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## **PROLOGUE**

Music blasting out loud from outside waking me up from my sleep. The sun is already out, I assume that it's late morning already. I hate being woken up from my sleep like this, Jeez! Let me just wake up because, the music won't stop now. I am sure that it is T-man's rude depraved friend playing music in his car with all doors opened. Thapelo AKA T-man is my neighbour and, he associates himself with rude, hardcore thugs. They living a criminal life but, I like that they do their criminal activities outside our township; I am not saying what they are doing is right but, it is better that way.

After arranging my bed in a tidy way, I open the curtains and the windows before heading to the bathroom for my everyday morning routine. When I was done, I returned back to my room to wear comfortable clothes.

I am hungry. What am I going to eat?

I drag myself to the kitchen and check for bread in the bread bin... NOTHING! I sigh closing my eyes.

I walk back to my room and look for my purse, I find a R100 note in. Kota it is for breakfast. I walk out of the house and bump into my grandmother. She is carrying shopping bags on both her hands, I help her carry them inside.

“Hello gogo. I didn’t know that you were going to the mall today. I would have went there for you.” I unpack the grocery and pack them in their rightful cabinets in the kitchen.

“You wake up very late. It is better that I do things on my own.” I roll my inner eyes.

“I am going to buy a Kota. Would you like some?” She shakes her head.

“No, thank you. But, fries will do.” I nod walking to the door.

“Be careful of Thapelo's friends. They are sitting right outside drinking and smoking.” Now I don’t want to go out anymore.

“Argh, I will go when they are gone.” I say walking back in the kitchen.

“Haibo! When are they going to leave because you know that they can spend their entire day sitting there. Just go, I am hungry.”

“But gogo...”

“What? Are you dating one of Thapelo’s friends? Oh, you better help me to break up with them because my blood pressure can’t take such disappointment. I don’t want Thapelo and his friends!” Why is she throwing a fit for nothing?

“I am not dating with any of them!” I defend myself.

“Good! Now, go and buy my slap chips.” I narrow my eyebrows.

“Where did you hear that?”

“I move with the times, Kea.” I laugh as I go out.

‘She say I’m so

Ghetto Ghetto (x2)

I took her to my

Ghetto Ghetto (x2)

She love my

Ghetto Ghetto (x2)

She wanna be

Ghetto Ghetto (x2)

That's why I like her...'

The song gets more louder as I approached the gate walking out of the yard. Indeed Thapelo is sitting with his rude friend by the gate at Thapelo's house dancing to the song with bottles of Heineken on their hands. Thapelo spots me then waves his hand at me, I wave back. He is shirtless, only in his shorts and slides showing his muscular body. Why am I drooling over that?

“Ao sweedi! Yabona wena, I am going to make you my Trophy wife!” I just keep going ignoring his rude friend

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I don't like him. He changes girls all the time like he is changing his underwear. I won't lie, he is good looking and always in his formal Wear well, most of the time. He is very neat but, a guy like him is not for me. My heart is too fragile for him. Wait, why am I even talking like he said he wants me or I have a crush on him? This is absurd!

“Hi, sis Thandi. Kopa Kota ya R22 le did fries tsa R15.” (May I please have a R22 Kota and R15 fries.) She takes the money and disappears further in the shop.

As I am waiting for my order, I spot Thapelo’s friend's red Golf 7 speeding to my direction. How does this guy drive in such a loud car? I would definitely lose my focus off the road. Why is he stopping and why is he getting off?

My heart palpitates very fast as I see him coming to where I am standing. He takes out his fat wallet and pulls out a R100 note.

“Sweedi, in this hot sun you walked down here?” I roll my eyes looking at the other side. “Ako fasi hape. Kopa number ya hao.” (I am not asking you out. Can I please have your number?) He takes his phone out handing it to me, I just look at it.

Sis Thandi comes with my order and change.

“R22 Kota, R15 chips and R63 change.” She says putting the tray on the table next to sauces.

“Thank you.” I spread the sauces over the fries and the Kota.

“MaThandis, this is my future wife.” Is this guy stupid or what?

“Aowa Tebza, she is not in your league. Leave her alone.” So his name is Tebza? I take my food before walking away.

“Mami, sweedi! Wait for me in the car. MaThandis mfe Courtleigh daar.” (Give me Courtleigh there.) I just keep going ignoring him. As soon as I approach my house, he drives slowly next to me.

“Watseba, the way you are ignoring me one would swear that you want me.” He says causing me to chuckle. “She can laugh, oh praise whatever source.” He lifts his hands up.

“You are so annoying.” I say.

“She can speak too.” He smirks glimpsing a little of his gold canine tooth. “I am still asking for your number.” I look at him with the corner of my eye before looking back forward.

“No.” I say, bluntly.

“Come on, I am not asking to sleep with you. Okay, at least tell me your name.”

“No.” I say again.

“Fine. Maybe I should knock at your house and ask magriza to tell me. I am not scared phela nna.” I stop on my tracks, he stops the car too. Judging from his behaviour, he can definitely do that. I might get myself into trouble with my grandmother.

“Keabetswe.” He nods.

“Are you not going to ask what’s mine?”

“I have to go.” I say as I walk to the gate.

“So di number?”

“Now you are pushing it, Tebogo.” He smiles biting his lower lip.

“Ke tlaobona around, my love!” (See you around...)

“Ejo TBG! I am even done splashing me emetsi wena!” (waiting for you!) Thapelo shouts from the gate of his house.

“Tsek!” (Piss off!) Tebogo cuss.



## ONE

KEABETSWE MOLISE

My time is up! I am knocking off from work now. Tebogo promised to fetch me and I hope he is waiting for me outside. I am a qualified nurse working part-time at a local government hospital. Finding a permanent post is a difficult thing in this country unless you get connected to someone within. Anyway, after signing out, I walk out going to where he always parks his car and WOW, just WOW!

I prance to where he is.

“Tebogo what is it with you!?” I hit him with my bag. “Are you trying to make fun of me?”

“Mami, what did I do now?” He softly asks. He puts his hands on my waist and pulls me closer to him.

“Are you seriously asking me that? I saw you with that tramp before you told her to walk away before I could even get to

you!" I huff. He loosens the grip on my waist and his facial expression changes.

"Get in the car before I lose my temper with you."

"No. I'll catch a taxi home."

"Suit yourself." He raises his hands up in surrender. How did I find myself dating this man? I know that I have said things about him but look now, those things pulled me to him. Tebogo and I have been dating for only a few weeks and, there were no red flags until today. He was kissing some lady. He knew very well that I work here and I could show up at anytime but, there he was, cleaning someone's mouth with his tongue.

"Yeah, whatever!" I cluck my tongue heading to the exit. A taxi doesn't even take long to stop before I jump in. The fact that he didn't follow me or call me back and apologise really hurt me. I thought he loves me but, he loves his ego way more than a human being.

When the taxi gets closer to where I live, I get off just before my street. I am going to pass by at Ncediso's house. She is my best friend and she is easy to talk to although her opinions press the angry button in you sometimes. I text her that I have

arrived and wait for her outside her house. She comes out wearing shorts and a baggy t-shirt with slippers.

“Tsala.” (Friend)

“Tsala. You don’t have timing. I was about to watch skeem saam.” We hug.

“You can watch the repeat tomorrow. Right now I want to talk to you.” She folds her hands to her chest.

“Let me guess. Ke Tebza? What did he do? I hope you didn’t open your legs for him as yet!” Now I regret coming to her place because, I haven’t said anything yet but I feel so attacked.

“No!” I sigh. “I caught him kissing someone.” She chortles.

“What’s new in that? It was very much expected I mean... you knew what type of a man he was before you even started dating. He is a ruthless thug hiding in those nice expensive suits. He uses girls and you happened to be one of the victims.” I sigh.

“I am falling hard for him. Maybe if I make my statement he will stop fooling around.”

“Are you trying to convince me or yourself?” She escorts me out. “He is probably fucking with her right now.” She says

carelessly. I clench my teeth to the thought. Maybe when he didn't follow me he followed that girl instead. How can I be so stupid letting him go like that? Wait, how could he let Me go like that?

"You are talking nonsense. I have to go."

"You know that I love you akere tsala?" Emotional blackmail!

"I love you too

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tsala."

"But I don't like Tebogo. He is bad news!"

"Maybe you should find yourself a boyfriend."

We get to the corner and my phone starts ringing. I take it out from my bag, it is Tebogo.

"It's him." I say looking at Ncediso.

"Even if I tell you not to answer, you wouldn't listen to me. Let me leave you to your boyfriend." We hug one last time.

"Bye." I say.

"Bye." She walks back home. My phone stops ringing.

I breathe out as I walk back home. I live with my grandmother, Tshidi Molise (pronounced Modise). She is sixty-six years old and I am only twenty-six. My mother got married to my stepdad two years ago and they live together with my siblings in the suburbs. We do communicate but, once in a while. It is no longer the same like before she got married. I feel like she replaced me with her new family.

My phone rings again, this time I answer.

“Don’t do that man Kea. I am outside, come out.” I turn to the corner of my house, indeed he is there. My grandmother is going to have a fit if she ever finds out that I am dating T-man's friend.

“Okay.” I say before hanging up. I get to his car and knock on his window. He rolls it down.

“Where are you coming from at this time?” He asks as he turns off the car ignition.

“Not that it has anything to do with you but if you must know, I am coming from Ncedi's place.” He chuckles.

“Come in the car.”

“No. I have things to do in the house.” I sternly says. He gets out of the car leaving the door open. He gets closer to means

looks around before he pulls me with my braids which are still fresh. Can you imagine the pain. “Ouch! Wang lematsa hle Tebogo.” (You are hurting me.) I wince.

“But you have time to flooze around akere. I was not asking you now, go in the car and stop annoying me!” He solemnly says before clucking his tongue. He loosen his grip from my braids; my head is burning and spinning. My tears gush out of my eyes. I look at him very shocked, is this who he is or he is only trying to scare me off? Is this a sign of an abusive man? I can’t be his victim, I refuse.

He gets in the car and looks at me.

“Either you come in voluntarily or I drag you in. Your choice mamasi.” I want to go and change from my uniform but, I am scared. So, I just open the door at the backseat. “Afa watsenywa? Don’t bore me and come to the front.” (Are you crazy?)

I just throw my hand bag in and close the door before getting in the passenger seat in the front. He starts the ignition and drives off.

“Wipe your face and stop crying.” What a bastard.

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TO BE CONTINUED ...

## TWO

### TEBOGO DICHABA

I drove us to my place. I live alone in a private apartment just in town and well, this isn't my only place. I have a house too in the township but, this will do for now.

I open the door before we both walk into the apartment.

"Welcome to my palace, mamasi!" She walks in looking around. This is my first time bringing any girl in this apartment. Okay, she is not just any girl but the woman that I am going to marry, mother of my kids. Do I love her? I am falling deeply for her.

"It's clean and beautiful." She softly says. She doesn't look happy. How do I make a woman happy anyway because, I want to try this dating thing.

"You like it?" I ask her unbuttoning my shirt.

“What am I doing here, Tebza?” Her tone changes to being serious.

“I bought you home mama, mi casi su casi.” (my home is your home.) I walk to the fridge and take out a bottle of water. “It’s not big but, I hope that you get comfortable.”

“I don’t want to be here. Please take me home.” She folds her arms bringing them to her chest. “Take me home!” I sigh and put the bottle on the counter.

“But I want you here mama.”

“I know, that is why you brought me here but, I don’t want to worry my grandmother, I have to go home.”

“Call her and make an excuse because, I am not taking you back home.” I grope her, she gasp.

“You think I will want to sleep here after what you did earlier?”

“What did I do?” I place my lips on hers.

“You are making me your fool. You kissed that girl, I saw you!” Her tears stream down her face, I won’t lie it stings me. Is this how love feels like? Damn!

“Okay Kea, ke maswabi hle. I will not do it again. Now, can we enjoy the night please mama.” (I am sorry.) I peck her lips once more and wipe her tears. “Kao ncanya Kea.” (I love you, Kea.)



“I'm hungry.” I chuckle.

“What do you feel like?” I pull her to the kitchen and open the fridge. “I was thinking that we order in.”

“After long hours that I worked at the hospital? I am sorry but, I prefer home cooked meal. Let's see, what do we have here.” She bends over down to the fridge looking for what looks like meat. If it was any other day, I would be banging her because wow, the view is too much.

“Finding anything?” I distract myself from having deeper thoughts.

“Sweedie, most of the meat here is rotten or expired.” She gets back up with the meat on her hands.

“Thing is, I hardly dine here. I usually go and eat ko oledi laka or eat take-outs.” (at my old lady's house.)

“Then why do you buy so much? Look now it is spoiled.” She goes and puts it at the sink.

“That's why you are here sweetie, to take care of me. Look, let me go and take a quick shower and leave the kitchen to you. Don't miss me too much.” I ascend to the stairs.

“Don’t get too full of yourself! How am I supposed to know where is everything!?”

“Figure it out mami!”

Before I even take off my clothes, my phone rings. It is an unsaved number.

“Eita.”

“Hi, Tebza. It’s me, Hlengiwe; we met earlier at the hospital. You gav...” Shit. I didn’t think that she would really call me today.

“Oh yeah, I remember. Ware dintsang Ma’ love.” (What’s up?)

“Well, I am bored. I was thinking that we hang out maybe?”

“Now?” I ask.

“Yes now. Is there a problem?” I clear my throat.

“Uh, uh... Okay

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send me your location and I will be there in an hour or so to pick you up.”

“Cool. Bye.”

“Sure.” I hang up. Now, I am going to have to make an excuse to Kea. Argh, I have that I am going to do this to her but, I am a man and I have needs. There is a high possibility that she might deny me some booty so, a man's gotta do what he gotta do.

I strip off my clothes and get in a shower. When I am done with all that, I look for something casual to wear. I settle for jeans, sneakers and a golf t-shirt.

I descend the stairs and the smell of whatever Kea is cooking, hits me directly to my nostrils. It smell really good.

“I should have you here all the time, it smells so good.” I sit on the bar stool behind the counter.

“Never. You are going to have to put a ring on my finger first, then we can talk.”

“That’s just formalities but, it can be done. I told you that I am going to make you my Trophy wife.”

“I am happy to hear that. Relax now because, the food will be ready in...” She goes around the counter coming to me. “Are you going somewhere, Tebogo?” She frowns.

“Can’t I bath and look this good just to sit here with you?”

“You can but not at this time of the night where we should be jumping into our pyjamas and sleep.” She goes back to the stove avoiding eye contact. She is mad, I know that she is. I get up from the chair and go stand behind her.

“There is an emergency that needs my attention, Kea. I will come back just before you know it.” I snuggle my hands on her waist.

“Then what am I doing here, huh? Actually, take me home, my grandmother is probably worried about me.” She removes my hands from her.

“Keabetswe stop acting crazy. I said I will be back, what’s wrong with you?”

“I didn’t ask to come here at the first place, argh!” She attempts to walk away but, I pull her back.

“What about the food that you cooked?”

“I will take the pots with and finish cooking at home. I will send them back once I have washed them.” I couldn’t hold myself. I burst into a loud laugh, she joins me too.

“You are crazy. Let me leave now so that I can come back early.” I try to kiss her but, she ducks and cluck her tongue.

“Alright, I will see you when I get back then.”

“Where are you going, Tebogo?” She madly asks.

“Stop calling me Tebogo, Keabetswe.”

“Well, it is your name, isn’t it?”

“Not when you are mad!” She cluck her tongue.

“Go, Tebogo! Just Leave!” Her voice breaks. “Go and fuck those floozies of yours, I don’t care! I will request an Uber and take myself home!” She turns to walk away but I quickly grab her with her braids and push her down to the floor.

“You will not talk to me like that, ever! Don’t ever raise your voice at me, do you hear me?” I kick her abdomen, she screams. “I am not your friend! Get up and finish cooking, I want to eat when I get back. Find something comfortable to sleep in, upstairs second room on your right. I am out.” I leave her sobbing holding her abdomen. I don’t tolerate disrespectful people. I grab my car keys and storm out.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

## THREE

### KEABETSWE MOLISE

I hold on to the counter and pull myself up. It hurts so much where he kicked me I can't even stand straight. I drag myself to the living room, limping. I look for my phone and just then, it rings, it's my grandmother.

I take a deep breath before answering.

"Mme." I say softly.

"Dumela Kea. Where are you?" Shit! It is past my grandmother's bedtime.

"Uh, Uhm.. I am still caught up with work, it's hectic and we are short of stuff." I lie under my breath.

"Hoba neng o ne sa boe hle?" (Why didn't you say?) I press my lips together swallowing the lump on my throat. "I was getting worried about you."

"Sorry Koko. I will see you tomorrow."

“Okay. Good night.”

“Sleep well.” She hung up.

I close my eyes as what happened a while ago plays in my head. I put my hand against my mouth as I try to suppress the sobs trying to escape my mouth. My tears fall out unstoppable. At this moment I am in shock, I pain and in fear. What do I do now? This is not the type of life that I want for myself. No matter how angry I might have made Tebogo, he had no right to kick me like that.

First thing tomorrow Morning, I am leaving! I feel bad enough that I had to lie to my grandmother to get beaten by a boyfriend.

I limp back to the kitchen and turn off the stove. I have lost my appetite. I will settle for water.

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## **TEBOGO DICHABA**

After I picking up Hlengiwe, I drove us down to my place in the township. When we got there, I didn't even want to waste time. We got into the house and I pinned her against the door kissing her. She pushed me and I staggered backwards. She took off her t-shirt and threw it on the floor, I smirked as she bit her lower lip seductively. Her nice full boobs were sneaking out of her bra, getting me all worked up.

"Come here." I say as I drop my pants to the floor. "On your knees." She catwalks to me and then kneels before me. She strokes my penis that grew even more the moment she held it. She swirls her tongue around the tip of my penis and then spits on it for lubrication before she slowly sucks it. I throw my head to the back and hold my waist... Haven't felt like this in a very long time.



“Yeah... Just like that, baby.” I say as she deep throats me. I hold her head and mouth fuck her.

It's been weeks when Kea and I started dating and, between those weeks I haven't been intimate with anyone, not even with her. She believes in this '90 Day fuckin' Rule' shit and, I am a man with needs so...

Dammit! Should I even be thinking about Kea at this moment?

I rock my hips as I pick up my pace in her mouth. I hold on to her hair and close my eyes again as I imagine Kea bending over as I hit it from behind and her moans filling up the room. I groan as I am about to nut. I grit my teeth and pull out to release outside on her face but Hlengiwe does the unexpected and vomits on my jeans and shoes!

What the fuck!?

She coughs as if she is choking and wheezes.

“Dammit!” I shout.

“Are you...” She coughs as she tries to get air. “Are you t-r-y-ing to kill me?” Her tears roll down to her cheeks. She holds her neck rubbing in.

Maybe I got lost in the moment. I might have went deeper in her throat and blocked her airway; she could have died!

Damn you Kea! She is messing with my head now.

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Last night after that awkward scene with Hlengiwe, we decided to go clubbing. I changed to clean pants and clean shoes and tossed the ones that were spoiled with the vomit to the bin. The time is now past 4an in the morning and I am a little tipsy, okay maybe drunk. I had so much money spent at the club last night.

I am back at the apartment staggering to the bedroom while humming a song that I left playing at the club.

I find Kea sitting on the bed leaning against the headboard with her eyes closed and her hands on her stomach. She is either pretending to be asleep or, she is sleeping.

“Keke!” Eish, I didn’t exactly mean to shout. I startled her.

“Papa is baaaack!”

I take off my pants and my t-shirt before throwing myself on the bed.

“Keke

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kao rata san!” (I love you!)

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## **KEABETSWE MOLISE**

After leaving this place, I am never setting my foot here EVER AGAIN! This is the last time he sees me but, I never want to be with Tebogo again. He is abusive and full of shit!

It is now 6am and I have been awake since forever; I barely slept last night. I heard him coming in earlier and I pretended to be asleep, I didn't want to talk to him. I left him sleeping and snoring out loud in the bedroom. I am all up, back in my uniform that I came wearing and ready to leave. I look at myself one more time on the mirror, my eyes are bloodshot and puffy.

I get back to the bedroom, Tebogo's phone vibrates from the pedestal. I am tempted to check it, my feet are pulling me to the pedestal. Here are I am, holding his phone in my hand. I press the power button and there's 1 new message it reads:

'Hey! My head is spinning and I couldn't get back to sleep. Hope you got home safe... I had so much fun with you and I hope we do it again soon. I miss you already.'- +27 79 553 7246

No man I their right state of mind would send another man this kind of a message unless they are gay. So, this is the emergency that he was going to? Wow!

“Tebogo...” I shake him. “Tebogo! Wake up tuu!” I cluck my tongue.

“Keng yanong?” (What now?) He mumbles in his sleep.

“I want to go home, take me home!” I shout.

“Keke, come on. Do you have to leave now?” He holds his head, serving him right. “I feel like shit.”

“That is not my problem. I must go home!” I throw his phone at him. “I am giving you thirty seconds.” I storm out of the room going downstairs. The abdominal pain cannot be ignored. I slow down and hold on to the wall with my one hand and the other on my stomach. I am sure that my organs are disorganised from the kick I got last night, he used his whole force on me.

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The drive home is very quiet and dreadful. Hangover isn't doing him any good right now and he is very pissed. He clucks his tongue every now and then but, I don't give a shit. I am done with him, I won't be his punching bag.

“Keabetswe why o yetsa yana yeh?” (Why are you doing this?) Is he seriously asking me that question? Why is he not sorry for what he did? He cheats on me and then he kicks me and I am the wrong one here? “Mxa, motho otlono gidla ko T-man once because, I am not driving back looking shitty like this.” (I am going to crash at T-man's place...) Like I care!

The car comes to halt, next to my house. He looks at me then holds my hand, I flinch.

He sighs.

“I will see you later, I will call you.”

He unlocks the car and I get off without saying anything to him.

My grandmother is an early bird. I find her sitting in the kitchen having her morning tea.

“Dumela Koko.” (Morning grandma.)

“Kea, how are you?”

“I am tired. I need to go and sleep. I hope that you slept well.”  
She nods with a smile.

I get to my room and carefully take off my uniform. I switch off my cellphone before getting into the sheet and cry myself to sleep.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

## **FOUR**

### **TEBOGO DICHABA**

I am woken up by music playing loud in T-man's room. I get up from the couch and stretch my arms, my neck and my waist. U can't believe I left my comfortable bed to come and sleep on the couch. T-man's room is big enough, it has a bathroom, living room and a mini kitchen. It is very nice. He was raised by his grandmother since his parents died when he was just a baby. His grandmother left him the house but, he chose to live in the backroom as there are people renting the house.

I met him in varsity, we used to be roommates then. We used to party animals then until we got around with a wrong gang well... It felt wrong then but now it is damn right. They carried guns and they introduced us into robbery, heists, and all other crimes that made us money. It started off with petty crimes but we got up the ranks and started bombing ATMs. It is a lot and that's what we do. The jobs that we do are very risky but we do what we have to do in order to survive.



I grab my phone from the coffee table and end check the time, it's almost midday.

“Ek se, T-man!” The song that was currently playing finishes off. I hear a woman's moans coming from the bedroom. I wasn't aware that he had a woman in here. They are shagging in there.

I take my keys and then walk out of the room going to my car. I unlock it and take out cigarette and light it before I puff it.

Keabetswe! Her name rings in my head. I need to call her and make it up to her. She is angry at me and I want to apologise.

I dial her number on my phone before I press the phone button. It goes straight to voicemail. I try it again but still the

same. I sigh and puff my already burned out cigarette and throw the bud to the ground. I scroll through my music on my phone before I start playing it connecting it to my car radio.

'You always on my mind

Everyday, Everyday

There's no more pride

Where I stand

Those words I said I

Didn't mean, didn't mean

All I wanna know is

You're okay

Although we go in and out

Of love

Doesn't mean we not in

Love

That's why they say

L-O-V-E Love

It hurts...'

The song plays softly in the car.

I sit in the passenger seat living the door opened. After a while, T-man appears looking all sweaty and only in his boxers.

"I wonder who was getting banged in there. Lindiwe kapa Talor?" (Was it Lindiwe or Taylor?) I laugh.

"Shut up man! You know that I fool around le Lindiwe." He says on a low voice. "Mpolelle he. Where were you coming from earlier?" (So, tell me.) I sigh.

"My place. I took Kea there last night." He smirks.

"So she finally gave up the cake?" I take out another cigarette and light it.

"I fucked up last night man. I left her there and went out clubbing would some bitch who vomited on me last night when she was giving me a head." This fool bursts into a laugh.

"What?" He asks and then takes out a cigarette from the box, I puff mine.

“Man, you don’t want to know. I got back at four in the morning. I didn’t even make it to sleep at least two hours but, I was woken up by Kea telling me that she wants to leave... yoooh, mfanaka I wanted to die!”

“Oh, it makes sense why you crashed here.” I sigh. “Flopo?” (What’s the matter?)

“Ejo, ke flopile blind blind.” (I messed up big time.) He leans with his back on the wall and then puts his one foot against the wall. “I pulled her to the floor last night and kicked her.” He becomes shocked and whistles.

“How did things get there Tebza? Do you realise that she is my neighbour? Do you want her grandmother to come knocking at my door? I told you before to leave that girl alone man, she is not your type. She I raised well and you just want to play with her.”

“T-man I need solutions. I love that girl and I want to build something with her.” He starts laughing. I sometimes forget how T-man laughs at everything.

“Kea is a tough one. She is not like all those girls we find at clubs we make one night stands with them or those girls who want alcohol to make it up to them. She is different from what you are used to.” She is different, that is why I keep saying that I am going to make her my Trophy wife. I want to feel her.

“So, what are you suggesting?”

“Girls like feeling loved. Call her and apologise. Wear one of your best suits and take her out, buy her gifts and lastly, fuck her good.” I chuckle.

“Man, I am not sassy. Being a romancer is not my taste. I'm a thug, I Dodge bullets all the time, I kill to survive. Where do you think I am going to get time for all of that?”

“The very same way that you get time to cheat on Kea and beat her up.” He says it mockingly.

“I didn't beat her, I kicked her.” He clucks his tongue.

“Yeah, whatever dude.”

“Babe, I'm hungry!” So he was banging Taylor, his girlfriend. She appears wearing T-man's big t-shirt. Can't wait to have my woman in that, only. Finding her in the kitchen cooking looking so sexy. “Hi Tebza. You were snoring when I got here earlier, rough night?” I chortle.

“You know how it is.” She nods. “This is my cue to leave, T-man open the gate for me... Tay-Tay, see you around.” I get to the driver's seat.

“Skat, order something for us and while you on that, get ready for me.” T-man says to Taylor, she blushes. T-man is the romancer, I don’t know how he does that.

He opens the gate for me, I reverse out. I notice a nice car, a black Mercedes Benz C63 to be specific at Kea's house. Kea's house is just a house away from T-man’s house but

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front opposite.

“T-man, zwakala hier... who's machine is that?” (Come here.) I call him through the window.

“Oh that, kea mamazala.” (That’s mother-in-law’s.)

“Mama Kea?” I ask. He nods.

“Alright, see you man.” He closes the gate, I turn up the volume before screeching the wheels of my car driving off. I will try calling Kea again later.

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## **KEABETSWE MOLISE**

I heard voices so I thought I should wake up and do my bed. I wear my robe and before I get out of my room, I hear loud music and wheels scratching-I just know that is my... I mean Tebogo. I roll my eyes and walk out of my room going to the bathroom to brush my teeth and then go to the living room.

I walk into the Mogale family, they are all here. When I say the Mogale family I mean my mother, stepfather and their two kids, Onthatile (boy), my step brother who is 22 years old and Tidimalo (girl), she is only two years old. Onthatile and I both have our own parents I mean, he has his mother out there and my dad is... I don't even want to know where he is and, Tidimalo is both their daughter.

I get along my siblings very well, can't complain. Tidiimalo sees me and a huge smile flashes on her face. She runs to me.

“Sesi Kea!” She throws herself at me, the pain on my lower abdomen reminds me that I got a kick last night. I don’t want to raise suspicions so I act strong and pick her up and kiss her.

“Tidi waka.” (My Tidi.) I hug her. “Dumelang.” (Greetings.) I greet everyone, they return the gesture. My mother (Litebogo pronounced as Ditebogo) gets up on her feet from the couch and opens her arms for a hug. I try to put Tidi down but, she holds on to me tightly so, we both go into our mom's hug.

“How are you my baby?” My mom asks.

“I am good mom, how are you?” We break the hug.

“I am good my love. Your eyes are puffy and red.” I slept crying, that’s why.

“It’s probably allergy.” She give me a 'I don’t believe you’ look.

“Since when?” I shrug and perch myself next to Onthatile.

“Mfanaka, dintsang?” (My guy, what’s up?) I ask him.

“Man, school is choking me on my throat. I thought I should come here with the 'rents to get a breather.” I chuckle.



“That hard?”

“You have no idea. And why were you still sleeping at this time? It is already noon.” I didn’t even look at the time.

“Oh uh, well... We were understaffed so, I was asked to Uhm, go in for night shift.” I lie, protecting my abuser.

“Oh really? I thought you worked only morning shifts.” My stepdad (Patrick) says. I thought he never payed attention.

“Well uh, I sometimes get called to come for night shifts.” That’s true, I do work night shifts too sometimes.

“Okay, you should send me your CV. I will try to get you in at the other hospitals as well since you work part-time. At least you can earn extra money well, that’s if you don’t mind.” I nod very happy.

“I would appreciate it a lot, dad.” They all look at me shocked, I am shocked too.

This is my very first time calling Patrick, 'dad'. He smiles and nods, I nod too. Litebogo also smiles and nods looking all emotional.

“What is there to eat? I am so hungry.” Remember I didn’t eat from last night?

“Go and freshen up and when you get back, you will find the food.” I frown because I am very hungry.

“But Koko...” I whine.

“Go!” Litebogo says.

“That’s my cue to leave too. I will fetch you later, alright?” Patrick says to Litebogo. They both stand up and peck each other’s lips.

“Okay. I love you.”

“I love you too. Bye.” Patrick says and Tidi starts crying for him.

“Tidi no man baby, oska dira yalo come on. Papa has to go back to work.” Does Tidi even understand that? No, she lays her head on my chest and cries more as dad leaves the house.

“Tidi, obey your name and be quiet please. I have a chocolate in my room and if you not quiet in...”

“Chocolate?” She gets quiet in an instant

“After eating food, you will get Chocolate. I hope you do have the chocolate for your own sake, Kea.” My grandmother says.

We all laugh because we know that, Tidi won't let us rest until she gets what she wants.

I put Tidi on the couch and leave them all as I go and take my afternoon bath.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

## FIVE

### KEABETSWE MOLISE

We were done eating lunch and done washing the dishes too. I went to my bedroom and took my phone which is off and turned it on. As soon as the network coverage is covered, my phone starts vibrating and messages flow in my phone. Some are from my network provider notifying me about the calls that I've missed and one of the numbers that keeps repeating, it's Tebogo's number. I check other messages and, they are also from Tebogo. They read:

'Sweedie, I don't know whether you are avoiding me or your phone is really off. Please, ke kopa ho boa lewena hle' (I want us to talk, please.)- Tebogo

'I left not so long ago. I wanted to see you so bad.'- Tebogo

'Can I pick you up later?'- Tebogo. I chuckle.

'I want to make it up to you Keke.'- Tebogo

'I love you, mamasi.'- Tebogo.

I heave a loud sigh and sit on my bed closing my eyes. A knock comes through before the person let's themselves in, it's my mother.

"I have been meaning to talk to you, I hope you don't mind me coming in." As if I will say 'I do'. I smile shaking my head. She sits next to me. "Tell me, what is the matter?"

"A matter?" I ask confused.

"I know that you slept crying, you don't have any allergies. I am your mother and I know you."

I look at her for a while. I feel the edge to cry as a lump forms on my throat and my chest spasm, my mother notice that and quickly pulls me to a hug. I start crying on her chest.

"It's okay, it's okay my baby." She rubs my back softly. "Mom is here."

Someone knocks at the door before they also let themselves in. What is wrong with the Mogale family? Can't they wait for permission to be let in before walking in, what if I'm naked?

“I am sorry to disturb you, is everything okay?” Onthatile asks holding Tidi on his arms.

“We'll be fine baby. Is there anything that you want?” Mom asks.

“Well, besides bringing Tidi in here, there is absolutely nothing. I am going back to Koko, she tells the best stories.” I chuckle wiping my tears. My grandmother is a story teller although some may sound too farfetched or fictional, they are the best.

He puts Tidi on the bed and walks out leaving us. Tidi starts playing with my braids standing in the bed mumbling things.

“Talk to me, what is wrong?” Just when I thought I got away, my mom asks.

“It's nothing.” I look down and play with my fingers.

“Nothing that makes my daughter cry? It's a boy isn't it?” She puts her hand under my chin and lifts my head up to look at her. I sigh and nod. “Mpolele Keabetswe, ho dirahetseng?” (Tell me, what happened?)

My tears burn my eyes again and I start crying all over again. I lift my t-shirt up and show her a little bruise on my stomach. She covers her mouth with her hand on her mouth looking very shocked.

“Who did this? Did you report him?” Her tears stream down to her cheeks. I shake my head. “No, Kea!” Tidi gets startled and starts crying, now we are all crying like one sad family.

I take Tidi and calm her down.

“Kea, he needs to be taught a lesson.”

“Mom please, let’s move on from this.” I beg.

“Keabetswe man! I don’t want to bury one of my children, I will not allow that.” She stands up and pace around the room fuming, breathing fire.

“Mme, I can’t hle kea kopa.” Even if I get him arrested, he will be out in a few hours. Tebogo has the police under his payroll, he told me himself about his life well, not everything. He said he first has to make me his “trophy wife” before he opens up to me.

“Hoba neng, huh? Why you gotta be selfish will your life my baby?” She puts her hands on my face. It breaks me seeing my mother crying like this for me. I put the now sleeping Tidimalo on the bed gently.

“Mom, please don’t be mad at me.” I don’t even bother wiping my tears, it’s useless. She sits back on the bed.

“But why would I? I am only scared for your life.”

“That’s the thing. I am... he is...” I breathe.

“I am, he is?”

“T-man’s friend.” I mumble “I am dating one of T-man’s friends

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Tebogo.” She chuckles in disbelief and flabbergasted.

“The T-man in our street? The one and only T-man that I know?” I nod a little bit shuddering. “Yoh Kea, onketsang Mara?” (What are you doing to me?)

“I’m sorry mama.” She pulls me to a hug, I hold on to her for a dear life.

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TEBOGO DICHABA



When I got to my place I called one of my friends Tiisetso to come over. She is lesbian and hangs around a lot with us. She is also capable of doing heists with us. She arrived 30 minutes ago and she has been munching on the food that was cooked last night by Kea. She outdid her cooking shame but, I am hurt that she didn't touch the food because, I didn't even get dirty dishes.

“Eh ntwana, kopa skhaftini.” (Man, I need a lunchbox.)

“Man, you can even take the pots with you or dish up and drop the pots by the big rubbish bin outside.” I say.

“Dude, what's up?”

“Who's going to wash the dirty pots? You know that my helper only comes on Fridays.” She chuckles.

“Walwala Jo. Anyway, back to what you called me here for, dintsang?” (What's up?) I sit on the armrest where she is sitting.

“I trust you when it comes to buying gifts for di cherry. I need help.” I clear my throat. “I want nice things for my woman, can you handle it?” She laughs at me like I made a joke.

“Wena and buying gifts? That’s a first. What’s happening to you, are you okay?” I cluck my tongue, chuckling. “So, what do you have in mind?” I shrug.

“I am clueless when it comes to these things, that’s why I want to leave everything to you.” She nods.

“When would you like me to deliver them?”

“Tomorrow at her house because, I am not sure if she'll be going to work. I will forward the address to you.”

“Sure. Now, to the real business. Tonight, Skinner will be moving his money for laundering. Wanna have some fun?” She smirks.

“How much are we talking about?”

“R4million.” I open my eyes wide.

“Damn, that’s a lot of money to let go. I will hit up T-man and we can meet up at the warehouse later so that you can tell us about tonight’s route that they taking.”

“Ketlo zwakala le Kabza.” (I will tag Kabza along.)

“Is he around, when did he get back?” Kabza is one of us, he is the 'dirty lawyer'. He was out of the country with his wife for a honeymoon, they got married about two months ago.

“He landed this morning.” Checks the time on his wrist watch. “Let me bounce, I got errands to run. I will get on to gifts right away.” She gets on her feet.

“Later man.” We manly shake hands before he leaves my house. I walk to the kitchen and dish for myself some more and put the food in the microwave to warm it up.

As I wait for my food, I take my phone from the counter and dial Kea's number before calling her, it's ringing, ringing and ringing but, goes unanswered. I hang up and call again, she answers after the third ring.

“Keke, thank God you answered. Listen baby, I am sorry about last night.” She goes quiet, not saying anything; only her breathing makes the talking.

“Sweedie, bua lenna hle.” (Talk to me.) She still goes quiet. I sigh. “Okay, I get that you don't want to talk to me but, at least tell me that you okay?”

“Are you done, Tebogo?” She says the wrong words, woman!

“I’m sorry... and, I love you.” She heavily breathes.

“Bye Tebogo.”

“Wait, Keke plea...” she hung up on me. I sigh and take my food before going to the living room.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

## SIX

### TEBOGO DICHABA

I had to block Kea from my mind because, what we are about to do needs my full focus. I can't mess it up. We are about to hijack Skinner's money and Skinner is no one to mess with. He is highly protected and very secured. We can't risk making mistakes or else, we sign our lives to Skinner and let him skin us; that's how he got the name 'Skinner', he peels off people's skin using a knife.

We have learned the route that Skinner's men use when they are going to deliver the money for laundering and the time that they move it. Two black SUVs drive to our direction, we cock our guns and stand in position.

"Don't mess this up guys, we are doing this in three, two..." T-man pulls the long metal with spikes across the road and hides. The route taken is surrounded by the bush on either side of the road so, we are able to hide in the bushes.

The first car gets closer and before it hit the breaks, it was already too late and to make our job easier the second car hits the first car. I quickly run to the second car and got on top of it, just when I got on top someone inside shot on the roof and missed my foot, that was close!

I start shooting everyone inside the car from the roof, while T-man and Tiisetso are shooting at the other men who are also shooting at them in the other car, Kabza rushes to the that I am on top of and opens the door at the back.

“Damn, you went nasty on them!” He says as he pull out the first man out. I get off the car and open the boot, I come across a silver-gray suitcase, I open it and first thing that I notice is a tracker.

“Gents! Look out for trackers because, I found one.”

I fiddle through the suitcase and well, well, well... this is our lucky day.

Diamonds!

“Guys, let’s go!” Tiisetso shouts, holding two black bags. I put the diamonds in my pocket and run to where we hid the car that we came with, we all jump in with T-man driving us out of the place.

“This was the most easiest job to ever do! Those Skinner men are weak. Skinner should just skin them even in their death.” Kabza says as he fiddles through one of the bags, probably making sure that there aren’t anymore trackers.

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'We can do anything for

Mali ye phepha

Wonk' umuntu ufun'

uMandela, ufun' uMandela

Laphe khona, Laphe khona

We can do anything, anything

For imali ye phepha

City of Gold, city of life

City of hopes and dreams

## Possibilities

Some end up in the streets

I will make through the ones

That have influence

Money can buy innocence

Money can buy happiness

Make me look very nice

Walking on paradise

Shapa Madiba dance, ey

Zaka zaka zaka zaka...'

This is us at the warehouse singing and doing the victory dance  
drinking Heineken.



“Seems like we have made more than that R4 million.” I put the bottle on the table filled with money stacks.

“What do you mean?” T-man asks, I smirk. “I know that silly smirk man, what did you do?”

I reach out to my pockets and search for the cloth holding the small diamonds and throw it on the table. Kabza grabs it before he opens it and throw the diamonds on the table.

“Dammit, Tebza! Diamonds, really?” T-man shouts, they all look at me like I did something wrong.

“What?” I shrug.

“Man, we don’t do stones sand you know it! They bring trouble.” Tiisetso takes one stone from the table and looks at it closely.

“Wow, this is some real shit here man, surely they cost more than the millions that we have.” Kabza is like me, we like trouble.

“I know man. This will be my children's inheritance.” I say as I divide the diamonds amongst us.

“Speaking of children, some of us are family man now so, before my wife notice that I am gone, I better leave now or else, I will never hear the end of it.” Kabza says as he gets up and taking what belongs to him, Tiisetso joins him.

“I guess we all gotta bounce then, it was a very productive night.” Tiisetso and Kabza follow each other out. T-man is awfully quiet.

“Mfanaka, you good?” (My guy.)

“Tebza, how can you steal diamonds Jo? You know that they are not what we deal with, WE DON’T DO DIAMONDS!” Can anybody give him a chill pill?

“It’s just this once though man, relax.”

“Relax? Are you telling me to relax!? Are you going to be relaxed like that when Skinner skins you alive? You do know that he won’t rest until he finds the people behind the hijacking right, more especially when his diamonds were taken? Money to him is not a problem because he can make more in a day but, diamonds!?” He chuckles taking his money.

“You can be such a pussy sometimes. We will cross that bridge when we get there

if we get there.” I emphasise.

A hot stinging punch lands on my jaws, I did not see that coming!

“Fuck!” I wince to the pain holding my side of the face.

“Don’t you ever call me a pussy!” He cluck his tongue before storming out.

Damn, he really did his thing on me, it fuckin’ hurts!

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## **KEABETSWE MOLISE**

This morning I thought I should wake up and make breakfast for my grandmother and I, nothing scrumptious just something edible for the morning. After I was done, I went to check up on her in her room, I knocked first before she let me in.

“Morning koko, how are you doing today?” I open the curtains and the windows in her room.

“I am well my ngwana ngwanaka, how did you sleep?”  
(Granddaughter) I turn to her.

“I had a good sleep, can’t complain. Why are you not up by now, are you okay?” My grandmother wakes up before the sun can even rise so, it sometimes scares me when she is not up at her usual time.

“No, Everything is fine nana, I just wanted to stay a little bit longer in bed.” I nod. Someone knocks at the door.

“I am not expecting anyone Koko, are you?” She shakes her head.

“Go and check who it is while I make my bed and brush my teeth.”

“Okay.” I walk out of the room heading to the front door, I open.

“Good morning Mam’, I am looking for Ms K Molise.” A man who looks like a delivery man, judging from the uniform that he is wearing.

“Hi, it depends on who's asking?” He smiles a little, maybe at my stupid question.

“I am Vuyo, and I have a delivery for her. Could you please sign here for me?” I take the clipboard with a pen from him and sign.

“Doesn’t Vuyo have a last name?” He chuckles.

“Well miss, I can tell you if you want.” He says. I hand the clipboard and the pen back to him and lick my lips looking at him. Lord forgive me but this Vuyo guy is looking so hot and sexy I could kiss him right now.

“No stress abuti, o hot watseba. Baho boleletsi?” I flirt with him, He shakes his head laughing.

He shifts a little and picks up a big box with a bunch of roses on top, my eyes open up wide.

“Where can I put it?” I swallow hard and point over to where he should put the big box at.

“Thank you.” I say.

“Pleasure mam.” He walks out.

“kea e ne Elle mang?” (Kea, who was it?) She comes down from the corridor. “Malomo amantsi Yana, atla ho mang?” (Such a big bouquet, where are they coming from?) She asked looking so surprised.

“Uhm, I am not sure koko.” I wonder who it might be because, this is definitely not Tebogo.

I take the roses and look for a letter or a card well, I see it on TV all the time, luckily it isn't far.

'I know a hundred of roses won't make up to what I have done, I am sorry.' – Sweedie. Oh my goodness, it is him, it's really him I mean Tebogo is the only person that calls me 'Sweedi', if not Keke.

I smile looking at the 100 roses. It's my first time ever receiving flowers in my life like, EVER!

My grandmother sits around the dinning room table where I placed our food.

"Don't be scared, go on and open the rest. I already know hore la jola and I have known for a while." (I already know that you are dating.)

I gasp.

I put the flowers on the coffee table before I open the box. After opening the box, two black balloons fly up to the ceiling.

One written 'I AM SORRY' and another one written 'I LOVE YOU'. I start blushing. I get back to the box and I am welcomed by a big brown teddy bear holding a nice decorated bucket filled with chocolates and sweets.

“OH My Word.” I break the box open, freeing the teddy bear.

“Koko, please take me a few pictures.”

“In your robe and slippers?”

“Eya koko. Besides, my robe is very sexy.” I am wearing very short pajamas shorts and my silky black robe is just above my knees. She shakes her head.

“You are tiring sometimes, Kea.” She gets up anyway and takes my phone on the table. I position myself with everything, holding the roses and start posing as my grandma takes the best shots.

When she is done, we gather around the table and eat our breakfast.

I choose one of the pictures and send it to Tebogo with the caption: 'If they come only with apologies, then I don't want them.'

It's like he was waiting for my text, he replied.

'Your expression says something else though, I am glad that you like it.' – Tebogo

'Sweedi, can I see you, please.' – Tebogo. Another message follows. I roll my eyes and press the power button and continue eating my breakfast.

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TO BE CONTINUED...



## SEVEN

### KEABETSWE MOLISE

As soon as I sent Ncediso pictures of what was sent to me, she made sure that she comes straight to my house without wasting time. She is sitting on my bed in my room munching on sweets as I lotion my body, I just finished bathing. I am doing night shift at work today. I still have two hours before go to work.

“Tsala, why is the other balloon saying 'I'm sorry'. Is this about what he did that other night?” I choke on my saliva.

“Excuse me, what?” I ask.

“Jeez. Why are you panting? I am talking about him kissing someone else.” I breathe out the air I wasn't aware that I was holding.

“Oh that... I mean yes, that.” Whew!

“Friend, are you okay? You look uneasy.” She sounds very concerned.

“Yeah sure, I am fine. Why wouldn’t I be?” I fake a smile.

“You tell me, tsala.” She sits upright. I won’t tell her about the kick, nope. “Keabetswe?”

“Argh, just leave it, Ncedi!” I snap. She looks at me with arched eyebrows. “I didn’t mean to snap, I’m Sorry.” I sigh as I wear my work uniform.

“Mmh.” She opens up the box of Ferrero Roche and takes one out. “I don’t want to push you but, know that I am here for you, whenever and whatever you feel like puking, okay?” I laugh.

“Okay first, who said you should eat that, I told you that I am taking everything back to him.”

“The sweets too?” She takes another pack. I nod laughing at her. My phone rings on the pedestal, it’s Tebogo. I look at Ncedi. “Answer it, the guy is thirsty.” She chuckles tossing the chocolate in her mouth.

“Hi.” I say after answering.

“I am outside, come out.”

“Huh, what?” How does he even know that I am home?  
Dammit T-man! He saw me earlier.

“Keke, you either come or I walk in and introduce myself to koko.” He hung up, shit. He is capable of doing that.

“Tsala, he is outside. Let me go out to him before he decides to come in.” I slip in my slippers.

“I will walk out with you, I am going home.” She gets up from the bed. “When Koko wakes up, tell her that I left and I will see her tomorrow.” We walk out the door before going out the gate.

“I will see you soon tsala.” We hug before we separate. She walks away as I walk to Tebogo’s car. I open the door at the passenger side and get in.

He has his head leaning on the headrest with his eyes closed and his hands on the steering wheel, fingers tapping to the sound of music, Khalid – Talk playing softly. He is wearing nice navy slim fit pants, a white golf t-shirt and white sneakers, always looking ready to eat... He looks very hot. His scent makes me want to just throw myself at him but, I won’t.

I don’t say anything, I just sit and play with my fingers. He clears his throat.

“How are you, sweedie?” He finally asks. How am I? I can’t even look at him. “Mamasi?” He sighs.

“I apologise, Keke please forgive me. I don’t know what got into me I have never been like that before. Baby, I know how angry you are at me but please say something.” Tebogo and begging? LOL! This is a first.

I look at him and hold his face.

“What happened here?” I ask, softly.

“It’s nothing. T-man and I couldn’t agree on something.” I nod.

“I’ll give you an ointment to ease the swelling.” He takes my hands into his.

“I don’t deserve you, sweedie. I love you so much kea ho rata.”

“You don’t hurt the people that you love, you don’t cheat on them.” I say. He looks down ashamed. “Who were you with that night you made me spent the night alone at your house?”

“Mamasi come on...”

“If you not going to be honest with me, then we done talking.” I cluck my tongue opening the door.

“Okay, okay mama.” He holds back my hand.

“Tebogo you are wasting my time. I have to go to work”

“Okay, go and get your things ready. Retla ova on our way.”

(Let’s go. We will talk on the way.)

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Tebogo just admitted that he almost slept with someone else and he thinks that makes it okay? How do I even know that he didn’t sleep with her?

“How do I trust you, Tebogo?”

“I will change sweedie, for you I will do that. Tell me what you want me to do because, I am not going anywhere mamasi, you are mine and I am yours. Only death will part us.” Why is he saying our wedding vows? Or, is he threatening me?

“Tebogo...” He stops the car on the side of the road.

“No, Keabetswe. I understand that you angry at me and I apologise. Yes, I would have fucked that bitch but I am here with the woman that I love. I am not making up excuses for why I kicked you like I did and I can’t stop beating myself about it

but, I am sorry. I am very sorry. I fucked up big time I know and I apologise.” I sigh as my tears build up in my eyes.

“Tebogo I don’t want to be in an abusive relationship, I don’t want to be a victim of such.” He nods.

“I understand

and I will never do it again. I am sorry.” He unbuckles my seat belt and holds my face, turning it to look at him. “I don’t know how much you want me to apologise but for you, I will do it all the time until I regain your trust. I love you.” He pecks my lips and my forehead.

“I love you.” I confess, he chuckles.

“Say it again.” I smile rolling my eyes.

“I love you.” He plants his lips on mine and we kiss passionately. He moves his hands to my waist and my breathing escalates. His hands move up inside my top to my bra, he fondles with my boobs. A moan escapes my lips, I put my hands on his chest to pull out from the kiss. He pecks my lips one more time.

“When are you going to let me remove the web on you?” He asks. I laugh.

“Take me to work before I get late.” He chuckles as he gets back on the road.

“I’ll fetch you in the morning.”

“Okay, 6 o'clock. And...” He glances at me.

“And?” He asks as he parks the car.

“End things with that bitch or I might take your gun and shoot your balls.” He gasps.

“How do you know that I own a gun?” I roll my eyes. “Okay, I will.”

“Now!” I shout.

“Huh, Keke.” I give him a deadly stare, he sighs. “I'll just block and delete her number.”

“Good.”

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**TEBOGO DICHABA**

After dropping Kea at the hospital, I drove straight to my parents' house. I arrived same time as my dad Sello Dichaba, we walked into a house filled with aroma, my mother was cooking dinner, Emma Dichaba.

"I hope my plate is counted too." I say as I walk towards her giving her a hug.

"Don't be sill, you know that your plate is always counted. How are you my boy?" We break the hug.

"Life is good mama. How have you been?"

"I can't complain either my love. Dumela ragwe Tebi." (Evening, Tebi's father.)

"Dumela mmagwe." (Evening her mother.) My dad responds. "I thought you would never notice me." We all laugh.

I helped my mom to set up the dining table before we all sit down and eat our dinner.

"So, are you going to tell your mother why you taking forever to visit us?" My mom asks. I bite on my meat and chew before I could answer her.

"Mama, I told you that life is good." I toss a spoonful of food in my mouth.



“Does that 'good life' include a girl?” She asks.

“Yes, it does.” I say.

“So, when am I meeting her? What’s her name?” Her face beams.

“Keabetswe Molise.” She nods.

“Does she know about your involvement in the Satanism?” My father asks bluntly spoiling the mood.

“Sello...”

“Emma, wait a minute. This boy here has a whole business degree but it’s just sitting there going to waste because, he is busy doing gangsterism endangering not only his life but also the life of me the girl she's with!” I sigh.

“Sello, Kore you had to spoil the dinner with our son?”

“Mama, it’s fine. Thank you for dinner but, I have to go.” I get on my feet.

“You are not going anywhere, Tebi! You always spend a night here.”

“Let him go! As long as he is still satanic, he must never set his foot here EVER AGAIN!” My father roars. “I am disowning him.” He hits the table before leaving our sight.

“Sello! You cannot do that! Sello, come back here!” My mom cries, I hold her face wiping the tears with my thumbs.

“It’s okay mama, I will be fine and I want you not to worry about me. I am a grown man now and I can take care of myself. I will call you, always. I love you.” I hug her.

“I love you too. Please be safe with your life. I am not condoning what you do but, I want you to be safe at all times.” We separate from the hug.

“Good bye my love.” I kiss her forehead before walking out.

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I found myself parking at some joint. I need to clear my head. What my father said about me having a degree made me think really hard. Business was what I was always into, I have passion when it comes to doing business and also, I have a lot of money that is not banked which might get me into trouble someday maybe if the police decide to search my other house. Maybe, just maybe if I open a good business, I might use it as a facade to launder the money.

My phone brings me back from the deep thoughts that I am having, it's my woman.

"Sweedie. Are you not supposed to be doing your job."

"I am but, not when I have time to call you papasi." I chuckle

"Oh, I see. Are you checking if whether I am up to no good?"

"Can't I innocently check on my man?" I sigh.

"Yeah."

"You sound down, are you okay?"

"Don't worry about me my love, I will be fine."

"Talk to me, Tebi. What is it?" She sounds concerned and worried.

"I just had an altercation with my father. Babe, can I ask you something?"

"Uh, o-kay?" She sounds not too sure.

"Are you up for dealing with my shit?" I sternly ask.

"What do you mean? What shit?"

“You know what I do. I live the gangster life and I am not going to change anytime soon. So I want to know that, are you with me or against me?” She breathes heavily.

“Tebi why are you talking like I am your enemy here or a random person? I knew what you do before we started dating , why are you asking me now?”

“I just don’t want you to turn against me when the pots start burning. So, If you want to leave, leave now before you find yourself deeper.” She clucks her tongue.

“Tebogo, are you breaking up with me?” Haibo!

“No, but...”

“I have to go. Duty calls.” She says.

“Baby wait...” She hung up. I sigh.

I think I should drive to my place and sleep. I am no longer going into the joint, I’ll pass.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

## **EIGHT**

### **THE PRODIGAL HUSBAND**

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#### **KEABETSWE MOLISE**

My shift is finally over and I have already signed myself out. It's been a hectic night. Tebogo opens the door for me, I hop in the car before he runs to the driver's side and drive us out. I recline my seat and lie on it closing my eyes.

"Long night?" He asks.

"Uh-huh. I can't wait to get home and jump in a warm bath and relax my body, especially my feet, they are killing me."

He puts his free hand on my thigh while driving.

"I'll give you a massage."

He squeeze my thigh gently, a moan escapes my lips.

"Eh, mamasi," I tilt my head to look at him. "Did I wake up something in you?" I smile rolling my eyes before closing them."

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I am woken up by Tebogo shaking me gently.

“We have arrived, wake up.” Argh, this guy is not romantic at all. He could have carried me to my house, except, we are not at my house.

“Tebogo, why did you bring me here? I need to go home and sleep!” I lash out.

“I know sweedie, you can rest here and I will take you back home later. I just want to spend this day with you. I can even watch you sleeping, as long as you are here babe I don’t mind.” He says, carelessly.

“Gosh, you are crazy Tebi. Now I need to call my grandma and tell her to expect me home later.” I say taking my phone out from my bag.

My grandmother didn’t have a problem at all in fact, she understood. So now, we are in his room well, he disappeared

into the en-suite. I lie down on the bed a bit. Just when I was starting to catch my sleep, he again, wakes me up.

“I have prepared a warm bath for you. I am sorry I didn’t get you any of the women body wash or...” I stop him.

“It’s okay.” I say.

“So, you don’t mind using my body wash and...” I start laughing.

“Why are you sounding so nervous? It’s fine, stop panting.” I kiss him a little and leave him stunned.

