

uMageza

Empompini

Thembelihle Zwane

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By

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#GrizaGirl
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Chapter One

The feel of her tiny chubby body pressed against my chest and her soft sweet baby scent invading my nostrils warms my heart and gives me peace to my soul. This is the best feeling I have ever felt in my entire life and I would never trade it for anything in this world. The anger within me grows as I remember that this is what I have been missing for all these months. I look at her with eyes full of rage if she wasn't a woman I'd beat the shit out of her right now. The bitch is even glowing and beautiful as ever!

“Ndiwe come to mommy” Cebi says trying to take her from me

“Ha.na”

Ndiwe shakes her head vigorously and clenches her tiny fingers on my sweater.

“Ghogho baby yaluma come to mommy” (It's a beast baby it will bite you...)

I clench my jaws with anger as Aphiwe snickers.

“Ghogho really?” - Phiwe

“Ndiwe... ”

“See this ‘ghogho’ that you kept her away from she wants it now leave her the fuck alone” I say sternly

“You have no right to take my daughter away from me Nkosinathi”

“Oh and you have a right to keep her away from me for 15 months?”

“Don’t act like you care now you never wanted her you said I must abort her”

I shake my head as I chuckle.

“I won’t let you talk that shit in front my daughter. Apple butter let’s go” I say and push the trolley with the other hand while the other one has my daughter who seems so comfortable in it.

“Nkosinathi give me back my daughter!!”

She pulls me from the back with my sweater. I turn around and look at her.

“You can’t leave with her she’s my daughter you are the one who chose Aphiwe over us why you want to take her away from me now. This is what you wanted Nkosinathi!”

“Ungazongihlanyisa Cebisile I never chose anyone over my daughter. You are the one who’s using her to get back at me and that’s so low of you. I don’t know how was keeping my daughter away from me was going to make me love you? You really think I would be in a relationship with a cheap woman that seduced another man as if that was not disgraceful enough she cheated on her husband and fall pregnant? I’m not sick in the head Cebisile.” (Don’t make me mad...)

She gasps holding her chest as if it’s painful and her eyes are blinking superfluously pushing back the tears.

“As if you are better you also slept with your boss’s wife! You such a dog!! ...”

“Oh mami I know I’m a dog. You robbed me 1 year and 3 months of my baby’s life so I’m going to keep you away from her for the rest of her life”

“You can’t do that Nkosinathi!”

“I will and I can just watch me”

“I’m going to report you bastard you have no right to take my child away from me she’s mine I’m her mother!”

“Cebisile I don’t like people who do me dirty and when I finally get them I make sure that they regret ever crossing their path with mine. It doesn’t matter how many years it takes but when I do find you ahh kuyanyiwa saan. I don’t even mind to sacrifice my freedom just so you can feel the pain of seeing Phiwe raising your daughter while you are in jail and being fucked by inmates with a toothbrush maybe kophela lobufebe onabo”

“Nkosinathi no don’t do that please.”

She shakes her head as tears roll down her face.

“No it’s was all nice and fun when you kept her away from me now it’s time you get the taste of your medicine. Come my love”

We turn around and walk away but she’s following us and begging me to give her Ndiwe. Unyile lo I won’t do such thing ungiwayela amasimba uCebisile.

“Hey stop following us don’t you see you attracting people’s attention”

“Nathi....”

I shoot her a deadly look she makes her way out. I take the plastic once Aphiwe has paid then we walk out. There Cebi is at the door waiting for us.

“Nathi please let’s talk about this”

I ignore her and press the button on my ignition key to unlock the car.

“I will follow behind you baby where did you park your car?”

“Over there”

She shows me where she parked her car. I look at Cebisile who’s crying next to us.

“Where’s your car I want her car seat”

“Dinangwe....”

“Don’t bore me Cebisile go fetch that car seat now! Is this where you live? I can’t believe I have been searching for you for a year and months but you are just right here”

“I’m sorry from the deepest of my heart. ”

“Spare me your sorries and go fetch my daughter’s car seat!” I raise my voice and that startles my daughter.

“Akis my love daddy didn’t mean to raise his voice” I say brushing my Ndiwe’s back.

“You see now you are making me shout in front of my daughter go.” I hiss through my gritted teeth.

This bitch is making me angry. She walks away and comes back with my baby's car seat and a rabbit bag.

“It's doesn't have to be this way Dinangwe please don't take my baby away from me she's my everything. Let's sit down and talk about co-parenting I promise I will never keep her away from you ever again”

I don't understand what was difficult for her to do this from the beginning instead of running away with my child.

“Here take her and tell me how to install this car seat”

I give her Ndiwe but she refuses and cries.

“Yhuu ave uyimbuli mtana ndini don't you know me now I'm your mother!”

“Don't you dare shout at my daughter Cebisile. Shut the fuck up and install that seat in my car I want to see how it's done”

She opens my car and does as I said once she's done I place Ndiwe on her seat but still she cries and holds me tightly. I have no choice but to drive with her. It's risky I know but I'm not leaving my baby behind.

“Her necessities are in the bag right?” Phiwe asks Cebisile who gives her a deadly look.

“I can't believe you are supporting this you are pregnant for crying out loud. I hope he does the same to you nxa!”

“He won't do it to me because I will never use my child to get to him.”

“I will drive with her baby let’s leave” I say to Aphiwe.

She plants a peck on my lips and walks to her car with her plastic bag.

“Nathi I’m sorry please don’t break my heart like this I know what I did is...”

I don’t wait for her to finish I get in my car with Ndiwe on my laps and bring the engine to life. Cebisile comes to my side and bangs on the window. I wait for Phiwe and drive behind her.

I can see Cebisile running after the car on the rear review mirror as I drive away. I don’t understand how is it possible that she’s been here all along but Zac didn’t find her? Clearly this means Zac is an amateur or maybe she just came back wherever the hole she was hiding from. I pull over behind Phiwe’s car and step out of the car with Ndiwe just as Phiwe does so.

“This is where you live?”

“Yeah it’s my aunt’s house she just moved here a year ago”

It’s a beautiful simple house

“Where was she staying before?”

