need his thumb like that on my clit.

"Why are you moaning? You are angry at me" he say pushing one finger inside.

"I'm not angry baby"

The little Menziwa on bed turn on his stomach and start pulling his shirt.

Now he is distracted, I'm moaning for his attention, Yamihle is also grabbing him for attention.

"Eish baby!" he stop fingering me and try to attend Yamihle.

Now I'm angry at him again.

"Don't dress up" he say putting

Yamihle on the floor.

He take his cellphone out and give it to him.

"We better make this fast" he put me on bed and stretch my legs to sides.

His tongue do unspeakable things to me.I push his head in and wrap my legs around his neck.In a minute I splash my juices all over his face.

"Jesus Christ" he chuckles wiping his face.

I feel his hard shaft penetrating my vagina.His hand go under my neck, he smash his lips on me.I get to inhale and taste myself in him.

He is giving me intense strokes.I feel like my bladder is going to shift.

"Are you close?" he ask.

"No"

He change the pace and direct his thrust to my soft spot.I hate that he is making me cum so fast but I understand, Yamihle is hitting something on the floor.

"I'm gonna cum baby please hold me tightly" he say increasing his pace.

I hold him tightly, he bury his head over my shoulder and start groaning.I can feel his face tensing up on my shoulder, he let out a soft cry of pleasure.

"I love you MaZungu"

I smile, "I love you too Menziwa but you have to get off me I need to go see my brother"

"Tell him I said his sister have a warm

cookie"

I push him off laughing.

His phone is wet with saliva, and it's being fixed on the floor.

None of my business though, I gotta wash myself and go.

I come out of the shower and change to skinny jean, blue Adidas gym top and push-ons. If I bump to a journalist on my way I will be on the front page tomorrow :NOZIPHO BIYELA HAS LOST EVERYTHING

"You look nice and simple" hubby say.

I smile, "Thanks husband"

"I lifted the mood neh"

He is proud of himself. I give him peck on the lips.

"I will come back before dinner time,

don't feed them anything.If they say they are hungry give them noodles"

"Yes ma'am"

"Nduku will find something in the fridge"

He is smiling, I don't know what for.

I kiss him one last time and give Yamihle a peck.

.

.

I haven't been to Zanda's flat, she recently moved in.She wanted no housewarming, she didn't even ask us to come help her move in.

"Good evening"

She look at me, weirdly.

"Hey"

I take Leano and sit with him on my

lap.

"How are you two doing?" I ask.

"We are okay"

It's a small place, fit for a bachelorette. It's fully furnished and it already speak 'Zanda Dlamini'.

The dullness and cleanliness.

"Zanda"

She look at me knowingly, "Don't start Nozipho, he is not trying so don't"

"He is attending therapy"

"That's great but his son miss him"

I nod, "I know, that's why I'm here. I want to take Leano to my mother's house for a night, she will bring him back in the morning"

"He is the one who should be reaching out Nozi" she say.

"He don't know what to expect, he is scared"

She blink rapidly, "Okay"

"Why don't you go back? He need you"

"He won't learn Nozipho, please don't beg on his behalf"

I sigh.

"I'm sorry, give me Leano's bag"

She pack all the necessities and change Leano's diaper.

"He ate his cereal about an hour ago" she say.

"I'm sure his father know his routine"

"Yeah"

I look at her with pity, "Are you happy here?"

"Yes"

She is lying, she look miserable.

"I will call you" I hug her with one arm.

.

.

I find Mom baking in the kitchen. I wonder if she still sleep with my father, Anthony.

Welcome to the 20th century where grannies have friends with benefits. When she see us she quickly wash her hands.

"Who is here pakithi?"

"It's Nozipho" I say.

"Who cares about that person? I'm talking about this handsome boy I'm seeing"

She snatch him and kiss him all over his face.

"Manzini" she lift his clothes, checking

God knows what.

"He is losing weight Nozipho"

I laugh, "Drama mama, Leano is still the same"

"No maarn Zanda is starving my grandson"

I roll my eyes, "Don't be like Nontombi"

I take one cupcake and eat, "Where is my brother?"

"In his room"

"Did he eat?" I ask.

She give me the look, "He is not a child Nozipho"

I take another cake for him and go to his room. I find him busy on his laptop, he doesn't even notice me.

"Greetings"

He look up, "Hey when did you arrive?"

"I just arrived, here" I give him the cake.

"You are here to check if I'm not killing myself?"

"Yeap"

He close the laptop, "Relax, I'm not going to do anything stupid"

"How are you?"

"I'm trying" he say chewing.

"And the therapy?"

"It's helping, I'm discovering things I didn't know about myself. I'm going to be better for them"

"Have you called her?"

He shake his head, "She don't want this Mandla, I'm still building the one she want then I will get her back home"

"She is miserable, don't take too long"

I grab the brochure next to him,

"What's this?"

"Never mind, how is Bura?"

"He is good" I'm smiling.

"This cake is good"

"There is something I want to show you, come"

He grunts, "Ay Nozipho I'm busy"

"Come"

He sigh and follow me.

"Look who came to visit you?"

He smile and rush to take him from my mother.

"Son!" he kiss his forehead.

Leano study his face for a moment then feed him his little fingers.

Mom cheers, "He is greeting you"

The greeting go from Mandla's mouth to his nose. He chuckles with teary eyes and push his little hand off.

"I was about to feed him, give him back" my mother demands.

Mandla kiss him two more times and hand him over. When my mother take him he look back at Mandla and start crying.

He want daddy.

Chapter 239

Fikile Biyela

.

After a long tiring day at work I'm finally driving home. I'm hungry and

sleepy. Flat shoes didn't do me any good my feet are swollen, they look like two little tortoises.

Kuhle is not talking to me, I wanted to take him out before coming back.

He don't want anything to do with me.

I don't want to say it doesn't bother me, he is a child but somehow I feel like our relationship is taking a strain. He said some hurtful things which I believe were in his heart all along.

The brothers are always here lately. I appreciate them, I know they are trying to create a little 'family' for Nceba. I'm not sure whether he is doing good or it's man's nature of pretending like everything is okay even when they

are not.

I'm not judging Skhumbuzo, I just feel like he is not doing anything about his mother's behavior. I understand she is his mother, the only parent he has, but the woman need to be put in her lane. Big brothers resume their father's role when they are no more. Now it's time he become the head of the family.

There are people singing in my house, some are clapping. There is one in the middle dancing the Zulu dance.

Nqubeko and Nceba are also here. There are other men, about six, that I don't know.

These type of things only happen to me. Yes, I'm unlucky like that.

I don't know whether I should go greet

or just mind my own business.

Skhumbuzo see me. He leave them and walk to me.

"Menziwa" he is smiling.

"Hi"

"Come greet your brothers inlaw"

I don't want to be rude so I follow him, they have stopped singing. They are looking at me like they had never seen a pregnant woman with pregnant feet before.

"Sanibonani" I greet humbly.

"Mvundlana wasoKhabeni, mbeng'

osinda abosi, njezi

kaXhoko. Ndabezitha!!!" this bald, mid-age man decide to recite my clan names.

I'm blushing.

"Unjani ntokazi yaseMgazini?" the other one ask.

"I'm good bhuti how are you?"

"We are also good, you have a lovely house"

I look at Skhumbuzo, "Umhhh thank you but it's his house"

"It wouldn't look this beautiful if it was his house" the other one say.

"Thanks for the credit"

As soon as I walk away they start another song.I was never ready for such afternoon.

I open the fridge and take out chicken.I marinate it then put it in the oven.I make myself a thick mayonnaise and tomato sauce sandwich.

"Sthandwa sami"

I look up, "Mhhh"

My mouth is full.

"I'm seeing the guys out I will be back"

I swallow the food, "I'm still making them something to eat"

"Don't worry about them, they will eat in the hostel"

"Baby I don't want to look like a stingy person"

He kiss my cheek, "Don't worry my love, they know you are a good woman"

"Who is going to eat all this chicken now?" I ask.

"You"

I give him a look, "Are you being real?"

He grin, "I'm kidding"

No he wasn't kidding, he think I can eat

full chicken alone.

He kiss my angry face and leave.

I decrease the heat, I'm in no rush now. I take the shoes off and walk barefoot.

I hear them leaving, laughing like they are in hostel.

Maybe I should call Mom and ask to speak to Kuhle.

Well, she is not picking up. Simile is not home, he went on a study trip so I can't call him. And Dad is not home yet, he is a latecomer.

I will make salad to eat with chicken later. I take my bag and go upstairs.

Skhumbuzo's clothes are on bed. His mission is to make me angry. I clear the bedroom and go freshen up.

I put on his t-shirt and legging and return back to the kitchen.

I'm surprised to find Nqubeko and Nceba on the kitchen chairs. I thought they were leaving.

"Hey I didn't know you were still here" I say.

"We are sleeping over" Nceba say. Nqubeko rub his hands, "My house have a little problem, we hope you don't mind"

"You are home Nqubeko"

I check the chicken, "Dinner will be ready now. Where is Skhumbuzo?"

They look at each other.

"He went to the hostel" Nceba say after a minute.

"To do what there?" I ask.

"He is picking something and coming back"

Why don't I believe them? They look damn uncomfortable.

I prepare food and dish for them.

"Is this juice?" Nqubeko ask.

Sometimes I forget about his preferences.

"Sorry I will bring you sugar and water"

He is boring, he start talking about cows.It sounds like he is interested in farming, he is now talking about buying a land.

My phone rings.

I forgot to silence it.

I look at the caller's name and answer immediately.I can't ignore this one.

"Babe"

"Hey" she sound so down.

"What's wrong?"

Now Nqubeko has stopped talking,  
they are looking at me.

"I'm not sure..I'm alone, Leano went to  
his grandmother's house" she say.

"Come here"

She is quiet for a moment.

"Ziphe also wanted me to go to her  
house.I can't run away from loneliness,  
I have to get used to it"

I breath out, "Do you know anyone  
there?"

"No, I hardly walk out of the flat  
besides I don't need any friend"

"I will visit you tomorrow, I promise"

She chuckles, "Okay, bring wine"

"Wine for who?"

"Me dummy"

I laugh, "You don't drink Zanda, bye  
I'm on the table"

"Later" she drop the call.

I lock the phone, "Sorry guys"

"I was eavesdropping" Nceba say,  
curiosity written all over his face.

"She is bored" I say dismissively.

"She don't want me to interfere, I feel  
like I'm the reason they broke up" his  
voice is filled with concern.

Nqubeko look at him. He have no idea  
what we are talking about.

"Don't stress yourself about it, she is a  
big girl. It's being in a foreign  
apartment alone that's scaring her" I  
say.

"I feel bad, she is a great person" he say.

"They are both great and compliment each other, they will get through this" We eat and finish Skhumbuzo isn't back.

No text.No update.

"Thanks for dinner" Nqubeko say wiping his hands.

"I will check if the bedrooms have evetything before I go" I tell them clearing the table.

"Don't worry about me, I need to go sort some stuff in the house"

Didn't he say his house have a problem?

Nceba have his eyes on him.He get up and take some dishes to the kitchen.

I walk behind him with others.

"Nqubeko"

He stop and look at me.

"Don't try anything with Zanda because Mandla is down" I say.

"I'm just going to my house"

"One thing I know is that Zanda love Mandla, even if you had a chance with her you wouldn't be happy.He has left his footprints in her"

He nod slowly then walk away.

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Time reads 9:50pm, Skhumbuzo is not back.I can't sleep although I'm sleepy, I want to see him before I close my eyes. Maybe it will be better if I go eat something in the kitchen.Maybe a

piece of cake and glass of warm milk.  
Nceba still have lights on.I cut him a  
slice, maybe he will tell me where his  
brother is.

I knock on the door three times getting  
no reply.Then I decide to push the  
door.

He is not here.

This is eyebrow-raising.

I eat my cake and go back to bed.

I open my eyes, it's morning.

How did I fell asleep last night?

I look around, Skhumbuzo was  
here.His wrist watch is here, the side  
of the bed smell of him.I wonder what  
time he came back last night.

I have to be in Tongaat by 08:00.I rush  
to the bathroom and take a shower.

I'm hungry, I put on my gown and go downstairs to fix myself something to eat.

There is a woman sitting on my chairs and a little boy.

"Babe" it's Skhumbuzo holding a tray making his way towards me.

"Who is this?" I ask.

My instincts are telling me who it is. Nceba is standing by the sink stirring in his cup.

"I was hoping we would talk upstairs"

"Skhumbuzo who is the woman in my house?" I ask firmly.

"It's Sthelo's mother, let's go I will explain"

I push the tray on his hands, "Take her back where you took her"

The plate smash on the floor, tea spill all over. The little boy jump over the chair and run to Nceba.

"Fikile!"

I close my eyes, "I will be done in five minutes Skhumbuzo, FIVE. If I come back and find her still in my kitchen something bad is going to happen"

My appetite has vanished. I turn on my heel and go back to my room.

I open the closet and grab the first dress I see.

He is here, right behind me.

"MaBiyela"

"You disappeared all night because of her?" I ask.

"No, she was stranded Nceba wasn't budging. I had to make a U-turn on my

way back and go fetch them, for the boy's sake"

I turn to him, "And you brought her here without my permission?"

"I was about to come and explain"

"You are not answering my question. You brought her here in 'our' house without my permission?"

"I apologize"

Apologize my left foot!

"Get her out of my house, go with her if you want to and be a happy family with your children. I don't care"

He attempt to hold me. This is what they do in Zululand, they hold ladies. I have no idea what drove me crazy. My senses crawl back when I see him holding his cheek, tears of anger

rolling down.

I've never seen him this angry, I feel my palms sweating.

"Guys!" Nceba rush in from nowhere and pull me away.

I don't know what would've happened if Nceba didn't come. Maybe I would be on the floor miscarrying too.

This woman is still here, helping herself with my food. Nceba pull me past her. I notice the way she look at me with a hidden smile on her face.

I'm in the car with only gown on, God knows where he is taking the crazy me to.

We are in Nqubeko's house, I see his car parked outside.

"Nceba why am I leaving my own

house?" I ask.

"Sisi you are not in a condition to be in that place"

"Just say it, you wanted me out so that he can bond with his wife" I yell.

"She is not his wife, please calm down for the baby's sake"

I feel something kicking and hold my stomach.

I sit on the single couch. Nqubeko is looking at Nceba curiously.

"There was a fight" Nceba say.

"I knew it"

I turn to them, "So you also knew that bitch was coming to my house?"

"Not sisi I didn't"

He is lying.

"I am a fool in this family!"

What's next for me?

"Can you borrow me a phone? I need to make calls"

Nceba hand me his phone.His son is the screensaver.I feel bad for him, he is probably scared where he is.

Chapter 240

Zanda Dlamini

.

I'm trying to push the thoughts racing in my mind away.I keep tossing on bed, I can't find any sleep.

Maybe I should've agreed and went to Ziphe's house.I wouldn't be so lonely there.Here I feel lost, even more lost

without Leano.

My phone rings.

I don't recognise the number.

"Zanda speaking" I answer.

"Hey" it's a man's voice.

"Who am I speaking to?"

He is silent for a moment.

"Hello???"

"It's me, Nqubeko. Please don't drop the call"

Where did he get my numbers? And why is he calling me at this time?

"Can I help you Nqubeko?" I ask.

"I'm here"

My heart race, "Here where?"

"Here outside your flat"

What the fuck?

"Okay"

"Please let me in, there is something I want us to talk about"

He is kidding!

"No, I don't let strangers in my apartment" I say.

"Please, there is tight security in this place I won't do anything stupid"

I exhale, "Why are you doing this Nqubeko?"

"It's because I fell inlove with you"

I stammer for a second, "Oh okay I will..I'm going to let you in for two minutes only"

My consciosus is not giving me any peace.I'm regretting this before it even occur.

He is wearing a black jacket and Cutty short with lot of pockets and white

sneakers.

For a moment we are just looking at each other not breathing a word.

I clear my throat, "Come in"

He walk in like he was waiting for permission all along.

He look around then sit on the couch. I remain on my feet waiting for him to speak.

He rub his hands, "You have a nice place"

"Thank you" I'm feeling out of place in my own place.

"I'm sorry to come like this"

I nod.

He can't keep eye contact as usual, his eyes are running all over.

"Can I ask you a question please?"

He drove all the way from his house to ask me a question.

"Sure" I say trying to sound less nervous than I am.

"If the baby's father was not in the picture would you have given me a chance?"

I don't like his question. It's making me uncomfortable.

"Please answer me MaDlamini"

"I'm Zanda" I say.

"Yes Zanda, please answer me"

I clear my throat, "You came all the way to ask me that?"

"I'm desperate to know"

"I don't have time to answer such questions Nqubeko, I have so many things to worry about" I say boldly.

"Don't you feel anything?" he ask.

"No"

He stand up, to leave hopefully.

No, he make his way to me.

He take my hand and shift his gaze to me. His eyes pierce through me, my knees shake. It's better if he is not keeping eye contact.

His thumb run over my cheek.

"I feel something, and it's killing me"  
he say.

I blink rapidly and allow my fingers to  
entwin in his.

"Please tell me the truth" he say in a  
low voice.

"Maybe I would have"

He nod and keep the stare. I fail to keep  
my head up.

His hand lift my chin up, his lips close the distance between our faces.

I drown in him, he is eating my lips slowly. He is investing his motions, patience and heart in this kiss. I put my hands on his head and pull him.

He start breathing heavily and sucking me hungrily.

I need to stop him.

"Zanda" he say like he just woke up from a dream.

"I'm sorry I cannot do this"

He inhale sharply.

"The last time I was in love I was 23years, it's been nine years. I've been searching for someone like you"

"Why?" I ask.

"She was killed, I thought she left with

my heart..But she didn't, I just couldn't  
place where it was"

He exhale, "I have now, my heart is  
here with you"

"Nqubeko!"

"Can I stay for a while?"

I nod mindlessly.

We are on the couch cuddling.He is  
quiet, just playing with my hands.I feel  
like I'm betraying Mandela but I do  
want him to be here.

"I wish I met you earlier, nobody  
would've hurt you"

Where is this coming from?

"Do you have a child?" I ask.

"No"

"Do you want one?"

"Yes I want to have children one day,

with a right person"

Who is the right person?

"Oh" I say.

He smile...

"You are smiling" I say surprised.

"You thought I can't smile?" his smile widens.

He look less scary and cute when he smile.I wish he'd smile more, this set of teeth deserve often display.

"You don't smile a lot" I say.

"I have two crocodile teeth that I hate showing" he say showing his two upper teeth sharply protruding at the sides.

I laugh.

He close his mouth, "You are laughing at me now"

"I'm not laughing, did you bite your brothers when you were fighting as kids?"

He chuckles, "No, I'm not a coward"

He is not as bad as I thought he was. But why am I cuddling with him?

"When are you leaving?" I ask.

Sadness trail in his eyes, "I will leave when you fall asleep"

I nod and rest my head on his chest.

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**#Narrated**

They pull him by his leg down uneven floors of an empty rusty building.

He keep asking, "Bafethu ngenzeni?"

No one is paying attention to his question, they are cursing and kicking

him behind.

There is three of them, he has never seen them before. They are not robbers, if they were they would've taken the car and left him alone.

They shove him at the corner and cock their guns.

"Bafethu ngicela uxolo" he apologise for no known reason.

"Where is Jezi?" the other one ask.

A short light-skinned man appears. His eyes scan Nkabenhle from head to toe.

"He is a snack" he say and take his shirt off.

"Be fast wena, we have other jobs to do" one say pushing his gun back to his waist.

He look at Nkabenhle, "We could've

went for your sister but 'boss' is not that heartless, behave and follow instructions"

Nkabenhle nod mindlessly, "Anything as long as you don't kill me"

They laugh at him and walk out leaving him with who they referred to as Jezi.

"Get your clothes off" he orders.

"Why?"

"Are you going to do that or you need a bullet on your leg before doing it?" he ask.

"What is this mfethu? What did I do?"

"Doctors need to take painkillers sometimes. Clothes off!"

He take his clothes off, leaving underwears only.

"Everything off" Jezi orders.

He is left in his birthsuit, his heart is racing because Jezi is also taking his clothes off.

"What is this?" he ask in a trembling voice.

The others are talking and laughing nearby.

"Get on your knees"

He shake his head, "No"

"I'm not going to ask you again"

"Rather take your gun and kill me" he say.

Jezi chuckles, "If I kill you I won't fuck your corpse.I will have to kill you then get your sister.One way or another I will be fucking one of you, decide who it's going to be"

Phindile can't be put through that.Not

after taking care of herself for 19 years.

"But you are killing me anyway by doing this" he say in a begging voice.

"You won't die, your victims are not dead"

It's about Zanda.

"I apologized" he say.

"Boss doesn't care, get on your knees"

"Who is your boss? Is it Mandla?" he ask.

"Who is Mandla?"

"Your boss" he say.

"Stop talking in riddles get on your knees oak" he push him down and press a gun at the side of his head.

"Must I kill you and go fuck your sister or what?"

Tears roll down, "Not my sister please"

"Great"

Something cold drop on his buttohole, he start crying right away. Just like that his manhood is stripped off him. The pain he feel as he penetrate him can't be compared to the pain his heart is feeling.

He rip him apart then turn him over and nut all over his chest.

"Nice ride buddy" he say groaning like a bull.

"Are you done here?"

Jezi dress up, "Yes, he was a virgin"

The other one laugh, "Don't tell me you impregnated him Jezi"

"No I nutted on his chest, my wife would die if she found out I have a child with another man"

They laugh.

Nkabenhle have his eyes closed, he is praying for his own death.

Gunshot goes off.

"Drink morning-after pills" they say walking away leaving him with a bleeding leg.

He is fighting to stay awake. He need to dress up at least, for decency. Even if someone find his corpse, they need to find it covered up.

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"I can't believe you guys really named me Jezi" he say shaking his head.

"It suits you, maybe we should start calling you Jezi"

The others laugh.

"When is our money reporting?" one of them ask.

"Are you questioning the boss?"

"No no no, just that I have some debts to pay off by tomorrow" he say.

"Shut that big mouth otherwise you will find yourself in trouble with the boss"

He nod and keep quiet.

"Call the ambulance with that Mobicel"

Chapter 241

Fikile Biyela

.

I eat dry bread and tea Nceba prepared for me.I wonder how Nqubeko survive

in this house.He need to find a girl.  
By the way my mind is made up.I'm  
not going to work and I'm going back  
to my house.

They were trying to tell me otherwise,  
I don't care.If Skhumbuzo want to kill  
me for slapping him so be it.

"I'm sorry it look like we are all  
disrespecting you" Nqubeko say.

I nod, "It's okay"

"Please don't kill him"

He is being sarcastic.

"Why are you smiling vele today?" I  
ask.

"Ouch!" he walk away.

"I hope you are not laughing at my  
pain Nqubeko Nkosi" I yell walking out  
with Nceba.

I'm a bit relaxed going back. Nceba know exactly which songs to play.  
"Fikile" he say after parking the car.  
I smile, "You are sorry, I know"  
He exhale and open the door.  
I leave him checking the tyres and walk straight to 'my house'.  
She is still in the kitchen playing with her boy.  
"It doesn't bother you that you never did the same with Nkanyezi?" I ask.  
She turn her head, "Oh the celebrity is back"  
I clench my jaws, "You are brave mfazi, your children don't even know you. Yet you are smiling like everything is okay"  
"You, Mighty saviour, is here" she say

then turn to her son.

"Anga meet your mother.Say hello mommy"

This woman is testing me.

The boy smile, I can see Nceba in him.

"Hello Mommy" he say waving his hand like I'm far.

I'm a mother, obviously I have soft spot for children.

"Hey Nceba Jnr" I say forcing a smile.

"I have an uncle, he is upstairs"

"Oh wow!" I mean, I've been sleeping with him ofcourse I know.

"Don't shout at him, okay?"

This child! Who does he think he is?

"Okay Anga I won't shout at your uncle"

I don't know what this woman is up

to.I need to find Skhumbuzo and now beg him to take this woman out.

I find him in his study staring at the walls.I'm scared to walk in but I put my Biyela pants on.

"Skhumbuzo"

He keep quiet, I can see his jaws moving.

"I'm sorry I slapped you, it doesn't change anything though.I want the woman out, the fact that she is still here proves how little I mean to you" I say.

"Fikile you put your hands on me"

I exhale, "I apologize"

"You don't let me speak, you never let me speak.How are we supposed to talk if you shout at me and treat me like I'm

a child?"

"You failed to make one single call to let me on in the situation, that's childish" I say.

"I did it for Nceba, for his son. I can't let the boy grow like Nceba, I'm trying to..."

I let out a huge sigh, "Right? When are you telling Sthelo his mother is back?" He don't have an answer. Sometimes I wonder how he made it as a CA.

"What did you plan in this head of yours? How long are you going to accomodate them?"

"I was hoping you'd tell me" he say. I really don't understand this man I'm going to marry.

"Mommy" the voice call.

I look at him and sigh.

I walk out and bump to Anga holding a bowl of cereal.

"Hey I'm here"

He smile, "Come, I want to feed my brother"

I frown, "Brother?"

"In your stomach" he giggles.

I sit on the armchair and let him feed me.He is so happy, he also open his mouth when I open mine.

"This is yummy" I lie,I hate Cheerios.

"Mommy told me to make them for you"

Bitch!

"Really? I appreciate it"

He make me drink the milk left in the bowl.He will be the death of me.

"Why is your TV off? Don't you have electricity?"

I laugh, "You want to watch cartoons?"

"Yes"

I take the remote and switch the TV on.

"I missed watching TV" he say.

My heart sink.

Skhumbuzo walk past us, he look pained. He did this to himself, he need to sort it out. It's either she leaves or I do. The only person I'm worried about is Anga.

After a while he walk back with Nceba behind him.

"Where is Thembeke?" they ask looking at me.

"Downstairs" I say.

"She went to buy airtime in the shops"

Anga say.

"Which shop? I was outside I didn't see her leaving"

I get on my feet, "What do you mean?"

"She is not here" Skhumbuzo say.

"Anga when did she leave?" Nceba ask.

Anga is concentrating on the TV screen, he don't care about anything.

We all go downstairs and look for the woman, she is gone. Her bag is gone.

"She left" Nceba say sinking on the chair.

"Why would she leave Anga behind?" I ask.

I feel cramps in my lower abdomen. I ignore them, it's one of those. We need to trace this woman, she is making dumping babies a habit.

They left in the morning till now they are not back.I'm left with Anga, he have no idea what's happening.He doesn't care, he is happy to be eating junks and watching TV.

I feel like Thembeke planned everything.She only came here to dump Anga, it's her life.She make babies and leave them to be raised by other people.

"You,Mighty saviour, is here" her words keep ringing in my ears.

How can Skhumbuzo be so stupid? She keep playing them, like fools they are they keep falling in her trap.

My stress levels are high, cramps keep coming and go.I have to see the doctor tomorrow, he will prescribe something

for me.

"Mommy I'm hungry"

Mighty saviour me, "Do you eat lamb?"

"Yes"

He is so innocent, I'm trying so hard not to take my frustrations out on him.

"I will dish for you" I say.

"Where is my tall uncle?" he ask.

"He went out with Daddy"

He nod.

Only if he knew that 'tall uncle' used to be his mother's husband. Some women God create!

I dish and pour juice for him.

"Thank you" he say digging in.

I dish for myself and eat. Luckily she was thoughtful enough to leave his clothes. I take Nkanyezi's bath set and

use it on him.

"Am I going to sleep with you?"

I wince. It's another cramp.

"You will sleep in your cousin's room, it has TV" I say.

"Are you sick Mommy?"

I smile, "No, get out of the water"

I wrap him in a towel and pull him to Nkanyezi's room. He wants to put body lotion by himself I know that's not going to end good. He is such a happy child, Thembekeka doesn't deserve him. I put him in his pyjamas and turn the TV on.

"I'm going to bath, come to my room if you need anything"

TV got his attention, he just nod his head.

I get a bottle of water and gulp it down before proceeding to the bathroom.

I bath and put my pyjamas on. They are not back, I try Nceba on the phone it ring unanswered. I go watch TV with Anga, it's cartoons and they are boring the hell out of me.

"Mommy" he tap my shoulder.

"Mhhh"

"I want to sleep"

I tuck him on bed, "Sleep"

He doze off within minutes. I switch the TV off and return to my bedroom.

I feel his presence before I can see him. I turn and look at him. They didn't find her.

"Since we make decisions alone I have decided I want to be alone in my

bedroom until further notice" I say.

Nceba appears behind him.

"He is sleeping in Nkanyezi's room" I tell him. He turn and walk away.

"I'm sorry" he say after staring at me for a good while.

"You should be"

He walk in and take his t-shirt and short in the closet.

"Goodnight" he lean and kiss my cheek. I almost feel bad, but he deserve this. He think he is too clever while he is dumb as an infant.

"I love you MaBiyela" he say before disappearing.

I shake my head and get on bed. I will tell the sisters tomorrow. What a nerve!

I send the kids goodnight messages and sleep.

I'm woken by sharp pain in the abdomen. It's those cramps, they are back and more powerful.

"Skhumbuzo"

Damn! He is not here, I kicked him out of the room.

I'm sleeping on something very cold, I turn the lights on.

It's blood.

Where did it...? No ways.

"Skhumbuzo!!!!" I scream forgetting the pain.

I realise I can't stand up straight, I'm having contractions. I want to scream again but I have to save my breath and focus on walking.

"Mommy!" he is here looking at my legs.

"Anga go call Daddy, run!"

He doesn't hesitate he run off calling his Daddy. It's around midnight, he must be a light sleeper.

I'm taking the stairs when Nceba come running.

"Fikile what's going on?"

I need to lie down.

"I don't know" I rest my head against the rails.

"There is blood!" his eyes pop out.

"Please wake Skhu, I need to go to the hospital" I say in almost whisper.

He run and come back with him after a few minutes.

"Sthandwa sami yini?"

"I'm dying Skhumbuzo"

He lift me up and carry me to the car.They have to take Anga with us.I'm groaning in pain, he is frightened and weeping on his seat.

It's a long drive, I've lost hope.When we get in the hospital it will be too late.

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It was too late, that's what they told me.Too late for my baby to be saved.She died, her death wasn't natural.She was poisoned.The kick I felt this moment outside Nqubeko's house was the last kick I'd ever feel.The least we ever interacted.

I keep touching my stomach, it's empty and soft.What did I do to deserve this

pain?

"Mama put sugar in Mommy's Cheerios" he said before Nqubeko came and took him.

He fed me the Cheerios, I shouldn't be hating him. He is just a child.

I nearly killed him earlier, he was so scared. He kept apologising for hurting me. He had no idea what he was apologising for, he have no clue about anything that's happening. He saw blood, he know I was hurt.

I don't want to talk to anyone, they keep giving me injections.

"Miss Biyela your family want to see you" the doctor say.

I shake my head, "Angifuni"

"Let your husband in, you need him. At

times like this we all need support from loved ones"

I wish he could just disappear. He has no idea what I need. I don't need support, I need my baby. The one they put in a green bag like some trash, I want it back.

I throw another episode, they inject me with some liquid that drive me to sleep.

When I open my eyes it's the morning, my mother, Simtho and Lungile are sitting by my side.

"Baby" Mom say rushing to me.

"Hello" fortunately my voice come out okay.

"How are you feeling?" she ask.

"Honestly I want to die, what am I still

alive for?"

She shake her head, "You don't speak like that Fikile, Simile and Kuhle still need you.I'm sure this baby would've wanted you to live for her brothers"

I wipe the tears, "Why Mom? What did I do to deserve this? I know I'm not the greatest person on earth but this pain! Do you know how it feels like?"

"I know" Simtho say.

"It can't be compared to anything but time heals everything"

"How am I going to heal when the person who killed my baby is the man I share bed with every night?" I ask.

"Fikile please, Skhumbuzo is already broken beyond repairs.Don't do this to him" Lungile say.

"Of course you are going to take his side Luh, he is your cousin" I snap at her.

"She is right, blaming him won't change anything. He lost a baby too, hold each other and take the healing road together"

I need to bath, my body stinks. I'm so not ready to go back home and face reality.

When I return from the bathrooms everyone is here.

"What are you doing here?" I ask looking at him.

"Fikile!" Dad say as to warn me.

"I want them out, the Nkosis. They killed my baby, I want them out" I yell. Nqubeko get up and leave. Nceba

follows him. The big boss stays.

"Fikile this is not how things are done"

Aunt Lydia say.

My eyes are fixed on him.

"Get out"

He hesitate for a moment then walk out.

"Fikile!"

I give her a look, she must not start with me. She have no idea what I'm going through. In two months she will be welcoming a baby that will be handed to her on the silver tray.

"Do you want us to make a funeral?"

Mom ask.

"And bury what? Blood?"

I get on bed and allow the doctor to do his examinations.

## Chapter 242

Senamile Madlala

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It's been two weeks since it happened. There is no change, she still look devastated. I've been here since yesterday trying to cheer her up. She is not even trying to accept the situation, she keep blaming Skhumbuzo and saying all horrible things.

I saw him the day before yesterday, he is worse than Fiki.

I walk in with two glasses of wine.

"Did I tell you about Aunt Lydia's lobola money? It's all in her account as

we speak"

On the other news Aunt Lydia is getting married next month. She took all her lobola money, after all the efforts we made trying to make her day successful. My back was bent in the kitchen, feet swollen from shopping trips and I didn't get even R100. The only person she offered money to was my Dad who was holding the negotiations with Don and Sbusiso, but he turned it down saying it was her money.

Don got nothing, I don't want to talk about the drama the pastor's wife made. Security guards played a huge role.

She gulp the wine, "Where is Kuhle?"

"He is in the lounge"

She chuckles, "I haven't seen him since I came. Is he happy?"

"He is scared of you, just like all of us. You are like a ticking bomb" I say.

"It's alright judge me all you want"

"I'm not judging you. Heal yourself even if it means destroy other people while on it"

She look at me. She is hurting, that I understand but there is no need for her to hurt other people. Last night she was on Dad telling him how happy he must be that the baby died cause he never liked her pregnancy.

Now it's Kuhle!

"I'm not destroying anyone" she defend herself.