“Come back and do that again.” He says following me behind to the bathroom.

“Huh-uh Tebi leave, I want to bath.”

“Why should I?” Duh!!! “What are you hindering from me mamasi?” He gets closer to me and holds my waist taking my top off. “I am bound to see your body anytime soon so,” He removes my bra and my tits dangle.

“Tebi...” I whisper.

“Yes mamasi?” He holds my waist and pulls me closer to kiss me on my lips.

His hands play around with my tits, I tilt my Head to the side so that he can go down kissing my neck. I wrap my arms around his neck.

“Should I stop?” His whispers in my ear.

“Mmh. No.” I say with my eyes close. He goes down to my chest and sucks my aroused tits while his hands drop my pants and panties to the floor. I remove my shoes with one foot to the other before kicking my pants away. I am now completely naked.

He stops then looks at me from my toes going up until his eyes meet mine. He pulls his lower lip into his teeth and smirks, I shyly drop my eyes with my fingers playing with each other.

“You are beautiful, sweedie.” A smile creeps from my lips.

He carries me back to the bedroom and throw me on top of the gigantic bed. He also gets naked, his penis is all ready for action, I can't wait for action. I haven't got this feeling in a very long time. He gets in between my legs and feast on my lips, going down to my neck leaving love bites. He goes down to my honey pot leaving wet kisses on my stomach but stops and looks at me



a little ashamed, I frown because I am starting to think that I have a bad odor down there. My chest keeps rising and falling nervously.

“Is it painful?” Whew! It has nothing to do with the odor. He holds the healing bruise on my lower abdomen.

“Not anymore.” I breathe out.

“I’m Sorry.” He says before getting back to what he was doing. I was hoping to have taken a bath first but, bathing for who!?

The warmth of his tongue fills me up as it comes in contact with my clit and my labia. His finger rounds in circles on my clit as his tongue writes a poem in my cervix. My moans fill up the room and I can’t stop moving my body sensually. A part of me wants him to stop because the feeling is too intense I want to cry but, I don’t want him to stop. I put my hands on his head suppressing my lips together. After a while down there, he comes back up at me to kiss me and I can actually taste myself.

“Like how you taste?” He asks between the kiss. My hand runs down to his hard rock crotch and I stroke it. His breathing escalates and hits against my neck. My other hand reaches for

his testis, I massage them gently and he feast on my neck for a dear life, I moan into his ear.

His hand stretches to the pedestal and I already know that he is searching for a condom. He teared the condom off and wore it.

“Are you ready for me, sweedie?” I nod vigorously breathing heavily. “Say it mamasi.”

“I... I am. I'm ready for you.”

He parts my legs more for easy access. He places the head of his penis on my opening and gently push in. I flinch to the temporary pain, he groans to whatever feeling he is getting. He lies on top of me without moving but only our breathing makes the talking.

“It feels damn good and warm.” He holds on to my breast and French kiss me as he pushes in once more. I scream and put my hands on his back, wrapping my legs around his waist as he starts rocking his hips. The feeling gets comfortable and enjoyable. He also increases his pace, balls burring themselves in my honey pot. I feel my tears rolling to either side of my face and my eyes roll to the back of my head as the tension gets stronger, he is hitting me right.

“Don't stop.” I whisper as I scratch his back holding on to him very tight.

He goes harder and faster and I am starting to lose my mind. I balance my elbows on the bed and arch my back. My legs begin to shake uncontrollably. I grit my teeth as small wails escape my mouth, not because of pain but pleasure.

“Tebi, I am cumming.” I scream breathing heavily.

“Cum for me, baby.”

He goes on and on until we both reach our climax. I grab the sheets moaning loudly and his groans takes the bass tune. He collapse on top of me.

“Fuck!” He cusses before he kisses me. “That was good, damn.” He gets off me taking off the condom to dispose it in the bathroom. He comes back and jumps on the bed and cover us with the sheet.

“I love you, Mamasi.” He kiss my shoulder.

“I love you, Papasi.” He moves closer and spoons me, we both fall asleep.

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## **TEBOGO DICHABA**

My woman is still sleeping right next to me, the time now I past 10 in the morning. I carefully wake up from the bed, I don't want to wake her up. She is snoring softly with her mouth slightly open, I want to kiss her so bad but, she is tired she needs her sleep.

I walk to the bathroom and I dispose the water that is in there bathtub and I pick up her uniform and underwear and throw it in the laundry bin which reminds me that, Keke has no clothes here but, no worries because she can find something to wear of mine in the closet. We'll sort her wardrobe out later.

I get into the shower

open up the faucets and let the water run on me.

After I was done, I settled for my shorts and push-ins. My phone rings on the pedestal, I take it going out downstairs answering it.

“Sure, T-man.”

“Sure, o waar?” (Where are you?)

“At the apartment, what’s up?” I open up the fridge to look for something to eat, I think I’ll settle for cereal, I am lazy to make real food.

“Open up the gate, I’m outside.” He hung up.

As the gate opens, I make myself a bowl of cereal and settle on the barstool. There is no need for me to stand by the door because T-man never knocks he just...

“Mfanaka!” He just budes in! Shit, Kea is sleeping.

“Ejo, keep it down! My girl is sleeping up there.” I shout in a whisper. He smirks. He bought his girlfriend too.

“So you finally cut the cake, man!” Can this man stop shouting because, I don’t think I want to mess up with a woman’s sleep.

“Tebza, hi.” Taylor hugs me.

“Tay-Tay. Tell your man to keep it low or you both will go back where you coming from. Kea is up there sleeping coming from her nightshift.”

“Oh, she's here. I would love to meet her.” She says sounding so excited.

“You will get along with her. Would you like anything to eat, drink. Argh, why am I even asking, sort yourselves out.” I eat my cereal.

“I want beer. Babe, get me beer please. We are going to the living room.” I chuckle. T-man finds me chilling peacefully in the kitchen and wants to move me to the living room, I just go anyway.

We settle on the couch, he turns on the TV tuning to the sports channel looking at the highlights.

“So, are you going to tell me hore why you guys are here?” I ask before I toss a spoonful of cereal in my mouth.

“We came to chill here and enjoy the money we risked our life for.” I shake my head.

“Why here though?” I am actually annoyed. I wanted to spend this day with my woman in bed. Taylor comes holding a bowl of cereal and bottle of Heineken on the other hand and hands it to T-man.

“We are tired of your unexpected visits ko Kasi.” (In the township.)

We sit for a while holding conversations until my woman descends the stairs wearing a towel. She stands on the last staircase. She looks so damn sexy.

“Hi.”

“Hey, Kea. Dintsang?” (What's up?) T-man asks. “Oh, meet my first lady here, Taylor.”

“Ke sharp, T-man. Taylor, it’s good to finally meet you.”

“It’s good to meet you too, Kea.”

“Sweedie, what am I going to wear? I don’t have clothes here.” Kea says.

“Sweedie, look for something comfortable in the closet.” She nods turning back. I am now lusting at her as she sways her way upstairs. “I’ll be back guys, we’ll be back.” I run upstairs.

“Take your time!” T-man shouts.

I get into the bedroom and close the door behind. I walk into the closet and find her browsing through my clothes.

“Found anything, yet?” I stand behind her and snuggle my hands on her waist.

“No but, I think I will... Mmh Tebogo.” I peel off the towel off while kissing her neck. I bend her to the ottoman and position her to a doggy before going in her. Aaah, this is where I wanna be, all day everyday.

\*\*\*

I have always brought different girls and trust me, Taylor never got along with any of them but to see how she and my woman are chatting and laughing like they've known each other for years, it's fascinating. Kabza and his wife also got here not so long ago, we are in the entertainment room drinking and smoking as we waiting for the food that we ordered. I can see my woman from where I am sitting, I think she felt my eyes piercing on her because, she turned and looked back at me, blushing as I blew her a kiss.

“Man, you are whipped.” Kabza says, making T-man burst into a loud laugh.



“So, is this what I’ve been missing out all the time?” I ask shaking my head.

“Definitely but, we were not as whipped as you are.” T-man adds.

“Should we prepare our tuxedos for the big wedding?” Kabza asks.

“That’s his trophy wife, I never hear the end of it man so, I will suggest that you do prepare that tuxedo you wore on your wedding day.” T-man jumps in.

They go on and about giving me wedding and marriage advices and making fun as if I am getting married tomorrow. T-man is not even married but, he is the one with a big mouth in all of this.

“Guys, the food is here!” Kea shouts.

“It’s about time! We are coming sweedie!” We walk to the living room and I sit on the arm rest of the couch next to my wife.

“Maybe, we should go on a holiday all of us here, what do you think?” T-man suggests.

“That’s actually a good idea. Oh my word maybe if we could go to...” Taylor cuts Nompumelelo (Mpumi), Kabza's wife before she explains further.

“Argh, Barbie girl. We know that you went to the most luxurious Vacation with your husband and we definitely don’t need to hear about that. We need something adventurous that none of us has ever been to.”

“Taylor!” T-man warns.

“What baby?” She bites on her meet unbothered.

“It’s okay.” Mpumi says looking down.

It awkwardly goes silent I so badly want to laugh. Kea looks at me, I shrug. I understand why Taylor said that. Mpumi likes bragging a lot even I get irritated at times

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TO BE CONTINUED...

## **NINE**

### **TEBOGO DICHABA**

Everyone was now leaving, even I had to take my woman back home. It was a good day with them indeed but, every good thing always comes to an end. I am a bit tipsy but, that won't stop my woman from going back home and I know that she won't agree to get into T-man's car since they live in the same street so, I just grab my car keys.

"Are you ready to go, sweedie?" I ask. It's the only two of us now in the house.

"Eya but sweedie, kopa re bue hle?" (Can we please talk?) I smile.

"Onkopa monate, how can I say no Mara?" (You ask me nicely,) She holds my hand and pulls me to the dining table before we both sit.

"It's about last night, what happened?" She asks.

“What happened with what?” She gives me a serious stare.  
“Babe, come on. How am I supposed to know what you are talking about?”

“Tebi, you were breaking up with me.” My eyes involuntarily widen up.

“I was?” I am shocked.

“Yeah, you were giving me an ultimatum last night Tebogo.”

“Keke, I was not breaking up with you. I wanted to know if you'll be by my side all the time since well, you know my line of work.” I hold her hand. “I love you so much and I am just hoping that you won't change on me because of what I do because, I come with a lot of baggage and you are just so innocent for my life. I just want you to be prepared for whatever is to come in future, sweedie. One thing I can promise you though is that, I will shield you and I will always protect you, no matter what, okay?”

“Okay.” She nods.

“Come here.” I pull her to my lap, she sits. “I want you staying here with me forever so that, I won't have to drive you back home all the time.” She pouts, I peck her on the lips. “I want you to meet my mother soon, no pressure though.”

“I would love to meet your mother.” I am going to marry this woman.

“I can’t wait to make you my Trophy wife, mamasi. Kao rata.” (I love you.)

“Kao rata hle lenna, Papasi.” (I love you too.) My phone beeps, notifying a message. I check the message.

'Tebza, can we meet and talk tomorrow?' – Hlengiwe.

“So, you still communicating with her, Tebi?” She asks, furiously.

“No, sweedie it’s nothing like that.”

“Then why is she asking you to meet her tomorrow?” She gets off me.

“I don’t know sweedie, can we not do this please.” I get up too.

“Are you going to meet her?” I sigh.

“Baby, don’t you trust me?” She shakes her head.

“Not when there is another woman involved. Take me home, I don’t want to get there when my grandma is already sleeping.”  
Woman are so complicated.

“Okay, let’s go.” I grab my keys from the table.

“Oh, so now you want to get rid of me.” Oh Lord.

“What do you want, Keke!? What do you want me to do!?”

“Stop yelling!”

“Keke, stop being unreasonable and naïve. I don’t understand, why are we even fighting?” I lean against the wall and cross my legs folding my arms. “Bua lenna.” (Talk to me.)

“I'm scared okay.” She sulks.

“What are your scared of, mamasi. Because, from where I am standing this conversation is unnecessary. I am not even sure where it’s going.”

“I want to go home, Tebi.”

“If that's what you want, Keke. Let’s go.” I hold her hand as we make our way out. I'd say you are pregnant but, I didn’t knock you up so, I don’t understand why you are behaving like this. Or, maybe I should.”

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**KEABETSWE MOLISE**

The next morning when I woke up, I decided to divide the roses to different vases and put some in the kitchen, bedrooms and living room. I cleaned the whole house and made food for us. I gave my grandmother some sweets and chocolates, she has a sweet tooth too.

We sat around the table and we started eating our food.

“Kea.”

“Eya Koko?”

“I understand that you are dating and all but, I don’t know the man that you are dating.” I nervously look down. “It would be better if I know who you are going out with so that my heart can be at peace. It is a very dangerous world that we are living in, I just want my heart to be at peace whenever you are out there with him because I know that my granddaughter is safe.”

“I understand, koko.” I take my phone and send a text message to Tebogo.

'Sweedie, can you come to my house later?' – Kea

'Is there anything wrong?' – Tebogo

'No. I want you to meet my grandmother.' – Kea

My phone rings in an instant. That's my man for you.

"Excuse me, Koko." I get up answering my phone.

"Sweedie, you want me to meet your grandmother as in today?"

"Is there a problem?" He heaves a sigh over the phone.

"She won't like me... in fact, she doesn't like me and you know it."

"I love you and if she can't accept you then that's her because, I won't separate from you."

"I don't know hey, sweetie."

"Do it for me, sweetie. This are only formalities, just so my grandma can know who I am with when I am not home." He chuckles.

"So, are you saying that, you will spend more time with me at my place?" I blush.

"Only if you come and meet my grandmother tonight."

"Fine. What does she like?"



“It’s not necessary to get anything for her. Just bring your manners.”

“Are you saying that I don’t have manners?” I chuckle.

“Well, if the shoe fits.”

“I will get you.” He chuckles. “See you later sweedie, bye.”

“Bye

Advertisement

I love you.”

“I love you.”

It feels good to feel loved back. Let me call my mom also, she needs to be here when I make the big introduction. I already concluded that, the night will end in tears but, I love Tebogo and there is nothing that they can do about it. She answers after the second ring.

“Kea my baby, how are you?”

“I am very well thanks mommy, are you good?” I ask.

“I’m fine my love.”

“Okay good. Mama can you make it home tonight?”

“Why, is there anything wrong?” She asked concerned.

“I just have something to tell you and Koko, something that you already know but, I just want you to be there when I tell koko.”

She sighs.

“Is this about that women beater?”

“Mama, don’t call him that.”

“Ai, kea will come after fetching Tidi from crèche. I am at work today.”

“Okay thanks, bye.”

“Bye.”

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TEBOGO DICHABA

I am very nervous about this night. I am thirty minutes early and I have been sitting in my car the whole time. I have arrived at Kea's house and I think I need something so strong to calm my nerves. I couldn't come here empty handed so, I bought a tiramisu cake and a triple layered Chocolate cake for them well, that is what Kea suggested.

'How is the atmosphere?' – Tebogo. I send her a text message.

'Where are you? I hope you are not changing your mind there because I will be mad at you. Please don't be late!' – Kea. What is wrong with woman giving wrong answers all the time?

'Oh and, they don't know what's the agenda so, they are curious.' – Kea.

'They?' – Tebogo. I thought it'll only be me, her and Koko. Who is they?

'My mom is here too.' – Kea.

'Kea! 😊' – Tebogo.

'😞' – Kea.

I better go in now so we can get over this night and done with. I take steady breaths before taking what I need and walk into their yard. She said I should knock on the front door so, I will do exactly that.

“You made it.” She says after opening the door. As if she gave me any choice. “Come in.” She says as she take the cakes from me, I walk in and boy, oh boy... I just wanted the world to open up and just swallow me, right away! Kea's grandmother looks rather shocked that who I think it's her mother, she looks like she will jump on me and strangle me to death. They are not pleased at all to see me but, it was very much expected.

“Dumelang.” (Greetings.) I nervously greet them.

“Keabetswe, what is this man doing in my house?” Her grandmother asks.

“Koko, can we please stay calm.” Kea says. “Please sit here.” I nod sitting down on the chair.

“Keabetswe, sekebekwa sena senyakang haka!?” (What is this criminal doing in my house?)

“Koko, I called him here. He is the man that...” She sighs looking down. “His name is Tebogo, Tebogo Dichaba and koko we are in a relationship.”

“Kea, why are you doing this? Did he force you to be with him?”  
Her mother asks. Wow!

“No, mama please! I love him.” She defends me.

“Kea, this is not love!” Her mother shouts.

“I am going to my room, Kea, I am so disappointed.” Her  
grandmother slowly gets up and walks away.

“Koko.” Kea calls her.

“Leave her Kea.” Her mom suggests. I sigh. This is what I was  
trying to avoid.

“Sweedie, maybe I should go.” I say while getting up.

“Not so fast, tsotsi! Tell me, what do you want from my  
daughter mmh?” She charges towards me and pulls me with my  
t-shirt.

“Mama stop!” Kea shouts, trying to separate her mother from  
me.

“I want you to listen to me very carefully and observe what I am  
going tell you. My daughter is not a punching bag. If you feel  
like boxing, go somewhere, to a gym maybe or yetsa ngwana  
wa hao o otlo mo shapang because mine, hands off my

daughter!” She slaps me so hard I feel dizzy, damn! I hold my stinging cheek as she lets go of me.

“Mama, why did you do that!” Kea holds my face. I think my right eye is going blind, that’s how hard the slap was. “Are you okay, sweedie?”

“I’m fine, it’s totally okay.” I get on my feet. “Ma, it was nice to meet you.”

“I wish I could say the same thing about you but, you have some nerve, boy.” She clucks her tongue.

“Ma, I truly love your daughter and I hope that you will see that someday.”

“You dare kick my daughter like a dog ever again, I will kill you like one.” A baby’s cries sound coming from one of the rooms.

“Excuse me, but not that I need your permission but, my daughter needs me.” She walks away. I exhale like I wasn’t aware how suffocated I was.

“Tebi, I am sorry baby.” She pulls me back on the chair before sitting on my lap.

“It was expected sweedie.”

“But, she had no right to touch you.” She says checking my face.

“I am fine, Keke. Your mother is only trying to protect her daughter.” She sighs.

“My grandmother, she is not happy at all.”

“She knows me and my behaviour, I understand I mean, she sees me all the time with T-man.” She pecks my lips, I smile.

“Give me more, mamasi.” She kiss me on my lips and when she tries to pull out, I pull her back and kiss her swirling my throat in her mouth.

“Wait, Tebi.” She mumbles between the kiss before breaking it.

“I didn’t cook for nothing so, let me dish for you.” She gets up, I get up too.

“I want the food, I am hungry I won’t lie but that can wait. I want you now, let’s go out to my car.” She pulls her lower lip into her teeth and I know that’s a yes!

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TO BE CONTINUED...

**TEN**

**KEABETSWE MOLISE**

I felt cold small hands softly touching my face, I smile as I open my eyes and squint them. It is already morning but, too early for my liking.

“Good morning, Tidi.” She smiles, showing her little teeth. Last night after Tebogo left, Tidi gave my mom and I a hard time going back to sleep. I stayed up with her the whole night until 2am, that is when she decided to sleep yet, she wakes up very early.

“Tidimalo, do you know what time it is?” Now I wish I she slept with her mother.

“Jaja.” (Food.) She says. Oh gosh, so early in the morning. It’s not even 6 o'clock yet.

“Tidi, are you serious?” Thank Goodness I am two days off or else I would be crying. I get up and carry her to the kitchen and put her on the counter. My mother brought also her strawberry cerelac, my favourite, I will make her exactly that.



Tidi did not give me a run around when I fed her, she was really hungry she even finished her food. After I was finished with washing dishes, my grandmother walks into the kitchen and greets, sounding very low. She is still upset about last night, she won't even look at me in the eye.

"Dumela, Koko. Can I make you some tea?" I say already taking out the cup and switch on the kettle.

"Is your mother still sleeping?" She asks.

"I think she has woken up, I heard her going to the bathroom." She nods.

"Koko!" Tidi shouts as she gets on top of her and they start singing.

I place the tea in front of my grandmother.

"Thank you." I clear my throat.

"Koko, I would like to apologise about last night. I didn't mean to ambush you and mama, I am sorry." She keeps quiet and concentrate on her tea, I sigh going back to my bedroom. I make my bed neat and lie on it. I take my phone on the pedestal, two missed calls from my man and a message that read:

'Good morning, I wanted to check on you and how things are between you and your family. I hope that I didn't get you into so much trouble, I love you sweedie.' – Tebogo

Just when I am about to call him back, my door opens before my mother walks in.

"Morning. Come to the living room, your grandmother and I would like to have a word with you." I nod before getting up and follow her.

I take the one sitter couch and face them. Tidi is minding her own business talking to herself. Now, I can feel the thick atmosphere that Tebogo asked me about last night, you could actually cut it.

"Keabetswe, what have I done wrong? What is it that I did not do for you, huh?" My mother asks sounding hurt.

"Nothing, mama. You did everything for me and I appreciate it. You and Koko raised me very well to be the woman that I am today." I say.

"Clearly not. Out of all the men out there you chose that criminal?"

"His name is Tebogo, mama."

“Even if he was God, he is still a criminal. I don’t like him at all, nana he is not good for you.” I sigh.

“He is not for you to like. I love him and you can’t choose for me who to see and what not. I love him the way he is please accept that.” She chuckles.

“Are you talking to me like that, Kea?” She asks with a warning tone.

“Mama, he is a good guy. If you get to know him better than judge him like this you will see for yourself.”

“Kea, he is a criminal! He robs the banks, hijack cars, bombs ATMs and all those heists. Police go in and out of Thapelo’s house all the time and this boyfriend of yours is very rude and disrespectful! Is that that the life that you want for yourself, always sleeping with one eye open because you never know when to expect the police?”

“Well, if that’s the package that love comes with...” I shrug.

“Calm down, both of you,” My grandmother says. “Kea, my child. I have always warned you about T-man and his friend because you know how troublesome they are. I do not approve him at all and, he will have to work hard to get my approval but, I give you my blessings, not because I accept him but, I don’t want to push you away. Maybe something happens one day and you blame us, you are a grown woman and you have

been a very good child, you grew up under me and look at you today, old enough to make your own decisions. I give you my blessings but, I have a condition.” My heart fills up with joy.

“Anything, Koko.” I say.

“I don’t want any trouble in my house. Don’t get me unnecessary attention and invite unwanted visitors.” I nod.

“Of course, Koko. Thank you.”

“I am not done. I don’t want you getting involved in his illegal businesses.” I nod. I just keep nodding because, WOW! “Invite him for lunch I mean, it’s not like he’s got plans.” Now, she ruins the mood. Did she have to say the last part.

“Mama?” She sighs.

“What do you want me to say, Kea?” She asks

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bluntly. I wipe my tears.

“I want to know how you feel about this? Mama, your blessings would mean a lot to me.” Her tears also roll out from her eyes.

“Just promise me that, you will walk away if he dares to do something that hurts you and I mean even if he steps on your foot by mistake.” I smile.

“I promise. Thank you, both of you.” I get up going to my bedroom. “Tidi, I have something for you!” She comes running. I give her a packet of jelly-tots.

“Dankie.” (Thank you.) Her face beams. She runs out screaming, “Mama!”

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My mother decided to leave earlier so, the lunch with Tebogo had to be postponed. I am going out with Taylor and Mpumi but, we are meeting up at the mall. Well, they want to get to know me better since we are dating friends. Tebogo will be here any minute now, he is going to drive me there. I fix up my summer red summer dress which is above my knees and wear my black sneakers. I think I will let my braids lose today. My phone beeps implying a message. I check it and it is Tebogo letting me know that he is outside. I check myself one more time on the mirror before going out. I bid my farewell to my grandmother before going out.

I find him leaning against his car, smoking.

SMOKING!!!

Today, he is wearing jeans, white sneakers and a red shirt but he let lose of the two buttons on top. His cologne hits my nose before I even get to him. That's how strong the cologne is but, not strong enough to suffocate you. It is very seductive. He drops the cigarette bud to the ground and opens his arms for me, I go into the embrace and wrap my arms around his waist. I think I felt his gun.

We pull out from the hug before kissing, why isn't he stopping?

"Babe, my lip gloss." I say after pulling out.

"You look more beautiful, sweedie." I shyly blush. He opens the door for me.

"Thank you."

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The drive to the mall was not that long, or maybe it's because we were chit chatting the whole way I didn't feel it. I was telling

him all about what my grandmother and my mother said to me earlier and, he looked surprise because, he never thought that they would actually give us the blessings. It is just sad that, his father disowned him for what he does for a living.

“I will fetch you again, call me when you are done.” He says while taking out his wallet from his jeans. He takes out his black card and hands it over to me.

“I am sorted, Sweedie. Thank you.” I say, he frowns, I frown too.

“You think I’ll drive you all the way to spend your own money, don’t annoy me. Go and enjoy yourself, no limit. I’ll send you the pin right away.” I hesitantly take it, he pecks my lips.

“Better get used to it, sweedie. I will spend whatever and however I want on you. I am going to spoil you rotten.” I smile.

“Thank you.”

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After a whole lot of shopping, we decided to go and dine at Spur with the girls. I don’t know how much I spent but, I was

told there aren't any limits so I did what I am good at, Swiping! I also bought my toiletries to leave at Tebogo's house since I had to use his manly Shower gel and lotion, not that I do mind smelling like him but, come on.

"So, how long have you been dating?" Mpumi asks me.

"Just a few weeks."

"Do you love him?" Like, what! Am I in an interrogation room?

"Is that necessary to ask I mean, couldn't you see that for yourself the other day? Can't you see it now?" Taylor jumps in.

"No, it's just that Tebi alw..." Tebi?

TEBI!?

"Tebogo or Tebza to you, Barbie girl!" Taylor reprimands. I hold myself from laughing. I wonder why she calls her Barbie.

"Okay, whatever. Tebogo always brought floozies to spend his money on so..."

"So, you think that I am one of the "floozies" that you are talking about?" I ask her, she shrugs.

"I am just asking." Wow!



“Do you have a problem with me, because if you do lay it down on the table so we can solve it right away.” I am getting annoyed now.

“I just want to make sure that Tebogo doesn’t invest all of his heart to someone that’s going to end up hurting him only because they want to use him for his money then leave him broke.” I chuckle bitterly.

“And who are you to do that? Sisi did I step on your toes? Did I take your boyfriend, maybe because last time I check, you are married. Shouldn’t you worry about who is probably fucking your husband right now? Leave Tebogo to me! He is mine that one and I don’t see how and on who Tebogo spends his money on.” I cluck my tongue. A waiter comes to our table.

“Hi. Can you please keep it down, our customers are starting to feel uncomfortable. Uh, are you ready to order?” The waiter asks.

“I would like you special for today, the 'one for two' and, please make it a take-outs.” I say, he jots it down.

“I would like the same please.” Taylor adds.

“And you ma’am?” The waiter looks at Barbie girl.

“Just a glass of wine before I leave.” She says. While the waiter walks away, I get my phone from my bag and call Tebogo.

“Sweedie, what’s up?” He asks after answering on the first ring.

“Sweedie, can you come and get me?”

“Now?” He sounds surprised.

“Yes now, please.” He sighs.

“What Happened? Are you okay?” He asks concerned.

“I will be fine when you get here, sweedie. I am giving you thirty minutes.” He laughs.

“See you in a minute.” He hung up.

“Wow! Barbie girl, I give it to you yazi. Hai, no man you deserve a round of applause shame. Kore, you couldn’t be at your best behaviour on this day only? You such a bitch.” Taylor clucks her tongue.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

**ELEVEN**

**THE PRODIGAL HUSBAND**

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**ELEVEN**

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**TEBOGO DICHABA**

I don't know what happened at the mall and I am not sure if it's a right thing to ask because, she'll blow off at me. I just play the music on the radio connected with my phone. Eminem's No Love bursts out loud the speakers, startling Kea. I start laughing at her.

“I don’t see anything funny with what you did.” She says, sounding annoyed.

“Okay, sweedie. Tell me what happened. Where is the Keabetswe that I drove to the mall because this one, is not the one.” She rolls her eyes looking back at the side of the road. I sigh.

I drive pass a red Audi RS3, her eyes don’t move away from it, I slow down.

“Do you like it?” I ask parking on the side of the road.

“It’s a nice car.” She says. “Why are we stopping?”

“Would you like to own the car?” She shrugs.

“One day, yes.”

“Okay.” I pull my gun out from the back of my waist and cock it.

“Tebi, what are you doing?” She moves uncomfortably.

“Tebogo!”

“What if I tell you that, that one day is today? Sweedie, I am getting you the car.” I open the door, she pulls my arm.

“Tebi, No! I want a new one, not that! And especially not like that!” I sigh, closing the door.

“You should have said, sweedie because I can get it for you right-away.” I start the car getting back on the road. She starts laughing.

“Were you really going to take that car?” She asks, I shrug.

“Well, your mood is foul so, I wanted to do something for you to get your smile back.” She nods.

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I sit on the counter and play with my phone as I wait for her to finish dishing for us. She places a plate in front of me before she settles next to me.

“Thank you, mamasi.” We both dig in our meal.

“Sweedie?” She calls me while focusing on her food.

“Yes?” I lean back on the chair and watch her as she chews on her food. I hold her free hand, something seems to be bothering her. “Talk to me, skat.” She turns and looks at me.

“I am not even sure how to explain it but, there is definitely something wrong with Mpumi. Babe, is there anything that you want to tell me about her?”

I cough sitting up right on the stool.

“What do you mean? What has she said about me?” I ask and clear my throat.

“Why are you getting all worked up. Don’t worry about it because, I put her in her place but, I can’t help but to think that there is more to her behaviour man it’s like I stepped on her toes or something.” She thinks thoroughly.

“I want you to stay away from her.” I solemnly say.

“But, babe I want to get to know...”

“I SAID STAY AWAY FROM HER, KEABETSWE!” I roar, she frightens and startles looking at me, I sigh. “Look, I just don’t want you hanging around with her, she is no good.”

She nods. She is silent looking at her plate, no longer eating.

“Kea sweedie, I didn’t mean to shout at you.” She nods. She is hurt and won’t talk to me.

I need to deal with this Nompumelelo chick now, I don’t know what she has said to Kea but I need to have a word with her. I won’t allow her to destroy my relationship.

“Please take me home.” She asks while getting on her feet.

“I thought you'd be leaving later on, Kea. You did not finish eating your food.”

“I am fine, can we go or ke request Uber?” An ultimatum! I hate that.

“That’s unnecessary Kea, kgani are we fighting here?” She shrugs looking tedious.

“I don’t know, are we? I mean, was it necessary for you to shout at me?” I sigh.

“I’m sorry Kea, I didn’t mean to. But, I mean it stay away from her!”

“You are raising your voice at me again, what is it with you and that Mpumi who is married but concerned about who you are dating and worried if I am one of the your 'floozyies'? And you here are telling me to stay away from her. What is going on between you two? Is there anything that I should know about her?” She folds her arms to her chest. I walk to her and put my hands on her waist.

“She is just not a good choice when it comes to friends.” I peck her lips. “I just don’t want you coming home all the time complaining about her getting mad at me for nothing because of the things she says. You are nothing compared to the 'floozyies' that I have been with. I love you Mamasi, and I want

to spend the rest of my life with you, have a family together. Please, don't let Mpumi get in between us and ruin our moment, okay?"

"Okay, I'm sorry."

"No need, you were only being concerned." I peck her lips.

"I still want to go home though." She says.

"But we good right?"

"We are fine, sweedie." She turns to walk, I smack her behind, she flinches. "Ouch, Tebi!"

"Skat!"

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NOMPUMELELO (MPUMI) KABINDE (Kabza's wife)

I was listening to soft music, drinking wine while I was busy painting my nails in pink when the landline in the house rang. I got up from the couch and scurried to answer the phone.



“Mrs Kabinde speaking, hello.”

“Good afternoon, ma’am. There is a Tebogo here to see you. Should I let him in?” What is he doing here? He knows that Kabelo is not home at this time, he is at work.

“Uh, yes Uhm, let him in.”

“Okay ma’am.” I put the phone down and glance at myself on the mirror, I don’t look bad at all. I am wearing a pink sports bra and cotton shorts. I quickly slip in my pink slippers.

My heart palpitates and my palms starts to sweat as I heard the doorbell ring. I drag myself to the door and open up. He looks at me from toes to my head before letting himself in uninvited. I roll my eyes closing the door behind and fold my arms.

“I see, pink is still you favourite colour.” He says as he helps himself with my husband’s whiskey before settling on the couch putting his right foot on his left thigh. God, dearly did take his time when he created this man. His cologne lingers in my nostrils, I swear I want to just throw myself on him right now. How does a man look so handsome and be a gangster at

the same time, I am not complaining though because, I am turned on. He clears his throat, I swallow hard.

“What are you doing here? My husband is not here.” He chuckles before downing the whiskey putting the glass on the coffee table.

“You think I am here for him?” He gets on his feet. “I am here for you!” I swear his sonorous voice sent chills to my spine, I think I even released juices down there.

Breathe, Mpumi breathe!

“Me?” I ask nervously.

“I want you to listen to me. My woman is OFF LIMITS! I am not sure what you are trying to achieve with what you are doing but, I am warning you Nompumelelo don't test me!”

Even after this past year, Tebogo I still very intimidating and funny thing is, it's that intimidation that makes me want him.

“Or what?” I pull myself close to him.

“Don't try me.” He says.

I put my hands on his broad chest moving them slowly down to his abs.

“Are you scared that, they might find out what we have been up to this past year?” I bite my lower lip as I slide my hands

under his shirt, he doesn't stop me. "We had a good thing going on, why can't we do it anymore?"

"We can't, stop it. You cheated on me and married my friend, stop your shit!" He Yanks my hands off him.

"Tebi, I married him because I wanted to get closer to you." I hold his hand. "I am sorry I cheated on you but, you made me do it."

"Futsek, Mpumi futsek!" He clucks his tongue. "I moved on, and so should you!" He charges to the door and opens it before turning to look at me. "Oska baiza because, I will forget that you were once my girlfriend and you are married to one of my friends. You know what I am capable of doing, if you still value your life you will stop your nonsense." He walks out, closing the door behind him.

I swallow the lump threatening to grow on my throat, panting. I messed up a good thing with Tebogo. About a year ago, when I started dating Tebogo I was already dating Kabelo. What Tebogo doesn't know is that, I was actually dating Kabelo before him, I cheated on Kabelo but not him. Tebogo came off as a guy who didn't mind throwing his money on me, and on the other hand, Kabelo was very stingy. I ended up falling for

Tebogo, he loved me too until one day Kabelo hosted a birthday party, I was so scared because I didn't know that they knew each other. I already knew T-man by then because, everywhere Tebogo was clubbing

he was there too. Kabelo introduced me to them as his girlfriend and Lord knows how much I wanted to die at that very moment. Now, the person who used to love me has turned that love into hatred.

I am stuck as Kabelo's house wife now, don't get me wrong I love my husband but, it's not enough. I wish things turned out differently. I just pray and hope he never finds out about me and Tebogo, Kabeoo's anger is just worse than Tebogo's, he doesn't have mercy.

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TAYLOR BUTHELEZI (T-man's girlfriend)

I came straight to Thapelo's place after we separated at the mall. I really try so hard to get along with Mpumi but, she just won't stop being a bitch argh, that Barbie doll. She likes blond hair, pink lipstick and pink clothes, it suits her I won't lie. Her light skin colour adds to it but, she is just too much for my liking, which is why I call her Barbie girl. Thapelo told me about her and Tebogo but, I can't shake the feeling that, even after her being married to Kabza, she still wants to jump into Tebogo's pants. I wanted us to get along since we are dating friends so that, when there are meet ups and all that, it doesn't get awkward. Kea looks like a great girl, I like her because, she is independent and focused.

I hold on to his chest as I bounce up and down on him. I opened my eyes and looked at him, pulling his lower lip into his teeth. He puts his hands on my waist helping me to grind him. I like this position, it makes me believe that I am in control, I know he likes it when I take control it turns him on. His hands move down to my butt and he squeeze it, I move my face closer to his and kiss him. I love this man although he makes me his fool sometimes, I love him and he loves me too.

There's that feeling coming again, my third orgasm and I won't lie I feel tired but I can't let this feeling go to waist. I like that when I am on top, we both get what we want. I grind him a few more times before my body trembles, and I cry out loud as I lean and hold on to him tightly with my body shaking, he hits me from underneath and starts groaning as he release his seeds. At this moment, I don't trust myself to move so, he flips me to the side before he gets off the bed getting a towel to wipe us.

"Get me water please, Tee." I ask. He disappears out of my sight. His phone rings. "Babe, your phone is ringing!"

"Answer it, I'm coming!" He shouts back.

"Hi." I say after answering the phone.

"Hi, where is Thapelo?" It's a lady.

"Unavailable, can I ask who this is?"

"Question is, what are you doing with my man's phone?" I chuckle.

“Your man?” I ask. T-man quickly snatches the phone from my hands before he hangs up. “Thapelo!?”

“Here is your water, Tay.” I snatch the water in the glass from him and pour at him.

“Don’t patronise me, Thapelo! Even today, you still want to put me through that? Tebogo what are you doing with me if you still looking for other cunts out there? Is mine not enough?” I get up from the bed to wear my clothes.

“Come on, Tay where are you going?” Why is he so calm, why isn’t he begging me or something and tell me that he is sorry.

“Ngiya ekhaya!” (I am going home!)

He goes out of the bedroom mind you he is still naked so, it’s a bit funny when his penis wiggles as he moves up and down.

I hear the main door locking and I am sure that he hid the key somewhere in there, fuck!

“Tee, let me go home!”

He walks in the room, looking very intimidating. My breathing changes in an instant as he walks to me, I move back until I am against the wardrobe. He gets to me and tears off my dress, my favourite dress! I gasp. How strong is this man?

“Stop acting crazy and get back to bed.” He says. Words fail to come out, I just nod and obey. “I am going to the kitchen, I want to find you in position when I get back.”

“Yes.” I say.

“Yes, who?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Good girl.” He leave me in the room, I get on the bed and position myself for a doggy style. Welcome to my world, this is my life. I am about to get punished, thanks to Nobantu Xaba for writing the book 'I AM DAMAGED-PAIN AND PLEASURE', Thapelo and I read it on visionary writings and the book is so explicit. It's about BDSM and since Thapelo read the book, he uses it against me. Without a warning, he fills me up with his Penis, I flinch. He goes deeper, I swear I want cry.

“We going to talk about this right now or forever hold your peace. I don't want to hear anything about the call after this, am I clear?” I nod letting my tears fall out, He smacks my butt so hard. “I can't hear you, Tay!”

“Aaw, Yes, I hear you sir!” I cry out.



“What was the call about?” He asks as he bangs me from the back. My lips tremble before I talk.

“She wanted to know why I have, aaah...” He pinches my nipples. “Her man's phone.” I don't understand why I am the one getting the punishment here, I did nothing wrong! He pulls out and puts his penis on my anal hole. “Tee, please I will behave.” I sob.

“I know you will but, when are you going to trust me?” He slowly enters, I grit my teeth so much and wince.

“I trust you! It hurts! Please stop, Tee please...”

“When you said I should break up with her a month ago, I did ma' Bhuthelezi! I don't know why she is calling now, I am sorry I cheated but, Lindiwe is out of my life now.” He gets comfortable in my anal, and thrust me not too hard, the pain is just unbearable, I want him to finish but he is still far from that.

He pulls out and turns me before picking me up and put me against the wall. He strokes me right there, I am stuck between pain and pleasure but, more like pain.

“Next time you think of leaving unsolved matters, you will think twice. You are mine and you will never leave me because, if you do, don't ever think of coming back. I am only making my statement here, marking my territory.” He puts my leg down

with the other holding it on his waist and roughly fucks me. I feel paralysed, I think I am going to drop to the floor.

“I am going to fuck you so hard that you learn to trust me and stop feeling insecure, I hate insecurities.” He goes on pumping harder and harder, I scream my lungs out and wrap my arms around his neck as I release my juices. He pushes me back to the bed, I lay on my back. He pulls me to the edge of the bed the bed and puts my legs on his shoulders. I don't like this position when he gets rough with me, I think I can feel his penis poking my heart... okay, maybe I am exaggerating but, that's how it feels like.

He circles my pussy with his thumb, getting me back in the mood. I am already dripping wet. He pumps me harder and harder until I can't anymore, I am filled up and dead right now. I squirt on him, he spanks me and squeezes my ass before cumming, cumming in me.

My pussy is burning, I need a fan. I don't want to even imagine my anus.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

**THAPELO (T-MAN) KHOZA**

I woke up the next day, I wore my boxer and went outside for a smoke and sat on the bench looking at my grandmother's house. A lot has happened in here, things that I sometimes wish to forget so that I can move on with my life. These things forced me to be who I am today because, even after all these years, I am still planning my revenge.

My father, before he died he was trying to change his life to a normal life but, his past wouldn't let him go that easily. He was one of the dangerous gang members in the city, the gang that ended up killing him and my mother and my grandmother! That gang was ruthless, and very dangerous. They would make you suffer before they kill you, which is what they did to my father.

I was only two years when they made me watch my mother being gang raped. They took turns with her, she ended up giving in because, fighting them became useless. I was crying and screaming because, I didn't understand what was happening but, what I knew was that, my mother was in pain and my father was there tied up on the chair feeling helpless. I

saw rage in his eyes as he tried freeing himself. As little as I was, the memory is stuck in my head and until I get my revenge, it won't stop playing in my head. After they were satisfied, they pulled a trigger on my mother, then put a bullet on my father before leaving me crying, until one of my neighbors, Kea's grandmother found me. My grandmother was still at work then.

Years later, I was nineteen, my first year in University. A few months later, my grandmother was brutally murdered. She was stabbed 16 times and bled to death. I was called by one of the neighbours who had found her, letting me know about the tragic thing that happened to my grandmother, the only parent I was left with. I wanted to take care of her but, they took her away from me and I know who it is.

Now, I can't go into my grandmother's house because, I feel like what happened years ago

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I will see it happening again. This is why I wanted people to rent this house, the people living here have become my family now. They know what I do and what I have been through, never judged me. They are like my parents, Mr and Mrs Dlamini. They have two grown daughter, I am like their big brother but, they don't live here anymore. One is married and one is still enjoying her varsity life.

The time for my revenge is coming, very soon. I am going to do it on my own, without Tebogo or anyone else.

“Tee, o sharp?” Taylor brings me back to reality. I quickly wipe my tears, I’m sure she saw them already. She limps herself to where I am sitting and sits on my lap. Shame, I was not easy on her throughout the night. She is wearing my t-shirt, very sexy.

“Ke sharp.” I say, bluntly. “I am sorry about last night.” I try to make her focus on something else. I throw the cigarette bud away and hold her waist.

“It’s fine.” She says. “I will never doubt you again.” Lindiwe, is one of the gang members, Zola Mkhize's daughter, the man that pulled the trigger on my father and my mother. I was using Lindiwe to get information about his father but, I got enough so, I will start with everyone and end with him.

“Of course you won’t, unless you want me to repeat what I did last night.”

“No! My nunu is burning and painful, please don’t.” As much as I want a morning Glory, I will let her be. I wasn’t easy on her and it would be very unfair of me to put her on more pain than she already has now.

“It’s okay, ngiyakuthanda Ma’ Bhuthelezi yezwa?” (I love you my sweet Bhuthelezi, okay?) She blushes.

“I love you too, Mr Khoza.” I pinch her, she flinches and laughs.

“Stop with the politics.”

“Nami futhi, ngiyakuthanda bab’ Khoza.” (I love you too Mr Khoza.) I kiss her before carrying her back to the room for a bath, she already did our bed.

My woman! My wife! I love her so much.

I am scared sometimes. I am scared that, the very same thing that happened to my parents might happen to us, I don’t want that.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

**KEABETSWE MOLISE**

A year later, I am sitting in my bedroom with Taylor and Ncedi. They don't quite get along but, they are trying to be civil to each other, just for today because it is my big day today. Can you guess what is happening today?

Well, Tebogo has sent his uncles to my house, I am getting married! I am really hoping that everything is going well in the living room with the negotiations, it's almost two hours and they are still battling on something?

I get up from the bed and pace around the room looking, I don't know what.

"Relax, Trophy wife. I am sure there is a good reason why the negotiations are taking long." Taylor says sounding so sure like she can hear Tebogo's family and my family talking in the living room.

"But, what could be taking them so long?" I ask, nervously.

"This things take time. You need to calm down." I sigh and sit back on the bed.

My phone rings and my face glitters to the caller's name.

“Mrs D.” He says, melting my heart.

“Mr D. How are you doing?”

“I’m okay, are you good, sweedie?”

“I will be after the negotiations. I miss you and they are taking too long with the negotiations.” I complain.

“You’re worth a sweat, skat. I don’t mind waiting.” He says, sounding calm.

“But, I can’t wait to see you. Where are you?”

“I am outside your house lema jita.” (With the guys.) The door swings open, my mother walks in.

“I have to go. I will see you in a minute, I love you.”

“Orata kenna San!” (I love you!) I hung up.

“Kea, the elders request to see you, are you good?” My mother ask, I nod nervously.

“Yes.” I follow her but, before I walk out I look back at Taylor and Ncedi. “Behave.” I sternly say before scurrying out to the living room.

I stand right across the living room, looking down to my shoes. I am very shy right now and I feel scared. I think if u lift up my eyes to them, I will only drop to the floor and die. These people are very serious in here.



“Ngwanaka. As from today, you will not only be Keabetswe Molise but, you will be a wife. Please ngwanaka don’t let us down and also do not think that this is no longer your home, you are always and will forever be welcomed In this house, this is your home, okay?” My grandmother says.

“Eya Koko.” (Yes Koko.)

I am so emotional right now, my tears are uncontrollably falling from my eyes.

“Come and greet your in-laws. You are officially someone’s wife.” I blush. A part of me wants to scream and jump around but, I compose myself and save it for later.

I go around greeting from Tebogo’s uncles to aunts and end up with his parents. I am glad that, Tebogo and his father made peace for today’s sake, I couldn’t be more happier.

After all that meet and greet, I took the opportunity to rush out without looking back, I want my man now, gosh Tebogo is my drug that I am so addicted to. I am so in love and I fall for him all-over again everyday! I see him, he sees me and our eyes lock. Like I said, I fall in love all-over again. His smile charms me as his gold tooth flashes. As I walk to him, he meets me halfway. He doesn’t waste anymore time, he pulls me by my waist and lifts me up before spinning me around, I am all giggles like a five year old toddler.

He puts me back down, still holding my waist and our lips collide for a kiss. His friends shout and whistle at us.

“I miss you so much, Mrs D.” He pecks my lips. “Damn you look beautiful.” Of course, I do like c'mon! I went all out for him today.

“You don't look bad yourself, Mr D.” I wrap my arms around his waist looking up at him. “You look very sexy.” He really does. Slim fit suits were definitely made for my man and he loves suits but, never in formal shoes, always wearing sneakers, he looks good.

“Twirl for me, mamasi and allow me to just admire you.” He steps back and looks at me. I do what I am asked to do and slowly twirl. I am so happy guys!

'Makoti kedi nako

Makoti wa hana na

Makoti kedi nako

Makoti wa hana na'

Taylor and Ncedi lead the song with the family singing right behind them. They dance and sing coming to our direction and they all surround us. I am so shy right now but, my dear

husband here is very delighted, he is even dancing. He makes me dance with him until our parents pulled us aside. Oh, did I mention to you that, my stepdad, Patrick was leading the lobola negotiations and I am so glad that he stood up for me, I appreciate it.

“I hope you are ready for your wife duties. I don’t want a lazy Makoti.” Oh God, I still have to go to the in-laws' house before moving in with Tebogo.

“Tebogo.” My dad calls him. “Take care of my daughter.”

“I will, sir. She my queen.” Tebogo responds.

“Right. Kea, you are spending one last night with us, you are leaving tomorrow to your in-laws.” My grandmother says, I gasp.

“So soon?”

“The sooner the better, sweedie.” Tebogo adds. “I will fetch you tomorrow noon.”

“You can’t wait to take my baby girl away from us, can you?” My mother sadly says before she hugs me. “I am going to miss you so much my baby. It was bad enough that I left you here staying with Koko and now, you are going away, please don’t be

a stranger.” I nod as I let my tears gash. We break the hug. “I love you so much my baby, I never imagined this day coming this soon.”

“I love you Mama.” I utter. She nods wiping my tears instead of hers.

“Tebogo, please promise me that if ever you get tired of my daughter, bring her back in one peace, don’t hurt her. I want her back in one peace, please.” Tebogo sighs and looks at me deep in my eyes before looking back at my grandmother and my mother.

“I promise.” He says. I heave a sigh of relief.

“Makoti please dish up for us, we are hungry.” My father-in-law says.

“Make sure that you start with your husband, feed him and not only in the kitchen, leko kamoreng.” (Even in the bathroom.) My grandmother adds.

“Oh my word, TMI!” I disappear from them, leaving them laughing.

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“Is this the last bag?” Tebogo asks after loading my luggage in the car. We have a new baby now, a white Range Rover with tinted windows. Tebogo uses the car for business purposes or other important things, otherwise, he loves his 'vrr phaa!'.

Oh, I forgot to tell you, Tebogo looked for a growing business or a business that was in need of a capital so that he could invest his money in? Well, can I get those drums rolling because, my husband found something even better! We all know that, the SAA (South African Airlines) has been facing challenges so, he made deals here and there and today I am proud to announce that, not only my husband is a low-key ruthless thug behind those sexy expensive suits but, a co-owner of the SAA, isn't that great!? But, what people don't know is that, he is laundering his dirty money.

Gosh, why do I sound like I am a gangster wife? Why am I even proud of what Tebogo is doing? I need to go to church and continue being koko's granddaughter because wow, I am slowly changing.

Pray, Kea Pray!

“Yes, Sweedie. This is the bag that I am taking with to your parents’ house though. We are not going to stay long there, are we?” I really hope we are not. I am on leave and I can’t be going back to work still living in the in-laws’.

“Only a month, then we can go to our house.” He takes the bag from my hands and place it in the car before closing the door.

“Lets go and bid our goodbyes to your family before it gets late.” He puts his hand on my waist and puts a peck on my forehead.

We walk into the house, hand-in-hand and we find Everyone gathered in the living room.

“Koko, re kopa tsela. Rea tsamaya jwale.” (Please bless our way. We are leaving now.) I say.

“Ho lokile. Let’s close our eyes and pray.” My grandmother says. We all join our hands and bow our heads.

“Heavenly father, we come before you. I am gathered here with my children who's lives depend on you. Thank you father for the blessings that you keep showering upon us, we will never stop praising you. I pray for my granddaughter who is engaged

traditionally and may you not stop blessing her marriage abundantly. Protect their ways and whatever trouble they come across with, please shower your holiness upon them, in Jesus name, Amen.”

“Amen.” We all say simultaneously. “Thank you, Koko.” I say.

“Tebogo. I hope that I won’t hold my breath for too long until I see you putting a ring on my daughter’s finger in front of the priest.” My mother says.

“Of course not. She is going to have the mother of all weddings this world has ever seen.” I blush. Ncediso hugs me.

“I am going to miss you, tsala.” She says after we separate from the hug.

“Don’t talk like I am going away forever. I will still be around tsala and you must visit me.”

“Yeah, whatever.” She rolls her eyes. She doesn’t like Tebogo but, she’ll get used to it because, I won’t compromise for her when it comes to Tebogo.

I hug Everyone before we bid Fair well. We are first going to start at Tebogo’s apartment to drop my things before going to the in-laws.

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The car comes to halt in front of the in-laws' gate. I am so scared because, I am not sure what to expect.

"How long are we going to stay here?" I ask, as I rub my palms together.

"Relax sweedie. It's only going to be for a few weeks."

"How long is a few weeks?" I ask again, sounding stupid. He chuckles unbuckling my seat belt.

"Lets go before my mother fetch us." We both get off the car. He takes our luggage and we walk to the house.

We find father in-law sitting in the living room watching TV, the news channel.

"Taima, seri fihlile jwale." (Dad, we are here.) Tebogo says, not greeting.

"Dumela rra." (Greetings, father.)I say.

"Dumela, Keabetswe. How was the trip, traveling here?" He asks.



“All was well thanks, I can’t complain.” He nods with a smile.  
“Bo mme bakae?” (Where is mother?) I ask looking around this beautiful home.

“In the kitchen.”

“Okay, I will head there and leave you two.” I say as I look for the direction to the kitchen.

“Go straight through the corridor, skat. I am going to put the bags in our room.” He puts a peck on my lips and we both go our separate ways.

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TEBOGO DICHABA

I open my eyes and turn to look at my sleeping wife. I will never get used to this. If anyone told me back then that I was going to get married, I probably would have put a bullet in their head. Look at me today, I am somebody’s husband. A whole fuck boy gangster is a husband today. It feels too good to be true.

She slightly moves before slowly opening her eyes, she squints them a little before smiling at me.

“Good morning

sexy.” I say before perching my lips on her forehead.

“Staring is rude, Mr D. How long have you been up?” She lifts her head and balance her head with her hand, I put my hand on her waist.

“Long enough. How was your first night here?”

“Not bad as I thought it would be. Your mother is not how I expected her to be.” She let’s out a little laugh.

“How did you expect her to be? Like your mother, the first day I met her when she held me with my shirt?” I chuckle.

“That’s not funny.” She is serious, I straighten up my face.

“alright, sorry sweedie. But, how did you expect her to be like, maybe she might surprise you and be the opposite of what she was yesterday, that’s my mom I know her.”

“Well, you know what they say about mother in-laws. I thought she would be that type of a mother but, now that you mentioned, should I expect crazy days from her?” She shrugs looking unsure.

“Worse than your mother.” I say, she laughs.

“I better be up then, before I get on her bad books.” She tries to get up but, I pull her to me.

“It’s still very early. Let me get some sugar first.” I pull her on top of me.

“Sweedie, our tee...” I stop her by kissing her, I am glad she responds.

“Never mind our morning breath, it’s not bad and you will get used to it.” She chuckles and our faces collide for a heated kiss. I pull her night dress off and play with her boobs.

She grinds me, still in my briefs and just before I could take them off, the door swings open and my wife quickly jumps off me and pulls the sheets above to cover our naked bodies.

“Ma! Can’t you knock?” I shout.

“This is my house and I can do whatever I want, wherever I want.” Wow, just Wow!

“Argh, this is not on hle. What do you want I our room?”

“Makoti, ho sele. My husband needs to eat before he leaves for work.” Kea nods, not saying anything but looking down.

“Mama this is really unnecessary, she's my wife and that’s your husband.”

“It’s okay, I’ll get ready and prepare breakfast for everyone.”  
Kea says.

“No, sweedie you don’t have to.” I am fucking aroused.

“O santse?” (You are still sitting?) My mother looks at Kea. I am definitely going to make our stay here very short. “By 6:30am, breakfast should be ready.” By that, she goes out leaving the door open. I lie down on the bed and sigh out of frustration. Kea gets up, going to the bathroom in our room.

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We are having a scrumptious breakfast done by my wife, nobody is saying anything to anyone, only our plates and cutlery do the talking.

“Rragwe Tebi, please drop me off at the mall on your way to work... actually, never mind. Tebi, you will do that. Makoti, I need to find the house and the yard clean when I get back, okay?” I sigh and lean back on the chair looking at my mother who looks unbothered. My father I only focused on his food.

“Eya, mama.” Kea answers her. I put my hand on her thigh and squeeze her gently, she looks at me with a smile, nodding, telling me that she is fine.

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I drive out of the yard with my mother taking the front seat. I heave a loud sigh looking at the big yard that my wife has to clean.

“Anything wrong?” My mother asks as if she'll care.

“It's not even two days yet, you already giving my wife a sweat.” I join the main road.

“She will get used to it. I don't like lazy people.”

“She is not your slave, mama.”

“You wouldn't understand but, I am doing this for you. You will thank me later.” My mother is very stubborn.