“Lingstin”

“I thought Lingstin is better then Newtown”

“She just wanted a change of scenery. She’s been through a hectic divorce”

“Oh shame. Come with me please”

“I can’t Inathi I had a rough night I just want to rest”

“Rough night?”

“My pregnancy is kinda complicated I’m always sick”

My heart sinks to the pit of my stomach as it hit me hard that she’s been going through a complicated pregnancy alone.

“I’m sorry that you have been going through shit alone Phiwe. I understand why you didn’t tell me but it’s doesn’t hurt any less that you have been going through a lot alone while I should’ve been there with you holding your hand. This is my baby as well and we are supposed to be together through it all”

“I know and I’m sorry but I did what I thought it’s for the best for our baby”

“And that is keeping him away from his father who will kill him before he’s even born” I say and swallow a painful lump in my throat.

“Of course not Inath...”

“I understand Phiwe you don’t have to explain. Why you didn’t tell me about your first pregnancy?”

“I didn’t know I was pregnant I found out that day”

The pain in her eyes is still vivid and it’s brings me so much pain that I’m the cause of this pain. I have so many regrets in my life and what hurts the most is that the damage is beyond repairable.

There's no way that I can bring back our baby and there's no way that I can erase that pain I put her through.

“Ngiyaxolisa sthandwa sami” (I'm sorry my love)

I envelope her in my arm and hold her for dear life taking in her scent.

“I don't wanna lose you no more and I don't want to make promises but I want my actions to show you how regretful and sorry I am about everything I put you through and how much I love you.”

She's sobbing against my neck while Ndiwe is playing with my beard. Once she calms down she frees herself from my embrace and wipes her tears.

“I have missed you so much and I want to spend every second with you but right now you need to rest. I don't want to keep you longer. Take care of yourself okay”

“I have missed you too and when I heard your voice in the radio I couldn't believe it. I really thought you have moved on”

Oh so she's been thinking about me and us getting together again. I like the sound of that.

“Sondela ngithi manqa” (Come closer I wanna kiss you)

She giggles and comes closer pouting her lips. We share a brief kiss.

“Mmmbaa”

Ndiwe says as she plants a wet peck on my cheek. I look at her and smile which makes her smiles widely revealing her 6 short teeth. My daughter is the most beautiful girl in the whole world though I'm jealous that she looks nothing like me but Kwanza. The only thing she took from me is my complexion which makes her even more beautiful. Indoniyamanzi kababazi le.

“She's looks so much like Kwanza”

“I'm so jealous right now”

I sulk which causes Phiwe to giggle and Ndiwe joins in. Oh man her giggle is best giggle I have ever heard in my entire life.

“At least she took your skin color baby which makes her beautiful bekazoba mubi ukube ube bovu nje ngo mamakhe” (.....she would've been ugly if she took her mother's complexion)

I look at her and laugh when I see that she's serious. Ndiwe would be still be beautiful even if she took her mom's complexion.

“I should go now I will call you when I get home”

“Okay baby” She says and opens her car door taking out chips from her plastic of goodies and gives Ndiwe after tearing off the packet.

“Dati!” (Dankie!) Says Ndiwe clapping her hands excitedly. I'm impressed that Cebi taught her at such a tender age to say thank you.

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“Ncooo she's cute”

Phiwe kisses Ndiwe's chubby cheeks. I can't help but smile I think they will get along very well. I put Ndiwe on her seat since she

seems engrossed on her chips. Thanks God she doesn't cry. I buckle her up and kisses her forehead.

“Aaaaa!”

She opens her mouth wild and I do just as she says then she shoves a handful of chips into my mouth.

“Dankie!” I say and she giggles happily, she's such a happy child.

“Tomorrow I'm spending the whole day with you”

“You are telling me Papito”

“I'm asking you Mamacita”

I pull her by her waist close to me and kiss her nose. Was it always this big or it's just grew over the passed months?

“Oh really but I didn't even hear the magic word in your sentence”

I chuckle

“Mamacita may I please spend the whole day with you tomorrow?”

She breaks into a sweet smile and nods

“Yes Papito you may”

I drop my head and capture her lips into mine. We share a passionate kiss moaning in each other's mouth as our tongues dance to their tune. I feel my rod reacting to this scorching kiss and pull her closer but her big tummy seems to be a barrier.

“Thank you so much for giving me another chance. I love you so much”

I whisper in her ear as I hug her tightly in my arms.

“I love you too”

She pulls back after a while

“Drive safe”

She kisses my cheek, damn she makes me feel giddy.

“Stop ogling me and go”

“Chill sis wabantu awukho muhle I’m not looking at you I’m just staring at my son.” (Chill sis you are not beautiful. . .)

She laughs loudly, her funny laugh is one of the things I missed about her. I pull her in for another kiss I’m finding it hard to let her go.

“Go now before my aunt sees you”

“Don’t worry I’m a charmer your aunt will like me”

She giggles and plants a peck on my lips before stroking her tongue below my lower lip sending a sudden twinge in my dick.

“Fuck what are you doing to me Phiwe!”

I groan and she looks at me with a smirk on her face.

“Oh so it’s true”

She bites her lower lip

“What is true?”

“Goodbye Papito”

She walks to her car leaving me wondering what did she do to me that left my dick pulsating. I groan and close Ndiwe’s door then walk to the driver’s side and jump in. I watch Aphiwe as she drives in her aunt’s yard and hoot once before driving away.

I look at my daughter at the back she has fallen asleep and her chubby cheeks are messy with her chips. I stop myself as I’m about to play music. Indoniyamanzi kababazi ilele. There’s a hint of peace radiating through my heart. Upon arrival at home I unbuckle my daughter who wakes up the moment I take her from her seat.

“Akis baby I didn’t mean to wake you up”

I take her rabbit bag and walk inside the house. I’m welcomed by aroma of beef as I enter the kitchen. mom and Thula are singing while cooking. I place my daughter’s bag on the counter. They both look at me then Ndiwe who’s sulking.

“Hey mom, hey sis.”

I don’t get any response from them. They are staring at Ndiwe and I can see that they’re surprised.

“Nkosinathi whose baby is this and why does she look so much like my Nele” Mom asks as she walks towards me.