"If you can see Skhumbuzo you will realise how much damage you are doing. He lost her too. By the time you understand how much pain that man is feeling he will be hooked in a rope on the mango tree"

"And your kids miss you. Sthelo heard what happened. He haven't been to school, he hate his father for keeping the truth about that woman from them and he blame him for taking you, their mother, away from them"

She put the glass down, tears roll down.

"Fikile I know you're angry and hurting, please don't abandon your children. Not only Skhumbuzo's children, your children too"

She wipe the tears on her cheeks, "She killed my baby Sena and I'm supposed to raise her children. She sent her boy to feed me poison and I'm expected to raise that boy and just forgive everyone"

I get what she is saying. She has every right right to be mad, at Thembeke though. She is the one who killed her baby, she is the one who played everyone.

"So are you going to leave Skhumbuzo just like she wanted you to?" I ask.

"I don't know, I'm not sure about anything"

She cannot leave Skhumbuzo, as stupid as he is there is no man that could love Fikile the way he does. They both need

to understand each other and embrace each stupidity.

- 
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Fikile Biyela

- 

Sena stay in my room telling me about 'moving on and healing' for almost two hours. She leave when Mom call her in the kitchen.

Some things she said make sense. It has been two weeks, I have made zero progress. Dad got me a professional ugly woman who want to talk to me every morning.

Mom insisted I come back home after being discharged. She has been nursing me and treating me like a child.

I open my bags and look for my phone. It's been off ever since I came. I connect it to the charger and wait until it reach 30% battery.

As soon as I switch it on messages come flooding. Most of them come from Skhumbuzo, he is asking for forgiveness. Then there is two from Sthelo and one from Mfundi.

**\*\*Mama please come home\*\*** it's Sthelo. This one was sent late last night. My fingers just press the 'call' button. It ring a few times before he answers.

"Hello Ma"

"Hey baby how are you?"

Guilt is eating me.

"I'm sick, please come home" he say.

"What's wrong? Where are you?"

"I'm in Dad's house in Durban I can't walk properly"

It sound like he is still on bed.

"Where is your father? Tell him to take you to the doctor, I'm going to send someone to fetch you there" I say.

"I'm scared"

"Tell Nceba"

"He will tell Dad"

Sigh!

"Call Aunt Luh"

He keep quiet.

"Sthelo???"

"I can't, please come" he drop the call. If I didn't know Sthelo the way I do I'd say he is lying. He is a good boy he wouldn't lie about being sick.

I call Mfundu and speak to him and

Nkanyezi.They are in Inkandla, they are still young to fully understand what's happening.

I have to take a shower and bury my face with tons of make-up.I dress up and walk out.

"Baby" it's Mom.

Sigh, "Mama I'm okay"

"Where is Simile?" I ask.

"They are outside"

I walk out and find them kicking the ball near the pool.

I sit on the wooden bench, "Come here for a second"

They pick the ball and come sit with me.Kuhle is the one holding the ball, he keep throwing it in the air and catching it.

"Kuhle!"

He stop.

"How are you guys doing?" I ask.

"How are you doing?"

Simile!

I smile, "I'm okay"

"Don't worry you will get us another sibling" he say.

"Maybe"

I look at Kuhle, "Boy"

"Mama"

"I'm your mother now?" I ask.

"Yes, there is no baby anymore"

Wow!!!!

My armpits itch.

"You are so cruel Kuhle, how can you rejoice on your sister's death?"

"I only want Simile"

"Stop being childish" Simile say  
pushing him with his elbow.

"Are you going to carry me on your  
back now that you don't have a big  
stomach?"

"No, I don't carry brats on my back" I  
say.

"I'm not a brat"

I need to take this child for a  
psychological test. I suspect some  
disorder.

I watch them playing the ball,  
something in my heart lift. I find myself  
smiling and coaching them.

"Mom shut up you don't know  
anything" Simile say when Kuhle take  
the ball after my bad coaching.

I laugh out loud, he is so pissed.

"Maybe you need to stay here for a little longer" a deep voice say behind me.

I turn and look at him, "Hey Baba"

"So I'm Baba now?"

I'm the other Kuhle, I disowned him yesterday.

"I'm sorry about my stupid rant, I was out of line" I say.

"No need to apologise I know you didn't mean it"

"I have to go to Durban, I will be back late with Sthelo"

He close the bottle of water he was sipping from.

"You talked with the Nkosi boy?"

Sigh!

"No, I talked with the kids"

He is disappointed. The last time I checked he was angry at him now he is his agent. The Biyelas will amaze you! I leave around midday, I wanted to go with Kuhle and Simile but their Granny said no.

He took some time off work, I knew I could find him in the house even though I hoped not to. I park the car outside and walk inside.

There is no one in sight. I look around remembering the last time I was here. There are dirty dishes on the counter and food crumps.

I turn around sensing someone behind me.

He is here.

"Where is Sthelo?"

"Hello MaBiyela" he say.

"Where is Sthelo?" I ask again.

He take a deep breath, he look so different.

"He is upstairs in his room"

I nod and walk past him. I don't want to think about that day.

I knock outside his room.

"Sthelo"

He open after a minute. He have a bath towel wrapped around his waist.

He can't walk properly.

"What happened?" I ask.

"I don't know"

He get on bed and lie on the pillow.

"Sthelo did they break your leg during the match?" I ask my voice rising.

"No" he say brushing his face.

"What is it?"

"Don't be mad"

I'm not playing games with this child.

"Please"

I exhale, "I'm not crazy Sthelo I won't be mad at you for being sick"

"Don't shout" he is close to tears.

Now I'm worried.

"I won't, what's wrong?"

He unwrap the towel, he have no underwear.Sthelo is older than his age, he have big chest and strong muscular arms.He do all type of gym excersizes and eat selectively.I've never seen him naked before.

"What are you doing?" I ask.

"I'm sick"

My eyes run down to his pipe, my

whole body cringe. There is a huge red sore surrounded by rash near the tip, yellow fluid ran down to his left thigh.

"It's painful, when I pee it burns"

I'm still trembling from shock.

"When did this thing start?" I ask.

"A week ago"

Lord have mercy!

"What did you do Sthelo? And please don't tell me lies" I say.

"I slept with a girl from grade 12B"

My palms sweat, "Without a condom?"

"She said she won't feel anything"

I take a pillow and slam it against his stupid head. I hit him until I run out of breath.

"We talked about this Sthelo, I told you to always protect yourself. You are so

stupid!!!"

What is this child doing to me? I just lost a baby and now this!

"I'm sorry" he say in tears.

"Sorry for what? You should be sorry for yourself. Do you know you could spend your whole life taking pills for survival?"

I'm damn screaming and pacing around. Even the little Nkosis make it a mission to stress me.

"Don't raise your voice Baba is going to hear"

I turn to him, "Don't tell me what to do Sthelo, in fact I'm going to tell Skhumbuzo"

"Please Mama I'm begging you he is going to kill me"

"Now you are scared of dying? You were not scared when you pushed your little dick in..." I wanted to say 20cm cunt.

"Get up and put a gown on we are going to the doctor" I say walking out. He is standing in the middle of the kitchen looking lost. Did he even notice his son was sick?

"You need to take Sthelo to the hospital" I say with my arms folded.

"Why?"

"Sexual transmitted infection"

He doesn't give the reaction I expected.

"What?" he say in a whisper balancing his hands on the table.

"His private part is damaged, he slept with a grade12 girl"

"Okay...Thanks for telling me" he pull the chair and sit.

Sthelo walk down in a blue gown.He is walking slowly and carefully.His father raise his head and look at him.

"Go to the car" he say.

I follow him behind.When we are outside he stop and beg to ride with me.He is scared Skhumbuzo might do something to him in the car.

"We will meet in hospital, he want to ride with me" I tell him.

He just nod and go to his car.He look emotional drained, like there is no fighting spirit left in him.The Skhumbuzo Nkosi I fell in love with is gone, now it's just a shadow.

An hour later we are with HIV

counsellor, she is preparing us for the worse. We are doing the rapid testing for now, they will send his blood samples to the lab later.

My heartbeat is audible as we patiently wait for the test outcome. Stelo look like he is about to faint.

"How many lines do you see?"

One line!

I know HIV is no longer a 'thing', people live with it. But my baby don't have it!

The thought of him relying on a pill for the rest of his life was breaking me. I shed some tears of joy.

Our eyes meet, he crack a smile.

I pull my face immediately, "I'm going to wipe that smile with a hard slap. You

were 'kebo Ma kebo Ma' while you were mocking me in your head, where are you now? Can you walk? What do you feel when you pee? Pleasure right?"

This child! I walk out angrily.

Our ride back to the house is quiet. They gave him treatment and booked him a check up next week.

"Go pack your bag we are going to Mandeni" I tell him.

"Why?"

"I'm not staying in this house Sthelo, if you need my help you need to come with me. I will send your principal an email and copy of the doctor's letter"  
The cupboards are packed with my food. The fridge store my chocolate

cake. I don't know if it was my chocolate cake or hers. She is the one who made me like it.

"Fikile I'm sorry"

I wish he didn't say that.

"Your sorry will not bring back my baby"

"It was my baby too" he say.

"And you are responsible for her death, I hope you are happy. I hope you are able to sleep at night and don't dream of Nceba's baby and your baby who died because of you"

"Sthelo is coming with me, I will take care of him until he get better" I tell him and go check Sthelo upstairs.

When we leave he is in the shower, the water is running. Sthelo want to say

goodbye, I tell him he will call him.  
I need to find strength and look for this  
grade12 girl...And there is Thembeke  
on the run.I will get that woman, even  
if it's five years later she will pay for  
what she did to me.

## Chapter 243

### Simtho Biyela

.

My feet hurt I've been shopping the  
whole day.It's my umemulo  
compensation from Biyela.I still don't  
understand why all of us couldn't get  
it, but I have to let it go.Zethu got  
lucky, and she is rubbing it on our

faces every chance she get.

"Baby I bought you a pair of sneakers"

He is busy on his laptop, he has hectic schedule lately. We hardly get 'our' time.

"Really?" he is not even looking up to see them.

"Come on I spent R2 350 on these shoes, look and appreciate"

He sigh and look up, "Thank you baby"

"That's all you are going to say?" I ask appalled.

"They are cute, thank you baby"

"How do you know they are cute? You haven't seen them" I say disappointed.

"It's Adidas, I know they are cute"

He is staring at his laptop again, he didn't even fit them.

I sigh, "Can we go out tonight? I'm tired of home-cooked"

"Mmm"

He is such a bore.

I'm not going to give him these sneakers. Him and Sbu have the same shoe size, I'm going to give them to him. He will be grateful, not this baboon.

"I'm going to fetch Junior, we will probably stay over for dinner"

"Okay baby, I love you" he say his eyes glued to the laptop.

I take the Adidas box and leave.

Everytime he buy me something I fit and model in front of him. And all he is going to say is "They are Adidas they must be cute"? Ungrateful baboon!

I love my twins but they are a lot. They are playing outside the house when they see my car they stop playing and run to me. They are now inside the car with their dirty feet on the seats asking five questions per minute.

"Okay now let's go inside the house" I say pulling them out.

"No we want to play outside"

"Okay go play, go" I say. They run off to the skipping ropes they left on the ground. Thank God!

Nduku is reading a book.

"Nduku!" my eyes must be deceiving me.

"Contrast, concession, alternatives; although, apart from, but, despite, even if, even though, except, inspite of..."

I laugh, "Ndukwenhle Biyela hello"  
"Wait I'm busy with conjunctions here. Conjunctions mntase are words that serve as a connector or link to join words, phrases or clauses"

"I know, I did that in grade six" I say.  
"Do you know what compounding is?" he ask.

I sigh, "Jesus come back already"  
"See mntase this is a process of forming a word from two base forms. For example; bittersweet, blackberry, sportcar"

This is all MaMeya's doing, she has taken us back to school.

"Nduku go study somewhere else, I came here to have peace"

He doesn't care, he continue reading

loud. I leave the living room and go look for Sbusiso.

I don't want to go to his bedroom, I may witness a porn movie.

"Sbusiso" I yell after the last step.

Nozipho appears, "He is sleeping"

"Is he sick?" I ask.

"I think he is catching flu, earlier he was vomiting"

"That's bad, I have a gift for him"

He look at the shoe box, "What did he do?"

"He is my brother bitch"

"Did Don dump you? You want to move in?"

I roll my eyes, "You'd love that, wouldn't you?"

"He didn't dump me, he is too busy. I

want to strangle him"

"Some people work Simtho, that's the only way they can survive" she say.

"Preach preacher! Where is Yami?"

"Sleeping next to Daddy"

"I hope you are not abusing my sick brother sexually"

She laugh, "Only you can speak for your married brother's dick"

"He is my deputy father. When did you last spoke to Fikile?"

"Earlier today, she sounded better" she say.

"I felt some improvement too"

"I can't imagine how losing a baby feels like, all I can say is anyone who went through that and survived is strong like a bull. I'd probably die of

depression"

I exhale, "It get better with time although it affect you for the rest of your life"

"Are you still scared?"

I nod, "I am, the pain was too much.I don't know what will happen if I fall pregnant again, what I'm sure of is that I don't want to feel that pain again.I can't take that risk, it will kill me"

"Don will want a baby" she say.

"He already want one, I told him he must marry me first"

She is Mam'Go by nature.

"Say you're joking! What did he say when you told him that?"

"I told him he must marry me first but I'm not ready for marriage"

"What kind of fucked contradiction is that?"

"He understand" I say.

"He don't have a choice Simtholile"

I wish we didn't start this conversation.

"Give him a baby, overcome your fears" she say.

I chuckle, "If you give Sbusiso the fifth child I'm also giving Don one"

She laugh out, "In your dreams, I'm planing to go tie my tubes.I'm still gathering bravery"

"I don't see him agreeing to that"

"I have my ways, I know him better" she say winking.

"Before you start with your ways cook, we are staying for dinner"

"I have a husband to nurse, go cook"  
she say standing up.

"I'm a fucking guest here"

"Guest my left foot, go cook. We will  
come when you are done" she say and  
disappear to her room.

Why did I come here again? She know  
nothing about hospitality.

I take out chicken pieces and marinate  
them with spices. I throw a big piece of  
wors in the pan and grill some chips.

I put rice on the stove. My wors and  
chips are ready, I set on the plate and  
take bread rolls. I cut one tomato and  
cucumber.

These people don't have ice  
cubes. What kind of a house is this?

I pour 100% orange juice in a big glass

and sit on the chair.

"Dade you are having Christmas here"

"It's a thank-me treat, I'm cooking you dinner mos" I tell him.

"Thank-me is a compounding right?"

Lord have mercy!

"Can I enjoy my food without you Jan Van Riebeeck?"

He frown, "Who is that?"

"He was a Dutch navigator. The white colonial administrator who killed Shaka Zulu"

"Ay ay ay sister, this volovolo is driving you crazy" he say shaking his head walking away.

Peace! I eat my food.

Cooking when you are full is such an exhausting chore. I add vegetables to

the chicken.

What happened to this rice? Two minutes away from being porridge.

"Aunty look at my hands" It's Liyanda or Ayanda, I'm not sure, she have mud in her hands.

"Go to the bathroom and wash"

Why are they both running to the bathroom?

Thank God there is a bowl of salad in the fridge. I don't know how old it is but they will be eating it.

"Teyite Teyite Teyite!!!!"

What's that now?

"Ayanda" I yell.

"Teyite Teyite!!!!" it go on.

I stop what I'm doing and go to the bathroom.

There is water all over the floor, the sink is filled with foam.

"What happened here?" I ask.

"It's Liyanda"

I look at the one standing with wet hands near the sink.

"What did you do?"

"It's Ayanda"

Gogo Simtho right? I chase them out and look for the mop.

Mam' Hlengi appears, "Is everything okay here?"

"Don't worry I will sort it out, you can change Liyanda's clothes for me. She is wet"

She nod, "Bayahlupha"

"Your brats"

I set the table and send Junior to call

Nozipho and her husband. I'm not in the mood for this meal, I'm going to have a fruit salad.

"Dinner is served this side" I call out when they appear.

Is Nduku going to read a book during dinner?

"Bafo we are eating" I say snapping my fingers.

"So I have noticed" he say.

"Yoh!" I exclaim.

"You are surprised I started a sentence with a conjunction?" he ask smiling.

We need Lord's intervention.

"This looks nice, thank you Aunty"

"Dish out" I tell her.

She start by dishing for kids.

"Brother" I greet Sbusiso who look

pissed.

"Hey"

"I bought you a present"

"Why?"

"I don't need a reason, I'm a nice person by nature"

He chuckles, "Where is it?"

"I will show you after dinner"

"Aybo Simtho you overcooked this rice"

I look at her, "At which point do we say the rice is overcooked Rice Master?"

"At this point when it look like pap"

Nduku laughs, "This rice look like pap, that's simile"

"Malume stop you are taking me back to the second period" Junior say.

Can we have a quiet dinner?

"God bless our food and the hands that prepared it, Amen. Now shut up and eat" I say munching my salad.

"Not to be rude or anything, can I eat something else?"

I look at him, "That's rude, what's wrong with my food?"

"Everything except the chicken" Nozi say.

Another ungrateful baboon! I cooked for her.

"It's the chicken I don't like" Sbu say.

"I will make you something quick" his wife say getting up from her chair.

When she disappears I turn to Sbu,

"Are you sick?"

"Nah"

"I'm telling Mom and Dad" I say.

"Lord! Stop you are pissing me off"

"Okay I won't, go see the doctor tomorrow. Who knows the symptoms of Ebola?"

"Definitely not sleeping" Doctor Donald Jnr say.

"Some people die in their sleep so he need to go see the doctor"

"Eitherway we are eating pap-rice" Nduku say between the chews.

"Bab' Mzi won't be happy with this new accent of yours"

Sbu laugh, "He will confuse his cows"

When did he stop sulking?

"I don't care eitherway that's exaggeration"

Dear Lord I miss my overworking, timeless ungrateful boyfriend. I throw

fork in my mouth and chew with my eyes shut.

"Nonverbal language"

Gawd!

Sbu chuckles, "Eitherway I need an orange"

Chapter 244

Nozipho Biyela

.

I'm in the middle of the meeting when Palesa come and ask me aside.

"You have an important call"

"From who?" I ask.

"Your doctor"

My heart race. My husband was going to see the doctor today. Palesa is also

panicking. I can see the empathy in her eyes.

I go to the reception area with wobbling knees. I'm prepared for the worse as the telephone ring.

"Hey Doc"

"Mrs Biyela"

I breath out, "Talk to me, what happened to my husband?"

"I would like you to come, your husband is fine. He is here with me"

There is some relief in my heart.

"Is it urgent?" I ask.

"Kind of"

That's not doctor's language. It's either something is urgent or it's not.

"Okay I will be there in half" I say.

"What is it?" Palesa ask before I can

even put the phone down.

"I don't know, he said Sbu is fine though"

"That's great" she say relieved.

"Can you take over for me in the meeting, he said I must come urgently"

"No problem babe"

She is a sister's keeper, always.

I grab my bag and walk out. I'm still wondering what the doctor want to discuss with me urgently. Maybe he found some deadly disease in him. My nerves are short, I don't know what to expect.

They are relaxed on the chairs sipping cold drink together. I hope this is not one of Sbu's game because I'm going to kill him.

"Mrs Biyela that was fast" the doctor say.

"You said it was kind of urgent, I had to"

He show me the chair, "You may take a seat"

I sit, "Hey love"

"Hey mama"

I look at the doctor, "Is everything okay?"

"I hope so"

"What's wrong with him?" I ask.

"Nothing is wrong, medically. He maybe be having pregnancy symptoms"

I let out a chuckle, "He is pregnant?"

"I suspect"

I look at Sbusiso, "What the fuck is this?"

"I don't know baby, the doctor want to test you"

"For what? I'm not sick"

"Your husband may be sick on your behalf" the doctor say.

Backdoor qualification!

"Baby we should get another doctor"  
He take my hand and squeeze it.

"Just let him do his test, it won't do any harm" he begs.

I sigh, "Okay let's do this, I need to go back to work"

Ultrasound scan, really? I took the injection a month ago. Yami is only 6 months old. This is such a waste of time.

I take my top off and lie on the single bed. He put his cold gel on my flat

stomach. His level of stupidity is high he disregard the fact that my tummy is flat, I even have developing six pack.

"What's that?" I ask.

"It's a heartbeat"

"My heartbeat?"

"No, you are four weeks pregnant..."

My mind go blank for a minute. YOU ARE FOUR WEEKS PREGNANT.

"It can't be, I came here a month ago. You gave me an injection, my son is only 6 months old" I say staring at the screen.

"Mrs Biyela we've had multiple similar cases, especially with the depo injection. We are still trying to figure..."

I cut him in, "Spare me the details, I want to know how do you let such

things happen"

"I advised you to use a condom for..."

I look at Sbu, "I told you what the doctor said, you insisted on fucking me raw. Look what you did to me Sbusiso!"

"It wasn't my intention, I thought these things work"

Tears make their way down.

"Baby don't cry, we are having another baby. I scored again, the Biyelas don't play. We are not ducks, we don't shoot water"

I don't know how he escaped. I grab my top and run after him.

How dare!

He is too fast. He is already out when I pass by the reception. There is a bitch taking pictures, I'm too angry to deal

with her.

I take my shoes off and throw them on him. One hit his back as he open the car door. He speed off leaving me barefooted, crying with hands on the waist.

I get in my car ignoring the doctor and the reception lady asking me to calm down. I drive right after him, he have a lot of explaining to do.

His car is not here. I reverse and drive out to Sena's house. I will get him. He is not going to get away with this. How are people supposed to look at me?

Each year I'm popping babies. This one is going to take the cup. Yami will be 14 months, still sleeping in his nursery sucking on his milk bottle then there

will be another baby.

Who does that?

Am I an incubator?

"Woooah!!!!" Sena is on her way out in high heels and tight pants.

"Where did you hide your brother?"

I'm still barefooted. I left my shoes on the ground.

"I don't know where he is. What is going on?"

I kick the door and walk in.

"This pig doesn't know me Senamile. In fact y'all don't know me, I'm Nozipho Faya. My father can end his life just like this" I snap my fingers on her face.

"What did he do?" she ask following me behind.

"He made me pregnant. Again Sena!

What do you people take me for?

Huh?"

She burst out laughing, "What? Tell me you guys are making a new movie scene"

I walk out and hurry to my car. She is running after me.

"Wait for me, I will drive" she is still laughing.

She force her way to the driver's seat.

"He must be in Donald's house cause he is off" she say starting the car.

My hard work gone to waste. What was I slaving myself in the gym for? I gained my sexy body back only for him to destroy it again.

"Stop crying, you make a funny face when you cry I'm going to laugh and

cause car accidents"

"Fuck my life!" I curse wiping tears.

His car is parked outside Don's house. Sena is running right after me.

"Gosh I should've worn my running shoes"

He is having fun, sitting on the couch with a glass of juice in his hand, celebrating.

"Sbu watch out" Sena behind me say. He jump dropping the glass on the floor.

"Baby" he say walking backwards.

"Am I an incubator Sbusiso?" I ask getting teary all over again.

"No you are not, I'm sorry"

"Why?"

Simtho is standing afar with her head

cocked to the side watching.

"I swear this is the last time, you will tie your tubes after giving birth. I will support you even if you decide to remove your womb"

"Action Nozi" that's Don.

I charge to him and grab him by the t-shirt. He hold my shoulders and pin me to his chest.

"Nozi kick with your knee!"

I try to kick but he hold my knee and wrap my leg around him.

I'm so angry but the way he breath fast and audible make funny things to me. The smell of mango juice he exhale make my hands run over his chest.

"Nozipho maarn head his chin" Don instruct losing patience.

Well I can't hit him with my head because he have his arm around my neck, his mouth is smooching my lips.

"Nozipho focus damnit!"

This is one of the best kiss I've ever got. Not even the kiss he gave me on our wedding come close to this one. When he let go I'm gasping for air. He wipe the tears with his hands.

"This was not my intention" he say.

"People are going to laugh at me"

"We are married"

This feels like a dream. A bad dream coming to reality.

I take a deep sigh.

"Nozipho I didn't come here to watch this Romeo and Juliet episode, where is The Nozipho Faya?" Sena say.

Don is the most persistent one, "If you don't teach him a lesson today I will wash my hands"

Sbu look at him, "Can you just shut up!"

Simtho burst out laughing, "Yoh yoh you guys just broke the world record.It's going to be a repeat of Sphiwo and the twins, two months apart"

"They are not two months apart" Sbu say.

"It doesn't matter, she will have a baby on her back and big stomach at the front.Don't you feel labour pain Nozipho?"

"You are saying exactly what everyone is going to say.I need a place to hide for

the next eight months"

Sbu hold my hand, "I will kick their ass"

"Wait...Biyo where are my sneakers?"

Don say looking at Sbu's feet.

"I gave them to Sbusiso" Simtho say.

"Are you kidding me? It was my gift"

"You didn't appreciate them, see you only remembering them now"

"I've been making up all day for ignoring you, the least you can do is to give me my gift back" he say.

Sbu chuckles, "Forget it, these were made for me"

"I will buy you another ones" Simtho say.

"Do you have oranges here?" Sbu ask walking to the kitchen.

"He is the one suffering the cravings?  
That's better" Sena say laughing.

"No it's no consolation, I will have a big  
stomach anyway"

"Do you ever close your legs?"

I just sigh and sit on the couch.

"Here is to another little chipmunk"  
Simtho say.

"To think that I was planning on tying  
my tubes yesterday,now this"

Wait...

"Simtho do you remember what you  
said?" I say looking at her.

"What???"

"You are also giving Don a baby"

She is about to faint.Don is looking at  
us with curiosity.

## Chapter 245

Zanda Dlamini

.

I don't know him too well but I can see something is off. During the last two visits he has been quieter than usual, he only spoke a few words. The rest of the time we would be sitting side to side, quietly. In those few hours his silence has been the most satisfying company.

Mandla hasn't made any contact, not even to check on Leano. He don't even care to check if I have everything I need here.

Bab'Biyela has been everything to me. I'm not going to lie it hurts, like I've

been cut into two halves and left the other half behind. Until Nqubeko comes loneliness is my middle name.

Leano fell asleep. He is not good with strangers but with him he has been calm.

I take him to bed. It feels strange, Mandla should be here seeing his son off to bed. I swipe the phone screen checking if there is anything from him. Nothing.

He said he will come, true to his words he is here. As usual we sit and listen to our silence speaking on our behalf.

"Are you okay?"

I nod, "I am, are you?"

He exhales, "Things are not good in my family"

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"No"

"Are you hungry?" I ask.

This is the first time I'm offering him anything. Gosh he must have another picture of me. Like I've never offered him even a drink.

"Yes" he say.

It's just beef curry and rice. I dish in a plate and warm it for him. I pour juice in a glass and add some ice cubes.

"Thank you" he start eating right away.

He was hungry, like really hungry. I want to ask if he ever cook but I don't want to make him uncomfortable. He wipe the plate clean without taking even a single sip on the juice.

He glance at me, "It was

nice,ngiyabonga"

I nod.

He take one small sip of the juice and put the plate and glass on the coffee-table.I guess he is done.

"Can I get you something else to drink?" I ask.It's clear he doesn't like juice.

"Water is fine" he say.

I take the plate to the kitchen.I fill the glass with tap water and go back to him.He gulp it down at one go.

"How is Skhumbuzo?" I ask.

"He is still breathing"

From that answer I have nothing else to say.I don't want to push more and look like a little spy.He is not an open person, that I've noticed.

"Are you not afraid he is going to wake up and cry?" he ask after a while.

"I will hear him"

"Okay"

He draw in some air then look at me.

"I wish I can stay the whole night"

"Me too" I blurt out.I didn't want to say that loud.

"You don't trust me?"

I bite my fingers and keep quiet.

"I want to stay, please" he is almost begging.

"Okay, but I don't..."

He cut me in, "I won't do anything.I will sleep on the floor I don't want to confuse the child"

"On the floor?" I ask with uncertainty.

"I sleep on the floor all the time, don't

worry"

"Don't you have bed in your house?"

His lips crack into a smile, his two crocodile teeth protrude.

"I do have bed in my house Zanda" he say.

I want to ask more questions but he think my questions are funny.

We walk to the bedroom, there is a little voice in the back of my head calling me to order.

"Zanda what are you doing?" it keep asking. I have no idea what this is or why I'm doing it. I just felt like doing it. Like I need Nqubeko's company and I voluntarily trusted him from his first visit. He won't hurt me.

"Where is the baby?" there is alarm in

his voice.

"There in his cot" I point at Leano.

"He sleep there?" he ask in shock.

"Yes"

"Why are you not sleeping with him on bed?"

This is a funny question.

I smile, "Because that is his bed

Nqubeko and this one is my bed. When he grow out of it he will move to his bedroom to a real bed"

I don't think he think this is a good arrangement. He keep quiet though.

"You don't have to sleep on the floor" I tell him.

"I don't mind"

"I do mind, I'll never allow anyone to sleep on the floor" I say.

"You want me to go sleep somewhere else?" he ask.

"You can sleep here with me"

I take the gown off and slide in bed with my long pyjamas.He is taking his shoes off slowly.

He look uncomfortable.He take the t-shirt off and wrap something with it and put it at the corner of the bed on the floor.He leave the trouser.

"Why are putting your clothes on the floor?" I ask.

"I don't mind"

I'm not going to argue him on this one.He can see the closet.

He sleep at the far end of the bed,he look uncomfortable even there.

"Do you want a separate blanket?" I

ask.

Instead of answering the question he stare at me.

"Ngiyakuthanda"

I blush and look away.He is so unpredictable.

"Are you ever going to let me love you?" he ask.

"It's complicated"

He shift closer, "Can I hold you?"

"Yes"

I'm against his skin for the first time,I feel warmer.He is breathing over my head.

"I'm sorry for complicating your life"

"Don't be"

He breath out and look at me in the eyes.

"Where is the father of your baby?"

"He live with his mother"

"Are you going to go back?" he ask.

This is a hard question.I know he is hoping I will say no.But saying no would be a lie,to myself and to him.

"I'm going to make sure you don't go back"

I look at him, "Huh?"

"I will love you in a way that it will fill the gap he left you with.I will make you feel like you've never been loved before"

His lips come closer,I'm biting my lower lip waiting for what's about to happen.

"I'm warm" he whispers before sucking my lower lip.He is slow,

passionate and warm. His knee press on my leg, his hand go all over my back down to my butt. He press me closer to his chest. As my tongue swirl inside his mouth his breath escalate. Hard rode press against my thigh. I feel moisture between my legs.

He pause, breathing hard.

"Malandela"

"Why are you stopping?" I ask in a desperate voice.

"I don't want to break promises"

"Break them" I don't know what is getting over me. I want him, all of him.

"I'm not going to fuck you Zanda"

I can't hide the disappointment on my face. He take my hands and kiss them.

"I know you also don't want me to" he

say.

"I do"

"You are confused"

I want to click my tongue. Who is he to tell me what I want and don't want?

"I'm going to change for you" he say.

"Okay"

"Are you angry?"

I shake my head.

He smirk, "The day I marry you is the day I will fuck you and you'll be paralysed"

My eyes widen, "When???"

"Angingeni Zanda esibayeni ngingakhokhanga"

Now this is deep. We are not even sure what we are doing and we're already speaking of marriage. Mandla paid for

the "kraal", he even paid the cow for taking my virginity that he never took. He chuckles, "The first time I saw you my heart stopped beating. I remember spending the first two minutes staring at you. You are beautiful without even trying. I could tell you come from the rural area"

"Oh really?" I'm a little offended.

"The way you speak Zulu and step on the ground like you own it. Your personality says a lot about strict Zulu upbringing and you can't walk in high shoes"

I laugh, "Says who? I can walk in high heels, they were forced on me"

"By who?" he find this amusing.

"The Biyela sisters"

"Ay those ladies!"

I raise my eyebrow, "What?"

"They are too much"

"You stay with Fikile"

He chuckles, "MaBiyela is a good person"

"To your brother" I say.

He draw some air, "Ya, she is good to my brother..In fact she is good to all of us.She just came into our lives and somehow she is what keep us together.My heart bleed when I see her in pain"

"Mhhh"

He press my hand, "But the earth is round, round and round we go"

I don't know what he mean by that but I know a threat when I hear one.

"How was it like growing up in Inkandla?" I ask changing the atmosphere.

"It was fine"

He is such a boring human being.

"Which sport do you like?" I'm trying to get to know him better.

"Being chased by the police"

I frown, he smile.

"What?"

"It's fun if they are not shooting. Back home we used to play that sport. Fight some monkeys from another village after school and get chased by police the whole afternoon"

He mean it. He say all this with an amused face.

"What's yours?" he ask.

"Cooking"

That's not a sport either. I guess we both don't have any sport interest.

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I don't know how long we talked. I remember him asking about my childhood, I don't know where it ended. I'm waking up now, there is no trace of him.

Leano's two bottles are empty. He must've fed him, I didn't hear anything. He is not the type that leave written notes or texts so I'm clueless. I take Leano to my bed and sleep with him on my chest.

During the day it's only us. He is not such a great company though, he have

unnecessary tantrums.

My phone rings, disturbing me from dozens of thoughts.

It's a landline number.

"Hello" I say clearing my voice.

The caller stay silent.

"Hello" I say louder.

I know there is someone, I can hear the soft breathing. Something like a glass break. I hear some movements.

"I'm ending this call" I say after waiting for a moment.

Nothing.

I end the call.

## Chapter 246

### Fikile Biyela

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I've been up since 4am, my sleep just vanished. I chose to use that time to catch up with work. I've been glued to my laptop for the past three hours. Dad will leave soon, I want to make him breakfast. He has made dodging breakfast a habit.

Sthelo is recovering, Monday he will go to school. At first he was not comfortable. Kuhle was also a brat, treating him like an outsider. But Biyela sorted him out, they get along very well now. Simile is cool, he is quiet but he is a loving child.

Things between me and Skhumbuzo

are not good. I haven't forgiven him for what he did.

He is sorry and apologising everyday through texts.