“In that case, we are leaving next week, I can’t have both the two women that I love to giving me a headache because, mother in-law is doing this because daughter in-law is doing that and what not, I can’t have that. I need peace, not my mother and my wife on each other’s throats everyday. Please be easy on her because, the day she gets fed up, it won’t be nice. You are both like petrol and fire.” She chuckles.

“I am not a bad mother in-law, haow! She should ask Dineo, I am very nice.” I chuckle, shaking my head as I remember how she and Dineo used to fight. Dineo is my older brother's wife, Tokollo. He does not reside in South Africa. He got a job in Botswana Three years back and that is where he met his wife, Dineo. They got married just two years ago, and hey, my mother was a dragon towards her. Tokollo would sleep over at my house, not the apartment but the house in the township.

Speaking of that house, I need to find a way to tell my wife about it, she still doesn’t know about it. It's just that, I use it for my illegal businesses so, I couldn’t bring that forth to her, it’s too much. What she already knows now it’s enough.

I park at the parking space in the mall. I think I should get Kea bath salts and all those things to soothe her body because, she

is going to need them tonight, especially after sweeping that big yard.

I get off the car and open the door for my mother, I don't even do that for my wife. Maybe I should start doing it.

"I am going to Clicks, you will call me when you are done."

"What are you going to do there!" Oh gosh.

"Ma, it's confidential."

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I was done with my little shopping at Clicks, I even bought sweet somethings for Kea, she has a sweet tooth that one. I decided to buy some cognac and wine for my wife, just for fun. After a long waiting for my mother, she comes back holding only her hand bag.

I get off my car and look around.

"Where is the grocery?"

"What grocery?" She asks getting in the car, I also jump in the car and start it before driving out of the mall.

“Ma, I waited for you for a long two hours and a half, e kae grocery?” (Where’s the groceries?) She takes off her head wrap and oh my word, this woman!

“Who said I was doing grocery shopping?” She shows me her nails.

“Ma, you should have told me to leave you here, I would have came back to get you after you were done.”

“You never asked.” She says, carelessly. “I needed to pamper myself. I am happy that, I have a beautiful daughter in-law to help around the house because, I am on a leave now.” I shake my head and ignore her. I did well, buying booze for us because, we are going to need it.

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When we arrived at home, the yard was already clean. I think my mother didn’t clean it in a while and she did it in purpose knowing that Kea was coming. We find her moping in the living room playing music, softly.



“Sweedie, are you not tired?” She looks at my mother before shaking her head.

“I’m okay.” She says.

Lies! She is tired, I can see it through her eyes.

“Great. I need you to start preparing lunch for us.” My mother adds more work for her.

“I will do it. Can I just finish here first.” Kea suggests.

“You’ll do that later, get the lunch ready now.” Kea stares at me, I stare at my mother.

“Ma, lunch is in two hours, let her finish what she is busy with now. I will skip lunch, I have somewhere to be.

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After Kea was finished dishing dinner for us, she asked to be excused, she is skipping dinner. I understand though, she had a lot of chores to do today. I hate that, I have to go to work tomorrow and leave her with my mother, who knows what she might make her do tomorrow.

“Tebogo?” My dad calls out to me. “How is work going? I am talking about the decent job.”

“It’s good.” He nods. “I have a meeting to attend to tomorrow, ma please don’t abuse my wife.” She smiles, batting her eye lids.

“I won’t.”

“Excuse me.” I get up taking a wine glass and my glass for my cognac and go up to my room. I find my wife already in her robe, smelling fresh, she just took a bath.

“Thank you for the bath salts and oils, it’s like you knew how much I was going to need them.” She says. I put the glasses on the pedestal before I pull her for a kiss, I am having her, right now.

“I got wine for you.” I say between the kiss, she doesn’t respond. I push her gently on the bed and place wet kisses on her thighs.

“Kea!” Dammit! Kea gets startled as she jumps up and kicks my chin with her knee.

“Ma!?” She shouts back. And sits up right, I also get up holding my chin.

“Di jana disa robala ko sink, akere.” (The dishes should not spend the night in the sink.) My mother says outside our room.

“Okay, ma.” We wait for footsteps to disappear before we both move.

“Sweedie, it’s not even a week but, I am already tired of your mother, I am tired!” She semi-shouts. “Let me just go and wash the dishes.” She gets up, sounding very irritated.

“Relax, I will wash them, just rest and when I get back, I am getting my sweet love from you.”

“Really, you'll do that for me?” Her face lightens up.

“Yep, just be ready for me.”

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After washing the dishes, I run to our room and get naked. When I look at my wife, she is sleeping very peacefully, I heave a sigh and let her be, she needs it. I'll just go and take a shower.

TO BE CONTINUED...

**EMMA DICHABA (TEBOGO'S MOTHER)**

I settle down on the couch with my church two church mates serving them biscuits and juice. It is Sunday today and I am coming from church. I left Kea hand washing the curtains and now she is busy cleaning the windows and shame, she looks very exhausted.

“Your daughter in-law seems to be hardworking, I am impressed.” Dikeledi says, I smile.

“But, she seems to be working too much. Every time I come here she is spring cleaning. Does she ever rest?” Mmakgosi adds, I roll my eyes.

“Maybe if your son had married and got you a daughter-in-law, you would understand the duties of your daughter-in-law.” I say as I pour juice from the jar in the tumblers.

“There was no need for you to be rude. I was only saying that, she is not a slave but your son’s wife, that makes her your

daughter too. Imagine if you had a daughter and she happened to be treated the same way you treating Kea.” I chuckle.

“Thank goodness I don’t have a daughter!” I sigh. “My mother-in-law also gave me a tough time, there is nothing special about her. I am grooming her to be a better wife, she won’t understand now but, she will thank me later.”

It really feels good having someone to do your chores. My husband is a very traditional man and a patriarch of this family. He made me quit my job six years ago because, if I am at work who is going to cook, clean and do the laundry so, this is my life now of being a house wife. Now that Kea is here, I am going to use this time to rest and relax myself.

Keabetswe walks in the house with her phone ringing on her hand, she answers it and stands by the corridor.

“Sweedie... Tired but, I’ll be fine... Okay... Are you still with the guys? I will be done before five with the cooking and everything... where are we going? I’ll be ready at 6... I love you too, bye.” Her face lightens up as she disappears in the corridor.

An idea hits my head and I become all smiles.

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## **KEABETSWE MOLISE**

I have had enough of this house, I need to go to my house. I don't understand why I have to suffer so much here. I have done everything that I could to please my mother-in-law, Emma but, she is not satisfied with everything that I do. She is making me work like a slave. I am done pleasing her, today is the last day.

I had to be ready right now because, Tebogo was coming to fetch me. He was taking me out for dinner and then we sleep out, just so I can rest but, look at me now I am busy washing blankets and duvets, Hand-fucking-washing them! I wipe my hands with a dry cloth and sit flat on the grass. I wipe my tears and look up at the setting sun. Why does this woman hate me so much? What did I ever do to her?

“Skat? You are not ready yet?” His bold raspy voice echoes from behind sending chills to my spine. “And, why are you doing the laundry this late, with your hands even? We have a

washing machine for a reason.” I cluck my tongue getting up rushing to the house. “Keabetswe!” He shouts from behind but, his intimidating voice doesn’t make me stop going. I get to the kitchen and open the tap and let the water run in the glass before I drink it.

I feel his presence behind me, turn around and look at him with my eyes filled with tears.

“I am tired, I want to go. I want to leave this place!” I shout.

“Don’t shout at me and talk to me like a sane person.” He sits on the barstool and puts the car keys on the counter. “Dula fa fatse ompolele, Nare ore go dirahala eng?” (Sit down and explain to me what is wrong?) I sigh, looking down. Tebogo can be blunt, ai.

“I also wish to know.” Argh, this woman! “What’s with the shouting, Makoti?” I sit opposite Tebogo.

“Ma, I have done everything that you wanted me to do. Today, out of all days you made me wake up very early to do the laundry, clean the windows, wash the curtains and now I am doing something that I could have done tomorrow morning. I am tired ma, you always find something for me to do, just so that I don't rest.”

“Whoa, you did what Koti?” Father-in-law asks, walking in the kitchen. “You are doing my wife's work while I am at work? You doing all that alone?” I nod looking down. Emma is not easy right now.

“Ma, pa. I don't mean to be rude but, I am tired. I don't even get time to myself ever since I got here. I want to leave.” I look at Tebogo, he looks back at me, blank. I look at Emma. “I don't know what I have ever done to you but, this is not what I signed up for. I love your son so much but, I can't carry on being your slave. I always get to bed tired I can't even cater to my husband.”

“Is that what you are worried not catering to your husband?” Emma says.

“Of course! But, that is the least of my worries because, I thought that you and I were supposed to use this time to bond and get to know each other. I took this leave because, I needed to rest and be here but, if I have to go back to work feeling very tired then, I am leaving!” I storm out of the kitchen going to our bedroom and I start taking out my clothes from the closet, Tebogo budes in the bedroom and closes the door behind him.



“What are you doing?” He asks, as if he is blind and can’t see what I am doing, I roll my eyes.

“What does it look like I’m doing? We are leaving!”

“You better stop raising your voice at me. Take those clothes back in the closet.” He sits on the edge of the bed.

“No, Tebi. It’s a whole week since we’ve been here and I can’t breathe. I am always tired, I skip dinner if not lunch because I am always on my feet doing something and on top of that your mother still gives me more work. We were supposed to go to out but look, your mother through me with more work because, I told her that we were going out. Tebogo do you even care how she treats me?”

“What do you want me to do, fight my mother for you?” I gasp.

“Tebogo, when last did you and I make love? I don’t even remember how your touch feels like but, I can never get that as long as we are still here, we are leaving!” I get our bags and start packing our clothes.

He gets up from the bed and locks the door. He walks up straight to me, my heart starts beating faster than normal and I don’t dare to move back.

“You seem to forget who I am.” He says, sonorously. I can’t control the tears falling from my eyes. He grabs me by my arm and pushes me to the wall, not too much.

“Please don’t hit me, I am sorry.”

“I am not going to hit you, sweedie. You want love, you want to make love then, that’s what I will give you. Now, face the wall and lift up your dress.” I look at him shaking my head. “NOW!” He orders me, I get startled and do exactly what he said. He stands behind me and brushes my thighs. He tears my thong and his hands play around my labia.

“You want to make laugh, right?” He smacks my butt, I flinch. “I will give you love.” A knock comes through from the door as he starts rubbing my clit, he doesn’t stop though, he continues.

“Teb... Tebogo, the door.” I say breathlessly.

“We are going to ignore it, right mamasi? You want to rest, you are sexually frustrated and I’mma give you all that.” He increases his pace on my clit with his finger, still standing behind me. I am so scared I will scream and my mother-in-law will have a reason to hate me.

“Tebogo, Keabetswe! Open here!” Emma shouts, behind the door and here am I, standing against the wall with my clit be devoured with just fingers and my legs feeling wobbly. Shit! I haven’t felt this foreign feeling in such a long time.

“Tebi...” He puts his hand on my neck, choking me... not to kill me though.

“Sshh.” He devours my neck before he whispers. “I will rub your clit for hours, I’ll force so many orgasms on you and I will wreck you, but I will do all that while hugging you close to me and whisper in your ear, 'keep on cumming for me sweetheart, you’re my good girl', you are my fucking good girl!” He shouts the last part sending a chill straight down to my clit. I moan, crying a little loud. He puts his hand on my mouth so that I don’t scream out loud.

My legs start shaking and I feel like I am going to fall to the floor. My body trembles and my tears roll out from my eyes. This is the pleasure that I have been yearning for this whole time. My juices spill down to the floor with some flowing on my thighs.

“That’s good sweedie but, I am not done. We are going to do this the whole night, we are not leaving this room until you bring your senses back. I won’t tolerate a woman raising her voice at me.”

He goes down and gets his face between my legs going up to my cup cake. He holds me tight on my legs so that I don’t lose my balance and then starts licking me and sucking me. As exhausted as I am, I am not going to deny myself this pleasure.

I think Emma gave up because, she stopped knocking. I can't believe we really ignored her, things that Tebogo makes me do though. Argh, I will face her tomorrow morning, right now my husband is, oh gosh. He is doing wonders to me.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

**TEBOGO DICHABA**

After taking a shower, I filled the bathtub with hot water before diluting them with cold water, but not too much. I went back to the bathroom and woke up Kea.

“Babe, just five more Minutes please.” She says with a sleepy voice.

“Would you rather have Emma coming in here to wake you up?” She chuckles.

“I can imagine how angry she probably is at me right now. But, two minutes won’t hurt.” She pulls the duvet over to her head.

“No, sweedie. Unless you want me to get naked and come back to bed and do you all over again.”

“No!” She quickly jumps off the bed, I chuckle to her reaction.

“But this is not fair, you kept me up all night and now you want me to wake up.” She complains like a baby. I carry her to the bathroom like a potato sack and while on that, I keep spanking her ass.

“Children are disciplined like this.” She giggles so beautifully, warming up my heart.

“Papasi, stop.”

We get to the tub and I put her in the water, she wince.

“You okay?” She nods.

“The water is just a bit hot but, nothing serious. Did you put the salts in?” She asks.

“No, I thought you'll do it yourself because last time you complained about me not doing it right. I don't even understand how I did it wrong because, these things dissolve in the water.” She chuckles. “Right, let me leave you to take a relaxing bath.” I put a peck on her lips before going out.

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My mother is a bit under the weather today, she is so not in the mood and one wrong word to her she will definitely explode. Especially since Keabetswe left the blankets and duvets last night, I don't think she'll want to talk to us so, I'll just eat my breakfast and say nothing.

“I would like to talk to all of you, later at lunch.” My father says as he eats his chews his toasted bread.

“I also have something to tell you and mama.” My father nods, my mother and Kea are miles away, I hold Kea’s hand. “Are you okay?” She gives me a tight smile.

“Yes.” I nod.

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After breakfast, I went to join my dad outside by the garden, leaving Keabetswe and my mother in the kitchen. Hopefully, nothing will break down in there.

Things between my dad and I are still off balance but, I can’t say that we are one hundred percent good but, we are fine. I stand next to him, taking out my cigarettes, handing one over to him before I lit them up. We smoke in silence for a while until we were disturbed by my cellphone ringing. T-man has no timing man.

“Sure.” I say after answering the call.

“Ejo, o waar?” (Where are you?)

“Ke ko dladleng la taima, dintsang?” (I am at my parents’ place, what’s up?) I ask.

“Ke batlo ring'a lewena ntwé blind, o theoga neng?” (I have something important to talk to you about, when are you coming down?” He sounds serious.

“Uh, let me get back to you.” I say, he immediately hangs up on me... Okay.

“You are never going to leave this life now, are you?” I was expecting that.

“No.” I am honest. This is part of my life now and I am way into deep. I can’t just up and leave just like that.

“You have a good job, ha o short'i is sepe Tebogo, what more do you want that you don't have? Isn't the money that you keep stealing from the innocence enough?” (You have everything that you need.) He huff.

“Taima, you won't understand. I need stability, not only for myself but, my family too.” (Dad).

“You are very stupid and stubborn. Are you that stupid to put your wife's life at risk?” He scolds me, I sigh.



“You know what, dad. I am done talking about this. Keabetswe o'nkamohetse kentse kele jana. If you won't accept me for who I am then, let me not waste anymore time and leave your territory.” (Keabetswe accepted me for who I am.) I turn to walk away.

“Are you disrespecting me in my own house, young man? You are not old enough for a beating, I will hit you till you get your manners!” He roars at me, my heart skips a beat. My father's is a very intimidating man. I am nothing compared to him, I am still scared of him. Him being the head of security at one of the biggest companies is just a cherry on top.

“I am not trying to disrespect you, papa. I am making things easy between us so that there may be peace. I don't want us to fight about this, it doesn't make things any better if we keep going back and forth about this.”

“You seem to forget me. Just do me a favour, don't involve us in your shenanigans, not even your wife because,” He chuckles. I don't like that chuckle, it's very threatening. “I WILL BE THE ONE TO TURN YOU IN!” His voice gets deeper, shaking the ground. He turns on his heels going to the house, leaving me to swallow my own saliva very hard. I know that he is serious, he would turn me in.

I take out another cigarette, I need it more than ever.

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## **KEABETSWE MOLISE**

Ever since I arrived here, today is my first time seeing Emma working so hard. She just finished washing the blankets and the duvets. I cleaned the house and right now I am making lunch for everyone. It is still early but, I want to rest but, before I do that, I need to go and apologise to my mother-in-law for snapping at her last night

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I feel bad.

I find her hanging the duvets on the line.

“Do you need help, mama?” I ask. She stares at me from head-to-toe then back to my face before clucking her tongue. I sigh.

“I am sorry about last night, for disrespecting you. I truly apologise.” She goes on not minding me. She starts humming a gospel song as she goes on hanging the wet beddings. “I hope that you will find it in you to forgive me.” I walk back to the house, I notice my father-in-law moving away from the door. That man scares the shit out of me. He is worse than Tebogo’s. I just wonder how Tokollo, Tebogo’s brother looks like.

I finish off the lunch and dish out before taking it to the dining room, placing it on the dining table. I call everyone and we all gather around the table but, except for Emma. She is busy in the kitchen doing, I don’t know what so, we all waiting for her before we can start eating. Sello, my father-in-law sighs.

“Mmagwe Tebogo, re emi ka wena hle!” (Mother of Tebogo, we are waiting on you.) He shouts at Emma.

“I am coming!” She shouts, her voice sounding from the corridor. I almost choke on my saliva the moment she appears. This woman is... wow! I can’t believe this. Tebogo and Sello look at each other, probably shocked as I am.

“Mmagwe, Keabetswe made enough lunch for all of us. It is very foolish of you to make your own food separate.”

So, after going all out preparing lunch to apologise and show gratitude to the family, she makes her simple lunch. If this how she wants to play it, FINE!

She sits opposite me and gives me murderous look as she pushes the plate of my lunch aside. Okay, it's confirmed. I have a MONSTER-IN-LAW, I was being in denial when the 'Stories by Miss X' fans said so but, now I see. I am done pleasing this woman if she won't appreciate my effort.

“So, you called a meeting ragwe?” She asks, digging in her food shamelessly. Sello looks annoyed, I would be too. I glance at Tebogo, he shakes his head, I sigh.

“This concerns you more, mmagwe. The way you've been treating our daughter, it's very inappropriate. What are you doing when she is doing all the things that you should be doing?”

“Rragwe, are you telling me that I should clean after her and do everything for her while she sits and lazing around doing nothing?” She toss another forkful of eggs in her mouth.

“I am not saying that she shouldn’t do anything but, you are abusing this child, dammit!” He bangs the table, I jump a bit. “I won’t have my daughter-in-law doing my dirty laundry. I married you, she is my son’s wife. Your nonsense needs to stop immediately! I don’t understand where the behaviour that you have towards Keabetswe comes from. When are you going to start treating your daughter in-laws like your own children? Will you ever get along with them!?” He raise his voice. Now I know that Tebogo’s voice is exactly like his father’s, no difference.

“A go jwalo.” (It’s not like that.) She sadly says. Where is the brave face now? “Can you not see that they are trying to turn me against my sons.” I gasp, holding my chest.

“I am sorry mama if that’s how you feel I...” I say before father-in-law stops me.

“Your time to speak has not yet arrived, hold it Makoti.” Ouch! I look down to my plate full of food.

“I apologise.” I say.

“As off today, Makoti you will only clean, wash yours and your husband’s clothes. You will both help each other in the kitchen if necessary or take turns. The rest of the ke tsago mmagwe.” (The rest is for you, mmagwe. I don’t even know why you made

those long nails because, you look absolutely fine with your natural. How do you expect to do the house chores with such nails. I hope that you will work together from today onwards.” I nod, still looking down.

“Uh...” Tebogo clears his throat. “We are heading back to town tomorrow.” I raise my head, with my eyes almost popped out. Why didn’t he tell me!? My heart is dancing right now, I can’t even stop my smile from creeping.

“Oh, so soon?” Emma asks, sounding not so pleased.

“Yes. We need to settle in together before Kea goes back to work.” How thoughtful is my husband Mara yeh?

“But, she is not done here. She still need to finish her bridal duty.” Oh boy. Here we go again.

“Enough, Emma.” Sello orders. “Coming to you, Makoti. I will not allow you to ever speak to the lady of this house like you did last night. If your husband can’t discipline you, I will.” I swallow hard. Only if he knew how much I was disciplined last night, he wouldn’t add to that.

“I apologise, rra. It will never happen again. Mma, I also would like to apologise to you, I am sorry.” I humble myself.

“It took you so long. Were you waiting for my husband to make this meeting?” I gasp looking at Tebogo and then Sello, then back at Emma. This woman is evil! I did try and apologise earlier khante keng hle? “Mma, why do you hate me?”

“Calm down, Koti.” Sello says before looking at Emma. “I am up to here with you,” He indicates placing his hand on his throat. “This bickering between you two is starting to get to me. Emma, Keabetswe did try to apologise to you earlier, she is doing it again now what is your problem? Whether you accept the apology or not, it’s up to you but we are done talking about this! Let’s eat our already cold lunch like one happy family.” I feel my tears threaten to roll out but, I blink them back.

“Where are you going?” Sello asks Emma as she gets up with her food. “Sit down! We all sit together until we finish this food.” She hesitantly sits down.

I am never making food for Emma, ever again. It hurts so much that she treats me like this. Tebogo rests his hand on my thigh and gives me a wink, I pull a smile for him and we all eat in an uncomfortable silence. I can’t wait to leave this house.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

**KEABETSWE MOLISE**

Tebogo suggested that we skip breakfast and eat out as we head home back in Pretoria. Being here in Potchefstroom has done me no good. It didn't turn out to be the best visit that I imagined. I thought that I was going to bond with my new family but, No, If I am not doing this, I am doing that or I am sleeping then that's it. All that it's over now.

As I am packing, my phone rings on the pedestal, It's my grandmother.

"Dumela Koko." (Greetings.) I say as soon as I answered the phone.

"Kea, how are you?" She sounds lonely. Now I feel bad that I left; she is left all alone.

"I am all good thank you. How are you doing Koko?" She heaves a sigh.

"I am okay, I just miss you my baby. How are the in-laws treating you?" I chuckle to the thought of my mother-in-law.



“I miss you too Koko. I will tell you all about it when I come and see you maybe by the end of the week. We are coming back today.”

“Okay, see you soon.” Tebogo walks in the room from the bathroom and pecks my cheek before wearing the clothes that I picked for him.

“Bye, I love you.” Tebogo frowns looking at me, I so want to laugh at him.

“I love you too baby, bye.” She hangs up.

“Who was that?” Tebogo asks ready to attack. “Does that person know that I own a gun and it’s always on me like my second skin?” He goes on wearing his sneakers like he didn’t just make a threat.

“They know very well, sweedie. It was my grandmother.” I walk up to him and sit on top of him on the bed, he leans back.

“Oh.” He wraps his hands around my waist. “In that case then, you should go and see her today plus, kebatlo betha dry ko T-Man.” (I want to pass by at T-man’s place.)

“Okay, in that case then, we better leave now.” I get up but he pulls me back on him, I giggle.

“Not so fast, mamasi. Give me some sugar, kiss me.” He pulls me for a kiss, I roll my eyes. A kiss goes on for a while until his hands start roaming all over my body, I quickly get up, leaving him aghast. “Keke?” He says not believing what had just happened. I shake my head.

“No, sweedie. We will never leave. I want to leave. I need a breather.” He gets up from the bed.

“Just a quickie?” He sounds desperate right now, it doesn’t look good on him.

“Na. You will have more than that when we get home.” I grin, he pulls a silly smirk on his face.

“Home.” He breathes out flattered. “Coming home to my trophy wife.” He puts a peck on my cheek. “Ke go frostana blind san, I don’t mind putting a bullet in anyone’s head for you.” (I love you very much.) I swallow my saliva and nod not saying anything. I clear my throat.

“Get the bags to the car so that we can leave.” I say, dismissing his last words. It is starting to get to me that I am engaged to a thug, a criminal, a gangster. I don’t know what the future has got for us but, I hope that it brings out the best for us, despite his illegal doings.

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My father-in-law has asked to speak to me just before we can leave. We are taking a walk around the garden and I must say, I get very nervous around this man, especially after how serious he was yesterday at lunch when he forced us to 'eat together like we are a happy family', just imagine that. I found it very hard to swallow the food, it was by God's grace that I finished the food because, I could do it all on my own.

"I suppose you know my other son's life." He says.

"Yes, I do." It took me my whole strength for the voice to come out otherwise, his sonorous voice makes me shaky.

"And, you are okay with that?" I look around hoping that Tebogo or his mother would walk in on us talking because, I need a saviour right now.

"Well, uh..." I don't know what to say.

"You are a nice young woman and I would hate it if you get involved in his shady business. I am not supporting what he is doing but, you are the wife, support him but don't get taken by

that. Just play your part as his wife and focus on your work. Be his sanity and guidance him here and there if there is a must but, don't be his gangster wife." I nod.

"I hear you, papa."

"About Tebogo's mother, don't worry about her, she will come around. It's just that, Tebogo has been bringing girls that even I never approved of but you, you are much different from them. I like you as my very own daughter. I am sure that, you and Dineo will get along." I smile as my heart bounces up and down.

"I understand. Thank you."

"Remember, be his sanity, his wife but never the gangster wife." Even if I wanted to be a gangster wife, Tebogo would never allow it. He once mentioned it that, he will never get me involve in his illegal businesses. I am his trophy wife and that will remain as it is.

"I will certainly remember that." Tebogo walk up to us.

"Papa, we are ready to leave." He says.

"I was having a little chat with your wife. Don't forget what I said to you yesterday." Tebogo looks down annoyed.

“Ready to go?” He asks me. I look at Tebogo’s father, he nods at me, releasing me.

“Letla Sala sentle rre.” (Goodbye.) I say walking away leaving them. I walk into the house and I find Emma standing by the porch in deep thoughts.

“Mamazala...” (Mother-in-law.) I laugh alone like a fool.

“Dimamzo, I know that you and I are not in good terms but don’t worry, we will be good.” She arches her eyebrows, I nod with a smile. I just want to annoy her a little. I just hope it doesn’t end with a slap on my face because the look that I am getting right now can send a person to their grave, right away.

“Get out of my sight before I...” I disturb her because I am not ready for whatever she wants to say.

“Before you hug me? Ncaw, I would like to hug you too mommy.” I wrap my arms around her, hugging her. She huffs, not hugging me back. I chuckle, rolling my eyes behind her.

“Mme, you should loosen up a little weitsi.” I dust off the imaginary dust off her shoulders, she clucks her tongue but, I don’t care. I want to leave this place happy.

“Get out of my house.” I sigh.

“When I come back, you and I will be best of friends

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otla bona girl. I know that you like me, you have a soft spot for me somewhere deep down in your heart. I love you mamzo because, if it wasn't for you, Tebogo would've never existed." I peck her cheek., She looks at me blankly. "Take care of yourself, mommy. Goodbye." Wait, is that a little smile that I see on her face? Wow, she's trying to hide it but, end up bursting into laughter, I join her.

"Wa tella you know? You are very annoying. I will beat you." (You are forward.) She says playfully hitting my shoulder.

"I was never going to leave just like that. Ma, forgive me if I ever came up as being disrespectful to you."

"I am also sorry too for treating you like a slave but, I will do it again if I have too." I laugh alone because, it sounded like a joke. I look at her serious face.

"You are not serious, are you?" I frown, she bursts into another laugh.

"You should have seen your face." She says, only then I start laughing to my realisation that she is only joking.

“Are my eyes and my ears deceiving me? My mother and my wife, holding hands laughing?” Tebogo says, walking with his father to where we are standing.

“Is this really you? I expected you to be on each other’s throats, not laughing like this. You were so ready to kill each other, what happened?” Sello also adds.

“You must have got it all wrong. We were just having a little misunderstanding but, we are good.” Emma says while holding my hand.

“I don’t even want to know what is that misunderstanding. I am just happy to see what’s before me.” Tebogo says. He wraps his hand on my waist.

“Makes the two of us.” Sello says. “Go well my kids. I want to use this day off all to my wife now. I couldn’t even get it right these days, I think that’s why she was all frustrated because, she needed all of me but you were here disturbing us.” Oh my goodness, this man!

“O-KAY! TOO MUCH INFO, DAD! That’s our queue to leave.” Tebogo pulls me out, I laugh as I wave my hand goodbye to them.

“You should take some tips from me, boy, I still know how the tricks from the bedroom, kitchen and...!” Sello shouts. He is putting things in my head now, things I can’t stop my

imagination from thinking. Mother-in-law and father-in-law doing the deed? Eeeuw!!!

“Dad! Stop!” I just laugh.

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## **TEBOGO DICHABA**

After breakfast, I dropped Kea at her grandmother’s house before parking my car at Thapelo’s house in front of the gate. I walked in going to his room, I knock before he opens. The room reeks of cigarettes, I guess Taylor is not around.

We brotherly shake hands before I walk into the room and sit myself on the couch.

“I came here as soon as I could man. You sounded serious on the phone, obatlo ring'a ka eng?” (What is it that you want us



to talk about?) I take out a cigarette from its box on the table before I light it on and puff the smoke into the air.

“Uh... Ke Taylor.” (It’s Taylor.) I lean back on the couch. “Ke mo spatitise.” (I knocked her up.) He says. I lean forward again, not sure if I heard him right.

“Wareng?” (What was that?) I smirk.

“O bana.” (She is pregnant.) He says, not sounding pleased about the news. Does he know how much I’d kill for Kea to give me a soccer team?

“It’s great news man but, you don’t look happy about it.”

“I am.” He says but, his expression states otherwise. “It’s just, I am scared man.” I sigh. I already know where this is going but, he has nothing to worry about. I am here and I will do anything to protect my family, he is my family and that makes now Taylor my family too.

“You have nothing to worry about man, let’s go out and celebrate.” I nudge him. “So, vele ke malome.” (I am going to be an uncle.) He chuckles burying his face in his hands, shaking his head.

“Even I can’t stomach it. I can’t believe it eh.” He laughs, tilting his head. Now, it confirms how happy he is. I sigh as something hits my mind.

“Did you hear? Sporo was gunned down a week ago, followed by Sgonondo on Friday and then Spikiri last night? I wanted to hit you up man but, I was distracted by my family yesterday yey! If anyone told me about mother and daughter in-law under the same roof is a red flag, I wouldn’t have went home.” I chuckle alone, he leans back on the couch smoking his cigarette.

“I am glad. This game is like a chess game. You need to remove the guards in order to get rid of the King. Whoever is doing that, needs a tap on the shoulder.” He says sounding ever relaxed. He has always wanted to avenge these men for what they did to his parents back then. They are the most notorious gangsters that no one ever dare to mess with them but, here they are slowly dying one by one. Now, there is only one person left, NKANYAMBA, the leader of the gang. He is untouchable and dangerous.

“Yeah. But at least they are doing you a favour. At least you won’t get your hands dirty by getting revenge by yourself.” I say.

“Well...” He shrugs. “I am just happy that their last laugh will turn into a cry.” I just nod because I am so confused on how he is so calm about this situation that always got him worked up. He always wanted to kill them on his own but now, I don’t know.

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“Babe! I have been talking to you for a while now telling you about my day with my grandmother but you are in deep thoughts!”

I turn to cuddle her naked body. I have been thinking about T-Man, I don't think I like how he was today and it can only mean one thing, He is up to no good.

“I am sorry sweedie, you were saying?” I ask, she clucks her tongue.

“What is bothering you?” She sounds concerned.

“Nothing skat.” I kiss her lips. “Tell me about your day with Koko.” I pretend to be interested as my mind goes somewhere far from her.

T-man always told me that, the day he goes after the men that killed his family, no one will see it coming. Which means, he killed those three men by himself and now he is going after Nkanyamba, Shit! That's very risky and too dangerous.

“FUCK!” I jump out of bed getting my clothes and wear them.

“Tebogo, what the hell! Oya kae?” (Where are you going?) She shouts.

“Kea, don’t wait up for me. This might take all night.”

“What’s wrong?”

I kiss her lips.

“I love you but, something needs my attention.”

“I need you, Tebogo! Can’t that something that does not even have a name wait?”

“No.”

“I am your wife, Tebogo!” She angrily shouts. “I come first.”

“And I am YOUR HUSBAND! Listen to me for once!” I snap back at her. I get my keys and storm out.

As I drive out, I try calling Thapelo but, his phone is off. I hope I find him at his place, I hope I am not too late.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

In the midst of the night, Tebogo drove up and down trying to track down T-MAN but, it was all in vain until he was left with only one place to go, a place that send chills to his body; Nkanyamba's house. He hit the steering wheel out of frustration as he wondered to himself, 'even if Thapelo went there, there is no way that he could get access to the house unless, he comes out as a dead corpse'. That thought made him to clench his jaws and tried calling Thapelo, one more time before he overtakes and take a different route to Nkanyamba's house.

“Fuck you, Thapelo!” He cuss in his car as he thought of how dangerous it is going to Nkanyamba's house. The house was very secured with Top Dogs, both human dogs and animal dogs guarding Nkanyamba's safety. The dogs won't hesitate killing anyone who trespasses that house in an instant.

'Uh... Ke Taylor.' (It's Taylor.) 'Ke mo spatitise.' (I knocked her up.)

'Wareng?' (What was that?)

'O bana.' (She is pregnant.)

'It's great news man but, you don't look happy about it.'

'I am. It's just, I am scared man.'

"Shit! How did I not catch it there!?" He asked himself as he remembered the conversation he heard earlier with Thapelo. He was indirectly asking Tebogo to take care of his own if anything happens to him.

Tebogo shook his head vigorously, hoping that T-man is still in one peace. He killed the car's engine, parking a distance away from Nkanyamba's house. He said a little prayer to himself before sending a text to Kabza and Tiisetso.

'Shit is about to go down. T-man was on a man hunt and I am hunting for him. My last stop is at Zwelibanzi, the mighty Nkanyamba's house. I think T-man is in there and I am going in to find him. We might need some rescuing.' – Tebogo.

After send the text, he tossed his phone upside down in the backseat of his GTi. He stepped out of the car and locks it before hiding the keys on one of the wheels. He looks around and flips his black hoodie on his head as he walks down to

Nkanyamba's house. He notice T-man's Citi Golf parked on the other side of the road, just before Nkanyamba's house . He makes his way to it, hoping to find Thapelo in there but, it's just too let. His hands trembles and his heartbeat increases in a second. Fear, nerves, anxiety hits him all at once but, he knew that there was no going back right now.

He pulled out his gun from the waist and cocked it as he made his way to Nkanyamba's house. The gate is gigantic and black. You can't see anything happening inside but can hear only movements and the dogs barking.

"Fuck this, I am doing it." He said that softly to himself.

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Meanwhile, Keabetswe is worried about Tebogo. The way the he left the house got her all worked up. She kept trying to Tebogo on his cellphone but it was ringing unanswered. She threw her phone on the bed and bit a nails thoughtfully, resting her head on the bed facing the ceiling. She grabbed her phone

again and looked at time, it's only after 1am in the morning. She thought of calling Taylor to find out if by any chance she knows whether if T-man and Tebogo are together or not but, decided against it. She didn't want to disturb her.

She couldn't sleep so, she decided to wake up and drag herself to the kitchen and make herself coffee except that, there wasn't any. She realised that there wasn't any groceries in the house. She made a mental note to go grocery shopping in the morning.

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At Nkanyamba's house, Tebogo managed to get in without being noticed but, didn't get far. He got hit by someone on the head with the gun and fell down unconscious to the floor. He was then dragged into a room, a very dark room that relied on a dim swinging light. The room is sound proofed so, anything that happens in here does not come out through the walls.



They tied Tebogo up on a chair before they woke him up with a splash of cold water. He woke up panting and gasping for air. The big dogs (guards) laugh at him, there were only three of them and they all carried big guns, as if Tebogo would easily free himself and kill them.

“Who do we have here.” A man with a squeaky voice walks in the room, Tebogo almost laughs but groans in agony from the head that he desperately wants to touch where he was hit.

“Boss, we found him sneaking in, armed.” One guard says.

“Alone?” The boss asks. He pulls a chair and sits in front of Tebogo, looking at him straight in the eyes, Tebogo did not dare to drop his too.

“Yes boss.”

“Who are you?” The Boss asks, Causing Tebogo to laugh at his voice, he frowns.

“The Mighty Nkanyamba...” He continues laughing. “I never imagined you in 'Talking Tom's' voice. This is going to be a great

night, mkhulu.” (Grandpa.) Tears even escapes his eyes from laughing.

Nkanyamba clench his hands.

“Who sent you?” Nkanyamba asks.

“No man!” Tebogo bursts into a loud laugh, enduring the pain on his head, not mind how restrained he is. “I can’t take you serious with that voice, do something man like, eat pepper or something. You are really sounding like the Talking Tom.”

Nkanyamba leans back on the chair and joins Tebogo, laughing.

“Let’s see who's got the last laugh now.” Nkanyamba nods at one of the guards, the guard smirks before punching Tebogo on the face. Tebogo groans but his groan turns into a laugh.

“I am going to ask you again, who sent you?”

“Where is my brother?” Compared to Nkanyamba, Tebogo has got the deepest, raspy voice. Nkanyamba felt undermined by it.

“Who’s your brother?” Nkanyamba bluntly asks.

“Don’t fuck with me, mkhulu. Where is my brother!?”

Nkanyamba chuckles.

“So, lesa snayi esakho?” (That idiot is your brother?)

“What did you do?”

“Bhembe

letha leya nja.” (Bhembe, bring that dog in.)

A Bhembe , the guard walks out.

“What do you want from me? You kids thought you would take me out?”

“We know, we can do it. You deserve everything that is coming for you, Tom Tom.” Tebogo spits on Nkanyamba’s face.

Nkanyamba gets up and slaps Tebogo right on the eye with the back of his hand, Tebogo wheezes as the slap stings.

Bhembe walks in with the not so stable Thapelo and throws him to the floor. He looks like he was beaten to a pulp. They had stripped him off his clothes and only left him with his briefs. Tebogo couldn’t bare the sight of him, he was messed up and covered with blood but, he was still breathing, at least that gave Tebogo some hope.

“T-man! T-man! Man, you gotta stay alive. Your mission is not complete.” Tebogo’s rage fills up his eyes.

“He is half-way to death. He is not going to make it, forget about him.” Nkanyamba puts his foot on Thapelo’s neck, not pressing too hard though. “So, what mission are you boys completing?”

“For smart old man like you, you are very slowly, you bastard!” Tebogo tries to himself from the rope that he’s tied up with. “I am going to kill you, son of a bitch!”

“Let’s see who kills who first.” As Nkanyamba walked to Tebogo, he felt a sharp pain in his stomach. He groaned in pain but, as soon as the pain disappeared, he sat down on the chair.

“Boss, ugrand?” (Are you okay?) Bhembe asks. Tebogo chuckles.

“He is an ancestor. He should join his friends.” Tebogo mocks Nkanyamba but, earns a punch on his stomach. Bhembe was getting annoyed and wish to kill Tebogo straight up.

Tebogo coughed out some blood and glanced at the weak T-man. He was trying to get up but, he had no strength left in him. He was beaten so much that, you can barely recognise him. Tebogo closed his, wishing for miracles.

T-man mumbles something, with a little laugh in between.

“Lindiwe...”

Tebogo opens his eyes and looks at Thapelo, trying to say something.

“Lindiwe, told me everything about you.” T-man says, referring to Nkanyamba. Nkanyamba gets up and crouch next to him, with anger.

“What did you just say about my daughter? Leave my daughter out of this and tell me what you want from me!” Another pain hits him on his chest. He rubs it vigorously. There other two guards are only statues because, only Bhembe is the active one. He quickly pours his boss a glass of water and hands it to him.

“Boss, ithi ngi cede ngale' zinja once.” (Let me finish them.) Bhembe is losing patience.

“You kill me, you will never see...” T-man pauses as he feels a little pain on his jaws before he continues. “If you still want to see Lindiwe, your daughter, you will let my brother go. This fight is between you and I.”

“What did you to my daughter? Who are you and what fight do we have?” Nkanyamba breathes heavily.

“You don't remember me, do you? Well, let me remind your old ass! YOU FUCKIN'...” T-man coughs as he is trying to catch

his breath. “You made me watch you as you pleased yourself with my mother, you and your men! My father was tied up on a chair, helpless and I was there, crying as...” His tears rolled down to his ears. “You fuckin’ killed my parents. Then you came after my grandmother because she was the one that got you arrested. I am here for my revenge, you robbed me my life with my parents! I became an orphan because of you!”

He heavily breathes as pain endures his body.

“Khoza?” Nkanyamba nervously asks.

“The one and only son!” T-man chuckles. “The pain that you are feeling, it is not just pain. It is a slow poison. It eats your organs slowly. You are going to suffer before you die, you are going to see your own flesh opening up, unbothered. You are going to beg for your own death, something that...”

“Shut up!” Nkanyamba holds his chest as he gets heated up and starts sweating. “How did you...”

“Easy. I used your daughter to get information. She told me about your energy capsules. All I had to do was to replace the original ones with the poisoned ones... just don’t ask me how.”

“Kill him!” Nkanyamba says, his nose starts bleeding.

“Boss, Lindiwe!”

“I don’t care! She sold me out, she killed me, kill him too!”

“He won’t kill me. He has been fucking with that whore called your daughter under your nose.”

Without a warning, Bhembe triggers the gun at Tebogo out of frustration.

“NO! You son of a bitch I am gonna kill you! Fucking shit!” T-man shouts and forces himself to sit upright, ignoring the pain.

“How does it feel now, huh?” Bhembe says, causing Nkanyamba to laugh with his squeaky high pitched voice that was so irritating. Just when nobody expected it, Bhembe got shot on the head, the other guards took action and started shooting at where the other gun firings were coming from. T-man crawled himself to Tebogo to try and save him.

TO BE CONTINUED...

**KEABETSWE MOLISE**

I kept trying Tebogo's phone the whole morning until it went off. Taylor had the same situation with T-man which got us more worried because, they said nothing about having a boy's night out and also, I did not like how Tebogo left the house. Taylor decided to stop by and help me pack clothes in the closet and also discuss the disappearance of our men.

"If I find out that he is cheating on my again, I am going to leave him castrated I swear!" Taylor sneers, I gasp before I laugh.

"And here am I, moving in with someone who might be buried deep inside some harlot. You know, I can't help but to think that something is wrong. I can't shake the feeling off." I say as I put my shoes in the closet.

"I don't even know what's worse. Them cheating or them being in trouble. All I know is, I am mad and I can't afford to stay mad or angry at all times. My baby needs peace." She say.



“I need pea... Wait, did you just say a baby? What baby? Oh my word, are you pregnant Taylor!?” I am flabbergasted. This is news, good news! She slowly nods with a smile and holds her still flat stomach.

“Fourteen weeks and counting.” You cannot miss the joy in her voice.

“Wow!” I start screaming and jumping around, she joins me before we both throw ourselves on the bed laughing.

“I'm happy for you. Congratulations.” I hold her hand, squeezing it.

“Thank you. I'm hungry.” She shyly says.

“This house is out of grocery, let's order in. What do you feel like?” I get my phone on the pedestal before I log into the Uber Eats app.

“Anything meaty.” She says, I nod and make our order.

A minute later, Taylor gasps as she gets up from the bed, I can't help but freak out.

“Taylor, what's wrong? Are you okay, do you need water or anything?” I also get up on my feet, she laughs at me.

“Can you relax...”

“How can I when you just told me that you are pregnant and the next thing you are gasping for air.” I now relax.

“Don’t worry... I just remembered that, Thapelo once used Kabza’s phone to call me and I have not erased my call history. If we can call him to find out where our men are, we will worry about the rest later.

“What are we waiting for? Let’s get to it right away.”

I am hoping that we get something, at least if we can hear from them. Taylor scrolls down to her call log until she gets to Kabza’s number. She calls him...

“It’s ringing.” She says.

“Put it on loud speaker.” She nods and does so.

“Hola.” Kabza says after answering.

“Kabza, hi. How are you?”

“Ke grand. Ke ova le mang?” (I’m great. Who’s this?) Greetings for who? He gets straight to business this one.

“Uh, ke Taylor. I am with Kea. We were wondering if...”

“Shit!” He immediately hangs up after that. Now, something is definitely up.

“O-KAY! That went well, I guess.” Taylor tosses the phone on the bed.

“Something is wrong. What if something happened to any of them? Goodness, you are pregnant and I am half married.” My tears start forming in my eyes, Taylor moves closer to me and wraps her hands around me and lays her head on my shoulder.

“I am scared too but, let’s not think of the worst. They are probably out there with a heavy hangover.” I chuckle.

“Maybe.” I say.

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## **KABELO (KABZA) KABINDE**

This is some messed up shit. Last night after getting Tebza's text, I couldn't stay a minute longer in my house. As soon as I

got to Nkanyamba's house, Tiisetso arrived same time as me. We didn't plan anything but as soon as we got there, we knew that we had to kill every men guarding Nkanyamba's mansion in the township, such a show off.

We managed to kill most of the guards before we went in the house. It was risky, I won't lie but we had to be strong to save our own.

We are at our warehouse and things don't look good at all for all of us. I was shot on my leg, Tiisetso got stabbed on the and as you know

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T-man was beaten up badly and... Tebogo is in a coma. We had to rush him to the hospital. And, with Taylor calling, I am not sure how I am going to break the news to them.

We have our own doctor here in the warehouse treating our wounds. My bullet has been removed already and now I am being dressed up. I turn to look a T-MAN who is sedated and Tiisetso is standing by the window looking out. I sigh.

“How are we going to tell Kea that Tebza's life is in danger? He might not make it?” I ask. He needs to make it, he has too.

“Either way Jo, we have to tell them. They need to know.”  
Tiisetso says.

“Yeah. You are right. Taylor is with Kea, not sure where but I think we should call them here.”

“Call them.” I nod and call Taylor back.

“Kabza, please tell me that you are with Tebza le T-man.” She says, first thing when she answers.

“Uh, Taylor. You both need to come to the warehouse, right now. Where are you?”

“Please say what you want to say right now on the phone and save us the trip.” Her voice sounds shaky.

“Where are you? I am requesting a car to fetch you?” I say, bluntly. She sighs.

“We are at Tebza’s apartment.”

“Sharp.” I hang up before requesting a car for them. “Now, I need to call my wife. I’ve been ignoring her.”

“Your Barbie doll. She’s going to catch a case. She's a snob and we don’t need that. Don’t make her come here.”

“That’s my wife that you are talking about!” I flinch as I try to get up. The doctor is done nursing my wounds.

“I know man and you are in love with each other but, we don’t need her coming here to tell us about the dangers of our lives and what not. We don’t need a lecturer.” I sigh and lean back on the bed.

“Fine.”

“I'll go and check on how far is Nkanyamba from dying.” I almost forgot that we brought that man here.

“Vele jive ke eng ka daai man?” (What’s the problem with that man?)

“Ke dink'a Thallium poisoning. It’s eating him very slowly. T-man’s poisoned him and now he is having worst effects you can ever imagine.”

“I wonder how T-MAN managed to poison him.” I wonder.

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## TAYLOR BUTHELEZI

We just got to the warehouse and we were welcomed by the limping Kabza. I wonder what happened. The house sounds very quiet and I am not sure where the others are. Kabza leads us to one of the rooms but before we enter, he looks at us and heaves a sigh.

“What is it?” Kea asks.

“A lot happened last night.” He says.

“Well, it is very obvious I mean, your leg is hurt but, where is Tebogo and Thapelo?” I ask.

“It’s not good at all.” I am starting to get bored now. I cluck my tongue before I slightly push Kabza aside and walk into the room.

My heart almost drops to my feet at the sight of the person lying on the bed. I turn to look at Kabza, he drops his eyes. Kea walks in and gasps, putting her hand on her mouth. I put my hand on my chest as I feel it spasming. My tears don't even need to be forced out, they just flow. I saunter towards the bed, where Thapelo is laying and hold his hand.

"What happened?" I ask with my voice so low but, Kabza managed to hear me.

"He is sedated but, he'll be fine." I know he is avoiding my question but, I will just leave it that way.

"Tebogo, okae?" (Where is Tebogo?) Keabetswe asks. Tiisetso walks in the room and clears her throat. She looks at Kabza, Kabza looks back at her as if they are communicating with their eyes.

"Where is my husband, Dammit!?" Kea shouts

"Calm down, Keke." Kabza says.

"Don't tell me to calm down! Y'all are here except for my husband. Where is he?"

"Okay, okay. We will take you to him." Tiisetso quickly jumps in. I shake my head.

"Why is he not here? What exactly happened?" I ask.



“I think you need to wait for T-MAN to wake up, he will tell you himself.” Tiisetso grabs the car keys on the table. “Taylor, you'll stay here with T-man, he might be up in a few minutes or so.” I nod looking back at Thapelo's swollen face and body with bruises.

“A re vaye.” (Let's bounce.) Tiisetso refers to Kea.

“I also have to go. I have already requested a taxi, it should be here. Sister, otlaba grand akere?” Kabza asks.

“Yeah.” I say. I walk to Kea who now looks like a ghost and hug her. “Call me if there is anything, okay?” She shakes her head. I can tell that she wants to cry but, she is trying to be strong.

“You have your own man to completely worry about.”

“At least keep me updated.”

“Okay, thank you.” I break the hug and watch them all leave. I sigh as I turn back to the bed. I take off my shoes and lay next to my boyfriend. How did things get this far?

TO BE CONTINUED...

**KEABETSWE MOLISE**

One think that I don't get is, how come I have to be taken to the hospital to see my husband. They are all injured but, only my Tebogo is at the hospital, the hospital that I work at.

I am now permanent at Die Wilgers Hospital, it is a private hospital. I am grateful to have my stepdad because, he helped me find a permanent post.

I am with Tiisetso and we are walking to the ward where Tebogo is in. I don't know what to expect but whatever it is, it can't be worse right?

"Why is Tebogo here and the rest of you being treated at the warehouse?" I bring back Tiisetso back to live. She seems nervous for some reason.

"Uh, well..." She clears her throat. "We didn't want to raise so many suspicions and also, our doc doesn't have the equipment that Tebogo needed."

I decided to keep quiet and ask no more questions. We walked down the corridor and we came across a doctor coming out of a ward.

“Hey, Tee. How’s it?” The doctor greets Tiisetso.

“Man, I am okay. Look, is it possible if we could see Tebogo? How is he doing today?” The doctor looks at me skeptically.

“She’s the wife.” The doctor nods.

“No changes. Still not responding.” Not responding?

“Not responding? What happened to my husband?” I look at both of them, they don’t answer me. “ANSWER ME DAMMIT!” I am losing it now.

“Keke...”

“No, I want my husband. Where is he? What is he not responding to?” My tears fill my eyes.

“Mrs Dichaba, I am sorry but, we are trying everything that we can to save your husband.”

“Save my husband from what!? What is it that you are hiding from me?” I finally let go of the tears. The doctor sighs with worry in his eyes. “Take me to him, I want to see him.”

“Please get water for her, she might need it.” The doctor says, referring to Tiisetso. What is the doctor’s name anyway?

He leads me to Tebogo’s ward. We walk in. The ward is quiet, only the beeping sound of the machine makes noise. I am met by a man lying lifeless on the bed, connected to the machines, he looks like his life depends on the machines. I turn to look at the doctor, shaking my head.

“Doctor...”

“Thompson, Zack Thompson.” He says.

“That’s not my husband.” I tell him, he narrows his eyes at me.

“That’s not him.”

“Are you not Tebogo Dichaba's wife?” He sounds confused.

“That’s correct but, that is not Tebogo, no.” I saunter backwards. Zack sighs, looking at me with pity eyes. He moves closer to me and tries to hold me, I yank his hands away.

“Mam, that is your husband, Tebogo. He was shot and...”

“Shot? When he left the house last night he was fine and full of life. Not this person lying there. It can’t be my husband.”

“Unfortunately, it is and...” Tiisetso walks in holding a paper cup of water. “When your husband got shot, the bullet went through to the diaphragm between the lungs and stomach. We done some X-ray scans and, the bullet is stuck where the air is supposed to surpass and, it is now balancing the thin line in the diaphragm. It is risky to remove the bullet, for now. We can only wait until he starts responding

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that’s if he...” My body starts trembling, my legs feel wobbly and I am going to collapse to the floor.

“No.” I fall on my knees. “NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!” I wail out loud. Tiisetso crouch down next to me and gives me a side hug, allowing me to cry on her shoulder.

“I am sorry, I need to be somewhere.” Zack says walking out of the ward.

“Let me help you up.” Tiisetso holds my arm and lifts me up.

“I can’t lose him, we just got married-we just moved in together.” I make my way to his bed. It’s really him, it is really Tebogo. “Please give me some space.”

“Otloba grand?” (Are you going to be okay?) She asks.

“Yeah.”

She brushes my shoulder before walking away. The lump forms again on my throat. I burst into tears when the thought of Tebogo not pulling through creeps in my mind.

“Ooh Sweedie, I am hoping that you can hear me. Please don’t give up on your life, don’t give up on us.” I sit on the bed next to him. “I love you.”

I don’t know how I am going to break the news to his family. I don’t even know what got him shot, no one wants to say anything. I should call my mother, I need her.

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**THAPELO “T-MAN” KHOZA**

Her scent hits my nostrils, I feel her body closer to mine. I so badly want to turn and wrap my arms around her but, my body won't allow me to. I slowly open my eyes but can't make it far. I was beaten up to a point where my eyes almost got completely shut.

She is sleeping peacefully right next to me. I slightly move a little so that I can look at her before looking around the room. It now hits me that, I am not at my place. Everything comes back to me, I now remember the events of last night until early this morning. Fuck, my brother got shot last night!

I lift myself up, slowly trying to get off the bed but the agony on my body isn't making it easy for me.

"Tee, where are you going?" Taylor mumbles, waking up from her sleep.

"I need to..." I flinch and hold my stomach as the pain gets deeper.

"You don't need anything. You only need to lie down and rest." I sigh, looking at her. "You've been out for too long, how are you feeling?" She rise up from the bed, moving closer to me.

“I’m fine. I need to check on Tebogo.” I stand on my feet.

“He is probably with Kea. I am here with you, babe.” I feel guilty now. I woke up next to my woman here after a very deep sleep yet I want to focus on other things when the mother of my child is here to take care of me.

“I’m sorry. It’s just that, a lot has happened izolo and, my mind is...”

“Ssshhh. I will bring a washbasin here to get you cleaned and order something to eat.” She gets up from the bed. “Then, we will talk about what happened to you.” I nod. This is an understanding woman. She first takes care of you before she turns on her bipolar button, I hope she won’t turn it on.

She wears her shoes.

“Where’s the others?” I ask.

“Everyone left, it’s just the two of us.”

“I guess we are spending the night here because, I won’t be able to drive us home.” She nods.

“Mamakhe?” I call her.

“Mmhh, babakhe?”

“Ngiyakuthanda.” (I love you.) I sit on the edge of the bed, carefully trying not to hurt myself even more. She smiles.



“Ngiyakuthanda nami.” (I love you too.)

“And why are you not giving me some sugar?” She chuckles.

“I will be right back.”

She walks out of the room, I sigh.

I don't want to expose Taylor into my life more than she already knows. I don't want her to always worry about me whenever I am out there, especially since Tebogo was shot, shot for me. I didn't want things to end this way. What am I going to be if he doesn't make it. What is to become of Keabetswe, his Trophy wife.

Now there is Nkanyamba. I so badly want to go to the room where we have isolated him but then again, I don't want to expose Taylor to my life deeper. I will go there when she is sleeping, hopefully Nkanyamba will still be alive then, if he is not yet dead.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

**KEABETSWE MOLISE**

Life can be so unpredictable at times-just when you think you have it by the balls, it slips away. This has been the most difficult month for me, it's been a month with my husband lying in hospital, not prepared to wake up and my mother in-law is also here, giving me stress. I am just glad that I spend most of my time at work taking care of Tebogo now and then.