“Mom meet my daughter Uthandiwe”

“OMG!”

Thula screams dramatically as mom takes Ndiwe who surprisingly agrees to go to her grandma.

“What the noise...” Dad says as he walks in stop mid sentence when his eyes set on mama who’s holding Ndiwe tightly in her arms and weeping. Seeing my mom crying like this makes me realize how inconsiderate I am. The atmosphere is somber all of a sudden and I feel so horrible because when I walked in here mom seemed to be in a good mood then she has ever been ever since Kwanza passed.

“I’m sorry mama it was very inconsiderate of me to bring you Kwanza’s mini version knowing very well that you are still struggling to make peace with her passing. I guess I was just too excited to finally find her and I couldn’t wait for her to meet you guys”

She looks at me and I see a smile tugging the corners of her lips.

“No boy don’t even think of that. I’m so happy to finally meet my granddaughter and for the fact that she looks like my Nele makes me more happy because now I don’t have only her pictures and videos of her to remember her but a whole human being which is my first grandchild. I’m so happy my boy and I haven’t been this happy ever since your sister passed. Thank you so much for finding her.”

Oh man now that touched my heart deep. I wipe my mom’s tears with my palms and envelope her and Ndiwe in my arms.

“I love you mama”

“I love you too my boy”

“Ncooo this is beautiful” Thula says as she takes a picture or a video of us with her phone. I’m not sure but this one captures every single moment. She said after Kwanza’s death she realized how life short is so its important to make each moment memorable and ensure that we capture those moments. I get her because even myself I never go a day without watching Kwanza’s videos on her phone somehow they just bring me peace that though she died prematurely and tragically but she lived a happy life.

“Hello my pudding” Says mama to a grumpy Ndiwe

“Why is she angry?” - Thula

“She was sleeping I woke her up”

“She’s so beautiful my advice to you is to better start preparing yourself boy because this little one here will be driving boys crazy”
- Dad

“Yhoo ngizobulalainja!” (I will kill a dog!)

We burst into laughter and Ndiwe joins in even though she doesn’t know what we are laughing about which makes us laugh more.

“I know that you have named her but can I name her as well”
Mom asks looking at me

“You don’t have to ask mama”

“Pacifica”

The three of us look at each other then look at mom.

“I like it but what does it mean mama?” Thula asks

“Pacifica is a Spanish name, meaning ‘tranquility and peace’. She brings tranquility and peace in heart”

I break into a huge smile now this is beautiful.

“Beautiful name my butternut but how do you know Spanish”

“That’s a story for another day” Mom says smiling at dad.

“Pacifica, even when you pronounce it you can feel its alluring sound and tranquil and harmonious meaning.” I say looking at mom who gives me a proud smile.

I wonder how does she knows Spanish. This woman is full of surprises I tell you.

“It’s my turn now to take her butternut”

“No it’s mine daddy and how do know how to hold a baby”

“Haibo wena ngane I raised your ugly tiny self to this beautiful young woman that you are right now.” (Hey child....)

Mom and I laugh as Thula gives dad a look.

“I made you beautiful you were so ugly and tiny it didn’t help that you were always crying cabanga nje ingane embi ijike ikhale isidina” (can you imagine how annoying an ugly crying baby is)

We crack up once again except Thula who’s sulking.

“Mxm! Come Ndiwe let’s get away from these people” - Thula

“No Im going to take her first then I will give you her” - Dad

“Uhleli kabi yini la kimi Boyabenyathi?” (Am I not holding her properly Boyabenyathi?) - Mom

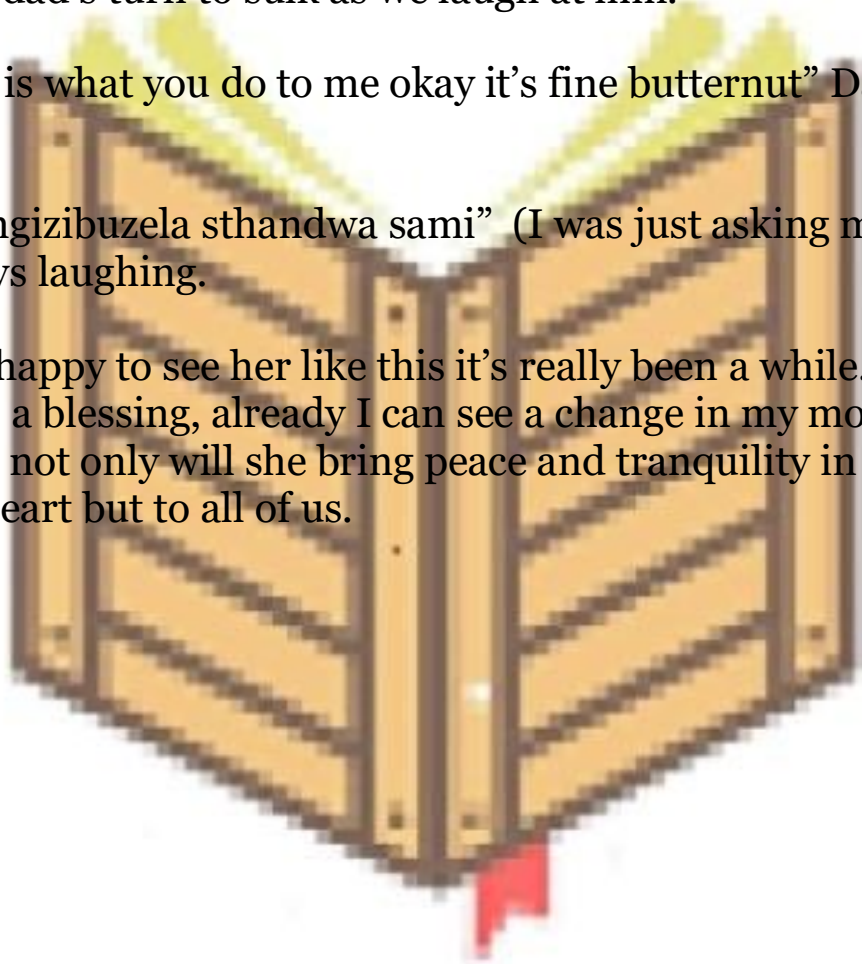
“Yhoooo inquzment daddy” - Thula

Now it's dad's turn to sulk as we laugh at him.