He really broke me, it will take some time. Right now I still need space to heal the wounds my baby left me with. He came down the stairs running with his car keys on the hand.

"Whoah mkhulu brika!" I say stopping him with my hand.

"Fikile, good morning" he is grabbing a banana.

"Ey bhuti sit, where are you rushing?" I say turning his toast.

"Time is gone Fikile"

This madala!

"Baba sit down, I'm making breakfast

for you" I say.

"Fikile..."

I give him my hand, "Wena you are a boss, the boss of the bosses. You can go to work anytime you want or don't pitch up at all. I really don't understand why you're always rushing and skipping breakfast. You know what Aunt Lydia say? Breakfast time is the..." He sigh, "Okay Fikile I will eat breakfast, it's an important time of the family"

"Great! Where is your wife?"

He sit on the chair, "She is in the bedroom making herself look more beautiful"

'More' makes me yawn.

"You guys are the most boring couple

in the world" I tell him.

He chuckles, "Boring but always together,unlike some couple we know"

"Mom has never left you?" I ask.

"No"

"Even when you cheated with Sbusiso's mother?"

"No"

I chuckle, "She is some woman"

"She was raised differently from you.No matter what happens she knows she have her place in my heart and no one can replace her in it.And she knows that her role is to control me, unlike you girls.Once shit hit the fan you are packing and leaving"

I set his plate, "Well...."

"A man is the head of the family and

the woman is the neck that controls it. One day you need to ask your mother for lessons on how to stay through better and worse" he say stirring the coffee I just put in front of him.

I sigh, "Dad we are all different and deal with things differently"

"Men are all the same, we need our women to help us deal with things. Otherwise we never deal with those things, we bury them and move forward"

My eyes pickle with tears, this is not the kind of talk I wanna have so early in the morning.

"He killed my baby Baba" I say.

"You know that's not true, no man will

ever kill his own baby. You are trying to punish him but trust me you are not, instead you are killing him"

He eat his food. Trust this man to give your brains something to chew on and pretend like nothing happened.

"Simtholile should start a business, even if it's a hair thing" he say moving to business.

I exhale, "Salon? Maybe she will love that"

"This month she has only came to the office three times, the rest of the time she is on social networks talking about products she know nothing about"

I chuckle, "That's marketing Dad, we gain customers through her"

"Ay that's nonsense"

There is a car passing by that is playing loud music. Whoever that drunkard is he need to be taught a lesson. This is not Skhalambazo.

My Dad click his tongue.

It doesn't sound like the car was passing. It's outside our house.

"NO MATTER WHERE YOU GO  
REMEMBER THE ROAD THAT WILL  
LEAD YOU HOME"

This Master K.G song is a hit, a very noisy one. Imagine hearing it early in the morning on a full blast.

Dad put his coffee down and walk out. To tell that idiot to stop making noise hopefully.

"This is Sbusiso" I hear him talking alone.

The madam is down too, as well as the kids. They are asking me who is making noise.

We all follow Dad out.

It's indeed Sbu's car. He is driving in circles.

"I wonder what happened" Mom say. The kids are happy, they are shouting.

"Ishaye Malume!!!"

He change the song to Professor: YOU MAKE ME FEEL BRAND NEW, YOU MAKE ME FEEL YOUNG, YOU MAKE ME FEEL BRAND NEW, NGTHANDA WENA WEDWA

This song is another hit, with noisy beats. I love it, but only when I'm drunk. It's not the first thing I want to hear at seven in the morning.

He open the door and get out of the car. He have a Heineken in his hand, he is dancing like there is no tomorrow. I don't think it's safe for him to do those Michael Jackson moves, he will sprinkle his ankles.

Even vosho??? Now I'm curious.

"Maybe he won Lotto" Dad say.

Kuhle has ran to him, they are both dancing. I wonder at what time he left Durban to be here at this time.

Eventually he turn the music off.

"Sanibona!!! he greet with his hands up.

We don't return the greeting, we just look at him.

"What's up with long faces? It's Friday morning. Vosho mshana, show them"

he say to Kuhle.They both go down on Vosho.

"Did you win Spar combo?" I ask.

"I won a baby sisi, in eight months to come there will be another mini Biyela"

He is speaking in riddles.

"Sbusiso what's all this noise?" Mom ask.

"Yoh Mah you are ageing strubob! I just told you I'm going to be a father for the fifth time"

"What???" we ask simultaneously.

"Straight to the net, Bafana Bafana need to take me as their striker"

"Wait Sbusiso, who did you impregnate?" Dad ask.

He put his left hand up, "Who put this

here Menziwa?"

"You are joking!"

"Wait to see that joke in eight months"  
he say doing a little belly dance.

"Sbusiso that's not funny Yamihle is  
only six months old" Mom say.

He look at Dad, "The score is 6-5 Timer  
watch out"

Dad have six children, he will have five  
now.They think it's a sport of some  
sort.

"Ntshangase

Mgazi

Ndabezitha

Mvundlane esokhabeni

Mbengo osinda abosi

Wena weNjezi kaXhoko

Iyabizwa iyesabela

Ibizwa uPhunga noMageba

Menziwa, Sobethu

Awu umfana wami madoda"

If Sbu was slim like Don he would've lifted him up and swung him around.

Yeses Dad is so happy. They are shaking hands and bumping shoulders.

Imagine if this was me celebrating pregnancy, I'd be out of the gate without breakfast.

"This is how we do Menziwa, you are a man amongst men mfana wami" he say tapping his shoulder for the millionth time.

Mom clap her hands, "I've lived in this world"

"Mom you are no better than Nozipho, you was a baby machine too back in

the days"

She laughs, "Better it was in the 90's, Nozipho is resisting the change and technology"

I don't think Dad is going to leave for work soon. He is making calls to his brothers telling them the great news. I wonder how Nozipho is taking all of this. I know for sure that she is not as happy as Sbusiso is.

I go to my room and disconnect my phone from the charger and call her.

"Hey babe" she answers after the fourth ring.

"Hey how are you?"

"I'm fine, how are you?"

I exhale, "I'm fine. Sbu is here, I just heard the news"

"Oh dumbass! I asked him not to. Fikile I'm so sorry"

"Sorry for what?" I ask.

"I know it's not fair"

"Babe don't worry, I'm happy for him. This is what he always wanted, a big family. Is it okay if I congratulate you?"

"No, I'm still mad at myself. I'm going to be fat again, I don't even want to go out" she say.

I laugh, "Sbusiso is dancing, you should've seen him. I think Biyela is about to slaughter a cow for him"

"I don't think my father will be as pleased, he wanted me to focus on my career"

"He married you to the most fertile

family, he will need to drink chill pills"  
I say.

"Have you talked to Skhumbuzo?"

I sigh, "No"

"I'm not going to push you to forgive him, but he need your forgiveness in order to forgive himself. Even if you don't take him back just reach out to him and comfort him, he lost a baby too"

Now everyone in my family speak one language, forgive him. I know they will never mislead me.

"I hear you Nozipho" I say.

"Okay stay strong, tell that fool he will not get any pussy today"

I laugh, "Okay bye preggy"

Sbusiso walk in just after I ended the

call.

"Hey Fikile"

I instantly know he is here to pity me.

"Hey father father father father father"

I say.

"Umhhh sorry about that, I'm just over excited"

"Don't worry, I'm happy for you"

He grins, "I suffer from morning sicknesses and crave all the crap"

Say what?

I laugh, "Sho-sho"

"I went to see your man last night"

My mood drops.

"Oh yeah"

"He was eating rice and chicken feet"

he say.

"He like them"

"No ways, that thing looked terrible"

"Trust me he enjoy it"

He shake his head in disbelief.

"How was he?" I ask.

"He is losing weight, he doesn't shave, he is ugly more than he naturally

is.And he is broken beyond repairs"

I nod like a mindless person.

"The witch of a brother has been visiting Zanda but I won't tell Mandla, it's not my place"

My eyes widens, "What? How do you know?"

"I just know.Mandla bought that apartment for her, Dad owns the building"

"Does Zanda know?" I ask.

"No, she think Dad does everything for

her. The security guy told me about this guy who keep coming to visit"

My word!

"This will break Mandla, Nqubeko need to be stopped"

"Maybe not, Zanda need to decide what she want with her life without everyone trying to convince her of it" he say.

"The Zanda I know will never entertain a man she hardly knows, this got to do with Nqubeko's offish ways"

He shrugs, "Eitherway Mandla doesn't deserve this"

"Oh gosh I'm getting headache from this"

"On other news MaMeya is ready to meet the family"

"Who is going to tell Bab' Mzingelwa that his daughter-in-law will be white?" I ask.

He laugh, "He will find out Sunday, I cannot wait to see his face"

"Will the drama in this family ever end?" I ask.

"I doubt"

He brush his stomach, "Little angel want an orange now"

I roll my eyes, "Sbusiso you only took the cravings, the baby is not in your stomach. You are being dramatic"

"In which institution did you graduate as the doctor? I'm pregnant"

He walk out like a penguin, pushing his atomach like a pregnant lady.

## Chapter 247

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"Daddy where is my mother?" he is asking for the fourth time, if not for the fifth.

"She went to look for a job, she will come back when she have money to buy you a motorbike" he lie again.

"Where is Mommy? The one who bathed me and fed me nice food?"

This one make his heart sink.He wish Anga could just forget about his Mommy, simple because they will never have a relationship.

He, without knowing it, killed Fikile's baby.That is the grudge Fikile will always carry in her heart.He still

remember how deadly she looked at Anga on that day in the hospital.

She is the only person who could've loved him and gave him motherly love. His mother made it clear that she despises Anga. This means he will have to be a mother and father to him.

He need her. He need Thembeke, for Anga's sake. He can't let him grow up the same way he did. Without a mother.

"Daddy" he tap his arm.

"Is Mommy still sick?" he ask.

He nod, "Yes, mommy is still sick"

"Is she still angry that I made her sick?"

He swallow, "Mommy is not angry, she went to her home"

"Can I go see her? I will not put sugar

in her Cheerios"

"Let's order ice-cream, do you want it?" he ask.

"Yes, I want it in a cone" he say happily.

He call their waitress and place an order.

This is where they are every afternoon.Nqubeko's house don't have appropriate grocery, he have to eat out everyday with Anga, who is always looking forward to dinner.

He shift his eyes to the table across, they land on a familiar woman with a scarf wrapped on her head.

Sizakele Miya.

He knows her.She had occupied his mind before Thembeke came and

caused havoc. He planned on finding out more about her. His plans were put on hold. He has another responsibility, his son.

"Your ice-cream sir" the waitress says looking at him seductively.

"Thank you" he gives Anga his and puts it on the table.

Many girls want him. He is a good looking guy, he wears smartly and smells rich. They like what they see, but when they see the man behind the looks they'd probably run for dear life.

"DADDY IT'S MELTING!" trust Anga to shout in a restaurant full of people.

All attention comes to their table. He is not in the ice-cream mood, he takes the cup and feeds Anga.

Sizakele on her table is looking at this familiar guy who is struggling to feed his son ice-cream. It has melted, the guy is also feeding him like an absent-minded person it's all over the boy's face.

The mother of this boy needs to accompany them every time they go out. This is a mess.

Is it messier than her life though?

She gets up from her chair and walks over them.

"Why don't you just make him drink it?"

Nceba looks up, his tongue is stiff for a second.

Siza takes the ice-cream cup from his hands.

"Drink" she tells Anga.

When he finish drinking she pick the saviette on the table and wipe his creamy face.

"You need to find the bathrooms and wash his face" she tell him.

"Thank you"

She look at him once again, "You look familiar"

"I once came to your house with my brothers"

She nod, "Now I remember"

"Did the burglars got arrested?"

She frown, "What?"

"The thieves that beat you"

She look down, "Umhhh yes they were arrested"

He nod, "That's great, we all deserve to feel safe inside our houses"

"I know" she say regretting coming to their table.

"I'm Nceba Nkosi" he introduce himself putting his hand out for a handshake.

"I'm Sizakele Miya"

They shake hands.

"This is my son Angomuhle"

She smile at the little boy, "Hello Angomuhle, the ice-cream lover"

"Hi" he smile back.

"Where is his mother? You suck at feeding him"

He chuckles, ignoring the question.

"Are you regular here?" he ask.

"I come once or twice a week, depends on my husband's schedule"

"If he is home he doesn't allow you to

go out?" it's a statement more than a question.

"No, it's not like that at all" she is stammering.

"Are you going to be here tomorrow? I'd like to join you for dinner"

"No" she say.

"Can I have your numbers at least?" he ask.

"No"

He nod.

"Enjoy the rest of your afternoon guys"

"Sizakele" he call her when she attempt to walk away.

"Sometimes it's people who are supposed to love us that hurt us.If hate comes from someone close to your

heart it can destroy you, it's worse than hate from an enemy. You keep hoping they will change, and the truth is they won't because they don't realise their wrongdoings. Only you can save yourself"

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"You keep hoping they will change, and the truth is they won't because they don't realise their wrongdoings. Only you can save yourself"

Nceba's words keep ringing in her ears. She glance at the watch once again. Time reads 21h37, he is still not home.

No call.

No explaining text.

His food has cooled in the kitchen. She know she can't call him and question him. Ever since he found out she cheated things have turned sour in their marriage. She no longer have any voice. She is paying for that sin everyday.

She is about to doze off when she hear his footsteps in the bedroom.

He turn the lights on.

"You are still up?" he ask taking off his shirt.

"Must I go get your food?" she ask.

"No I'm sorted" he say.

She swallow the lump on her throat,

"Okay"

He walk on to the bathroom like there is nothing wrong. She listen to the

shower running.

Is he ever going to change?

He come back smelling fresh and get on bed.

"Tomorrow I'm going to Free State, I will come back on Wednesday"

"Wow!" that's all she is able to say.

"I will know Siza" he say pushing his hand inside her panty.

"I love you" he say then suck her lips.

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Nqubeko is not home as usual. He sleep out and come back in the wee hours of morning.

"Daddy I want to sleep with my mother"

Nceba sigh, "Anga your mother is not

here"

"I want my mother" tears run down his cheeks.

"Your mother ran away, shut up!!!!!"

He start crying loud, he clench his jaws.

"Angomuhle stop being a baby, grow up.Can't you see I'm trying my best.You only have me, okay"

Him lashing out on Anga doesn't do him any good.It's like rubbing salt in the open wounds, Anga cry his eyeballs out.

He pull him to his chest, "I'm so sorry mfana, everything will be okay.Please don't cry"

"I want my mother"

He squeeze him, "Mama will come back

Mphazima, calm down Ndlangamandla  
daddy is here"

He rub his back, he calm down and  
close his eyes.

He kiss his forehead, "I'm sorry son"

Five minutes later he is snoring.He  
tuck him in bed and stare at him.

Is he going to turn out okay?

His phone disturb him.

It's his brother, Skhumbuzo.

"Brother" he answers.

"Ncebayenkosi"

Whatever this is it's serious for him to  
call him with his full name.

"Bhuti" he say alarmed.

"I understand the pain I put you  
through when I killed your baby.It's  
worse than being left by a wife with

three small children"

"I know Nkosi" he say.

"I'm asking for forgiveness, I never intended to destroy your soul like this. I will cleanse the blood I've spilled in the Nkosis"

He apologized, they moved on.

"Are you okay brother?" Nceba ask concerned.

"I'm not, but it's okay I deserve it"

He know his brother is a good person, he will never kill a baby intentionally.

"She will come back" he tell him.

"She might not, there is nothing forcing her to"

"Her love for you forces her, give it time"

He exhale, "I want you to be fine, come

and live with me"

"When she comes back she will not want Anga in her presence. I will look for a house and try to settle this side"

It sounds like a good idea but if Fikile comes back and this arrangement continues it could be the division of the brothers.

"I hope everything will be okay" Nceba say hopelessly.

Chapter 248

Fikile Biyela

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Earlier I had a therapy session. Now I just had another one with my

mother. Sooner or later I need to go see Skhumbuzo. Being angry at him doesn't only strain him it also delays my healing process.

I need to move on. I need to make peace and let my baby go.

I'm going to see him today because tomorrow is Nduku's family lunch, Monday I need to go back to work.

"Sthelo!" I call walking towards the kitchen.

They are all in the kitchen with mom.

"I'm leaving today, are you coming with me? Monday you're going back to school"

Mom is the one who answers me, "He is not leaving today, we will come with him tomorrow"

I look at Sthelo for assurance.

"Yes I will come tomorrow"

He is comfortable and happy here. My mom is a good granny, she feed them everything.

"Okay don't forget to pack your medication"

"I won't"

"Simile follow me" I say walking away. I need to have a talk with him. He need to take Sthelo's condition as a lesson.

"Sit" I say closing the door behind us.

"Did I do something wrong?"

"Did you?" I ask.

"Not that I know of" he say doubtful.

"How is your girlfriend?"

He blushes, "She is fine"

"You still remember what we talked

about, right?"

He nod.

"I know it will be hard for you to call me and tell me every detail of your dating life. You don't have to call me, call your uncle he will advice you about anything" I say.

"Okay mom I will"

"Please protect yourself Simile, I want to ask you to wait until you're 18years but I know I'd be wasting my time. The least I'm asking from you is to protect yourself when you start engaging into sexual activities"

He sighs, "Mama we talked about this, I will be cautious. Please relax I'm not doing any funny stuff"

"Promise me you will tell me or tell

Sbusiso" I say.

"I will, promise"

I can see I'm starting to irritating him.

"When was the last time you talked with your father?" I ask.

"A month ago, I called him"

Asshole!

"Don't call him Simile.He is your father, he is the one who is supposed to call you"

"Okay" he say.

"We don't beg to be in the lives of people who don't make efforts to be in our lives.I don't want you to be disappointed Simile, he will never change"

I regret telling him this but it's the truth.That dog will never treat him like

his son, he shouldn't be the one making efforts because in the long run he will be disappointed and hurt.

"I love you" I kiss his forehead.

He hate it, he make a grunt through his teeth.He need to be strong, I'm still going to kiss him.

I pack a few things, I'm not sure if I'll be coming back here. Being home has been good, a breath of fresh air with my kids.

"Kuhle!!!" I yell.

He come running.

"I'm leaving now"

He doesn't care, "Okay bye"

"You're not going to kiss me?" I ask.

"Nope, go"

Mom laugh over the kitchen table.

"What did I do now?" I ask.

"You shouted at me in the morning"

Sigh!

"Whose child are you?" I shake my head.

"I'm Gogo's child"

I roll my eyes, "Awusemdala ke nokutefa"

He touch my arm and run off.

"What was that?" I ask mom.

"It's a touch of bad lucks"

I burst out laughing, "He is so cruel lo mntwana"

I say my goodbye's and leave. My intention is to drive past Skhumbuzo's house then go to Sbusiso's house. He is a brother so whenever we need a place to stay his house is the first option;

KwaBiyela.

There is Nqubeko's car parked outside. I was hoping not to find him here, I need time alone with the owner of this house.

There is music playing, maskandi songs. I walk toward the sound and find them sitting with glasses of cold drinks in their hands.

I stand for a moment, just watching them enjoying themselves.

"Sanibona" I greet loud.

They turn their heads and see me. Nqubeko grabs the remote and turn the music off.

"Yebo sawubona" he return my greeting.

"I'm sorry to disturb your fun

moment" I say looking around the house that used to give me the homely, warm feeling. Now I feel like I'm inside an empty hall, with broken windows that bring in cold wind that shrinks my skin to its depths.

Nqubeko stand up, "MaBiyela it's nice to see you, you look good..Bafo I will see you later"

He walk out leaving his brother glued on a couch.

"Can I sit?"

He clear his throat, "Yes"

"Thank you"

I sit and just look at him, for a good while.

"I wasn't expecting to find you enjoying music and cold drink"

I'm now being a bitch.

"It's Nqubeko, he wanted to play this new CD" he explains.

"Mmm that's nice"

He haven't looked at me, he is looking at his hand playing with fingers.

"Sthelo is coming back tomorrow, Monday he will be back to school" I tell him.

"Thank you"

I sit up straight, "How are you?"

"I'm fine" he lie broadly.

"It's your fault but it was not your intention.I don't know what your intention was but I know it wasn't to kill our daughter"

He rub the side of his head and look away.I can see him internally fighting

with his emotions.

"You left me for weeks without giving me any heads-up, you didn't call me nor texted me. I waited for you to come back because I loved you. I try by all means to be there for you, to support you and love you unconditionally. This is my home. Yes you bought the house and asked me to move in, but as a woman in your life you were supposed to talk to me about decisions that concerns both of us"

I exhale, "Maybe you thought it didn't concern me since she is 'Sthelo's mother', your ex-wife..."

"I was wrong, I'm sorry" he say cutting me in.

"Why didn't you tell her to go when I

asked you to?" I ask.

"I was still trying to come with solutions, I couldn't let Nceba's son go sleep under the bridge again"

"Lungile could've taken her in, you could've sent her to your other house or even a hotel. Why did you bring her here? Why didn't you tell her to leave when I asked you to?"

He is quiet, he is not going to answer me.

"You didn't want this baby in the beginning. Is this your first wish granted?"

"I wanted the baby ever since, I would never wish ill for my own blood" his voice is breaking.

"Skhumbuzo our baby is dead, she

never got the chance to meet us"

He look at me, his eyes are bloody red.They land on my flat stomach.

"There is nothing, it's empty" I say touching my stomach.

He swallow nothingness, "Can I hold you?"

I nod.

He wrap his arms around me, "I will never forgive myself for this"

"We need to find a way"

His hands move down to my stomach.He pinch it a number of times.His breathing pattern has changed.

"Skhumbuzo"

I feel wetness down my neck.He don't want to face me.I have to force him to.

"My baby Fikile!!" his hand grip on my shoulder for dear life. I don't know how many times he has broke down before and I wasn't there to hold him. He is in pain just like I am. His is worse because it comes with guilty.

"I'm sorry for your loss Mphazima" I'm also crying.

I've been an ass, like I didn't make things easy for him. I blamed him because I wanted him to feel the pain, the pain he was already feeling ten times worse.

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It's been three hours, I'm still here. He went to his study and locked himself inside. I hid his gun just to be safe. The

way he is right now anything can strike his mind. Feeling my empty tummy hit him hard.

"I'm going to pass by his house then drive to my brother's house" -that was me earlier but look at me now, I'm sitting in the kitchen watching a pot of samp boiling. I know food is not going to heal him but it's the only strategy my mother taught me.

I'm lost in my thoughts. Skhumbuzo has hurt me but here I am. Back to him again, cooking his favourite meal.

This is how I am, isn't?

This is what got Mvuse thinking I'm stupid and marrying another girl then continue sleeping with me.

I love too much and forgive too easily.

"Mommy!!!"

The little voice bring me back to life. When I turn my head Nceba is lifting him up and rushing to the door.

"Nceba!" I call behind him.

He is out of the door

He think I'm going to hurt his son?

I don't understand. Yes I had an episode in the hospital where I wanted to kill Anga, but Nceba knows me. I will never kill his child, or anyone's child.

I knock on his car window. Anga is in the backseat.

He roll down the window.

"I'm so sorry, I didn't know you were here"

I take a deep breath, "Nceba I'm not crazy"

"I didn't say you are"

His body language says the opposite of his words.

"Can I see Anga?" I ask.

He clear his throat, "I'm taking him to the movies, time is kind of..."

"Hello Anga do you want cakes?"

He nod uncertainly.

"Come on Daddy, we want to go eat the cakes" I say looking at Nceba.

"He didn't know Fikile" he is begging.

"I won't do anything to him, I'm not that cruel"

I can't believe Nceba think so low of me. Even if I was cruel poisoning Anga would hurt him, Thembeke wouldn't even care.

I open Anga's door and lift him out.

"You are not sick?" he ask.

I smile, "No"

"I will never put sugar in your Cheerios again"

I kiss his cheek, "I know.Do you want hot chocolate?"

"No I want cakes and ice-cream"

I laugh, "Your accent is ridiculous for Inkandla's boy"

It will be impossible to find a school for him this time of a year.I wonder if Nceba has thought of any plan.

"Daddy didn't want me to visit you in your home"

He talk too much.

"Oh why?" I ask.

"He wanted to hit me"

Nceba!!!

"He will never hit you, if he does you will tell Mommy and I will kill him"  
He giggles, so innocently. He doesn't even understand what I mean by "killing him", how can I harm such an innocent soul?

I give him biscuits and juice. He will have ice-cream later. I put him in front of the TV and go check his 'tall uncle'.  
"Skhumbuzo" I knock outside.

After a moment I hear the key turning and push the door.

His eyes are red and swollen.

"Anga and Nceba are here" I say walking in.

He don't say anything.

I kneel in front of him and hold his hands.

"In everything God have the upper hand, if He wanted the baby to live she would've lived. Let's find a way forward, this was part of God's plan"

"Why are you comforting me? Why are you still here?"

"It's because even though you are what you are I still love you" I say.

"I'm a piece of shit?"

Yes he is a piece of shit.

"You don't respect me, I don't know if you ever will but I'm going to give you the benefit of a doubt"

"I don't deserve you" he say brushing his face.

"Are you going to leave?"

"Yes I'm going to Sbu's place later" I say.

He nod, "I understand, but I wish you can see how sorry I am"

"Focus on healing than apologising because apologising won't undo anything"

"I need you Fikile, here by my side. This house feels so empty without you, it's cold. I can't sleep at nights, I stay awake wondering if you are getting any sleep where you are"

I exhale, "I also feel empty when I'm in this house"

"I want us to work on that. This is our home, we are bringing the kids here next year, nothing have to change. Do not leave, I'm begging you"

I sigh, "I don't know"

"Sthandwa sami I'm begging you, we

don't have to sleep together. Just be around me"

He force his cold trembling lips on me, I kiss him back and everything dissolves. I'm flowing with him, he lift me and put me on top of the desk.

"I love you, please forgive me" he put his hands around my neck and stare at me.

He grew a beard, lost a bit of weight but he is not ugly. Sbusiso was lying. He kiss me until I'm dizzy and dripping wet.

"Come home" he say.

"Okay"

Well...I didn't surprise myself, this is who I am. I flow like water.

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I have to go see Nozipho. My plans changed I won't be staying over I'm coming back to Skhumbuzo's house. Anga is a little bit clingy, Nceba is now comfortable with me around him. It's been a few hours things aren't back to normal between Skhumbuzo and I. I'm cool, he is the one who is quiet and reversed.

"Anga do you want pizza?" I ask.

"Yes"

"Okay I'm going to the mall to buy pizza"

He is excited.

"I'm going with you" he says.

"But we are going to watch the Karate Kid with your uncle, he has never

watched it" Nceba comes to my rescue.

"Oh yes, let's go" he runs off. Nceba follows him.

He look so sad.

"I'm coming back" I tell him.

He hug me, "I will wait for you"

I kiss him and leave.

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Umhhh...what's up with all these cars here? Isn't lunch happening tomorrow?

Simtho screams when she see me.

I get hugs and kisses. This is my family, when they love they love.

"I'm so happy to see you" Ziphe say.

I smile, "Thanks, what are you all doing here?"

"It's the pre-lunch" Sena says.

"And no one invited me?"

"I sent Skhumbuzo an invite" Nozipho say.

"I'm Fikile, not Skhumbuzo"

I grab a glass of wine and sit on the chair. I wonder if MaMeya is ready to meet this family of drunkards. Her boyfriend is even worse.

"Hey hey swineful blatawoti can't you sit down? Niyayithwala lendlu hhe?"

Gosh! Why didn't anyone warn me? I thought this man was coming tomorrow.

Everyone find a place to sit their swineful blatawoti asses. Zethu and Sena share funny looks.

"Sbusiso you haven't grind my chillies

even now? I will not ask you twice, there is something you are going to feel" with that said he disappears to where he came from.

Sbu sigh, "Some people mistreat pregnant people"

He stand up and look at me, "You haven't greeted, remember"

Bab' Mzingelwa is so exhausting. Lunch tomorrow is going to be eventful. If I was Nduku I was going to tell him today that the girl is white.

I go to him and greet with my knees bowed.

"How are you doing?" he ask.

He is Mzingelwa Biyela but I know he cares.

"I'm getting there" I say.

He put his hand on my back, "Be strong my girl"

When I'm out of his presence I take a deep long breath. I'm glad I won't be staying here. Between him and Bab' Thobela I don't know who is worse. We must embrace ourselves for some drama tomorrow.

Chapter 249  
Zethu Biyela

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There are about twenty people here. No strangers, just us. Only Mandla and Skhumbuzo aren't here. There is so much noise, kids are running like they

are in the park.

Bab' Thobela just arrived with his wife. I don't think MaMeya is going to be comfortable.

"Zethu bring the glasses. They just stand, these kids!" it's Nduku's mother. She is wearing isishweshwe, she think she is very beautiful today. She have the knot of her doek tied on top of her forehead. She have the VIP walk, throwing instructions and shades every now and then.

"Huh-ah Mamncane don't put the saviettes like that, this is a city girl show some class" she instruct Bab' Thobela's wife whom we all refer to as Mamncane because she is the wife of the youngest Biyela brother.

"And you Nontombi you need to change that top, it look so old-fashioned" she tells my mother.

I don't think she can tell my mother anything about fashion. My mother is wearing a Faya Fashion top, we all know how costly Nozipho's label is. We are running around setting the tables. It's three long tables and hired chairs. We are a community on our own.

"I'm done" Simtho say pouring wine in a glass.

"Those women will kill you"

She dismiss me with a hand. She have a death wish.

"Where is Simtholile?" Mamncane ask within two minutes.

"Having a glass of wine in the kitchen"  
I rat out.

"Mameshana! Nontombi is this how you raise these children? They are drinking alcohol while us, their mothers, are sweating here?"

Sena clears her throat, "She, not 'they'.Some of us are here"

"See how they talk back to their elders"

"They are going to teach my daughter in-law bad manners, this is why Ndukwenhle must send lobola immediately so that koti can come to Inkandla" Nduku's mother say.

Everything is now ready.We are waiting for Nduku and MaMeya.

"What's keeping Nduku now?" Sbu ask

walking around with his hands pushed in the pockets.

"Don't rush, you know young women of today, she is still painting her face and putting those long eyelashes and red lips" Mamncane say.

Nduku's mom chuckles, "All that will end when she comes to Inkandla. Did you bring amadumbe I told you to pack?"

Mamncane nods, "Yes, I even added some sweet potatoes"

"Thank you sisterwife, let's hope she likes them. I also brought the red cock, she will take to her mother as a gift"

Mamncane exclaims, "Ay Mamkhulu your big red cock that fathers all generations of our chickens?"

"Precisely!" she say proudly.

I'm unable to do this.No, it's not right.My stomach is going to burst, Sbu's face is not making it any easier.

"Where did you put that chicken Mamkhulu?" Nozipho ask.

"I tied it in the garage" she say.

"Not next to my BMW, right?" Sbu ask. Simtho have tears running down, she keep blinking and hiding her mouth with her hands.

I excuse myself and go out for fresh air.MaMeya have so many gifts waiting for her, a live big chicken included.

I also need to check on Phindile, her brother went missing again.It's been a week, his phone is off, nobody has seen him.

"Hey sisi" she answers in a sad voice.

"Hey babe, how is it going?"

"Nothing"

Maybe I should speak to my father and see what he can do.

"I'm so sorry, let's hope nothing bad happened to him"

She sighs, "Yeah"

"I will see what I can do, be fine and make sure your mother eat and take medication"

"Okay will do"

Nkabenhle can't just disappear, not again. He knows how broken his family was when he was gone.

I walk back in and look for my dad. I don't like interacting with my uncles, right now they are with him so I'm

kinda of uncomfortable.

I stand behind him, "Dad"

"We are still talking" that's Bab'  
Thobela.

He have zero chill.

Dad ignore him and step aside.

"I need help" I say.

"I'm listening"

"You know Phindile right?"

He nod.

"Her brother is missing again"

He frown, "Is it not Ziphelele's  
guardian boy?"

"It's him"

"Does Ziphelele know?"

"You know how she is, she will turn  
this whole lunch sour with her  
tears. And there is Zanda, the

Nkabenhle subject must be handled with caution"

"Okay go" he say.

I know he will make intervention. I wish he can speed things up, I don't want Phindile to be broken like this. She is too young but the world is already sitting on her shoulders.

We sit on the table, we are still waiting for Nduku. I think he is delaying on purpose, he want to make the grand entrance.

"We now sit on the same table with white people!" Bab' Mzingelwa say glancing at Tyson.

"Baba don't forget how to hold fork and knife and embarass us" his wife say.

"I will eat with a spoon" he say.

"Ay baba we all need to eat with fork and knife"

He give her a look, "I'm not going to poke food and chase it around the plate all day long"

"You and me Baba, spoon all the way"  
Don says.

We all look at him, he shrug his shoulders.Nozipho has to get up and fetch some spoons.

"I want to ask one thing, that we all make Lauren comfortable" Fikile says.  
That's one advantage of being the first daughter/son in the black families, your voice matters.

"Is that her name?" Mamncane ask.

"Yes, her name is Lauren"

"Yoh! How is Baba going to call her because he won't be able to pronounce that?"

Sbu look at Bab' Mzingelwa, "Just roll your tongue when you say 'auren', it won't be difficult"

"I'm not going to bite my tongue with rare names. Doesn't she have a Zulu name?"

Yerrr!

"Baba it won't matter, you are not allowed to call your daughter-in-law by her name anyway" Nonto say.

"You're right Nontobeko, I shouldn't bother myself"

And they are here!

She is white as a snow. Thick and beautiful.

"Lauren!" Simtho screams.

"She is so beautiful" Ziphe say smiling.

Poor Lauren, she doesn't know where to look or how to react.

Nduku lead her to the chair then sit next to her.

"Sanibona" she greet in Zulu.

"Wow wow wow!!!!" Sena exclaims.

I'm also shocked, "You speak Zulu? My Gucci"

I nudge Tyson and whispers, "Take notes"

"Yebo sawubona" my mother return the greeting.

The other wives are dumbstruck, so are their husbands.

"This is Lauren Meyers, the girl who stole my heart. Babe this is my family"

Nduku do the introductions.

I thought they said he can't say her name correctly.