It is morning and I am getting ready for my shift. I've always frowned when I had to wake up everyday for work but now, I can't wait to be there because my husband is there.

As expected, I find Emma, my mother-in-law busy in the kitchen. Shame, this is my territory and she will not tell me what to do in my own house so, if she is bothered by something, she'll deal with it on her own.

"Dumela, mme." (Good morning, ma.) I sit on the bar stool. She turns to look at me.

“Hello, Kea. Se ele nako?” (Is it time?)

“Eya empa kesa setse kame tsotso pele ke tsamaya. I want to have a little breakfast.” (Yes but, I still have a few more minutes before I go.) I get up to make myself some cereal.

“You need to eat stable food, not that Kea. That’s all that you’ve been eating ever since I got here.”

“Ma, please.”

“I am not even sure if you eat at work or you starving yourself. Take...” She brings forward a lunchbox, I stare at it before taking it.

“This is unnecessary.” I place it in my bag.

“I can’t be worried about my son and be worried about you too when you want to starve yourself to death. That lunchbox better come back empty.” I roll my eyes. “You need to drop that attitude, this is my son’s house, you seem to forget.”

What? Wow, just wow! How can she say that? I am his fiancé and soon to be his wife, what is she trying to tell me? I even lost my appetite.

“I’ll find something to eat on the way.” I say as I take my hand bag, storming out.

“Tokollo is coming to South Africa, today. He will come and live with you here. My husband needs me back home.” My heart almost pops out of my sleeves.

“And I am only finding out today? Ma, I would appreciate it if you talk to me first about certain things, especially that involves me.” I huff.

“So, now my son, Tokollo is not allowed to come live in his brother's house?” This woman is unbelievable!

“I am not saying that, I just wish that oka bua lenna next time before you decide for me.” (I wish that you could talk to me first...) She clucks.

“So, you are basically saying that, I should ask permission from you first when I take decisions for my own children?” Argh, I don't have time for this.

“I will see you later.”

I grab the car keys and walk out. I am taking the GTI to work. When he wakes up, he is going to flip when he finds out that I've been driving his baby.

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## **TOKOLLO DICHABA (TEBOGO'S BROTHER)**

I just landed at the OR Thambo international airport. I am waiting for my cab to arrive so that it can take me to my brother's house well, I would have booked myself elsewhere but, my mother insisted and told me that my brother's wife does not mind, in fact she can't wait to meet me. She sounds to be a lovely woman. I could have brought Dineo, my wife too but unfortunately, work is work.

I am planning to move back here in South Africa soon, especially since Dineo is pregnant. I want my children's nationality to be South Africa so

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soon maybe four months before she gives birth, we'll be moving back here, close to our loved ones.

My cab just arrived. I throw my luggage in the backseat before hoping in.

“Eita.” I greet the driver.

“Sure.”

He drives off.

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After paying the driver, I get off the car and make my way to the gate and buzz it twice before my mother responds and opens the gate for me.

I walk in making my way to the front door. When I get there she already opened the door, waiting for me with a huge smile, wow. Still the beautiful woman that I last saw a year ago. Only when I embrace her is where I realise how much I have missed her.

“How are you my boy?”

“I am fine ma, how are you?” I break the hug, she cups my face. Her eyes are glossy like she wants to cry.

“I’ve missed you so much ngwanaka, you don’t want to visit anymore.” She sadly says.

“I am here now me hle, don’t cry. I have missed you too, so much.” I close the door and pull her to the living room.

“But you came under these bad circumstances. Where is Dineo, I thought was going to come with you.” We sit on the couch.

“She has work and deadlines. You know, being an editor can be a lot of work.” She shakes her head in disbelief.

“What kind of a Makoti is she? She chose to stay behind when you need her the most. His brother in-law is...”

“Mme hle, I am begging you. Are you ever going to stop speaking I’ll of my wife? I am the one who insisted that she stays behind because, she couldn’t leave work behind. She has deadlines left and right... Anyway, okae Makoti omunyane?”  
(Where is the young bride?)

“Ai, that one...” I guess she is not only giving my wife a hard time but my brother’s wife too. “She went to work.” She gets up walking to the kitchen, I follow her. “She thinks that this is her house. She wants me ask for her permission to do things in this house.” She complains, the very same way she used to do with Dineo.

“But mme, she is right. Tebogo took her in her as his wife so I think you need to respect that.”

“So, I should have let you sleep in some B&B, let you waste money that you work hard for?”

“Did you tell her I was coming?” I ask, she keeps quiet and takes out two cups. “Ma!”

“I only told her today before she left for work.” She says, unbothered.

“Goodness...” I shake my head. “Anyway, at which hospital is Tebogo? I want to go there now.”

“Die Wilgers. You will probably meet his wife there, she works there. You'll take the Range Rover.”

“No ma, no. I can't just take the car without asking. Yes, Tebogo is my brother and he wouldn't mind but, Keabetswe is now his wife. I will need to ask her first. And besides, Tebogo ompoleletse hore that car, it's meant for Keabetswe.” She shrugs looking bored.

“Okay, please eat before you go.” I nod.

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## **KEABETSWE MOLISE**

His body moved a little, I touched him hoping that he will move again but he stopped. I thought I imagined it but, he moved once more and his body started to shake, trembling uncontrollably. I freaked out not understanding what was happening.

I start panicking, pressing the emergency button and screaming out for help. My face is damp wet from my tears. I think I swallowed my mucus but, I don't care. The nurses and doctors pull me out of the ward but I keep kicking and screaming, begging them to let me go, I want to be with my husband, he can't leave me.

"Tebogo!!!" I scream and cry out loud for him. I sink down to the floor as they shut the door on my face.

TO BE CONTINUED...

**KEABETSWE MOLISE**

Today is another day and I feel so much better than yesterday. I woke up before my mother in-law and prepared breakfast for everyone. As I was busy, I hummed a song, (Gangster Love) that Tebogo used to sing for me. My man is ghetto but, he knows how to be romantic.

Someone cleared their throat behind me, I got startled before turning to look at them. It's Tokollo.

"Uh, Hi." I say as my eyes scan him. I couldn't see him properly yesterday as I was devastated but today, I can see him clearly. Him and Tebogo look very much alike, wow. You would swear they are twins. They look more like their father, you'd swear he once denied them. Tokollo is more bigger than Tebogo, and handsome too.

"Good morning." He says. I snap back from my thoughts. "How did you sleep?" He asks.

“Very well, thank you.” We stare at each other for a while until it gets uncomfortable. “Uhm, did you have a good night? If I knew that you were coming I would have...”

“No, it was fine. I am sorry I just showed up without your knowledge.” He says.

“It’s okay.” I take the food to the dining table. I had already set the table for three.

“Need help?” He asks.

“Just bring the jug of juice in the fridge.”

After a few minutes, Emma joins us and we all gather around the table.

“Morning.” She greets, we greet her back. “Tokollo, you should come and visit us more often. We never have such scrumptious breakfast here in fact, she hardly does it.”

“Mme, why are you exaggerating? I am happy that my Tebogo is coming back to us.” I say.

“Anyway, what time are you going to the hospital?” Tokollo asks.

“I am working night shift today so, I’ll be going there before my shift starts.” I say.

“In that case, I’ll go later with you.” I nod.

“I think I’ll go there now. At least one of us has to be there for him.” Emma says. “Makoti pray for our food so we can eat.” I nod and bow my head as we join hand.

“Heavenly father, thank you for this great morning that you have given us. I pray for the food that is before us and I pray for everyone in this room. Keep us safe, everyday and night in Jesus name, amen.”

“Amen” They say. I let go of my mother in law’s hand but, Tokollo wouldn’t let go of mine. I look at him, he stares back. I pull my hand away, confused. He clears his throat and looks at his food. He is weird.

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**TOKOLLO DICHABA**

I knew Kea from the picture. I have seen my brother posting him on WhatsApp and I never thought that she is way more beautiful in person.

My mother left long ago to the hospital and I am getting ready for the visit. I am going to use the time that is left before we go to the hospital to get to know Kea. She is interesting and I want to get to know her, just to see what drove my brother to her.

After brushing my short trimmed hair, I washed my hands and walked out of the bathroom going to the living room. I find her talking so formal on the phone, it must be serious. I sit on couch and wait for her to finish.

“Yes. There is progress, we are expecting him to wake up tomorrow if not today... I will definitely do so... thank you... Okay, good bye.” She removes the phone away from her ear.

“The SAA

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Tebogo's colleagues were checking up on his progress. They want to make a stop later." She says.

"Okay. Do you want us to go there before they get there?" I ask.

"That's if you don't mind."

"Of course not."

"Okay. Let me quickly go and take my bag, I'll be back in a minute." She scurries to the stairs, my eyes follow her. Damn! She is my brother's woman but I can't help it. Seeing her in that navy blue health professions' uniform is just a turn on. Okay, let me sustain myself. I have a wife that I love.

A few minutes later, she comes back holding her hand bag and keys on her hand.

"I am ready to go." She says. I get up from the couch. "We are taking the Range Rover. I get nervous when driving big cars, I hope you don't mind driving." I chuckle.

"Uh, why is that? My wife would kill to drive that car, anytime."

"Oh is it? Why is she not here with you? I was hoping to meet her." She sounds very interested.

“Work held her up but, definitely next time she will be here.”

“Please drag her if you have to.” I chortle.

“I will.” I breathe. “Shall we?” I point the way.

“Of course.” As she walks, she drops the keys. We both go down to pick the keys up and we accidentally bumped our heads, hard.

“Ouch!” She puts her hand against her forehead and slowly gets up. I pick up the keys.

“I am so sorry, are you alright? Let me see.” I step closer to her and hold her face “Does it hurt?”

“I’ll be fine.” She says.

“You sure?” I ask. She lifts her head up. Her eyes look deep into mine, I am tempted to move my face to hers so that our lips could collide. I slowly move my fingers on the side of her face, she slightly close her eyes but opens them. I move closer and closer to her but, before I could do anything, the front door gets opened disturbing this moment. We quickly separate away from each other, clearing the imagine something on our throats.

“I am back! Argh, my son is getting better. Seeing him breathing on his own there brought me so much joy, I am sure that he will wake up very soon. He moved his fingers when I was there but, the doctor said it’s normal. He can hear me and he is showing signs that he wants to respond.” My mother walks in further. “Oh, you are ready to leave?” She asks.

“Uhm, yes. I... I’m going to wait in the car.” Kea walks away.

“The car keys.” I say. She looks back at me, confused.

“What about them?”

“You need the keys to open the car.”

“Yes... Ooh yes, the keys.” She takes them and prances out.

“Is she okay?” My mom asks.

“Uh, why are you asking? Mom, see you later.” I also run out.

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The drive was very quiet. Even when we walk down the corridors of the hospital, we are not talking to each other. We get to Tebogo's ward but, we find the bed empty with the nurse changing the bedsheets to the clean ones. Kea looks at me with tears already falling out of her eyes. She is hyperventilating, and she almost falls down but, I catch her before she falls.

"Where is he? Where is my husband!?" She wails out loud. The nurse runs towards us.

"Sister Kea? Is everything alright?"

"Please get her water." I ask as I carry her to the bed.

"I don't want water. I want my husband." She tries to fight me but, I am much stronger than her.

"Nurse, where is Tebogo? The man who was in here?"

The nurse just looks at me without saying anything. She looks at the sad Keabetswe in awe, shaking her head.

"Nurse?" I call her again.

TO BE CONTINUED...

**KEABETSWE MOLISE**

The most scariest thing to ever happen to you is when you expect to find something that's always been in the same place and same position right where you left it but, the moment you find it misplaced, you start going crazy without even asking. I am freaking out right now, my husband's bed is clean and empty. I want to think positive but this can be two ways, he can be alive or dead. I know the surgery went well but, it's scary to think that you lost someone very close to you.

Doctor Thompson runs in the room.

"I heard screams, what's wrong? Nurse Zwane is everything ok? Sister Molise, are you okay?" He asks, sounding worried.

"Doc err', what happened to Tebogo? Where was he taken to? As you can see, his wife here has already concluded everything on her own, she is hyperventilating." Tokollo tells Zack. As if I am not here or I am deaf. I roll my eyes and cluck my tongue.

"Where's my husband?"

“Kea, give the doc a chance.” Ai, when is Tokollo leaving? He is starting to annoy me, argh.

“Uhm, Tebogo was moved from the intensive care unit (ICU) to ward 5.” I sit upright on the bed, as if I didn’t hear what was just being said.

“Huh? What?”

“Yes. Your husband woke up just an hour ago, right after your mother left. He is probably expecting you to walk in. I have already told him how much you spent almost all your time with him and even demanded to be the nurse working on him.” I jump off taking my bag.

“You should have said!” I say. Zack and nurse Zwane look at each other. I prance to the door.

“Kea, wait!” Yoooh, you’d swear I gave birth to Tokollo.

“You’ll catch up!” I run out to the elevators.

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**TEBOGO DICHABA**

I have been in a deep sleep for a month and a few days as doc Zack says but damn, I feel so damn exhausted. I can't believe I was out for so long, Kea must've been through so much, I can't imagine how hard it has been for her. It wasn't even a week when she moved in with me but I have already put her through a lot. The doc already mentioned that she was always here, it was like her second home.

I've heard her, talking to me but it felt like a dream, I felt her too. I can still remember how I left her that night. She was angry at me, and I did that to her. She needed me but I chose to go and get shot. She asked me where I was going but, I was more focused in my thug life. This reminds me of the time when I was still a child. I would leave home without saying where I was going, leaving my mother worried. She would always reprimand me saying; what if something happens to me but, just because I chose not to say, they will never know because I don't say where I am going. How do I expect them to find me? Look at me, today. I was shot and I am lying on the hospital bed.

I feel her presence. I know my woman, I've been with her long enough to feel her when she is around me. Her scent force me to turn my head to the direction of the door. There she is, looking forever sexy in her navy blue nurse uniform. Her pants tracing her curves so beautifully. Only now do I realise how much I missed her. If it was any other day, I would have jumped up and opened my arms for her.

"Teb... Tebi." Her voice sounds shaky. She's been crying. I open my hand for her.

"Come here." I say. Damn, my throat hurts. She walks in further to my bed.

"I found the bed empty and I thought..." She bursts into tears. I hold her hand tighter, assuring her that, all is well and it is really me. I'm alive.

"I am sorry, mamasi. Ssh, don't cry."

"I am so happy to see you alive. I have missed you so much."

"Otlo nketsa gore kelle lenna, sweedie." (You are going to make me cry.) She chuckles. Just that little smile, warming my heart. I was only in ICU but I can't miss the fear in her voice. Not to even mention if I had died, what would have been of my wife.

“Don’t ever leave me. You almost died, Tebogo.” I laugh softly as I endure the pain.

“Sweedie

it’s going to take more than guns to take me out.” She frees her hand from mine, frowning. Did I say something wrong?

“Tebogo you think this is a joke neh?” She snaps, damn my dick twitched.

“Okay, that was a bad joke. Ke sorry, mamasi neh, my sweedie.” She smiles a little. Oh, my trophy wife. I need to get out of here, ASAP. “So, what have I missed out on?” She sits on the edge of the bed.

“Well, besides your mother abusing me in our own space, nothing.” She shrugs.

“What has she done? I need to come home ASAP before it gets messy there. Plus, my hospital bill is probably higher, I should get out of here before it gets me bankrupted.”

“All in a good time, papasi. You need to get better first. How are you feeling, right now?”

“Seeing you has erased all the pain that I was feeling. Keago rata, okay.” I hold her hand.

“Keago rata hle Lenna.” (I love you too.) “You bro...”

“Knock knock. Hope I am not disturbing anything.” I guess Kea wanted to say that my brother is here. He walks in with a smirk on his face. When did he get here? “Little bro, what’s up? Damn, you look pail!” I chuckle.

“TK, man I am bound to look this way. I turned at the gates of heaven.”

“How was it? I'm sure they turned you back because you belong in hell, not heaven.” I chuckle, shaking my head.

“When are you going back to Botswana?”

“Do you mean to ask, 'when did you arrive in SA?' I got here yesterday and I am here to stay! I just called mom to let her know that you resurrected.” Tokollo and jokes. Kea clears her throat.

“I'll give you some space to catch up.” She says.

“O grand, sweedie?” She looks uncomfortable.

“I’m fine.” She gets off the bed. She’s not fine at all. “I still have two hours before my shift starts. I will go and get you toiletries at The Grove Mall since it's just around the corner.

“Okay. Get me some meet, real food. I don’t want this lousy hospital food.” She nods, walking out. Now I am worried about her.

“Smoko?” (What’s the problem?) TK asks. I shrug my shoulders.

“Maybe it’s that time of the month.” I bluntly say. “Where is D? Why is she not here with you?”

TK pulls a chair before he sits right next to my bed and tells me all about Botswana.

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## **KEABETSWE MOLISE**

I am back from the mall with Tebogo’s things. I got him also briefs, I will bring some of his things tomorrow or give them to his mother for when she comes to visit his son. I walk pass the reception heading to Tebogo’s ward. I bump into two males wearing formal suits. I greet them before passing them, they greet me back.



“Mrs Dichaba?” Oh, they know me?

“Yes?” I say as I stop on my tracks.

“Oh, it’s her. I am Enzokuhle Mayiza and this is my colleague, Eric Burger.” Oh, I know them.

“Oh yes. Tebogo’s colleagues from the SAA, right?” They nod.

“Yes. We just got here.” Eric says. I think they know me from pictures. I know Tebogo can’t stop bragging about me, his Trophy Wife. Does your boyfriend do that too?

“Okay, follow me.”

\*\*\*

We get to Tebogo’s ward. We find him laughing with his brother.

“Babe, look who’s here!” I walk in with them. I place the food on the table. It is enough for him and his brother, to even eat later. I put the other things in the cabinet next to his bed.

“Yow, I thought you are still in a coma. When did you wake up?” Enzokuhle says.

“Miracles, man. Y’all miss me?” Tebogo asks.

“No. We were actually here to finish you up.” Eric jokingly says before they laugh.

“Okay boys, I am leaving. I am going to prepare for my shift.” I peck Tebogo’s soft lips. I always made sure that his lips were moisturised. “See you later. Pity I don’t work in this ward but, I will see you, okay.”

“Okay love. I love you.”

“I love you too.”

The gentlemen in the room clear their throats, I laugh.

“I also need something at the kiosk. I’ll be back.” Tokollo follows me out.

“Kea, can we talk?” He says outside the door.

“About?”

“What happened earlier?” I fold my arms looking at him.

“What happened earlier?” I ask

“You know. Uhm, we almost...”

“Yes, almost. But it didn’t happen. Excuse me!?” I shout in a whisper before leaving him standing like a fool. He is so annoying that one argh!

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TO BE CONTINUED...

**KEABETSWE MOLISE**

Please balance me here. When you get married, is it a must to always have sex with your spouse like literally everyday? And not just once a day but, many times in a day? I am here, sneaking my way around the house trying not to wake up the hungry Lion because wow bantase, I can't take it anymore. I am very much exhausted! Where does Tebogo get all the appetite because nna I can't keep up anymore, which is why I am visiting my grandmother for the weekend.

It's been six months since Tebogo was discharged and obviously, he has healed but the scar will be there forever. He had paused a little on the illegal life, so he says. He has been more focused on the SAA and I must say, things are going pretty well there for him. All in all, we are happy.

I take an overnight bag and pack my clothes quietly. I will only wake him up when I am ready to leave because, if I do now. The effort that I took to bath will be in vain.

When I am done, I take my bag walking out of the closet. I find him sitting on the edge of the bed with the duvet covering his lower body. He smirks, scanning me from head to toe. I am wearing tight jeans and sneakers for safety measures.

“Trying to ditch me?” He asks. I laugh rolling my eyes.

“You are my husband. How can I possibly do that?” I walk closer and put my bag on the bed. “I am ready to leave.” I say, unbothered. He raise his eyebrow, looking at me skeptically. I don’t think he likes the idea.

“Ready to leave? Where are you going?” He sternly asks.

“To koko's place. I am going to spend the weekend there.” He tilts his head looking at me, like he wants to register what I have just said.

“Wareng?” (What did you just say?) His voice gets deeper. My heart starts palpitating and I know he doesn’t like this at all.

“Who did you tell that you are going to visit your grandmother, today? Were you not with her yesterday afternoon?” He removes the duvet getting up, exposing his naked body. He

goes to the bathroom, he is getting upset, if he isn't yet. I follow him into the bathroom.

"Papasi, it's only for tonight. I am coming back tomorrow." I really need a break, my cookie needs a breather. It's been through the most yoh!

"I hear you, Keabetswe." He walks into the shower.

"Ke kopa osan' kwatela hle, Tebi." (Please don't be upset.)

"Who said I am? You want to leave right? I am not holding you back." He closes the shower door and I hear the water running. I sigh, getting out of the bathroom. I tidy our room before I going downstairs. I don't like it when we are angry at each other. I still don't see why he is making a fuss about this because, I live here full time and hoyu kanna, I would have only moved in with him after our wedding.

I throw myself on the couch, putting my left hand on my chest. I look at it and sigh. When is he planning on getting me an engagement ring because, I need it, I want it. But anyway, let me just watch TV and forget about a lot of things. I still need to please my man up there, I won't leave until he relaxes.

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## TEBOGO DICHABA

I walk down the stairs, fixing the collar of my golf shirt. I reach the last step and walk towards the kitchen. I take a can of a 440ml Heineken and open it going to the living room. I sit next to Kea and imbibe my drink.

“What are you watching?” I ask.

“The Kardashians.” She says with her eyes glued on the TV.

“I press the power button on my phone, checking the time. It’s Saturday, 2:30PM. Kabza has said that he is making some smaller nyana braai at his place. I think we will pass there before I drop Kea at her grandmother’s place.

I still don’t feel good about this. I don’t get why she has to go there anyway. I am not saying she shouldn’t go there but c'mon, she’s my wife I need her too.

I turn to her and put my arm around her. She looks at me before looking back at the TV. My trophy wife.

Why is she my trophy wife?

Well, I have a lot of money, I am low-key rich but, she doesn't know. She just knows that I have money and that's it. I am willing to make it rain on her, whatever she wants she will get it. Except that

I might have to disagree with some of the things like, resigning at work because I have money. What's the point of her going to work. There is no way I was going to make her do that; I like my women independent. She can use the salary she earns that is nothing compared to the money I make in the heists to do her hair, nails and all those things that woman do but, I will take care of other things. I am going to give her the Kardashian life. I love this woman.

Another thing, she is beautiful and she's got style. She is young and attractive. Definitely makes the symbol of a Trophy wife to a wealthy husband like me. I can't wait to start a family with her. After putting the ring on that finger as she says, I am most definitely knocking her up although I wish to do that, right now.



“Tebi, say what you want to say. You have been staring for too long.” She says. I was admiring her beautiful-self.

“No, a re vaye.” (Let’s go.) I get up taking the keys. She follows behind. I finish off the alcohol in the can before disposing it in the rubbish bin.

We both get in my car before driving out.

“Are you fine with me, going?” She asks after a while.

“You have already made up your mind and I can’t change it, can I?” I say.

“Okay, let’s go back home.” She says, causing me to chuckle.

“Otletse ka metlae Kea.” (You are very playful.)

“What’s the point of going if you not happy about it?”

“And you want me to drive you back to the house so you could sulk at me the whole weekend. Ncono o vaye Jo.” (you rather leave.) She gasps. “Entlek, ake cavi hore why o batlo vaya all of a sudden.” (I don’t even understand why you want to even go.” I cluck my tongue.

“It’s not like I am going to other place. It’s my grandmother!” She raising her voice at me? I give her a side stare before turning back to the road.

“The same grandmother that you spent the whole day with, yesterday. And who even said that you are going to other places? Unless you are planning to.” I shrug.

“You are so inconsiderate, Tebogo argh!” She sulks looking out of the window. I shake my head as I drive through the main gate at Kabza’s estate. The security let’s me in without asking too many questions. The ones on duty today know me so, they not giving me any problem.

“I hope you not in a hurry. We are going to chill here for a while then I can take you to Koko later.” I park the car.

“And you didn’t even tell me about it.” She says.

“I am telling you now. Tlwela tshele mamasi tuu.”

“Fuck you Tebogo!”

“Fuck you too, Keabetswe!”

“Fuck you three times!” LOL! I am not doing this with her. She seems to forget me this one.

I grab her hand into mine and squeeze it.

“I dare you to say that again.” She grins as she feels the pressure on her hand. “Say it!” I shout in the car, she trembles. “You are throwing unnecessary tantrums, sweedie!”

“I am sorry.” She cries, I let go of her hand and lean back on the seat.

“We were just fine three hours ago, Kea. Suddenly you are changing on me? No man, otlo mbora.” She nurse her hand with tears falling down to her hands.

We stay in the car for a while in silence until someone knocks on the window, it’s Taylor. I look at Kea who is not bothered, look outside. I sigh and open the door walking out.

“Tay Tay. Look at you. You truly have a Zulu baby in there. He will come out to be strong that one, like his father.” She laughs.

“Argh stop it with the mocking.” She playfully hits my arm. “The guys are all in the back yard.” She says, dismissing me.

“Alright.” I lean down in the car. “Mamasi? You’ll lock the car.” She doesn’t respond, I sigh looking at Taylor. I can tell she feels

the atmosphere between Kea and I. I'LL leave them to talk because, “girls talk”. She gets in the driver’s seat and I leave them.

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I am sitting with the guys outside the patio. I have the clear view of Kea in the living room and I am so glad to see her laughing. I thought she'll be sulking the whole day but, she has relaxed.

“So, what do you suggest we do, Tebza?” Kabza asks. I have no idea what he is asking about. I was lost in my thoughts.

“Huh, Uhm... what?” I ask, dumbfounded. They all start laughing. These men have deep voice even in their laughs. They causing the women to turn to us and it’s obvious that they are all laughing at me. I chuckle shaking my head.

“No. We need to take you to a prophet. Maybe Kea has put something in your food. You are whipped Jo.” T-man says.

“Let’s hit the club tonight... on me.” I say.

“Trouble in paradise?” T-MAN asks.

“Definitely. But, I am not complaining because I won’t have to carry my wallet to the club so, I am definitely in! We got the money spender here!” Kabza adds. This fool.

“Speaking of money. It’s been a while since we’ve been in the game. I need more money Eish plus that hospital bill chowed me.” Problem about us people with a lot of money, it never seems to be enough, we want more.

“I was telling T-man the same thing before you arrived. Let’s do this guys. We gather information then re on.” I nod.

“And I have the baby on the way so, I am definitely going to need izaka.” More reasons to hit the club tonight because, he won’t be doing this once the baby is born.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

**TEBOGO DICHABA**

Later on, I was driving Kea to her grandmother's house playing music very loud. In any other day she would have turned it off herself but not today. She is angry. Which is why I am playing the music out loud, just to avoid saying wrong things to her. I am too tipsy for that.

'I love you (I love you)

I want you (I want you)

You're the one that

I live for

And I can't take it anymore

I love you

I need you

What can I do to make

You see

You're then only one for

Me'

The song bursts on the speakers and I sing along to it. I direct the lyrics to Kea but, my woman isn't even blinking an eye on me.

I park the car outside koko's house. I decrease the volume and as we both get off the car. I take out her bag in the backseat of the car. She's already by the gate. I lock the car and follow her. She knocks at the door before Koko opens. She looks at us with questioning looks.

“Kea, Tebogo? Afa tsotle di lokile?” (Is everything okay?)

Shame, I don't even blame the poor old lady for even asking that question. She was not expecting to see us here, especially Kea who was here two days in a row. She makes a way for us to walk in but I stay on the door and let Kea walk in.

“Dumela Koko. Everything is well. Sorry to have probably woken you up from your sleep but, I brought Kea. She wants to spend the night here.”

“Oh? Kea, you shouldn’t have. I saw you the last two days.”  
Exactly my thought!

“Let me leave you, ladies.” I look at Kea and hand her, the bag but not let go of it, she stares at me.

“You’ll have a safe trip home, I am off to sleep.” Koko says, walking back to her bedroom, I think. Kea let’s go of the bag.

“Sweedie?” I clear my throat. “Should I fetch you tomorrow?”  
She shrugs, I sigh.

“Okay then. I will see you tomorrow.” I move closer to her and try to kiss her but, she looks away. Wow! I put the bag on the chair. “Skat, let me go. Kao rata and retloba shap. Dilo tse di snax tse ditlo fela.” (I love you and we are going to be okay. These ridiculousness will come to an end.)

I close the door after walking out.

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As expected, Channel M is packed and the ladies in here are wild. We are chilling at the VIP side and our table is full of beverages. From Whiskey, to Beer, it is all here. We are here to have the time of our lives. We are joined also by other people here and I must say, we brought all the attention to us. Life is good!

“Ladies, anything that you want order it it’s on me!” I say, causing them to scream. “What would you like to have?” I ask.

“Ice Tropez for now and Moet for later.” One of them says. I turn to look at the Waiter.

“You heard the lady. Make that 24 Ice Tropez and two bottles of Moet. We turning up tonight baby!” I start dancing to the music playing.

“Chomee areye Sandton

Chomee areye Sandton!”

We sing along the song as we dance. I imbibe the Hennessy that’s now half straight from the bottle.

“Easy man. We have a long night ahead!” Kabza shouts.

“I need this!” I shout back. He shakes his head. “Ko betha six none, I’ll be back.” (I am going to use the toilet,) I walk away.

On my way, down the passage, I bump into someone... more like he bumped into me, stepping on my FAVOURITE SNEAKERS! FUCK!

“Watch where you are going man, what the fuck!?” I push him.

“It was a mistake man, I’m sorry.” He says. I cluck my tongue.

“Fuck you! You better look where you are going next time, fool!” I start walking.

“I said I’m sorry, dude.” He says, I turn back looking at him.

“Are you saying something?” I feel aggravated plus the alcohol has kicked in. I am drunk and feel like killing right now.

“Yes.”

I move closer to him and punch him on his stomach. He groans bending down, holding his stomach.

“Say that again.” I say. Just when I wasn’t expecting it, this bitch nigga bitch punched me on my face. I hold the side of my face where he punched me, I grin looking at him.

I push him and give him an uppercut.

“You want to go against me? Do you fuckin’ know who I am?” I knee him and that brought him down on his knees but his black ass is stubborn, he gets up in a speed of light and kicks me on my stomach

I stagger back as I feel the pain.

“Oh my gosh, send help!” I didn’t even realise that we have an audience. Some want to break the fight and some are taking pictures and videos.

“You fucking messed with the wrong man today. I am going to kill you.” I prance towards the guy and throw a punch to the direction of his face but, he catches it and uses the other hand to punch me directly on my eye. It hurts.

My vision on the eye got a little blurry but, can see. Just when I was trying to nurse my eye, he kicks me on my leg, I kneel

down with one leg, heavily breathing. My demeanor gets ugly now. My hand itches for something... something that I earned being described as 'Ruthless' from it. My gun! I reach out for it on my waist. People start screaming.

Ek se, Tebza! Ska yetsa daai ding! A re vaye.” (Don’t do it. Let go!) Kabza and T-man approach with bouncers. Bouncers who are nothing to my size. They are nothing those ones, I might as well put their heads together and knock them out.

I cock my gun. The guy now looks like he’s going to shit on himself, now.

“As much as I want to kill you, I won’t. There’s too much audience.” I see my friends and the bouncers getting close.

“But I’mma leave you with this.” I pull the trigger on his arm, he screams like a girl. Everyone screams.

“You are fucking crazy you bastard! Fuck you!” He shouts, holding his bleeding arm.

“Oh trust me, he really is.” T-man and Kabza laugh.

“Stop crying now, it’s just a little scratch.” Kabza adds. The bouncers want to hold me but, it’s not hidden on their faces that they are scared. I chuckle.

“Don’t worry, I’ll see myself out.” I say. “Get the alcohol and the girls because, reya ko Kasi at my house! We are going to finish up the party there! I will go and settle the bill.”

“Wena, you never stay out of trouble. Kea is going to kill you now.” T-man spoils my mood.

“Mention Kea one more time, I am going to shoot your ass.” They chuckle.

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“How is your arm?” A man in a raspy voice with a huge ugly scar on his right cheek stands by the door way, crosses his leg to the other and folds his arms.

“Ngi grand, bozza. uMam Nozi nursed me very well.” .(I am okay boss.)

“Grand grand, kushisweni?” (What exactly happened?) The boss asks.

“This boy is an armature. He was spending money like a crazy person. But, I couldn’t help but recognise his voice izolo. Bozza yami, It took me back to the time when we were ambushed. The bastard thought we were all dead but, I wasn’t. And then this voice of his sounds exactly like the one that said ‘Gents! Look out for trackers because, I found one’. Boss, I think we found our lead.

The boss walks in further and then grabs the chair and sits down.

“Ungathi une ndaba, Kopzen.” (You have a story to tell.) “Are you sure about this?”

“I have never been too sure about this. I can even feel it in my gut.” Kopzen assures him.

“Do you know this man?”

“You know him too... The one and only Ruthless. The man that once got arrested for Killing all four security guards who were escorting five Million Rand in a fidelity and walked away with all the money. Even today, the case still left unsolved.” The boss widens his eyes.

“Tebogo Dichaba! Dammit! That smart arse.” He releases a breath. “What more do you know about him?”

“A lot. I have been doing my research about him.”

“I am listening.” The boss leans back on the couch.

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## **TEBOGO DICHABA**

I am buried inside this girl’s mouth whom I don’t even know her name. It’s early in the morning and I am beautifully being woken up by the best head. She goes deeper and deeper and I have my toes curled. I hold her weave as I help her move up and down. She gags here and there and I moan, closing my eyes.

## **KEABETSWE!**

She appears in my eyes as soon as I closed my eyes.

Dammit!

“Get up and bend over.” I pull her head up. She tries to kiss me but, I move away. “I said bend over.” I sternly order her. She huffs doing as told. We’ve been at it since everyone left earlier and not even once have I kissed her. I only wanna smash, no need to involve feelings, I have my wife for that

Again, Kea! It’s like she knows I am up to no good. She is haunting me.

I get the condom before tearing off the wrapper. I put it on and position my dick on her opening. I slowly slide in, imagining Keabetswe. I have made peace that I am going to see her face but, I quickly open them because, it feels wrong thinking about her when I am smashing some whore's booty.

I hold her waist and start going faster.

“Fuck! Aaahh.” I moan...

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TO BE CONTINUED...



**KEABETSWE MOLISE**

I am now calling Tebogo for fifth time and his phone rings until it takes me to voicemail. I wonder where he is, I am worried sick about him. I saw the video that is trending on Twitter and boy, oh boy; #TEBZA is blowing up on my news feed. And I am also dragged in that because, I am the wife. Gosh, does Tebogo ever use his head!? What if he goes to jail? What if they come after him?

I am in shock. Seeing my husband use a gun on someone like that. It's like I was watching atchong a stranger doing that. What pushed him that far and where was T-man and Kabza?

Sigh.

I need to go back to the house, I have to go back now! I am not even taking a bath.

After typing up my bedroom, I take my things walking out of my room. My grandmother is up already, having her morning tea in the living room.

“Good morning, Koko. I won’t be staying for breakfast. I have to rush home.” I request a cab on my phone.

“Kea, is everything okay? I mean between you and Tebogo?” She asks, sounding worried.

“Why are you asking? I'm fine, we are fine Koko.” I say, not looking at her.

“Kea, my child. I know you and I know when you are not okay. If things are too much for you to handle, do not hesitate coming back home.” I fake my laugh.

“Koko, we are fine. Don’t worry.” She sighs. My phone rings, it’s Ncediso. I know what she wants to say so, I am going to ignore her.

“You did not even brush your teeth. It must be very important, whatever thing you are rushing to.” Sarcasm!

“My cab is here. Goodbye koko I love you!” I run out.

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As soon as the taxi stops, I get off, searching for the gate's remote in my bag. As soon as I get hold of it, I don't waste time opening it before running into the house.

"Tebogo!" I shout, walking in the house. "Papasi! Sweedie!?" I look around going upstairs. I get to our bedroom and the bed is clean and tidy, like no one slept there. The bed is how I left it yesterday.

I drop my bags on the floor and walk out of the room going to the garage and, there is only the Range Rover. It doesn't seem like he came back home last night.

Oh my God, what if something happened to him? God, please don't let me go through what I went through months ago.

I walk back to the house, dialing Taylor's number. She answers on the third ring, heavily breathing.

“Mmh...” She says, very seductively... O-kay.

“Taylor, hi. I was wondering if you know if Tebogo is somehow with T-Man?”

“Ooohh, yes...”

“So you do?”

“Huh... mmmhh... Sorry, what?” Oh my goodness, this girl! She is having sex.

“Argh no!” I quickly hang up. I call Tebogo one more time and still no answer. I go upstairs logging in on Facebook, my notifications are blown out! I breathe, breathing my tears away. Let me just take a bath and relax myself. Maybe I am worrying myself over nothing.

\*\*\*

**TEBOGO DICHABA**

I get up from the bed, stretching myself. I glance at the girl sleeping on my bed and sigh. I hit her ass, waking her up.

“Ey, wake up o vaye.” She mumbles something I can’t hear. “Ek se! I am going out for a smoke, outside.” I open the wardrobe and take out a stack of R200 notes and throw it to her. She looks at it, then me before clucking her tongue, I shrug as I walk out.

I open my car, looking for my cigarette box. I find my phone on the car seat. I check it and damn, eleven missed calls from my wife, this morning only. Should I be worried? Let me call her.

Voicemail! Her phone is off!

I take my gun that I left recklessly in the car before closing the door, walking back to the house. My house is dirty. I should ask the helper that cleans in my apartment to also come and help here. This house is unattended.

I get to my room and I find this whore going through my things. I raise my gun pointing at her, I unlock the gun, the sound frightens her. She freezes.

“I don’t know what you are trying to do but, stop it or I am going to pull this trigger and bury you behind my house. I am not afraid.” She slowly turns, dropping the money on the floor. “You are going to take your bag, and leave my house right now.”

“Yes.” She says, trembling.

“NOW!” I roar, she jumps, taking her bag running out but I stop her.

“I think you have something in your bag that doesn’t belong to you.” She shakes her head.

“No.” She nervously say.

“Don’t make me angry.”

“Tebza pl- please.” I don’t even know her name but, she knows mine. Lol! Everyone knows Tebogo.

“One, Two...”

“Okay! Okay, please don’t kill me!” She takes out my gold watch with diamonds out of her bag. I chuckle.

“Bring it here to me.” I stretch out my hand to her. She slowly walks to me, shaking. As soon as she gets closer, I roughly grab her hand, she screams. “Yey! Warasa! Do you know what I do to people like you, huh?” I move my hand to her neck

slowly strangling her. “You are still young and I hate that you want to meet your ancestors so soon.” She hold my hand, trying to get it off her hand, gasping for air. I push her hard, she staggers back until she falls on her butt. “Tsek, vaya! I should never see your face ever again.” I cluck my tongue, she coughs while coughing. She runs out.

\*\*\*

Soon as I also left my house, I drove like a crazy person to my apartment. I need to bath and change into fresh clothes. I need

to go to my wife, right away. I fucking have hangover too and I am so tired I want to sleep. The gate slowly opens before I drive in, leaving it to close.

I park my car outside the garage, going to the house. My heart almost stops beating when I find my wife sitting on by the last three steps in the house. When did she get here?

“Mamasi?” I walk closer to her, she is crying. “What is it? Talk to me.” I sit on the last staircase. I can’t risk her figuring out that I have been fucking with someone else. “Sweedie?”

“Why did you do it?” Shit! She knows... my wife knows.

“Uh, what?” I pretend as if I don’t know anything she is asking about.

“O’ sa nketsa sthipa sao! You know that you have been up to no good!” (Don’t make me your fool!)

“How did you find out?” I am going to kill that whore.

“Is that what you are worried about, Tebogo?” Tebogo! “I saw it on social media. I had to turn off my phone because it



wouldn't stop ringing. My mom calling, friends calling!" Social media? Kea is going to leave me. She is leaving me for real.

"I am sorry baby. I didn't mean to." I don't even know how to look at her in the eye. "Forgive me sweedie, kao kopa hle, I don't want to loose you baby. I love you." I beg.

"Then why did you have to shoot him?" huh!?

"Shoo... what?"

"Baby, I was so worried about you. I had to come here first thing in the morning when I woke up. I can't go through what I went through months ago, Tebi. I can't lose you. I thought something happened to you when I couldn't reach you." She cries.

"Oh, you talking about that..." She frowns.

"What else would I be talking about?" I Swallow hard.

"Uhm, I am here skat. I am not leaving you, okay. I am sorry." I hold her hand. I want to hug her but, I am afraid she is going to smell the sex. I kiss the back of her hand. "I am so sorry." I feel damn guilty now. My wife was worried about me while I was fucking someone else.

"Let me see your face."

"My face?" I ask.

“Yes. You have a blue eye. Let me have a look at it.” I even forgot about the fight from last night.

“Let me quickly take a shower, I’ll be back.” A shower that I could have taken at my other house.

“Where were you anyway?” I get up, going upstairs. Woman and that question. Be careful men when answering that.

\*\*\*

After the shower, I went to take a nap. Kea didn’t mind because, she also wanted to cook. I felt her hand stroking my dick. I slowly open my eyes and I find hers looking at me. She bites her lower lip, smirking.

“I thought you were dead. I had to check on you because you were sleeping for too long now.” She says.

“Mmhh. What’s the time, now?”

“It’s time for us to make love.” She whispers. I close my eyes, biting my lower lip.

“Shit, Keke.” I cuss. She knows how to do the hand job.

“Yes, papasi. You like it?”

“I love you.”

She stops, dropping her skirt to the floor. No panties, hmmm. She gets on top of me, I don’t even know when my shorts and briefs were taken off.

She slowly inserts my dick in her pussy and starts grinding on me, slowly.

“Ooohh, fuck.” I hiss. “You are so wet... and hot.”

“I know... mmhhh.” She puts her hands on my chest, bouncing up and down, so good. “Aaahh, Tebi. It feels so good.”

I put my hands on her waist and squeeze it. She throws her head to the back, moaning. I move my hands up under her t-shirt.

No bra either... sweet!

I brings her face to mine and we collide for a kiss. I can taste that red wine in her mouth. Now I get why she is so horny and wet.

We switch sides, I am now on top of her. We are in a missionary position. She wraps both her arms and legs around me, locking me in her.

I stroke hump her so passionately, I know she is loving it. She loves this position. She scratch my back, sending chills to my spine. I suck her boobs like a hungry lion that she says I am.

I thrust harder and faster making her scream.

“Don’t stop... ooh yes!” She says. I kiss her before getting up, putting her legs on my shoulders and rock my hips while rubbing her clit. She cries out loud, she is close.

I fuck her hard, making her tits wiggle. She puts her hand on mine, helping me massage her clit.

Team work!

She screams as she squirts, spraying on me. She trembles, her legs shake. I give her a chance to collect herself before turning her around for a doggy style. She nicely position herself, making it easier for me to push in.

“Yeah, oh my sweet Keabetswe. I love you.” I hold her waist hitting it faster and harder until I also reach my own Haven. I groan and moan as I release on her back. Fuck!”

I take my shirt off and wipe both of us. I collapse next to her on the bed, pulling her closer to me, catching our breaths.

I place kisses on her back as I fondle with her breast.

“Keabetswe Molise, ke a go rata.” Not sure if it’s guilt Talking.

“Ke ago rata hle lenna, monna waka, rra Dichaba.” (I love you too, my husband, Mr Dichaba.) She says in her sweet voice.

“Please dish up for me? I am hungry now.” She turns to look at me and pecks my lips.

“Love. I saw these shoes online and I was wondering if you could lend me a few thousands?” I knew it.

“How many thousands are we talking about?” I put my hands on her booty. She pulls her lips into her teeth.

“Well...” She nervously says. “Twenty-two...”

“Jesus Christ! Can those shoes fly you to places?” Not like money is a problem though but DAMN! Each pair of my sneakers don’t even cost more than R10 000.

“Tebi hle.” She whines.

“Okay, please dish up for me and when you come back, we will talk about it.” She gets up, walking out naked.

Twenty-two fucking thousands!?

\*\*\*

TO BE CONTINUED...

**KEABETSWE MOLISE**

I am in a neuro ward, helping patients take their medicine. I am working a morning shift today and, it's not easy, especially when you have your colleagues gossiping about you. Argh, Tebogo and his recklessness!

I am also worried about him, his reputation at work. After he dropped me off, he drove straight to work because, there was an urgent meeting called for him. I hope that they won't kick him out. I know that my husband is a criminal but, at least he gets to wear his nice suits for good reasons.

As soon as I was done with the patients, I wheeled out the table carrying medication and I come across other nurses who look like, they were doing what they shouldn't be doing at work.

Gossiping!

"Sister Kea." They say, simultaneously. I chuckle.

“Sister Zondiwe, Rachelle.” I pass them, shaking my head. I won’t entertain them.

I just can’t wait for this thing to blow off though. I’ve been ignoring phone calls and text messages for too long that, my mother had to call me in Tebogo’s phone today morning. She shouted and shouted and, when I thought that was all over, Tebogo’s father called me because, Tebogo ignored his calls. He also shouted, saying the same thing as my mother like, “Kea works for the government, Tebogo! Wherever you are going and whatever you doing you are representing my daughter!” Blah blah blah!

I am tired of people telling me what I know!

My phone rings in my pocket, I make my way to the staff bathroom to answer it, leaving the empty table outside. It is Tebogo.

“Hi.” I say after answering.

“Hi?” Sounds more like a question. “Are you okay?”

“Why wouldn’t I be?”



“Keabetswe.” He says with a warning tone. “Watch your mouth.” He is not shouting but his voice is sonorous. It shook me. I exhale.

“Sorry, Tebi. I just can’t wait to knock off.”

“What time is your lunch time?”

“Uhm...” I glance at my wrist watch. “In 25 minutes.”

“Okay... see you in a few.” It goes silent. “Keke?” He calls out after a while.

“Yes?” I breathe out.

“Obe sharp. Askies my skat that ke wena o suffer'rang daar because of my shit.” (I hope that you'll feel better. I am sorry that you are the one being crucified because of my shit.) I sigh.

“It’s okay. Sweedie, I have to go now, see you when you get here.”

“I love you.” He confess. Just that, assures me all the time that he is mine.

“I love you too.” I hang up.

I admire myself on the mirror and snap a mirror selfie before getting back to work.

\*\*\*

## TEBOGO DICHABA

I drive into the hospital and find a parking spot. I text Kea, telling her that I have just arrived. After five minutes, she gets into my car and gives me a good kiss before saying 'hi'.

“I’ll never get used to seeing you in your uniform. It turns me on, all the time.” She smiles. “How are you?”

“I’m tired. Sweedie vele you won’t change your mind about me resigning at work? I have been a nurse for four years, I am tired.” She whines reclining the seat to lie down on it. I laugh.

“Keabetswe, your matron is probably old enough to be your grandmother mother, probably been in the field for 20 decades and you are only complaining about working for four years?”

“But we have money. Why do I have to go to work to earn small change compared to what we have.” I burst out into a laugh. Women! Kea just said my money is OUR money... is that right?

“Keke, how much money do we have? Where is the money that you are talking about?”

“You are hiding it, baby. I know it’s there somewhere, making sure that I don’t get my hands on it.”

“Mamasi. I won’t have a mahlalela wife. As much as you are my trophy wife, I don’t want you being a house wife. You are going to hustle, so am I. And until the bags are secured, we will not rest. I love you as independent as you are. You love your job, you love being a nurse. If you are not doing it for money then

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do it because you love your job. And I love seeing your sexy scrubs. You drive me crazy that way.” She sits up right and looks at me.

“Okay, baby. You are right. I do love my job, and I love you too. You are a great husband you know.” She say.

“Even though other people don’t see me the same way that you do ...”

“Why do you care about other people. I know that I was one of those people but, that is because I never got to know you. I know that you are a good educated person before the illegal life.” Illegal life? “I misjudged you once but now, I know you better.” I take her hand into mine.

“I am blessed to have a woman like you.” I kiss her knuckles.

“An educated wife for an educated husband.” I grin. “I got you lunch. Fresh from the oven.” I let go of her hand taking the doggy bag in the back seat.

“Thank you. I am very hungry.”

“Didn’t you eat today?” I ask, she shakes her head.

“It was a rough morning.” She starts digging in her food.

“I have something else for you.” I take a bunch of pink roses from the back seat and hand them to her, she drops her jaw.

“Oh my fucking word, Tebi!” She starts screaming, taking the roses with R200 and R100 notes rolled in between the flowers.

“Papasi? Is this money real? How much is it?” Her face is beaming. Woman and money. I am starting to doubt her love for me... KIDDING! I know Kea loves money, I won’t even hide it from anyone but, the way that she looks at me confirms it all. It’s breath taking.

“You'll count it yourself. Please take me a few pictures.”

I take my phone and start snapping pictures and selfies of ourselves. We get back to eating until it is time for her to get back to work.

“Babe. What happened today at work? What was the meeting about?” She asks. I was hoping that she won’t bring this up.

“Nothing to worry yourself about, love.” I wipe her lips with my thumb.

“I am worried, Tebogo.” I sigh.

“Most of them voted me out of the board. I am currently suspended until the scandal dies. But, I don’t want you to stress about it. They need me, I invested so much in the SAA and if it wasn’t for me, all those planes wouldn’t be flying today.”

“Okay... will you fetch me later when I knock off?”

“Err’, I will call you if I can’t make it. I am meeting with the guys later. Now I am going home to change cars. You need to start taking the car to work.”

“But...”

“Huh-uh Keabetswe. I bought this car for you. I can’t keep chauffeuring you.”

“Okay fine. I’ll see you later then.” We kiss. “I love you.” She mumbles between the kiss.

“I love you.”

\*\*\*

Four White intimidating men who's English sounded funny walked in the warehouse. They all looked very intimidating, you wouldn't tell who was the boss between them. Skinner and Kopzen, his right hand man looked very nervous because those men meant business and if you failed to deliver to them, they wouldn't have to think twice to kill you.

"Tell me, old friend why shouldn't I kill you." One of the men asks Skinner.

"I am loyal to you, you know I am." Skinner responds with a shaky voice.

"Then, where are my diamonds?"

"I swear, I don't have them. Please give me more time, Amir." Skinner begs.

"More time? I gave you the whole fuckin' year, outarde!" (bustard!) Amir looks back at his men and nods.

They men walk towards Skinner and Kopzen and they start roughing them up.

“Amir! I am sorry, brother! I will get your diamonds. I know who has them, aaah!” He groans in agony.

“Tu ferais mieux de prendre mes diamants sinon je t'ecorcherai vivant, Skinner!” (You better get my diamonds or else, I am going to skin you alive, Skinner!)

Amir looks at Kopano who is leaning over holding his stomach feeling the pain.

“And what’s your story?”

“He was there when the diamonds were taken. He knows the men and we were actually going to get them.” Skinner says.

“Ruben, Tue-le!” (Kill him!)

“No please, I have a pregnant girlfriend and she needs me. My family rely on me. Please, boss. Don’t make them do it please!” Skinner already knew that if he gives in a word for Kopzen, he will have to die and Kopzen will have to survive. Either him or Kopzen.

“Hade mfanakithi.” (Sorry, brother.) Skinner says looking down.

“Please bozza! I will go and find those bastards all by myself and make sure that I come back with the diamonds.” Kopzen begs for his life, crying.

“Tue-le!” Amir orders. Ruben wastes no more time. He twists Kopzen's neck and breaks it. He dies in an instant. “We don’t

need weak men like him. He looked pathetic when crying.”  
Skinner wanted to cry so badly but held himself breathing  
heavily.

“Three days, Skinner. Three days.” Amir turns on his heels  
walking out followed by the other three French men.

Skinner quickly goes down to his knees, letting the tears go.

“I am sorry, soldier. Rest easy.”

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TO BE CONTINUED...



**THAPELO T-MAN KHOZA**

I haven't been inside this house for a very long time, it's been years. I can tell Mr and Mrs Dlamini are quite nervous about it. I am too. I still have flashbacks about this house but, sooner or later I am moving back into my grandmother's house.

Mrs Dlamini offers me a seat on the couch before she also sits next to her husband.

"You must be shocked that I am in here today." I chuckle. It's really hard to believe it. They still kept my grandmother's furniture pristine. These are the type of tenants you would like to have.

"Impela khona kunjalo. Kukhona ofuna siku size ngakho?" (That's indeed true. Is there anything that you would like us to help you with?) Mr Dlamini concernedly asks.

"Yes, please. As you know, I am expecting a child very soon. I am here, humbling myself to you..." I clear my throat. I have never been this nervous before. "Can you please be my

representatives, going to the Buthelezi's to pay for the damages." I breathe out the air that I was holding. They look at each other before looking at me. "If this is too much I can..."

"No! Of course we would like to represent you. You are like the son that we never had. You've been good to us so, we will help you." Mrs Dlamini jumps in, excitedly.

"When would you like us to visit the family?"

"Next coming weekend. But, I would also like to add something on that too." I sigh.

"Yes?"

"I want to marry her. I figured, instead of only paying for damages, why don't I take the woman I want to spend the rest of my life with." They widen their eyes.

"This is huge but, a good and a right thing to do, son. Real men take these kind of steps." I laugh.

"Ngiyabonga baba, nawe ma." (Thank you father, you too ma)

"One more thing." I give them the brown A4 envelope that I came holding, Mrs Dlamini takes it.

"What is this?"

"I cannot live in the backroom for the rest of my life, especially now since my family is getting extended."

Mrs Dlamini gasps.

“Do you want us to leave?” She asks.

“No, of course not. I liked having you around but, I think I am ready to move back in this house. That envelope is your title deed to your new house. It’s not as big as this but trust me, you are going to love it. I bought a house for you in Silverton. Every detail is in there about the house. Please when you get time, call Siphohle Mahlangu, he works at the Municipality. He will assist you with making the house in your name. He is already expecting you. Oh and, you don’t have to worry about the furniture. You can take everything here.”

Mrs Dlamini is in tears, already crying. Mr Dlamini puts together his hands on his mouth, speechless. These are old people to be busy renting houses. They deserve their own place called home.

“You have a good heart, mfana ka Khoza, Mkhathini, Mageja, Hlesa, Bhovungane!” Mr Dlamini praises me.

“Thank you, Thapelo. God bless you and your family, oh Jesus.” Mrs Dlamini cries.

\*\*\*

## **TEBOGO DICHABA**

After meeting with Kabza, since Thapelo couldn't make it, I drove home. I found an unfamiliar car parked outside my house. I have no idea who it might be. Or maybe it is one of Kea's friends, I don't know.

After parking my car in the garage, I walked into the house, using the kitchen door.

"Honey I'm home!" I chuckle after saying that. I hear giggles coming from the living room so

I drag myself there. I find her, sitting with a man having tea. I can't see who the man is because, on the couch that he is sitting on, his back is facing me.

“Oh, hey hubby.” Kea gets up with a glowing face meeting me halfway to kiss me. The way her face glows when she sees the sight of me, I swear I want to ask her out over and over. The things that Kea makes me do, I’ve never done them to or for anyone. I keep learning everyday when I am with her.

After the kiss, she held my hands looking at me in the eyes.

“Why didn’t you tell me that we were going to have a visitor today?” I ask her.

“Don’t be silly. I didn’t know too.”

“Who is that?” She narrows her eyes.

“Baby what do you mean? I thought you knew that your uncle was coming?” I almost choke on my saliva. Uncle?

“What? What uncle?”

The 'uncle' suddenly gets up and turns around to look at me.

WHAT THE FUCK!

“Tebogo, mchana. Ho reng?” (Nephew, how are you?)

“What are you doing here in my house?”

“Baby, that’s not how you should talk to...”

“Keabetswe, Shut up. Go upstairs.” I say.

“Tebi but...”

“Keabetswe do I have to repeat myself to you? I said go upstairs, NOW WOMAN!” I shout, with my eyes staring at this bastard standing across my living room, smiling. Keabetswe huffs, running upstairs. I am going to deal with an angry wife, later I know. That’s something I can at least stand, rather than this ugly creature in front of me.