“Oh this is what you do to me okay it's fine butternut” Das is sulking

“Cha bengizibuzela sthandwa sami” (I was just asking my love) Mom says laughing.

I'm just happy to see her like this it's really been a while. Finding Ndiwe is a blessing, already I can see a change in my mom. The little girl not only will she bring peace and tranquility in my mom's heart but to all of us.



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Chapter Two

The moment the car is out of my sight I cry hysterically at this moment I don't even care that people are staring at me like I'm a crazy woman. I feel so weak and my knees are failing to contain the weight of my body. I stagger towards my car and get in then drive off after bringing the engine to life.

I can't believe that bastard took my child away from me and blackmailed me. It's such a miracle that I make it home without causing an accident the way I'm crying. The first thing I do when I get inside my house is to rinse the glass then take my wine in the fridge. I make my way to the living room and settle down then drink my wine.

I never thought Nkosinathi is this cruel. He's willing to go to jail just to make me pay for keeping him away from Ndiwe. Yes I did it to hurt him but I did it more for myself. I needed to be far away from him and his bitch for my sanity. I was so heartbroken and seeing him everyday knowing that he's not mine was going to twist a knife in already bleeding wound.

I have to find a way to bring back my daughter that little girl has been the only thing that kept me sane for all these months. I can't begin to imagine my life without her and I hope that bitch is treating my daughter well because I don't mind killing again for my daughter. I hope Nathi is still using the same number. I dial his number yes his numbers have always remain fresh in my mind. I remember how countless times I stopped myself from calling him when I saw on TV and social media that Kwanza died.

“Hello” He answers on the third ring.

“Nathi hi”

“Hey”

“How’s Ndiwe”

“Nx kanti wuwe sfebe!” (Nx it’s you bitch!)

“Please don’t hang up I’m begging you”

“Ufunani Cebisile?” (What do you want Cebisile)

“I just want to talk to my daughter”

He doesn’t say anything

“Nathi”

I remove my phone from my ear and look at it. This bastard hung up on me I call him again but my call doesn’t go through. He must have blocked me fuck! I groan in frustration and hurl my glass of wine through the wall. I want to scream and turn this house upside down right now. I understand where’s he’s coming from but this is so inhuman!

In my drunk sleep I can I hear someone shaking me and calling my name. I blink my eyes open and look at him. He smiles but the smile immediately disappears and I just knew that I look horrible and I can feel that my eyes are swollen.

“Lover what’s wrong?”

I sigh and sit up straight on the couch. The lights are on how long have I been out?

“What time is it now”

“It’s just after half passed seven” He says settling next to me and looks at me concernedly

“You were crying? Where’s Ndiwe?”

“He...he.....he took her Gambushe”

I let out a loud sob.

“I’m not following sweetheart”

“Nkosinathi took her I thought you said he’s not looking for us now and you are keeping an eye on him”

“Fuck!” He groans and pulls me to his arms. I wail like a baby.

“I’m sorry sweetheart I promise you I will bring back our daughter. In fact let me just go now and fetch her nxa uyanya uNathi!”

He pulls me back and gets up

“You can’t do that baby”

“Why he took her and he has no right to do that!”

“Remember you are not supposed to know where am I”

He groans and sits down next to me.

“Then you have to report him and fight for full custody. Tomorrow morning we are going together to report him”

“I don’t want us to go to court”

“Why Cebisile this man took your daughter without your consent”

I swallow hard how can I make him understand without having to share that Nkosinathi is blackmailing me about what we did to Thiza. He’s willing to go to jail just to hurt me. I will never survive jail but what I won’t survive more is to watch my daughter being raised by another woman. What if she mistreat my daughter?

“I don’t have enough money to take him to court Gambushe.”

“I have enough money don’t worry about that”

I sigh heavily

“Thank you baby but I don’t want us to fight because to be honest he has a right to be angry however he’s not handling his anger well. I want to talk to him and reason with him maybe we can reach a common ground”

“Okay but if he doesn’t listen you, we are going to report him”

“Yes we will baby”

“I hate that he made you cry”

I smile faintly the love this man has for me is evident. He makes it a point everyday that he shows me that he loves me. I don’t know how did I get so lucky. I have been waiting for a moment where he disappoints me but no u-guy unghathisa okwe qanda. (The guy is treating me like an egg) I love that he loves my daughter like his.

“Now that you are here I feel so much better”

He kisses my forehead and holds me tightly in his arms.

“I’m not in the mood to cook do you think we can go get takeaways. I’m craving for gatsby”

“Okay my love”

“Let’s me rinse my face first”

He nods then I get up and walk to the bathroom. Indeed my eyes are swollen and my face is red. I wash my face and brush my mouth to wash away the smell of wine. Once I’m done I go to the living room then we leave. He’s the one driving and his jazz music is playing softly. I may not be sure what genre of music do I like but what I know is I don’t like jazz and maskandi

Its been 6 months since we have been together though we have known each other from the day I walked out of Rocco Mamas after slapping Nathi’s bitch and pouring the juice on Nathi’s face. I wish I can say that made me better but dwelling on the past won’t help. Now I have moved on and I have my man who loves me so much. I wonder if my baby is okay God I miss her already I’m not used to be away from her. I feel a gently squeeze on my thigh and look at him.

“We are here baby”

I didn’t even realize that I have zone out completely . I blame his jazz music though. It’s tend to do that to me a lot.

“Okay”

I open the door and step out of the car as he does so. Gambushe never opens the door for me I'm use to it now. We make our way to shell garage store and order two gatsbys while they're made I take goodies and soft drinks. 15 minutes later our gatsbys are done. He pays for everything then we drive to Durnacol Village 7, that's where I have been hiding.

When we get home I dish up for both of us and pour soft drinks in our glasses then I join him in the lounge. I roll my eyes when I see that uZalo is playing. We are always fighting for the remote at this time. I prefer Sibaya then uZalo but he's a fan of uZalo. I don't know what does he finds interesting in this telenovela really because it's boring and unrealistic at times.