"Nduku you didn't tell us you are bringing umlungu" his mother says.

"I didn't think race was important"

"Of course it is, I've never shared a bed with umlungu before. This thing...this whole change is...Ntombizethu you made him do this, you set an example for him" Bab' Mzingelwa say pointing at me.

"Baba you can't say people fell in love by example" I say.

"Ntombizethu when I build four-room don't build double-storey. Don't put R5 when I put R2, you are going to feel something you won't like"

His threats are funny.

"What are we going to say to her?"

Bab' Thobela ask.

"That's a funny question. What do you say to MaZungu?"

He glance at Nozipho, "You see MaZungu may be educated and English-speaking but she knows how to kneel when she serves us, she know how to wash dishes and to make fire"

"Baba that's not how we welcome people in this family" Sbusiso say.

"We were better with one mlungu, now two hhayi! You forget how these people are, soon they will be ruling this house, just like they did in the 80's when they took our land"

"Baba!" Nonto say disappointed.

My father clear his throat, "Don't worry my child, we are still surprised Nduku didn't tell you are white. As you can see we have another white family member over there"

He point at Tyson with his eyes, I sense some mockery behind it. Maybe it's just me.

"We are so happy to meet you" he put his hand out for a handshake.

"Likewise" Lauren say smiling.

"Must we also shake her hand?"

Mamncane ask.

I see Nduku taking a deep breath.

They shake her hand.

"Hopefully we won't get arrested" that's Bab' Thobela.

Where was he when Nelson Mandela

ended apartheid?

"Well I'm Sena, I'm married to Lwazi. That's him over there with a cute man's cut, we have a son you will see him as time goes by"

"Too much information" Simtho say jumping in.

"I'm Simtho, you and I will share clothes"

Lauren smile, "Most definitely"

"I don't think so, you are bigger than her. I'm Zethu by the way, I'm engaged to Tyson Givanston. Do you know him?"

She look at Tyson, "Yes I do"

"Yeap that's my fiancée. This one with a bald head is Zanda, next to her is Ziphelele and her husband

Thapelo. That's Donald there with a white shirt, he is single"

Simtho say something under her breath. He wouldn't dare brag about a boyfriend in front of Bab' Mzingelwa.

"The afro girl is Nonto, Nduku's sister. And there we have..umhh what's your name?"

Fikile roll her eyes and sip on the juice.

"My bad her name is Fikile, her man is not here. He had indlamu practice to attend"

Lauren nods, "Nice to meet you all"

"Opposite you is our fathers and mothers. You will meet our aunt another day and Bhut' Mandla"

She nod, "I'm happy to be here"

"We've been waiting all day for you"

Mom say.

"The trouble you put us in Nduku!" his mother says.

"Mama please welcome her" he say in Zulu.

"We are happy to meet you MaMeya" she say smiling.

"Thank you ma'am"

Mamkhulu looks at Mamncane with a disbelieving face.

"Did she just call me Ma'am?"

Mamncane nods, "Yebo ntombi kaSobekile"

She let out a loud laugh, "I never thought I'd see this day coming"

Fikile was wasting her breath, they are not going to make her feel comfortable. Skhumbuzo is missing out

on this drama, I will tell him all about it the next time I see him.

Nozipho stand up, "Lauren please help me dish"

She is surprised, she expected to see maids serving. This is a black family, makoti serve the family.

Zanda and Nonto help them out. Mamkhulu is still amazed by being referred to as ma'am by a white girl. They still have the ancient mentality that whites are superior than blacks. I've taken some white chicks' boyfriends and kicked their asses, I don't see the big deal.

"So MaMeya what do you do for a living?" Ziphe ask.

"I'm a student and a part-time worker

in the family shop"

"Wow that's nice, how old are you?"

"I'm twenty-six" she say shyly.

I've noticed that she is a shy person.

"Do you have kids?" Nonto ask.

She chuckles, "No"

"Ziwu eleven Baba" Nduku say looking at his Dad.

"Huh?"

"Ziwu eleven, ziphelele" he emphasizes.

"You lie!" he say smiling.

I think we are all lost, except our fathers. The way they look at Lauren has changed.

"You have to send Suitcase quickly son, we can't have her wearing like this when she come to visit Inkandla" Bab'

Thobela says.

Nduku nods, "Yebo baba"

"Where is your father?" Dad ask.

Lauren chokes on her food, Nduku give her water.

She recovers and tell him that her Dad stays in Switzerland.

"Who are we going to talk with regarding this issue of you dating our son?"

"My mother" she says.

"We cannot talk to a woman, this one needs a man" Bab' Thobela says.

"My mother is the only person I have"

Nduku squeeze her hand. My brother is so inlove with this white girl. Around her he is not the Nduku that once drank money for the goat of the

ceremony.

"Nduku you need to talk with her" Dad say.

He nods.

I clear my throat, "I'm having umemulo on the 28th of December, please come"

"Thanks" she say looking at Nduku. He smile at her.

"Any words of advice to her Givanston?" My Dad asks.

Tyson clear his throat, "No sir"

"That's strange" he say smirking.

I brush Tyson's knee under the table.

"Where is Mandla?" Bab' Thobela ask directing to Sbusiso.

"He couldn't make it, something came up"

I wonder how long he is going to hide

himself. The longer he takes the harder it will be to get Zanda back.

"The food is nice" Lauren compliments.

"Pleasure is all mine" Simtho say.

"Do you drink?" Fikile ask.

"No"

I laugh, "You will learn"

"Don't you dare Ntombizethu!"

Nduku's mother warns.

"Ask her if she eat amadumbe nobhatata Nduku?"

Nduku have the faint look on his face.

"You brought that?"

"Neqhude elimzwezwe" Sbu add laughing.

"Mama!" he say defeated.

"Ask her"

He look at Lauren, "They brought

amadumbe and sweet potatoes for you"

"Oh really? That's nice"

"Neqhude" Sbu is not going to let this one slip.

"And the chicken" Nduku say.

"I really appreciate, now I feel bad because I didn't bring you any gifts" she say.

"Don't worry, we didn't expect anything from you" Bab' Thobela say.

After a while everyone mind their food, the conversations move from Lauren to general topics.

After lunch we all scatter around the yard catching up. Of course the girls are surrounding Lauren grinding her with questions.

"You will get married soon, I'm telling you" Nozipho tell her.

"After that you will be popping babies after babies" I say.

Nozipho give me a look, "Really now?"

"It's not a secret, you should be warning her. Are you using any prevention?"

Her face flushes, she becomes red instantly.

"No"

We all exclaim. My word!

"You could be pregnant as we speak"

Sena say.

"I'm not..we haven't done anything like that"

Huh???

"Anything like what?" Fiki ask.

"Sex" she say shyly.

"What? You are starving our brother!"

Simtho exclaim.

"He is the one who don't want to do it, he said he want it to be special and planned"

"Why?" I ask.

That does not sound like Nduku.

"It will be my first time"

"Get out of here!" Nozipho say.

I need someone to come and shoot me. We are almost of the same age and I'm like a borehole down there.

Did she live in planet Mars all this time?

"Guys Mamncane is calling you" Nduku say walking past us with rice packet filled with amadumbe going to the car.

"Zethu, Ziphe and Zanda" Fikile says.

I look at her, "Awu"

"Go!" she say firmly.

I sigh and follow Zanda and Ziphe.

"Don't just follow each other like ants,  
MaMeya's chicken has escaped"

"Okay" Ziphe say with her arms folded.

"Okay ini? Run after the chicken, the  
gate is locked.Juniya? Where is this  
boy" she walk away calling Junior.

Wtf!

"Take those shoes off Zethu" Mom say.  
She don't want to defend my ass  
anymore.

I take the heels off and run after  
Zanda.This is the worse day of my life.  
Junior is right behind the chicken but  
it's flying.I'm running out of breath.It's

running all over the yard.

"I'm tired now" Zanda say sitting on the bench near the pool.

"Aunty block that side" Junior yells. I try to block but it run right through my legs, giving me a scratch near the knee.

Junior cries, "Aunty why are you letting it go!!!"

"No I'm done" I say sitting on the grass. They will kill me if they want to, I'm done.

"Do you need help?" Sbu ask laughing. They've been watching all this time. Why ask now?

He look around and pick a stone. He sen.

it directly to its leg.

"You are killing it" Ziphe exclaims.  
It's on the ground. We rush to see if it's  
still breathing.

"It's alive, thank God" Zanda say  
picking it up.

I need a glass of water and long  
massage.

"Fuck!" she exclaim throwing it down.

"What?" Ziphe ask.

"It pooped on me" she say with black  
shit on her hands.

I laugh my lungs out.

What is Lauren going to do with this  
chicken anyway?

## Chapter 250

Ziphelele Mokoena

.

"Are we late with the ceremony?"

"No, we still have a week" I say.

He sigh, "Then what's wrong?"

I wish I knew.

Mom gave him a stamina yesterday after lunch, that's when he started crying. Today morning we took him to the doctor, he said it's indigestion and gave us the medicine.

Still, there is no difference.

I strap him on my back and walk around. He is calming down a bit. I'm holding a silent prayer, I want him to sleep at least for a few hours. I haven't ate or bathed.

His body softens, I check him on the mirror. He is sleeping, I walk like a tortoise and put him on bed slowly. I take a deep sigh, "Thank God" I need to make this time useful. I start off by taking a shower.

When I walk out of the shower Thapelo has prepared food. I dig in right away, I don't even have clothes on, just a bath towel.

"Why are you not eating?" I ask.

He keep playing with his food. Poking it and chasing it with a fork.

"I hate having no plan" he say.

"He will be fine"

"How? If the doctor can't help him what's going to make him fine?"

"I don't have all the answers but I

know we should be positive" I say.

"I wish I can take the pain from him, I hate seeing him cry like this"

My phone disturbs.

It's Phindile.

"Hey Phindile" I answers.

"Hi sisi"

It sounds like she is crying.

"Hey are you okay?" I ask.

"It's Nkabhle"

My heart start racing.

"What now?"

"He was shot"

My hands are trembling, I tighten my grip on the phone.

"Is he alive?" that's the most important thing I want to know right now.

"He is alive, but his state of mind...he

doesn't know us"

"Where is he?"

"He is in Stanger Hospital"

I drop the phone. I don't know what to do. Phakade is sick, now this!

"What's wrong?" Thapelo ask.

"Nkabenhle was shot, he is in hospital"

He remove the plate in front of me and wrap his arms around me.

"I'm sorry my love"

I wipe the tears, "I need to go see him but I don't know how I'm going to go because Phakade is also sick"

"Is this not the reason why Phakade is sick? Remember the last time something bad happened to Nkabenhle"

I look at him, "You're right, this is the

cause of Phakade's sickness, he was sensing this"

"Is he going to be fine if you go to the hospital with him?"

I sigh, "He will be fine"

"That's great, let's get ready"

He give zero fucks about Nkabenhle being shot, as long as Phakade recovers.

I take the plates to the kitchen.I'm unable to finish eating.

If I was a great friend I would've known that something was wrong.I don't even know when he got shot.I didn't check on him regularly.

I'm quiet all the way to Stanger.We have to get there on time for visitors.

"Don't you want to buy him a few

things?" he ask as we drive toward Spar.

"I would love to"

We park outside Spar.I get inside and buy fruits, juice and flowers.

We arrive ten minutes earlier in the hospital and wait outside.

"My love I will wait for you in the car"

I look at him, "Really Thapelo?"

"He raped Zanda"

"Don't you have your own past?" I ask anger brewing up.

"Can we not fight about this? You know where I stand"

I exhale, "Okay"

I take Phakade and the plastic bag and walk through the hospital gates.

I ask the security guard for directions,

he accompanies me and leave me  
outside the injured male ward.

I walk in and scan all beds looking for  
him.

Some look scary, some are groaning in  
pain, some have no visitors. I need to  
be in control of my emotions.

I bump into the nurse.

"Hello, excuse me"

She stop and look at me from head to  
toe.

"I'm looking for the patient by the  
name of Nkabenhle"

She take me to his bed, I thank her.

"Hey" I greet looking at his leg  
wrapped in a white bandage.

He doesn't say anything. He is staring  
at the wall.

"Nkabenhle it's me, Ziphelele. You are my son's godfather, we are very close. Even though we weren't much in contact the last..."

"Ziphelele I know who you are" he says.

"But Phindile said..."

He cut me in, "That I lost my mind? No I'm fine"

"Why would you pretend to be mentally unstable then?"

He ignores my question, "How is Phakade?"

"He is not okay"

"He will be fine" he says.

I nod, "I'm happy to hear that. What about you?"

"I will never be okay"

"But you were shot on the leg, it can't

be that bad. Did you see who shot you?

They need to face the law"

"They should've killed me"

I look at him with my eyes widen, "You don't mean that"

"I do, they already killed me. They took away my integrity, my whole manhood"

I look around for a chair and see the black plastic chair and pull it.

"What happened?" I ask.

"Don't tell anyone"

"You know you can trust me" I say.

He exhale, "I was taken out of my car by three men, they pulled me to an old building. Another man was waiting for me there, they said they were sent by 'boss' and this other man they called

Jezi started..He slept with me, man to man"

My mouth drop open, "What???"

"Then they shot me on the leg and left.I pulled my clothes and put them on and waited for death to come.But instead the ambulance came"

I cover my mouth in shock, "Nkabenhle I'm so sorry"

"I don't want my mother to know or anyone else for that matter.I told the nurses I will kill myself if they tell anyone about it"

"But you need counselling and family support.Keeping this will only bury you into depression"

He shake his head, "I have decided, I don't want anyone's pity.I'm half a

man, and I'm paying for my sins"

"This got nothing to do with Zanda" I say.

"It was revenge"

I refuse to believe this.

"Yes Zanda hate you but she wouldn't do that to anyone. She wouldn't have the guts"

"Someone is fighting for her" he say.

"I'm confused"

I mean Mandla is not in the condition to fight past battles. He have so much on his plate I'm certain that Nkabhle is the last thing on his mind.

"They kept talking about 'boss'. They were sent"

No it's not my father! I don't want to think like this.

"Mmm"

"I hope they are not going to hurt Phindile, I have already paid for my sins" he say.

"I will ask Thapelo to hire someone to look after her"

"I will pay for the person, he only need to find him for me"

I nod, "I will tell him"

My mind is no longer here. I sit absent-mindedly. Phakade is up and just looking around. He is no longer crying.

"Is everything okay?" Thapelo ask when we get back to the car.

"Yes"

"Hey son, are you okay?" he smile at Phakade.

He look at me with excitement, "He is

smiling Ziphelele!"

"He is fine now" I say flatly.

"You had Daddy worried, men don't cry like that. Are you hungry? Do you want Mommy to feed you?"

Sigh!

"I will give him purity. Can you drive me home?"

He frown, "Home. Why?"

"I need to see my Dad"

"Is everything okay?"

I nod, "Everything is okay, I just need to see him"

We drive to Mandeni, Dad is not home. I take the car leaving Thapelo with Phakade and mom.

I find him in his office in the centre.

"This is becoming a habit" he say

smiling.

"Hello Dad"

"Hey what a surprise!"

I kiss his cheek and sit on the guest couch.

"I didn't plan to come here, I'm coming from Stanger Hospital Nkabenhle was admitted after being shot"

"That's sad"

I nod, "It is. Worse he was attacked on an agenda. Someone sent people to do what they did to him"

"Let's hope he recovers fast" he say.

"Can I ask you something?"

He raise his eyebrow, "Go on"

"Do you know anyone called Jezi?"

"No"

"It wasn't you?" I ask.

"You came all the way from wherever you are coming from to ask me if I sent people to shoot my grandson's godfather?"

"Whoever did this was avenging what he did to Zanda"

He chuckles, "And to you that person is me?"

"He fears for his sister's safety, I gotta know"

"I'm the one who found that boy in hospital and told his family. This is how you think of your own father Ziphelele?"

Now I feel bad.

"Dad asking doesn't harm" I say.

"I will never hurt people you care about because that will be indirectly

hurting you"

I sigh, "I'm sorry"

"If that's all I would like to continue with my job"

I nod, "I'm sorry"

He is mad at me.

I kiss his cheek, "I love you"

If he didn't do it and Mandela didn't do it then who did it?

Chapter 251

Zanda Dlamini

.

I open the door, here on my doorstep is Nqubeko Nkosi with a bunch of flowers and red gift bag.

I'm trying not to laugh.

"Hello" I greet him.

"Hi can I come in?"

I nod, "Of course"

I fold my arms and look at him. He stand by the fridge and look at me. It's like he have no idea what to do next.

"Are those tulips for me?" I ask.

"What?"

He doesn't even know what he is holding.

"The flowers?" I say.

"Do you like them?"

I smile, "Who doesn't like them?"

"I bought them for you and this" he give the gift bag.

I start by putting my flowers in the vase then open the gift. It's chocolate

and black stud earrings.

"Wow thank you"

I'm smiling ear to ear.

He take a deep breath, "I was scared you will reject them, thank you"

"Reject a gift? Me?" I ask.

He chuckles, "I'm always on edge, I don't want to push you away"

I look at him, "Push me away?"

His eyes move away, "Something like that"

"I miss your presence when you are away"

He look back at me, "Really?"

"Yes, and I think about you"

A smile crack on his lips, "That's..Wow I'm so happy to hear that"

I stand on my toes and peck his lips.He

hold my waist and pull me back.

"Where do you think you are going?"

I smile, "I'm going to dish"

"Mana-ke ngiphuze"

Oh my gosh this grandpa!

Ngiphuze, like really?

His lips taste good as always. He always leave me gasping and wet. His erection always poke me but he never do anything about it.

"How long can you stay without a woman?" I ask.

I'm really curious to know.

"I can stay as long as I need to stay" he say.

"A year?"

"As long as I need to stay"

I want to ask more questions but I

don't want to get too personal. The truth is I miss being touched.

I dish for him and give him. He is always hungry.

"Do you cook in your house?" today I find the guts to ask.

"Sometimes" he say mouthful.

"What do you cook?"

He swallow and lick his lips, "Uphuthu" I wait for him to mention more of his cooking but he say that and continue eating. I guess he only cook uphuthu in his house.

"How do you afford buying grocery and rent?" he ask out of the blue.

"Bab' Biyela does everything for me" I say.

"He loves you?"

I nod, "He is like a father to me"

"That's great, I don't remember how it was like to have a father"

"I'm so sorry, I also don't remember how it was like having a mother. Not that I had her, she died before I could see her" my voice break as I say this.

"She is proud of you wherever she is. You are a great mother to your son, you have fought every battle and won"

Not every battle. I have fought and failed my relationship with Mandla.

"I try" I say turning to the counter where I'm preparing Leano's food.

"I love you Zanda Dlamini"

I close my eyes and breath out.

"And I know you love me too, it's just

that you are afraid"

"I'm not afraid" I say.

"Then say what you feel"

"I don't know what is it that I feel  
that's why I'm unable to say it"

I hear the spoon dropping to the plate.

"You are a great cook,thank you"

I turn and take the plate on the  
table,he hold my arm before I can walk  
away.

"Please look at me" he say.

I look at his eyes.

"Ngiyakuthanda mfethu,I can do  
anything to prove that to you.When  
I'm not with you I always feel like  
something is wrong,like something is  
missing.It feels like I'm in the wrong  
world"

I nod, "I know Nqubeko"

"No you don't, I'm unable to go to sleep when I don't feel you breathing by my side. I'm losing my mind. Sometimes I feel like crying because I don't know how all this will go. I get good and bad dreams about us"

I breath out, "Nqubeko!"

He kiss my hand, "But I will die giving my love to you"

I put the plate down and kiss him. Leano disturb with a loud cry. I take his food and rush to him.

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"Is he asleep?" he ask whispering.

"Yes"

I go join him on bed. He cuddles me and

kiss my neck.

"Don't do that" I say.

"Why?"

I just laugh. He can't be that stupid.

"Are you comfortable sleeping in a  
jean?" I ask.

"Yes, I don't want to do things I  
shouldn't be doing"

Always ready to disappoint.

My phone rings.

It's Mandla.

My heart literally jump in joy then  
start racing in fear.

My hands tremble.

"Who is it?" he ask.

"It's Leano's father"

He look away, I can't read his face. I  
answer with sweaty fingers.

"Hello"

"Zanda" his voice haven't changed. He sound like he is in an empty room.

"I'm here"

"I'm sorry" his voice trails off.

I'm overwhelmed with tears.

"I'm doing it, I don't know if I'm doing it right. I'm changing, I attend therapy and speak about things. I don't know how long it's gonna take. I miss my family but I can't be there because you don't want me and I can't let Leano see us like that"

I wipe my tears, "Where are you?"

"I'm in church, there is no one"

"What are you doing there?" I ask.

"I don't know, I just needed some comfort and I thought this was the

right place. But it's not, I need you and Leano. How long is it going to take?"

"I don't know Mandla, that's up to you" I say.

"My son misses me, he doesn't know what's going on he thinks I hate him. I will never turn my back on you, I swear you guys are my life. I wish I had a chance to come see you"

I blink the tears off, "You have that chance everyday"

"Can I come and see you?"

"Yes"

"Thank you so much"

Wow! It took him this long to say it. I look at Leano on his cot, he won't see Daddy he is sleeping.

"Can I turn the lights off?"

My word! I have forgotten about him.

I clear my throat, "Not yet"

I wipe my face and face him.

"Nqubeko umhhh...please don't feel bad,you cannot stay" I say after struggling with right words for a moment.

"You want me to go?" he ask in a low voice.

He is keeping it together.

"Yes,Mandla is coming"

His eyes turn red.

"I must go?" he ask again,his voice is breaking.

"Please"

He get off bed and put his belt on and t-shirt.

He had a gun???

My stomach turns. He bring guns to my apartment.

"Sleep well when you sleep" he say.

I can see how sad he is, he can't even hide it. I feel like a monster.

He blink rapidly, "It was such a great afternoon"

I nod, "Go well, I'm so sorry"

He walk out like the world just closed on him

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I throw the flowers out of the window and the chocolate in the dustbin and clean everywhere. I spray the whole room diluting Nqubeko's cologne.

Somehow I feel like I'm exactly what Mandla always labelled me as.

I'm Phumla.

I'm a bitch. This is what bitches do.

I have taken off the pyjamas and put on my black above-knee dress and gold sandals.

When the knock come through the door I look at my face on the cellphone screen and take a deep breath.

He still look the same.

His eyes are a little worn out but they sparkle when I look at them.

"Mandla"

"Zanda"

I throw myself on his chest, tears come uninvited.

"I'm sorry" he say squeezing me on his chest.

"You forgot about me"

"No I didn't, I'm trying to be a better man for you. I didn't forget Zanda, I wouldn't"

He lift my head up and stare at me.

"I wouldn't forget about you. I...love...you" he say kissing my wet cheeks.

"I just feel like everything is going wrong and I'm losing control" I say pouring more tears.

"We will be fine my love. You, me and Leano"

I nod, "I just don't know what's been going on with my life since I've been gone, like nothing makes sense. I should've..."

He shut me with a kiss.

"You opened my eyes Zanda, don't feel

bad.I was wrong,I didn't treat you right but that's all about to change now.I talked with Monde's father,now some things make sense.I don't have any regrets, I will keep doing this until you are ready to come home" he kiss me again.

"Where is Leano?"

"He is sleeping"

He caress my cheek, "You are so beautiful"

I blush.

"Thank you"

I lead him to the bedroom and take Leano out of his cot to him.

"He is growing up, thank you" he say.

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## #Narrated

He left the house keys inside when he left. He thought he would come back in the morning and Nceba would be here. He drive to Skhumbuzo's house. He feel like someone has taken a sword and stab it through his heart.

She was so happy with the flowers he bought for her. It was his first time buying flowers for anyone. And she threw them out just like that.

He doesn't care about how much they costed, but the meaning behind them. She threw them out like they meant nothing to her.

Fikile opens the door. Their eyes meet, Nqubeko look away.

"Bhuti" she say letting him in.

"Hello MaBiyela is Nceba here?"

"They are upstairs watching TV with Anga" she say studying his face.

"Thanks"

She stop him, "Nqubeko"

He stop but doesn't look at her.

"I will never mislead you or lie to you. You will always remember what I told you, you will get hurt. She loves him"

He want to tell her to shut the fuck up but she is his sister-in-law, practically the only woman he now trust.

He doesn't answer her, he walk away.

## Chapter 252

Simtholile Biyela

.

"Ah God is great!"

I'm looking at Junior wearing his red blazer and black pant. Today he is coming with us to church. I never thought I would see this day coming. He has always expressed his dislike of churches. He think they are developing schemes of making money. He is partially correct, churches are now businesses. Especially those with foreign pastors, they milk money out of people. Meet & greet with the pastor can cost you R5000. Imagine, we only saw those kind of things with Katy Perry and Justin Bieber.

"How do I look?" he ask.

"I have a crush on you"

He laughs, "Dad come and hear"

Don look at us from a distance, "What is it?"

"Biyo have a crush on me" he say.

Don burst out laughing.

"What are you waiting for? Kiss her"

He push his lips out to me,I lean over and press my mouth on them.

"Mmm sies" he wipe his lips.

I laugh, "Don't act innocent I know what you are doing in school"

"I like kissing but I hate lipstick"

"What???" Don ask.

"He say he like kissing but hate lipstick"

"Junior!!" he calls.

"I like kissing you and Biyo,that's what I meant" he yawn afterwards.

"Your attitude need a prayer" I say.

Don ask me to come and help him with choosing the right tie.

"Just go with black" I say.

"And look like a principal? Never"

I sigh, "Take the brown one then"

"It's ugly"

Hebana! Who bought them kanti?

"Okay which one do you want?" I ask.

"I don't want any,I don't want to wear it"

Sometimes he is childish and waste of precious minutes.

"What are we doing then? Button your shirt and leave only the last button"

"I'm horny" he say showing me his

erection.

"Don't I'm dressed and we are going to be late"

He look out the door and yell "Junior go eat we are coming"

He close it and grab my waist.

"Hahaha look at my children" Satan is laughing on his chair right now.

I bend over for him.He kneel and lick my cookie from behind.I feel tingles all over my body.Maybe I needed this for effective church concentration.

"Sorry God" he say holding my butt pushing his shaft in.

It's one fast round.We need to cum and keep time.He give me one orgasm and cum shortly after me.

"How many rounds are you going to

give me tonight?" he ask wiping me.

"Five" I say.

He kiss my back, "I will hold you on that"

He turn me around and kiss me.I feel his shaft rocking up again and push him.

"This is not right" I say laughing.

"Blame this,not me" he say spanking my ass.

Well now let's go cleanse these sins.

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Aunt Lydia haven't came to church ever since her relationship with the pastor became public.I don't know why she is not coming because Mr Khambule still comes even though he

is no longer the pastor.

There are rumours circulating around that he might be put back in his position after the wedding. I don't know how true they are, but the church service is no longer the same without him in charge.

The only best thing happening is that Mam' Zodwa no longer walk like Queen Elizabeth. She is very humble lately.

We are now church members, everyone knows us. I don't have any friends yet, I just talk with whoever I'm sitting next to. Church gossips don't skip my ears though, I have long ears.

Unlike me Don has made a few friends. Nothing like the friendship he

have with Sbu and the guys. Just the guys he talk to about church staff and all that.

Today we have a new guy. He is wearing a hoodie and he is on his phone. He is standing away from other guys. He doesn't sing or participate in anything.

"And that guy?" I ask the lady next to me.

"It's Bonga, he is like that"

"He is so unnecessary" I say.

"It's Mam Mfundisi's son" her tone carries a warning.

"Oh! The US one"

No wonder he is like this. His mother made him believe the world owes him something.

I raise my hand up,pausing the song.  
"Sorry mzalwane for disturbing your  
great song.I have an objection" I say.  
The whole church fall into silence.

"In church we bring our kids because  
we believe they can learn a thing or  
two.We want them to find their role  
models here,to look up to some people  
and say 'one day I want to be like Bab'  
Makhoba'.Let's not bring our Point  
tendencies to church,there are kids  
who are here to learn something.If you  
feel like you want to be the gangsta  
you,please step out and be that  
outside.Thank you, mzalwane carry on  
with your song"

I have so many eyes looking at me.I  
keep my head up,I mean business.

"Ngcwele ngcwele Somandla..." the singing resume.

This Bonga guy take out his earphones and tuck them in his ears. Maybe they told him he is Chuck Norris. I slide through people and make my way to him.

I tap his shoulder. Some mamgobhozis are looking at me.

He take one peace out of the ear.

"What?"

"This is not your kingdom, don't try to rule us. If you don't want to be here get out" I say in a fixed low voice.

"And you are?"

"Winnie Madikizela Madiba" I say.

"Is there a problem?"

When did she get here? She is two

times my size.

He give me a look, "No Mama there is nothing"

I fold my arms.He push the cellphone back in his pocket.

"Tell your ugly aunt to stop teasing a snake in its hole" she say and stride off. I roll my eyes, "Pshhh"

"You look like a criminal take this thing off your head" I tell him before walking back to my place.

I think I heard him clicking his tongue.When I look back at him he has taken it off.Good brat!

In the middle of the service this woman start wailing and hitting her head on the wall.The whole atmosphere changes.

She come toward me still crying. The choir is humming a song and clapping. She put her hands on my shoulders. I glance at Don, he look frightened.

"Where is your brother my child?" she ask.

"He is in his house"

"Where is his wife?"

I breath, "She is with him"

"Something bad is going to happen, her home is surrounded by a dark cloud"

Oh it's the prophecy thing. I don't believe in those.

"Ummm okay" that's all I could say.

"But God will conquer this. He will not allow the devil to snatch the little boy, His name is the power. All shall be conquered with it"

She grab my hands and say a long prayer. She keep talking about saving a little boy.

I'm confused.

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My spirit has dropped. What that woman said baffles me. Which little boy? And why he must be saved?

As I walk out Mam' Zodwa's son pass me and send a murdering look. I flash an evil smile.

He think he is all that and more.

"Who is this?" Don ask.

"Your Mam' Mfundisi's son"

He click his tongue, "No wonder he is so arrogant"

When we get in the car I grab a bottle

of water and gulp it down.

"That was an intense service" he say.

"I liked it" Junior say from the back.

"Wow, really? Are you coming next Sunday?" I ask.

"Depends on my schedule"

He have a schedule?

"That woman, what exactly was she saying?" Don ask.

I exhale, "I have no idea. All I heard is that Nozipho's home is surrounded by a dark cloud and the little boy will be saved by God"

He frown, "That's quite disturbing. Was she talking about Nozipho's home as in the Zungus or Biyelas or Fayas?"

"I have no idea"

"Are you going to tell her?"

"And say what? This is an incomplete story and it doesn't make any sense"

"You are worried though" he say.

That's true.I am worried,something in me believe what that woman said was legit.

"What if something is going to happen for real?"

He chuckles, "Something like what.Everyone is good,they are healthy"

I take a deep breath.I need to calm down it's nothing.

Chapter 253

Senamile Biyela

Everything is ready for her. My only worry now is Zenande. We've been trying to get hold of her the whole week. I don't know what's wrong with her, her phone is not going through. When I call her mother she says she is in her uncle's house.

She was supposed to come to Durban this week. She is due next month, I want everything to go as arranged.

Lwazi is as worried as I am.

"Babe" he walks in scrolling his phone.

"Mmm"

"I asked a colleague who has relatives in Cape Town to help me. His cousin is going to Zenande's mother's house as we speak, I gave him the details"

"Her mother said she is not there. What if something happened to her?"

He sit next to me, "It's a small world, if any thing bad had happened her mother would've known."

"It's been a week. I'm stressed"

He pull me to his arms, "Relax babe, everything is going to be fine"

Quinton walk in holding a teddbear. He jump in between us.

"Mom I'm gonna give this ugly teddbear to your baby" he say.

"You are going to give her because it's ugly?" Lwazi ask.

"No, because I don't play teddies. I'm a guy"

I laugh, "You're not a guy, you are a boy"

"And who said boys don't play with teddies?"

"Simile told me" he say.

"What else did he tell you?" Lwazi ask.

"No, it's brothers' secret"

He chuckles then answer his ringing phone.

"Yes I'm here" his hand is massaging my head.

"What?...When did that happen?...Can I talk to her...No maarn I'm serious,this is not a game..."

"Loudspeaker please" I whisper.

Whatever it is makes him angry.His hand move off my head.Quinton is staring at his face with curiosity.

"We talked to her doctor,he said everything was fine.I don't understand

this!!" he is shouting.

I take Quinton and walk out with him. I put him in his room and switch the TV on.

"Baby watch TV I'm coming back"

"Why is Daddy shouting?"

"He is not shouting, watch TV" I leave him and walk out.

I have to find out what is happening. I'm praying the baby is fine. He is now on his feet.

"Come on guys what am I going to tell my wife?"

He don't see me walking through the door.

"Lwazi what is it?"

He turn around and look at me, "Can you ask the hospital to send me the

medical report?...What do you mean there is no report? You went to the hospital right? What?..."

Whoever it is just dropped the call.He furiously throw it on bed.

"What's going on baby?" I ask.

My palms are sweating.I know there is definitely something wrong.

"Please sit down"

I shake my head, "Just tell me Lwazi"

"The girl say she miscarried"

What???

"At eight months?" I ask.

"Something doesn't add up,her doctor said everything was fine"

I feel tears escaping my eyes, "I don't understand"

"Neither do I"

"Call again, I want to speak to her"

He scroll his phone and put the call on  
loudspeaker.

It ring for a few seconds.

"Eita" it's a guy who is answering.

"Is she still there? My wife want to talk  
to her" Lwazi say.

"Hold on a sec"

He pass the phone to me.

"Again?" I hear her voice asking in the  
background.

"Hello"

"Hey Zenande it's Sena.What's going  
on?"

"Geez! I just told your husband what's  
going on.The baby died,that's it"

I should've sat down when Lwazi  
asked me to.

"What do you mean?"

Tears are pouring out. I can't believe my ears.

"The baby is no more, it died inside my stomach"

She is talking so cruelly. I get that she never cared, but this is the only thing Jason left behind. The only thing he ever wanted. To have a baby.

It was his only wish.

"How did that happen? Why didn't you call us?"