\*\*\*

## **NOMPUMELELO KABINDE**

My cellphone rang. I was shocked to see who the caller was. She never, not even once called me. What does she want?

“Hi.”

“Hey, Mpumi. It’s Kea...”

“I know. What do you want?” I ask. Her voice just gets me tedious.

“Uhm... Well, I was thinking. Since Taylor is giving birth in less than two months, how about we make baby showers for her? Nothing big, just something intimate with family and close friends.”

“And you think I am one of the close friends?” I roll my eyes.

“Which is why I called you, Mpumi.” I chuckle.

“Nonsense. She doesn’t even like me.”

“She does. She just doesn’t like how you carry yourself.”

“Carry myself?”

“Uh... Well... You know what. We will meet to talk about the details.”

“Why are you getting over yourself? I didn’t even agree.”

“You could have said so. Look, I don’t like waiting on people. It is either you in or out? Bua mo' girl. Time is money, wakena kapa che? (Are you in or out?)

“Fine! I'm in.” I hung up annoyed after that.

“Who was that?” Kabza asks. He is sitting next to me on the bed, working on his laptop.

“If it isn’t the ‘Trophy wife’... Argh! Who does she think she is.”

“Why do you hate her? She is trying to be your friend.”

“Who said I want to be her friend?” He chuckles, putting his laptop on the pedestal. He gets on top of me and maneuvers my lips. My breathing escalates in an instant.

“Let’s forget about friends and what not. Let’s make a baby, I want a baby.” He slides his hand in my pajama shorts, fiddling on my cookie.

“No, I don’t want a baby. We are not making babies.” I say, trying to control my breathing. He inserts one of his fingers in my cookie opening and massages my clit with his thumb. I close my eyes and throw my head to the back.

“It’s long over due now. I want a baby and we are going to make one, right now.” He says so seductively.

“I don’t mmhhh, Kabelo... I don’t want little creatures running around my house. They are... aaahh shit.”



“They are?” He continues, fingering me.

“They are dirty, stupid things. I don’t want babies. They are very messy.” I bite my lower lip. He stops.

“Is that how you really feel about having babies?”

“Yes, love. Why are you stopping?” He gets up and takes his laptop with going out. “Babe, uyaphi? You can’t leave me like this.” I wipe the imaginary sweat off my face.

“I just remembered I have an email to send. Go to sleep, don’t wait up for me.” He close the door behind him. Wow!

What just happened?

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TO BE CONTINUED...

**TEBOGO DICHABA**

I stood there and looked at him. I so badly want to shoot at this man right now. Trust me I would have done that long ago but, my wife is here and I can't let her see me in action.

“What are you doing here, in my house?” I ask him, walking closer to him.

“Easy, man. Damn, you have a fine wife right there. If it wasn't for my acting, I would have smashed her but, I am supposed to be the 'uncle' that I told her I am to you.”

I punch him across his face, he screams.

“Fuck!” He puts his hand on his nose.

“You will get your dirty eyes off my wife! She is off limits!”

He starts laughing.

“Or what!” He takes out a pocket knife and opens it. “I am a very nice guy, Tebza, the ruthless gangster that goes around shooting people. Look, I am here to ask for what's mine, then I leave you... and your wife too.” He says, taking out a green

apple that looks sour from the pocket of his leather jacket and starts peeling it with the knife, throwing the peels to the floor.

“I don’t know what you are talking about. Now leaving my house before I kill you, you old hag.”

“Uh, uh... if I were you I would choose my battles wisely because, you wouldn’t want to get on the wrong team now, would you?” He slice an apple and toss the sliced peace in his mouth. “You know what I do to people who cross me? I skin them, skin them with the same knife that I am peeling this apple with. It’s such a shame that, it’s going to be that beautiful nurse and you are going to sit there and watch.” He cackles.

“You bastard! I am going to kill you!” I push him, he falls on the couch. Both his knife and the apple fall down to the mat. I get on top of him and start punching him. “Stay away from my family!”

“Even if you kill me! The French are after their diamonds. They are coming for you!” He chuckles. “I have nothing to lose. My wife and children left me but as for you... they are going to make your wife their bitch and you going to do nothing about it.”

I let go of him.

“The French?” I ask, standing up right.

“No one messes with the French and lives to see the next day. You have less than three day to return the stones.” He picks up his knife and then stands on his feet. “Again, choose your battles wisely. I am not the enemy here.”

I look at him as he walks away, going out. I am breathing fire, I want to kill him.

This is some messed up shit! Fuck!

I need to fix this, very fast. How did he find out that it was me? It’s been a long freaking year and he is only coming for them now?

Kea. My first worry. How am I going to protect her?

Think! Think! Think!

I run up the stairs going to our bedroom. She is not there. I hear the water running from the bathroom, she is bathing. I will wait for her to finish while I do some thinking.

I sit on the ottoman and lean forward, putting my hands together with my elbows balanced on my thighs. This is war. The last thing that I want is to step on foreigners' feet. I might

be dangerous but, I am nothing compared to them. Those ones are soldiers, they trained to be who they are today.

Sigh!

After a while, she walks into the room with a towel wrapped around her body. She is sulking.

“Kea.” I call her.

“Tebogo.” She says, coldly.

“We need to talk.” I get up and sit on the edge of the bed and watch her as she goes through her phone.

“Not today, I am tired and I have an early shift.”

Damn work! How am I going to protect her when she is there.

“Please, Keke. I...” I sigh. And watch her as she walks into the closet. I take off my clothes, leaving them on the floor. With only my briefs on, I get into bed. Flip! Didn’t lock the doors.

After a while, Kea walks in wearing satin sleep wear. She gets under the sheet and faces the other side.

No goodnight today. I move closer to her and spoon her. I am surprised she doesn't move me away.

"Are you mad at me?" I ask her.

"You seemed to be more mad at me, rather."

"I know, it's just... that was an unexpected visit from someone I wouldn't even think of. Please next time, unless it is someone that you know, don't open the gate for anyone. Even if they claim to know me or related to me, call me if you have to but just don't open.

"Who was that man? He was not your uncle, was he?" Her body tenses up, she's scared. I pull her more closer to me.

"No." I say

"Gosh, Tebogo! I let a total stranger in our house, who knows what could have happened? Tebogo!"

"Sshhh, Sweedie. You will not see him, ever again. I wouldn't let him or anyone else touch you."

"What did he want?" She asks. How do I even answer that?

"Nothing serious. He is being a nuisance."

"I won't lie, he made me feel uneasy. He is scary and that scar on his face is creepy."

“Don’t worry. You won’t see him anymore.” I clear my throat.

“Don’t you want to take a leave from work

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go on a vacation.” She quickly jumps and turns to look at me.

“You are not playing with me, right?” She says, sounding so excitedly.

“No. Ask for a two weeks unpaid leave tomorrow.”

She starts screaming in excitement.

“But... I am not coming with. I have things to handle here.” The smile on her face vanishes. “However, you can take your friend with. All expenses on me.”

“Why do you want me to take leave if you are not going to join me? Is there something that I am missing here, Tebogo?” I keep quiet. “Tebogo! What are you not telling me?”

“You need to trust me, sweedie. I am protecting you.”

“Protecting me how wen I am there and you are here. I don’t like this, not a bit.” She starts crying. “Is my life in danger?”

Hearing her talk like that tears my heart. I don’t want her living in fear, all her life because of me. She deserves to be happy and free.

“You are not in danger, mamasi.” I pull her to my chest. “I love you so much and anyone that comes for you will have to go through me first. I won’t let anything happen to you. Ever!”

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I hardly had a peaceful sleep last night. I kept waking up every now and then, just so that I could check on Kea who was deep in her sleep. After dropping her at work, I drove to T-man’s house. Luckily, I found him awake.

“So, you telling me that Skinner knows that it’s us who stole those stones? This is shit.”

“He didn’t mention anyone I was with that day. Only me and he made threats about my wife.” He whistles. “And the way I see it, Skinner is scared of the French. He couldn’t even fight me back.”

“So what are you suggesting?”

“I am not sure but this, could come in our favour.”



“No. We need to find a way. A way that is not going to make the French to point at us.” He says.

\*\*\*

## **KEABETSWE MOLISE**

The matron didn't even give me a hard time. She knew how dedicated I am to my work so, just a two weeks off from work would do.

I only worked half a day before I requested a cab to take me home. I started packing my clothes. I think I am going to make some shopping when I arrive in Durban so, I am only taking one suitcase with me. Yes, we are going to Durban's Zimbali tomorrow.

Ncedi's call comes through my phone. Oh, I am going with her to Durban tomorrow. I have asked her to tag along and she excitedly said yes!

“Tsala!” I say after answering.

“Tsala yame! I don’t know what to pack and what I shouldn’t.” She whines.

“Girl! Just pack your toiletries. We are going to do shopping when we get to Durban.”

“Friend, are serious?” I can hear her jumping around. “Okay, okay. I will pack minimum clothes and then wait for tomorrow because, I don’t think that I am going to sleep tonight.” I laugh.

“Will fetch you tomorrow morning, okay?”

“Alright, Tsala.” I hung up.

I throw myself on the bed. I don’t think I feel good with being away from my husband for this long.

The door opens, he walks in, looking exhausted. He walks to the bed and sits down, looking exhausted. He heaves a loud sigh. I get up on my knees and hug him from behind, laying my head on his shoulders. He puts his hand on my face. We stay in that position, not saying anything. He has his eyes closed, deep in thoughts.

“Babe. I don’t want to stay away from you for too long. I don’t want to miss you too much.” I breathe out. He turns and lays down on the bed before he pulls me to lie down on his chest.

“I don’t want you to leave too sweedie, but for your safety we have to sacrifice our time together.” He runs his fingers on my back.

“Promise me that you are going to come back for me after all of this.”

“I am not going anywhere.” He says.

“Promise me, then.” He sighs. Now I know that, it is something big. “Tebogo, what is really going on?”

“Ask no questions, hear no lies.” I nod, with tears falling down to his chest. “Mamasi, please don’t cry. It will all be over before you even notice.”

“I’m left in the dark, papasi. I don’t know what is going on and worse of all, I don’t want to lose you.”

“Look at me... Kea look at me.” He holds my face, making me look at him. “You are my weakness skat. I am weak around you. My enemies get to me through you. So now, when you are away, I can defeat them all on my own. You are a good distraction, more reasons for my enemies to strike when I am not expecting it. There will be people waiting for you in Ushaka

tomorrow, for security safety. They will guard you and your friend 24/7.”

“I am going to have guards walking with me all over?”

“Yes. And you are not going anywhere without them. Please don’t give them a hard time, I know you sweets.” I chuckle.

“Okay, fine. But please phone me every chance you get.”

“Sweedie, I am not going to die in fact, I am going to fetch you myself.” He laughs. I don’t see anything funny with that. “One last thing. Do not post anything about Zimbali on social media, just until I can assure you that it is safe to do so.”

“Huh! Vacation without posting about it, Mara babe.” I whine.

“Focus, Keabetswe!” He gets sonorous. “This is a matter of life and death. You either do as I say or we lose each other.” I nod like a little girl promised candy.

TO BE CONTINUED...

**KEABETSWE MOLISE**

I can't believe that u am on top of Tebogo right now on the driver's seat going up and down having a quickie while we waiting for Ncediso outside her house. While we are busy smashing, the song by LL Cool J is playing, 'I need love'.

'I need love

I wanna kiss you, hold you, never scold you, just love you

Suck on your neck, caress you and rub you

Grind, mold, and never be alone

If you're not standing next to me you're on the phone

Can't you hear it in my voice? I need love bad

I've got money but love's something I never had

I need your ruby red lips, sweet face and all

I love you more than a man, who's ten feet tall

I watch the sun rise, in your eyes

We're so in love, when we hug, we become paralyzed

Our bodies explode in extacy unreal

You're as soft as a pillow and I'm as hard as steel

It's like a dream land, I can't lie, I've never been there

Maybe this is an experience that me and you can share

Clean and unsoiled, yet sweaty and wet

I swear to you, this is something I'll never forget

I need love

I need love'

I lean back on the steering wheel, arching my back. He pounds my from beneath a few time before he release the seeds. I think this vacation will help me restore my cookie because it's been through a lot shame.

I lean over and kiss him before taking wipes to wipe ourselves. I get off him and pull my bodycon dress down. He opens all the windows and I use a little of my perfume and spray it in the air, just in case Ncediso can smell the sex. The time is past five in the morning. We have a 7am flight to catch.

“Mamasi you are going to be the death of me, I swear.” He says, catching his breath. “I miss you already.”

“Babe, I am going to start crying when you say that. I am not happy that I have to leave you behind.” I say, he sighs.

He takes out his wallet and takes out his black card out of it, he gives it to me. The smile on my gleams. I want to swipe, right away. Gosh, this is so exciting!

“Use it wise.” He says. I take the card before he decides to change his mind. I excitedly jump from my seat.

“Thank you... Ah, wena baby o star!” I lean over to kiss him he responds with a French kiss.

“Are you guys going to open the door for me or, I should wait for you to finish?” Ncedi says from behind my back. We pull out from the kiss and smile each other before I turn around to Ncedi. Tebogo unlocks the door. I scream at Ncedi.

“Tsala! Tebi, can you please help with Ncediso’s suitcase to the boot.”

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**THAPELO T-MAN KHOZA**

With everything that is going on now, I am not sure if whether it's a good thing if I should postpone the journey to the Buthelezi's or I should not jump the gun. I can't have Taylor stressed, she is pregnant and we cannot afford to have pregnancy complications. We are too excited to start a family together, I am happy too.

I can't let Tebza go through this alone; my nigga almost lost his life because of me. We are in this together, no matter what. We've been doing this shit for years, dodging bullets. Surely we can go through this too.

My question now is, how the fuck did they find out that we took the diamonds? How did they find Tebza, out of all of us? I have already called Kabza and Tiisetso about this. We will be meeting later to talk about this because apparently, we are only left with a day.

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**TEBOGO DICHABA**



After dropping Kea and her friend at the airport, I waited until the plane was in the air. The way they are excited, I couldn't even fake my smile. I have never been this scared before, not for my life though. For Kea, more especially when she is far away from me but, I trust those men that will be looking after them. I told them to take them to a private suite, it's much safer there.

I got to my house and the first thing that I did was to pour myself a glass of my strongest cognac, just to calm myself. I took the whole bottle with to the living room and sat down on the couch, looking at the blank screen of the TV.

How am I going to do this? Taking out the diamonds and returning them back means that I am opening a can of worms. I will be owing my life to the French. I am admitting to have stolen the diamonds, which I did but, they don't have to know right? It is a cruel world man, and things that are valuable are meant to be stolen, rules are meant to be banned.

Sigh!

My phone rings loud, reminding me that I've been sitting in silence. It's one of the guys calling me on a banner phone. I answer without wasting time.

"Talk to me." I say.

"Sweedie, it's me." Her voice makes my heart calm.

"Skat. How was your flight?"

"It was short! I was still enjoying it. Otherwise, we are at the lodge. Thank you baby for bringing me here, although it's under bad circumstances but, I appreciate it."

"Enjoy yourself with your friend and don't worry much about me. Send me pictures okay? Just don't publish them, same applies to your friend."

"I will do so. I have to go now."

"Keabetswe."

"Tebogo?"

"Kao rata. I love you."

"I love you too. I really do." She says after breathing on the phone.

TO BE CONTINUED...

**KEABETSWE MOLISE**

As soon as I ended the call with Tebogo, I gave Dlomo his phone back, one of the two guards who'll be looking after me and Ncedi, as if we are children. I don't understand why can't I make calls with my own phone but, I'll just listen to Tebogo, kelapile kego omanyiwa. (I am tired of being reprimanded by him.

I walk into our suite, I find Ncedi taking pictures, or a video rather.

"Already taking pictures without me? Couldn't you wait for me at least?" I throw myself on the bed.

"OMG, look at this comments." She says. I quickly jump up on the bed.

"What comments Ncedi!?" I shout, looking at her. "Oh no Ncedi. You are live on Instagram!" I snatch the phone from her and log out from Instagram after deleting the live video.

"What the hell, tsala!? What did you do that for?" She asks, furiously.

“I'm sorry, tsala. It had to be done. We are not allowed to post or tell anyone about this vacation.” I say, breathing heavily.

“What is going on? We have guards and the next thing I can't post about this? Is this even a vacation or we are hiding?” I swallow. How do I even answer to that when I don't even know what's going on?

“Ncedi, please. Trust me.”

“No! I am not even sure that I am safe around you. Why did you bring me here.” She says, angrily. My tears burn my eyes. We just arrived yet we are already having an altercation.

“Ncedi, please. Can we enjoy this vacation without having to discuss why we are here? I took a leave for us to come here and rekindle our friendship like before.”

“Oh no, sweets. You are using me and I hate the fact that you are now not only using me but, endangering my life!” She clucks her tongue, leaving me with my mouth dropped. I sink down to the floor, letting my tears out. How could Ncedi say that? Okay, maybe I should have gave her a heads up but, I need a friend. I need her.

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## **THAPELO T-MAN KHOZA**

It's now 9 in the evening. I am with Kabza and Tiisetso at the warehouse, still waiting for Tebza, who was supposed to have arrived at 7pm. His phone is sending us straight to voicemail.

"I think I'll drive to his place, hopefully I will find him." I say taking my car keys.

"We will stay here, just in case he comes." Tiisetso say.

"Hola."

I walked out, going to my car. After settling in, I hit the road driving like Taylor is about to give birth.

Taylor! I have decided not to delay the lobola negotiations. They are going to happen, they must happen. Though she doesn't know about the lobola part, she is expecting me to bring the money for damages. I am not sure how she is going to feel about it but, I hope she agrees to marry me.

I arrive at Tebogo's house and press the intercom non-stop until he responded, sounding sleepy, if not drunk. He opens the gate for me, I drive in and as soon as I parked

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I ran out going to the house.

“Tebza!” The front door is not even closed. Music is playing out loud and two bottles of cognac are already down, with a half bottle on the table. He walks in the living room staggering. He is wasted as fuck. “Tebza, no man. This is no time to be weak! We have French speaking men coming for us.” He laughs, throwing himself on the couch.

“They are coming for me. Skinner never visited any of you and threatened to skin your wives. I'm on my own.” He chuckle. “On my own.”

“Don't bullshit me. We were together that night. We all split the diamonds amongst ourselves. We were together!”

“Vaya Jo!” (Leave, bro!)

“Tebza Jo.”

“Ek se, vaya hier, nou so!” (I said leave, right now!)

I think I will let him be for tonight, he is too drunk but, there is no time. We do not know when they are going to strike and I can't leave him here, alone.

“Tsek! I am not going anywhere. Entlek ke gidla hier!” (I am spending the night here!)

I should text the guys that we'll meet tomorrow, early in the morning.

I was sitting by the pool side, making sure that no one can hear me. I took out my phone and made the call.

“Mamacita.” He says as soon as he answered.

“She bought the act. We can now strike.” I talk not too loud.

“Patience, mami. We need another day.”

“Okay but hurry. I don’t want to be caught.”

“Don’t worry, You are protected. Just make sure that you don’t get caught okay?”

“Okay, I love you.” I say, while blushing.

“Good night.” He hangs up.

I am so stupid, argh. But I know he loves me.

## **SKINNER**

“I hope you are not lying, Skinner.” Amir says, sounding more like a threat.

“I swear, brother. He has them.”

“How sure are you? Give me something to work on here.”

Honestly, I am not sure anymore now that he has asked. I don’t even know if Tebogo has the diamonds or not. He didn’t agree and he never denied. What am I getting myself into.

“Uhm... I’m... I am sure, he has them.”

“You know, I hate to hurt women. I don’t touch women but, you are going to do that for me. The girl is on a vacation in Durban, she’s our bait. If he really does have the diamonds, he is going to bring them back, to save his woman and then we kill him. If he doesn’t, your wife, your kids will meet the heaven. We are not going to kill them like I said, I-we don’t hurt women so, you will do that. Skin them like you did to others.”

“No, please Amir. I am very faithful to you my brother don’t do it. I can smuggle drugs for you, do anything but please don’t hurt my family.” I get down on my knees putting my hands together, with tears falling down.

“I am not, you are.” He chuckles. “Just make sure I get my diamonds and it won’t have to get there.” He pours himself a glass of water. “Get up and leave. I hate pathetic men.”

TO BE CONTINUED...



**TEBOGO DICHABA**

I woke up with a heavy head today. I must have had too much to drink last night. T-Man made me a strong coffee with just a shot of whiskey added to it, to ease the hangover. He said that he has everything planned, they planned everything last night during the meeting at the warehouse so, he is briefing me. His cellphone rang and he quickly answered it.

“Babe... Tay, I sent you the money last night, what’s the problem now? What? Does it rock the baby to sleep, wake them up, change their nappies and take them to crèche? Okay, okay sorry baby I didn’t mean to make you cry, I will give you the money... I love you.” He hang ups.

“What’s up?” I ask.

“If it’s not this Pregnancy... I don’t even want to go there.”

Shit! My wife...

“Where is my phone!?” I move my eyes around, looking for it.  
“Keabetswe. I need to check up on her. She is probably furious with me.” I get up, looking on the couches, I find it but it’s off.

“Shit!”

“And then?” He asks.

“My phone is off. Nkadime bellas yahao Jo.” (Borrow me your phone.) I hope she is safe, I can’t lose her.

T-Man gives me his phone. I dial Kea’s number in a speed of light and let it ring. She answer after a while.

“Hello.” She sounds like she’s still sleeping. I thought she would be excitedly up by this time, exploring already.

“Mamasi, did I wake you up?”

“Yes... but it’s okay. I was worried about you last night. You didn’t call and your cellphone was off.” I was wasted...

“Oh, yes. My phone died and I passed out before I could charge it, askies babes. I just wanted to know if you are enjoying your holiday?”

“Yeah, something like that.” Something like that?

“Sweedie, what’s wrong? Is anything a matter? Would you like to change the lodge?” She sighs over the phone.

“If anything, I want to be with you right now. I am not feeling this holiday anymore.”

“Mamasi, what happened?”

“Ncedi and I are not in good terms. We had a premature fight yesterday and she is not talking to me.”

“Book a flight for her to come back home. If she won’t appreciate the effort that you made by even considering her to come with you, she should fuck off.”

“Papasi? What is really going on there?”

“I will tell you when it’s all over. I have to go, baby. I love you, always remember that.”

“Tebogo, wait...”

I hung up and sigh. I put T-man’s phone on the coffee table and take a box of cigarettes walking out to the patio.

“I need a smoke!”

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**NCEDISO**

I was standing by the door, listening to Kea's phone call conversation with Tebogo. I couldn't hear what Tebogo was saying to her but, she is not happy, she's sad and wants to go back home.

Shame!

As long as I am not where I want to be in life, this holiday won't be the happiest for her and I will make sure of that.

When Kea and Tebogo started dating, I thought argh, that's nothing. It will end in tears soon because c'mon; who doesn't know that Tebogo is a bitch nigga. But then, they took things to the next level. My heart ached! I had a crush on Tebogo, before they even started dating. I don't even know why Kea even went for him because, she hated him.

When Skinner approached me, giving me an offer I couldn't say no to, I jumped to that opportunity without thinking twice. Who'll give me the life that Skinner promised me? Fancy cars, mansion, and expensive clothes.

My phone rings, it's Skinner.

"Hi." I say.

“I want to speed up the process. I want the girl today.” No good morning? How did you sleep, at least?

“How? These stupid men are always with us wherever we are.”

“I don’t know how you are going to pull the stunt but, I am sending my men and they better get the girl when they get there!”

“How do you expect me to do that?”

“You want a fancy life now, don’t you? Or you want to be your friend's shadow forever? She is using you for her fancy life, she doesn’t love you, she loves shaming you because, she lives in a fancy house, drive nice cars and has a rich husband... but you, nc nc nc.”

My body hits up in an instant and anger builds up.

“I will send you the details to where your men will find us.” I say.

“That’s my girl.” He hang up.

I walk back to Kea’s room and knock.

“Come in!” She shouts.

“Hey tsala! I was thinking, maybe we should do some shopping, today what do you think? OMG I saw these nice...” She looks at me skeptically. “Are you okay?” I ask.

“I’m just surprised. How did you get from zero to hundred just like that?” She gets off the bed and walking to the bathroom.

“Are you still on about yesterday? I’m over that.” She looks at me and nods.

“I don’t feel like it. Maybe you should go alone.” She says. I follow her in the bathroom.

“Come on! Where is the fun in that? I need you to come with me. It’s gonna be fun.” I try to convince her.

“Can I get some privacy, please?” She bluntly says... Argh, this is going to take longer than I thought.

“Okay. See you when you get done.” I walk out.

Such a drama queen! Let me order breakfast and make her happy, she'll loosen up.

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Later that day, Kea finally came around and they went out shopping, with Dlomo and the other guard of course. Dlomo

was driving while the other man was sitting on the passenger side. Ncedi was not easy at all, she looked nervous, no matter how much she tried to cover it up. She was scared and having thoughts of “What if the mission fails. What if they find out that I am working with Skinner?”

“Tsala, are you okay? You are sweaty.” Kea says, putting her hand on Ncedi’s forehead.

“I’m fine. Maybe home sick.”

“Okay. Do you need water perhaps?”

“I said I’m fine!” I snap. “I’m sorry it’s just... can we go somewhere private... without them?” She indicates with her head, pointing at the guards.

“Tebogo would flip. I can’t risk that.”

“Tebogo this, Tebogo that! When are you going to take control of your life? All I hear is Tebogo speaking through you. I am starting to get annoyed! Tebogo is not even here but you are so scared of him. Is that even a normal relationship?”

“You don’t know what you are talking about Ncedi! Stop talking about my relationship with Tebogo like you know it. You don’t Ncediso! Why are you even like this? Why are you being so

mean and angry? Where is the Ncediso I spoke to a few days ago?"

"People change, don't you know?" Ncediso rolls her eyes.

"They change for better."

Ncediso chuckles.

"Maybe this is my better."

It went quiet for a few minutes until a car came rushing and bumped into their car, on Kea's side. Not hurting her though, just to scare them and make the car stop. She screamed the loudest.

"What the fuck!" She cuss.

Three men got off that car, with guns on their hands. Now, the two cars have blocked the way for other cars to pass by, causing a convoy.

"What is going on?" Kea asks with her shaky voice.

Dlomo and the other man get off too, with their guns.

"Men. It doesn't have to get ugly. We can do this quietly." The first man calmly says.

"What are you going to do about it?! What do you want." The man with Dlomo asks.



“Move out of the way! Give us the girl.”

Dlomo throws a punch on one of them and they start fighting right there.

“Ncedi, let’s run... Ncedi! Open the door.” Ncedi just sits, not saying anything or moving. “Ncedi! We have to get out of here, no!” Kea shouts, freaking out.

A gun goes off. Kea puts her hands on her ears, crying. Meanwhile, Ncedi is very quiet looking annoyed. Her side of the door opens and one of the guys peeps in looking confused because, he had no idea which girl to take. He pointed the gun on both of them.

“Both of you, out! Go to that car.” He says.

“There must be a mistake. You are looking for her, not me.” Ncediso freaks out,

“Shut up! Ngithe phuma sfebe.” (I said out, bitch.) He drags her out and she falls on the tar road.

“Ncedi!” Kea Shouts but the man pulls her out too. She kicks him on the face, the men returns it with a hit with the back of his gun on the face and she passed out that same moment.

TO BE CONTINUED...

**TEBOGO DICHABA**

My phone beeped, indicating a message. I am with the guys at the warehouse, trying to get everything together. I opened my phone, going to the messages. It's my mother, telling me to switch on the news channel, now.

News?

"Turn on the TV, now. And go to the news channel."

"What's up bro." Kabza asks.

"I don't know but, my M just sent me a message now."

Kabza quickly turns it on and switches channels to the news channel.

'Could it be that, the man who was Shot by Tebogo Dichaba, the CEO of the SAA who was currently voted out of the board is after him by getting to his wife, using her as a bait?' The reporter say.

"What the shit is going on?" I ask.

'Earlier on today, we all saw what happened with people taking videos and now social media has gone wild about the event that took place in Durban...'

They start playing a phone recorded video, showing a man dragging a woman out of the car, and the another woman who seemed to have passed out. That's Kea!

I made a loud deep scream, flipping the coffee table over!

"That's my wife!" I grabbed a chair, hitting the flat screened TV.

T-Man and Kabza try to hold me but I free myself from them.

"I am going to kill them!" That's if Litebogo, Kea's mother has not Killed me yet. The guys are quiet, not knowing what to say, or what to do. Is my wife ever going to find peace? Will I find peace too?

My phone beeps once again, I look at the message and it comes from Skinner.

'You are making the headlines these days I see. My Diamonds or your wife dies!' – Skinner.

“Who is it?” T-Man asks.

“Skinner has Keabetswe.” I lazily say.

“How the fuck did he find her? How did he trace her?”

“I am as clueless as you are. Let me call him.”

“Put it on loud speaker.” Tiisetso says.

He answers as soon as it rang.

“I suppose that you have my diamonds.”

“Did they not tell you that, no one dared to touch my wife with their filthy hands?” He chuckles.

“Who's they? You not in the position to make demands. I want my diamonds.”

“What diamonds?”

“Entlek o dink'a ukuthi ngi' sthipa sakho neh?” (You think that I'm a fool.)

“Where is my wife?”

“Where are my diamonds?”

“WHERE IS MY WIFE!?” He laughs.

“I am going to enjoy this. Your wife is somewhere in Durban, safe for now.”

“You are going to regret this!”

“My diamonds, 6pm tonight. Or else, bye bye to your mouth watering wife.” He immediately hangs up.

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## **LITEBOGO MOGALE**

I was at work when I saw the video that was trending on WhatsApp. I received messages from friends and others, asking if that is my daughter getting 'kidnapped'. I didn't even know that my daughter went to Durban. I couldn't continue with my work so, I asked to be excused. My husband has fetched me

and we are driving home but first, we are fetching my daughter Tidimalo at crèche. Patrick puts his hand on my thigh with his left hand, with the other hand on the steering wheel. I put my hand on his.

“Did you call Tebogo to find out what is going on?”

“No. I know it is all his doings. If something happens to my daughter I swear...”

“Sshh, mama. Nothing will happen to her and I know that Tebogo won’t do anything deliberately to hurt her. That boy loves Kea, I saw it in his eyes. Yes, his life is shit and I so badly want to strangle that shit out of him but, let’s hope and pray Kea makes it back home safe.”

“Is this the life that she is going to live? For the rest of her life? No man, Patrick my daughter deserves happiness

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real love and freeness from the world. Not live in fear all the time.” I start crying, thinking about Koko and how this will affect her. “My mother’s blood pressure is going to rise up.”

“It’s going to be okay mama.”

We get to Tidi's crèche. We are way too early. It's their sleeping time but my daughter is not even sleeping, like she was expecting me and her father. She immediately ran to us when she saw us, not caring that she'll wake the other children up.

"Mama!"

"Hello, Tidi." I lift her up to my arms. She puts her small hands on both sides of my face and kiss me. That's sweet and so cute.

"Hello Miss Aries." That's Tidi's teacher.

"Hello Mrs Mogale, Mr Mogale." She greets. "Your child is energetic I tell you. She's been giving me a good run around." She complains.

"We are not surprised at all." We share a little laugh.

"Unfortunately, we are here to take that moment from you. We came here to fetch her." Patrick says.

"Okay, no problem. I will get her things." She says as she walks away.

"She still has a crush on you, Pat." I say. "The way she's so scared to even look at you, I'd swear you have something going on." He laughs at me.

“Are you jealous?” He puts his hand on my waist and kiss my cheek.

“Should I be?” I ask. His hand moves down to my butt before squeezing it. “Pat.” I whisper.

“Maybe we should leave Tidimalo, we’ll come back for her later.” My Husband is naughty.

“You know that she is going to cry.”

He kisses me, Tidi gets in between us to break us off, Miss Aries gets back and clears her throat.

“Uhm... Everything is in there.” She says, giving Tidi's bag.

“Thank you.” I say, as we walk away.

“You are driving us back home.” He says.

“Huh-uh!”

“Huh, mmagwe Tibi.”

“Rragwe Tibi I don’t feel like driving today.” He nods.

“Do you want me to step in? I’m talking about Kea and Tebogo?” I gasp. I don’t want him killing someone’s child. You can never know what people coming from the military are capable off.



“For now, let’s go and find out what exactly happened. I hope Kea is okay, wherever she is.” He nods and pecks my hand.

“Mama Kea. I want Kea.” I kiss Tidi's cheek.

“Okay my baby.”

\*\*\*

## **KEABETSWE MOLISE**

I am lying on the cold floor, in a pungent smelling pig sty room. There is no one in the room, I am all alone. I slowly get up, walking to the door. I try to open it but, it is locked. I start banging the door, calling out for help but, the smell in here is not making it easy for me.

“Help! Anybody, help!” I bang even more. “Ncediso! OMG...”  
The smell makes me cough and choke. I find it hard to even

breathe. “Help, please!” I sink down to the floor, leaning on the wall. Oh, Tebogo where are you.

My tears roll out from my eyes. If they don’t kill me as yet, I am going to die from lack of oxygen.

## **NCEDISO**

I am sitting in the living room with the guys, having a good time. Kea is locked up in the basement.

Oh! I don’t wish to be her.

“Ncedi baby, dance for us. Show us what your mama gave ya!” One of the guys say.

I start twerking to the song that’s playing. They scream, tapping my ass. I hear Kea shouting for help.

“Please turn the volume up.” I say. I don’t want to hear her voice, it’s irritating.

**SKINNER**

It's also six in the evening and Tebogo is not here yet. Amir is expecting his Diamonds from me before midnight because, he trusted me with them, no matter how much I try to blame someone else. I keep pacing up and down the gravel road, where we are supposed to meet. Just when the clock hits 6 o'clock, I get in the car and dial Tebogo's number... he is not answering

"Damn you, Ruthless!"

\*\*\*

**PATRICK MOGALE**

I walked into their warehouse, it's like every other house. It's very neat except that, the TV is broken. I wonder what happened to it. I am very impressed with this team, no leader but having to work as a team, I like that.

They all stand up as I walk into the sitting room I'm not sure but God damn, I feel so important here. I feel so good.

"Boys."

"Tyma" (Old man.) They all say. I stand in the middle of the room, looking at each of them. I get to Tebogo, not shifting my eyes from him. I pull a chair and sit on it.

"You are going to tell me why and how my daughter ended up in Durban and how she got kidnapped. Sit down and start talking." They are so nervous like they've seen a ghost. I'm only human guy, hello!

"Tyma. I did this. Di achuze tsaka did nothing. So, can they stay out of this?"

"I don't care who is what and what not. I want to know if my daughter is safe and can she come back home, now because this thing is affecting my wife. When it affects my wife it affects me too. And you know what that means?" They shake their

heads. "It means I can't shag my woman. Because you know why... she is angry and angry woman are dangerous."

"I hear you, tyma." Tebogo says.

"And we were together that night Tebza Jo. We are in this together." T-Man says.

"No. You have a pregnant woman waiting for you back home. I don't know how dangerous this is and I would be damned if anything happens to you so nah man."

"I'll decide who stays and who's going. Now tell me why KEABETSWE IS ABDUCTED OUT THERE!? The police stopped by my house earlier, doing investigations and all they've asked me about was your relationship with her, Tebogo. So, sit your ass down and start talking or I turn you all IN!"

I put my car keys and my cellphone on the other chair, taking off my blazer and then I put my right foot on my leg leaning back on the chair.

"I'm waiting..." I say.

"Okay. It is something that happened a year ago..." Tebogo starts narrating the story.

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## NCEDISO

I woke up in an unfamiliar room, naked. I looked around, getting up from the bed. The pain in my anus took me back to last night's even, how my ass got penetrated by three men taking turns. How much did I even drink last night? The hangover is killing me.

I limp myself to the bathroom, I am going to fill the tub with water, cold water first so that I can sit my hot ass in it. Anal sex is sore, I don't know how others find it enjoyable. I felt my soul leaving my body last night, I thought it was the end of me.

Mmmhh, the water feels so good.

As soon as I was done bathing and all, I wore the robe I found in this room and walked out going to where everyone was. I don't even know their names but they all speak Zulu.

"Hi..." I say. "Did you guys check on the princess today?"

“She’s been banging the door ever since. Ngcono sim' bodise ngoba ubanga iscefe.” (Let’s kill her because she’s irritating.)

“No! You first wait for instructions from the boss.” I breathe out. “Did you give her something to eat? We need her alive.”

“That’s your job.”

“Huh? What? I can’t go in there, she can’t know that I am behind her kidnapping.” They can’t make me do this, no.

“Eh, we don’t care!” One of the guys say, picking up the gun on the table pointing it at me. “Get on it.” I nod vigorously, very scared.

I thought it would have all been over last night, what happened? I thought Skinner would have gotten his diamonds, now I am stuck with these men. Oh Lord, help me out of here.

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**TEBOGO DICHABA**

I am with Kea's dad at my house. He has brought two IT specialist guys with him. They are still connecting my phone with their laptop.

Last night, Patrick ordered me not to go and meet up with Skinner, it could have been a trap. But I couldn't care about that

my wife's life is in danger. I am trying to feel positive about this but, I feel drained.

"Everything is connected, we are ready when you are." One of the IT guys say.

"Let's find my wife."

I dial Skinner's number on my phone and call him, it gets answered after a while. The phone is on speaker.

"Yes, who is this?" An unfamiliar voice with a strange English answers the phone.

"Can I speak to the owner of the phone?"

"He is unavailable, probably won't be available forever. His hours in this world are numbered. He failed to deliver what's mine." So, these are the French.

"He has what is mine too, don't kill him please." I plead.

"Who are you?" Patrick looks at me and nods.



“He has my wife “ My eyes burn with tears.

“Oh, so you are the man that has my diamonds. Bring my Diamonds and I will make sure that your woman goes untouched.”

“How do I know that my wife is still alive? I want proof first.”

“Okay. Give me a moment.” He hang up.

“Did you get their location?” Patrick asks.

“North of Pretoria, in an abandoned building. We managed to hack their phone while you both were talking. We can only hope that, they make the call to where your wife is, so that we can track their location.” The second IT guy say... “Hold on... a phone call is coming through... Don’t move or say anything, they might hear us as we are the third people on the call.”

“Boss? How long should we keep the girl here?”

“Your boss is unavailable. I hope the girl is in good hands. Make sure that she feels at home, do not mistreat our guest. Send me pictures of her, just so I know she is alive.” The call ends.

“The call came from Ballito, in the town houses. We have written the address down... here.” He gives me the piece of paper. The laptop indicates a message, they open the message and a picture of my wife appears. She looks exhausted, dirty and dehydrated. Partly opened her eyes. I shake my head.

“The picture message has confirmed the address.”

“Excuse me... I need to make a call.” Patrick gets up from the couch, taking the piece of paper from my hand.

I receive notifications of my black card being used and thousands of my money is taken out. I shake my head and block it. It can't be my wife when she's kept hostage.

After a while, a message coming from Skinner's phone, it's a picture of Kea that we've already seen. I am just happy that she is alive.

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**KEABETSWE MOLISE**

They pulled me out of the basement and they took me to the bathroom. The first thing that I did when I got there was to vomit in the toilet. I was feeling sick, exhausted, dehydrated and very hungry. I just wonder where Ncedi is... if they killed her, how am I going to live with myself... How am going to face her family knowing that I am the one who took her to KwaZulu-Natal.

When I got done showering, I wore the robe and the slippers. I was feeling much better but very thirsty. This is a beautiful house, I must say. I wonder why they let me free around the house.

I walked downstairs and found everyone sitting in the living. The guy that snapped a picture of me stood up.

“My sister. Just because I let you out of that basement doesn’t mean you can go around as you want. Turn back and stay in the room.”

“I need water, please.”

“Where is that bitch?” What bitch now?

The front door open a lady walks in with shopping bags.

“Ncedi?” I say. She gasps and drops all the bags to the floor, looking surprised to see me. “Ncedi, I thought you were dead, Ncedi we need to get out of here.” I run to her and hug her. She is frozen. She pushes me off after a while, looking at the guys.

“Why is she out of there? Why is she here? The boss will kill you, I swear! Take her back to the basement, now.” The men look at her and laugh.

“Who are you to tell us what to do? And wena, how many bullets should I shoot at you before you listen. I said go upstairs, now! She will bring the food and water to you.” I am so confused.

" Ncedi, Tsala what is going on?" I thought I didn't have tears anymore but, here they are, flowing flawlessly on my face.

She looks at me disgusted and clucks her tongue, pushing me aside.

I drag myself upstairs as weak as I was and I got into the room closing the door behind me. I laid down on the bed and curled myself up, crying. So much betrayal from my best. What did they promise her? Why did she turn against me like that?

TO BE CONTINUED...

**TEBOGO DICHABA**

Kea is very blessed to have a step father like Patrick. And I am very much blessed to have a father-in-law like him. He is a wise man and thinks ahead. He mentioned that he was once a soldier before he became a successful entrepreneur. He is very connected, hence why he is getting this much involved in my illegal doings, helping me find Kea.

It is four in the evening, and the plane just landed in Ushaka. I feel like a celebrity, the way that people are looking at me here. I feel like taking the security guy's gun and shoot everyone's eyes off me. I know that I am famous, I've made it to the headlines this week and had journalists made a lot of money, putting me and Kea on the front page in their news papers. I wouldn't be surprised if I make it to the internet, you'd think people are busy on their cellphones but no, they are busy snapping pictures of you.

After I finally get passed through security, a man calls me.

“Tebogo, this way please.” He says. I walk up to him and shake his hand. “Senzo Zondo.” He introduces himself.

Patrick has already told me that I will meet up with him. He works at the Military. The night tonight will not end without me having my wife. I am going to kill every animal that touched my wife, even if they said they were removing a fly, I will put a bullet on them.

We get to the car and he drives us off to the police station. I hate the fact that, we'll be doing this, following the law. I hate doing things the right way, it's not fun. But hey, Patrick says this is the safest way that will bring back my wife than making unnecessary trouble.

We arrived at the police station and we went straight to the interrogation room and we found about eleven men, getting ready for war with big guns.

“Tebogo, meet the A Team.”

“Hola.” I greet them.

“Eita.”

“You will need this.” Senzo gives me a bullet proof. My wife won’t have a bullet proof then, how is she going to protected? I don’t need this but, I won’t say.

“And my tool?” I ask. He looks at me as if he is studying me.

“I know your story with guns, Ruthless. You are not getting any.”

“Then what the fuck am I doing here?” I throw the bulletproof vest at him. “I’m out of here, going to look for my wife.” I attempt walking out.

“You can’t take this into your hands. Leave this to us!”

“So that you could risk my woman's life? Don’t shit with me, I’m out.”

“Fuck!” Senzo bangs the table. “No one is going to die in the scene. I want each and everyone of them alive.” He takes an Air Venturi Beretta (hand gun) on the table and give it to me but, doesn’t let go. “Are we clear?” He looks at me deadly in the eyes and that is just enough to tell that he doesn’t like me, fuck him.

“Crystal.” He let’s go of the gun. It’s an automatic gun. Small guns are not my favourite but, it'll do for now. They have already fully loaded it, it is just waiting for it to be used. Hold on just a little longer Mamasi, Papasi is coming.

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## **PATRICK MOGALE**

I haven't felt this adrenaline rush in a very long time. It feels so exciting like, something within had woken up. This feeling is great. I am in a police chopper, flying to the abandoned building in Pretoria. The French men are expecting Tebogo but in actual fact, there will be a surprise police raid for them. One of the police officers will plant the Diamonds and pretend to have found them and that's definitely going to send the French to jail and, on top of that, They probably have killed Skinner and that's going to earn them a long time in prison.

"Is this the building?" I ask the pilot.

"Yes sir, it is." He says and then lowers the helicopter, flying above and around the building.



The police have arrived already, running into the building. This is going to be fun.

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One of the men that kept Kea hostage in the house walked into the room, closing the door behind him. He walked to the bed and took off his shoes, silently dropping his pants to the floor. He got on the bed and started caressing sleeping Kea's legs. She jumped up very scared and wanted to scream but, the man pointed him with his gun.

"Dare to scream, I will blow off your brains." Kea shook her head, crying.

"Please, don't rape me. Don't do it. My husband has a lot of money, he will give you please."

"U'ban othe ngifun' inyuku? Vula

ngifun' ikhekhe." (Who said I want money? Open here, I want the cake." He slaps Kea's thighs. "It's either uya' nika or ngiyaz'

thatela.” (Either you give it to me or I take it forcefully.” Kea refuses and starts kicking. He slaps her across the face, Kea’s sobs gets louder.

He pulls down his briefs, his dick pops out and he wears a condom. He rips the robe off Kea and exposes her naked body since she had nothing to wear. She tries to fight him but, he is much stronger than her.

When he finally positioned his dick on the opening of Kea's vagina, he slid in, Kea wailed out loud. He put his hands on Kea’s mouth, covering her, suppressing her screams.

She thought in her mind that, if this is happening now, then what’s the point of being saved. Her life is being ravished right now and there is no way that anyone can take it back.

‘It’s happening, I am getting raped. I thought my husband was coming to save me but, it’s too late now. How did I get myself in this shit and the most confusing part is that, my best friend or so I thought she was, is also involved with these men. I will never forgive her, ever!’

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As soon as the warrant was granted, Senzo, Tebogo and the team drove out following each other with police cars and vans. They got to the town houses at Ballito after an hour. Tebogo jumped off the car and ran to the house with police running after him. They caught him right before he could get to the door.

“You are fucking up! You have to follow our order, not the other way around.” Senzo shouts at him.

“Are you serious right now? You want to argue about this with me, this time? Every second wasted with you, my wife is suffering in there! Get your shot in there, Captain!” Tebogo says and then follows him with two police men upfront.

One counts down from three with his fingers before kicking the door open. They prance in, holding their guns steady and we follow in.

“Freeze! Everybody down now, phansi!” There were only two men in the living room room, watching TV. The raised their

hands above their heads in surrender, getting down on their knees.

“What’s with the...” She freezes. “Oh thank goodness Tebogo you found us!” She says.

“Where is my wife?” I ask her.

“Uh... Err’...” She swallows with her lips trembling, her fingers playing with each other.

“NCEDISO!” Tebogo yells. She startles and points upstairs, crying.

Tebogo runs up, getting in each and every room looking through. He heard cries, familiar cries and that was no mistake that it’s his wife. We went further in the corridors, following the cries. His heart was breaking as the screams got closer and louder. He opened there door, and what he saw before him was beyond his hands' control. His eye couldn’t stand the sight of seeing her woman lying helpless on the bed with legs spread, crying for help, crying for him. His hands involuntarily lifted up the gun pointing at the man who was on top, in between Kea’s legs thrusting and pleasing himself on his wife. He shot his butt, the man screamed in pain, Kea screamed looking at the direction of the door. The man jumped off the bed, groaning in

pain. He was shocked to see Tebogo AKA Ruthless. The pain was unbearable, Tebogo wanted to shoot him once more until the bullets run out.

“Tebogo, NO!” Senzo shouts. “Don’t kill him. He will get the punishment that he deserver.” Tebogo didn’t move his eyes on the man who was naked and bleeding. He wasn’t hearing any of that, he shot the man on his shoulder, the man screamed so much louder than Kea. He fell on his knees as he didn’t know how to endure the pain.

“Fuck, Tebogo! Give me the gun.” Tebogo threw the gun at Senzo and went to his wife, blinking his tears that wants to escape his eyes. He took off the bulletproof vest before taking off his t-shirt and helped his wife wear it, which looked big on her. He didn’t say anything as he didn’t know what to say. He just carried his wife who clung on him for a dear life with her body shaking in fear. She cried so much it teared Tebogo inside.

TO BE CONTINUED...

**TEBOGO DICHABA**

Is this how life was trying to get back at me, for being the person that I am today? This is deep, and very personal. I will not let it go lying easily. Ncedi will die, I don't care what happens to me after but, she has a special bullet, waiting for her. I will find her and kill her.

It's been a month and Keabetswe has moved out of my house, living with her parents in Savannah. She is very much angry at me and won't let me talk to her. I wish to see her, I want to know if she is okay, I long to hug her and tell her how much I love her but, she is blaming me for what happened. I don't blame her though, I did this to her. I failed her so much that, I am disappointed at myself. I miss her so much; I get very lonely. I was very much used to having her around and now she's blocked my calls and on WhatsApp too.

I guess I'll have to wait until she's ready, I'll also be ready to apologise for the rest of my life to her.

The French have been arrested for Diamonds smuggling and for killing a long wanted gangster, Skinner cold blooded. So, they'll be serving time here in South Africa for a very long time.

In other news, my brother T-Man has moved into the house with Taylor who he recently paid lobola for. They bought new furniture for the house and changed a little in the house. They are expecting their bundle of joy very soon.

I get a call from my brother, I answer it.

"Sho."

"Tebza, are you home?"

"Ya. Dintshang?" (What's up?)

"Open up the gate."

"What do you mean that I should open up the gate, TK? Are you not in Botswana?" I ask.

“Ejo, are you going to open or ke tsamaye?” (Or should I leave?)

“Eh, okay.” I put my phone on the coffee table, getting up from the couch wearing my slides. I get the gate remote and press it, opening up the gate. After a few minutes, a knock goes through the door, I open for him... Or them?

I look down to the luggage, back at him and then at her with my mouth dropped.

“Are you going to let us in or we are going to stand here the whole day looking at each other?” Tokollo says, not caring.

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## **KEABETSWE MOLISE**

“Are you sure that you are ready to go back to work, baby? Why don't you take the last three months off then, you'll go back next year, starting on a clean slate.” My mom says.



“No, mama. It’s exhausting staying in the house the whole day. Work will occupy me.” She sighs.

“Okay. At least consider going to therapy.”

“Therapy for what? Mma hle, I’m fine.” I snap.

“Kea, I am worried about you. You have eating disorder, you not talking to anyone, always spending most of your time cooped up in your room. Koko even went back home but you wouldn’t know because, you are always in here. Kea, get help my sweetheart. You cannot ignore the pain forever, don’t shut us all out. We are with you, not against you. I love you so much my baby and seeing you losing yourself like this, it pains me. I am so sorry that what shouldn’t have happened to you, happened. You didn’t deserve it, no one else deserves to be hurt like that. I wish I could swap places with you, everyday so I can take in all your pain, I want to see you smile, happy and chasing your dreams. I want to see you at your most happiest.” She cries, making me cry too.

“I’m sorry mama.” I sit upright on the bed, moving closer to her.

“No. You did absolutely nothing wrong Kea. Don’t apologise for something you didn’t do.” She pulls me into a hug. “Please consider going to therapy. I’ve heard of a good therapist, her name is Nomcebo Myeni. She has helped Nomthandazo

Mbatha, remember her? The one who was raped by her uncle under her mother's watch? She's now a lawyer and a very happy soul. It took her years but healing in the process. It won't be easy but

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I will be there with you." I nod.

"Okay." We break the hug, wipe each other's tears, smiling. "I love you, mama."

"I love you."

"Can I please borrow your car? I want to go to town and fetch my work gear." She sighs.

"Do you want me to go with you?"

I shook my head.

"I'll be fine." She nods. "Ketla tsamaya le Tidi and Onthatile."  
(I'll take Tidi and Onthatile with.)

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I press the gate remote and drive in the premises. Tidi recognises the house and starts clapping her hands.

“Abuti Tebza! Abuti Tebza!” She makes a song out of it, excitedly in the backseat. The love she has for Tebogo is out of the world. I sometimes feel like she loves him more than I do.

I haven't been here or even seen Tebogo in a long time. I'm feeling shaky about going in. I don't know if Tebogo is here or not but, I am already here so let me not choose between the latter.

“Let's go guys.” Onthatile gets off from the passenger side and I also get off, going to the back to get Tidi off the seat belt.

I don't know if I should know or just budge in... I budge in anyway hold Tidi on my waist.

“Sis, are you okay? You look unsettled.” Onthatile asks.

“I'm okay, Nthati.” He nods.

We walk in further and I hear the TV playing in the living room. So he is here.

“Hi?” I say as I get to the living room from behind. He turns and Oh shit! When the fuck did he get here? “Tokollo...”

“Makoti.” He smiles. I want to roll my eyes. What the fuck is he doing here, in my house?

“Err’ where is my hus...” I clear my throat. “Wile kae Tebogo?” (Where has Tebogo gone to?)

“To get some fresh air.”

I glance at the glass coffee table. He has put a glass of cognac on it. WHT THE FUCK ARE THE COASTERS FOR!!!!???? Argh!

A baby starts crying from upstairs. A baby? I don’t have a baby. Who's baby could it be?

A beautiful woman walks down, holding the crying infant in her arm.

“Hi?” She greets me. Could she be Tokollo's wife? I didn’t know that they were pregnant.

“Hello.” I greet her back. “Err, Nthati... go with Tidi to the entertainment room while I go and pack my things.”

“Awesome! Tidi, let’s go.” He excitedly punch the air. I know that he is excited to play the PS5 in there and boy I tell you it’s

gonna be a fight when we have to leave. I want to make it snappy so that Tebogo doesn't find me here.

"Sesi, I want abuti Tebza." Tibi whines.

"He is not here nana."

"Call him." Tidi orders me, this child!

"Okay. Go with abuti Nthati and I will call him." They walk away.

"So, you are Tebogo's wife? Not bad." Not bad? What the fuck she trying to say? I'll fuck her up!

"Not bad?" I ask Dineo.

"I'm sorry. Kenna Dineo, Tokollo's wife." I nod. "I'm sorry that we showed up here without saying anything."

"Okay. I have to go."

I ascend the stairs, leaving her with standing. I get to the bedroom, going to the closet and start packing my work stuff and other things.

Why is Tokollo and his wife here? How long have they been here and how much longer are they going to stay here because it's obvious that they live here, judging from how comfortable they are, in my house.

After many minutes, I was done. I hear giggles outside the closet, Tidi's heart warming giggles.

“Vroooooommm!” Tebogo's voice fills the room, causing Tibi to laugh out loud. Tebogo is here. I feel my stomach rumbling, the temperature in the room getting high. Is anyone burning fire? It's getting hot in here.

The door into the closet slowly opens, he steps in with Tidi on his shoulders. I stand looking at him. My body is frozen, I can't even move my eyes away from him. His cologne fills up the room. He puts Tidimalo on the ottoman and then puts his hands deep in the pockets, looks at me, I manage to drop my eyes.

“Mamasi.” His deep voice hits my heart. I miss him so much.  
“Please come back home, your side of the bed is lonely and cold.”

“I have to go.” I take the bag but, he quickly pulls it from me.

“Tidi, go and tell abuti Nthati to pour ice cream for you.”

“Ice cream! Yeeeessss!” Tidi gets up, walking out.

“Be careful of the staircase, Tidimalo!” I shout.

“Mamasi, please... I...” He covers his face with his hands and breathes. Tebogo is not good with expressing his feelings, but at least I know that he is genuine. He sighs.

“I don’t know what to do or say other than apologising, Keke. I am so sorry...” I start crying. Tebogo's voice is breaking. “Tell me what to do. I will do but please don’t leave me.” He holds my hands, looking at me.

“It hurts so much Tebogo, it hurts! I get nightmares every night about what happened, Tebi it haunts me.” I breakdown. He puts his arms around me and my legs get wobbly. We both sink down to the white carpet, still in each other’s arms.

“I want to be there for you, go through the bad nights together. We can beat this together mamasi. I don’t know how you feel but you can share it with me.”

“I’m scared. You have a lot of enemies. What if they come back and repeat what that man...”

“No. I’ll always be here to protect you. I promise.”

“You promised the first time, look what happened.”

“I am sorry. I am sorry Keke, I am sorry. I am sorry.” His tears sneak out of his eyes.

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I waited until they left. I followed the car until it got to Savannah. I saw Tebogo getting off car. So he drove them back home? How is he going to get back home? Maybe I should give him a lift back home, not exactly is home but his final home... The cemetery because he belongs there! I want to kill him so that his wife can cry for him, lose her mind and lose everything that she has.