"Thank you sthandwa sami" He says when I give him his food but his eyes are focused on uZalo. I settle next to him and eat my gatsby

"When it's the ad break change to 161"

"Hayi lover this thing of yours switching up channels during ad break makes me miss some other important parts on uZalo"

I roll my eyes

"I also miss out so it's 50/50 Gambushe."

"You will watch the repeat of Sibaya tomorrow morning baby"

"Why does it have to be me who watches the repeat."

"It's back shhhh" He says and focus on the screen. I usually let him be but today I feel like annoying him.

"What's interesting and entertaining in this story mara"

“Baby keep quiet please”

“I feel like I’m watching a school play I think this story has run its course. They lost the storyline way back when it was all about crime.”

He doesn’t say anything but I’m not going to stop

“All of sudden now Zekhethelo is unclean or she has always been like this? I don’t understand please make me understand my love”

“Cebisile awuthule phela ngiyakucela” (Cebisile please shut up)

I chuckle and drink my coke.

“I don’t get Sbu’s character, he’s Nkunzi’s hand right man but he’s broke as fuck and people don’t take him serious. Does this mean Nkuzi doesn’t pay him? I thought bosses value their right hand man but hey I could be wrong”

He turns up the volume and tries to focus but I keep going on and on until uZalo is finish.

“What the fuck!”

“Sorry” I say stifling a laugh

“I will get you for this you will see”

He’s beyond annoyed and he can’t even hide it.

“You are mad now”

He doesn't response. I brush his arm he shoots me a dead look. Ngiyamlaya I'm always sacrificing for him to watch uZalo but he doesn't sacrifice for me. If I can't watch Sibaya then he's not watching uZalo.

"Ahhh phephisa muntu wami" (I'm sorry my person)
I say tickling him he tries to hold himself until he gives in and burst into laughter.

"Yaz wena!"

I laugh and kiss him when I break the kiss he deepens it.

"Ngiyakuthanda MaSibiya" (I love you MaSibiya) He says looking deeply in my eyes.

Sibiya is my maiden surname and this man of mine prefer to use it then my marital surname.

"I love you too"

"But I will still get you for this"

I laugh and collect our dirty dishes then take them to the kitchen. I'm so lazy to wash them now I will see them tomorrow morning. This house feels weird without my daughter. After watching the Queen we retire to sleep.

It's the next day I'm driving to Nkosinathi's home apparently they've moved to Hutten Heights. Gambushe has given me their address. He wanted to come with me but I refused I want do this on my own and he's not supposed to know me. I'm so anxious I take a huge breath and press the intercom.

“Hello” His mother’s voice says on the other side. I swallow thick spit as my heart beats harder.

“Hi Mama it’s Cebisile can you please open the gate for me”

“Ubani?” (Who?)

“Cebisile mama Uthandiwe’s Mom”

“What do you want?”

No she can’t be asking me that.

“I just want to talk Mama I know what I have done is wrong and I’m very sorry but Nathi can’t keep me away from my daughter”

“Oh you can keep her away from him? Do you know how much my son was broken after you left?”

“I can imagine but I’m sorry please let me in I just want to apologize face to face”

“Bye Cebisile”

“Mama please you are a mother have a heart I’m begging you”

“Ake uzwe nawe lobuhlungu obuziswe umtanami” (It’s time you feel the pain you put my child through)

Wow how can this woman do this to another woman? She’s a mother for crying out loud! I know she hates me but I didn’t expect this from her. I thought she’s a good woman. I’m not going here without seeing my daughter. I press the intercom again.

“Yes?”

It's him now

“Nathi.....”

“Cebisile leave us the fuck alone you made your bed now lie on it!”

“Ngiyaxolisa Nkosinathi” (I’m sorry.)

“Go!”

“Can I see her at least?”

“I said go bitch!”

I stay in the car for two hours hoping that they will change their mind. I see Nkosinathi coming towards and step out of the car. He gets to me and looks at me angrily. His scent is filling my nostrils. He’s wearing only sweatpants and slippers my eyes travel from his well built masculine body down to his dick print.

“Didn’t I say go?” He snaps me out

“Uhm uh I’m sorry Nkosinathi please don’t do this Im begging you. Let’s sit down and talk about this”

“Did you talk to me when you ran off with my daughter”

“I was hurt Nkosinathi you broke my heart I just wanted to be far away from you so that I can nurse my broken heart and heal. It was not going to be easy having to see you everyday. I’m sorry from the deepest of my heart I was selfish.”

“You will never ever see Ndiwe Cebisile the sooner you accept that the better. Leave and never come back here. I don’t need to remind you what will happen next time you come here”

“You hates me that much Nkosinathi”

“I don’t hate you I hate what you did to me. Now leave”

“Can I at least see her”

“No!”

“Nathi please...”