"I'm studying, I don't have time" she says.

"Okay"

I drop the call.

I turn to Lwazi, "I need a plane ticket"

This girl is playing with fire. I will be

there tomorrow afternoon, she better have a logic explanation for all this.

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We check-in the hotel. I put my bags down and change into jeans and Nike flat shoes.

Lwazi insisted on coming with me even though I wanted him to stay with Quinton. We left him in Sibusiso's house and took a flight here.

"I don't like how you are" he says holding my shoulders.

I look at him, "This is my life Lwazi, I cannot have a girl play with it like a dice"

It's my emotions she is playing with. My heart.

I have invested everything in this pregnancy. I didn't just spend money on her and her family trying to make sure she have the most comfortable pregnancy, I invested my life, my marriage in it.

He nods, "I know babe, all I'm asking is that you calm down. You are scaring me, you haven't eaten anything, I don't want you to do something out of emotions"

He kiss my forehead, "Calm down"

I take a deep breath.

"I'm calm, let's go"

In the cab he have my hand in his. He keep squeezing it. He is more worried about me than the situation we are facing.

How the hell am I going to explain this to Quinton? To Hope?

Jason trusted me. He thought I will be able to take care of his girl. And I have failed him.

She doesn't even make it to birth? I have let him down, big time.

I'm so glad I took all her details including her mother's address. The cab drop us off, we make our way to the house.

An old woman opens for us. I think it's her mother, her voice sounds the same as the one we talked to over the phone.

"Is Zenande home?" I ask.

"She just arrived. I guess you are the young lady she is carrying the baby for"

Is or was???

"Yes I'm Senamile" I say.

She ask us to sit on the couch while she go call Zenande.

She appears wearing a long black coat,her arms folded.

She is still pregnant this bitch.

"This is a game,right?" I ask getting on my feet.

"Hello Mr and Mrs Madlala"

"Cut the crap! What kind of bullshit is this? You said you miscarried"

"Well I didn't,I just didn't know how to tell you the truth" she say.

Her mother has vanished.

"What truth?" Lwazi ask.

He is too calm for my liking.

"The baby is not Jason's,I was already

pregnant when we made a deal"

Wtf!

"Stop lying. Jason wasn't stupid, he wrote a message for me" I yell.

"He wasn't stupid, he was desperate and I was broke"

Lwazi hold me back.

How dare she mock Jason's memory like this?

"Fool whoever you are fooling. Maybe you are trying to milk another boy for money with Jason's baby. Don't worry when you give birth I will be right beside you, you will do what you agreed to do" I tell her.

She shed crocodile tears, "It's not his baby, I'm sorry"

"Relocate to Pluto or Mars but I will

get you and I will take Jason's baby"  
I look at Lwazi, "Please call the cab"  
"Can we just sit down and talk about  
this?"

"No, call the cab"

"Babe don't let the emotions..."

God!!!

I cut his Denzel speech, "Lwazi I want  
to leave before I book this bitch a C-  
section and take my baby today"

Her eyes pop out. She thought she was  
going to play me.

I'm Senamile Biyela, I'm allergic to  
bullshit. Even the weave on her head  
may be bought by my money. I've been  
taking care of her since Jason's money  
ran out.

I walk towards the door and turn,

"Keep your phone on and update me about everything"

If she knows what's good for her she will do that.

The ride back to the hotel is sour. Lwazi is angry. I don't know he is angry at.

Is it me or Zenande?

We get to our hotel room and order food. He is quiet, not his usual quietness. The angry type of quietness.

"Can you believe that girl?" I'm testing water.

"Mmm"

"Maybe she thought we will just let it go. Aybo her nerve!"

He exhale, "Why are you talking to me about this?"

"Who must I talk to about it? You are

my husband,this is our daughter"

"When it suit you?"

I stop eating, "What is that supposed to mean?"

"I only have a say when you want me to.It doesn't matter what I think at a specific time,you are the only one who make decisions"

Really now?

"That's not true" I say.

"Okay"

I sigh, "If that's how you feel then I'm sorry.I just let emotions take over me when I'm mad"

"You forget that I'm your husband,is that what happens when your emotions take over?"

"No Lwazi,I don't forget that you are

my husband"

He nod and sip the glass of water.

"Getting angry and making threats will not change the situation.It will only delay us from the truth"

I raise my eyebrows, "Your point is?"

"My point is learn to use your head instead of your voice"

Ouch!

"We need to get to the bottom of this"  
he say.

Chapter 254

Zanda Dlamini

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Ninety five percent of me want to go

back home. I want to be there for him, cook dinner for him and hold his hand throughout the night. But there is a little part of me that want to stay here a little longer. This is my first apartment, I own it. For the first time in my life I feel like I'm independent. That night Mandla slept over. We spent the night together. Leano slept between us, we didn't do anything beyond kissing and holding hands. Now he call every morning to check on us. I'm not going to say he has changed, I don't know, but the time we have spent apart has made me realise how hollow and incomplete my life is when I'm not with him. I'm connected to him, with his imperfections and all. I

love him.

I have to go see Ziphe today. We have a lot to talk about.

"Zanda!!!"

Who is shouting like that? The way she knocks will break my door.

"Geez Fikile!"

"It's the police" she say walking in.

"You are going to break my doors"

She pick Leano from his chair and kiss his cheeks.

"Wow!"

She look at me, "What?"

"You are doing greater than I thought" I say.

She smile, "Babies don't bring bad memories to me, instead they comfort me. I spend most of my time with

Anga,he just make me happy"

"Who is Anga?" I ask.

"Nceba's son"

"Oh my bad.How are they?"

"Nceba and Anga are fine"

I sense incompleteness in that.

"You and Skhumbuzo?" I ask.

"We sleep in separate rooms.I can't say he is okay but he is trying"

"It's not easy on him" I say.

She put Leano back on the chair and open the fridge.She take the yoghurt and grab a spoon.My yoghurt gone!

"How are you?" she ask.

"I'm fine"

"Mandla?"

I smile, "He is great, I was talking to him earlier before he to the shower"

"Are you guys back together?"

"We never broke up,I moved out"

She laughs, "You are the one who told us you guys broke up.You are a hypocrite"

"Zungu's cows are still inside the Dlamini's kraal so we never broke up,we took some time apart"

She shake her head, "I give up"

"I missed him"

"Him or his dick?"

I laugh, "All of him"

"That's a disappointment,Skhumbuzo's brother thought he was going to have a chance"

My mood drops.

He has been calling and texting.I don't pick his calls, I don't know what I'm

going to say to him. He still want us to be together, now that's not possible.

"You led him on Zanda" she say.

"But he knew Mandla was gonna come back"

"You shouldn't have entertained him, he really love you and this will break him beyond repairs. Not only him, but Mandla too"

I see Nqubeko, but Mandla! No he can't find out. I need to see Nqubeko and talk to him.

I take a deep breath, "I will tell Nqubeko to stay away"

"I don't think you know who you are dealing with. He is not going to let you go like that, not after you showed interest in him"

"He will have to understand, I love Mandla"

"And you don't love him?" she ask.

"He was a great company,he made me feel wanted and...he is a great guy.Mysterious,hard to learn and genuine"

"You shouldn't have entertained him,he is not good for you"

I raise my eyebrows, "Oh okay"

"Zanda thread carefully,he is a hitman"

Say what????

"Are you sure?" I ask.

"He love you,genuinely but he is a dangerous person.Don't complicate your life more than it already is,you have a baby"

I sit on the chair, "He spent nights

here!"

What if he hurt us? My Leano. I'm stupid, with higher grade. I let a stranger in my house, with my son inside. Anything could've happened.

"Background check is important, but I won't judge I also found out when...ummm just decide Zanda, that's all I'm saying"

I know Fikile. She is hiding something from me.

"When did you find out?" I ask.

"Skhumbuzo told me"

I look at her in the eyes, "And?"

She clear her throat.

"Nothing"

"Are you keeping something from me? Your body language say so"

She pull her face up, "I'm not sure what you are talking about"

"Fikile you know me,you can trust me"

She sigh, "Mandla was sick because of him,he have a band around his upper arm.It affect all his rivals"

"I don't understand"

She start explaining.I can't believe we are talking about the same

Nqubeko.But there is a dark shadow in him.There is something creepy about the guy.

If I keep this guy any longer in my life Mandla's life may be in danger.

"Can you look after Leano for me?" I ask her.

"Why?"

She is shaken up.

"I'm going to see Nqubeko,I don't want to ever see him again"

"Zanda..."

"I won't mention anything,I will tell him nicely" I say.

She sigh, "Okay, do you know his house?"

"No"

She give me his address.I get in the car and drive to him.

He have a beautiful house.I imagined him having a two-room or something like that.It's a big house, neat grass in the yard and a garage.

I knock twice, the little boy open the door.

"Hello" I greet.

"Hi who are you?"

Wow!

"I'm Zanda Dlamini" I can't believe I'm introducing myself to him.

"Dad there is Zanda Dlamini!!!"

He speak like a white kid.

Nceba come to the door.He is surprised to see me.

"Wow!" he say smiling.

"I'm not here to see you, by the way your son is cute"

He brush his head, "He is my son,what did you expect"

He is so full of himself.

"I'm here to see Nqubeko Nkosi,I hope he is here"

He grins, "Oh okay.Come in"

He doesn't have a woman.That's the first thing recognisable about his

house. It lacks warmth. There is no charisma.

He is wearing no top, my eyes immediately dwell on his left upper arm. He doesn't have it on but there is a mark showing where it was clasped.

"Is everything okay?" he asks before greeting.

"Yes"

He looks around, "Do you want to sit?"

"No, can we talk privately?"

He glances at Nceba, "If you are okay with my bedroom we can go there"

His bedroom is dull too. Ugly curtains, small wardrobe and unnecessary pile of papers.

"Is everything okay?"

He is asking for a second time now.

"Yes"

He nod.

He look nervous.

"Nqubeko I want to start by apologising for leading you on, for kicking you out that night, for disappointing you and for the most for not being able to love you back" I say.

I clear my throat, "I appreciate you for loving me,I know it's genuine but unfortunately I cannot accept your love.I'm in love with Mandla"

"Zanda you love me,I saw it in your eyes"

Gosh he is going to make this harder than it is.

"I appreciate you for loving me,I don't love you"

"Zanda don't say that, that's not what your heart is saying. I love you, with all my heart. Give me the chance to show you that then you can decide if you want to be with me or not"

I exhale, "Nqubeko you deserve someone who will love you wholeheartedly and that person is not me"

"That's okay, you don't have to love me wholeheartedly. I understand you have a person who mean a lot to you, someone who made you who you are today. I will take whatever you give me, even if it's quarter of your heart. As long as you are with me"

I shake my head, "I don't love him because he made me who I am. Love is

about finding someone that can make you happy for the rest of your life, that person is Mandla to me. He make me happy, we fight tooth and nail but at the end of the day he is what my heart wants"

"How are you going to know if I can make you happy or not if you don't give me a chance?"

"I don't want to find out"

Silence.

"Why don't you love me? Is it because of who I am? I don't have a fancy life and I'm fucked up. Is it that? I can fix that Zanda, I can be whoever you want me to be"

"Don't do this. All I wanted was to clear everything so that I don't have

problems with Mandla" I say.

He hold my hand, "Zanda I can wait"

I put my hand on top of his hand.

"Do not wait" I tell him.

"You are so cruel Zanda" his eyes turn red and wet.

"How do you expect me to forget about you? Uthando olungaka! What must I do? I'm in too deep I cannot reverse the feelings. Why did I meet you? I was fine before you, I didn't care about love or anything. I lived for one sick purpose, but you came and lit this flame of hope. You are my happiness, I want to be happy for once, to live for something positive. I want to be with you. I'm begging you, do not do this" I blink back the tears, "I'm so sorry"

"Please can I wait?"

"No Nqubeko you cannot wait'

He look down and let go of my hand.

"Again Nqubeko I'm sorry, I wish you all the best in life" I make my way to the door.

He call my name when I'm about to pull the door handle,

"Zanda"

I look back.

"I love you" he say.

I nod and walk out.

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I walk in.Mandla and Fikile are sitting in the lounge laughing.

My knees shake.

How am I going to explain myself?

I clear my throat, "Hello"

Fiki look up, "That was quick, I thought you'd go for 2hours massage. Your uptight ass needed it"

She is my everything. My nerves settle in the right places.

"I was worried about Leano" I say.

"He was no trouble plus Daddy came"

I look at him, "Hey"

"Hey love, come here"

He hold my neck and kiss me. Fikile grunt at the side.

"You look beautiful" he say.

"Beautiful in this dress?" Fikile ask.

Mandla pull it at the sides, "It's a beautiful dress, it suit you baby"

I wink at Fiki, she roll her eyes.

"I saw Leano is running out of formula"

he say.

"I was going to go to the shops tomorrow"

He smile, "Why don't we go now? I miss going out with you"

"Are you sure? I don't remember you liking shopping"

"As long as we don't go shop to shop comparing prices. We will enter the shop and buy what we want"

I scratch my neck, "Mmm okay"

I'm not sure about buying without comparing prices of the item throughout the mall. It goes against my morals as a black South African woman.

## Chapter 255

### Fikile Biyela

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Things are still awkward, especially when it's just the two of us. It gets better when Nceba or Nqubeko comes over.

He knocks in my bedroom. We use different bedrooms for a time being. This is how separated we are, he knocks before entering the room I'm in. "Come in" I yell.

I'm busy arranging my underwears. It's a bit awkward, I look up and find him staring at me.

He clears his throat, "I'm..ummm I was wondering if your pot is ready"

"You are hungry?" I ask.

"Yes"

"You want me to dish for you?"

"I can do it myself I don't mind" he say.

I nod, "Okay, dish for me too"

He stand for a moment, staring at me then walk out.

Maybe I'm too harsh on him, I mean he has learnt the lesson even though it won't bring back our baby. I need to move back to the main bedroom.

I leave the underwears on bed, I'm going to pack them in my closet in our room later. I find him sitting on the table with two plates in front of him.

"Love I thought you said you are hungry" I say sitting next to him.

"I was waiting for you"

I kiss his cheek, "Thanks...ummm my

meat is small,yours is big"

He chuckles, "Take this one then"

He give me his plate and take mine.

"Do I still have a side on your bed?" I ask after eating two spoons.

"How can you ask that?"

"I miss you"

He look at me, "I miss you too,please come to bed tonight"

"Be honest, you miss me or Apple?"

He smile, "I miss her too but not more than I miss your presence next to me"

"Sadly I miss Nkosi more than I miss your presence"

He crack up laughing.This is what I want, to hear him laugh.

"Is tonight okay?"

"Okay for what?" I ask.

"I mean is it not too early? Have you healed properly?"

My eyes burn, "Yeah, I have healed physically"

"I love you MaBiyela" he say brushing my hand.

"I love you too"

"I will help you move your stuff back to kwaNkosi" he say.

"KwaNkosi?" I ask confused.

"The main bedroom is kwaNkosi, the one you were sleeping in is kwaBiyela"

I laugh, "That's stupid, the main bedroom should be kwaBiyela because it's bigger and my home is bigger than yours"

"Well I don't have fifteen siblings and my father didn't even own a tuckshop"

I drink my water.It's what everyone drinks if Mr Nkosi is serving.

"Your father, Mzingelwa, was crying one day.His cow died,we took knives to the scene thinking we will have meat.Eyy the man was crying,asking why didn't God take Nduku's dog instead of his cow"

He laugh, alone.I hate it when he make fun of my family.

"Imagine him crying, he was like a chimpanzee"

I bite my lips,I'm not going to laugh at my family.

"And then he buried it" he laugh again.  
This is so rich coming from him.He have an uncle whose head doesn't work properly.The one who is friends

with goats and calves.

Nqubeko.

He just walked in, we didn't even hear him opening the door.

"Nkosi" Skhumbuzo say.

"Sanibona" he greet.

I get off the chair and get a plate to dish for him.

"How are you?" I ask him.

"I'm fine"

It's not his fine voice. I know what he is going through. He just got dumped.

I give him food. He brought his quietness to the table. We finish eating in silence.

"Bafo let's talk" Skhumbuzo say getting off the chair.

I excuse myself and go upstairs. I need

to move my clothes back to the main bedroom.

Skhumbuzo's paperwork is all over bed. Sometimes I forget that I'm with the most educated man of Inkandla. Maybe it's because he hardly wear suits. I find myself smiling alone. I clean and pack my clothes in the closets. Maybe I should rock a lingerie tonight. Just to spice things up, it's been a long time without a dick. I need to play a good game.

"MaBiyela" he say outside the door.

I open it.

"Nqubeko"

"I'm sorry to disturb" he say.

"It's okay, I wasn't doing anything special"

"I'm happy to see you and my brother moving on"

I smile, "We don't have a choice, life has to move on"

"You take good care of him, never stop"

"As long as he respect me" I say.

He clear his throat, "I want to tell you something"

I nod, looking at him attentively.

"You are a blessing to the Nkosis, I know things will happen but never give up. You will mother generations and generations of our family and my wish is that they all take after you. You are wise, strong and loving"

Wow! He just came to compliment me.

"I'm not happy as an individual, but I

am happy as a family.Thanks for giving me that glimpse of happiness"

He say and pull me for a hug.It's awkward, I stand like a statue between his arms.

"Thanks Nqubeko" I say.

He nod and walk away.

That was nice, awkwardly nice.Now back to tonight.

Lingerie or birthsuit?

My stomach.Fuck.I'm going to look like a Fanta 2litre.These Game waist belts are not as effective as I want them to be.

Life sucks! I will just wear my pyjamas.  
Sigh!

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## #Narrated

He walk down to his brother.They talk and laugh, walking side to side to Nqubeko's car outside.

"I told you she will come back" he tell Skhumbuzo.

"I feel blessed but something is missing"

He pause and breath, "My baby"

Nqubeko brush his shoulder, "They say those who are no more are at peace, don't be sad"

"I'm trying" he say.

"Time heal everything, ngena la" he say bumping fists with him.

He get in his car and drive off slowly.He is on the phone talking with Sthelo and the boys.

"You are Nkosis, don't let anyone walk over you. We don't stand for shit, we punch it out. Do you hear me?"

"Yebo baba" they keep saying together.

"Family is everything. Soon you will meet your brother Angomuhle. I want you Mfundu to teach him everything I taught you. Indoda iyazilwela, physically and mentally"

After talking with the kids he text Nceba, reminding him about closing the back windows.

**\*\*Close the back windows**

Ncebayenkosi, the back is more dangerous than the front. Always watch the back and close the back windows\*\* -sent.

He park his car near the driveway and

wait.It was not supposed to end like this but it has to.

Thirty minutes later the Jeep drive past his car.He follow it, slowly.

Mandla is the first one to get out.He is carrying shopping bags making his way to the house.He make two more trips,in and out of the house, then open the other side.She get out.

She is smiling.Everything is alright.She is happy, without him.

Bang!! Bang!!

She scream and fall on the ground.

He doesn't wait to see more, he turn the gun to his head.

Bang!!

## Chapter 255

### Continuation

### #Narrated

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One thing he forgot, the black band around his upper arm. It's still on, and effectively working.

If there is one thing the protectors won't allow is for Nqubeko to die. It doesn't matter who the bullet comes from, their job is to protect him. From every danger, every enemy, every bullet.

He aimed for the bullet to go through his head and blow his brain but the gun automatically redirected backwards. The bullet went past his

head out the window, only leaving him with a bleeding wound.

He grab the gun again and PRESS. It just freeze in his hand. He is bleeding, not so badly though, but he lose consciousness.

Hopefully when he wake up he will be back in his senses. Now to be dealt with is the police -the protectors.

The siren is wailing closer.

Zanda is still on the ground with blood all over her dress. Mandla is next to her, on his knees.

"Manzini please wake up" he have him in his arms fighting to stop the bleeding.

Both bullets went through him. Zanda had him in her arms. It happened so

unexpectedly, she could've shielded him. In less than a minute their son was shot, and there was nothing they could do.

One bullet went through his little leg, another one in his stomach.

They don't know who shot them, there is no one in sight. They have no enemies, they haven't stepped on wrong people's toes.

The neighbor heard the gun blazing and contacted the police who are now just around the corner.

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"Jezi that's the boss's car" one says.

He click his tongue, "To hell with that name"

They laugh at him.

"Stop complaining and go see what's going on"

He get out the moving car,look around in all directions and run to Nqubeko's car.He knock twice on the window, the silent response make him alert.

He take his pocket knife and open the doors his way.He find Nqubeko lying on the seat not moving,he is bleeding.There is a gun next to him.Shit has happened.

Whatever it is they will deal with it later.He shift him from the seat and sit on the wheel.He speed off, following the other car.

They go to Mtho's house and call Amos,their medical doctor.

Few hours later Nqubeko is lying on bed, confused and clueless. Amos has done what he has always wanted to do. Hopefully it will never come back to bite him.

"Where am I? What's going on?"

Mthobisi look at Amos, "Hhayi we ndoda zishaphi manje?"

"I think his memory is damaged" Amos say.

"Fix it, aren't you the doctor?"

The other one laugh, "He graduated overseas namajazi abomvu"

Amos exhale, "Time is the only cure for memory loss"

They frown. What is that supposed to mean?

"I will take him with me for a time

being,he need a break from everything.Mthobisi tie all loose ends,month end you will all get your final pay for all your hard work.Until Nqubeko recovers you guys need to focus on your lives,make something legal out of your final amount of salaries.He will contact you when he is well"

He turn to Nqubeko who is watching them with curiosity.

Who is he?

Who are these people?

Are they his brothers maybe? Or friends?

Mthobisi walk out with his fellows.Outside they start arguing about how much pay they are going to

get and what to do with it. They sit on the balcony making crazy budgets. Inside the house Amos take off the black band around Nqubeko's upper arm.

Finally!

He put it in a plastic bag, he will throw it on their way to the airport.

Cape Town for new beginnings!

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Mandla is pacing up and down the hospital passages. He need to be strong for them. Zanda fainted when they connected breathing machines to Leano, she is also under the doctor's watch.

Nozipho arrives with her

husband.They start grinding him with questions he have no answers to.

"Mandla there must be something you saw" Nozipho say.

"I saw nothing"

"What did the police found? They must've scanned the surroundings.You were not shot by an alien that just disappeared" Sbu say.

He exhale, "I left them driving around, I don't know.I just want my boy to be okay"

"Have they removed the bullets?"

"Yes,but he is not breathing on his own.I don't know what's going to happen but I can't lose my only son"

Nozipho hug him, "We will pray Mandla"

"God can take me,not him" he cry on her shoulder.

Chapter 256  
Fikile Biyela  
(One Week Later)

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Mandla is trying to be strong and brave,nevertheless sadness and hopelessness is written all over his face.

He doesn't look like someone who take eight hours of sleep.

Zanda!

I never thought there was a human being who can cry everyday for the

whole week. Her face is puffed up, her eyes are red and swollen.

She look lifeless.

This happened the day she cut ties with Nqubeko. The day he disappeared. Nobody know where he is.

I know this is too corresponding to be a coincidence.

When everyone leave I stay behind. Mandla is gone to get Zanda a few things from the shops and coming back. I will take this opportunity to enquire.

"Zanda are you sure you didn't see anyone?" I ask.

She shake her head.

"Do you know that Nqubeko has gone

MIA? Like nobody has heard from him since that day"

"What???"

I look around carefully.

"How did he take it when you told him you are going back to Mandla?" I ask.

"He cried"

Cried? The Nqubeko Nkosi cried!

She look thoughtful for a moment then look at me.

"There was another shot,a third one but it didn't come to us" she say.

"This is confusing,the police didn't find anything on the scene.There must have been another injured body.Who did the third bullet go to? Argh this is confusing"

"Maybe he aimed to shoot at Mandla"

she say holding back tears.

"Or you" I say.

"I didn't know he was this cruel"

"He did it" I say.

I have no doubts. That day he came to the house and acted very weird. It was like he was saying goodbye.

He wouldn't hurt himself would he?

"I will tell Mandla everything"

Say what???

I look at her, "He will blame you and dump you"

"I don't care, as long as Nqubeko pay for killing my son"

I grab her hand, "Leano is not dead"

"Now listen to me carefully, you are not going to tell Mandla about all of it. Maybe that there was a guy who had

a crazy crush on you and you rejected him and he didn't take it well.If he find out about the night visits he will be broken,everything you guys have been trying to build for years will be destroyed"

She exhale and bury her head in her hands.

"What have I done Fikile?"

"Focus on praying for Leano,I will take care of the investigation" I say.

"I don't want to hide more things from him"

"I will take care of it"

I don't know how I'm going to take care of it.What I know is that Zanda cannot lose Mandla over this.She is young and inexperienced.

Mandla has been the only man for her since ever. She was bound to be excited and tempted when a new guy approach her, especially in a state she was in.

When Mandla comes back I say my goodbyes and leave.

Skhumbuzo arrive as I finish cooking dinner. We have a lot to talk about.

"My love"

He just got out of the shower.

"MaBiyela we are eating in the bedroom today?" he ask.

"Breaking the rules" I say and wink at him.

He chuckles, "I don't like a wife who wink her eyes"

"I'm not your wife"

He put his arm around my waist, "Soon to be"

"Oh"

"I'm bringing umembeso in January, on the Easter holidays we are getting married"

This man! I look at him out of words. Like he just decided without telling me.

"What?" he ask with a cheeky smile.

"What if I don't want an Easter wedding?"

"Then we will have another wedding when you like. But on March of this coming year I'm taking imvakazi off your head in front of the whole Inkandla. Even Joburgers and Pretorians will be home"

He has decided and he doesn't care what I think. He never ceases to amaze me.

Isn't a couple take decisions together? Especially wedding decisions.

"Have you heard from Nqubeko?" I ask.

"No"

He is not one bit worried.

"What if something bad has happened to him?" I ask.

"If something bad happened to him Lungile would be the first to know" he says eating his food.

"How so?"

I can't help my curiosity.

"She foresees every danger, every death in the family"

"But she didn't see my baby dying" I

say.

"That's because they hadn't connected yet"

"Is Luh a sangoma?"

He chuckles, "No, she just dream of things that concerns the family and they often become a reality"

And here I thought I know

Lungile. What other surprises does this family have for me?

"Zanda and him got closer the past week. He was visiting her, they spent nights together. But Mandla came back to Zanda, and just like I told Nqubeko they got back together"

He stop eating, "Ay Nqubeko doesn't listen. How many times did I tell him to leave Zanda alone?"

"He learnt the hard way,Zanda told him to stay away from her as soon as Mandla came back.He distracted her,and got dumped like a distraction he was"

"Maybe that's why he is hiding wherever he is.He is a bad loser that one" he say and resume his eating.

"On the same day Zanda told him to stay away her son got shot outside Mandla's house" I say.

He look at me, "Bad luck for her"

"Too much coincidence,don't you think?"

"He wouldn't shoot a baby"

"But he would've shot Mandla and missed and shot the baby instead"

He put the plate down.Disbelief is

written all over his face.

"Fikile you are accusing my brother?"

he ask.

"No,I'm just connecting the dots"

"And the first person you connect your dots to is my brother? Your brother"

I sigh.

Why is he dragging this the wrong way?

"Let's put emotions aside.Nqubeko acted weird that afternoon.He came here and asked me to always be there for this family and HUGGED me!"

"I know my brother,he will never try to kill a baby" he insist.

"Leano caught the bullet aimed to his father.Now the little boy is fighting for his life because of his silly

crush.Nqubeko need to pay for what he has done"

He get up on his feet.Now we are fighting.He is being hard headed as usual.

"So you don't have our backs? You are the first one to throw us in a den,you don't even have proof.The only sin is that you found out about Nqubeko's dark ways,now you are pointing every bad thing to him.You are choosing other people over us"

I put my hand up, "Hold it there Nkosi"  
How dare!

"Mandla and Zanda are not 'other people'.Mandla is my brother,Zanda is my sister.That's my nephew lying in a coma.This is why I asked you to tell

Nqubeko to stay away from her" I say,my voice is shaking.

"And I did.It's not my fault that he didn't listen.It's not my fault that he fell in love with her.I do not control human feelings"

I didn't expect him to fight me like this.This have both our families involved,we need to put emotions aside.

"I'm telling my father to investigate" I tell him.

"I don't care Fikile"

"You should be taking Zanda as your sister.I've taken your brothers as my brothers.Her son is lying in hospital,you should care Skhumbuzo because she is my sister"

Rhiiiiiiii!!!! I leave him and walk out.

"Go Fikile,that's what you always do.Leave" he yell after me.

I walk back to him like a crazy woman.

"I do not always leave, you always push me to leave"

I'm fuming.I literally want to jump on him and close those already-closed eyes with a slap.

"I know what you want to do.Do it again.Slap me" he say.

He is daring me.

I take a breath,calming myself down.

"Do it,you have a bunch of black men with big guns waiting to kill for you" he take steps closer to me.

"Why are you fighting with me Skhumbuzo?" I ask.

"Why are you fighting with my family? You should be on my side, unless of course if you get proof of your accusations. You are not supposed to be the one making accusations, I wouldn't be surprised to find that you've fed Zanda this"

My conscience wave at me.

"I'm just looking out for her, the same way you look out for Nqubeko" I say.

"You are not looking out for her, you are turning your family against mine"

He exhale, "But call your father and tell him Nqubeko did it. I will be expecting men in black. I don't know anything and I know Nqubeko didn't do it but I know I will be questioned and harassed because that's how your

father works. Just help me and tell him not to touch Ncebayenkosi"

The last line sounds like a threat.

"I'm not declaring war baby, and I will not tell him anything about Nqubeko. I want him to investigate since the police are failing and whoever the culprit is he needs to pay. Leano deserves justice"

"Mmm okay fine"

I hold his arm, "Can we not fight, please?"

"Stop pointing fingers. I actually can't believe you, I thought you loved Nqubeko"

"I do, but if he hurt one of my family then my love for him is useless. Because that will mean he

don't love me back" I say.

He pull me to his chest, "Trust me,he wouldn't do that.He knows how much you mean to me"

My instincts are not letting go.I still believe Nqubeko did this.

"I love you"

He kiss the top of my head, "I love you too.I will try to find where Nqubeko is so that he can come explain himself to you.I hope this is not one of his 'long disappearances"

"He does this often?" I ask.

"Not often,but he do disappear from time to time"

"Mmm"

"Do you want a drink?" he ask.

"Wine,please"

He laugh, "No I don't want to smell like a tarven, I'm not touching that"

"You exaggerate,you will only pour it in a glass" I say.

"Never"

He walk out.He should've took food so that he can warm it,it's cold now.

I take my phone and call Dad.He should get to the bottom of this.

Chapter 257

Nozipho Biyela

.

I'm getting ready to go to the hospital.I check on him everyday.There is no change,but his condition is not

worsening which is a positive thing. It surprises me that we have the most powerful people in this family but the person who attempted to kill Leano is still out there,roaming in the streets.My father,Faya, promised me that he is going to get whoever it is, Biyela also promised.Now it's been over a week,I've heard nothing.Not even a suspect.

"Hello hello" it's Simtho.

She is dressed in all-red.I wonder who she is angry at.

"Hey"

She look around,for something to eat I think.

"What were you eating in this plate?"

What did I say?

"Sbu was eating,not me" I say.

"What was he eating?"

"Macaroni salad"

"Mmmm I like it.Where are your plates?"

I sigh, "Simtho you live in this house half of your life.I'm going to the hospital.Look after your kids"

"Is Mam' Hlengi not here?"

"She is going to have an early day" I say picking my handbag from the table.

"If I didn't come who was going to look after them?" she questions.

"Their ancestors"

She laugh, "Tell Zanda I will see her later today"

My figure has disappeared.Sooner people will figure it out.SHE IS

PREGNANT AGAIN.

"My word Nozi I came here to talk to you about something" she say snappy as I'm about to walk off.

"Food will be death of you,I'm telling you"

Food is her worst distraction.As soon as she see food everything else don't matter.I don't understand why she always have a big appetite.

"Something weird happened in church the other Sunday but I didn't think it was the real stuff"

She look serious.

"What happened?" I ask.

"A woman just cried and wail and came to me.She asked where was my brother then asked you"

I frown, "Okay that's weird"

"And she started praying, saying your home is surrounded by a dark cloud and said something about a little boy. Praying that God save him. Last night Don reminded me about it, we think it was the whole Leano situation predicted"

I'm shocked. And to think I'm only hearing this now!

"Why didn't you tell me Simtho?" I ask dropping the bag back on the table.

"I thought she was hallucinating. I mean there was no dark cloud, everything was fine, everyone was healthy. I just thought it was one of those relevancy things"

"Do you know the woman? Maybe she

can help us" I say.

"Aunt Lydia may know her.I don't know how she is going to help though"

"She will pray.If she was able to foresee this I'm certain she can pray and wake Leano"

I'm not a praying warrior.Times like this need us to be closer to God and I believe this woman can help us do that.

"Okay let me eat first then we will go to Aunt Lydia with the kids"

Eat first? My God.

When she is done eating we pack for the kids and release Mam' Hlengi then leave.

They love running,as soon as the car park outside Aunt Lydia's house they

run inside. I don't think Aunt Lydia like people running inside her house.

"What happened?" she ask with her hands on the waist.

Something must happen before you come to her house. She don't like random visitors but she visit us randomly.

"Hello Aunt Lydia, we are here to drop the kids" I say.

"What do you mean drop the kids?"

"Like I'm leaving them and fetching them later"

She look at Yamihle in my arm, "I'm not a nanny"

"Don't worry about the little one I'm not leaving him"

She is not happy nor relieved.

"I love children, with their mothers around" she say emphasizing the last four words.

"I swear they will behave"

Gosh! Ayanda is already standing on top of the coffee-table.

"Aunty where does that thin,kiwi dark woman with a big nose live? The one who always start "Abanomona abangeni eZulwini" song at church?"  
Simtho say.

I look at her, "What if she hears this wherever she is?"

"She live behind 'my husband's house'.The ugly house with white walls,that's her home"

Her husband? Lol.

It's true, churchgoers gossip more than

receptionists. Between salon girls and them I don't know who take the crown. Before we leave I give the kids five rules; Don't break anything, Don't make noise, Don't spill food on the couch, Don't throw toys on the windows and Don't call Aunt Lydia Gogo weTheku she will whoop your ass.