Tick tock, tick tock...



A car stops, he jumps in and then it drives off. Next time,  
Tebza... Next time.”

I also drive to my place.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

**TEBOGO DICHABA**

There is an amateur that's been following me around in a white Polo TSI with tinted windows. Whoever that is, is very bad at stalking me. I will deal with that person later, for now let me hear the story of these people in my house. I don't even understand why they are hear.

I walk into my house, and find TK watching TV, eating snacks with his feet on the coffee table. He will never change this one. I'm a neat freak... okay, never mind me but my wife, Yooh she would flip! TK is untidy and I can't have that in my house, sorry. I wonder how his wife survives because me and him, always fought.

I perch myself on the one sitter couch, piercing my eyes on him.

"Sereng story sa hao?" (What is your story?) I ask him.

"What are you on about." He asks, acting so confused.

"You just appear on my door step, TK... with Dineo and the baby. Wait, not just a baby but a new born infant. Does Mom

and Dad even know that you are here? When did you arrive in South Africa? Did you fly with the small baby or you flew with a pregnant woman who was close to giving birth?”

“Can you relax, bro? We wanted to surprise you but unfortunately, you don’t look surprised. Mom does not know yet, I will call her tomorrow and tell her about this. All I can tell you is that, I am back in SA ntwana!” He excitedly says.

“And where are you planning to stay?” I lean back on the couch.

“With you, of course.” He throws a chunk of the snacks in his mouth. I chuckle, bitterly.

“You are crazy.”

“No, I’m serious. Just until I get on my feet. I still have to find a job.” I widen my eyes.

“Otlile hier osena plan? O Dom!” (You came here without a plan? You are dumb!)

“I am still your big brother, watch your mouth.” He points his index finger at me.

“Unfortunately, BIG BROTHER this is my and my wife’s territory. I can talk however I want.” I emphasised on 'BIG BROTHER'.

“Don’t get too comfortable in my house, you need to go. You cannot stay here.”

“What do you mean, bro? I have problems I need to sort out first then I promise I’ll get out of your sight.”

“I have enough problems, Tokollo. I am very stressed. I can’t add you on that, sorry.” I say.

“Where am I supposed to go? Don’t do this, c'mon man!” Is he being serious right now? “I mean, your problems can’t be that bad when you driving nice cars.” Okay, who Bewitched my brother?

“My problems are way bigger than yours. I'm skating on thin ice with my wife. I'm still on hold from work and my life nje is just trouble. I'll organise transport for you to take you to Potchefstroom tomorrow. I need to sort out my life, in peace. I gotta face my demons alone.”

“Can’t you let us stay ko that house yako kasi?” (In the township?) Imagine! Kea doesn’t even know about that house but he wants me to let him live there.

“No. Why don’t you want to go back home?” I ask.

“I’m a failure. I have nothing, and here it’s the baby.” I'm such a bad brother, I didn’t even congratulate him. Gosh, I am under a lot of stress, he probably understands.

“Congratulations with the baby. Is it a boy?” I ask.

“A girl.” I nod.

“Mom and dad are going to be happy.” He sighs, nodding. “I’ll give some money just to get you through the month.” I say.

“Thanks ntwana. I owe you one.”

“You owe me two.” I get on my feet. “Make sure that you clean my living room.”

“I sure will.”

I run upstairs, going to my room. After taking off my clothes, I left them on the floor and got into bed.

Kea!

Seeing her, speaking to her after so long, it felt good. I will never forgive myself for what happened to her. It’s all my fault. I promised to protect her but, I failed her. I failed her so much that I am not even sure if she’ll ever want to come back to me. I’ve fucked up so bad but believe me, I love that woman! I will die wherever she dies.

I hope she forgives me, one day.

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## **DINEO (TK'S WIFE) DICHABA**

If anyone told me that being a mother is this difficult, I would have had second thoughts. I hardly slept last night. The baby kept me up, crying, not wanting to sleep. I ended up going to the living room, sleeping with her on the couch.

Her name is Oratile Happiness Dichaba. She's only three weeks old. Two days after we arrived in South Africa, Tokollo rushed me to the hospital so that I can get my baby delivered. We were living at my parents' but, everything is now costly since we have to consider our baby

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which is why we decided to come here in Tebogo's house. Everything happened in a haste, we didn't plan anything about coming back to SA but we knew that we had to come back home.

Oratile is peacefully sleeping on my chest, I am not sleeping in a comfortable way but, if it means for my baby to be this peaceful, so be it.

“Morning.” Tebogo greets me.

“Is it morning already? How are you?” I talk softly.

“Your baby kept me awake. She doesn’t cry, she screams.” He complains, sitting on the couch.

“I’m sorry about that. At least you can hear her. Your brother becomes deaf or dead. I am alone when it comes to parenting, Tokollo doesn’t help me. And to think he was so excited about the pregnancy.” I feel my tears threatening to fall out.

“What? Tokollo is letting you do the parenting alone? So, you’ve been up all night alone?”

I nod, swallowing the lump.

“My stitches have not completely healed on my private part but, I force myself everyday to go on like I don’t feel the pain, I have to stay strong for my baby so that we both don’t drift away from her, she needs to feel at least one of us close to her.” I let go of the tears.

“I am sorry to hear that. I will try and talk to him. He is probably dealing with stress.” He says, I chuckle.

“Only if you knew. We had to come back to SA three months ago. My mother was expecting us three months ago but, because of your brother, he messed up so bad.”

“My brother is too proud. He never says when there is something bothering him. He goes on like everything is okay. How deep is it?” I shake my head.

“I am drowning in debts because of him. Our cars are repossessed as we speak.” He whistles, shaking his head.”

“I don’t know what to say. I’m shocked.” He really does look shocked. A whole accountant down like this, it’s shocking. But he did this to himself, stealing money like it was nothing.

“Yep, story of my life.” Oratile wakes up, great!

“What’s her name?”

“Oratile.”

“Go and lay your head down. You still have time before heading to Potchefstroom. I’ll bond with my niece.” I laugh.

“Are you sure?”

“C’mon. Kids love me. You saw how Tidi clung up on me yesterday.” I nod getting up.



“You have a lovely wife by the way but, she wasn’t please to see us here. Is it the reason she left yesterday?” He takes Oratile from my chest into his big muscular hands and arms.

“No. A lot has happened a month ago, she even moved out. She was only here to get some of her things.” I nod getting up.

“Thank you for listening. There is some breast milk in the fridge, just in case.” He nods.

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## **KEABETSWE MOLISE**

I was so sure that I wanted to go back to work but, today morning I chickened out. I had flashbacks of how I was kidnapped to the last day when Tebogo found me. I cannot get the image out of my mind. I cannot forget how he penetrated inside of me, his groans, his breath and the slapping my cheeks received. Not to imagine the smell of his breath. How do I forget that? How can I erase this memory out of my mind. Why

did it have to happen to me? What took Tebogo so long to find me?

“Umnadi, net uqinile. Vula nyana.” (You are so nice but you are so uptight. Open your legs a little.) His voice still rings in my head.

“No, please!” I scream, shaking my head.

“Bayothi mabeku thola, zabe ngi qedile ngawe!” (When they come for you, I will be already done with you!”

“No!”

He slapped me and held me pinion so that I can't fight him as he enjoy himself forcefully on me, with my body.

This is too much to go through a day, without imagining it. I can't do this anymore, I can't!

“I can't! It hurts I can't!” I whimper. “I can't survive this pain! God take me, please... take me!”

“Keabetswe?” My dad calls from outside the bathroom.

“Unlock the door, please.”

“No, papa. I am tired I want the memories to stop!” I get in the bathtub filled with cold water. I don’t even bother taking off my short tights and sports bra.

“Let’s talk about this, Keabetswe. Come out so we can talk.”

“No! Leave me alone, Patrick. You cannot talk my pain out. The pain is within me. You don’t know how it feels like to be ravished.”

“Okay, okay. Let me call your mother to come back home at least talk to her.”

I ignore him as he keeps talking alone on the door. I take the razor blade and start cutting my wrist. The first cut hurt but, I enjoyed the second one so, I am going for the third one and more. My tears are now blinding me. My water is now bloody red and my body starts shivering.

“KEABETSWE I am breaking this door in three seconds! One...”  
BANG! The door falls down scarring the shit out of me. What happened to three? I was waiting for three!

“Dammit Keabetswe! No, no, no! Fuck!” I start wailing louder.

He carries me out of my pool of blood. I am starting to feel the pain in the cuts but physical pain is somehow nicer than the emotional pain.

He puts me on the bed, taking my T-shirt to wrap my left hand wrist tight so that the bleeding can stop. He then takes the light sheet from my bed and wraps my cold body, carrying me out.

“It’s going to be okay, nana. It’s gonna be fine.”

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TO BE CONTINUED...

**TEBOGO DICHABA**

As soon as Patrick called me, I stopped everything that I was doing and drove to the hospital. Upon my arrival, I was attacked by Kea's mother. She started hitting me with her hand bag. Kea's father had to pull her to stop.

“You damaged my daughter! What are you doing here!?”

“I called him, mmagwe Tidimalo.”

“I don't want him near my daughter!”

“Mmagwe, don't do this please.” I clear my throat.

“How is she?” I ask.

“She's sedated but, she'll be fine.” Patrick holds his wife's hand.

“We were leaving. We have to fetch Tidimalo we will come back later.” I nod.

“And we better not find you hear.” Kea's mother says. I love this woman. Lol!

I made my way into her ward. She is peacefully sleeping. Her left hand is bandaged, probably where she had cut herself. I

feel like shit. I don't know what would have happened to me if she left me. Is this how she felt when I was shot?

Maybe it is a good thing that she doesn't want me anymore. I cannot put her through so much pain anymore. She deserves to be happy, not worrying when my enemies might want to attack, living in fear. I love her too much so, I think it is best that we go our separate ways.

I hold her hand.

"I love you, mamasi." My tears fall on her hand. Damn tears! "I have put you through so much and, I can't let you live like this anymore. This is not life, it's fear. Maybe if we stay away from one another, maybe if I stay away from you... you know, I am not good with words sweedie. Entlek, kenyako botsa hore ke tlala kawena, san. (I am into you.) I sniff.

"Something in me evoked when I first saw you, I felt alive with you but, I'd rather have a lonely life if it's going to cost your life wantswara?" (Do you get me?) I lean over, kissing her forehead.

"Goodbye, my love."

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It's been a few weeks and I have not heard from Kea or her parents. I am dying to hear from her but also, trying to stay away from her.

I finish the whiskey in my glass and hit the counter, calling the barmaid.

"Ek se!" She rolls her eyes at me. "Fix your attitude mo' girl, it doesn't suit your face. Give me shots of tequila."

"Don't you think you've had enough drink for the night?" I chuckle.

"My money doesn't think so." She takes the glass before me, wiping the counter with a cloth.

After a while, she gives me one shot, I look at her.

"Are you kidding me?"

"Isn't your wife waiting for you at home?" She asks.

"Are you checking if my wife is there or not?" I down the shot, quickly taking the sliced lemon into my mouth.

"It's no secret that you have a wife."

"So, why are you asking an obvious question?" She pulls her lower lip into her teeth. I clear my throat. "The bill please."

“You leaving?”

“Oh, so you want me to stay? I thought my wife was waiting for me at home?” She gasps, looking down, I let out a little laugh.

“My car is parked at point B. Black Range Rover Evoque.” I take out my wallet before giving her a few notes. “Keep the change.” I wink at her, walking out. There is no way I could miss the fact that she wants me.

I get to my car and stand, leaning at the back of it. I get my cigarette from my pocket and light it before taking my first puff. I see her cat walking in her black and white uniform. She has on a white golf t-shirt, a black leather wrap-around skirt and black sneakers.

I throw the cigarette butt on the ground, unlocking the car. I open the backseat door for her and smirk. She jumps in and I follow her in. I don't even waste anymore time, I pull her on top of me, kissing her lips.

“How much time do you have?” I ask, unzipping her skirt.

“My manager has gone out. I need to make it back before others notice my disappearance.”

“I'll try to be quick.”



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## **KEABETSWE MOLISE**

It is my first session with Doctor Myeni today. I don't know how therapy will make a difference for me but, it's worth a try.

I am seated in her confiding office. It is really chilled. Orange wall, white ceiling, white mat and a red couch. I love it.

"How are you feeling?" She asks, holding a note pad.

"I'm good." I bluntly say. She looks at me, blank.

"How have you been?"

"I've been good." I still say. She takes off her glasses as if she could not hear me.

"I know you are afraid to talk about your feelings because, it takes you back to the events of the past. But, it helps to talk about it, Keabetswe. It's just you and I in hear and I am hear to help you. Allow me to help you. Take it as if I am your best friend." Best friend?

“How do I talk about it when it hurts me so much? I don’t have a best friend.” She nods.

“Okay. Allow yourself to feel pain so that you can go past through this. Don’t bottle it up because, you might find yourself in depression. I want to help you out before it can get there. How about we get to know Keabetswe Molise in this session, then the next session we talk about Keabetswe Dichaba?” I sigh, nodding.

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After the session, I found my mother waiting for me outside. I got in the car and she drove us to the mall for late breakfast.

“How was the session?” She asks.

“Mama do I really need therapy? It’s boring.”

“You’ll learn to enjoy it. It is still your first session.” I roll my eyes.

\*\*\*

Later that day when we got home. I went to my bedroom and threw myself on the bed. I started thinking about Tebogo. I have unblocked him but, he doesn't call or say anything. He views my statuses but, that's it. I want to go and check up on him, just to make sure that he is okay. I won't lie, I miss him so much but, I am not sure if he still feels the same with me.

Maybe I should go and check up on him, I'm going.

I get off the bed, taking my sling bag and my phone, walking out.

"Where are you going to?" I bump into my mother down the corridor.

"I'm coming."

"You are going to him, aren't you?"

"Ma..."

"No, forget I asked. Take care of yourself." I take my phone out, requesting a cab.

“I will.” I walk out.

\*\*\*

I started feeling hot as the car halted in front of Tebogo’s house. I got off, going to the small gate. I walk in, heading to the kitchen door. He is here, the windows are open.

I knock four times until the door gets opened.

“Kea.” He whisper as soon as he sees me. He looks surprised.  
“What are you doing here?” He looks back in the house and looks back at me.

“Am I disturbing something?” He swallows.

“Uh... I was not expecting you.” He looks behind him again before looking back at me. He looks uneasy.

“Are you not going to let me in?”

He wants to say something but, decides against it. He steps aside, letting me in then closes the door. It feels weird, what we are doing. We stare at each other for a while, not saying anything. I hear footsteps walking closer and closer.

“Tebza what’s taking you so…” I turn to look at her, she stops looking shocked to see me. I am shocked to see what’s in front of me. She’s wearing a red slutty lingerie. I don’t even know who she is. I shouldn’t have came here. I look back at Tebogo who has now bowed his head. I charge towards the girl, she trips on her steps back and falls. So clumsy!

“You couldn’t wait until I was gone. You saw the opportunity and jumped in, bitch!” I get on top of her, and start slapping her face but, she blocks by using her arms and hands, screaming like a bitch she is.

“Kea, stop!” Yooh, Tebogo must do something with his voice, it’s too deep and scary. He pulls me off the girl.

“Tebogo, why are you doing this? Is this why you no longer called me or checked on me? Because you were bringing harlots in my house?” He doesn’t say anything. “I came here to check up on you but I can see that you are doing very well. Let me leave you to continue your shit, I’m out.” I say that wiping my tears.

“Sweedie, mamasi wait.”

“Fuck you, Tebogo fuck you!” I walk to the door and open it to a big surprise. “Can this day get any better?”

“Well, well, well... going somewhere? Turn back, now!”

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## **TEBOGO DICHABA**

I watched her, pointing the gun on Keabetswe as she walked in, closing the door. I try searching for my gun.

“Huh, uh-uh! I wouldn’t do that if I were you. One more move, she dies.”

“Ncediso...” Kea says, shocked.

“In flesh, baby.”

“The police are looking for you.”

“I know, best friend. That’s why I’ve been hiding.”

“Why are you doing this?” Kea asks.

“Oh, so now you care? All along you didn’t care about how I feel! Ever since you moved in with him, you dumped me. Hardly visited or even called me. All because of a dick?”

“Ncedi, can we talk about this at least. Please, can we sit and talk. I promise, I will come back home and do the things that we used to do before.”

“This is not for me, I’m leaving.” The girl that I brought to my house say. It’s the same girl from the club, the bartender.

“No one is going anywhere!” Ncediso shouts.

“Ncediso, you want me. Leave Kea out of this. Shoot me, kill me.”

“And make things easier for you? No.” She starts crying.

“Kea love you. I have always loved you, I wanted you to be mine. I couldn’t tell you before because I was so scared I was going to drive you away but, you left me still.”

“What!?” Kea and I both say at the same time.

“Yes! You've always been the one for me. That kiss I once gave you was never a mistake.” Kea looks at me and swallows hard. She looks back at Ncediso. “I want to be with you. Let’s go away, forever and not come back. We are going to be happy together.”

“Okay... just put the gun down, Ncedi. We will go out together and leave this place to be happy somewhere.”

“Kea, no!” I shout.

“I can’t put down the gun. This is the only way we can go to our new home.” This bitch is crazy.

“Ncediso, don’t do it please. Take me out instead.”

“if I take you out, she will be sad and I don’t want her sad. I love her happy.”

Kea starts crying louder.

“You see, you are making her sad. Don’t worry Kea. I will be fast.” She clicks the gun but before anything can happen, a vas is thrown at the back of her head. When did the barmaid even get the vas? She screams in pain, dropping the gun as she holds the back of her head. Kea quickly takes the gun and points it at her.



“You let them torture me! You let him rape me because of all of this? It’s not love.” She sobs.

“Mamasi, give me the gun.” I walk slowly to her.

“I trusted you as my best friend but you threw me in the lion's den. How could you Ncedi?”

“I’m Sorry, tsala.”

“No, you are not! You were going to kill me right now.”

“Sweedie, give it to me.”

BANG! The first shot came out. Ncedi is down, bleeding on her stomach.

BANG! Another shot on her chest. The bartender screams for a dear life.

Kea’s hands starts trembling. I quickly take the gun from her hands.

“Look at me, Keke look at me. It’s gonna be okay “ She shakes her head.

“I killed her, Tebi I killed her.” She cries.

“I know baby. You did it to save yourself.”

“I’m going to jail! Tebi I am scared.”

“No one is going to jail, Mamasi. I need you to stay strong for me, just for now. Go upstairs and get the sheets. I will make a quick call.” She nods, still standing. “Now, Keke.” She turns, walking away. I call T-Man.

“Tebza.”

“Ejo. Ke nale flopo nyana hier.” (I have a little problem.)

“Talk to me.”

“A dead body that needs to be ridden off from my house. I can’t explain now but, I need help.”

“Okay. I will send you the address now, we will meet there to destroy the body.”

“Sho.” I hang up. “Wena, osale hier? Vaya!” (And you? Why are you still here? Leave!) She looks very scared. She runs to take her clothes and storms out of the house.

Kea finally get back with the sheets. I take them and start wrapping Ncedi's body.

“Keke, lock the door and follow me to the garage.” I carry the body to my favourite car. My Golf 7R. I put her in the boot and went to the driver’s seat. Kea jumps in the passenger. “Take my phone and call T-Man to bring extra clothes for me.”

She nods. She takes my phone, texting instead. I don’t know how she did that with such shaky hands but, she did it.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

**KEABETSWE MOLISE**

We met up with T-MAN, Kabza and Tiisetso at the location and then we drove deeper into the forest.

I don't know what came over me, earlier. I wasn't thinking straight. Only if I had listened to Tebogo when he said I should give the gun.

The cars stop. I look at Tebogo, he looks back at me without saying anything. My sobs are the only the thing that's making an noise.

"We are going to be fine, I promise." I nod. "Let's get this over and done with." He unlocks the doors and we both step out of the car.

"Hebanna, Trophy wife?" Kabza calls out, surprised.

"Gents, we are burning this car with the body inside." Tebogo says.

"Who's the dead corpse?" T-Man asks. "What happened to it?"

“You’ll be surprised if I tell you... go and check for yourselves.”  
Tiisetso opens the bonnet, uncovering the face, she whistles.

“From which hole is she coming from?” Tiisetse asks... why are they so chilled about this? They are even laughing, joking about Ncediso.

“Can we please get to what we are here for and go back home?” It took everything from my diaphragm to say that.

“Kea, you need to come and see her for the last time.” Tebogo says.

“No...” I move back. “I killed her, I can’t.”

“She killed her!?” Kabza asks, shocked.

“Ema nyana jo.” (Hold it.) Tebza says to Kabza.

“Trophy wife, killed her? This is news.”

“Futsek man, Kabza!” Tebogo shouts, coming to me. I start crying as my body trembles uncontrollably. He holds me very tight so that I won’t fall.

“I can’t, Tebi. I am scared.” He hugs me.

“This is how I felt when I killed someone for the first time. I was so scared, cooped up in my room, day in and day out, missing some of my exams and all those sleepless nights having nightmares. It gets better in time I can promise you that but, you'll never forget your first killing.”

“I'm never going to kill anyone else.” I hold him tighter.

“I know mamasi.” He kiss my cheek. “I love you... come, let's go.” He takes my hand and leads me to the car.

I stood there, looking at her lifeless body. Something on my shoulders was off-loaded, I felt freer and somehow it felt right. Maybe this was the therapy I needed, the closure that my soul needed but, how am I going to live each day knowing that I killed a person? Not just any person but my best friend who had just confirmed her feelings to me. Oh, Rest in peace my dear friend.

“This day never happened. We will never speak of it nor mention it to anyone else no matter what.” T-Man tells me.

“We gonna go on everyday as if this never happened. The last time you saw Ncedi was the time you were in KZN.” He puts his

on my back. "Otloba shap, we'll laugh about this someday."  
Laugh? He is joking akere? How do I laugh about something so  
tragic like this? I nod anyway...

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Kabza dropped us off at our house after we were certain that  
the car and Ncedi's body were burnt to ashes and nothing can  
trace back to us, including the gun.

Tebogo opens the door and we walk into a pool of Ncedi's  
blood. My breathing gets heavy, those hot flashes come back  
and I feel like I am going to drop to the floor.

"Breathe, slowly... breathe Kea." He picks me up, putting me on  
the counter before he takes a glass

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pouring me water. "Drink..." I take the glass from him and drink  
a little bit before giving the glass back to him. "Feeling better?"  
My lips tremble, I fail to answer. "Go upstairs, take a shower

and I will clean up here.” I nod. He helps me off the counter and I make my way out of the kitchen but I stop and turn back.

“Am I going to be okay?” I just need assurance that I won’t go crazy, I have to be fine. I must be fine.

“I will make sure of it.” He means it.

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After a long time of waiting, crying, tossing and turning. Tebogo walks out from the bathroom and gets into bed, spooning me. I sigh, looking at the wall. I am no longer crying. I sigh again.

“Say what you want to say.” He says. I have a question or two, to ask him. I want to say something.

“What’s happening between us?” I breathe.

“You are my Mami and I am your papi.” He says, unbothered.



“And that girl?”

“It was nothing.”

“Don’t tell me it was nothing. You were going to fuck her in our home.” He keeps quiet for a while.

“I'm sorry.” He whispers.

“No... you are not. You probably met before and fucked around a couple of times, right?” My tears escape my eyes.

“Mamasi...”

“Right?” He still keeps quiet. I remove his hand from him, moving away.

“Where are you going?” He asks, I get off the bed.

“Turning myself in.”

“Keabetswe don’t act stupid. You are not going to do that.” He gets off the bed.

“She’s going turn me in Tebogo. I have to do it before she does. I hit her and the next thing I kicked someone. Your bitch is going to send me to jail.”

“Kea, she won’t!” I walk towards the door, he runs and get to it before me, blocking it. “Keabetswe, LISTEN!”

“No, Tebogo... okay, give me money and send me away to another country.”

“You watch too much TV, sweedie... you are going nowhere. I will protect you. I will go to jail for you if I have to but, it won't get there I promise. I will make sure that, the girl won't snitch on us. We are in this together.”

“I am scared.”

“And it's okay...” He picks me up and place me on the bed, getting on top of me, kissing me. “I will protect you.” He attempts to get off but I stop him.

“Make me forget, please...”

“You are too emotional right now... it's only going to be a temporary feeling you know that, right?”

“I want that temporary feeling.” I say, tracing my fingers on his biceps getting him on the mood. He leans over and kisses my neck. I close my eyes. He takes my hands and puts them in a pinion position. His image appears as he forces his hands between my legs.

“No.” I start crying, shaking my head.

“Please, stop! Don’t hurt me.”

“Open your eyes, Kea... look at me.”

“Make him stop... Don’t let him rape me! Please help me...” I cry out.

“Baby... Open your eyes... Kea!”

I flip my eyes open, panting.

“It's me mamasi.” He gets off me. He lays next to me and he pulls me closer so I can pay my head on his chest. “I’m sorry... I am not going to hurt you.” I nod, clinging on to him. He wraps his hands around me.

“I love you, papasi.”

“I love you so much, mamasi. Don’t you ever forget that.”

TO BE CONTINUED...

**TEBOGO DICHABA**

It's been a long bumpy year with Kea. Just when I thought we were getting somewhere, Kea has started losing it. She is very moody and very edgy. I am not even sure if I say the right things to her because, she flips anyway. The death of her friend wasn't easy for her, especially when she is close to her family that is still out there, looking for her, it's difficult for Kea.

She has moved back in my house but Lord!... We fighting so much these days and I am sometimes scared to go back home, from work... yep, my suspension was lifted months ago and work is my only focus now, if not Kea. I have lost my sweet Kea and it's stressing me out. Maybe I should just take her to my parents' house, far from Gauteng so that she could meditate and find herself. She still goes for therapy but, instead of her getting better, she gets worse.

This is also complicating our sex life. I didn't get any smash this past few days. She always has excuses and tells me about pains, ai.

My alarm rings, Dammit! I've been up since 3am and now it's 05:30. I have to get ready for work. I switch it off and turn to Kea who is fast asleep.

Sigh.

"Where did we go wrong, skat?" I whisper.

I get off from the bed and stretch myself before going to the bathroom to take my bath.

After I was done, I wrapped a towel around my waist and went back to the bedroom. Kea was not there and the bed was nicely made with my outfit for today. I lotion my body and wear my suit and formal shoes, not forgetting my wrist watch. I brush my short hair and put on the cologne before making my way downstairs.

"Good morning..." She says, coming from the kitchen to the living room, holding a plate of food.

“Morning.” She looks like she is in a good mood today but, it’s not guaranteed that it’s going to last.

“I made you breakfast. Sit down and I will bring your coffee.”

“Kea... I need to get to work. Thank you for the breakfast though, it was thoughtful of you.” She looks down, disappointed.

“Okay.”

Sigh!

“But, put it in a lunchbox, I will eat it during my lunch at work.” She nods taking the plate back to the kitchen. I hit my forehead a couple of times, frustrated. I can’t even sit and share breakfast with her, it’s no longer the same.

We are not drifting apart, I still feel her she is very close to me but, it’s different.

She comes back after a while with my lunch box.

“Thank you.” I say after taking it.

I take my laptop bag.

“Good bye.”

“Can I talk to you about something?” She asks.

“Not now. We'll talk when I come back later.”

“Are you going to come back late again, tired to talk?”

“See you later Kea.”

“Fine, Tebogo! Keep on avoiding me like that.” She snaps.

“I have no time for this.” I take the car keys and turn on my heels walking away. Just when I get to the door, my face gets missed by an empty cup, it hits the door. I turn back, looking at her, shocked. That was close.

“Was that supposed to hit me?” I charge back to her, she just stands looking at me with her chest constantly rising and falling. I put my things on the table. “Othoma ho' ntlwaela Keabetswe akere? You starting to shit on ME! I will slap you so hard that you hit against the wall. Don't test me, do you hear me?” She is just motionless

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with tears falling down to her cheeks, staring right in my eyes.

I hold her shoulders and roughly shake her.

“DO YOU HEAR ME!?” I yell on her face. She nods, vigorously and bows her head, crying silently. I let go of her and take my things as I go out. This is what I was trying to avoid, declining breakfast, it never ends without an argument.

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I am sitting in my office desk, looking outside these humongous windows deep in my thoughts, thinking about Kea. How do we go back to where we were before because, I don't want to lose her, kea mo rata, I really love her. I think I should just send her to Potchefstroom tomorrow, the sooner the better.

My phone beeps a message on the desk. I take it and read the message.



'We need to talk. Can we meet today at lunchtime?' - +27 79 553 7246. Another message follows with the address from the same number.

I cluck my tongue throwing my phone back on the table. What could she want?

\*\*\*

## **KEABETSWE MOLISE**

After Tebogo left in the morning, I cleaned up and got myself ready to the doctor. I paid the doctor a visit about a week ago and she did some blood tests. The results came in today and I didn't want to wait for another day. Something is wrong with me and I know it. I knew it from the first day I started smelling bad odor in my vagina, not forgetting the yellow discharge. I am using feminine hygiene products, just to control the smell. I did both urine and blood tests last week and, I could have gotten some of my results the same day but, I wanted to get them all in the same day.

“Good morning... please take a seat.”

“Thank you.” I sit in front of her desk, handing her the brown A4 envelope of results. She opens it and she looks through it.

“You are clean except that two.” She says, I start getting nervous. My heart beats out of my chest.

“Yes.”

“Just as I anticipated last week... You are 7 weeks pregnant.” I am not surprised so, I just nod. “And... Your discharge has confirmed that you have an infection.” I gasp.

“Infection?” I ask.

“Chlamydia bacterial infection.” She breathes, probably because I look confused. “It usually affects young women mostly By having unprotected vaginal, anal or oral sex. By mother to baby by pregnancy, labour or nursing.”

“Are you saying that, it is caused by having multiple sexual partners?”

“Unfortunately, Yes. I am going to prescribe Antibiotic therapy for the affected patient and the sexual partners of patients is recommended. Screening for other common sexually

transmitted infections should also be performed.” She says, writing it down on a piece of paper before giving it to me.

“And also, I recommend doctor Peters for your pregnancy. She is one of the best obstetrician-gynecologists we have in the hospital.” I nod.

“Thank you.” I get up.

“You can keep the copy of results. We already have it recorded in your file.”

“Okay.” I take them and shove it into my bag.

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As soon as I got home, I went straight to our bedroom and locked myself in. I wasn't sure whether to cry, scream or break things around. It was too much to stomach what the doctor said. I sit flat on the floor and just close my eyes with the coldness of the floor freezing my bums, probably to remind me that I am still alive.

I always knew that my husband is obnoxious but, for him to do me like this; How could he be so reckless? How did I not see this coming? Maybe if I had listened to everyone who tried to warn me about him, maybe... argh, it's too late for regrets now.

Lying cheating bastard!

\*\*\*

## **TEBOGO DICHABA**

I got to the location. We are meeting in one of the nearest restaurants close to where I work. I got to her table and sat down.

“I told you not to call me or send SMSs. Do you want my wife to find out that I am busy messing around with you! Do you want me to call off what we have? Who is going to afford your fancy life style? Those expensive weaves, nails, the flat you live in?

Not forgetting the gadgets. Don't make me regret paying for your fancy life because I will take it all back in just a blink of an eye." I cluck my tongue getting up. "Let's go so you can give me some ass before I get back to work."

"I'm 12 weeks pregnant." She says. I sit back on the chair, loosening my tie.

"What did you just say?"

"I'm pregnant Tebza." I chuckle.

"What!?" As if I didn't hear her for the second time.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

**KEABETSWE MOLISE**

I heard the door bell, which force me to come out of the bedroom, going to check who it is, it's Mabel, our helper. She doesn't look bubbly as she always is. Her eyes are red like she's been crying. I let her in.

"Auntie Mabel, what are you doing here?" I ask because, she works only on Tuesdays and Thursdays. "Is anything the matter?" We head straight to the living room and sit on the couches.

"Kea, my child. I come bearing sad news. My granddaughter has passed on; I received the news as I was cleaning by your house this morning." She breathes. "I came to ask you personally if I can take a two weeks leave so that I can leave your house keys?" My house? House keys?

"It's okay, auntie Mabel. I am very sorry to hear that. My deepest condolences." I softly brush her back. "Would you like me to pour you something to drink?" I ask her... She is softly crying.

“Just water...” I get up walking to the kitchen. I take a bottle of water from the fridge and a glass before I make my way to the living room and pour the water for her, she gladly drinks it.

“Is there anything that we can help with? Contribution at least?” I ask.

“Thanks but, that won’t be necessary.”

“Tebogo handles your payments so, I’ll ask him to send you something before week-end.” She nods, looking shaken. I’m scared to ask her what happened to her grandmother because she might breakdown as the news are still fresh. But the child was still small, just three years old, shame.

Now, taba ashi. Auntie Mabel is talking about a house that I don’t know of, 'my house', apparently. And she has brought the keys to me. Was she living there or what?

“Auntie Mabel?” She looks at me. “At which house does these keys belong to?”

“The one that you and Tebogo were sleeping in, this past weekend. The one that I go to on Mondays to clean it.” Lol! I was even sleeping in that house? The house that I don’t know of. This is news.

“You say that I slept there this past weekend?” I ask.

“Yes. When I got there on Monday, I think you were still sleeping because Tebogo said I should go home and take a day off.” What!?

“I am sorry to trouble you like this but, can you please take me to that house? I am going to get my things upstairs I will be back.”

I ran upstairs and took my purse and cellphone. I ask Her to give me the address so that I can type it in on the Bolt app. I am surprised to find that, the house is somewhere in the township. As soon as the Bolt cab arrived, we drove to that house. When we arrived, I paid the Bolt driver extra to drop off Mabel at her house.



I unlocked the gate and opened, heading to the front door. I had to try three keys before I got the right one to open the door.

I can't believe that Tebogo has kept this house a secret just so he could sneak his hoes in here. So this confirms it all, Tebogo has been dribbling me all along.

I glance around the house as I inspect it. It is not too big, it's very clean and cozy. I pass the kitchen and the living room, going to the passage. I open the first door on my right, the room is just empty, the second door on my left, facing the empty room it is a bathroom so, this means the last room facing the passage is the bedroom.

I open the door and walk in. I am not sure what I expected to find but, I'm disappointed that it's just clean and nothing is giving me red flags. Is this the person Tebogo has now turned me to? Insecure and looking for evidence that he has been cheating on me?

I take my phone and scroll down to his name, calling him. I am surprised when he answers.

“Keabetswe.” He says. This hurts because, he doesn’t call me like before.

“Hi.” I go quiet. He doesn’t say anything. “Can you please fetch me?”

“You know that I’m still at work at this time, right?” I nod. Like he could see me.

“When you knock off?” I ask. He sighs.

“Where are you? Can you not request a cab?” He is rude too, towards me. I start sobbing over the phone, sinking down to the floor. It hurts, hearing the man I love talking to me like this. He has completely stopped doing things that he used to do for me and I am afraid that, he might have been doing all those things to his hoes.

“It’s fff--fine if you don’t want.” I hung up. I let my tears burst out. I am tired now, I can’t do this anymore. It hurts so much. I am unhappy, grumpy and always want to attack. It’s not healthy especially when there is a pregnancy now involved, I can’t risk having pregnancy complications because of stress.

I should be happy and celebrating my pregnancy but, here am I crying over a man who thinks my tears are crocodile tears.

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## **TEBOGO DICHABA**

After Kea's call, I packed my things in the office. It is an hour before knock off time but, I can't stay another minute because, I am not coping at all. A bombshell was dropped on me, earlier. Something that will make Kea will go crazy when she finds out. I am not pleased at all. I have always wanted to have kids but, not with someone I don't love. I am not even sure if I will love that baby. I'm in deep sheet.

I get to my car and throw everything on the passenger seat. A drink or two will do. I need to come with a quick solution to this, quickly.

I reverse the car, driving out of the work premises. Maybe if I just spend the night at my house, just to think about this through, maybe I can find a way to a solution. What solution do I even need? Let me call T-Man.

I connect my phone to the car radio before calling him. He answers after a while.

“Tebza.” He says, with a baby crying on the background.

“Papa wa Njabulo, how’s it?”

“Ey, man I swear I am going to have grey hair sooner than I thought. That boy is handful.” I chuckle.

“He is growing. He'll be turning one year in just three months.”

“Yeah. So, what’s up?” I thought he’d never ask.

Sigh.

“Man, I made someone pregnant.”

“Who? Don’t tell me ke barmaid? Please Tebza.” I heave out a loud sigh as I turn the steering wheel to the left and then right.

“It’s her.”

“Argh! So, what do you want from me?”

“Solutions, Jo I can’t lose Kea, I love her.”

“No! Akere nna ke stlaela. Every time I tried to tell you to break up with her

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you'd tell me where to get off because all I was saying was nonsense?"

"Today, it's different."

"Well, fuck you. I hope Kea leaves your stupid black ass." He hung up. That went well, I guess.

I halt the car before getting off to open the gate. I walk back to the car, driving into the yard under the shelter. I take my phone and laptop sleeve getting off the car. I lock it as I make my way to close the gate and then walk into the house.

"Auntie Mabel, I'm here!" I shout, going to the living room.

"Auntie Mabel?"

No answer!

I walk to the passage and stumble upon the biggest surprise of my life. My heart almost dropped to my knees..., my wife. How the fuck did she find out? Is this where she wanted me to fetch her?

She is sitting flat on the floor, her back against the wall and with her legs crossed. Her chest is rising and falling every second. She is staring into the opposite wall, silently crying but not even moving a finger.

Where am I going to even start explaining. I walk over to her and sit in the opposite direction. I can't look her straight in the eye. I hold her hand.

"Don't touch me." She softly says with a cracked voice.

"I'm sorry."

"Don't even say it."

"But I am." I say.

"Shut up." Now that's mean.

"Kea, I just want to..."

"Shut up, Tebogo." She says, still staring on the wall.

"Keabetswe, listen to me."

"Shut up! You found me sitting here all alone in silence so shut the fuck up!"

I can't stand a woman that talks to me like that, I get vivid. My hand flew very hard on her face. I hit her with the back of my hand on her left cheek, she falls to the floor holding her cheek, crying out loud... or screaming rather.

"You are making me angry, Kea. Look what you made me do, now." I cluck my tongue. "Get up so we can talk."

I get up from the floor, going to the living room.

"Don't keep me waiting." I say.

I get to the living room, heavily breathing. I take off the tie, untucking my shirt. I sit down on the couch, brushing my face, frustrated. I keep making things worse. It's just, I am so stressed and it's not even funny anymore. I want someone to blame, to put this who dilemma on them. Kea won't forgive me.

She walks in after a while, and stands across the room. She wipes her tears.

"How long have you had this house?"

"Does it matter?" I ask.

"It matters! What more are you hiding from me... well, besides that you are cheating on me?" I gasp.

“I am not cheating.”

“Don’t you lie to me!!! You are cheating on me you bastard!”

“Don’t you raise your voice at me!” I groan.

“Or what!? You going to hit me, again? Do it, come.!”

“KEABETSWE!” I warn.

“Couldn’t you at least use a condom?” Her voice breaks.

Fucking shit! She fuckin’ knows about the pregnancy?

Someone shoot me, right now!

“I can explain..”

“So, you do admit to cheating on me.” She wipe her endless tears.

“Kea...”

“No, I am tired Tebogo. You'd come home each day in a bad mood and make me look and sound crazy for being a concerned fiancé that I am who's been up all night, waiting for you to come back home while you are busy here buried deep in another woman's hole.” I brush my trimmed beard, not knowing what to say.

“You made me believe that I was the problem when you were actually the one. You were not there for me when I needed you most. I am not happy. You were supposed to be my tranquil,



my peace of mind, a place to vent in but..." She bitterly chuckle.

"Why didn't you tell me. How you feel?" I ask.

"Neng, huh when? You hardly come home and when I want to talk you ignore me. Tell me, what did I ever do wrong to you? Why couldn't we fix it? Tebi, I know I was under a lot of stress with Ncediso's death. I am depressed but you couldn't even see that. It's hard to get through her death it still haunts me. And you as my husband can't see when I am not okay..."

"Argh, Kea I have killed more people than you. You will eventually get used to it." I snap. I feel like she is making this Ncediso issue an excuse.

"You are not sorry for how you are treating me, are you? For cheating and having unprotected sex?" I look down, defeated. "Not only you were gambling with your life, you were risking my life too."

"I didn't mean to make her pregnant, I'm Sorry." I close my eyes.

"What!" She gasps. "Not only you gave me an infection, you impregnated her?"

"I... I thought you... I thought you knew." I raised my head up. Her lips tremble. "Mamasi..."

“Don’t call me that! You were clung up into calling me with my full name lately I got used to it do, don’t call me that!” She cries loud.

I get up from the couch, walking towards her. I have never seen her this angry before.

“Kea, please... can we talk about this.”

“No...” She takes the keys from the table, throwing them at me. They hit my fingers as I try to catch them, it fucking hurts!

“Auntie Mabel will not be available for two weeks, her granddaughter has passed on. She brought the keys earlier, that’s how I found out. I told her that you will send her some contribution. Do it now so you won’t forget plus you don’t mind spending money these days... I saw your bank statements yes. You wouldn't come home because you are busy out there spending close to R200 thousand in a day, coming back home the next day because you feel broke; my prodigal husband.”

“It’s not like that.” I say in a low voice.

“I can’t do this anymore...”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean exactly that! We are done. I am done with you. I will make sure that my family returns your money. I am tired of pain and feeling unhappy. I have to think for my...” She holds herself. “I hate you.” She hits my chest. “I hate you, I hate you.”

She continues hitting me until I grab her hands pulling her close to me in my embrace.

“I am sorry, please don’t leave me. I love you... I promise to change.” I break down.

“No...”

“Please, tell me what to do, I will do it.” I kneel down in front of her. A smell hits me. Not just any smell but, one coming from her lower body. Is this how badly I infected her? I'm a shitty person. I think she noticed my facial expression because she moved back. I didn’t mean to make her feel embarrassed, I just wasn’t expecting it.

“I have to go.”

“I can get you the best gynaecologist.”

“Good bye.” She takes her purse and cellphone from the table, and walks away.

“Kea... Mamasi?”

The door closes after she walks out.

TO BE CONTINUED...

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## **KEABETSWE MOLISE**

'Many months has passed us by  
I'm gonna miss you, I can't lie  
I've got ties, and so do you  
I just think this is the thing to do

It's gonna hurt me I can't lie  
Maybe you'll meet, you'll meet  
Another guy  
Understand me won't you  
Try, try, try, try...  
Let's just kiss and say goodbye...'

The song played out loud from Tebogo's car, I could hear it from the bedroom as I packed my clothes into the three suitcases. He slept over at his second home last night. It hurt so much when he didn't come after me yesterday. He had me catching a taxi, imagine! I haven't been in a taxi for two years now. I was so scared and felt weird.

I close the last suitcase and put it on the floor from the bed. I was hoping that he'd find me gone but, here he is.

I push the two suitcases out, I bump into him on the door. Jeez, he smells like the whole alcohol factory. I avoid meeting his eyes as he has blocked my way.

"Don't do this. We can... we can... I don't know, tell me what you want."

"I want you to move out of my way so that I can leave. I want nothing to do with you. Let me go."

"I can't, dammit!" I startle. "I want you."

"I can't be the victim of abuse. I can't be added to the number of the woman that die under the hands of men. You are not sorry about anything. You are too arrogant, cocky and too prideful. I cannot live in an unhappy home. Please let me go, free me. If you love me, you will free me." I look up at him. He

doesn't say anything. "Please." I ask once more, he doesn't say anything, only stares into my eyes.

After a minute, he moves aside and hits the door with his hand, I close my eyes exhaling. I take one suitcase as I descend the stairs. I go back upstairs to take the other luggage. He takes the other two suitcases and takes them downstairs. I follow him with my two bags.

"Can I at least, drive you home?" He asks. I shake my head.

"I have already requested a cab." He nods, looking hurt.

"I love you and I didn't mean for things to get to this." I nod.

"Can I ask you... who is she?"

He bites his lip walking around to the couch. He breathes out before he talks?

"The girl that..." He slowly shakes his head. "Palesa, the bartender."

"That mistress of yours who hit Ncedi with a vas?"

“Yes.” I feel so betrayed by Tebogo. I am so hurt. I won’t cry, not in front of him today.

A car hoots outside.

“That’s probably my transport. I got to go.”

“I’ll help you out.”

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The driver helps me load off my luggage up to the front door. I gave him a tip before he left. I take steady breaths before knocking on the door. She opens.

“Kea.” She says, looking surprised. She looks at my luggage and then back at me. I burst into tears.

“Koko it’s over... I am done with him.” I wail on the door. She pulls me into her embrace. “I don’t want him anymore, Koko.”

“Sshhh... it’s okay, Kea. It’s going to be okay.”

“I should have listened to you. He hurt me.”

“Come in, nana. I will make you water with sugar. Go to your room and I will get your bags inside the house.” I nod, walking in. I have hiccups, blocking me from Talking.

It's now hitting me very hard. It's really over. I love him so much but now, I have a life to think of when making decisions. It's not about me anymore. I left him a letter and hid it in our room. I just don't want him to find it as soon yet when our hearts are still hurting. The day he finds it we probably would be feeling better.

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## **TEBOGO DICHABA**

I sank down to the floor with a whole bottle of vodka in the kitchen. I took a sip and then wiped my tears. I lost my treasure, my Trophy wife is gone and this time, she is gone for



good. There is no one, NO ONE that I ever loved like Keabetswe. I felt so much alive with her but, I played her. I hurt her so much that she couldn't take it anymore. All because of what, a mere side dish?

I get back up on my feet and threw the bottle against the wall it broke, spilling the vodka. I sweep everything off the counter with my hands, screaming.

I never thought it would hurt like this. Is this how Kea feels because, I feel like shit right now.

I get my phone from my pocket and go to my call log and call Palesa. She answers as soon as it rang.

"Baby daddy."

"Where are you?"

"In my flat. Want to visit us?" Lord so help me that I don't kill this girl.

"See you in an hour." Before she can answer, I hung up, going upstairs to take a bath.

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## **PALESA (BARMAID)**

I am so happy that I am finally pregnant. I have been waiting for this moment for so long. The great news is not only that I am pregnant but, I am pregnant with Tebogo Dichaba, the CEO of SAA, every girl's crush, the Ruthless gangster.

He said he is coming so, I had to take a quick bath to get rid of the odor on my vagina. It is stressing me out because it can get worse on other days, together with my discharge. But maybe it's the pregnancy.

I quickly wear my pink silky robe as soon as I heard a knock on my door. I went to open. He doesn't have a smile on his face.

This is not good. What if he knows that I've been putting holes on the sealed condoms with a needle?

He closes the door and locks it. I saunter backwards as he walks towards me.

"I have two questions for you. You better think carefully about the answers you might want to give me."

"Tebogo, what's going on." I get to the wall with my back.

"Who is the father of the baby." He gets closer to me and runs his fingers on the side of my face, going down to my neck, he stops.

"It's you, I swear it's you. I've been sleeping with you all along." I start crying.

"Now, if we were always using protection, how did I get you pregnant?"

"I, I don't know... maybe the condom burst without you noticing."

"DON'T LIE TO ME!" He groans, I scream out of fear. "I always dispose the condoms..." He starts strangling me. "You were fucking with someone else, weren't you?" I shake my head.

“Ple-ple-ease. I did no-th-ing.” He let’s me go and hits the wall with his hand. I start coughing.

“I want DNA tests done.”

“Okay.” I wipe away my tears, massaging my neck.

“We will go to my own trusted doctor.” He walks to the door.

“And, now that there is a baby on its way and you claim that it’s mine. All the money that I’ve been giving you will be cut. I will no longer pay for this flat nor give you allowance. This money will be used for checkups. You know how expensive private hospitals can be.”

“No... you can’t do that. How am I supposed to buy food. Where am I supposed to go to?” He can’t do this to me.

“You can still live here for three more months, I have paid upfront. I will send you a R2000 grocery voucher every month and the rest, it’s on you. But that’s after the results confirm that the baby it’s mine.”

He unlocks the door, opens it and then walks out.

This can’t be happening! This pregnancy was supposed to trap him. Oh God, what is happening?

TO BE CONTINUED...

**KEABETSWE MOLISE**

She smiles at me as I walk into her office. She always does; welcomes me with her charming smile. I sit on the couch and she sits opposite to mine.

“You look better.” She says.

“I feel so too.” I add. I know that she’s going to ask me why so, I’ll just tell her. I’ve been coming for therapy sessions for the longest time and I know the drill and how it goes. If it starts with happiness, it definitely ends with tears.

“I am going back to work on Monday.”

“Oh? How does that make you feel?” I smile.

“I am happy. Being a nurse was destined for me. I love what I do and I am excited.” She nods, smile. This is my second session with Doctor Myeni since after my break up with Tebogo. It’s been a miserable two weeks of my life but, I am now taking charge of my emotions. Maybe going back to work

will keep me sane and I can forget about Tebogo for that period of time while I am at work.

“This is an improvement. I will write you a letter to take to work. You can’t be doing long shifts and night shifts. And, you do know how sensitive the first trimester can be.”

“But, I need those hours.” I mumble

“Why do you 'think' you need them?” She emphasised.

“Well... I need the money.” I say on a low tone.

“That’s nonsense and you know that, angithi?” (Right?) I keep quiet. Doctor Myeni can be straight forward, never runs around the bush and that gets me nervous. “Your parents are not troubled when it comes to money, you don’t pay rent where you live, you have no bills to pay. Basically the money that you earn now is for yourself and I am sure that the month ends with a few thousands in your bank account. Plus, I am certain that the baby's father will maintain the baby so, you don’t really need the money.” I sigh. “Why do you need long hours?” She asks again.

“I want to cope.” I say.

“Cope? Can you not do that during normal hours?” I shrug. “Tell me, maybe there is something special during that time.”

“At least when I am busy, my mind does not get occupied with how much I think about other things. It sticks to what I am currently busy with.” I breathe out.

“What is it that keeps your mind so occupied?” She knows but, she wants to hear it from me.

“My break-up with my f... my ex fiancé, my pregnancy.”

“Has he reached out to you yet? Has he read the letter that you wrote for him?” I start crying, shaking my head.

“I haven’t heard from him, since. I don’t know if he read the letter and he doesn’t want to get involved with our baby or, he hasn’t went through his things as yet.” I cry more.

“He is probably giving you some space, which is good. Kea, you are too emotional right now and I know you still wish that he could call you and apologise so that you can easily take him back. You don’t need that and also, you don’t need to avoid thinking about him. This is the first step to healing your broken heart. You are scared of pain, that you have already told me but, it is the only way that can take you to happiness. I am not saying don’t take him back but I would suggest that, take your time before you go back to him. Find yourself and heal. Be the old Keabetswe MOLISE before she met Tebogo. Use this only time to overcome the hurt that’s within you. Don’t let Tebogo’s absence control you. You owe this freeness to yourself.”

“I love him.”

“And I have no doubt with that but, I am afraid that, he might use that to his advantage and use you again because, you are an easy target. If you want him to be part of your pregnancy, that’s okay but, I feel that, that’s where it should end, just until he proves to you that he wants to only stay committed to you alone. Right now, not only you need some saving, he does too. Remember, he has a baby mama out there that’s probably making his life difficult and, if you are going to nag him, he will take his frustrations out on you. Think about your health, it could have been worse than the STI. You could have obtained a virus.” She hands me a box of tissues.

“It’s hard.”

“I know. And it’s going to hurt like never before. Think of your child when you think of Tebogo. Don’t use the baby as a bait but, think of her positively when you start think about Tebogo. Maybe you were meant to be together for that short time and then things were destined to take a toll or... things might eventually work out for you two in the future. Take this break to recover and catch up on your life. You’ve been through the most. The kidnapping

the break up and your best friend still missing...” I cough to that. I wish I could talk to her about Ncedi but, that’s like



turning myself in. I wish to vent on someone about this but, I can't and it's weighing me down.

"Are you okay? Would you like a glass of water?" I constantly nod.

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## **THAPELO T-MAN KHOZA**

I drive into Tebogo's yard. I didn't even have to call him to open the gate because it was wide open. After parking the car, I walked to the front door which is also wide open. I wonder what's up because he is even playing music a bit loud.

'Ngiyak' thanda Ntombazana

No matter what they say

The way this thing is going

Sofa s'lahlane

Ngabu shilo if I'm letting you

Down

Ngabu shilo if I'm breaking your

Heart

Ngabu shilo if I'm making you

Cry

Ngabu shilo instead of wearing that

Frown'

I walked in further to find Tebza, dancing with a bottle of Hennessy. He doesn't go to work, always drunk and the house smells like a tarven. I don't think he even takes a bath.

"Aaah my ma! Join the party!" He staggers to me, giving me the bottle. I put it on the dining table.

“Tebza, no man. Is this how you are going to be from now? You are always drunk, what are you celebrating?”

“I was not celebrating anything but now that you mentioned...” He burps. “I might as well be celebrating the life that I’m about to bring with a woman that I don’t love.” He chuckles. “The DNA tests results came back. That child is mine.” I sigh.

“Have you spoken to Kea?” He shakes his head.

“Nah. Why should I?” He takes the bottle from the table and drinks from it. “She left me... my trophy wife left me.” He starts laughing, his laugh turns to a cry. I have never seen Tebogo broken like this before. I do not even know what to do or say to him. I take the bottle from him as he sits on the table and puts his one foot on the chair.

“Eish Jo, le wena o flopile.” (You also messed up.) I drink from the same bottle.

“And she’s never coming back. I love her!”

“And, how do you think you are going to fix this? Drunk and skipping work? You have a kid coming at least think of him. Secure everything for the kid. Get up and clean yourself man so that when your baby comes to the world, he or she comes to a father, not a drunkard.” I think the alcohol is out of him now. Lol.

“I didn’t mean to hurt her.”

“But you did anyway and you can’t unhurt her. It is what it is now.” I bluntly say. He looks at me, shaking his head, I shrug.

“I’m going to take a bath and sleep.” He gets up walking away.

“Turn the volume down!”

“Nah, I ain’t gon’ do that nigga. You said I should join the party so I am just getting started.”

“You are stupid!” I chuckle. My friend is coming back.

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## **TEBOGO DICHABA**

After the bath, I went to the closet to find something to wear. I pulled my track pants and my vest but, something fell off to my feet as I pulled my clothes from the closet. A folded A4 paper. I pick it up and sat on the ottoman, unfolding it. It’s Kea's handwriting.

'I am hoping that it won't be too late when you find this letter.

It breaks my heart to have to write this letter for you. Talking to you was going to be in vain because, you hardly hear my voice, you defeat me when I speak, which is why I concluded to writing this for you, so that we won't argue over my opinion.

You've hurt me so much and I do not know how I am ever going to come back from this. It pains me so much that, we have got to where we are right now. We were once a happy couple but, how did things turn south?

I am here asking myself, what I ever did wrong to you? Was I not good enough for you? Why didn't you talk to me instead? But hey, I don't think it matters anymore because you have already made your bed. I hope you lie comfortably on it...' my tears blind me and some drop on the paper.

I continue reading.

'I am deeply broken by your actions. You took chances with my life and risked it. I was feeling sick the past weeks but you wouldn't notice because you were too busy with your mistress. Now, my baby is at risk because of the infection that you gave me.

I am pregnant too...' I start feeling hot. I wipe my tears off reading that part again. 'I am pregnant too,'

What the fuck is going on with my life!? My wife is pregnant?

I quickly wear my clothes before I run back to my bedroom. I take my phone from the bed and call her. It rings unanswered. I try her for the second time, third and then fourth time when it took me straight to voicemail.

“Kea. I need to talk to you ASAP. Please call me back.” I leave her a message. I didn’t even finish reading the letter but, I have already got to the important part so, it doesn’t matter what the rest says.

I won’t lie, I am so happy. I have scored!

“T-Man!” I call out as I run down the stairs. “Thapelo!”