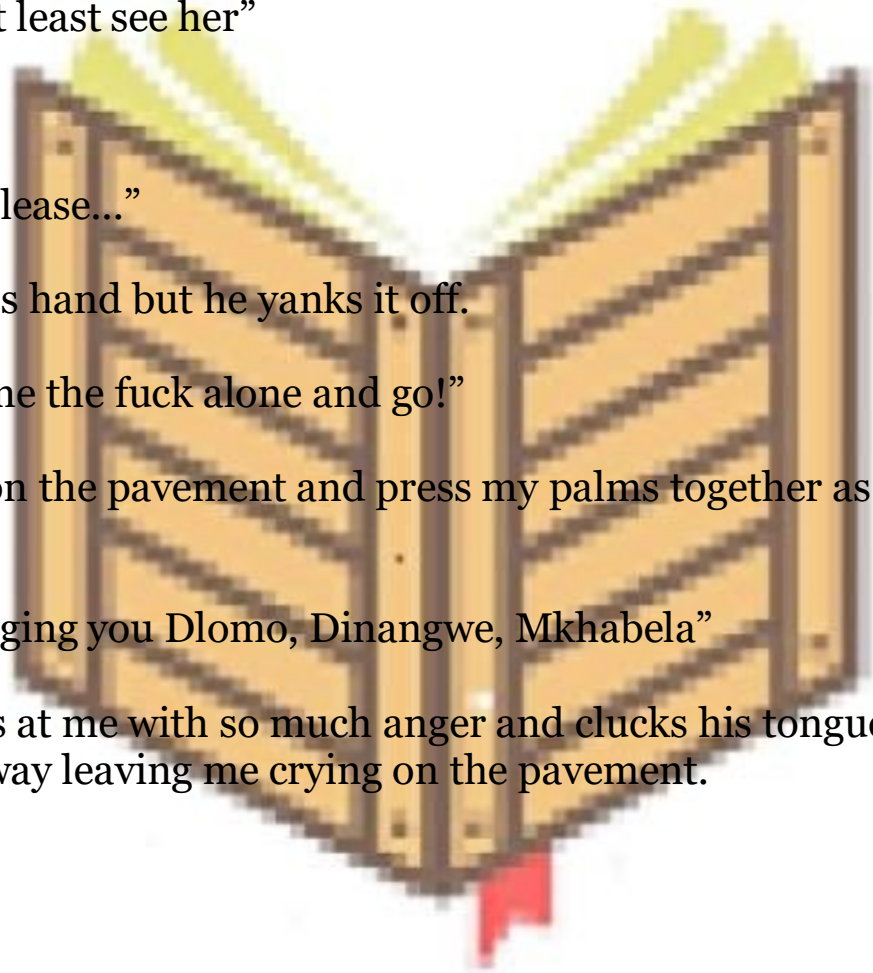
I hold his hand but he yanks it off.

“Leave me the fuck alone and go!”

I kneel on the pavement and press my palms together as if Im praying.

“I’m begging you Dlomo, Dinangwe, Mkhabela”

He looks at me with so much anger and clucks his tongue then walks away leaving me crying on the pavement.



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Chapter Three

🎵 Ndhleli ndodwa
Ndithathwe singcingo zam
Ndibona uncumo lwakho lodwa
Ndivele ndincume nam
Ndisuke ndicinge intsuku zethu zokuqala
Ndikukroba ngelihlo elinye
Ndivele ndincume nam

Ndisakudlala ingqondo
Ndithi ndiyakuthanda
Ndiphinde ndithi anditsho
Uncumo lowakho lindibek'emoyeni andisakwazi nokucinga lento
oyenzayo iWrongo x2

Ndifuna sibe sodwa elizweni elingaziwayo
Apho kunentyatyambo zodwa inyembezi zingaziwayo

Ndisakudlala inqondo ndithi ndiyakuthanda
Ndiphinde ndithi anditsho
Ncumo lwakho lindibeka emoyeni
Andisakwazi nokucinga lento uyenzayo iWrongo x2 🎵

I'm in the kitchen making breakfast while singing and dancing along Inqondo by Busiswa no actually I'm just moving along the beat because I'm so huge and I can't dance. I look like a whale my nose is so big and I have pimples on my face but it's nothing make up can't hide.

I woke up in a blithesome mood today I guess it's because my boy didn't give me a hard time I had a peaceful night and I think it's

the effect of seeing his father after all these months. I guess the absence of his father has been affecting him as much as it's been affecting me.

I missed him every single second of the day. My fingers and toes combined can never count the many times I stopped myself from calling him. I remember when my grandmother told me I was pregnant the first day I went to clear my head in her house after I discovered that my family are not the people I thought were.

I was in denial though I knew that my grandma knows these things. See my grandma can tell you that you are pregnant the following day after unprotected sex. Hey I saw that look and you think I'm exaggerating ohoo who cares my man is back and I'm so freaking happy!

"Wewe what are you doing?" I hear my aunts voice says as she walks in looking fresh and good as always.

"Good morning aunty!" I say chirpily and go to the lounge to switch off the music then come back.

"Breakfast will be ready in a second sit down"

She looks at me as if I'm crazy.

"You trying to kill us?"

"Come on Aunty have some faith in me"

"You can't cook Wewe"

"Yes but I know how to fry eggs, bacon and sausages. Sis Rebecca taught me"

“Mmmh”

She still doesn't believe me. The only thing I learned when Sis Rebecca taught me how to cook is to fry. Yes I fry baby, I'm Wewe the fryer! Aunt watches me as I dish up for us then pour us glasses of juice.

“Sit down and let's eat”

“Wewe uyangibona ngimuhle kanjani for ukufa?” (Wewe do you see how beautiful I am to die)

I chuckle and roll my eyes. Dramatic much!

“You're the most beautiful aunt in the world and I will never kill you, sit down and have a taste”

She grabs the high chair and sits down then takes her cutlery. The look on her face makes me lose all the confidence now kanti I was so sure I'm the fryer. I observe her as she starts eating and chewing slowly then swallows.

“So?”

“Are you sure you made these?”

She says digging in again. I told her I can fry!

“See I'm Wewe the fryer!”

She laughs and continues eating her food. I sit down and eat too

“Heee unemikhuba wena ngane kwafika indoda yazokuchecka qwiqwqi sewuyakwazi ukupheka” (Heee you are a naughty child

all of a sudden now you can cook because of a man that came to check up on you)

I giggle but how did she know because she wasn't here when I arrived here with Inathi.

“Ubani lendoda ye Almera e-blue” (Who's the man that's driving a blue Almera)

Wow someone must have told her? Oh yes that gossip friend of hers at next door. Argh that woman annoys me shame. I drink my juice and look at her.

“Ubaba ka boy” (Its boy's father)

“Oh”

You see that “oh” I don't like it. It's so cold and sour.

“You called him?”

“Yes after I heard a song dedication on the radio”

“Mmh I see”

See the problem of sharing your partner's flaws and treatment towards you to your family even when you have forgiven him they will still be hung up on the past.

“He's wiling to show me how sorry he is Aunty and he really feels bad about everything that happened”

“So does that mean you two are together now”

I nod with my head

“Hawu Wewe just like that you didn’t even make him sweat a bit?”

“Well I did tell him we will take things step by step”

“Haisuka step by step sokunuka ukumuqoma moss lokho!” (...step by step bullshit that is accepting love back!)