Luckily we find the woman and she is willing to come to the hospital for a small prayer over Leano's bed.

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After a long prayer she ask for a glass of water. Simtho get it for her. She hold the glass and pray to it with her eyes opened.

"He will be okay" she say after a while.

"When?" Zanda ask

This is what we all want to know.

She look at me and Mandla.

"Where is your mother?" she ask.

"She was here earlier,she is home"

Mandla say.

"Your mother is married to your

father.Your father is in

Ndwedwe,resting there.When was the

last time she visited home?"

She never visit Ndwedwe.She doesn't

get along with the elders of the

family,hence Mandla and I don't visit

either unless something forces us to.

She can see that we are having

difficulties answering the question.She

pass the glass of water to Mandla.

"Your mother is still the wife of the Zungus. Unfortunately you are the first born, the son so everything comes down to your shoulders. You have a weight on your shoulders, you are happy but your happiness will never have strong roots. Your happiness will always be short-lived. Your father's shadow follow you everywhere"

"What do you mean?" he ask.

"They are dead but they are not forgotten. Have you ever heard of such?"

We nod.

"Do you practice it?" she ask.

"No"

"You must remember your father, he will remember his grandson"

I didn't see this one coming. We don't believe in ancestors. Okay correction, we do some traditional stuff when it for our benefit.

She ask us to pray for the water then sprinkle it all over Leano. I don't think the doctors will be impressed.

Simtho is the one who drive her back home. I will ride with Mandla and pick the kids.

"What are you going to do?" I ask Mandla.

"I will call grandpa and ask"

"Maybe you will need to slaughter a goat or something" I say.

"As long as my son wakes up"

I feel his pain. This is his only child, he got him when everyone least

espected.Mom was starting to question his fertility.I don't understand why is my father shadowing him and allowing bad things to happen to him.He is supposed to be our guardian angel, looking after us.

He pull Zanda and hug her.I see how hopeless they are, I'm glad they are holding each other's hands.

"Do you need anything?" he ask.

"No,just call Fikile for me.I want to see her"

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We are outside Aunt Lydia's house to fetch the kids.There is music coming inside the house, they are actually singing.

"On the blaam van on se henna

Oats the diepte vans on seas

Oor onset ewige gerbetes

Waar the kraans antiwood gee"

It's Aunt Lydia's voice. She is

singing, little voices are singing after

her repeating what she is saying.

"Is that the national anthem Afrikaans

verses?" Mandla ask as we approach

the door.

Antiwood gee? I never heard of that in

our national anthem.

When we walk in the lounge the kids

have their hands up, dragging the "In

South Africa Our Land"

"Aunty" I say shocked.

She is clapping hands for them, paying

no attention to us.

"Was that Nkosi Sikelela?" I ask.

"Yes, what do you think?"

My word!!!

"But you are not teaching them correct lyrics. On the blaam van on se henna?" I say.

"I was in school with Enoch Sontonga, I will not be told by you how to sing it"

She look at Mandla, "How are you doing my boy?"

Sphiwo jump off the couch, he walk away clapping his hands.

"Oats the diepte vans on seas oor onset ewige gerbetes" he sings.

I cannot believe this! They knew the correct lyrics, Aunt Lydia just washed it off like that. I pay thousands for their school.

## Chapter 258

### #Narrated

.

Nceba is sitting with his son watching TV. Cartoons, that's what he is always forced to watch. He even know some characters now. They discuss them before bed, on breakfast table, on the road and everywhere. Anga always have some interesting questions to ask. Most of them require him to foresee next episodes of cartoon shows and explain what's gonna happen. He is more lonely that now Nqubeko is not around. The house feel too big for

him and just his son. He could take on Skhumbuzo's offer to go and live with him but he don't want to intrude. Him and Fikile are still trying to sort out their issues, he don't want to go disturb. It's enough if he just visit them now and then, during the day.

Anga turn to him, "Daddy I want ice-cream"

"It's late Anga you cannot eat ice-cream"

"I can" Anga say.

"Yes you can but you won't because I will not give you"

He pull his face, "I will tell Mommy, she will kill you"

Nceba just burst out laughing. His laugh is disturbed by a hard knock on the

door. He ask Anga if he want some chips, Anga respond with a murdering look. Nceba chuckles and walk to the door.

Three men wearing all-white push him aside and let themselves in.

"Sorry, can I help gents?" he ask following behind them.

"We want your brother" one say.

The two others have disappeared inside the rooms.

"Which brother?" he ask.

"The one who own a red Polo Vivo"

Nqubeko!

"He is not here" he say.

"Where is he?"

He glance at his son, "I don't know, he didn't tell me"

The man take steps closer to him.

"This is not a game boy.I need your brother,he need to answer some questions.Put pieces of my puzzle together.I'm not here to play"

"Anga go to the bedroom" he tell his son.

When he don't move he promise to bring ice-cream for him.

"Protective of your own huh?" the man ask.

"I don't understand"

He whistle, immediately other two guys appears.

"Mr smartypants here think I'm joking" he tell them.

"We don't have time for that.They live together,for sure he know where he is"

the other one say.

They surround him. It's clear something is wrong, and he is going to get attacked.

"I'm speaking the truth, I don't know where Nqubeko is" he say.

"And you're not worried that you don't know where your brother is? You are watching TV. Why haven't you gone to the police and opened the case of a missing person?"

"I'm sure he is fine where he is and that he went willingly"

His cheek meet a hard fist. Foot on the chest follows.

"Talk!" they demand.

"I don't know where he is, his phone is off. Please believe me"

The other one pull a gun, "We are not playing games.He live with you,how come you don't know"

"And he is not even worried" another one add.

"I swear to you, I don't know"

He place the gun at the side of his head, "Talk,time is running wena nja"

"Please don't shoot me, I have a motherless son.I can't die and leave him all alone" he beg with his eyes closed.

He drop the gun and punch him repeatedly on his face.He lose balance,the other one kick him until he fall on the floor.

"Talk damnit!" he say with his foot on Nceba's chest.

"I'm telling the truth"

He lift him up and press him against the wall.

"Did he go to Mandla Zungu's house and shot his son?"

"No..I don't know mfethu, I'm always here with my son.I don't know about anything" he say in a trembling voice.

"Did you see anything suspicious when he left?"

He shake his head, "No"

"What happened before he left?"

He have to remember and tell them.He cannot die and leave Anga alone.

"A girl, Zanda Dlamini came here.They had a private chat, I don't know what they were talking about but Nqubeko spent hours locked in his bedroom

after she left"

"Was he upset?" they ask.

"No he was not upset"

He let him go, "I'm not going to do anything, only because you didn't fight back. Good boy!"

"But we will visit again, keep trying to find where he is hiding"

When he hear the car driving off he rush to the bathroom and wash his face. His lower lip is cracked, the right eye is turning bloody red.

He rush to the bedroom and grab a bag and throw his clothes and Anga's inside.

"Daddy where is my ice-cream?" the clueless Anga ask.

"We are going to your uncle's house"

"Where is my ice-cream?"

"Mommy will give you,okay.Now put your jacket on" he say throwing it to him.

He help him zip it and pick the bag and they make their way out

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Fikile Biyela

.

"I want to have my honeymoon in India.Sena couldn't stop bragging about the place,I want to experience it myself"

He look at me,bored to the core.

"Okay" he say.

"We could meet the Saath saath actors,I used to crush on them"

"I like your food but it would've been more nice if it was uphuthu with this spinach"

Like really? I'm discussing our honeymoon and he is bringing food up.

"Why are you angry?" he ask.

"You don't care Skhumbuzo"

He smile, "I do care, we are going to India.I am so happy, I can't wait"

Mxm! I laugh.

"You are so boring"

He wink at me.He is trying to get on my nerves.

"Mommy" the voice say from the door.

I smile.The little Nceba.

He doesn't greet or waste any precious minute.

"Where is my ice-cream?" he ask.

"Argh Nceba!"

He always put me in difficult positions. Now I'm supposed to be the one denying Anga ice-cream?

"It's late baby. Why don't you eat a hotdog?"

He think for a second, "Alright, I will eat a hotdog"

Then Nceba walk in. With a bag.

"Where are you going?" I ask.

"I'm sorry for coming like this. I need a place for a few days"

Jesus Christ!!!

"What happened to your face?" I ask shocked.

His right eye is swollen, as well as his lip.

Skhumbuzo get up from the chair,

"Nceba talk"

"Some people came to the house  
looking for Nqubeko"

My heart sink to my feet.

"And?" Skhumbuzo ask.

He look ready to kill.

"There were three of them, they  
pointed a gun at my head and just..." he  
stop and walk away. It's still too much  
for him, especially that his son is here  
looking at him.

Skhumbuzo make a chuckle "And they  
attacked Ncebayenkosi?!!"

"Like this! Yoh" I exclaim.

He take his phone from the table. He  
dial on the screen and put it against his  
ear.

"Mkhaya someone just messed with

my little brother...They pointed a gun on his head and beat him.His face is swollen,and they did this in the presence of his son...No I'm coming to the hostel now,just tell Nhlanzeko and Phila..Okay see you now"

I have my eyes on him.He is breathing fire.

"Babe what's going on?" I ask.

"Not Ncebayenkosi Fikile! They should've touched anyone but not him.He has been through a lot, I won't allow any lowlife criminal to take advantage of him.If someone want to know where Nqubeko is I'm his old brother,they must come to me"

"Where are you going now?" I ask.

"To find whoever is responsible for

this and make them know that they touched a wrong person" he say and walk off.

I pull Anga to the kitchen and make him his hotdog.

"Mommy why are you upset?" he ask.

"I'm not upset.Do you want to watch TV while you eat?"

"Yesss"

I send him to the couch with his hotdog.Skhumbuzo walk down wearing black jacket.

"Must I wait up?" I ask.

"No"

He pull my face and give me a kiss.

"I love you" he say and walk out.

I check the coast first then call my father.

"Fikile" he answers.

"Dad how are you?"

"I'm fine. What's wrong?"

I exhale, "Did you send people to Skhumbuzo's brother's house?"

"No, why?" he say.

"Some people attacked his young brother"

"Oh bad! I have nothing to do with it"

I sigh, "Thanks"

"This other Nkosi you told me about is very dangerous"

Is that Muzi Biyela talking?

"Dangerous even to you?" I ask.

"I've been looking at his past and in his life he has never been shot"

"So what?"

"Guns freeze when people try to shoot"

him and he is very dangerous"

This is the first time I'm hearing my father getting cold feet about anyone.

"Did you find anything linking him to Leano's shooting?" I ask.

"Unfortunately not yet, but we are not resting. Anthony is also looking at his side"

Nozipho's father!

Could it be that he is the one who sent people to Nceba?

If it's him then there is going to be blood war. Those hostel men are dangerous, so is Faya and his men.

I hope nobody get injured, especially not my Skhumbuzo.

## Chapter 259

Nozipho Biyela

.

Sbusiso is not next to me as usual. He must be in the kitchen eating oranges. I like how God flipped this around. The only thing I'm suffering from is constant peeing.

Where did I put my phone?

I go take a shower. Today I'm starting on Aunt Lydia's wedding dress. She want it to be done specifically by me. I still enjoy designing but my schedule is always tight. That's why I have other designers, but Aunt Lydia is thee Durban aunt.

All my clothes still fit me, nonetheless

I'm cautious of what I wear. Truly speaking I'm a bit embarrassed of this pregnancy. I haven't even told Palesa and my Faya cousins.

When I walk out of the shower Yamihle has woken up. Sbu is feeding him his bottle.

"Morning babe" I greet.

"Morning mama"

I dress up and brush my hair.

"What if I go without make-up on?" I ask him.

I'm looking at my reflection in the mirror. If it wasn't for my shaved eyebrows I would be going plain like this. I like it. It's called Ziphe or Zanda mode.

His hands sneak around my waist. He is

breathing heavily behind me.

"Please come sit down" he say.

"No,I'm already late"

"Nozipho"

I turn my head and look at him.His eyes are red, everything is wrong.

"What's going on?" I ask.

He pull me to bed.He is scaring me.My knees are getting weak.The only thing on my mind is Leano.

"Sbusiso" I'm praying he is not about to tell me something bad about Leano.

"I'm so sorry babe" he start by apologising and holding my hands.

"Is it Leano?" my voice is already breaking.

"It's your father"

Oh!

"What about him?" I ask.

"He was shot Nozipho, along with two of his men. Others were injured"

"What do you mean others were injured?" I ask.

"Other bodyguards, him and the other two were found on the scene of a gunfight"

I shift away from him, "This is not funny Sbusiso, don't play death pranks. I was speaking with my Dad yesterday before bed"

"It happened around 10pm"

He is serious. My father is dead. The man who raised me to be this woman I am today. The man who walked me down the aisle. The grandfather of my children. The man who never turned

his back on me, even after discovering that I wasn't his biological daughter. I cannot begin to describe the pain I'm feeling. My father left me just like that. I hadn't even told him about this pregnancy.

Did I tell him I love him yesterday?

"Mama I'm so sorry" he is brushing my back.

His t-shirt is wet with my tears.

"He can't just leave me Sbu"

I spend almost an hour crying. One of the things making me sad is that I feel like I didn't show him enough love. I wasn't there to support him.

Maybe I saw him once or twice a month. I was bad daughter.

I ask for my phone. It come out of his

pocket. So he was hiding it from me. I have tons of messages from colleagues, family and friends. Everyone is sending condolences.

On the internet newsfeed his picture is the first thing that pops up.

**ANTHONY FAYA DIED ALONG WITH TWO OF HIS BODYGUARDS DURBAN BUSINESSMAN DIES IN A GUNFIGHT**

**ANOTHER BUSINESS MOGUL WAS SHOT DEAD LAST NIGHT.**

**THE GUNFIGHT CLAIM ANTHONY FAYA'S LIFE.**

**NOZIPHO BIYELA'S EX-FATHER DIES.**

I'm trembling. How am I going to tell the kids?

How am I going to face this world  
without him?

- 
- 

Fikile Biyela

- 

I read the article.Over and over again.  
ANTHONY FAYA SHOT DEAD LAST  
NIGHT

There was a gunfight.Anthony and his  
men were shot.Some are injured,the  
other two died with Anthony.

My hands are trembling.I won't be able  
to go to work.I need to go see Nozipho.

"Goodmorning" Nceba greet walking to  
me pacing in the kitchen.

"Nceba" I say.

"We are going to fetch some

documents in Nqubeko's house"

"Breakfast?" I ask.

"We will eat at Wimpy"

"There is food here"

I'm trying to be calm and not show him anything.

"No mommy, we will eat Wimpy's breakfast. I will bring you some, okay"

I nod, "Okay baby"

"Nceba are you not going to see the doctor?" I ask.

He have sunglasses on but I saw him earlier his eye is bad.

"No I will buy something in the pharmacy" he say.

After they've walked out I bang the tables, take the weave off and grunt my frustrations off.

How can Skhumbuzo do this to me?  
How can he attack my brother's wife's  
father? What kind of a mess is this!

Later I hear a car pulling up outside. I  
look out the window.

It's him.

"MaBiyela" he greet.

I take the laptop and shove it on his  
hands.

"How could you?" I ask.

He put the laptop down.

"They shot us first"

"Do you know who he is? He is  
Nozipho's father?"

He don't say anything.

"How can you attack someone close to  
my family? How am I supposed to face  
Nozipho?"

He exhale, "I went there to talk, his men attacked my brother for nothing. When we got there he had some nerve to tell his dogs to shoot us and threaten to come for my family. Who is he? What did we do to him?"

"Nqubeko may have shot his daughter's nephew"

"Does Nceba look like Nqubeko?" he is getting warmed up.

"You kill people Skhumbuzo?" I ask tears running down.

"Everyone is protecting their family and I'm protecting Nceba who know nothing about what's going on"

"What about me? Nozipho is my sister-in-law, how am I going to look at her kids in the eyes?"

He don't say anything.He take his jacket off hang it on the chair.

"You know I also have to choose my family right?" I ask.

"It was okay for him to attack Nceba.It was also okay for him to treat us like dogs instead of explaining why he sent people to attack Nceba.It was also okay for him to order his men to shoot us, and we were supposed to run away like dogs.All because he is Nozipho's father, the untouchable wealthy businessman with dozens of bodyguards."

"Who is us?" I ask.

"We all have people who got our back.Rich people hire bodyguards,I don't hire anyone.When I'm in Durban

everyone who come from Inkandla becomes my brother,we have each other's back.He should've known better"

He have no regrets.He doesn't look sorry at all.

"Do you know how much mess you have created?"

He doesn't care.

"I'm going to take a shower" he say and walk off.

"Fuck you!"

My phone rings.

It's Biyela.

"Hey Dad" I answer.

"Fikile is it that man of yours who killed MaZungu's father?"

This is my worst nightmare.I keep

quiet.

"He messed with the wrong people" he say.

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"Him and his friends will pay for killing MaZungu's father"

I take a deep breath.

"Unfortunately you cannot take sides in this Menziwa. Skhumbuzo is my man as much as Nozipho is Sbusiso's wife" I say.

"You are not married to him, MaZungu is the mother of my grandchildren"

"The bottom line is I love him as much as Sbusiso love her. You cannot choose between Sbusiso and I. You cannot choose to hurt one of us"

He is quiet for a moment. I feel like

devil's agent, like I don't sympathise with Nozipho. But I do, I feel for her. I don't know how it's like to lose a parent.

"Baba do not meddle in this, please" I say.

"I won't be able to look at MaZungu and Sbusiso in the eyes knowing that I let Faya's killers go scratch-free"

"If you kill Skhumbuzo are you going to be able to look at me in the eyes knowing that you took someone I love away from me?" I ask.

"No"

I sigh, "Then don't choose anyone, let the Fayas fight their own battle. Keep this to yourself"

I can't believe I'm putting my father in

this difficult position.

Why am I even fighting Skhumbuzo's battles?

"Menziwa I'm sorry" I say wiping the tears.

"You have betrayed the family, and dragged me down with you" he end the call.

The anger and disappointment in his voice. I hate myself.

Hands pull my waist. I turn and face him.

"See what you have done to me" I say tears rolling down.

He lift my face up and plant a kiss on my nose.

"I'm sorry MaBiyela" his voice sound sincere.

## Chapter 260

Zanda Dlamini

.

When Mvuse and Siza leave I get on my knees and pray. The doctors are giving me hope. There are some improvements.

Today Mandla is going to Ndwedwe to perform a ceremony for his father. Unfortunately Nozipho cannot attend because her other father died. This is a difficult time for the Zungus. Mam'Thandiwe have to go

with Mandla, which means she will leave her daughter behind. It's sad because Nozipho also needs her.

"Hello" it's Sbusiso.

I'm surprised. He is not supposed to be here. He should be with his wife, helping the Fayas with funeral arrangements.

"Hey Sbu"

He pulls the chair and sits.

"How is Nozipho?" I ask.

He exhales, "She is not okay"

"Has the police arrested anyone?"

"No"

I'm sure Anthony had enemies everywhere. He was a powerful man. I'm sure many people envied him.

"How are you?" he asks me.

"I'm trying"

"Zanda you have to tell Mandla the truth"

I frown, "What truth?"

"About the Nkosi brother who kept visiting you"

My palms sweat.

Sbu knows!

"How did you know?" I ask.

"The security guard told me. You and Mandla need to be honest with each other"

I close my eyes and breath. I'm going to lose Mandla.

"I can't Sbu" I say.

"You have to, the sooner the better"

I look at him, begging with my eyes.

"He will be hurt" I say.

"Did you sleep with him"

"No"

"Do you love him?" he ask.

"No"

"Then tell Mandla the truth, your guy could be the one who shot Leano aiming for Mandla.You created an enemy for him"

Hearing him saying I created an enemy for Mandla breaks my heart.He is right though, my foolishness has created an enemy for Mandla.

I don't know how I'm going to explain this.How do I make him see that it was a mistake? A moment of weakness.Even if I reveal half of it Sbu knows,he will tell him.

I take my phone and call Fikile.

"Babe" she answers.

"Hey Fikile"

"What's wrong?"

"Sbusiso knows" I say.

"What did he say?"

She is not surprised at all.

"He want me to tell Mandla. Did you know that he knows?" I ask.

"Yes, you are living in my father's building so Sbu is like the owner of it" Urgh! They are everywhere.

"I should've known your father gave me his own flat" I say disappointed at myself.

"Mandla bought it for you"

Say what????

"Fikile!" I exclaim in shock.

"He asked my father to ask you to

move in to it and pretend as if everything was done by him"

Talk about a bomb! I thought he didn't care.

"I invited a man in the apartment he bought for me, cooked that man supper with the grocery he bought for me. Fikile Mandla loves me, he care so much for me and if all this comes out he will be broken and he will never trust me again"

I can't believe this!

"He loves you, use that to your advantage. You were lonely, scared and heartbroken. Nqubeko came when you needed support the most then you got confused and let him in" she say.

"I don't know Fikile, I don't want to

lose him"

He is here! God maybe he heard the conversation.

I quickly drop the call and look at him nervously.

"Babe are you okay?" he ask.

"Yes"

He put the plastic bag inside the cupboard and come to me.

"You will not lose him, I'm going to try everything I can"

He is think I was referring to Leano. My heart start beating normally.

I nod, "I know babe"

"I will come back tomorrow morning, if you need anything call Thapelo" he say.

The sooner the better. I have to tell him

the truth about what happened  
between Nqubeko and I.

"Mandla there is something I need to  
tell you" I say.

"Is it urgent?" he ask checking time on  
his watch.

"It's important"

He sit on the chair and look at me.

"Please don't leave me Mandla,I love  
you" I start by begging.

I know there is possibility that at the  
end of this conversation I will be  
single.He might leave me.

He frown, "I will never leave you  
Zanda,you are my life"

"Promise me,everything I'm going to  
tell you is the truth.Nothing,but the  
truth"

He hold my hand, "Zanda I won't leave you. What is going on?"

"I made a mistake" I say.

"I'm listening"

I take a deep breath, "There was a guy who was courting me, Skhumbuzo Nkosi's brother"

"The one you used to meet with?" he ask.

I shake my head, "There is another one"

"Okay" there is uncomfortableness in his voice.

"I don't know where he got my number, he would call and he came to my place a number of times"

He raise his eyes, "Which place?"

"The one you bought for me"

Guilt covers his face. He never let me be independent of him.

I continue, "He spent the nights"

He let go of my hand, "What???"

I blink the tears away, "We didn't do anything, he didn't even try to..."

"You expect me to believe that Zanda?"

"I swear" I lose the battle and let tears flow down.

"Where was Leano when you were busy with another man on bed?"

"I didn't do anything with him, Mandla you have to believe me and Leano slept on his cot"

"How can you do this to us? What was I fighting for Zanda? This is why you moved out you wanted to fuck other men"

"I didn't fuck him,okay?"

He get up on his feet, "What else?"

"When you remembered us and came to see us I went to his house and told him to never come to me again, I made it clear that my heart belonged to you and apologised for entertaining him.He was not happy, then I found out that is a hitman.It was the same day I came back and found you with Fikile and said I'm coming from the spa.The same day someone shot us outside your house"

"So he could be the one who shot my son because you told him you will not be in a relationship with him?" he ask sitting back on the chair.

"I don't know, he has

disappeared. Even his family don't know where he is"

"Zanda look at me"

I look at him.

He is beyond heartbroken.

"You cheated on me?" he ask.

"I didn't. I entertained a man, made him think I could be his girlfriend then... I'm sorry Manzini"

"Please tell me the truth, did you fuck him?"

I shake my head, "I swear I didn't"

"Do you love him?"

"No I don't, I love you. I was weak, I missed you and he came and gave me company. I was confused, please forgive me"

"Okay" he say with tears running

down.His eyes are fixed on me.If I say I don't see how much I've broken him I would be lying.

"Mandla I'm sorry" I say wiping my own tears.

"I forgive you and I believe you"  
I'm in shock.Like every part of my body stop functioning for a second.

"Really?" I ask.

"Yes"

"I thought you would leave me" I'm still in disbelief.

"I won't leave you"

"Are you going to punish me?" I ask.  
He put his hands over his face,for almost five minutes he stay like that not breathing a word.

"We cannot celebrate your birthday

this Thursday, not when we are still under this dark cloud as a family. We will have a belated celebration when everything is okay"

Why is he changing the topic? I still want to apologise and explain myself. I still want him to ask me questions.

"Do you still love me like before?" I ask.

"I love you Zanda, I don't know what it's going to take for you to understand that"

I exhale, "Do you trust me?"

"If I didn't I wouldn't have forgiven you. I forgive you because I trust you. I trust that you are different and you wouldn't lie to my face"

"Thank you, I promise you it will never

happen again"

He take a breath, "I need to see my son and leave"

"I love you Baba kaLeano"

He peck my lips, "So do I"

I expected him to be angry and blame me for Leano's condition, but he doesn't.

Is it luck or blessing?

Chapter 261

Fikile Biyela

.

There is someone at the door. I put chopped veges in the pot then go open. It's the police.

My heart start beating abnormally.  
"Hello Ms Fikile Biyela" one of them greet.

There are two dressed in the police uniform and one dressed formally.I think it's their captain.

"Hello can I help you officers?"

"We would like to have a word with Ncebayenkosi Nkosi and Skhumbuzo Nkosi"

This is what I feared the most.The police.

What if they get to the bottom of this? I don't think I can survive if Skhumbuzo get arrested.

"Come in"

I lead them to the dining room where Nceba and Skhumbuzo are

sitting. Nceba look shocked to see the police. Skhumbuzo doesn't look moved at all.

"Ndlangamandla" the captain greet.

"Mashimane" Skhumbuzo say showing them where to sit.

He knows him the captain?

He look at me, as to dismiss me, I ignore him and sit on the chair. I want to know what's going on.

"This is not a casual visit

Ndlangamandla" the captain start.

They look at him, waiting for him to explain.

"It came to our attention that

Ncebayenkosi was attacked by

Anthony Faya's bodyguards in his

brother's house the earlier the day Mr

Faya was killed along with his bodyguards"

This is bad news.I have to go to Nozipho's home in the morning,how am I going to face her?

"I didn't know they were somebody's bodyguards,strange men just walked in and asked me about Nqubeko's whereabouts then pointed a gun on my head and beat me" Nceba say.

Skhumbuzo look at the captain, "So you want him to go make a statement?"

"No we are here to ask about Mr Faya's death" he say.

Skhumbuzo chuckles, "Mashimane you're trying to tell me the fact that my brother was attacked,by people you

know doesn't matter?"

"It's not a case that has been reported to us. We are here on Mr Faya's case. I would like to ask where were you on the night of the gun fight?"

"I was here. I left Nqubeko's house because they said they were coming back. I have a child I cannot risk my life" Nceba say.

He turn to Skhumbuzo, "And you?"

"I was here. You know I can't help but find it interesting that our law protect the rich at the expense of the poor. My brother was the one attacked by a rich man, four days later he is the one being questioned for something that happened to that rich man he had no business with"

The other one jump in, "Why are you being defensive?"

"I'm not allowed to defend my family? By the way thank you for letting us know it was Mr Faya who sent men to attack my brother. We will be at your station early in the morning to open the case"

Mashimane chuckles, "Unfortunately the man is dead"

"He sent people, you will find out who those people are and do justice for my brother"

Skhumbuzo is so stubborn, I don't know what to compare him to.

"Ms Fikile Biyela" the captain turn to me.

I need to keep my face in place and

prepare my voice to be steady.

"Were they with you on that night?" he ask.

"Yes, Nceba came with his son just when we were having dinner. He was beaten and bleeding. He had an early night, he drank painkillers and slept"

"And your fiancée?"

Lord!

"He was with me as usual. Can I ask something?"

He nod, "Go ahead"

"Are they suspects for Mr Faya's murder?"

"No they are not, we are investigating"

I nod my head.

"Ndlangamandla you are welcome to open the case" the captain tell Nceba.

I think they are ready to go.

"Falabo you are amazing!" Skhumbuzo say shaking his head.

"I'm just doing my job.Are you going down this weekend?"

"No, I have to be here with MaBiyela"  
He chuckles, "You've eaten korobela ndoda"

The conversation change direction.This Mashimane is from Inkandla,they are now talking about a wedding that's going to take place during the weekend.

My pot!

I excuse myself and go to the kitchen.Being with Skhumbuzo has completely changed my life.

This is not who I am.Not how I was

raised. We always choose family. Even my little sister knows that. She chose family over Thapelo.

I'm the first one to ever choose a man over family. Am I blind in love?

I switch the stove off and go to the bedroom. I need to lie down a bit.

"Sthandwa sami"

What is he doing here? I want to be alone.

"MaBiyela I know you're not asleep" he say.

I open my eyes and look at him. I should be angry at him, but I don't feel anger. I feel empty and sad.

"I'm not going to jail" he say.

"Okay"

He put his hand on my cheek and

brush me with his thumb.

"Thanks for staying by my side mama kaThandoluhle"

I frown, "Mama kaThandoluhle?"

"We will officially give her a name at her ceremony, but I've named her. She was Thandoluhle, the Nkosi princess."

I hold my mouth, pressing back the tears. I love the name, him calling me as Mama kaThandoluhle break my heart. I never got to be her mother.

"When is the ceremony?" I ask.

"After the birth-giving tradition, which will be on your actually birth-giving month. Then we will do a name-giving ceremony"

He kiss my shoulder then stare at me.

"What?" I ask.

"I will always protect you and our boys. I know our journey haven't been easy. It look like I challenge you more than I love you. I've hurt you, I've betrayed you and changed your life for the worse. And all you ever do is to support me and do the best for my family no matter the circumstances"

He take a breath, "I want you to know that I'm grateful for everything you've done for me and my kids and my brothers. I appreciate you, my love for you grow each day. You are an example of a true wife. You are from the same cut as your mother, I see her in you. She has helped your father build his empire and stood by his side through it all. Marrying to the Nkosis

will mean you are a Nkosi.I'm not the one getting married to the Biyelas, yes they mean a lot to me but I'm not one of them.I know you feel guilty,you think you've betrayed your family.Trust me all the wives have secrets that stay between them and their husbands.You can think Senamile doesn't keep anything from you,only to find that there is a lot she is keeping from the world to protect her husband"

He was coming right until she brought Sena up.That one will never keep anything from us.Even if Lwazi was to kill a person we would be the ones to advise her to keep it in her chest.It's a great thing Lwazi is not the type that

need stored secrets.

"This is the last time Skhumbuzo, I'm never doing this again. Like never ever again! Do you hear me?"

"Yes"

"Tomorrow I don't even know how I'm going to look at Nozipho in the eyes. My sister in law!"

He pin me back on bed when I try to get up.

"You are angry at me?" he ask with his arm over my chest.

"No I'm not"

He lick the side of my face. Like wtf! I push him back with full force.

"Do not lick me like that, I'm mad at you"

What was I saying a few seconds ago?

He push his hand under my panty,I  
push his chest.He is too strong.

"Skhumbuzo I'm going to fuckin hurt  
you" I warn him.

He lick my face again and push his  
hand to my cookie.

I fight him off, "Skhumbuzo damnit!"

His finger go down my cookie,he insert  
his finger and start fingering me.I give  
him one hell of a slap across his face  
and push him with my knees.

"Fikile" he groan and come down on  
me again.

I sink my teeth on his arm.I stop when  
I taste his blood in my mouth.I put my  
hands around his neck and strangle  
him.

It's not nice now uuh!

I head his chin a number of times causing him to bite his lips.

First he invite his ex wife to my house without telling me,now he killed my sister-in-law's father and made me lie on his behalf.

My child! I've lost a fuckin' child because of his stupidity.

I overpower him and roll over him.I sit on his waist and hit him until my fists hurt.When I can't hit him with my fists anymore I start banging his chest with my head.

The last one is a hard knee on his stomach.He groans and hold it with his hands.I've done quite a job on his lips,he is bleeding.

I leave him lying on bed and go

downstairs.

"Is everything okay?" Nceba ask.

"Yes"

I take the plates and dish supper. Anga has woken up. He is playing a game on his father's phone.

Skhumbuzo doesn't come to the table. Nceba is a bit quiet, it's like he senses that something happened.

I feel bad. Nceba has never had a warm home in his life. Me and Skhumbuzo should be giving him a glimpse of that.

"What are you doing tomorrow?" I ask.

"Nothing special, I'm still applying for jobs and looking for a house"

"You don't have to rush that. Take your time, be a full time dad and familiarise yourself with Durban. The year is

ending,you could start job hunting on January" I say.

"Yeah"

He is not up for a conversation.I turn my attention to Anga.Surprisingly my mood has just uplifted.I feel like something has been offloaded.

Nceba offers to clean the table.Anga is gone to watch a movie.

I warm Skhumbuzo's food and go to the bedroom.He look refreshed, he is busy on his laptop.His lip is a bit swollen.

"Here is your food" I say.

He put the laptop aside, "Thank you MaBiyela"

I stand looking at him.It's like he expected me to bring him food.

"How are you feeling?" he ask.

"Great" I say.

"That's better"

I fold my arms, "Why did you do that?"

"I wanted you to do what you did.I know you wish to do more,maybe to shoot me"

He is right, but I can't kill him.I love him too much.

## Chapter 262

Senamile Madlala

.

It's one of the saddest funeral I've been to.It's packed.I've seen a few famous faces.The mayor is also here and other

famous politicians.Nozipho is sitting at the front with her kids and cousins.There is a choir and few gospel singers.

"Let's go see him" Zethu whispers to me.

See the corpse?

"Never"

Nozipho has seen him, she is being carried out by two woman.She is crying hysterically.Sphiwo and the twins are crying along with her.I don't think they fully understand what's going on.They are crying because they see their mother crying.

Sbu take Sphiwo, Fikile take Ayanda and pull Liyanda to my mom.

This is the part of the funeral that I

don't like the most.I don't know why they do it.I wouldn't want someone's dead body to be the last picture of him I have on my mind.

We are now in the cemetery so my phone is on vibration.I can feel it vibrating nonstop.Whoever it is mean business.

I go a few feet away from everyone and check who it is.