“Eh! And then?” He narrows his eyes.

“I’m going to be a father!”

“Don’t I already know that? But, what suddenly got you so excited?”

“No... Kea is pregnant!” I don’t even know why I’m screaming. It must be the excitement.

“Huh...”

“Kea is pregnant, with my child.” I laugh.

“What?” Ai, Thapelo can be slow sometimes. “You look excited than before.”

“Of course man... I am. Kea is pregnant.” He sighs. I know he is about to give me a Nelson Mandela speech.

“That’s good news but don’t forget hore barmaid is also pregnant with your child. The child is innocent and deserves your love too, the very same way that you are going to love the one that Kea is carrying. Don’t choose between your kids because of their mothers. Love them the same, they are yours, both of them.” He is got a point. I am using the anger that I have towards Palesa on the baby too.

“I hear you.” I say.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

**KEABETSWE MOLISE**

I ended up turning my phone off because Tebogo was calling non-stop. As much as I wanted to speak to him, I decided to take doctor Noncebo's advice. I don't need stress from him, my baby does not need to be stressed. But, what if he read the letter and he wants us to talk about the baby? Well, he knows where I live.

"Keabetswe?" My grandmother calls me to the living room.

"Yes, Koko."

I was in the kitchen making food, avocado and white bread. It's my favourite lately. I take my food with to the living room and sit next to her on the couch.

"When is this boy planning to come and apologise to the family?" She asks. "Does his family know about how he shamed you?" Tebogo is scared of his father so, I don't think they know.

"I doubt, Koko."

"Your father wants a meeting with them." I sigh.

"Okay." I take a bite on my bread.



“How are you?”

“I am trying. The therapy sessions are helping, slowly but I will get there.”

“That is better... I will also continue to pray for you that you find healing and peace.” Am I not blessed to have a gogo like mine?

“Thank you, Koko.” I rest my head on her shoulder.

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A few days later, I am back at work. I smile at myself as I remember how much I wanted to resign from work because Tebogo has a lot of money, apparently. Lol! He once told me, the only time I will resign from work is when I am pregnant but, here I am moving ward to ward handling sick patients.

On my lunch break, I took my little toiletry bag and went to the ladies' rest room. I need to constantly change my panty-liner because, it gets full with my watery yellow discharge. The smell is getting better but, the discharge is still there. I use intimate wet wipes to wipe myself and dispose it together with the used

panty-liner in the mini-bin. I wash my hands and leave the ladies room.

I am meeting up with Taylor for lunch at The Grove Mall, close to my work place, for a little catch-up. She came with baby Njabulo. I am sad that, I couldn't continue planning baby showers for her but, Njabulo's first birthday is coming soon so, I'll take that to make it up to her.

"Hey! I hope that you've already ordered for us." I hug her. She has her drink already halfway through.

"Hey sister nurse. You look... wow, glowing."

"And for a mom, you look super sexy. How are you?" I sit in front of her. Next to her it's her baby, sitting in her stroller, staring at me. He probably has forgotten me.

"I am so great since I'm seeing you after like what? Two months?" I chuckle.

"I know right. And funny enough, we live in the same street but, never see each other." We share a laugh.

"Yeah. That should change. I miss you, Trophy wife." I smile.

"I miss you too, Tay-Tay." We laugh again. This is all Tebogo.

“You miss him, don’t you?” I nod. “I heard about the break up, babe. It’s going to be okay.” Hai, couples and pillow talks with other people’s business. I’m not complaining though.

“I miss him. It’s hard to forget about what we had because, I love him and we are going to share a soul.” She widens her eyes.

“A soul? As in like... a baby's soul?” I thought she knew.

“You didn’t know? I am 10 weeks pregnant.” She gasps.

“Did you hear that, Njabulo? You are going to have a little brother or sister. OMG, I am so happy for you, sister nurse. Congratulations.”

“Lation!” Baby Njabulo screams, raising his hands up high with his cute, smile with two visible teeth on the front. So adorable. I take him from the stroller, putting him on my lap. I am glad he doesn’t refuse.

“Thank you.”

“I hope that Tebogo gets his shit together, for both of you. You look so cute together. Mamasi and Papasi. But, I’ll understand if you don’t want him anymore. You deserve to be happy.”

Tebogo is my happiness. I love him.

I want to move on with my life but

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at the same time I want to move on with him in the picture.

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After my lunch break with Taylor, I went back to work and did everything that requires my job title until it was knock off time, four o'clock. I should get used to this office hours.

After checking out, I walked out the taxi stop with someone calling my name behind.

“I’ve been calling you since you walked out.” It’s Sizwe, my colleague. He is a junior doctor though.

“Oh, I didn’t hear you.” I heard him perfectly fine. I am just not in the mood.

“Uh, are you in a rush... I thought maybe we could grab something to eat and maybe chat?” Something to eat? I feel like pizza, topped with avocado and extra cheese.

“No thanks. I should probably get home.” I turn to walk away.

“C’mon miss M. It’s only food and chat.” I look at him, doubtful.

“Please? Should I go down on my knees?” I laugh.

“Okay fine. You’ll break you legs.”

“It was my intention.” I follow him to his car.

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“Maybe, you should drop me off here.” After we got our food, he insisted to take me home. Time was now past six. We were at the some Italian restaurant and spent an hour in there, chatting.

“Are you scared that I might know where you live?”

“No. I just don’t want my grandmother to think otherwise.” I get off at the corner after he put his car to halt. He gets off too.

“Otherwise?” I stare at him. “Okay, you don’t have to answer that.”

“I enjoyed myself, thank you.” I say.

“We should do this again... if you don’t mind.”

“I’d love that.” He opens his arms for a hug. As I was about to, a car stops. A black Citi Golf with tinted windows. This is Thapelo’s car. He rolls down his window.

“Ek se.” (Hey.) He says looking at Sizwe.

“Sho, bro.”

“Do you have a bro like me? You are shitting on me.” I look down.

“What’s up man?” Sizwe asks like he wants a fight.

“I think you should go.” I tell him. T-Man can get brutal with him.

“Yeah, bafanas. I'd listen to her if I were you. Kea, in the car.” T-Man orders me.

“You know this person, Kea?”

“Yes. Please go. T-Man, I’ll walk.”

“Tsek, Kea! I said jump in the car, now!” He shouts, startling me. I can’t hold back my tears. I let out a sound, crying. “And wena, vaya nou!” He points out his gun from the window, pointing at Sizwe's white Audi A1.

“Okay, I’m leaving... Kea, will you be okay?”

“I will shoot your balls, right now.” T-Man says. I walk to the front seat and jumped in, still crying. My house is only four houses away but, I am forced to get into the car. He slowly drives. Very slow. Even cars going to the cemetery from funerals don’t drive this slow.

“Keabetswe.” I startled and stopped crying. I slowly nervously turned around. I put my hands on my mouth, I’m shocked. My heart almost stopped beating.

“Te... Tebogo?” I look at T-Man, then back at Tebogo in the backseat. His hair has grown, together with a beard. He looks, stressed, tired like he hasn’t slept for days.

“Yes, Mamasi.” He chuckles. “I must have fucked up so much that you even forgot that you and I are still together, according to culture.” I shook my head, with my tears streaming down. The car stops at my house.

“No.” I say.

“YES, YOU DID!” He roars, I let out a loud cry. “Uh... I. Askies Mamasi...”

“Tebza, Fuck you!” T-Man yells at him. “Kea, I'm sorry. Go home.” I don’t even waste time. I grab the opportunity and run out, leaving the door open. Tebogo.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

**TEBOGO DICHABA**

After that day with Keabetswe, she probably had called my parents because, I received a call from my brother, saying that our parents are coming to Pretoria today and , they don't seem to be happy.

Sigh!

My father is going to murder me. Maybe I deserve it. Nothing that I ever do comes out right. I've hurt Kea so much and I am also tired of fighting. I am tired of going back and forth. Never mind what I have with Kea... I have a baby that's coming with her and I can't risk her having pregnancy complications because of me. I want this baby with her. I have to get my shit together, for Kea.

A knock disturbs me from my thoughts. I get up from the couch to open the Kitchen door.

"Oh hell no! What do you want hear, Palesa? This property is OFF LIMITS!"



“I can’t be alone during my pregnancy. I’m moving in.” She rolls her suitcase in.

“What the fuck? Are you crazy?”

“She is not.” An old man pushes another luggage in. “My daughter will not live in a flat for as long as she is pregnant.” So, that is her father?

“What!?! No, I have a wife!”

“Oh, where is she because I can’t see her anywhere. You didn’t even remember that you had a wife when you were stuck between my daughter’s legs!”

“She can’t stay here still. I want you to fuck out of my house, right now.”

“You are full of yourself boy.” He says, I chuckle. “When are you planning to pay for the damages?” He asks.

“You’ll get your damages, even though your daughter was already damaged when I met her.” Palesa gasped.

Palesa's father punched my face and I disoriented that I held on to the counter for balance.

“You'll never speak of my daughter like that in my presence.” I stand up right, holding my nose that’s bleeding. “I expect damages or else, you'll never see your child after birth.”

“That’s crazy! I am paying my leg and my arm for the check ups just so my child gets the best medical treatment. Don’t bullshit me with threats. You will get your damages now out of my house, both of you!”

“I am glad we have come to an understatement. We'll discuss the marriage on the day when you bring damages. Pale my baby, I’m going now.” I chuckle shaking my head.

“Wait here.” I run upstairs to the closet. I take a two stacks of five thousand Rand and my gun too, before I go back downstairs. I find the father even helping himself with my whiskey.

“R10 000 for the damages. Out of my house.”

“It is short.” He says but still takes the money.

I pull out my gun, pointing at him and then I looked at Palesa. They both freak out.

“Take you and your father out of my house and don’t think of running away with my child because I will find you and when I do, I will cut you open on your stomach, taking out my baby

with you watching and then kill you.” She nods, vigorously with tears falling.

“Papa, let’s go.”

“Oh and, I will fetch you on the next doctor’s appointment for baby check-up. Don’t think about dodging me because, I receive the emails too from the doctor.”

“I won’t. Papa, let’s go.”

They roll their suitcases out in a speed of light. I cluck my tongue, shaking my head.

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My parents have just arrived. Only my mother is happy to see me but, as for my dad. Lol, let me zazazel.

“Hai, Tebogo! What’s wrong? The beard and the hair? You look like a hobo. And what are you doing at home? Are you not

supposed to be at work or, preparing to go to work?" My mother bombards me with questions.

"Work? At this team?" My father says, very annoyed. They sit on the couch.

"Would you like anything to eat? Or a drink?" I ask.

"This house is dirty. Okae mosadi?" My father asks.

"She's a slay queen. If she was my daughter she..."

"Mmagwe Tebi?" My father calmly warns, my mother shrugs.

"We received a phone call from batswadi ba ga Keabetswe calling a meeting. Go diragala eng?" (From Keabetswe's parents. What is going on?) He firmly ask.

"She moved out." I say.

"When?" They both ask.

"About, a month ago."

"What!? What did you do? Oh no wait, I want to hear it tomorrow at the meeting so that I can kill you in front of everyone."

"Papa, why do you always assume that I did something wrong?" I ask.

"Am I wrong?" I look down, frowning. "I thought so."

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## **KEABETSWE MOLISE**

I was shocked today morning when my grandmother woke me up because apparently, my dad has called a meeting which will be held up here in my grandmother's house and Tebogo's parents will be arriving at 10:00.

I am nervous, I don't know what to expect. I don't know if Tebogo is going to come or not. He scared me that other day.

My granddaughter, my mother and I are helping each other around the kitchen, of course with the little help of Tidi. She is so busy I can't even see what she is doing. My mother breaks the eggs into a bowl, in front of me. The smell hits my knows, causing me to yell at her.

“Mama! Couldn’t you at least warn me?” I start crying as I feel nauseated. I run to the bathroom and vomit in the toilet. My mom, budes in to rub my back.

“Forgive me, Kea. How was I supposed to know?” She helps me up and flushes the toilet.

“You were twice pregnant.” She laughs.

“I was but, it was different.” She wipes my tears. “Get ready. Your in-laws will be here soon.”

“Okay.”

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Tebogo’s father is breathing fire. He got up and pulled up Tebogo with his shirt. I feel very sorry for him right now. My dad gets in between them to stop him.

“Wa rra. We are here for solutions, not to make the situation worse than it is already is. Please let’s try to stay calm, for now. I am also not happy with your son's actions and I want to kill him trust me but

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let’s think before we act please.” They sit back on their perspective chairs.

“Tebogo, you are embarrassing me. This is not how I raised you. Despite the criminal life, this is not how we treat the women we love. A whole STI? What more can you bring to your wife?” His father says.

“I am so disappointed, ngwanake.” (My child.) Her mother adds, whilst crying. I wanted to tell them about him hitting me but, I won’t. I didn’t tell anyone about it, I don’t want to make things worse.

“I’m sorry.” Tebogo say.

“It’s not enough!” I say. I have a lump on my throat and I keep swallowing so that it doesn’t come out. “You hurt me, Tebogo.”

“I know and I am willing to do everything to fix that. I am nothing without you, I’m miserable. I beat myself up about it every day. I am stressed and I survive each day with a bottle of whiskey, trying to escape from reality until I fall asleep. I don’t even go to work anymore, I ended up getting a demotion at work because, I am dragging the company down with me, apparently.” His tears roll out from his eyes. He gets up, coming to me and then kneels in front of me. “Mamasi, No amount of sorry will fix what I have broke but, I am truly sorry. I have brought you so much pain that you don’t deserve. I’m a jerk, I know and you have every right to hate me but, I love you. I love you!” He breaks down, making me cry too. “I love you.” It hurts me seeing him at his downfall, it’s breaking my heart. “I love you. Come back home to me.”

He means everything that he has just said. I believe him. It is all coming from his heart. This is a prideful man but today he chose to put it aside and kneel in front of my family and apologise to me, emotionally. He would never do that if he didn’t mean it.

I help him up.

“What took you so long?” I ask him. “I’ve been nothing but a good woman to you. I did everything for you, I was there for



you through the most and difficult situations, I was there but, when I needed you most, you looked away. What took you so long to realise that?"

"I guess it had to take for you to take your bags and leave to open my eyes. I am so sorry."

"Okay." I inhale his cologne as I tug his blazer. He wraps his arms around me.

"I miss you." He says. "Forgive me, please forgive." He begs. My father clears his throat. We break the hug and sit down.

"Okay. Just to make things clear. Kea, you are not going back there." I open my mouth, wanting to speak but, I fail. Why is my dad doing this.

"But, why?" Tebogo asks.

"Until you mend your broken hearts, until you fix your life Tebogo, until you marry my daughter by law, in front of the pastor, ring to ring, exchanging vows my daughter will long stay here, with the baby. And if you dare break my daughter's heart, I won't call this meeting. I will break your bones myself."

"I second that. And, you both need counseling. A couple's therapy before you make rash decisions." His father suggests. "I

am apologising on behalf of my son too, to you Koko and the Mogale. This is not how I pictured my son. For all the troubles that he caused this family, I would like to compensate you so that, we continue our relationship with good tendencies and, even if we break apart, we break up without quarrels. We humble ourselves to you, apologising for our son's behavior.”

“We accept your apology as elders of Keabetswe but, it’s all up to her now that she wants to forgive him or not. Kea? What do you want?” Koko asks.

“I want to go for counseling with him. I want us to work on our relationship so that I can forgive him.”

“Anything... I will do it, mamasi.” Tebogo says, making my heart jump, I smile.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

**TEBOGO DICHABA**

I have just collected Keabetswe from work. We are going for our first session for counseling with doctor Nomcebo Myeni. The drive is awkwardly quiet, I can also tell she is uneasy but, I don't blame her. I would be scared too if I were to be in the same room with a monster like me.

It's been a week after the family meeting and today it's the first time I actually contacted Kea. She says she is okay but, she looks unsettled. I feel like shit in the toilet.

I clear my throat because, I want to ask about our baby.

"So, when is your next appointment for our pregnancy? I would like to be there... of course if you don't mind." She gives me a weak smile.

"On Thursday at 9am. Netcare."

"I'll be there. In fact, we will go together."

"I would love that."

I breathe!

As we arrived, we walked to doctor Myeni's office, hand-in-hand. She welcomes us in and she appoints us to sit on different couches. The only time I used to come here was when I drop Kea off. Never imagined me actually coming to sit in front a therapist.

"I am glad to see you both here today. Most couples when they come here want to either work on their relationship or part ways. And as they go through with the therapy sessions, they realise that actually, they don't really want what they came here for but, the opposite. So, what are you here for?"

I swallow.

"We..." Kea and I say at the same time. I nod at her to continue. I am not even sure what I were going to say.

"I... we want to work on our relationship." Kea says.

"I want to make it all up to her so that she can forgive me. I want to make things right for her."

“I see... I want to start with you, Tebogo. I am a bit worried on how you made it all about Kea. I am worried about you too Kea.” Let me be prepared to be psychoanalysed. I don't know what she is trying to say but, she is on to something.

“It's about her. I am the one that got us into this situation anyway.” I say.

“That might be true but also, I am worried that you are also doing it for Keabetswe. What about you? Why don't you start with yourself because, all that you will do as from now on, you are going to work your ass off for her, forgetting about your happiness because hers has to come first because, you are trying to make it up to her and for all the mistakes that you made and Keabetswe will be expecting EXACTLY that. She is going to want you to be perfect, you are going to walk on shells around her, you are going to ask 'how high' every time she tells you to jump.”

Therapy is confusing. I am so confused.

“Coming back to you, Kea. I know that you are hurting and like I always say, it's okay. That is the process of healing. You probably don't want to let him back into your life so easy. You want to make him feel the pain that he caused you and, that's

not going to help you but take you a few steps back and then you start all over again with mental breakdowns.”

I glare at Kea, she has her eyes looking back at me filled with tears. The tears that I created.

“For a start, Kea please tell me what led you both to this stage where you both are now.” She looks down at her fingers.

“My bes... Nced...” Oh no! I hope she won’t blurb. She will criminate both of us and we will go to jail! I can’t have her upbringing my child in prison, no ways.

I stare at her for the longest until she looks at me. She bites her lip.

“It’s okay. Take your time. You don’t have to be scared.” What the fuck? Scared of who? Me?

“With my Ncedi still out there and the rape issue, I have been under a lot of stress like I told you before. I was not coping.” Kea says. Wheeew! That was close.

“Did you tell Tebogo that time about your stress?”

“No. I desperately wanted, needed him to ask me about my distant behavior that time.” She drops her tears.

“And did he ask you?” this feels like an interrogation, not therapy.

“Yes. But it wasn’t how I was hoping he would ask me. He was annoyed, more like irritated and that is when we started fighting if not avoiding each other.”

“How did it make you feel?”

“I was angry, hurt, sad and I also needed my fiancé at the same time. I wanted him to hold me tight with his arms, and tell me that we will tackle everything together, it will be alright. But instead, I drove him to another woman’s arms and I was stuck all alone, weeping every night sleeping on a damp pillow, wet by my tears.” Okay, this is getting hard now.

“You did not drive him away. Stop blaming and making excuses for him. You didn’t tell him to cheat on you and make you cry every night. You are trying to find a fault on yourself and my love let me tell you this; you will live your life in a man's hand if you make an excuse for him because, he will do it again tomorrow because, he sees you as easily forging. Tebogo had a choice to either come back to you and go through the pain with you but he chose to look away and distress himself somewhere between a woman's legs. What do you have to say for yourself, Tebogo?” How long do these sessions take and for how long are we going to attend? I feel like I am going to have a runny tummy.

“Uhm...” I don’t know what to say.

“How did you conclude to cheating?” Oh God. How do I tell my wife that I have been cheating, all along? No, I can’t tell her.

“I don’t know. Nothing that I will say will make me feel okay. The point is

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I should have never cheated. It breaks my heart, hearing that my wife needed me the most during difficult times but what did I do? I cheated on her. I love her so much...”

“Did you remember that when you were busy with the other woman?”

“I wanted to...”

“Sir, I asked you a question that does not need any explanation. Did you remember that you love Keabetswe when you were chowing the other woman?” I don’t like this therapist.

“I didn’t want to think about her.” She chuckles.

“So, it’s a no?” I look at Kea who is in a verge of wailing.

“Yes, it’s a no.” I say, Kea looks down. “I am sorry, sweedie. I am so sorry. I know that you are tired of hearing this but, I won’t stop saying it until you forgive me, genuine.”



“This isn’t only about forgiving each other. Forgive yourself Tebogo. Heal and fetch your life because the fruit that you are going to eat is the very same fruit that you are going to feed Keabetswe. You cannot try to make her happy while your heart is still bleeding, blaming yourself for all that you’ve done to her, same applies to you Kea. Both of you need to heal before you mend your relationship. Build it upon love without holding grudges and plotting revenge.”

She talks some sense though. I do need some healing.

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I am very excited about this day. First time going for the baby check up and the gender of the baby might be revealed, according to Kea. I am hoping for a girl.

“Would you like anything to eat before we get to the hospital?” I feel so much lighter than that other day we went for therapy in fact, we both look better. It’s not awkward and also not fine fine but, it’s a start... a good one.

“Yea please. Pizza topped up with lots of avocado and extra cheese.” She says, delighted.

“Mami that’s going to take long and we will be late for our appointment.” I am very excited, I just want to get to the hospital. She frowns.

“But I want it.” She's about to cry. I can't make her cry... not today.

“Alright, we'll get it.” I say, she cries anyway.

“You don't want me to have pizza.” She sobs.

“But Mami, we are going there to get it for you.” Goodness, she is crying so seriously, what did I say wrong?

“You wanted me to starve.”

“No. I thought that we should get some drive-thru take-outs. They are quicker.”

“You don't want to see me happy, Tebi.” She sniffs.

“But how?” I sigh. “Okay, I'm sorry'. We are definitely getting that pizza for you, for us, alright?” She nods like toddler, wiping her tears. I drive into the mall, getting my car parked.

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We arrived at the hospital, Ten minutes late for hour appointment. Kea is very happy, she's been singing all the way here while having Pizza. She even ate my last slice.

I got of the car before walking to her side to open the door for her. She is wearing a long pink pleated skirt with a white floral blouse and pink high heels. She has gained a lot of weight, in a good way though and I am falling for her all over again.

"You look very good." I compliment her.

"I know. Snap a few pictures of me." Wow! No thank you, no please. I laugh. She poses next to the Range Rover as I take my phone out, taking pictures of her. "Tebi, move a little bit to your left, squat and lift your hands above your head and take it in that angle." She orders me. Is she kidding me?

"Sweedie, how am I going to see how I am taking the picture? And the position you want me to do, it's a no. it's just impossible. And we are very late now." She shrugs.

"Okay. But Tebi it's too hot, please turn the sun down." What the fuck? Are these the pregnancy hormones talking? Is this what I am going to deal with in the next few months?

“Okay.” I take her hand and kiss the back of it. “I’ll make a few calls and they will turn it off.” What else am I supposed to say?

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“Would you like to know the gender of the baby?” Doctor Peters asks. Kea is laying down on the hospital bed, doing the sonogram. We opted for 3D. It’s clearer.

“It’s a boy.” Kea says.

“I think it’s a girl. Do you want to bet on it?” I ask her, she laughs.

“Bring it on. If my guess is right, you are buying lunch for me for the whole entire week and if your guess is right, then it’s okay. I’ll be sad.”

Both doctor Peters and I break into a laugh.

“That’s crazy. So doc, what’s the sex of our baby?” I ask. She grabs a pen and paper and rights it down before showing it to us. My mouth hangs in aghast, Kea widens her eyes.

“Congratulations.” The doctor say. “You are almost at the end of your first trimester. It might get a little heavier in the fourth month, take it easy.”

“No ways!” I say, before chuckling. “What!?” I put my hands on my chest. Kea looks astonished rather, I don’t understand why. I want to laugh at her.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

**KEABETSWE MOLISE**

I looked at Tebogo, then back at the doctor. I turned my focus to the little screen. Doctor Peters only did the scan without explaining to us.

“Can you please do the scan and explain what you just wrote there.” I ask.

“Of course.” She says. She smears the cold aquasonic gel on my growing belly bump and moves the stethoscope around. Tebogo holds my hand. He looks excited while I am not. “As you can see, these are two feet and this one that you thought is a penis is actually another foot that goes with this foot.” She moves the stethoscope upper. “Two heads.”

“This is crazy.” Tebogo laughs. Both of us don’t even come from families that gave birth to twins. How is this possible! The Dichaba ancestors never forsake their own.” I roll my eyes.

“Can we hear the heartbeat?” I ask, she nods pressing on the side of the sonogram screen. The sounds of heartbeats goes on.

It gets real when I hear different patterns of heartbeats. I start feeling emotional and as soon as Tebogo puts a peck on my forehead, my tears drop on either side of my face. Two boys? That's what the doctor wrote. I didn't see that coming at all. How am I going to carry two babies for the rest of six months?

"Doc, there is something odd about this heartbeats. It sound like..." Tebogo says.

"I hear it too... hold on..." She moves the stethoscope to the side while looking at the screen. "It looks like you won't only be having two babies but three. You are hearing the third heartbeat. You are not only pregnant with twins but, triplets. The other baby is hiding behind so, it's going to be hard to tell the sex of it."

"WHAT!" Tebogo and I say simultaneously. This is shocking. God did not favour me this time around. How am I going to take care of three babies? I have not given birth but I feel exhausted already. Three babies?

"Maybe when you come on our next appointment, the baby would have moved." She gives Tebogo wipe, he gladly take them and wipes the gel off while she makes copies of the scans.

Tebogo helped me off the bed and we went to sit in front of doctor Peters' desk. She joined us after a short while. She gives a white medium envelope to Tebogo, it probably has the scan.

“How is your sensitive part? Are you still taking antibiotics? “

“Seldom. But it’s much better, the smell is gone and the discharge is almost normal.” She opens the file and jots down something.

“And the itchiness? Pelvis pains?” I shake my head.

“Now that you mentioned, I don’t remember having any these past week.” Tebogo puts his hand on my thigh.

“That’s very good. I would like you to pause on the antibiotics. Eat plain yogurt and cranberries. Use soap and alcohol free intimate wash or wipes. No sex for the whole of next month, just to fully recover.” I nod. “Go on with the Omega-pregs. They do not need prescription... they are vitamins for the pregnancy and helps with the hormones.”

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After the check up, Tebogo drove us to his house. We bought food on the way back and now we are chilling in the living room, sitting on the carpet between his legs laying my head on his chest. He has his back rested on the couch as we are watching our favourite series on Netflix. I can't stop thinking about my pregnancy. This is too much to get used to.

Sigh.

"Kea... what are you thinking about?"

"How do you know that I am about something?" I sigh.

"That. You've been sighing through out. What is it?"

"We are going to have three babies. Three, Tebi. How could you do this to me? I thought you loved me."

"And I still do." He laughs. "Mamasi, we are going to be fine. I am much happy that we are going to have a big family. I cannot wait to give you more." He laughs again, I just roll my eyes.

"I don't find it funny." I say. He pecks my cheek. The damn kisses are turning me on. I clear my throat.

“And what is it now?” He asks.

“Uhm... nothing.”

“Skat, I know there is something else bothering you. Doctor Myeni said we should talk about everything, and never hide anything away from each other so, talk to me.” I breathe.

“Did you get checked?” He breathes. I think he knows what I am talking about.

“I am expecting my results to be sent tomorrow morning. I went to take blood tests a while ago.”

“I’m glad.”

“Yeah. I regret what I did to you so much. I don’t deserve you.” I get up and kneel facing him.

“I forgive you.”

“No, you don’t. You are only pitying me.” Am I?

“No. I have seen how you are dedicated you are to make us work. I forgive you, Tebi. There is no doubt about the love that you have for me. I love you and I know we are going to make it work.”

“Is it still early to talk about having a wedding and be married? I want to marry you, right away.” My heart bounces in excitement.

“Let’s have two more sessions with doctor Myeni and then

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we can have this conversation again.” He nods and pulls me for a kiss. I don’t hesitate kissing him back. We pull out as our breathing got heavier.

“We should turn one of the bedrooms upstairs into nursery... maybe the one next to our bedroom and then we can sound proof our bedroom... you know how loud you can get.” I chuckle.

“I’m not loud.”

“Oh, maybe I should record your voice next time.” I chuckle. The smile on my face turns into a frown. “What is it?”

“I don’t think I am comfortable coming back here. I don’t think I am able to raise our kids in a house that I killed my best friend in... I can’t” He pulls me to a hug. He brushes my back and heaves a sigh. “I want a new home.” He holds me tight, without saying anything.

His phone rings, he takes it and answers it.

“Yes... what time... sharp.” He hung up.

“Who was that?” I ask. He clears his throat, moving uncomfortably.

“Palesa.”

“What does she want?” I get up and sit on the couch. He joins me.

“She was telling me that, the doctor’s appointment was moved to tomorrow. I didn’t check my emails.” I almost forgot that I am not the only baby mama. I don’t like this, one bit. The fact that he will be with Palesa, I don’t know how to feel about this. I don’t trust her.

“Babe. It’s just that, nothing more... I promise.” My tears stream down my face, he use his hand to wipe them.

“Do you love her?”

“Maybe if she played hard to get like you, I would have. But, she was so easy to get into bed with.”

“And that is supposed to make me feel better? It doesn’t!” I yell at him.

“I’m Sorry.”

“Please take me home.” I take my bend over taking my shoes.

“Mamasi... I love you, only you.”

“Okay. Now please take me home.”

“Stay a little bit longer, please.”

“I want to go home.” He roughs up his growing afro. My man has some shaving to do. “I'm off on Saturday. I am taking you out on a date

“Where too?”

“To the salon.” He breaks into a laugh.

“I love you.” He says.

“I love you.”

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Later that day, he drove me back home. I couldn't wait to tell my grandmother about this big news. She seemed to be more merrier than me.

“How is Tebogo feeling about this?” She asks.

“He is very excited, Koko.” She frowns.

“But you do not look happy? What’s wrong?”

“I’m scared. I am scared of being a mom, Koko it is scary.” She laughs.

“There is nothing to be scared of. Babies are precious, you will see once they are born. Raise the issue up on your next session with doctor Myeni. I don’t want you having mental breakdowns when the babies are born. Your mother and I will be there for you.” I nod.

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The next day, I am tempted to call Tebogo, just to prove my insecurities wrong but I decide otherwise. I need to take doctor Myeni’s advice and trust my man, not make him feel like he needs to report to me whenever we are not together.

“Sister Kea.” This voice is starting to annoy me.

“Doctor Vilakazi.” It is Sizwe.

“I need your assistance please, in a theatre room.”

“I didn’t know that there was someone booked into theatre today. And why are you asking me? Couldn’t you ask someone else?”

“Oh, come on Kea. You are the first nurse I came across with. Please.” I look around and there is no other nurse except I in the corridor.

“Fine.” I walk in front of him going to the theater room. I walked in and to my surprise is is empty. He walks in behind me and closed the door. As I turned back he pulled me for a kiss. The first thing that came into my mind was that, he was going to rape me. I kicked him between his legs. He groaned bending over and I opened the door, running out crying. How could he bring back the memory that I desperately want to forget. I was raped before and he attacks me with a kiss.

I got into the ladies room and locked myself in the last cubicle, crying. Why is he taking me to that dark place?

TO BE CONTINUED...

**TEBOGO DICHABA**

I arrived at Medforum hospital. I am quite nervous about this check-up I mean, just yesterday I found out that we are having 3 babies at once. What more could I expect today.

I find Palesa waiting for me in the reception. She gets the eye sight of me and gets up to meet me halfway. She wraps her arms around my waist, I almost pushed her but, I don't want people's eyes so, I let her be. She pulls out a few seconds later.

"How are you?" She asks.

"Can we get to what we are here for?" I walk towards the reception, and tell her about our appointment. She returns to us after a few minutes, leading us to the obstetrician's office. She let's us in and the reception leaves us.



“Good morning. I am doctor Nkosi.” We shake hands. “Please, settle yourself on the bed and expose your belly, I will be with you in a minute.”

Palesa gets on the bed, lifting up her t-shirt as she lies down. I sit on the chair next to the bed.

“Thank you for being here for me.” She says, causing me to chuckle.

“I am not here for you. I am here to make sure that my child is fine.”

Doctor Nkosi gets back to us, holding the aquasonic gel.

“Just be warned, it’s cold.” She refers to Palesa before she smears the gel on her belly, she flinches and grabs my hand. I pull it back and the doctor stares at me.

“What?” I shrug, she clears her throat. She takes the stethoscope and moves it on the gel.

“I have enabled the sound of the heartbeat too. You will hear it as I move the stethoscope.” My heart warms up when I see those little feet. “These are the...”

“Feet.” I say, smiling. “And those are the little hands of my champ.”

“You not a first time dad, are you?” The doctor asks.

“You seem to look impressed. My wife and I went for our first check up, yesterday. I have learned a thing or two.”

“Your wife is pregnant!?” Palesa shouts, asking.

“Was that necessary?” I ask her.

“I thought she left you.”

“Stop thinking then. I don’t see how that is any of your business.” I cluck my tongue.

“Right. Would you like to know the gender of your baby?”

“Yes. Oh and, are there not anymore babies in there? I don’t want surprises like yesterday.” I say.

“What happened?” The doctor asks with interest.

“We went for the check up with the mentality that we are having only one baby, the doctor saw too as the other one was hiding.” She laughs. Palesa coughs.

“So you are expecting triplets? Congratulations. Well unfortunately, it’s only one here.” I sigh in relief.

“Are we finish?” Palesa interrupt us.

“Oh, the gender.”

“I don’t want to know.” Palesa scoffs.

“Doc, I want to know.” I tell her.

“Okay, how about you wait for me by my desk and I will be right there with you.” The doctor suggest, I nod, getting up. Palesa starts crying, causing me to turn to look at her.

“And then?”

“Palesa? Talk to me, what is wrong? Do you feel any pain?” The doctor asks.

“No.” She sniffs. “I want to know the gender of the baby.” I roll my eyes. What is wrong with her?

Such Drama!

“Okay, okay... You are having a boy.” Another boy! Are my sperms only boys? I’m going to have a house full of boys, really? Speaking of house, my wife wants a new house and right now, my budget does not allow me to buy a house and, I do not like loans. This is stressing me out because, I want to marry her so that we can move in together and raise our kids together.

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On my way home

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I try calling Keabetswe but, it rings in answered. I try her phone for the third time, she answers.

“Hello.” She softly says.

“Love, where are you? Are you okay?”

“I am... I am fine.”

“No, you are not. What is it? Are you at work?” She snots. She’s been crying.

“I’m at work.”

“I’m coming.” I take a route leading to her work place.

“Tebi, I am fine.”

“Okay my love but, I am still coming.” I hung up. Something is wrong, I know it.

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After parking the car, I got off going inside the hospital. I went to the reception and requested to see Kea. She was called over with the intercom, she in a few minutes. We kissed and hugged before we walked out.

“Tebi, I told you that I’m fine.” She says.

“But your eyes are telling me otherwise. What is it?”

“Nothing.” She sadly says.

“Kea, ova le nna.” (Talk to me.)

“There is nothing to talk about, Tebi.” She huff.

“Is it the babies?”

“It’s not them.”

“So there is something? Or , I am going in there and find the culprit that hurt you myself. And you know how that’s going to end.” We get to the car. She looks at me, then burst into tears. I pull her into my arms, holding her tight.

“I thought... I thought he was going to rape me.” I swear I am going to kill someone. People are testing me, God forgive me but my wife needs protection from such people.

“Who?” She shakes her head. “Keabetswe?”

“He, he kissed me... I kicked his manhood and ran away. I was scared.” I heavily breathe. The moment I get my hands on him, I will be the last face he sees.

“Who is it?”

“Don’t kill him.” She shakes her head. “Tebi, please. No more blood for me.” I sigh and think hard about it. If I kill him, she is going to go back to square one with the mental break down. I don’t want to go there But, that does not mean he can’t go unpunished. He needs to be taught a lesson.

“I won’t, I promise. I just want to talk to him.”

“It’s doctor Vilakazi... Sizwe Vilakazi.” She say. I will find out myself who that Sizwe is.

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When Kea knocked off, I went back to her work place to fetch her and drove her home. I told her that I will be at Thapelo's place and I will come and check her before I leave. Taylor left Njabulo with us as she went to Kea.

"So you mean to tell me that, you scored three goals in the same time?" T-man jokingly asks.

"Kea is not happy at all about this."

"It's only the hormones man. I've been there, remember? Taylor was not happy at all about being pregnant." I chortle.

"Woman and hormones." I shake my head. Njabulo crawls to me, I pick him up. "Njabs, dintsang?" (What's up?)

"Dintsang." He says after me.

"Adintsi." (Nothing.) I say. He takes my car keys on the couch before he wiggles himself off me. This child looks like both his parents. Just when you think you are seeing T-Man, Taylor appears.

"You look distracted, what is the problem?" T-Man asks. I really and stressed. I sigh.

“Keabetswe won’t move back in unless I get us a new house.”  
He whistles. “I don’t mind getting it for her but...”

“But the problem is money.” He says

“Yeah. I can’t afford it and, I am running low on cash. I am thinking of selling that other house but, the money still won’t be enough.”

“You were spending money like crazy on a woman that you don’t even love. You did this on your own.”

“I know, and I regret it so much. I now understand why Kea called me The Prodigal Husband.” He laughs. This fool.

“She said that?” He makes fun of me.

“I'm going to rob a bank, solo.” I solemnly say.

“What?” His face gets serious.

“I once did it with the fidelity, a bank is nothing.”

“Are you crazy? It’s risky.”

“Then I want to take that risk. For my wife, I will do anything. I want to secure our future..”

“Then I am coming with. I won’t let you do this job alone.”

“No. One of us must stay and look after the family.”



“Your Trophy Wife won’t take this very well. What’s going to be of her if you get arrested?”

“I will be out in no time.”

“Fuck!” The baby startles and starts crying. This bastard scared the baby. I take Njabulo into my arms and rock him.

“It’s your idiot father. He never thinks before he does or says something.”

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TO BE CONTINUED...

**KEABETSWE MOLISE**

I don't if pregnancy is naturally not nice or, it is not nice only because I am the one pregnant with three babies. The second trimester is hell. During the first trimester I was never this sick and now, the babies are weighing heavier every day. Many weeks have passed us and all that I've doing is work, eat, sleep, wake up, eat sleep, work and so on.

So, this whole week, I have been helping Taylor prepare for Njabs' first birthday party which is tomorrow. When I knock off, Tebogo and I are going to fetch the cake where we've ordered it. Just an hour left before knock off time, then I'm gone. I am so damn tired and my feet are swollen.

“Nurse Kea, are you okay? You have been sitting there for a while now.” The matron asks. I have been sitting on the bed in one of the empty rooms in the hospital, resting my feet.

“I am well. I should get back to work.” I slowly get off, and wear my pumps.

“No, it’s okay. You don’t give me a hard time when it comes to your work and you are so much dedicated and I like you. You can take the rest of this hour to go home and relax.”

“Thank you so much but, I still have to wait for Tebogo so I might as well do my last round.” She nods.

“Alright, take it easy.” She goes out. I take my cellphone and walk out too.

“Nurse Kea, are you busy?” A doctor asks, coming from a ward.

“Not at all. Can I help you with something?” I ask.

“Yes please. I have a patient in here who needs a dressing.” I follow her into the ward. “This is doctor Vilakazi.” My heart almost stopped beating. This person disappeared into thin air like he never existed. The last time I saw him was when he kissed me and that was it. Now he is here, lying on the hospital bed like he got the beating of his life.

“Uh... what happened?”

“He went missing for a few weeks. He was found on the side of the road in the N1, beaten to a pulp. Broken ribs, joint dislocation on his knee, twisted ankle and knife cuts on his back.”

“Oh my goodness. Is he going to be fine?” I ask.

“It’s going to take long but, he will eventually heal. I need you to attend the wounds on his face and dress his face with a bandage and round it up to his head from beneath his chin to avoid him getting infection.” I don’t feel good about this but, this is my job. I took an oath that, I will put my personal issues aside and save my patients.

“I’ll get onto it, now.” She leaves me in the ward. This has Tebogo written all over. I know my man and it is not a coincidence that he went missing right after he kissed me.

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We got the PJ Masks themed cake for Njabs’ birthday party tomorrow. We are now driving to my hood.

“Sweedie..” I call him as his focus is on the road.

“Yes, skat.” He takes my hand into his free hand.

“You did it, didn’t you?”

“Did what?” He looks at me, then back to the road.

“You know.”

“No, I don’t sweedie. I do a lot of things.”

“The doctor. You got him landed in the hospital.”

“Oh, that scum. They found him?” He chuckles. Now I understand why they call Tebogo Ruthless. I don’t think I want to talk about this so, I just shut my lips and look outside to the side of the road.

We arrived at my house first to take a few things. I am sleeping over at his house today and we are going to come together tomorrow for the kiddie’s party tomorrow. We went to T-man’s house to drop the cake. As soon as we got in the house, Njabs stood up, balancing with the coffee table and walked a few steps to us before he fell on his bums.

“Oh my word

Tebi did you see that?” I ask.

“My baby can walk! My baby can walk!” Taylor screams. Njabulo laugh as he tries getting up again. “Hlesa, he is doing it again. Take a video.” Hlesa is T-Man's clan name. Njabs excitedly stands and take more steps towards me, I crouch a little bit lower so that I can catch him to my arms. Taylor’s eyes are filled with tears. “My baby can walk, guys.”

“Your child was waiting for us to arrive before he could show off his new moves.” Tebogo says, going to the Kitchen to put the cake in the fridge.

“I see that too. Entlek, letla vaya le ena because it’s obvious that he doesn’t want us anymore.” (Leave with him...) T-Man jokingly says. I sit down on the couch with Njabulo laying his head on my chest. Tebogo gets back.

“Tay-Tay... did you get that thing that I asked you to get for me?” Tebogo asks.

“Yes. I sent T-Man to go and fetch it on my behalf.” She responds.

“What thing?” They clear their throats and cough, it’s clear that it is something that I should not know about.

“Uh, Tebza...” T-Man gets up, signaling Tebogo to follow him. Tebogo tries to take Njabs from me but he has hold on tight to my t-shirt.

“Huh-uh!” He shouts.

“Huh-uh to you too. This is my wife.”

“It’s the pregnancy. My baby has been clinging on you if not Tebogo.”

“He feels that he is going to have friends soon... more than he expected.” After T-Man said that, we all burst into a laugh. T-Man and Tebogo leave us.

“So, mo' girl. Are you going to tell me what thing that you three were talking about?”

“Uh-uh. My lips are sealed. You will find out tomorrow.”

“Taylor?” I give her a look.

“No, Kea.” She laughs. “I will not blab, I refuse.”

“Okay, just a little hint.” I persist.

“Kea hle... a hint will ruin everything.” She gets up, I put Njabulo down and make him stand on his feet and hold his hand as we follow his mom to the kitchen. I'm glad we made it there but, he still wants to walk around. “Would you like some food?”

“I want meat.” I say. “Let me go and ask Tebogo if he wants food or not. Njabs, let's go.” He holds on to my leg as he stands up. I hold his hand and we walk out of the house.

As I get closer to where Tebogo and T-Man are, they stop talking as if they were talking about something that I shouldn't find out about.

“Sweedie, Tay is dishing up. Are you going to eat?”

“Yeah, she can dish up for me please.” Njabulo looks tired from the walking. I lift him up, he leans over bringing his hands forth to Tebogo.

“I don't want you, Njabs.” Tebogo playfully ducks him, he squeals. He takes him.

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After dinner, Tebogo drove us to his house. He is awfully quiet and it bothers me so much.

“Okay, Tebogo what is it?” I sit next to him on the couch. I am wearing his big t-shirt which is getting smaller and smaller.

“What is what?” He plays dumb with me.

“What is it that’s bothering you? It’s like your body is here but your soul and mind is somewhere else.” He pulls me closer to him.

“You know sometimes, in order to be close to the person you love dearly, a sacrifice or two has to be made.” He sighs.

“A sacrifice?” I ask. He pecks my cheek.

“Yes. I want you to know that, if anything happens in the nearer future, I did it for love. I did it for you. I did it because I love you.”

“You are not about to do anything are you? Baby, do you want to see me giving birth at this very moment?” He laughs, I am not. I am dead serious.

“I am just saying, I love you.” He kiss my lips. “And I will do anything and everything for you.”

“I love you.” I kiss him, sensually. “I’m horny.” He stops kissing me, looking at me. “What?” I shrug, he laughs at me. I must be a joke for him to laugh at me like this. I am just happy that we are both clean now but until then, we going to use a condom.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

**TEBOGO DICHABA**

I have missed my wife so much. After a long five months of not being intimate with my wife, here am I having the morning Glory of my life. I am fully buried inside behind her. We are in a spooning position. Oh God this feels like home, my home. I have my hand cupping her boob as I keep thrusting, deeper and harder. The babies will have to forgive me but, I am going to be in here constantly.

“Not too hard... aaahh.” Kea says. I decrease my speed. “No... don’t stop.”

I kiss the side of her neck, living love bites.

“I'm close.” I whisper in her ear. She takes my hand, placing it down on her clit and helps me rub it. “I’m clossse...” I hiss. I increase my pace again. Her body trembles as she reach her orgasm, I follow after her, filling the condom with my seeds. The days of masturbation are over!

“I love you, Sweedie.” I pull out, getting off from the bed to dispose the condom. I return back and tuck her closer to me. “It’s going to be a good day today.” I peck her shoulder.

“I think so too.” She says.

“I was thinking... why don’t we use doctor Noncebo’s advice and use it. She said we can actually do something fun together. Are you keen?” She turns and faces me.

“What are you suggesting?” She smiles.

“A vacation, somewhere in the cape? Just for a week.” She screams in excitement.

“Yes! Baby, I’d really love that! When are we going, so that I can start preparing and do some shopping?”

“I’ll leave the bookings to you but, I think the next weekend will do. We leave on Thursday in the evening and we come back on Monday.”

“And what about work?”

“Don’t worry about me.”

“I have to report to work on Monday, Tebi.” When is she taking a leave at work? I really don’t like the idea of my pregnant wife going to work. What if something happens?

“You need to resign from work.”

“Resign!?! Tebi I am not going to resign.” She snaps.

“I am not asking you, mamasi. I want you to resign. I can’t have you going to work when we are pregnant. I don’t want you and my children put at risk. I will help you write a resignation letter and then on Monday, you submit it to your superior or whoever is in charge. You'll serve your notice but after that, you are nursing yourself at home.” She curves her lips sadly with tears forming in her eyes.

“Why are you so abusive?” She lays her head on my chest and I feel her tears come in contact with my skin.

“I love you and I care for you. That’s why I am doing this. You can’t be working under pressure, it’s not good for you and the kids.” I drop a kiss on her forehead.

“I love you and I care for you. That’s why I am doing this.” She murmurs. “But you are making me quit something that I love, Tebi.”

“It’s not permanent. You can go back after you gave birth and maybe when the kids are done breastfeeding.” She sobs.

“sweedie?” I run my hand on her shoulder.

“I don’t want to breastfeed.” I sigh. I don’t want to make her sad any further.

“It’s alright.” I say. But she is definitely going to give our children breastmilk.

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Taylor and my wife did an absolutely beautiful job with Njabs’ first birthday party. The decorations, the PJ Masks Theme, the kiddie’s meal from McDonald’s. Everything is amazing. The way that Kea is so good with Njabs and the other kids, I have no doubt that she is going to make a good mother although she is frightened by the idea, she is going to be a super mom.

I am chilling with the guys by the garden side braaing some meat as the woman are busy with the kids, serving them cake. The party started an hour ago and Njabs is very happy especially when he is around the other kids.

“Ey Tebza. Come and help me off load the other packs in your car.” T-Man says. He can do it all alone but I know he wants to talk to me so I just follow him out.

We get to the car and stand besides it. He takes out a box of cigarettes and hands me one and takes for himself too. I have my own lighter in my pocket so I just light my cigarette and give the lighter to him.

“She looks happy.” He says after puffing.

“Yeah. She is happy. Therapy is working for the both of us.”

“And you are going to ask her to marry you. And you want the wedding to happen next month.” He chuckles. “I still say, pull out from the bank robbery. We can think of something else. You can come and crash here at my house while we sell both your houses.”

“That’s going to take long, T-Man and you know it. People don’t buy houses cash and the amount of money for the bond that they will be willing to pay won’t be enough and won’t cover everything. I have Kea and Four babies to maintain, Four T-Man

plus the hospital bill. Also, I can't crash here in your place forever."

"Robbing a bank is dangerous!" He semi-shouts. "You can get killed if not arrested. This one man job is very risky."

"After the vacation... I'm doing it. My mind is made up, the plan is good and I am ready."

"You are stubborn man, fuck you!" He punch chest hard. I groan in pain, holding my chest.

"What the hell, man!?"

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Later on, the kids started leaving with their parents until it was only the eight of us left... Kabza and Mpumi are here also Tiisetso and her girl friend

Busi. I am sitting next to Kea, with Njabs sitting on my lap. Taylor's phone rings, she looks at me and nods. Kea moves her eyes between us.



“Excuse me.” Taylor gets up to answer her phone.

“Babe, what is going on?” Kea asks. “All of you here are eye contacting each other it’s like, you are hiding something away from me and it’s been happening throughout the week. Why are you doing me like this?” She starts crying. Yoooh my wife cries a lot. Now, everyone looks at me.

“She’s such a cry baby, argh.” Mpumi says, rolling her eyes.

“It’s the hormones... but I don’t expect you to understand because you know nothing about kids or pregnant women so shut the hell up!” Kabza reprimands her. It goes quiet, even Kea stops crying. Taylor comes back and looks at all of us

“And then... what did I miss?” She sits down. “Anyway... Sis Thandi says it’s all good, we can go now.” My heart nervously beats. I’ve never done this before but, I want to do it in Kea’s style. She deserves to be treated like a trophy wife that she is. With a few thousands left in my bank account, I want to spoil her.

“Why are we going there?” Kea asks. I take her hand into mine.

“Do you trust me?” She nods. “Say it, mamasi.”

“I trust you, papasi.” I kiss the back of her hand.

“Pa-pa-si... papasi... papasi...” Njabs makes a song out of it clapping hands. He sneezes and a huge balloon forms on his nose. We all laugh except for Mpumi.

“That is so disgusting! Eeeuww!” Mpumi gets up.

“Ai Barbie girl. If you can’t hold yourself around my baby, don’t ever come near us.” Taylor scoffs. I take out my handkerchief and wipe Njabs’ nose.

“Let’s go guys.” T-Man and I are going to use my car driving with our women. Thandi's place is just around the corner so there is no need to take all the cars. Tiisetso, Busi, Mpumi and Kabza are taking the same car too.

In no time we were there. I help Kea off the car.

“Babe, what’s happening? What are we celebrating here?” She asks because there are gold and white balloons.

We walk in further, and there isn’t much happening. I am just here to make her feel special, that’s all. We stand in the little

aisle, surrounded by balloons with everyone looking at us. I chuckle as I remember this is where I first spoke to her. She looks nervous.

“Ma Thandis. I remember telling you that this woman here is going to be my wife some day and what did you say?” She laughs. “She was out of my league. Your words not mine but a re daar.” (We are not there.) I breathe.

“Tebi. What are you doing?” She asks with her teeth gritted.

“Nothing much sweedie. Just here to show everyone how much I love you.” She blushes. “Girl, you once hated me so much that I never thought I would ever get you.” She shyly looks down smiling. “Fuck, let me just get to the point because this sweet talk is not for me. But, watseba ke tlala ka wena mamasi and I tell you everyday. I am just going to ask you a question and you are going to say yes. I am doing it the Kea's style.” She laughs. The first time I didn't even ask her to marry me. I just spoke to my father, he wrote a letter to her parents and as soon as she found out, she was completely insane. She told me how that

was old school and not romantic. I should ask her for tips and do it in the 'Kea style'.

Taylor brings the flashy small jewelry box which was in Njabs' hands. He refuses to give me the box. I get hold of the box and take out the ring, giving back the box to him because he is crying.

I turn to my wife who is in tears.

"No ways!" She says, laughing.

"Yes way!" Everyone says.

"I hope it fits your now chubby fingers, take it's yours."

Everyone laughs.

"Tebi that's not how you should do it! Go down on your knee, and put the damn ring on me!" I gasp. "It's a yes baby, OMG. But why did we have to come all the way down here?" I go down on my knee, putting the ring on her finger.

"This is where I first spoke to you. The second time we came here was on our first date." I get up. "I fucking love you, woman! I love you." I pull her and French kiss her. Everyone screams, clapping their hands. She holds on tight to me. "I want our kids to be born with us already married. I want you and

them to have my last name so, start planning the wedding.”  
She looks at me.

“Thank you. Thank you so much. Not only for being here for me. For making us work and for being committed.” She hugs me. I feel so guilty that I am about to take the biggest risk of my life. “Taylor! I'm going to get you.” Taylor laughs.

Sis Thandi starts serving us non-alcohol champagne.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

**KEABETSWE MOLISE**

I prayed this whole week, asking God to be with me throughout the journey I am about to get into. I have been at my most happiest and I don't want anything or anyone to ruin it for me.

It is Thursday and Tebogo just fetched me from work. We have an appointment with doctor Peters because we will be flying tonight to Cape Town. So, we needed to do a little check-up to see if I am capable of flying and also, we need to know the hiding baby's gender. I am so excited, and I just can't hide it.

"Sweedie, what is in the plastic at the back? I am hungry."

"It's not food. We'll get some drive-thru take-outs on the way."  
He say, not moving his eyes from the road.

"No, I will have whatever is in the plastic."

“You said you are hungry. Leave the sweet things and we getting KFC. Is it okay?” I am not going to win this so I just nod.

After getting streetwise 2 for the both of us, I ate on the way to the Netcare hospital. Doctor Peters started off with checking my blood pressure. It was all normal.

“Are you ready to see baby number three?” Doctor Peters asks while examining my stomach with both her hands, softly pressing on my almost big bump. “Do you feel them move? Do the kick?”

“I haven’t felt them kick yet but the moving started just a week ago.” She nods.

“Okay.”

“This one is definitely a girl. I can feel it in me.” Tebogo say. The doctor smears the gel on my exposed belly, I flinch to the coldness of it. Tebogo holds my hand into his.

“I am not betting this time. You refused to buy my lunch the last time.” I say.

“This wife... I bought lunch for the entire two months.” I roll my eyes.

“The babies look all good, their heartbeats are sounding normal and...” Doctor Peters smiles at us. “You are having two boys and one girl.”

And it’s a girl! Oh my God, it’s a girl.

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This is my very first vacation with Tebogo... our very first vacation. We have arrived in our suite and the first thing that I did was to go to the balcony and just appreciate the beach view, the fresh clean air and surrounded by strangers. This is something that I didn’t know I needed.

Tebogo walks out of the suite coming to where I am. It is already late at night but I am too excited to be going to sleep.

Tebogo snuggles his arm on my waist, hugging me from my back and kiss my neck.



“Thank you for bringing me here.” I say to him.

“This is a fresh start for us. We need this kind of therapy.” He rests his chin on my shoulder. We remain silent, looking at the beach, listening to the sound of waves. A knock hits our door, Tebogo removes his hands from me. “It’s probably the room service. Let’s go and have our late supper.” He takes my hand and we walk back into the suite. While he goes and gets the door, I sit by the little table that we have in here.

“Good Evening sir.” The waiter pushes the wheeled table in the room.

“Hello... thanks, I will take it from here.” The waiter leaves and Tebogo pushes the table to where I am, joining me. “I have been meaning to ask you, sweedie and this is something that we were bound to have sooner or later.” He says as he puts the plate near me with a soft drink and a straw.

“Yes?” I am already having a first spoon in my mouth

“It’s about...” He coughs. “I don’t expect you to welcome my other child with Palesa and I’ll truly understand if you won’t

take him in like your own but, I would truly appreciate it if you accept him. That's all I am asking for." I didn't expect this at all.

"When is she due?"

"A month before you." I nod.