She’s annoyed and she has even stopped eating.

“And I thought you said he’s a taxi owner but he’s driving an Almera?”

“Yah what’s wrong with his Almera”

“Haibo clearly he doesn’t have money!”

“I don’t want his money Aunt I make my own money!”

“You make your own money? What money are you talking about? How many calls have you received offering you gigs but you turned them down! Do you know how lucky you are? Some people need to do auditions first to get a role in TV but you are being offered on a silver platter! When last did you check Queen A Boutique reviews? People are not happy with your service Wewe your boutique is not doing good you have neglected it! Your life has stopped because you are busy moping around for some asshole that didn’t appreciate you then you tell me about making your own money what money?”

I don’t like how she’s speaking to me right now. I thought she understand that it’s been soulless months of my life.

“I don’t like how you are downplaying my BFA in Acting and talk as if I’m just lucky for being offered gigs. I studied in the best Art

School in New York hell yeah I'm getting calls left right and center!"

"What was the use ke when you are not accepting the perks that comes with your degree. Your parents took you to New York to get a degree and helped you start your boutique but you are just giving it all up just for a dick Aphiwe? You wasted your parents money!"

"My parents money? The one they stole from my man's father!"

"Oh please Aphiwe...."

"No Aunty don't even think of justifying their actions!"

"I'm not justifying their actions but whining about it won't change anything. See that degree you just bragged about a second ago is because of that money! Everything you own and the lifestyle you have is because of that money so stop being ungrateful!"

My good mood dissipates I lose my appetite in an instant and walk to my bedroom to freshen up. Once I'm done I call Inathi it's 9am now and I don't care that he said he will fetch me at 11am. He must come right now before I give birth to his son because of this woman.

"Bhuti's phone hello" Thula's voice says on the other side of the line

"Hi Thula how are you"

"I'm fine and yourself?"

"I'm good can you please give your brother his phone"

“Okay hold on”

I hear some shuffling for a while then his voice asking who is it.

“It’s Aphiwe” Says Thula

“Mamacita”

My stomach churns at the sound of his voice.

“Hello how are you”

“I’m well and you”

“I’m also fine I’m ready now please come fetch me”

“Okay my love give me...Cebisile stop it”

Huh? I can hear Cebisile’s voice but I can’t grasp her exact words. What the fuck is she doing with my man!

“Nkosinathi what is Cebisile doing there?”

“Uhm baby I will call you just now”

He hangs up just like that. At this moment I don’t know what to think but I feel hot really hot in fact I’m boiling. Wewe calm down it’s probably nothing you need to worry about. I settle on my bed and bite my nails as I wait for his call. I’m getting more frustrated the more minutes passes by but still he hasn’t called.

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I take my phone to call him but decide against it and toss it away. Why he’s not calling now? What are they doing? It’s not even 10am already she’s with him did she sleep at his home? I feel like I’m going to burst isfuthefutte I’m even sweating. I go to the

bathroom and rinse my sweaty face with cold water. I hear my phone ringing in the bedroom and go attend it.

“I’m outside”

“Manje ngenzeni?” (So what am I supposed to do?)

“Uthini?” (What did you say?) The authority in his voice gives me chills down my spine.

“Uhm Im coming”

I hang up and apply make up on my face to hide the pimples when I’m done I take my phone and make my way out. Aunt is in the kitchen washing dishes.

“I’m going out”

“Out where at this stage of your pregnancy and you know very well how complicated your pregnancy is”

“I need some air Aunt I can’t be cooped up in this house”

“Uzobe usugulela mina la” (I’m the one who will have to deal with your sickness)

“Aunt ngiyakucela” (Aunt please)

“Hamba” (Go)

I thank her and walk out. I see him stepping out of his car and goes to the passenger seat to open the door.

“Hey” I say when I get to him.

He looks so yummy in black jeans and white v neck simple tee. The bathu blue sneakers matches his blue bomber jacket.

“Hello”

He pulls me in for a squeeze and I melt in his arms. Gosh his scent still makes me weak. He gently pushes me back and looks at me.

“You good?”

“Uhm yeah”

“Kwanza Junior?” He says brushing my tummy. I smile and put my hand on top of his.

“He didn’t give me hard time last night I had a peaceful night I think seeing you had that effect on him”

He breaks into a huge smile and his eyes glimmers.

“I’m glad he didn’t give you hard time.”

He places his other hand at the back of my neck and pulls me close for a kiss. I hold on to him for dear life as he kisses the living shit out of me fueling my hornyness. The vibrator no longer does the things now I need the D and not just any D I need the gold one with a diamond tip and platinum balls!

My hand find its way to his rod and gives it a squeeze. He groans in my mouth and pulls me closer as if I’m not close enough I guess this belly is making it feel like I’m not close enough. Ay ngoba naso sikhulu bo! I thought I was carrying twins. We break the kiss and look at each other with so much desire.

“I miss you so much”

His strained husky voice gives me goosebumps.

“I miss you too” I whisper

“Let’s get out of here”

He helps me get inside the car and buckles me up then jogs to his side. His spicy sweet scent is all over his car and everything still feels the same. He starts his car and drives off while his other hand is on my thigh.

“Baby”

“Yes”

“Can you please give me a toothpick in the glove box”

I open the glove box and take out the toothpick.

“Here”

He opens his mouth and I put in.

“Thank you” He says and rolls it with his tongue gosh does he know how sexy he is right now. I’m so turned on and I can’t help but imagine his tongue rolling in my pussy like that. A moan escape my lips as I squeeze my thighs together.

“Baby are you okay?”

He looks at me with so much concern in his eyes.

“Yes I’m fine”

“Are you sure”

“Yes I’m just wondering what was Cebi doing in your house”

“She came to harass me nx!”

His face changes immediately Cebi really makes him angry and that makes me happy. Hey don’t judge! I rather have him angry at his baby mama because between me and you I don’t trust him when it’s comes to Cebisile.

“She wants Ndiwe”

“Yes”

“Udakiwe wena baby akezwe naye ubuhlungu lobu akuzwise bona” (She’s crazy she must feel the pain she put you through)

He looks at me with a side smile

“Have I told you that I like it when you speak isiZulu it’s sounds alluring with your accent”

I’m a blushing mess but what funny is that I don’t even hear the difference.