Zanda!

I have a mini panic.She couldn't come because she is staying with Leano in the hospital.She refuses to leave him even for a few hours.She worry that Leano might wake up and not find her next to him.

I call her back.

"Zanda is everything okay?" I ask when she pick up.

"Where is Mandla? I'm trying to get hold of him,his phone is off"

"What happened?"

"Leano has woken up"

"You are lying?" I'm shocked,happy and sad at the same time.He didn't deserve this.

"He woke up minutes ago, I'm so happy Sena.I don't what to do.Where is Mandla?"

I can't see Mandla in this crowd.

"I will find him and tell him.We are still in the cemetery,it's crowded" I say.

"Tell Mam' Biyela and Thandiwe too"  
There is so much joy in her voice.

"I will tell them babe,let me go.I will

come there later"

We bury Anthony Faya. The journey has ended for him. Even the family members he didn't know he had when he was still alive are here.

I can't help but wonder what his will going to say.

As the crowd scatters I go to Fikile.

"Hey guess the good news?"

"Mmmm"

She is sad, really sad.

"Leano Zungu is up and sucking his bottle"

"Stop"

"Zanda called about ten minutes ago. I'm so happy" I say.

She take a deep breath, "Thank God!"

"Now we can focus on getting his

shooter and Bab' Faya's killers"

"Right"

"Maybe it's one person, a serial killer. Dad need to do what he does the best. Maybe get the Hawks to look at the cases. Faya wasn't just any man, he was well-known and powerful they can't let this go"

She clear her throat, "There is no such thing as 'any man' Senamile. Each man has a value on earth, to his family and friends"

"I know that but Faya was..."

She cut me in, "No Senamile, every life matters. Even a poor, powerless man's life matters"

"I know that why are you snapping at me?" I ask.

"Because you make it sound like rich people are the law's number one priority"

"They are, it's the reality of the world we live in. Justice cost, and rich people can afford it"

I don't understand why this is making her mad. Faya was a powerful man hence justice will be served for him. The police cannot afford that kind of failure. He was a public figure.

"Is everything alright?"

Where is he coming from?

"Yes, we are just talking about Mr Faya and how he deserve justice" I say.

He look at Fikile, "Alright, but you are talking too loud"

"Dad you have to make sure justice is

served" I tell him.

"We will let the police do their job  
Senamile.Go to your car,it's blocking  
others"

Urgh! I even forgot to tell him about  
Leano.

Luckily we arrive as Thapelo and  
Mandla arrive in their car.

"I gotta go tell Mandla the news" I tell  
Fikile and walk to their car.

"Brothers" I greet.

"Hey Sena"

I look at Mandla, "Is your phone on?"

"I doubt"

I don't understand Mandla's.He is a  
good guy but he is hardly happy.His  
goodness doesn't repay him back.

"Your son has woken up" I tell him.

"Huh?"

"Zanda has been calling you, your phone is off"

"Are you serious?" he ask.

"Yes"

He turn to Thapelo, "I'm going to see my boy bruh"

"Now?" Thapelo ask.

"Yes"

He get inside the car and hoot for the cars in front of him. Is hooting allowed in the funeral?

"Drive safely" I yell.

I doubt he heard me.

"He won't, he is too responsible"

Thapelo say.

I look at him, "Unlike you"

"I'm not responsible?"

"No"

His eyes widen, "Why? What did I do?"

"Nothing, I just concluded"

"Is Lwazi responsible?"

Is that even a question?

"That's his middle name" I say  
scanning the yard for him with my  
eyes.

"He is coming with Don"

I take a relief breath, "I will be getting  
him a plate of food in the meantime"

"It's the funeral" he say.

"I know.Should I get you one too?"

He chuckles, "No, I will eat at home"

"You are leaving free food because you  
want to slave my little sister in the  
house? Get serious, can you smell that  
stew?"

He laughs, "No you're the one who need to get serious"

"I swear on Maria's virginity, I will tell Ziphe not to cook. You are full of it yazi"  
I say walking away.

I can't find any of my sisters now. I'm walking alone like a lost soul.

"Ptsssss!" something say behind me.

I turn around. It's this slim guy wearing an apron.

Who is he again?

"Ummm hey" I say.

I'm still trying to remember his name.

"I've set for family members in one of the rooms don't just walk around looking lost" he say.

Urgh maarn!

"Dina" I say.

"That's my name"

"Why are you wearing an apron?" I ask.

"I'm the long cousin of the family, stop talking and go"

No ways! He was also the Miyas long cousin on Phumla's funeral.

"I can't eat without my husband" I say.

He roll his eyes, "Lord have mercy!"

"I'm serious"

"Suit yourself" he say walking away.

He have a bunch of keys in his

hands.He is talking to other

people.Explaining where they must go for food,I guess.

I wonder where Zethu met him.But he

is the type that could hang with Zethu

Biyela.Match made from heaven.

"Hi Sena" it's a girl I don't know.

"Hey babe"

She smile, "Oh my God! Please follow me back on Twitter I'm..."

I don't even know who she said she is. I just smile and tell her I will.

Now people are walking up and down with plates of food and drinks. The chats are loud, filled with laughter.

This is what people do after your funeral. They eat food and forget about everything.

Now nobody cares about Anthony Faya, all they want is Fanta instead of Coke. He is gone, people are now worried about beef curry and greek salad.

I probably look like a fool standing

here alons.I should go look for my husband.

I bump to Sbu pulling Liyanda, he have Yamihle in his arm, Sphiwo and Ayanda are following him.It look like the twins are crying.

It serve him right, next year it will be worse there will be another one.Nozipho should teach him a lesson and take a month holiday out of the country.He will learn not to make kids he cannot handle.

"Have you seen my husband?" I ask.

"By Don's car there"

I wink at him, "Thanks Daddy"

I make my way to them.They are sitting on the chairs.

I can't believe this!

"Babe seriously?" I say looking at him.  
He look at me confused.

"What?"

"You are eating and I haven't eaten because I'm waiting for you. I couldn't eat without you and you are not even worried whether I get food or not" I say.

"You went to the house, I'm with the gents"

He doesn't get it. I've been miserable because I wanted to ensure that both of us eat.

"The point is you are eating without me" I say.

Don laughs, "I knew there would be a food fight somewhere today"

I give him a dead look.

"Guys stop fighting over funeral food"  
Nduku say with a full mouth.

"We are not fighting, I'm just saying  
this is not cool" I say.

"Sbari is not eating, you are imagining  
things. Go get him a plate"

Do I look like a blind man that said 'Oh  
ndodana kaDavide' to Jesus?

"You're right Nduku, Lwazi is not  
eating" Don say.

"Guys stop I'm not stupid" I say.

He have a plate of food and he is eating  
right in front of me.

"Stop imagining things and go get Sbari  
food" Nduku say.

I fold my arms, "You know that it's a  
sin eating twice in a funeral?"

"Mr Faya would've wanted us to get

full, we were breaking our voice chord there singing for him to have a safe journey" Don say.

Nduku laugh, "Did you hear me Donadona at the back with a bass; AVULEKIL' AMASANGO EZULU"

Don nod his head and sing after him. "YEBO KUNJALO KUNJALO YEBO KUNJALO KUNJALO"

Nduku rejoin him and sing along. "YEBO KUNJALO KUNJALO IYO HO AMEN" they sing together in a deep bass.

"Guys seriously?" I can't believe them. The funeral is not even completely over.

"AVULEKIL' AMASANGO EKHISHI" Don start again.

He is the most silly guy I know. Wherever he goes foolishness follows.

"YEBO KUNJALO KUNJALO YEBO KUNJALO KUNJALO"

"YEBO KUNJALO KUNJALO YEBO KUNJALO IYO HO AMEN!!" they sing in deep bass voices.

I sigh, "Okay I will get it"

"One plate multiply by three, I trust your Maths mntase you went to white people's school" Nduku say after me. Nozipho would be disappointed in us. This family is not civilised at all.

## Chapter 263

Simtholile Biyela

.

It's been a month since Anthony was killed.No arrest has been made.I'm starting to think it was planned murder.It can't be possible that none of his bodyguards know who the attackers were.

It can't be.They must've seen or heard something.

They no longer work for him, they don't care now.They now say it's those who died with Anthony who had knowledge.

Maybe they also had a hand in his murder? Or they are threatned by the attackers.

My father on the other hand is not giving the case his best. He is influential, he can get the best investigators to investigate the case. We want justice for Nozipho's sake.

I'm glad Nozipho has the support she needs. She is doing fine. Even the inheritance drama didn't break her. As soon as the Fayas learnt that Anthony left half of the inheritance to Nozipho and her kids they started fighting Nozipho, telling her she is a Zungu. None of that broke her. I'm proud of her.

Leano was discharged from hospital two weeks ago. The doctors said it will take time for him to be able to crawl. I

feel Zanda's pain. Leano now need extra care. I heard Mandla want to hire a nurse but Zanda is refusing.

Her and Ziphe are cut from the same cloth. Accepting help in your household doesn't mean you are weak. They should stop with these housewife tendencies.

"Is everything ready?" I ask my hired chef.

"Almost, I'm doing the fruit salad then I'm done"

There is a bowl of yummy grilled prawns. I taste and move to the next bowl. Everything is a yes.

"This is great. I will set the table, you don't have to worry about"

Today is Saturday, we are two weeks

away from Aunt Lydia's extravagant wedding. I don't know why she is going all out for it. I mean they are old, it's only a matter of saying the vows and putting rings on.

I have invited all the guys for dinner. They have no idea why I'm hosting this dinner. Even Don doesn't know.

I'm not sure if Mandla is going to come, but I understand his situation. Skhumbuzo promised he will come, I've been sending him threatening messages. If there is anything he needs to understand is that he is one of us. I don't care what his traditions say. He needs to get involved in everything we do.

"Junior did you write everything?" I ask walking in his room.

"Yes"

I don't think they are ready for this. Neither was I. He shocked me when he came to my room and started asking all these awkward questions. He is growing up. They need to keep their promise. When he was found they all promised to father him. Now it's time to play their roles. Teenage pregnancy is insanely high these days. I need Junior to be ware and informed about everything.

The first car pull outside. I go to the door and wait.

No way in hell!

"Why did you bring her?" I ask.

I made it clear that I want guys only. Why is Sbusiso bringing his wife?

"It's dinner" he say.

"Yeah but I didn't invite her"

Nozipho walk past me with Yamihle on her arms.

"Who cooked?" she ask.

"It doesn't matter, you are not invited"

She doesn't care. Lord I'm being tested.

"Where is Donald Senior?" Sbu ask.

"He is in the bedroom" I say.

"Can I go there? No kinky stuff"

I laugh, "I'm not you. My bedroom is pure"

I go to Nozipho and take my nephew. He is grown and replica Zethu every single day.

"How are you?" I ask.

"I'm good.Mandla and Zanda are coming"

Oh Lord!

"I said guys only" I say.

She dismiss that with her hand.

"Something is terrible wrong with Mandla but he is putting on a brave face.I just can't break through him"

I give her a look.I've seen Mandla a couple of times.There is nothing wrong with him.

"This pregnancy is making you paranoid" I say.

"No I'm not paranoid"

Urgh!

She always worry about little things.

"Mandla is not a baby.You and your mother should stop interfering in his

life"

"I'm not interfering,I'm worried" she say in defensively.

"Worry about Sbusiso.Mandla is Zanda's worry"

"You also worry about my husband" she say.

"Not too much, you are overdoing it.Give Zanda her place"

She sigh, "Okay I hear you"

These guys are something else.They all brought their partners.Sena is even taking over,taking my hidden wine and putting it on the table.They know no boundaries.

Thapelo is brushing something off Ziphe's face.

Lovey dovey!

"Guys don't do that in my house" I tell them.

"Jealous" Zethu say.

Her man didn't come. She say he is out of town for business.

We've been graced by Skhumbuzo

Nkosi's presence. Hallelujah!

I did say Nozipho is paranoid, Mandla is fine. He have his son on his lap and chatting with other guys. Leano's leg break my heart but I'm grateful he will be able to walk. Even though it will delay.

I put Junior on the chair between me and Don. Now everyone is served, I must spill the beans.

"I called you guys here for a reason. The others like Skhumbuzo and

Nduku may not know this. When Junior came into our lives everyone vowed to be a parent to him. All the guys swore to be his father and to give him the best"

They all look at me attentively.

"Junior is growing fam, he is now thirteen. He has started dreaming of an old woman"

I can't help it. I crack up as I say this.

"What was old woman doing in your dream Junior?" Mandla ask.

I stop him with my hand.

"You are not here to ask him questions. You are here to answer his questions. He want to know a lot of things. He could've searched in the internet but I don't want him to learn

that way" I say.

They are all confused.

I look at Junior, "They are ready to explain.Shoot"

He take his notebook out.

Zethu exclaim, "Are those questions?"

I look at her, "Shut up,you are not supposed to be here"

"I'm here on my fiance's behalf"

"What kind of questions are we being asked?" Sbu ask.

I shush him with a finger.They need to pay attention.

Junior look at Lwazi.

Is he really gonna start this off by asking Lwazi?

"Uncle Lwazi what is to ejaculate?"

Everyone's mouth drop open.I'm also

pale.He asked me the exact question.I swear I nearly fainted.

Sbu grab the bottle of wine.He open it and gulp quarter of it down.

Lwazi is still exercising breathing.The girls are now absent from the table.Their heads are bowed down.

"Lwazi" I say raising my brows.

He swallow, "Junior your father want to answer"

Junior turn and look at Don.

"I didn't say that" he say.

I sigh, "Guys please answer the questions"

Mandla clear his throat.

"See Junior when you are in the bathroom peeing, that's like ejaculating.It's something like that"

He nod and look down on his notebook.He look up.His eyes are on Skhumbuzo.Skhumbuzo is suddenly shy.He can't keep the eye contact.

"Uncle Nkosi"

He mumbles, "Jesus Christ!"

"How do you know a girl is a virgin?"

Many hands reach for glasses.We are going to need more drinks.Sbu is going to finish the wine alone.

Fikile nudge Skhumbuzo with her hand.He is trying to ignore the question.

"You would know because she will be tight" he say.

"Tight? How?"

Skhumbuzo start coughing.Fikile pass him a bottle of water.

"How Aunt Zanda?" Junior ask.

"Your uncles will tell you Junior"

Sena nod, "Don't ask us anything. We are not here, your uncles will tell you"

"Yeah we were not invited, we are not here" Zethu say.

They are hypocrites.

Ziphe is studying the table. She is not even lifting her eyes up.

"She will be tight (clear his throat), she will bleed and cry" Skhumbuzo eventually say.

"Bleed where?"

He is going to kill Fikile's man this child. I don't think he is breathing properly there.

"Where will she bleed Nduku?"

Skhumbuzo redirect the question to

Nduku.

"In her wewe" Nduku say.

I can't believe he just said that word. But thank heavens Junior has moved to the next question.

"What is orgasm Baba kaPhiwo?"

Sbusiso gulp the wine again. Nozipho is dying with laughter.

"Orgasm? Thapelo were you not studying orgasm in university? Yes you were, tell Junior what it is"

Trust my brother to bully others. Now Junior's eyes are set on the Orgasm graduate across the table.

"Orgasm happen to girls Junior. Aunt Ziphe here will explain it better"

I thought they always had each other's back. He just thrown her in the drain.

"Orgasm is happiness Junior. When a girl is happy that's orgasm" Ziphe say.

"When she is happy during sex to be precise" I add.

"Dad how to make sex?"

Right person! He must explain to him. Father mode reloaded.

"No Junior search on the internet I can't answer that"

I glare at him, "He is not the internet's son"

He sigh.

"You make sex with a girl after making an agreement. You sleep together naked"

"I know that Dad, but how to do it?"

Junior say.

"It happens automatically"

Junior nod, "Alright"

"Uncle Mandla my teacher said sex result to pregnancy but it's preventable. How to make sex and not make a girl pregnant?"

Good question.

"You wait until you are eighteen years and use a condom" Mandla say.

"Okay thanks. Last question what is a blow job?"

Silence.

I look at each of them. They don't know what a blow job is?

"It's when you get a job with someone you make sex with and together you blow the job" Sbu say.

Thapelo nod, "Yeah it happen when you are working and blowing the job"

I don't know why they are lying to him. He is going to find out on his own. Kids love doing what 'they shouldn't be doing', if they are being honest with him he will understand because he trusts them.

"What is dogstyle?"

Thapelo exclaims, "No Junior you said it was the last question. Our food is getting cold"

"My appetite has vanished" Don mumbles.

"Dogstyle is horrible sex" Sbu says. Nozipho gives him a funny look, he smiles.

"Thank you everyone" Junior says closing his notebook.

"Can I go eat in my room?" he asks me.

"Yeah, take juice in the fridge"

When he disappears everyone sigh audible.

"What's the fuck Simtho!" Sbu say picking his fork.

"My stomach is still turning"

Skhumbuzo say gulping down water.

Don exhale, "I have no appetite left"

Zethu smile, "I'm glad Tyson didn't come, his ancestors work"

"Ancestors?" Sena ask.

"Stop being a bore"

That went well, although I'm not satisfied with the answers they gave.

## Chapter 264

Nozipho Biyela

.

I decided to come to Mandla's workplace. I don't care what everyone is saying, I know my brother. Something is not right with him.

Maybe it's Leano's condition. He is his bundle of joy. I want to talk to him and find out.

"Nozipho how are you?" It's a friendly girl I've seen a couple of times.

"I'm good. Is Mandla in his office?"

"Yes, he just came out of the meeting" she say.

I thank her and make my way to his

office.I find him eating.

"Don't tell me you are only eating lunch now" I say walking through the door without knocking.

He look up, "Mrs Biyela"

"Why are you eating now?" I ask.

"Manners,greet first"

I sit on the chair, "Hello brother,how are you?"

"I'm fine baby sis,yes I'm only eating now.My day was busy"

"Too busy to eat?" I ask.

"Don't be Thandiwe please"

I sigh, "Fine.How is Leano?"

"Sometimes he want to sit on his own.He doesn't understand,he think we are torturing him.I feel like I've failed him, I'm helpless"

I can see how this is breaking his heart.

"He will be fine, the doctors said so"

"Yeah" he say hopelessly.

"Anything from the police?"

He sigh, "No"

"Didn't you hire your own investigator"

"I did, there is no link yet"

"How are you doing, beside Leano's condition?" I ask for the second time.

"I'm just..urgh!"

"I know something is wrong Mandla.What happened?"

He stop eating and exhale.

"Zanda did something"

I look at him attentively.

"What did she do?" I ask.

"She got involved with another guy.I

don't know their thing but she swore she didn't sleep with him. It was entertainment thing"

Wtf!

"Entertainment???" I ask.

"She say she was alone and the guy came with the company she needed. I should have reached out to them Nozi. If I had my shit together they wouldn't have left in the first place. Zanda is young, I'm practically her first boyfriend. Now I've given her a chance to experience other guys"

He is kidding right?

"Mandla you've been cheated on and you blame yourself for it? Are you serious right now" I ask in shock.

"I have to. I didn't treat her right. I

always put her in Phumla's shadow and that shrink tried to convince her that I don't love her, I'm only with her because she remind me of my ex wife. Which is not true, if Zanda reminded me of Phumla I wouldn't be with her. I hate Phumla with everything in me. She broke me and now I've broken the only girl who believe in me"

"So you forgave her just like that?" I ask.

"Yes"

"She will do it again"

He exhale, "That's my biggest fear" I can't believe what Zanda did. After everything my brother did for her?! He has been nothing but a good

partner to her. He support her through everything. This is how she repay him?! "I love her Nozipho and I won't let her go but she has hurt me. Sometimes I'm not even able to touch her. If I do touch her I don't even enjoy it because I can't clear my head. A picture of her with another man just surfaces. They shared a bed, and I feel like I don't know the whole truth"

"This is hurting you Mandla. Why are you sacrificing your feelings? Why don't you show her you are angry? Taking the blame doesn't mean you love her, it means you are desperate. And desperate people get played everyday"

"What do you want me to do? I don't

want to push her away again"

"What do you do when you are angry and betrayed?" I ask.

He laugh, "I cry and drink"

"Do that" I say.

He shake his head, "I'm a grown ass man now. My son is injured, I can't be reckless and teary"

"So you will bottle your feelings?" I ask.

He shrug his shoulders.

"Do you still attend therapy?"

"Yes"

Now this is interfering with his progress. He is back to bottling his feelings again. Again this will affect his life in the long run.

"You deserve to be happy. Your

primary goal should be making yourself happy. You put her before your happiness"

He chuckles, "Just like Sbusiso put you before his happiness"

"Are you talking about my husband?" I ask.

"Yes"

Lord forgive!

"I wanted to concentrate on my career this year. Did he put that first? Hell I'm pregnant with a crawling baby at home"

He laugh, "Do you think he is trying to cover his lobola eleven cows by having eleven children with you?"

"I'm tying my tubes after giving birth, five is more than enough"

He wrinkles his nose, "Who told you that?"

"We both made the decision"

He chuckles and eats his food. He knows something I don't.

For Sbusiso's sake I hope he still remembers his promise. This is our last baby. No negotiations.

Later I drive home. I'm fuming with anger, if that's not an understatement. I want to see Zanda before Mandla comes home.

"Mama wekhaya" it's Nduku.

He is with the oldest sister. I think that's my husband's voice singing somewhere.

"What happened? Y'all home early" I ask looking at them.

"We had an early day"

Must be nice working for Daddy.

"I'm here to drop these" I put the shopping bags on the counter.

Fikile has an audacity to open them and distribute my children's

apples. Nduku walk out with his phone. I think MaMeya is calling.

"Where are you heading Mrs?" she ask.

"To Mandla's house. I need to see Zanda"

She raise her eyebrow, "Why?"

"She is hurting my brother. How can she cheat on him? I still can't believe her"

"And how is that any of your business?" she throw me back with the question.

"Mandla is my brother, I'm not going to watch her toy with his feelings. He is blaming himself, like she cheated because of him" I say.

"Mandla is not a child. They have talked about this"

"Mandla didn't talk about it. Zanda have no idea what she has done and how she has hurt him"

She sigh, "It's not your place Nozipho. Don't poke your nose in your brother's relationship. He know how he contributed to the situation. Zanda was pushed, he told her about Phumla every chance he got. She is a human too. She was weak and in need of Mandla's company"

Someone must tell me this is a joke.

"You are taking her side?" I ask.

"No, I'm saying don't interfere now that your brother is the one hurt. You did nothing and said nothing when he was hurting Zanda. More than once Zanda has left that house in less than four months. That should tell something about your brother's behavior."

"He didn't cheat" I say.

"Bonke ubuhlungu buya enhliziyweni Nozipho. Pain is pain. Until you've had a man who see his ex-wife in you don't judge. Do you know how insecure your brother is? He had Zanda pulling down her underwear to show him she was real on her periods after he found Nceba helping her"

My eyes widen, "What???"

"Exactly.They have issues bigger than you"

She peel banana and eat.Geez! I bought these for my children school lunch.

"But she need to realise what she has done, because Mandla has made it look okay to her.He is the one having countless thoughts"

She take a deep breath of exhaustion.

"Nozipho it's not your place.You have never seen me being mean to you because of what happened between you and Sbusiso.Stay in your lane"

I grunt angrily and sit on the chair.

"This is wrong Fikile" I say.

"Don't be a mean aunt who leave her home to judge her brother's

house. Even Leano will be scared of you. Stop it"

Cold hands touch my neck. A warm kiss land on my cheek.

"Why are you shouting at my wife?" he ask Fikile.

"She want to go grill Zanda because of what happened"

My husband knows. Since when do we keep things from each other?

"Babe?"

I exhale, "Zanda is wrong"

"Are you a third part of their relationship?" he ask.

"No, but she...."

He shut me with a kiss.

"Your son had a stroke in his leg, you should check on him" he say.

My heart start racing.

"What???"

Fikile laughs.

I calm down, if she is laughing it's not bad.

"He is in his room, watching TV. Apparently he had a stroke on his way back home, stroke on his leg"

"But he can walk properly. The stroke finished his appetite, the only thing he tolerate is chips and chocolate" Fikile add.

I look at Sbusiso, this is all his doing. When he feed his cravings he also feed the kids.

## Chapter 265

Zanda Dlamini

.

Two hours later he walk out of the bathroom. That's how long his shower take. Sometimes I doze off while waiting for him to come out.

Things are far from being okay. I need him more than ever. He is not emotional present. I miss him, everyday. We talk and do things but something is missing. 'He' is missing.

"You're not asleep?" he ask wearing his long pyjamas

It's cold.

"You wanted to find me asleep?"

"I didn't say that" he walk to Leano and pick him up.

"You're disturbing him, he just slept" I say.

"I miss him"

Not me. He doesn't miss me. I have tried everything. The lingerie, the roses on bed, everything.

I switch off the lamp on my side. I wish for sleep to come, but my heart is waiting.

Eventually I hear him clearing his throat getting on bed. The space between us can fit two kids.

"Are you asleep?" he ask.

"No"

He move closer and plant a kiss on my forehead. He say he love me and move back to his side and switch the lamp off.

I can't stop the tears from coming out. At least it's dark. He can't see me. I press my hand over my mouth to lock any sound that may escape.

I feel his hand over my cheek.

"Zanda why are you crying?"

"I'm..not..crying"

Who am I fooling? My voice is breaking.

"Is everything alright?" I don't know how he ask me this question.

"Nothing is right Mandla. Not in this house"

I hear him sigh. He also know things are not okay between us.

"I'm trying Zanda" he say.

"You are trying? Yet you don't even want to see my face. Mandla I'm sorry,

please forgive me"

"Don't apologise, I forgave you a long time ago" he say pulling me closer to him.

"Is this how you forgive? It's been a month, you hardly touch me"

I wasn't asking for a kiss.He put his hands around my neck and start kissing me.I know this is not the solution of our problems.I want more than a kiss.I want more than sex.I want him, wholeheartedly.

I break the kiss, "I want more than this"

His hands run under my nightdress.

"I'm going to give you more"

I remove his hand off me.

"I want your love back Mandla" I say.

"But I do love you"

I take a breath, "This is not how you love me Mandla"

"Sometimes I fail to hide my pain" he say.

I switch the lamp on.

"Didn't you forgive me?" I ask looking at him in the eyes.

He swallow, "I did, I truly did"

He draw some air in.

"I forgave you but that doesn't mean it doesn't hurt.It doesn't mean I healed and forgot.You hurt me,the way I feared you would.My worst fear came to life"

I blink away the tears, "How long is it going to take?"

"I don't know,I feel like I'm back to

square one. I'm insecure more than ever"

I nod, "I hear you"

"I don't want to be insecure, that's the source of our problems. I want to trust you"

"But???" I ask.

"I'm torn apart"

"I'm sorry" it come out as a whisper. After long moment of silence he sigh and put my head on his chest.

"I was thinking of doing your birthday celebration Saturday" he say.

"I don't want to celebrate it"

"Babe!!" there is shock in his voice.

"I don't want celebration Mandla. My son is like this, my relationship is a mess. No"

"I've already started with preparations" he say.

"Cancel"

He take a deep sigh, "Okay I will cancel"

When I wake up in the morning he is gone. My heart break into million pieces. But I did this to myself. There is no reversing what's been done.

I call Ziphe, she doesn't pick up. She must be still on bed, covered by her husband. I wonder how long it took Thapelo to forget about the cheating.

I call Fikile.

"Mmm Zanda" she is still on bed.

"Hey am I disturbing?"

"No is everything alright?"

I sigh, "No"

"Is it Mandla?"

"Yes, he is slipping away. I don't even know when he left, it's bad" I say.

"Maybe you guys should attend therapy together"

I don't see how that's going to help. Mandla see the cheater when he look at me.

"Maybe I should give him some space and visit home"

I haven't been home ever since the lobola negotiations. It's a horrible place with many bad memories but my father rest there. It's still home. I don't know how going back is going to change things, I'm just confused.

"You don't need to go back there. Do you remember how your old sister

treated you? You don't need that right now. At least go to Mandeni, Mom will help you with Leano" she say.

"I don't want to..."

She cut me in, "They've asked you to come a lot of times, you won't be trouble. You are welcome there"

"I'm going to think about it" I say.

I wake up and make breakfast and Leano's food. Today I'm taking him to the hospital for a check-up. I take a shower and dress up then prepare his bath.

It's not easy. I'm back to square one, he is like a newborn. He can't sit on his chair because he was shot above the knee. He is always lying down. He don't understand, sometimes we fight when

he want to sit on his own.

After the doctors have checked him and gave his medication I drive to Mandla's workplace.I'm told he is still in a meeting.I wait by the reception area.I hate how these people look at Leano with pity.

He appears, walking with two ladies.They are talking and laughing.He see me,terror draw on his face.He make his way to me.

"Babe is everything okay?" his eyes are on Leano.

"Yes...I just want to talk to you"

He breath in relief, "Okay let's go to the office"

He give me the documents in his hands and pick Leano.I follow him to the

office.

I tell him about the check-up. I don't know if he remembered it was today.

"Did he eat?" he ask brushing his forehead.

"Yes"

He kiss him, "Good boy"

"What time did you leave in the morning?" I ask.

"Around 5:30"

I nod.

"I didn't want to disturb you, I had something to sort"

I nod, clearing my throat.

"I want to tell you something" I say.

He fix his eyes on me, "Mmm"

"I know this is hard on you. I have decided to give you some space. I'm

going to Mandeni for a couple of weeks"

He chuckles, "That's what you decided?"

"Yes, I want you to have space to heal.I know it's hard with me around"

"Okay Zanda"

The next couple of minutes are awkward.I'm sitting on the chair watching him playing with Leano.

"I have another meeting in ten minutes" he say.

I guess he is dismissing me.I take Leano and leave.

I get home and cook food enough for him and start packing my bag.I don't know where my life is heading.My future with Mandla is unclear.

My phone rings.

~Mam' Biyela calling~

I answer, "Hello Mama"

"Zanda where are you now?" she sound excited.

"I'm in the house,packing"

"Zanda it's close to 3pm now!"

Sigh.

"I'm almost done" I say.

"Okay I will cook turkey with stuffing and grilled veggies for supper"

I smile, "That's nice, I will be there"

I change Leano and take the bags to the car.I warm Leano's bottle and pick him up.

This it!

He is standing at the door with his hands pushed in the pockets.

When did he arrive?

"Mandla" I say shocked.

"Where are you going?"

I'm confused. I went to him and told him that I'm going to Mandeni. He wasn't drunk.

"I told you I'm going to kwaBiyela" I say.

"You're not going" he say.

"Pardon???"

"You are not going anywhere" he is dead serious.

"But this is not working, maybe if I go away for a short period things will be fine"

"By the grace of God right? You are going to run away and God will automatically make things fine?"

I exhale, Leano is heavy on my arm.

"I'm not running away" I say.

"When things are not okay you leave, that's running away. You don't want to stay and see how much you've hurt me. You can't handle the pain you've put me through. If me being like this hurt you, imagine how it must feel being me"

"Trust me I understand and I want..."

He cut me in, "Then why are you running away? If you understood you wouldn't be leaving me"

"I want to give you space" I say.

"Who said I need space?"

"I assumed"

He click his tongue, "Fetch those bags and get back inside the house"

He take Leano and walk inside. For a moment I stand completely zoned out. Then I go fetch the bags as ordered to

## Chapter 266

### Fikile Biyela

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I woke up a bit earlier than usual. Today I'm taking Anga to work with me. He couldn't even sleep properly. At 6am he was up knocking at our door, telling me it's time to wake up. I don't know what he think is going to happen at my work. He is beyond super excited.

"Is everything okay?"

It's Nceba he has woken up too.

"Go back to sleep Nceba I can manage him" I say.

He pull the chair, "It's okay, I will watch you. Where is my brother?"

I clear my throat, "He is still sleeping"

Well Skhumbuzo is still flatly asleep. Last night I sucked life out of him. Now he can call my name backwards. Lekifi.

I prepare our lunchtins and make a bowl of cereal for Anga.

"Eat I'm going to dress up" I tell him.

"Okay make fast, we are getting late"

Right! I make my way up leaving him with Nceba.

This man is still sleeping. I shake

him,he need to wake up.Sex is not the reason not to go to work.

"Mmm babe no" he mumble opening his eyes slowly.

"Love you have to wake up" I plant kisses all over his face.

"Oh Lord!" he yawn,rubbing his face.

"Do you want a morning shandisi?" I ask.

He smile, "When did you wake up?"

I sit on his waist,Anga is going to die.I need to be glorified.

"Why are you so greedy MaBiyela?" he ask taking my gown off.

Greedy is not even a word.I go down on Nkosi,he is already hard.I put my hand around him and work on him a little bit.He is already hissing like a

snake.I put him in my mouth and play on his tip with my tongue.

"Uuuuuh my love" his eyes are closed. One day I should activate the principal of bitches inside me and take this to his work.I've been to his office only three times.On the fourth I should turn the office upside down.

All of a sudden his body tense up.

"Fikile!" he say throwing a gown over my body.

I look at him,he is looking at the door.There is no one.

I frown, "What is it?"

He look flushed, "Nceba"

Lord no!

He put his short on and walk out.I hear voices nearby.I can't believe Nceba just

saw me blowing his brother.

What was so urgent that he had to come to our room? This is abuse.

I put my gown on and sit my horny ass on bed.

Minute later he walk back in and go to the closet.

"There are police downstairs"

Not this again!

I sigh, "What now?"

"I don't know" he say.

He put a t-shirt on and walk out.I go to the bathroom and clean my crying

Apple.

Time is flying,Anga is going to be late for work.I put my yellow skirtsuit and black stilettos.Morning glory or not my day is going to be bright.

He walk in when I'm sorting my bag.I  
ask what the police wanted without  
raising my head.

Didn't he hear me?

"Skhumbuzo!" I say raising my head to  
look at him.

When I see his face I frown.What has  
happened now?

"Is everything alright?" I ask alarmed.

"I have to...they found his car" his voice  
is breaking.

"Babe what is it?" I ask walking toward  
him.

"It's Nqubeko"

My heart start racing.

"What did Nqubeko do?" I ask  
panicking.