"I don't have anything against the baby. Our kids are innocent and I won't deny them to have a relationship. I just don't want the mother in fact as your wife, if she needs anything she should contact me not you. We are both going to be mothers soon and if she wants peace between us, she got to stop calling you. If there is anything that she needs she can contact me but only if it has anything to do with the baby." He looks at me.

"Thank you. Thank you so much." He leans over to peck my lips.

"I will tell her."

"No, I will. I just want to make it clear to her."

"Please don't do anything stupid." That wouldn't be such a bad idea now would it?

"I was not planning too. Let's have our supper so that we can have a dessert." I lick my lips, seductively. He heavily breathes.

"Let's skip to dessert." He says.

"Uh-uh. I can't starve the babies. We are very hungry." I dip a prawn in the sauce before tossing it into my mouth.

“Please, sweedie... I’ll be quick.”

“You know you are lying, right?” He laughs.

“Alright. Let’s feed you.”

\*\*\*

It’s morning and I am woken up by Tebi's hand roaming around my thighs. I slightly open them making room for him to give me the pleasure. After the steamy sex that we had last night, I would have said no right now but with this pregnancy I grew to love sex.

After he made sure that I am fully in the mood, he gets up, kneeling in front of me between my legs. His dick is pointing at me and I cannot wait for it to come in contact with my pussy. I bite my lower lip, playing with my erected nipples as I watch him stroke his penis before he puts on the condom. We will keep on using protection until I am certain that we are both clean.

He slowly goes in and just like that, my orgasm betrays me. I release the juices, moaning.

“Kea, I am not even halfway in.” He laughs at me. He grits his teeth, going in further, my pussy grips his dick. He closes his eyes and stays in for a while not moving.

“Shit.” He cuss.

He starts thrusting. This baby bump is obstructing my view. I want to see what is happening on the other side but anyway, it doesn't matter.

“Mmm, baby.... Just like that... aaahh.” He is hitting it right. Just how I want it.

He hits the same spot a couple of time until I can't take it anymore. I grab the pillow with both my hands and cry out when the dick slaps me very hard, release my cum.

He increases his pace, grabbing my thighs not too tight though. He moans deeper and deeper, reaching for his Haven. He leans forward dropping kiss on my face.

“Sex with the pregnant you is more nicer.” He hiss. “fuck!”  
Tebogo swears a lot. I hope he will stop it when the kids arrive.

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The weather is not disappointing. I am in my red bikini, sunglasses and a big straw hat walking barefoot on the sand by the shore. Tebogo is right next to me in is beach shorts, showing his yummy muscular body.

“Do you want ice cream?” He asks.

“Yes baby please.”

“Okay, in order for you to get it, we are going to race to the ice cream truck. You are very lazy these days.” He chuckles after saying that.

“Tebi how do you expect me to run when I am carrying three human beings in my tummy?” I stand, balancing my hands on my waist.

“That’s an excuse mami. Come on now, I know you can do it.”

“Tebi, don’t do this.”

“On your mark... get set... go!”

“Tebi, No.” He runs and I pace after him. He gets to the truck first and he laughs at me. I walk slowly to the truck. I can’t believe he made me almost run. When I reach the truck, he has already bought the ice creams. He gives me the bubble gum flavoured and he takes the chocolate one.

“Can I taste yours?” I ask him.

“It still taste the same as yours, just different colours.” He stupidly says.

“Okay. Can I taste your colour?” The people around us laugh at us. I can play stupid too.

“Mamasi, you making people laugh at us now.”

“Then why won’t you give me your ice cream?”

“Because it’s mine. Okay, okay fine take.” I gloat my smile at him taking his ice cream licking it and mine at the same time.

“This is good. You wanna taste?”

“Mamasi don’t do that. Keame hle.” (it is mine.)

“Buy another one.” I say.

“Alright. I see you don’t want to go shopping. It’s okay.” I gasp.

“Papasi, you wouldn’t dare.”

“My ice cream?”

“Fine...” I hand it over to him.

After eating the ice creams, we went over to play with the water. We took a few pictures together and of course not forgetting to write our names on the sand inside a heart.

After the beach, we went back to the suite to take an “not innocent” bath before we went shopping and then later, we are going out for dinner. The way I am getting spoiled by Tebogo, you'd swear that this is his way of saying goodbye to me.

TO BE CONTINUED...

51

THE PRODIGAL HUSBAND

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FIFTY-ONE

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KABELO KABZA KABINDE

I was sleeping when I received a call from Rose. I turned to look at Mpumi who was sleeping so peacefully, I sighed. I got out of bed going out of the room to answer the call.



“Imbali yami enhle. A call from you so early in the morning, what’s wrong?” (My beautiful flower.) She breathes over the phone.

“Kabinde... I don’t feel well. I don’t think I am going to go to work today.” Her voice sounds so scratchy like it’s sore or something.

“What’s wrong? You don’t sound too good for my liking.” She clears her throat.

“I’ve been regurgitating every time after having a meal.”

“And you are only telling me now? Why is that happening?” I sit in the middle of the stairs.

“I didn’t think it will constantly occur...”

“I am coming to fetch you in an hour or so, get ready.” I get up again.

“Kabinde?” She nervously calls out.

“Yes, Mrs Me?”

“I think... I think I’m pregnant.” She softly says.

“Rose unga dlali ngam'.” (Don’t play like that.)

“Kabinde, I don’t joke like this. Ngiyasaba.” (I am scared.) I sigh.

“Don’t be, Mrs Me. Ngizoku nakekela.” (I will take care of you.) “Ngiyak’ thanda yezwa?” (I love you.)

“I love you too.”

“Okay. Get ready I am taking you to the doctor, just for confirmation and a check up.”

“Okay, bye.” She hung up.

“Yes!” I punch the air, running back to the bedroom. I am all smiles and so happy. Finally, with all this money that I have, I will be spending it on my kid. I have been longing to have a child and now, here I am God blessing me with one. Circumstances forced me to find me another woman. A woman that I intend to marry very soon, making her my other wife.

“What’s with the excitement?”

“Huh?” Mpumi wakes up, resting her back on the headboard.

“Who was calling?”

“Oh... the call? Oh yes, it was Uhm... a client. The one that I’ve been trying to get for months. I finally got her.”

“I thought it was a him.” I sigh and walk up to her. I kiss her lips.

“I love you.” I really do love her but, she can be impossible.

“I love you too.”

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Rose and I indeed went to see a doctor and she ran the tests. While we were waiting for the results, she also checked Rose’s blood pressure. She got the results down on a file before checking the results on the pregnancy test kits. She looks at us with a smile.

“Congratulations. You are pregnant.”

“Ngingu bani!? Ngithi ngingu bani mina!?” (Who am I!? I asked, Who am I!?) I stood up, clasping my hands together in a praying manner. If I don’t cry right now, then I don’t know. I am going to have a baby. This is overwhelming.

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## TEBOGO DICHABA

It is our last day in Cape Town today and my wife is dragging is not happy that we are going back to reality. This was indeed a breather for both of us. We needed this little holiday and it has brought us together and even more closer.

“Dichaba! Dichaba!” This is the first time she calls me with my surname. I am in the shower and she is calling from the bedroom, where I left her.

I turn off the faucet and got out, wrapping a towel around my waist. When I got to the bedroom, I find her amused sitting on the edge of the bed. I look at her, confused.

“Mma Molise, is everything okay?”

“Come quickly.” She holds her belly bump with the other hand. When I get there, she takes my hand and also puts it on her bump. I don’t know why am I holding her baby bump.

“Baby? Is there anything wrong with the kids? Should I take you to the doctor?” She laughs with tears streaming down to her cheeks. “Haow, Mamasi?” I sit next to her.

“They were kicking, papasi. And now they’ve stopped.” My wife will get me a heart attack I swear.

“Oh, I missed that? I'm sure they will kick again and I will get to feel that.” I kiss her cheek, rubbing her belly.

“But I want them to do it again

Advertisement

now.” She whines. Now she is asking for the impossible. I lean over to her big stomach, to talk to the babies.

“Triple O. Mommy wants to play with you and if you don’t play with her, she will be mad at me for the rest of the day.” I leave kisses around the bump.

“Triple O?” She asks.

“Yes. The boys will be Omphile and Onthatile and the girl is Oatlile.” She nods, wiping her tears with a slight smile. I tickle her a little, to my surprise the babies moved, I felt them move. I felt my kids move.

“You felt them?” She asks.

“I did.” I chit chat with the children, making Kea giggle every now and then. She starts taking videos and I am glad the kids are cooperating too, kicking and moving wanting to be in the video. This hits me now, it is real. I am going to be a father.

Later on, Kea went to a spa and left me all alone in the suite. I am sitting on the couch, having my beer and snacks watching soccer. I could get used to this vacation life... it is not as bad as I thought it would be. We should plan a trip somewhere with the guys, taking our women with. This fucking relaxing.

I should get ready so that when Kea gets back, we are hitting the ocean. I have made arrangements for us to ride a boat to the middle of the sea and watch dolphins and also, to get different air. I hope she does not get sea sick.

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“Baby, you should have joined me for the body massage... it was lit!” She says as I follow her to the top in the boat.

“No thanks, love. I am good.”

“You are such a bore.”

“I’m just happy that you enjoyed and still enjoying yourself.” She turns and looks at me and I fall in love all over again with her.

“I am... Thank you so much, Tebi.” She hugs me, not entirely due to the baby bump blocking but, it’s doable. “I love you so much.”

“I love you too and you deserve it all.” I French Kiss her, she moans in between. I pull out looking at her. “No, Mamasi.”

“But I did nothing.” She smirks.

“I know you hape wena.” She giggles looking around the dark blue waters. “It’s beautiful, isn’t it?” I hug her from behind, looking at the little waves forming.

“And peaceful too. I love it here.”

“But unfortunately, you can’t live here. We are going home tomorrow.” Two dolphins jumped out from the water before going back in.

“Wow, that’s so cool!” She say. Papasi please take me a few pictures here.” Plus she looks beautiful in that green long floral summer dress that’s flying with the wind. After taking her pictures, I asked the waitress that was here to serve us juice and platters to take both me and Kea a few pictures.

“OMG, you are Tebogo Dichaba right? The former CEO of SAA?” She says after giving back my phone.

“The one and only, mam.”

“I knew it. I’ve been arguing with my fellow colleague about you. Can I take a picture with you?” Does this girl not see my wife here? Kea looks a little irritated.

“I only take pictures with my wife. So, if you'll excuse us, we would like us some privacy.” I look at my Kea who is murderously looking at her, she looks back at me and smiles. I kiss her lips. The girl huffs and walks down the stairs.

“I don’t like her.” She says.

“Me too.” We both laugh.

TO BE CONTINUED...



**TEBOGO DICHABA**

The plane had just landed in OR Thambo international airport and we are sitting in one of the restaurants in the airport as we are waiting for Kabza, our ride home.

Now, being here has got me thinking about my life and all complications that's in my life. I am back to reality now.

“What are you thinking about?” Kea asks.

“Huh... what?”

“You haven't touched your food. What is wrong? Why are you frowning?” She bites her burger and chews.

“Nothing to worry about, love.”

“What's with the sudden mood change?” I fake my smile holding her hand.

“I'm still the same guy that was with you in Cape Town. I am just feeling tired.” She nods.

“Okay... are you going to eat your fries?”

“Do you want to eat them for me?”

“I want to eat them for me and the triple O. Can I have them please?” She asks already sticking her hand in my food.

“You could have at least waited for me to give them to you.”

“You took long.” I chuckle. I take a both fork and knife, breaking my ribs apart. “Can I have those too?” She asks, making puppy eyes. “Please?” I can’t resist those eyes, I smile.

“Do you want my whole plate, perhaps Keke?” I put the cutlery back on the table and fold my arms?

“No, it’s just fries Tebi huh...”

“No... I’m just asking sweedie if you'd also want to have my spaghetti Bolognese?” I raise my eyebrows.

“Does it have cheese?” I burst into a laugh shaking my head, she laughs too.

“So, love...” I pull her hand. “When are you starting with the wedding planning?”

“Oh, baby! I found the best wedding planner. I am meeting with him this coming weekend.” She says excitedly.

“It’s a him?” I worriedly ask.

“Yes.”

“I am coming with you then.”

“Huh, okay.”

Approximately 30 minutes later, Kabza got her walking with some nice fine woman. I wonder. I pay the bill and help Kea to stand up. I take our luggage and walk to the exit where Kabza and the lady are at.

“Eita...” We brotherly shake hands. “My sister.”

“Hi.” She shyly greets.

“Trophy Wife...” Kabza hugs Kea.

“Dumela, Kabza. Who is this beautiful lady here?”

“Oh this is my Trophy Queen, Rose... Rose, this is Tebogo and Keabetswe, soon to be husband and wife.” Kabza introduces us. Kea’s mouth dropped, I am shocked too. Where is Mpumi in all of this?

“It’s nice to meet you, wow. You are beautiful and humble. I don’t know you but I like you already, better than...”

“Kea hle.” I warn her.

“Baby keng? It’s not like she likes me anyway. And you both know it. So, is Barbie girl still in the picture or....”

“Keabetswe, man... Excuse me.” I pull her aside.

“Tebi what’s your problem kgani?” She asks, annoyed.

“Stop it! Can you not see that you are making things awkward for the?” I shout in a whisper. She rolls her eyes.

“So, I am making things ‘Awkward’ by having a conversation with them?” She defense herself. This Pregnant Kea can send a person to the hospital, I swear. “So, I should stop talking to them?”

“I am not saying Stop. Just stay out of their business until then.”

“Argh Fine... Take me to koko’s house.”

“Kea, this is childish. We already agreed that you'll go there tomorrow afternoon work.”

“Am I not allowed to change my mind too now?” She gives me attitude.

“Okay fine. We'll take you to Koko.” She folds her arms frowning like a child being reprimanded.

“So, you don’t want me at your house. It’s fine lets go, Tebogo.”  
Fuckin’ shit!

“Keabetswe Molise, can you make up your mind?”

“You have already made it up for me, what’s the point?” I have my own stress and I cannot have her added to that. Kea will make me crazy, I don’t want that. So, the best is to avoid her.

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ROSE GALEBOE (Kabza’s Trophy Queen)

Kabza and Tebogo dropped us at Tebogo’s house. I am not yet comfortable. Kea is very much accommodative but, I feel out of place. She is kind though although I don’t understand if she is usually like this or it’s the pregnancy.

“Rose, I am sorry if I ask a lot or whatsoever but I am just excited to know you. I have just texted a friend of mine who'll soon be your friend too to come and join us... I hope you don't mind.” She says, sounding so pretty like the way she looks. The glow on her cannot be missed.

“It's okay, I don't mind. I hope she will welcome me like you.” I say.

“She will, trust me. How about we order something to eat? What would you like to have?”

“Anything that you will have.”

“Honey, I am pregnant so I eat weird food.” She laughs.

“Well...” I rub my tummy.

“No ways!” She gasps.

“Yes way!”

“OMG, and he proposed too?” She only noticed my ring now? Seriously?

“A month ago.”

“Girl, you say what!? Unless my husband hid it from me, Kabza is a very secretive person. When did you guys even meet?” She sits next to me on the couch.

“It's been months.”

“Wow. Am I not happy?” She holds my hand. “Welcome to the fam girl.”

“Thank you... Uh, I don’t mean to pride but...” She breathes, I breathe too. “You do know that Kabza is married, right?” I look down to my hands

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nodding.

“I know.”

“As long as you are happy with him, that’s all that matters.”

An hour later, I was introduced to Taylor. She is not bad, they are actually nice people. The cute baby Njabulo is also clinging on me.

“So girl, are you ready for miss Barbie doll?” Taylor asks. They were telling me about my soon to be sister wife, Mpumi and how she does not like Kea. Kea is not even her friend but she hates her, what am I going to be?

“Well, I am there to wife my husband. If she wants to hate me, it’s all on her. I am not there to please and honor her.”

“Yes girl!”

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TEBOGO DICHABA

I had an intervention today with the guys. T-Man dished out to Kabza and Tiisetso about my mission and they all think it’s a bad idea. Fuck them, I am doing this tomorrow.

It’s past nine in the evening and I just arrived home. After locking all the doors, I went upstairs and found Kea crying on the bed. Now, I am honestly trying to think what I might have done to make her cry, nothing comes into mind. I walk closer to her and sit on the edge of the bed.



"I'm sorry." I say.

"What are you sorry for?"

"I don't know. I make you cry lately do, I won't be surprised if those tears are still caused by me."

"No. My back hurts so much, I don't know what to do baby." She gets up from the bed and walks to the wall putting her hands on the wall leaning forward.

"How bad is it?" I get up too.

"It's not working bad but it's been going on for almost two hours." She cries.

"Maybe if you lie down it will get better. How are the kids?"

"They are fine. It's just me." She paces around the room holding her waist with both hands. The pain must be bad for her to cry like this.

"Do you want to go see the doctor? No actually, I am taking you to the hospital right now." I say.

"The doctor did mention that I am going to face back pains as the kids grow. Maybe if I do lie down, it will be better." She walks over to the bed.

"I'll massage you with oil on your back."

If she won't get better in the morning, this will mess up my plan. My mission is tomorrow and it is my only shot tomorrow in the morning. I can't back up as yet. I've been planning for this mission to happen for days.

"How does that feel now?" I ask as I softly rub my hands on her back. She is side sleeping.

"Mmm..." She moans. I am doing good.

"Sweedie... can you please promise me one thing?"

"Uh-huh?" She is so enjoying the massage.

"Please promise me that, if anything happens to me, you will take care of Onkarabile?"

"Who is Onkarabile? And what is going to happen to you?" I sigh...

"My other child. Please take care of him for me. Love him like you are going to love the triple O."

"Tebogo, what is going on? Are you dying or what?"

"Do you promise?"

“Tebogo...” She starts crying.

“Mamasi, DO YOU PROMISE!?” I raise my voice at her.

“Yes, yes I do promise.”

“That’s all I needed to hear. I love you so much Mma Molise.” I kiss her cheek. “Everything that I am doing is for you. I want to see you happy, okay.”

“I love you too.” I open the drawer on the pedestal, taking out a white A4 envelope giving it to her, she sits up right looking at me confused. “What’s this?”

“Open it and read.” She nods, opening the envelope before taking out four stapled papers. She reads the first page.

“Tebogo, no... why?” She shakes her head, crying.

“My signature is already there, I need you to sign everything and tomorrow, not when go to to the CBD at Siyamthanda Attorneys and ask to see Siyamthanda the Lawyer, he'll be expecting you. Give it to him so that he can start with the process ASAP. Everything of mine will be signed off to you. My money, the houses, the car and every other thing it will be in your name.”

“I refuse Tebi, what is going on?” I wipe her tears.

“Baby, you are married to a gangster, a criminal and a lot might happen. There is just one last thing that I want to do before leaving this dangerous life. So, in case the Hawks want to reposes my things, at least they will be already signed off to you. I want you to trust me, I need you to be strong for our children. I will always come back for you, baby no matter how long it takes, I will come back for you.” My tears drop as I am not sure what might happen tomorrow.

“Baby, please.” She cries out. I move closer to her and wrap my arms around her as we cry together. “I want you to be there when the kids are born. Are we still going to get married?”

“I will be there and yes of course. We are going to get married. Listen Kea, I am just preparing you for anything. Please just trust me. I promise you, I will be here when you need me.” I peck her cheek. “Don’t stress and hurt our kids. Be strong and believe that one day, we are going to be one happy family. It will be well.” I hug her tighter.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

**KEABETSWE MOLISE**

As much as I didn't want to go to work today, I have to go so that I could serve my notice at work. I am just glad that it is my last week this week.

When I woke up, Tebogo's side of the bed was cold. There is a letter that he left on the pillow and it makes me nervous to read it. I just do not know what to expect. I know that he has already left the house to God knows where. I start crying before I even read the letter. I am not ready to read it.

I get up from the bed and drag myself to the bathroom to get ready for work. When I am done with all of that, I sorted my handbag and took the letter together with the papers Tebogo gave to me last night. I usually get our room tidy but today, I feel that something is wrong. I don't feel good. When I get to the Kitchen, auntie Mabel is already here doing her duty.

“Good Morning.” I greet her.

“Morning, Kea. Did you have a good night?” I nod.

“Uh... Sorry disturb you with what you are busy with but, can you please make me a fruit salad... no bananas please.”

“There are only kiwis, apples and strawberries. The other fruits are spoiled, I have thrown them away.”

“It’s okay. Is there yogurt?”

“Yes. Would you like me to add it in your fruits?” She takes a white bowl, placing it on the counter.

“Yes, please. I will be in the study.” I walk away.

I close the door after I entered the study room and sit on Tebogo’s office chair behind the desk. I open up the letter and take the deepest breathe before I start reading.

'Mother of my children. I am sorry to leave you like this without saying anything but, it is best that I did not tell you what I am about to do because, you would have stopped me. But, I am sure that by the end of the day, you will know.

Like I always tell you, everything that I am doing is for you, for us. You are my trophy queen and you deserve to be treated like one and I promise you that after all of this is over, it's going to be you and me. I am going to leave this life. I have put you through so much that you started doubting my love that I have for you but I never lie whenever I tell you that, I love you. I love you so much mamasi and I mean it. I just want you to trust me, have faith in me sweedie and just know that I will come back for you...' The tears blur my vision. I take a piece of tissue in the box on the desk and blow my nose before I continue.

'I know that you are hurting and crying but please, don't cry. This will affect our babies and I don't want to live to regret that I was the cause of pregnancy complications.

Okay... I will be lying low for a little while because I know that the police will be out sending a search party for me. There is a burner phone that I left with my number in the car. Please use it to contact me because I know, the police will be tracking your in your phone trying to trace me. Keep the phone on you ALL THE TIME. Wait for me to call you first and then we can take it from there.

With our wedding... continue planning the wedding and let's get married in the next month, I am hoping on your birthday

since it is on Saturday. Which gives you three weeks, planning our wedding. Make it your dream wedding but, nothing big just an intimate wedding, I will be there to marry you. The second house was already put up for sale, the lawyer will explain how the payment will be processed into your bank account. Use the money to make our wedding come to live.

T-Man is the man that I trust to look after you. Do not tell anyone about this and that I will be in contact with you.

Destroy the letter when you are done reading.

I love you Keabetswe.

Papasi.'

I broke down into tears after reading. What is Tebogo up to? What if he does not make it. What if whatever it is kills him? I don't know what I am going to be without him, his kids?

"Kea? Is anything the matter?" Auntie Mabel walks in, coming to where I am and puts the bowl on the desk before she hugs me. "Whatever it is, heal my baby. Think of you babies so that you don't affect them. Hush, my love." She brushes my back.

"I have to go to work." I get up.

"What about your fruits? You have to eat, Kea."



“I’ll take it with.” I wipe my tears. “I will come back later to get my things. I am going home and

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Tebogo will not be available too. You will still get your salary by the end of the month the next coming three months.”

“Uhm... Is my job finish?” She sadly asks.

“No. Just take it as a leave... See you later.” I take all my things and the fruit salad, as I eat it on my way out. I grab the Range Rover keys on the way. If I don’t get used to driving big cars right now, when will I get used to it?

I believe every word that Tebogo wrote on that letter. I trust him. He is going to come back for me and our kids. Not forgetting Onkarabile. Speaking of Onkarabile, I should see Palesa very soon so we can talk.

Breathe, Kea breathe!

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When Tebogo got to the bank, he sat in the blue Ford Fiesta and rested his head on the steering wheel, thinking about what he is about to do. He was a little nervous but he was already there and there is no turning back. A security guard came to his car, looking around and knocked on Tebogo's window. He rolled it down.

“There is only one guard inside the bank and the other two are outside.” The security guard says. “There are about 7 Cashier's and others working.”

Tebogo takes the brown little envelope with a stack of money and hands it to him.

“Make sure that you destroy the CCTV footage.”

“Dankie bozza yami.” (Thank you, boss.) He rubs his hands together and takes the money before going away without anyone seeing him.

“This is it.” Tebogo takes three empty black plastic waste bags and then two AK-47. He wears his balaclava and gets off the car without carrying who sees him but then, it’s very early in the morning so there isn’t a lot of people. As he approached the entrance, he shot the two security guards who were chit chatting. People inside the bank are very terrified with the gun shots they heard. Now Tebogo, got into the bank in his feels. A security guard was about to take out his gun but Tebogo shot his arm, causing everyone to scream. He shot him again on his chest, he dropped down dead.

“Y'all are going to cooperate with me or we all die in here, are we clear” He says.

“Somebody call the police!” A man screams, Tebogo shoots his head.

“You better not test me. I have two grenades in me. One mistake, just one...” He walks over to the tellers and throws the plastic at the people who work in the bank. “Fill them up, Fast! And everyone in here, go down on your knees and put your hands in the air, now!” He walked around them, while they were filling up the plastic bags with money. This is one of the biggest banks in South Africa, what Tebogo didn’t understand is how there weren’t lot of guards. So this, is an easy job for him but his fear now is what if the police get here before he even leaves this place.

Some of the people were crying while some were thinking of how to get out of here alive.

“Make it fast or do you want more blood spilt? I don’t mind vele I’m a Ruthless gangster.” He gets on the table, holding his two guns on each hand pointing them at everyone.

“Please sir, don’t kill us. Don’t hurt us.” Some woman says.

“Tsek! Who said you should speak?”

Meanwhile, Kabza, T-Man and Tiisetso were at a roof top of the building with snipers overseeing everything happening at the bank from the building that’s five minutes away from the bank. Tebogo doesn’t know that his friends will be guarding him not even know that they will be there for him. As soon as the police arrived, they got their snipers ready and aimed the guns at every police that attempted in going into the bank.

“Tiisetso, I think we should drive down to the bank. You'll take the blue Ford Fiesta and drive out while I get Tebogo in the

bank. There is no way that he'll make it out safe alone." T-Man suggest. "Kabza, you'll shoot every cow that's on our way. I am sure more police will be coming soon."

"This is shit!" Tiisetso says.

"Fuckin' shit!" Kabza adds.

They go down to their black Ford Fiesta and when they arrive at the bank, they wear their balaclavas and Tiisetso runs out of the car, going to Tebogo's car. T-Man also got out, shoot at now few police officers...

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TO BE CONTINUED...

## KEABETSWWE MOLISE

Problems never seem to end on my side. On the other side I am living a celebrity life. Everyone wants to take pictures and ask me questions that I have no answers to. Another thing, I have the police on my back because they think that I know where my husband is. He is a suspect because, the description matches him and the same person that robbed a fidelity years ago. My husband is going to be locked up for a very long time this time, that's if he is still alive. Honestly, I don't even know whether he is still alive or not. I know nothing. T-Man is not saying anything to me.

It's been a week and I have been trying to get hold of Tebogo, nothing. It's still off. What if he is dead and they don't want to tell me. Maybe I should go to T-Man's house and confront him. He was there when Tebogo was robbing the bank. He came back shot on his leg.

“Aaauuww!” I scream to the sharp pain that just hit me on my stomach.

“Kea! What is it?” My grandmother asks rushing to the living room.

“Nothing Koko. I think I need to lie down band rest.” I get up from the couch.

“Are you sure?” She helps me up.

“Yes, Koko. I'll just go and rest my body and my mind.” I walk to my room.

I pull a fleece blanket, getting on the bed. Just as I sleep, the phone on breast vibrates. I quickly take it out and answer it.

“Tebi? Is that you?” My tears stream down to my cheeks. I sit upright on the bed. “Babe... talk to me please.” I beg him.

“Ma.. Ma-masi.” His voice sounds scratchy. He sounds in pain.

“Tebi, thank goodness. Are you okay baby, where are you?”

“Sweedie... I am fine.” He heavily breathes. Something is wrong.

“Are you guys okay there?”

“We are fine.” I start sobbing. “I want you to come back home.”

“How is the wedding planning going?” He avoids what I say, again.

“I stopped...”

“Are we not getting married anymore?” Tebogo is in pain. As much as he tries hiding it, I can hear him. He is my man and I have known him for the longest time to know when he is not fine.

“I wasn’t sure if you’ll be there.” I mumble.

“Nonsense...” He coughs. “I told you to trust me sweedie why won’t you? Listen, get that wedding planned, make it happen. T-Man will sort out my outfit for me.” I nod, like he could see me. I snort.

“Okay.” I whisper.

“You have less than two weeks, sweedie. Can you pull the wedding off? Can I trust you on that?”

“Yes. Yes I can do it. I just need to confirm the venue and I will send you the details.”

“That’s my girl.”

“Sweedie... You are in pain.”

“I am.” He sighs. “But, I will be fine... I have to go now.”

“Are you safe?” I ask him.



“Yes... I love you, sweedie so much.”

“I love you too, Papasi. See you on my birthday, our wedding day.”

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It is the night before my wedding and my girls here decided to throw me a surprise bridal shower in my hotel suite. Dineo is also here. Me and her met in bad circumstances but, I am willing to have a good relationship with her. I heard Mpumi is also coming, I hope there won't be any drama since Rose is also here. Taylor, my one and only bride's maid and maid of honor. She organised the whole thing for me and I look so cute in this short pink satin night dress with a pink bow on my head. Not forgetting the white 'bride to be' sash written in gold.

“So, Mpumi wants to be a show stopper, in my bridal showers?” I sip on my juice. In fact we are all having juice because, Taylor and Dineo are breastfeeding, and Rose and I are pregnant... isn't this great?

“Argh that one, can’t she not come at all?” Taylor drops on the bed annoyed.

“Huh-uh girl, you invited her and I am about to meet my sister wife so chill babe.” Rose answers, causing us to laugh.

“I can’t wait to meet her too.” Dineo says. “So, how are you, honestly Kea?”

“It’s hard. I’m scared like, what if the wedding doesn’t happen, I mean... I don’t even know where my husband is hiding. I have police following me around with private cars and they think I can’t see it’s them.” I fight my tears back.

“Wait. When I got here I found two men requesting see a list of people who checked in this week. Could it be...” Dineo stops talking as The door swings open. We all look to the direction.

“The queen is here, hellloooooo!” Mpumi walks in with an overnight bag. We all stare at her. This bitch has got nerves to be wearing pink on my bridal shower. I am the queen here, what the fuck?

“In case you didn’t get the memo Hun, you were supposed to be wearing white.” Taylor lashes at her.

“I hate white and everyone knows that I love pink. So, what are we having for drinks... I don't see any drinks here.”

“As you can see, help yourself with the juice because all of us here are either nursing mothers or pregnant.” Taylor brags.

“Wait

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wait, wait... Mpumi as in...” Dineo tries to say something but Taylor quickly interrupts her by coughing.

“You know her?” I ask.

“I only met her once years ago when her and Tebogo used to date.” I almost choked on my juice and dropped my drink.

“Say what?” I get up from the bed.

“Oh-oh.... Oops.!” Mpumi gasps. I turn to Taylor.

“Sorry chomee.” She murmurs. I chuckle.

“Oh well, I get it now... so this is why you don't like me?” I laugh. “It's a pity because, I am the one getting married to him. But, you are married so why are you still hurt? How did you even move from Tebogo to Kabza because they are friends?” . Rose clears get throat.

“Since you guys won’t introduce us, I’ll do it myself... Hi, I’m Rose Galeboe.” She brings her left hand forth to Mpumi. Mpumi also brings her left hand forth to Rose for a handshake but Rose turns her hand, showing off her diamond stone that probably cost an arm and a leg. “Soon to be Mrs, Kabinde.” Wow! She is Savage.

“Woah!” We laugh, Rose smiles at Mpumi, staring her right in the eye.

“So, you are the bitch that’s busy with my man? I knew that my husband is cheating but this...” Mpumi starts crying. Whuuu she’s indeed a Barbie doll. If it was me, it would have been a smackdown, right now. “And you guys knew about this all along? Smiling with me but as soon as I turn my back you guys laugh at me.” She sits down on the ottoman.

As much as Mpumi isn’t my favourite, I don’t wish this upon anyone, not even her. Yes, Mpumi is crazy but this, it hurts. I am also still hurting over the fact that, Tebogo impregnated someone else. Unlike me, Mpumi is a softie. Yes, she a nuisance and all of that but, she is soft. When someone shouts or throw insults at her, she keeps quiet, never fight physically so right now I am feeling for her. But the problem is, tomorrow she'll be talking bad about Rose.

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## **TEBOGO DICHABA**

“Sir, you still need one more week if not two. You haven’t completely healed.” Clayton says. He is one of the qualified doctors who also do back door check ups. I am hiding in an area full of shacks. I am living in one of those shacks, hiding.

“I am getting married today. I have to get there. Is the car ready?” I try getting up on the bed, holding on to my stomach. I was shot on my right hand and on my left side of my stomach. This is bad luck.

“Sir, you need a drip on your side. Always.”

“Fuck! Can’t you give me something for the pain?” He sighs.

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We get to the hotel but I am in disguise. My brother's are waiting for me in one of the rooms. I can't check in using my details so, T-Man has already sorted it all out for me. I am trying with all means to stay stable but the pain is getting into me.

Clayton and I finally get to the room, he opens the door, I follow him in.

"Holy cow! You don't fuckin' look good." Tokollo paces up to me by the door and holds me, putting my arm around his neck and he helps me up to the bed.

"Clay man, no one saw you guys right?" T-Man asks.

"Nah... it was clear." Clayton responds.

"How is he?" Kabza asks.

"He is not looking good. There is still some bleeding on the stomach. He seriously needs a hospital because, I can't help him more than what I can actually offer him right now."

"You fuckin' know that he can't go there. What the fuck are you saying?" Tiisetso jumps in.

"Okay, okay... I will give him something to help him with the pain. It'll kick in after fifteen minutes but, it'll only last for four hours max before he the pains get back." Clayton says. He takes

off the back pack and opens it looking for who know what. As long as I will get to marry Kea, I am good. I can't wait to see her.

"Man, it's so good to see you." T-Man walks over to me with a crutch. He was shot on the leg.

"It's good to be here." Without these men around me, I would have probably been buried a week ago. They are the true definition of 'Ride or die'. I love my friends, friends who turned into family.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

Everyone was shocked to see Tebogo walking down the aisle with his friends. They have organised a crutch for him to use for balance support. His parents and Kea's parents got up at the same time meeting him half-way. The guys excused themselves. Tebogo sighed because, he knew that he was going to get shouted at, his father going to catch a case and all of that.

“My son...” His mother in her beautiful outfit emotionally says.

“It’s good to see you alive. Don’t ever do what you did, sonny.” Tebogo didn’t expect to hear that from his father. He looked at him, shocked. “Yes, I hate what you do but that doesn’t mean I don’t care about your life. Son, it’s enough now. There’s too much blood on your hands. You’ve hurt many people, it’s enough.” Tebogo holds back his tears.

“I’m done, papa. It’s all over I am so Sorry. Both you and mama I am so sorry to be a troublesome to you. I want to change now, for myself and for Kea.” He looks at both Kea's parents.

“Mmagwe le Rragwe Kea, I truly apologise for what I’ve put your daughter through.”

“It’s okay. You truly showed us your loyalty to our daughter. You kept your promise by being here. Let’s go wifey and check how far they are. Only a few minutes left before the wedding



begins.” Patrick taps Tebogo’s shoulder and takes his wife’s hand walking away. The wedding is being hosted in a hotel. It is a garden wedding and the reception will be held in the hotel wall. It was all done in a short period of time but, it was a very beautiful set up. Kea chose absolute best colours. And, with everyone wearing accordingly to the theme, men wearing black and white while women wore all white. It was never complicated. Let’s hope Mpumi does not ruin the theme.

The invited guests were taking pictures and posting them on social media, while some were gossiping.

Meanwhile, in the hotel room. Kea was having a mini photoshoot. Instead of looking pregnant, she looked so sexy in that beautiful white mermaid tail dress with diamonds sparkles. It was very risky choosing this dress due to gaining weight everyday but, it fitted her so perfect. It is a bodycon dress, showing some back skin, one hand long sleeve with a cleavage to die for. She opted to die her hair in red and did some dry-curl which suited her and the make up was amazing. The diamond earrings complemented her but the only thing that was missing is a necklace.

'Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday, happy birthday

Happy birthday to you!

Kea's parents walked in singing and the girls joined in. Mpumi was pretending to be fine, trying to be civil but deep down she wanted to cause a scene. She was hurting so much. Her room was filled with flowers and gifts.

“Thank you guys, you are going to make me cry.” Kea says. Her parents hugged her.

“Happy birthday my baby. We have news for you, my darling.” Her mom says.

“I could do with good news right now mama. The thought of Tebogo not coming will break me.”

“Well... are you done because he is waiting for you down the aisle, nana.” Kea’s eyes gets filled with tears.

“He kept his promise? Tebi kept his promise.”

“Huh-uh-uh, don’t you dare drop those tears on us, your man is waiting downstairs now what are we waiting for... let’s get this started!” Taylor excitedly says. She is the maid of honor so she

looks part by wearing her a long silk burgundy dress with a slit on her thick thigh. She looks stunning.

“Mama, where is Tidi? She is my flower girl.” Kea asks.

“She is downstairs with Koko. You will find her there. Ladies, let’s go. It’s almost time.” Everyone left the suite except for Taylor, Kea and Patrick since they are important right now.

“You look beautiful, nana.” Patrick says.

“Thank you, daddy.”

“I know that you probably wish for your real father to be the one walking you down the aisle and I will understand if you don’t want me to walk you but just know that, I am here for you, like your own true father.” Kea smiles.

“How do I wish for someone whom I don’t even remember. You are here and I appreciate it a lot. Even if he can come right now I will still choose you as my father. I know I was a bit difficult towards you at first but I grew fond of you as my father. You’ve been nothing but good to me so, there isn’t any better person I know who will make walk me down the aisle. I just want to say thank you.” Kea hugs Patrick. “I love you, papa.”

“I love you too, my beautiful wife's daughter.” He wraps his arms around her.

\*\*\*

'My love, there's only you in my life

The only thing that's bright

My first love

You're every breath that I take

You're every step I make

And I, I want to share

All my love with you

No one else will do

And your eyes, your eyes

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your eyes

They tell me how much you care

Ooh, yes

You will always be

My endless love

Two hearts

Two hearts that beat as one

Our lives have just begun

Forever (oh)

I'll hold you close in my arms

I can't resist your charms

And love, oh love

I'll be a fool, for you I'm sure

You know I don't mind (oh)

You know I don't mind

'Cause you

You mean the world to me (oh)

I know I know

I've found, I've found in you

My endless love'

The song played as Patrick held Kea's hand as they walked down the aisle. It was a very emotional moment for both Kea and Tebogo. Patrick shook hands with Tebogo and then handed Kea to him. Tebogo couldn't hold himself. He actually let the

tears go because this felt surreal. He never believed that this day will eventually come. This made Kea get so emotional and cry too. We thank God for water proofed make-up.

“Happy Birthday, Mamasi.” He says after wiping his tears with a handkerchief. He is wearing a burgundy slim fit shirt, black bow tie, a white blazer, black slim fit pants and black suede formal shoes. He looks sexy.

“Thank you.” She hands Taylor behind her the bouquet of flowers. Tebogo moves closer to her and wipes her tears with the same handkerchief. People were in love with what they were seeing.

Tebogo took out a not too long rectangular extravagant box from inside his blazer and opened it, taking out a necklace made out of diamonds. The diamonds that they stole from Skinner. It was beautiful made.

“I got this for you. I hope you like it. He goes around with the crutch and puts the necklace on her neck, topping up the look. He goes back to face her. The guests made noise to what they were seeing. It was a beautiful moment to watch.

“Thank you, papasi. I love it..”

The ceremony started and it went so well although Tebogo was still feeling the pain but, he had to be strong for Kea. He wanted this day to end beautiful without anything that will hurt

her. They got married. They put rings on each other's finger and the pastor pronounced them as husband and wife.

After the photoshoot, everyone went to the beautiful gold and white decorated reception. Speeches were made and nice food were eaten. Everyone got drunk but not as much as Mpumi. Kea and Tebogo went down to the dance floor as a song started playing. Kea put her arms around Tebogo's neck as he put his on her waist or the big pregnancy bump. They looked into each other's eyes as if they were searching each other's souls.

'Grrrriii

Awu baba wabanta bam'

Baba wezingane zam'

Aw wena wee, ngyakthanda mina

Bangicelela kaZungu (helele)

Bak'cela kaKhumalo (helele)

Bangicelela kaZungu (helele)

Bakucela nakaShandu (helele)

Bakucela ngoba isiko (helele)

Benzela umfanana (helele)

Ngayicelela ke mina (helele)

Ngayikhethela wena (helele)

Khethile khethile, ungowami (helele)

Khethile khethile, ungowami (helele)

Khethile khethile (helele)

Khethile khethile (helele)

Khethile khethile (helele)

Khethile khethile (helele)'

“I know that you have questions to ask me about the bank robbery but, can we enjoy this moment. You look very beautiful by the way.”

“Thank you. As long as you are here with me right now, it all doesn't matter. You kept your promise, papi.”

“Was Mami hoping that I don't show up?” They burst into a laugh. “I love you. As of today, we are starting afresh, just you and I and the kids. I know I am probably fired from work right now but, this will help us start on a clean slate.”

“I'd love that.” Kea sighs. “What about the police?”

“We'll cross that bridge when we get there.” He held her close, feeling her so emotionally. One of the triplets kicked and moved. Tebogo felt it with his hands. He then kissed Kea on her lips.



T-Man walked to them.

“Mr and Mrs Dichaba Junior. Uhm, we are ready when you are.”

“What are we ready for?” Kea asks, confused.

“It’s a surprise, mommy.”

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Kea’s family and Tebogo’s family arrived in an estate in a suburb, with Kea blindfolded all the way. They were driven by T-Man in their Range Rover with Taylor taking the front seat and Njabulo squeezed between Kea and Tebogo in the backseat. They all got off the car and with Kea still blindfolded.

“Baby, where are we? What’s going on?” Kea asks. Tebogo removes the blindfold off her.

“Welcome home, mamasi.”

“No, way!” She gasp and held her mouth in aghast.

“Yes way!” Their friends shouted.

“This is our home, mamasi.” He holds her hand. “I have asked Taylor and T-Man to make it happen for me... for us.”

“And the car too?” It is a white GTI.

“You know I love me some vrr phaa. It’s all in your name though, just until I am off the hook with the police. I trust you.” His banner phone rings, he excuses himself and everyone congratulate Kea, while going to check out the house inside.

“Talk to me.” Tebogo answered his phone.

“They are coming for you. They have tracked you down and they know where you are. Just prepare yourself.” The informant warns him and then hangs up. Tebogo sighs and goes into the house. It is a beautiful house to start with. He asked around to where Kea is and they directed him. He found her and Taylor in the nursery four all his children, the four of them. It is beautiful. The pink and blue colours, the cribs, and all the nice baby decorations.

“I’ll give you guys some space.” Taylor walks out of the room. Kea sits down on the rocking chair.

“These heels are hurting my feet.” Tebogo walks to her and sits and the blue carpet in the middle of the room, flinching to the pain. Where Kea is sitting. He took off the heels on her swollen feet and massaged them. “It’s beautiful, I love it.”

“I’m glad you do...” He breathes. “Keabetswe?”

“Tebogo.”

“They are coming for me.” He sadly says.

“Who?”

“The police.” Kea takes steady breathes. “I will do anything in my power to get out of there before the kids are born. They have nothing on me. Nothing proves to the police that it was me that was there besides their speculations. The bullets were removed from my body so they won’t take them for ballistic to prove that I was shot by the police.” Kea wipes her tears.

“Okay... I know that you are going to come back for us, I trust you. Just don’t take to long.” Tebogo rose up. “You don’t look good. You need the doctor.”

“I’ll manage.” He deeply kissed her.

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TO BE CONTINUED....

## EPILOGUE

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### KEABETSWE MOLISE

As pregnant as I am, I should be resting worrying about my own pregnancy and all that but, here I am packing a nursery bag. I haven't fully moved in to my new house but, I will do so after I give birth to my babies. T-Man is waiting for me outside my grandmother's house. He is going to drive me to the Medforum private hospital.

It's been two months and Tebogo is still serving his trial in the maximum prison. I hate that I can't go and see him because, he doesn't want me to but, we talk over the phone everyday. I just have to wait for him to call me though. It broke my heart to see witness the police pulling my husband to the van. He was in pain for crying out loud! It was very emotional to watch but then as Tebogo always said; 'Trust Me.' I trust him.

"Koko. I am done. I will see you when I get back." I take the bag and sling it on my shoulder.

"Okay nana."

Thapelo takes the bag and puts it in the car before he helps me into the car. I am big and fat I can't even do anything for myself this days. I can't even get behind the wheel because my big belly will do the driving instead of me... I can't even get into my car. This is why T-Man came with his Audi RS3. At least it is low and I take less time getting in than in the Range Rover. After he closed the door, I was breathing heavily like I've been on some 80 kilo meter sprinting. Tebogo didn't call me today and I want to tell him the good news.

We get to the hospital and it is still the same process to get off the car but, I eventually got off before we made our way to the reception. I am quite nervous about this but, Tebogo trusted me in this so, I am going to do it for him because, I love him. After we have spoken to the receptionist, we got into the elevator, going to the maternity ward. When we got there, before I entered the room, T-Man stopped.

"You'll call me if you need anything, right? I can't go in there and, I have to go and get Taylor at Ma Dlamini in Silverton. Is it okay if I pick you up later?" I almost laughed as I remember the

story of how he fainted when Taylor was giving birth as he saw how the vagina stretch when delivering the baby.

“It’s fine. Thanks for bringing me here. I will call either my mom or dad to come and get me.”

“Alright, see you and good luck in there.” He chuckles, I laugh.

“I need it.” He walks away and I take a deep breath before walking in.

“Hello.” I humbly greet her. She doesn’t look good. She is kneeling on the bed, enduring the pain. Now I am scared.

“Hi.” She coldly says, fanning herself with her hand.

“Uhm, where is your family? Or at least someone who is supposed to be here for you?” She chuckles in tears.

“As you can see for yourself, no one is here. Just like your damn husband! Aaahh...” She says with anger.

“Excuse me? I represent my husband here and just be glad that I am here because he asked me to take care of his children.” I cluck my tongue going to the other side of the bed and I put the bag on the chair.

“So you are not here because you want to? I shouldn’t have called you, then just leave.” This girl has got some nerve.

“Palesa you have got some nasty attitude, you know. You are full of shit and I don’t mind slapping the shit out of you right now. You sleep with my husband and get impregnated with his sperms and you think you can disrespect me like this. You are not grateful, I see.” I look around the room. “For how long have you been here? Has the midwife checked you?” She nods while softly crying.

“It’s been four hours.”

“Okay now, breathe calmly. Not too fast.... That’s it.... In, and out, slowly...”

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Palesa has given birth to a beautiful baby boy an hour ago. My husband is going to be excited when he hears the news... oh, how I miss him.

I am sitting on the couch in Palesa’s ward. She is sleeping and next to her bed is her sleeping baby in his little bed. I won’t lie, a part of me was hoping that it is not Tebogo’s child but even if a DNA was required, it would be only to confirm what we already know. The child is a true copy of Tebogo. He looks just like his father. I have so many questions to ask Palesa but, I will wait for her to wake up.

My phone rings from my hand bag. I hope it is Tebogo. He calls me with different numbers every day.

“Hello.” I answer.

“Mamasi. How are you?” It’s him. Am I not so glad to hear his voice.

“I am happy to hear your voice. I was starting to get worried.”

“I’m sorry. There was a lot going on in here but nothing to worry about. How are my kids?”

“I am at the hospital and...” I don’t even get to finish up what I want to say.

“What? Are you okay? Are you not due in the next month?” I laugh

“Come down. I am not here for me. Palesa gave birth earlier.”

“Oh... uhm... and how is uh... how is the baby?”

“He is good, healthy and handsome like you.” I wipe my tears.

“Thank you for being there... are you okay though?”

“I am fine I just... I wish you could be here when I give birth.” He heaves a sigh.



“I want to be there, believe me. It’s just that, everything is dragging in here but don’t dwell in it okay?”

“Okay.”

“I don’t have much time but please take care of the little ones for me. I love you.”

“I love you too.” The midwife walks in with a file on her hands. “Please don’t take long to call me.”

“I won’t.” He hung up. I turn to Palesa, she is awake, already.

“I won’t take long. I just want to know the name of the baby so that we can have him registered on the system.” I force myself up on the couch and walk to stand near Palesa’s bed.

“Onkarabile. That’s first his name.” I say.

“What? Who are you to name my son!?” I shrug.

“It’s not me. It’s his father....”

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**TEBOGO DICHABA**

Before everything else, all I need is a long bath and a good sleep in my bed. I open the passenger seat and hop in.

“Man, I don’t know how you pulled it off but

I am glad to be out of there. Just drive me out of here before they change their minds.” I say after closing the door. Thapelo is the one who got me out of prison. No one knows that I am getting out, even I never knew that I am coming out. The friends that I have are just awesome.

“Let’s hope that you are never going back in there.” He says.

“I am done man. I am never returning back in there. This time, my wife won’t be so forgiving.” I say. “How has she been?”

“She was trying to be strong around us. Not knowing how she is when she is alone. They are hosting a late baby shower for her at your house. Taylor organised it. Not a lot of people are there though. Just her mother and grandmother and just a few friends.” I nod. I am wondering how she is going to react when she sees me. I hope she doesn’t get a heart attack.

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“Here we are.” I say as I get off the car. T-Man follows me. I go straight to the backyard, where they are having the baby showers. I come across pink, yellow, blue and white balloons. It is a beautiful picnic setup. Nice decorations with a white stretch tent. It’s beautiful.

“Tebogo?” A voice brings me back from admiring this set up.

“Dumela mmagwe Keabetswe.” (Greetings.)

“It’s really you? When did you...”

“Tebi...” She sounds breathless.

“Babe...” I say. She drops the glass of what looks like juice. I walk to her. “It’s me, sweedie.” Now we got everyone’s eyes on us.

“Go to the house and speak privately. Taylor and I will keep the guests entertained.” Kea’s mom suggests. I take Kea’s hand and lead her into the house. We walk up the stairs which took almost forever for us to get to our master bedroom. We sit on the couch in our bedroom.

“How are you?”

“I can’t believe that you are here. Please hold me.” I move towards her and hold her in my embrace.

“It's okay. Let's not talk right now but all you need to know is that, I am here and I am not going anywhere.” I kiss her head. “It's all over.”

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“You can do it Mamasi. Push harder.” I say, holding her hand. We are at the hospital. We checked in just yesterday and my wife is giving birth today. I'm in the ward with her mother who'll help bathing the babies. We are all in our scrubs.

“It's too painful, I can't.” She says.

“Squeeze my hand. You can do it, I know that you can.”

“Come on now, the first baby is almost out.” The midwife says. Kea screams as she pushes harder. She squeeze my hand for dear life I swear I think I heard my bones crack. Piercing loud cries fill up the room, I want to cry. Not cry because of the squeeze but to those innocent loud cries.

“It's a girl. Two more to go.” The midwife hands the baby to the nurse. As tired as Kea is, she pushed more and more until the other two babies were out. I am so emotional right now. I walk over to the corner of the room to pull myself together.

\*\*\*

Three months later, here I am being the father of the year. I am just glad my life is working out to the best. T-Man and I decided to open car wash joints and we plan to open more joints since the two are growing perfectly fine in just two months. I think it is because I am famous for all the wrong reasons that is why it gets full in these joints. Kea and I have now our property in both our names since I'm off the hook with the law. Am I not a happy man?

Anyway, I am home, spending time with my family. The girl, Oatlile is peacefully sleeping in my arms while the second born, Onthatile is just quietly laying on the couch 'watching TV' and Omphile is having a good time, sucking his mother's breast making the squelching sounds.

"Baby. Were you not supposed to have fetched Onkarabile, today since you are spending the weekend home with us?" I sigh.

"Palesa is giving me a hard time. I am tired of fighting with her mamasi." She positions Omphile to lay on her chest so she can lightly rub his back to make him burp.

“Do you want me to talk to her?” I skeptically look at her. “Ke eng? I won’t beat her up.” (What?)

“Nah. It’s okay.” The intercom rings.

“I will get it. Go and put Oatlile in bed.” I nod going to the nursery and I tuck her in her crib and head back downstairs.

“Guess who is it?” I take Onthatile from the couch.

“Who? My mom?” She chuckles.

“Palesa. She is here with the baby and the bags.” A knock comes through the main door. I walk over to get it. She storms in with baby and the bags looking all sorts of crazy.

“Palesa?” I say.

“I can’t. I am tired Tebogo! This baby is frustrating me. It was meant to trap you. Yes, I wanted you to myself because I wanted you to leave her for me that is why I made small holes in the condoms but my plan has backfired. I can’t take care of it.” I look at my wife. I am getting angry minute by minute. What the hell is she telling me?

“Mamasi. Please take the kids upstairs.” I calmly say. She shakes her. “Mamasi, I won’t ask you again. Take the kids upstairs. I want to talk to Palesa.” She takes Onthatile from my

arms whilst still holding Omphile. She hesitantly walks away. I look at Palesa who has Onkarabile in her arms.

“Let’s sit down and you are going to start over ompolelle se o nee se buang.” (And tell me what you were saying.) We walk over to the couch. And I sit opposite her, she drops her gaze to the baby.

“I am sorry.” She says.

“For?” She puts the baby on the couch.

“Like I said. I can’t take care of him. I don’t want this child.”

“Don’ give me that crap! Do you know the damage you fuckin’ done! You had me infecting my wife with STI!” Onkarabile starts crying but I don’t give a damn. I get up, she gets up too, moving backwards. “You are going to know me as of today. You bullshitted with the wrong person.”

“Please, don’t hurt me. I am sorry.” I grab her on her neck tightly.

“Tebogo! Tebogo!” My wife screams behind me. “Leave her!” I turn to look at her. She has Onkarabile in her arms trying to hush her. I look back at Palesa before letting her go. She coughs, catching her breath massaging her neck. I cluck my tongue.

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## **KEABETSWE MOLISE**

Five months later, our kids are eight months old and Onkarabile is nine months old. He fully lives with us and I have officially adopted him as my son. Palesa got hit by a car two months ago and it knocked her straight to death. Shame, it's called Karma.

“The kids are finally sleeping.” Tebogo walks in taking off his clothes, throwing them to the floor for me to clean after him. My husband and his bad habit, argh.

“You did a good job.” I say.

“It's not a job babe. I am taking care of my kids.” He brags. “My kids.”

“They are truly your kids. They betrayed me and as for Oatlile, she betrayed me more.” He laughs.

“What do you mean?”

“They all look like you. All of them.” I sit on the bed next to him.



“Are you jealous?” He asks. “Lets make a copy of yourself.” He slides his hands under my night dress. His hand gets in between my thighs, causing them to involuntarily open. His hand meets my cookie and his thumb comes in contact with my clit. I moan.

“I love you Mama.” He says.

“I love you... aaahh... Papasi.” I move my hand to his hard rock cock in his briefs and massage it, giving him a hand job.

“Thank you for everything...” His breathing pattern changes. I flinch to his finger going in my cookie.

“For better or for worse. I am going to be here for you. I am not going anywhere.” He gets on top off me removing his briefs. He splits my legs apart and comes closer to give me a passionate kiss.

This feels right, it feels good. This is where I want to be for the rest of my life, with him. He makes me happy and I know that he feels the same way too.

“I love you.” He tells me again. I will never get tired to here that, no matter how much he tells me in a day. I love him that much.

People tend to judge him and call him names due to his old mistakes but, never give him a chance. He sleeps with me everyday. I have seen his tears, and hurt. I have seen the sweetest side of him in fact I see it everyday. He is an amazing father and most importantly a loving husband. He never compromises when it comes to his family. And that makes him perfect.

“Mmmh...” He pushes his dick in my cookie. I hold on tight to him. He goes down kissing my neck. This is a new beginning for us. I am still attending therapy, alone now but I have overlooked everything bad that has happened in my life. Positive vibes only this time.

New beginnings.

New memories.

Family values.

New goal.

Positivity!

***THE END.***