"He was found...the car is burnt I don't

know, they collected his ashes"

He break with every word he is saying. My knees are weak but I have to hug him. He need it right now.

"Please look after them I need to go to the police station" he move past me and walk to the bathroom.

Nqubeko is gone? No I don't believe it. Where was his car? How did it burn? I mean this person has been wanted up and down. Mr Faya turned Durban upside down looking for him.

I walk downstairs hoping to get a clear explanation from Nceba, but I only find Anga alone in front of the TV.

"Baby where is your daddy?" I ask.

"He went to the bedroom"

I make my way to his bedroom and

knock.I knock a couple of times and give up.He is not going to open the door.

Minutes later Skhumbuzo walk down wearing his trackpant and golf t-shirt. "Are you not going to eat anything?" I ask.

I know it's a stupid question right now,I just don't know what to say. He don't answer me.He take his car keys and a bottle of water

"Please call Lungile and tell her to fetch my uncle" he say and walk out.

I text Sbusiso and tell him I'm not coming to work.There is no joy in this family,there is always something bad happening.We cry more than we laugh.

"Mommy when are we leaving?"

Gosh I've forgotten about that.

"We will go tomorrow baby,my car broke down"

"Let's take uncle's car" he say.

Well that was a lame lie.

"I'm also sick Anga,I can't go to work"

This one is better.He look at me in the eyes and ask where it hurts.I tell him my head is aching,he tell me to drink juice.Future doctors!

I call Lungile and tell her the story.She is shocked.I don't get how she sound so shocked.Didn't they say she dream about these things?

"My car is gone for a service,I don't know how I'm going to get to Inkandla" she say.

She is crying, it's hard communicating

with her.

"Come take one of Skhumbuzo's cars"

"Okay I'm coming"

I haven't shed a tear,I'm still in denial.I  
prepare breakfast for Nceba.I'm not  
even sure he is going to eat.

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Later Skhumbuzo come back.He is  
devastated.Nqubeko's car was found in  
Mayville.Nobody knows what he was  
doing there.He burnt beyond  
recognition.

He was the closest to Skhumbuzo,I  
understand the pain written in his  
eyes.Nceba can't hold himself, he keep  
breaking down.

We pack and go to Nqubeko's house.I

don't know why we are here. This house is creeping me out.

Anga is watching TV, he don't understand anything. The house is quiet, except for the TV sound. I don't know where Nceba is, he is not handling this well at all.

"Love you need to eat something. Can I order something for you?" I ask.

"No"

"Ndlangamandla" I say in a begging voice.

"No Fikile!!" he snap.

I exhale, "Are you sure it's him?"

"It's him Fikile"

"How do you know?" I ask.

He look at me like I'm crazy.

I clear my throat, "Why didn't Lungile

dream about this?"

"I don't know Fikile, I don't have the answers. My brother is dead and I didn't make efforts to look for him. Maybe he needed help and I was busy..."

I hold his hands, "Love don't do this. Confirm his body first, it could be someone else"

"Someone else driving his car?"

"How did they recognized the car if it was burnt?" I ask.

"The registration was there, along with his few documents"

"The documents didn't burn?" I ask.

"They were inside a steel box"

The car pull outside. His mother is hysterical. There are two other women

with her and their uncle.

"Who killed my child?" she keep asking.

Lungile is trying to calm her down. She is uncontrollably, she is pacing up and down.

Anga is standing by the corner, confused. He don't know these people.

I go to him and pick him up.

Skhumbuzo and his uncle stand aside and talk.

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It's been three hours now. Everyone is on bed. No one knows where Nceba went. I was busy preparing food, Skhumbuzo was logging heads with his

uncle,Lungile was comforting  
MaMvelase.We all forgot about him.  
His phone is off, the car is  
here.Skhumbuzo is panicking.  
He can't disappear like Nqubeko.

## Chapter 267

Senamile Madlala

.

Aunt Lydia's wedding loading! Only  
four days to go.The bride is ordering  
us around everyday.I'm so happy for  
her and I can't wait to hear her vows.  
Fikile is the maid of honour but she  
have zero input to the wedding  
preparations.Skhumbuzo's brother

was found dead.His other brother is now missing.

I don't understand how life works.How can one family receive so much heartache at once?

Enough about the Nkosis,I have a problem.The name of the problem is Zenande.And another big problem on top of the Zenande problem,the name of it is Lwazi.He don't want her in our house.I don't know what I'm supposed to do,she can give birth anytime now.We have to keep an eye on her, that's why we got her here in the first place.

The girl live to dirty my house.She eat and leave plates on the couches.Her shoes can be found at any part of the

house.

The rudeness! She speak however she likes. I don't know why Jay chose to impregnate her. She arrived four days ago but Lwazi is already fed up.

It's dinner time right now and he is in the bedroom watching a movie.

"Babe dinner is ready" I say walking in.

"I will eat here"

"Since when we don't eat as a family?"

"I don't want to be around that girl" he say.

I sigh and walk out. I find her dishing. This is the first time she help with anything.

"What is Lwazi going to drink?" she ask.

I lift up my eyebrow, "Juice"

"Okay ummm ice cubes?"

"No"

I look at the covered plate, "Who is served like that?"

"Lwazi" she say smiling.

Now she is overdoing it. She get a tray and set for him on it.

"When is he coming down?" she ask.

"He is going to eat upstairs"

She put down the dishcloth and take the tray. I have my brows raised, she have so much passion this girl.

"So you are going to serve him in 'our' bedroom?" I ask.

"Yeah, you can start eating with the boy"

I want to be Senamile Biyela and tell her which line not to overstep, but I

hold my peace and let her be.

"Quinton come to the table"

I'm now a typical black mother. My voice is always high. Quinton is not an easy child, he is too spoilt and naughty. I hope having a little sister will tame him a bit.

He once visited my mother for a weekend, they returned him early Sunday morning. They couldn't keep up with his crazy demands. I blame Lwazi for how he turned out.

He run in and jump on his chair.

"Where is Daddy?"

"He is eating upstairs"

"I also want to eat upstairs"

I expected that. I help him hold his food properly.

I'm counting, Zenande has been gone for more than five minutes.

Seven...eight..nine..She walk down pushing her big stomach.I don't know who she think she is,serving my husband in a tray.

She pick her plate and walk away.I'm starting to dislike her,not that I ever liked her.I was neutral.

"Zenande" I call when she is two feet away from turning to her room.

"What?" that's how she answers.

"Come here"

She walk back dragging her feet.Her nose is raised to her forehead.

"Sit on the table, we don't eat in bedrooms" I say.

"What? Lwazi is eating in the

bedroom"

I take off the Madlala mask and glare at her.

"Lwazi is my husband,he is not your friend or age mate.Sit down or I'm booking you for an emergency c-section so that you can leave sooner"

"You can't do that" she say very confidently.

I take my phone and send Dr James a text to call me when he is free.

"What are you doing?"

I take my plate and start eating.

"What does it look like?" I ask.

She get her ass on the chair and eat silently.I don't know how this whole thing is going to work.I can't completely cut her off the baby's

life. She deserves to know at least one of her biological parents.

She cleared her throat, "My mother needs money"

Here we go again!

"Money for what?" I asked.

"She is not well, she needs to see the doctor"

"Zenande your mother is not my responsibility"

She is now turning me to her home's breadwinner.

"Well it's stressing me, the doctor said I shouldn't stress because it will affect the baby"

I love this baby, she knows that and presses the right buttons.

She is milking me, together with her

crook mother. I'm not stupid, I'm just desperate for my daughter to arrive healthy and safely.

"I will transfer R500 for her later" I tell her.

After eating she leave her plate on the table. I clean up and go upstairs.

Quinton is asleep next to Lwazi. His bowl is empty on the tray next to Lwazi's plate.

I uncover the plate, he didn't eat.

"Why didn't you eat?" I ask him.

"I was waiting for you to give me food"

Is he serious?

"Here is food" I say pointing at the tray.

He shift his eyes to the TV screen. Now he is being a big baby.

"Lwazi this is petty, I get that you don't like Zenande but refusing to eat? No that's being a big baby" I say.

"I don't like her. Don't ever send her in our bedroom again"

"She offered, I didn't send her" I say.

"Offered? This girl is...nxaaa"

Okay he is angry. I sit next to him and ask if I should get him something else since there is no more food in the pots.

"No it's fine, I will sleep like this"

He have his days. Yes he is a naturally quiet person, but he have his ass moments. His silence isn't always silent, as well as his calm replies they aren't always calm as they sound to be. I go to the kitchen and warm two pies. He said he is fine he will sleep

hungry but right now he is feasting on the pies like a hunter.

"I can't believe you" I say watching him as he chew.

"Why? Can't you see how disrespectful that girl is?"

"Her disrespect doesn't poison your food" I say.

"I only want to be served by my wife"  
My cheeks heat up. I love everything about him. Even the way he chew, it's different and sexy.

"You're staring" he say.

He is still shy, even to me. I smile and lean on his shoulder.

"You still need to bath your son"

Geez! Why did I become a mother?

"Can you do it for me, pretty please?" I

say kissing his cheek.

"Okay"

"I love you.Appreciation kiss?" I say  
pouting my lips to him.

He swallow and kiss me.

Someone clear the throat by the door.

Zenande!!!

Lwazi don't even turn his head to look  
at her.I look at her, my eyes narrowed.

"You forgot to transfer the money" she  
say.

I sigh, "Thanks for reminding me, I will  
do just now"

She nod and walk away.

"What money are you transferring?"

Lwazi ask.

I rub my neck, I know we are about to  
fight.

"Her mother is sick"

He chuckles, "Are the government health workers striking again?"

Sigh!

"Babe come on, I'm just helping"

"You're not helping, you are just not careful" he say clearly irritated.

"Meaning?" I ask.

"You are being fooled by a teenager. You are too desperate"

Oh wow!

"I don't mind being desperate. Money is not a problem, I can even pay her for breathing if that's what she wants"

He inhale and sip on the juice.

"Maybe you should start caring" I say arranging my hair with fingers.

"You want me to hold her tummy and

massage her feet?"

That will happen over my dead body. I'm looking at him deadly, like he is already massaging her feet.

"Then stop telling me about caring, I'm doing my best" he says getting off bed.

"I'm also doing my best, stop criticizing everything I do. This is for our daughter"

He looks at me, exhaling audibly.

"What if she was not lying?" he asks.

I don't like how he is always feeding me doubts.

"She was lying" I say in a fixed voice.

"That's your heart speaking"

I fold my arms, "Stop trying to spoil my mood with your crazy assumptions"

He stare at me for a few seconds then walk out.

## Chapter 268

### Fikile Biyela

.

We are two days away from Aunt Lydia's wedding.I'm the maid of honour but I'm not as excited as I should be.

Things just took turn for the worst in the Nkosis.Nceba is nowhere to be found, Skhumbuzo is losing a kilogram with each hour that passes.The DNA results are coming out today at 15h00. His mother returned back home to

wait for the funeral on the mattress. Anga and Skhumbuzo are the only ones left.

He is busy with funeral arrangements, Anga couldn't go because he is not welcome in Inkandla. I'm glad he is still too young to understand some of the things. He thinks his father went to Pretoria to work, he is coming back. Sadly, he is not in Pretoria.

I don't know what made him leave, I just hope he is okay wherever he is and that he remembers he has a child. I've asked Simtho to look after him for three days. Today I have to accompany Skhumbuzo to fetch the results. It should be Nceba who goes with him, but where is he?

Later,when Skhumbuzo leave to Inkandla I also need to go to Aunt Lydia's house.I should be there already,but my life is a mess.

I pack Anga's clothes and some of his toys.He is not having a normal childhood.The missing parents, and frequent up and downs are not good for him.

"Babe Anga is leaving" I tell Skhumbuzo.

"I will fetch him Sunday morning"  
We've talked about this.I don't want Anga to go to Inkandla.He won't be able to look after him 24/7, I do not trust his mother.She didn't even ask Anga's name when she was here.That's how much she despise Nceba's blood.

"Fikile he need to get cleanse along with all the family members" he say. I exhale, "Okay I will ask Lungile to keep a close eye on him"

"If that's what going to make you relax,it's okay"

I drive Anga to Simtho's house.I'm not sure he will like it there,but I don't have a choice.I hope Junior's presence will make him happy.

She is sitting in the balcony with Junior.Junior is on his phone, Simtho is reading a book.She is a bookworm.

"Good day guys" I greet.

"Hey..Is this him?" she ask looking at Anga.

"Yes"

"Oh he is so cute"

She tell him to sit next to her.He doesn't, he hold on my arm tightly.

"Anga this is Aunt Simtho and Junior,you are visiting them.Remember our agreement?"

He shake his head.This is going to be harder than I thought.

"Come on buddy let's go play games in my room" Junior say pulling his hand.

"Simtho will give you ice cream,go"

He let go of me and follow Junior.I sigh in relief.

"Are you sure he is not going to cry?"

Simtho ask.

"No, just tell him I'm gone to buy a pizza"

I give her his bag.She ask about Nceba.

"It's a mess Simtho" I tell her.

"How are you coping with everything?"

I shrug my shoulders.

She shake her head, "I don't wish to be you. How is Skhumbuzo?"

"He is being a man, he wear a mask but I know he is closing a river of tears inside him"

"He need to know that men cry when they need to. At least when he is in your bedroom encourage him to express his feelings" she say.

I nod, "I will try"

I drive back and find Skhumbuzo ready to go. Time read 14h13, we should get going. I change into a dress and wrap my head.

"I hope that guy won't be around today" I say.

There was a creepy guy who kept darting filthy glances at me.

He don't say anything, he breath heavily behind me and wrap me with his hands.

"Babe are you okay?" I ask.

"Turn around"

I turn and look at him.He cup my face and suck my lips.He is taking out all his frustrations on this kiss.Within a blink of an eye I'm on bed with my legs around his waist.

"Skhumbuzo"

He tighten his grip around my neck,

"Mmmm"

"Are you allowed to do this?" I ask.

He respond with a kiss.He stretch my panty to the side, I hear the lace

tearing.He slide in unexpectedly, I cry out.

"Two minutes babe" he say in a rough voice.

Two minutes turn into ten minutes, he is killing me.He is not letting out even a single moan.Only pushing hard,rapid thrusts.

When he is about to explode his eyes roll back, all the veins in his neck come visible.

He bury his head on my chest and catch his breath.I think I hear a low 'thank you'.

He wipe me and take another panty for me.I'm so mad at him for tearing the other one like that.

"MaBiyela" he say walking behind me.

"Mmm"

He stop me with his hand, "Is Apple hurting?"

I walk on, "I will be fine"

"I'm sorry"

Whatever!

We are ten minutes late. The captain is here with Dr Amos. I hold Skhumbuzo's hand, I'm 80% positive.

It's not Nqubeko Nkosi.

He open the envelope, I hold my breath.

"God let it be someone else"

I know how wicked that prayer is.

"Mr Nkosi the DNA results shows that you're 99.9% brother of the deceased skeleton found in Mayville"

Skeleton, really? I break down and

cry. Who did this to Nqubeko?  
He died in the most cruel way. We  
never got a chance to say  
goodbye. Maybe if we looked for him. I  
was focused on blaming him about  
Leano's shooting. I should've known  
something was wrong.

"I'm so sorry babe"

He hold my head to his chest. I  
shouldn't have given him hope. Now  
they are calling him the brother of a  
skeleton.

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He is leaving. The undertaker called, he  
is on his way to collect Nqubeko's  
skeleton. They will meet in Inkandla's  
mortuary where he will be kept until

tomorrow. Saturday is the burial, I won't be there because I'm attending Aunt Lydia's wedding.

"Skhumbuzo" I say taking his hands. He look at me, he has died a million deaths.

"I'm sorry I can't be there for you. Just know I will be there with my heart"

He nod and kiss my hand.

I peck his lips, "I love you Ndlangamandla"

"I love you too"

I wish he can take off the mask, I know he is breaking down inside.

I take one of the bags and walk him out.

Wait, my eyes are deceiving me!

"Nceba??"

He is kaak drunk.He can't even walk straight.This gotta be a joke!

Skhumbuzo throw down the bags and run to him.I thought he was running to hug him, I mean we've been stressed out.He must be relieved and happy to see him alive.

But no, not Skhumbuzo Nkosi.He lift him by the collar and punch him on the face repeatedly.

"Skhumbuzo!!" I yell running to them. He is in tears asking him why he left.I think Nceba is too drunk to care about anything.He is only asking him why he is punching him.

I pull Skhumbuzo away.We don't need this drama, the neighbours could be watching.

"Babe calm down"

He wipe the tears and click his tongue. He bend down and take out his shoe and throw it at Nceba.

Sigh!

"Stop this Skhumbuzo!" I say in frustration.

"How can he do this to me? Why do I have to go crazy because of him?"

He is fuming with anger. I understand why he is angry but now it's not the time.

"Babe you will talk about this when he is sober"

He click his tongue and walk back inside the house. I take the bags and go put them in the car.

"Why is your man hitting me? Ouch" he

say staggering after me.

"I'm so disappointed in you" I tell him picking Skhumbuzo's shoe on the ground.

"Ah MaBiyela, that's my second name. Disappointment Nkosi, I like it. All I do is disappoint, disappoint and disappoint again"

Mxm!!!

"Why nobody told me alcohol is this nice? I've never been this happy in my life. Nqubeko shouldn't have died" Skhumbuzo walk out with Nceba's Nike bag. He is chewing his jaws, his eyes are bloody red.

"I will call you" he say kissing my cheek.

He grab Nceba's arm and pull him like he is pulling a chained stubborn dog.

## Chapter 269

### Earlier This Week (Narrated)

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Nceba's eyes landed on this young innocent girl across his table. She had a bottle of Savanna in front of her. She didn't look like she was enjoying it nor enjoying the Club44 vibe.

He was a bit tipsy, his mission was to get drunk and forget all his problems. He left his brother's house without telling anyone. He couldn't take how his mother looked at him. Not even a hello from her and her

friends.They looked at him like he is the one who killed Nqubeko.

"Why didn't God take you instead of my son?"

Her words drove him out of the house.He had no idea where he was heading, he needed to be somewhere he can cry freely and be alone.

His destiny led him to Club44.For the first time in his life he turned to alcohol for comfort.

He approached the girl's table with his own liquor.

"Can I join you?" he asked.

She looked up.Damn she was young.Maybe even underage to be inside the club.

She nodded her head hesitantly.

"My name is Nceba. Is it your first time here?" he asked.

She nodded, uncomfortably.

"Me too" he said.

Curiosity grew in him. It was also his first time, his reason was his life. He had too many bad memories he wanted to blank, at least for a few hours.

His whole life was a bad memory on its own. Then there was Nqubeko's death. How can he leave him like that?

**\*\*Close the back windows**

Ncebayenkosi, the back is more dangerous than the front. Always watch the back and close the back windows\*\*

Did he mean the windows? Just the back windows or there was a hidden

message behind the message?

"Why are you here?" he asked her.

"To have fun" she replied plainly.

He smirked at her, "Are you having that fun?"

She sighed, "No, there is too much noise. I don't do well with crowd either, I'm just urghhh!"

Well, the feeling was mutual.

"Same here" he said and gulp down his beer.

An hour later they were both laughing, alcohol was playing its role in their system. They were free from everything that troubled their lives.

"Life sucks they shot my brother on the leg" she said opening the fifth bottle.

"What???" Nceba asked shocked.

"On the leg, imagine? He don't want us to help him, he is slowly sinking into depression"

"Well they killed mine, he is dead" he said one tear escaping.

"Oh no!" she said coming to his side.

She hugged him and asked him to get up and dance. They danced, drank and danced.

"I'm tired now" she said banging her head on the table.

They had second round of drinks, they emptied every bottle. He should've drove her home but he came in a cab.

He switched on his phone, floods of messages from his brother and Fikile came. He was not ready to go home. He

booked into a hotel and called a cab.

"Why don't you come with me, you will go home in the morning?" he suggested.

"That's fine" she said, drunk.

They got in the cab and went to the hotel. Nceba started breaking down again, for his dead brother. She felt his pain and cried along with him.

At first it was an innocent hug and lip peck, but Nkosi down there got excited. It had been months for him, he was famished.

"How old are you?" he asked.

She cleared her throat, "Ummm 25 years"

He laughed, "You look younger than your age"

"They all say that" she said smiling.

"So are we doing this?" he asked biting her neck.

She moaned, "Only if you're not going to hurt me"

"I'm not rough" he said lifting her to bed.

Ten minutes later he was still trying to penetrate her. She was crying but telling him to carry on. There was no condom, they both promised each other they were clean. They were drunk and horny, everything made sense.

"Babe you're too tight" he said almost giving up.

"Please don't stop, I'm starting to enjoy"

He carried on. It was his best sex ever, it was her first time. He kissed her all over her face.

"That was amazing babe" he said.

She smiled, proud and satisfied with herself.

"My lady in black panty"

Wtf!

She laughed and buried her face with a pillow. He covered her, they dozed off.

When he woke up the next morning he was alone. His \*\*Lady-In-Black-Panty\*\*

was gone. Only her black panty was coiled on the floor. That was all he held as the memory of her, the black panty.

What was her name?

Where did she live?

There were so many questions in his

head. So he drank, and drank. He only found his way back home on Thursday, afternoon.

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Zethu Biyela

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I can't deal with a stressed Phindile. She is too sulky. I've packed my bag, I'm going to Aunt Lydia's house. Tomorrow is the big day. Phindile and I were supposed to leave together today. She backed out at last minute, she is now going to come tomorrow.

I put my bag in the car and return back inside. Something is wrong with her, I need to find out before I leave.

I walk in her room and close the door behind.

"I thought you left" she say.

"I won't leave until you tell me what's eating you"

She open her mouth to speak,I stop her with my hand.

"And don't lie, this got nothing to do with Nkabenhle.You went out all night and came back in the morning like this"

She sigh, "I don't know how to tell you"

"Just shoot, you know I will judge if I have to"

She narrow her eyes.

I laugh and lie, "I won't judge"

We all know I'm going to judge, if it's need a judgement.I'm the greatest

judge of all times.

"I got drunk and went to the hotel with another guy,he was also drunk"

Let it not be what I think it is

God please, I make a silent prayer.

"And we made sex" she dismiss that lousy prayer.

My girl had sex...with a stranger.

"Wow okay" I say out of words.

"I don't remember what his name was, so I don't know the guy who took my virginity"

Can Jesus come back already? I think we are all ready to go to Canaan and enjoy His wine.

"Did you use condom?" I ask.

"No"

I need someone to shoot me now.No,to

shoot her stupid ass.

"Are you serious?" I ask.

"I was drunk, I regret it"

I sigh, "You are so disappointing.It's like you don't live with me,you are not woke.Did you drink the morning-after pill?"

Her look.God she didn't!

"Phindile!" I exclaim.

"Can't I drink it now?"

"No it's too late"

Now she want to cry.She wasn't crying that day,opening her legs for a stranger.

"Okay drink it, maybe it will help" I say and go fetch my pills.

She swallow them and drink water.

"What if I'm pregnant?"

"Then you won't know the father" I say.

She sigh and stare at the ceiling, blinking rapidly.

"Have faith on the pill for now. We will do the pregnancy test after three days, you also need to do a blood test" I say.

She grunt, "I hate alcohol"

"Me too"

She look at me, "Awu!"

"Don't disrespect me, you could be the mother of a fetus as we speak"

Her eyes drop, "I can't, I'm only 19years"

"And sexual active, you must add"

She lie on bed and face the wall. I put a light blanket over her.

"Will call you later" I say.

"Okay"

She is now crying.Kids of today!

Chapter 270

Simtholile Biyela

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"Where is my bouquet?"

"It's here Aunty" Fikile say.

"Bring it"

This bride! She is not one bit relaxed.Today she is shouting louder than ever.

She look beautiful,eyebrows on fleek and stunning diamond piece around her neck.She had a problem with her shoes,now she is wearing pumps.

Zanda, Sena and I are bridesmaids. We are wearing dusty pink long dresses. Mine is a bit smaller than my size, I'm squeezed inside.

Zethu taught us the entrance dance. It's complicated, there is a lot of turning and hip swaying. Only Sena got it right. Last night was hectic, we slept around 3am. I secretly drank two glasses of wine. If I didn't I wouldn't have made it. "Ay ay we are late" say Sbusiso walking through the door.

"The groom must wait" Fikile say.

He is the one walking Aunt Lydia down the aisle, maybe that's why he is wearing cowboy hat and eyeglasses.

We are ready.

They are waiting for us at church. The

bride and Fikile will ride in Ziphe's car. It's a hood wedding. The cars are decorated with balloons. The hoots are deafening. Then there is Zethu who is screaming out the car window all the way to church.

We meet Dad and Bab' Thobela outside waiting for us. They don't look pleased.

"If you want to cancel why don't you say so" he say to Aunt Lydia.

"She can't do that, not before I take pictures" Sena say.

"Khambule is crying now, hurry"

He yell at Sbusiso who is busy massaging his wife's stomach. This day is not about them, he must know his role, today he is Aunt Lydia's father.

"Nozipho leave Aunt's father alone" I

yell.

Mom look at me, "Shhhh"

Drama! This is not a surprise wedding. I bet Zodwa thought we were no longer coming. The church is packed. The invitation cards we sent mentioned which colours are accepted today. Dusty pink and champagne gold. We are black people, mostly we are Zulus so I expected to see some people rocking their skinny jeans and sneakers. But I never expected to see someone wearing all-black like. She even have those black hats with a feather, like she is attending a politician's funeral.

I trust Fikile to keep Aunt Lydia calm. Zodwa bought her drama while it

was on sale.Hers was a buy one get one free.We all know she hate Aunt Lydia,but a black outfit on her wedding?

It Was A Wonderful Day song start playing,I think it's Hlengiwe Mhlaba's or Rebecca's.It's a pastor's wedding what did you expect?

Guess what? We have to dance from the entrance to the middle then groomsmen will meet us.All those ballet dance classes I attended were waste of Biyela's money.I don't know where Zethu saw this thing.Maybe from Psquare.It's going go break my hips.

The Khambule brat is the one partnering with me.I don't remember

the arm linking part. He is going to make me gloom on my Aunt's wedding. At least they play the piano for the bride's entrance. Everyone get on their feet. Eyes are on the entrance.

Not everyone, my bad. The drama queen is on her chair reading the bible. Where was the need for her to come? It's not like she is going to get something by being here. The only thing she will get is heartache. She just want to cause drama.

Sbusiso booked the newlyweds a 4weeks honeymoon in Hawaii. He didn't do it for Mr Khambule, he did it for Aunt Lydia. This woman deserve all the happiness in the world, for all the shouting she give us.

Mr Khambule meet his bride halfway. He shake Sbusiso's hand. My brother being himself don't let go of his hand immediately, he is telling him a speech first.

I'm surprised to see Zodwa's friends ululating for Aunt Lydia.

What happened to loyalty?

They make their way to the podium. This is the moment. The beginning of her new life. It's true, love knows no age. She just found hers at 58 years.

They stand in front of the pastor.

"Beloved we are gathered here under the grace of God to witness the joining of Vincent Khambule and Lydia Mlotshwa in a holy matrimony"

"Amen man of God" I say, everyone look at me. Wtf!

"If there is anyone who feel these two cannot be wed, speak now or forever hold your peace"

All eyes go to Mam' Zodwa. Thank God she don't say anything.

"It seems like there is no one, you may continue man of God' I say.

The pastor smile and open his Bible. There is some commotion by the entrance. Two men wearing black are holding back a mystery woman who is cursing. Those are my father's guards. We wait with our breaths held. What is going on now?

"Vincent who are these men holding me like this?" she scream.

I look at Mr Khambule,he look shaken up.His wife there is smiling alone.

"What's going on here? Who is this woman?" the woman ask pointing at Aunt Lydia.

"Lady you are disturbing the wedding" the pastor says.

"What??? Vincent what is this? How can you do this to Zodwa he? What is our parents saying where they are,you are disgracing their memory"

I work out she is Mr Khambule's sister.She has stopped everything.Mr Khambule has swallowed a hot potato.

"This is not how we were raised Vincent.Stop this nonsense now!"

Aunt Lydia look at Mr Khambule.He seem to be sitting on the fence.

"Bab' Khambule should I give you a moment?" the pastor ask.

Aunt Lydia clears her throat, "No pastor,you may continue"

"Ey ey ey continue what? No second wedding is happening in the Khambules.Over my dead body!" the woman put her foot down.

I need another glass of wine.The woman charge to the cake stand.

"Mama you will regret that" Zethu say making her way toward her.

She stop and look at her, "You don't want to start with Elizabeth Khambule mntana ndini"

"You will scare them in Ndwedwe,not here.Speak with your brother,don't touch my Aunt's cake"

People start recording with their phones. I didn't expect this drama. Why didn't Mr Khambule tell his sister about his polygamous wedding?

"Elizabeth" Khambule open his mouth for the first time.

He take a few steps to her, but Aunt Lydia grab his arm.

"We are here Vince" she say sternly.

"Let me talk to her"

This man!

Why he didn't talk to her before the wedding? This could've been avoided.

"I'm not waiting, I have things to do" that's my aunt talking, not the bride.

Mr Khambule know the woman she is marrying, he get back on his position.

"Vincent!!" the woman say with

narrowed eyes,her hands on the waist.

"Guards!!!!" Aunt Lydia screams.

Two men walk in,she point them at the Elizabeth woman.They pull her,she

scream at her brother asking if this is

how he treat her.Aunt Lydia is giving

him no option with her stern look.

"May we continue Bab' Khambule?"

the pastor ask.

"Yes" he say.

I look where Mam' Zodwa was

sitting.She is gone.Good!

He open the bible and read a few

verses.Time to say I do.

"Vincent Khambule do you take Lydia

Mlotshwa to be your lawful wife? To

love and to hold in sickness and health,

for richer or poorer,till death do you

apart?"

He look at her,

"I do"

When he is about to insert the ring

Aunt Lydia stop his hand.Our eyes  
widen.

"Is there anything wrong?" the pastor  
ask.

I get heartburn instantly.Wtf is wrong  
with Aunt Lydia?

"I'm not ready for this dramatic life"  
she says.

"Lydia!" Khambule say pulling her  
hand.

"I really love you Vince,but this is not  
going to work for me.I rather fight for  
a bottle of wine than to fight for a man  
day in and out"

"We talked about this, please"

Khambule beg.

She shake her head and turn and make her way out.

"Aybo makoti" I yell.

We run after her. She can't do this, she knew there wasn't gonna be much peace in her marriage. It's all about choosing love.

"Aunt what's wrong?" Fikile ask.

"I can't do this. I'm about to die Fikile, I want to enjoy my last days. This is going to be marriage without joy, I cannot do it" she say.

We get in the car with her. She can't do this to Pastor Khambule, he risked everything for her. He even stepped down on his position at church.

"Aunt you love him, that's what matters" Sena say.

"I love my peace more"

"Does this mean there is no wedding anymore?" I ask.

"Yes Simtholile"

Yoh! I clap my hands.

"This is exactly what your sisterwife wanted" Zanda say.

"Exactly Zanda" Sena say.

"I don't care about her"

Dad knock on the window. We open the door for him.

"Lydia what is this now?" he ask.

"I'm not doing this anymore"

Khambule appears behind him,

"Lydia let's talk"

"I'm so sorry Vince" she say tearing.

It's over. There is no wedding. The pastor come, they tell him the wedding has been cancelled.

Khambule's son take him to the car, Makhoba from church ride with them.

It was heartbreaking watching him begging on his knees. Aunt Lydia's mind is made up, she is not tying the knot. She also leave with Fikile and my mother.

We get back inside the church. Cynthia, Zodwa's friend is cutting the cake and giving to people.

Who told them to eat it?

"Simtholile" she call me.

I look at her, she motion for me to come closer.

"Take this to the white van outside"  
she give me the smaller,third cake.

"Why?" I ask.

She chuckles, "There is no wedding"

"Nobody said you must distribute  
things amongst yourselves.Do you  
know how much this cake costed?"

One stupid kid decide to burst a  
baloon, making everyone jump.

"Biyo I don't know where Anga is" say  
Junior behind me.

My heart race.I look around, he is  
nowhere in sight.

"Junior I told you to look after him"

"I did, he went to take baloons now I  
can't see him"

I run to Mam' Hlengi and ask if she  
didn't see a small boy.She is occupied

with Nozipho's children. She didn't see him.

What am I going to tell Fikile???

I run to the guards and ask. They didn't see anything.

I run to Dad, he is by his car, ready to go.

"Anga is missing" I say out of breath.

"Who?"

"Skhumbuzo's brother's son. He came with me, Fikile asked me to look after him. Now I can't find him"

"Not the one in Ntombizethu's car with the girl?" he ask.

"I don't know, let me go check"

I walk to Zethu's car and knock on the window.

Phindile roll down the window. I see

him on her lap and take a huge breath.

"Thank God, Anga I've been looking for you" I say relieved to my bones.

"Oh sorry, he followed me" Phindile say.

"It's okay, I got a fright"

I don't know what I would've told Fikile. I ask him to come to me. We will be leaving soon.

"Go boy I will see you later" Phindile say getting him off her.

"You are lying, you will leave me"

"I promise you, I won't leave" Phindile say.

"Okay, I will get you another balloon because you burst that one"

Phindile nod with a smile. I take Anga and go back inside church.

"Have you seen Sena?"

I look at him. He look frustrated.

"No, what's up?"

"Zenande's water broke" he say.

"Who is that?"

He don't answer, he rush past me and make his way to Sena who is arguing with Cynthia at the front.

"Where is my wife? We need to leave"

Sbu's voice say behind me.

I sigh, "Guys stop asking me your wives. Who is Zenande by the way?"

"Sena's incubator" he say.

Oh flip! We are about to have a baby. Sena, Quinton and Lwazi are leaving.

"What a dramatic event?" say the voice that make my panty wet.

"Tomorrow's front page"

He put his arm around my shoulders.

"What are you going to give me Biyo?  
Your hand in marriage or a baby?"

He is asking me this now?! My palms  
sweat.

"Can we talk about this at home?"

"No" he say.

I exhale.

"What is it going to be Biyo?"

"A baby" I say.