“Yes once but I was a bit mad at you for telling sis Rebecca I said she must show you my bedroom”

He laughs

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“Heee nawe uke wangitayelela yezwa!” (You once made me your fool!)

I giggle and purse my lips

“Musa ukuvusa izindaba zakudala” (Don’t talk about the past)

I laugh and he joins me.

“Okusalayo ngiyakuthanda” (I love you though)

He grins and squeezes my thigh.

“Ngiyazi” (I know)

I slap him playfully on his shoulder.

“Ouch baby angisho uyazazi unezandla zendoda zibuhlungu” (Ouch baby you know that you have manly hands they hurts)

“Fuseg!” (Fuck you!) I say punching him on his shoulder which makes him laugh harder.

“Okay I’m sorry!”

I stop punching him and take off his toothpick then put it in my mouth. He looks at me and smiles. I have been focused on him that I haven’t noticed that we are at the rank.

“What are we doing here?”

“To feed my son.”

He steps out of the car and go opens the door for me. I step out with his help then he closes the door.

“Come my love”

He takes my hands and we walk through. The attention on us right now is overwhelming. I feel like I'm going to miss a step. The whistles fills my ears he ceases our walk and glances at them the whistling stops immediately.

“Ntwana” He says to Senzo

“Sure boy”

They bump fist but his other hand is still holding mine tightly.

“MaNdlela”

“Hi Senzo”

“Niright” (You guys are okay?) He says looking at my tummy. I chuckle and nod.

“I will be with you in a second okay”

He kisses my cheek and walks away a bit with Senzo. I can hear them talking though I can hear the exact words.

“Woza uzohlala la MaNdlela” (Come and sit here MaNdlela) Mbuso, one of Inathi's drivers says taking off his jacket and folds it nicely then places it on the huge stem of the tree he was sitting on. I walk to him and sit down on the stem of the tree. His jacket is making it comfortable to sit on it. I wait for Inathi within seconds he's done talking to Senzo.

“Come let's go feed my son Mamacita”

He takes my hand and helps me get up then we make our way to Mazet's kitchen.

“Sis Mazet”

I always wonder why they call her sis Mazet as if she’s older than them.

“Nathi hello”

“Hey sis Mazet you good?”

“Yes Im fine and yourself?”

“I’m also fine”

“Hi Sphile”

“Aphiwe”

“Sorry Aphiwe”

I don’t know if she has really forgotten my name or she’s still sore about my first visit here. She gives us chairs to sit down. Inathi helps me to sit down then sits down too next to me.

“We want your nhloko Mazet” Inathi says to Mazet who eyes me curiously

“I don’t think Aphiwe can eat nhloko”

“I can”

Honestly I’m lying I have never eaten a cow’s head before so I’m not sure if I will like it.

“See she can phela she’s carrying my son and I want him to eat manly healthy food while he’s still in his mom’s tummy so that

when he comes to the land of living he will be strong like his daddy”

“Mmmh congratulations guys”

Why do I sense jealous in her voice?

“Thank you”

Inathi kisses my hand while Mazet is dishing up for us. Once she’s done she gives us the damp dish cloth to wipe our hands then gives us a tray of our food. It’s a plate of pap and bowl of meat that looks a bit weird to me.

“Green chills please”

“Oh sorry”

She gives him green chills.

“Let’s eat baby”

I look at the meat its looks disgusting to me really especially when I think about the cow’s nose, mouth and ears does cows have wax or mucus? Arghh actually the whole head nje it’s disgusting! I feel Mazet’s gaze on me and give her a side look. She has a smug all over her face.

“I told you she won’t eat it”

“Haibo kusho mina yini ukuthi angeke ngidle?” (Haibo am I the one who told you that I won’t eat)

“Dlana ke sibone” (Eat so that we can see)

Oh God I hope this does not taste as it looks. I take a piece of meat and toss it in my mouth. I chew slowly hahh this is not bad I take another piece and eat. No in fact it's nice!

“This is yummy”

The smug on her face disappears when she sees me eating like I haven't been eating in years. Inathi on the other hand is happy that I'm feeding his child. We eat over light a conversation and feeding each other in between.

“Wow I never thought a cow's head is nice”

He laughs and kisses my messy mouth before wiping it.

“Mazet can I have your soup please”

“Sure”

She pours him a cup of soup and gives it to him then attends other customers. My phone rings I wipe my hands with the dish cloth and answer it.

“Aunty”

“Are you still okay?”

“Yes Aunty Im fine”

“Ngiyazi I was harsh on you but It's because I care about you my child” (I know...)

“I know Aunty”

“You will come back right”

“Uhm yes”

“Okay baby bye”

I hang up and look at Inath pouring something in his soup and put the small bottle back into his wallet.

“Baby what is that?”

“What my love”

He looks at me sheepishly

“That small bottle in your wallet”

“Bottle? Are you okay?”

He touches my forehead. I yank off his hand on my forehead

“Don’t make me a fool. I saw you pouring some brownish powder in your soup from that little bottle”

He sips on his soup and looks at me.

“Umuthi wesizulu wokuvula inhliziyo I haven’t been eating well for months” (Its traditional medicine for appetite....)

I remember how hard it was to get him to eat when we lost Kwanele.

“Oh baby does it work though”

“I think this appetite thing got to do with your absence in my life now that you are back to me my appetite will be back”

I smile and kiss his lips.

“Ngiyakuthanda MaNdlela” (I love you MaNdlela)

“I love you too Bhelesi”

It's his turn now to kiss me. Once he finishes his soup he pays Mazet then we get up.

“Thanks Mazet for the lovely meal” I wink at her as we walk out.

“Baby I want McFlurry”

“Who's that?”

I roll my eyes

“Usufuna ukukhala ke manje” (You want to cry now)

“Sorry I didn't mean to roll my eyes. McDonald's ice cream”

“You should've just said so. Masuthi McFlurry angazi ukuthi umlungu waphi loyo mina noma wase New York” (.... You are confusing me now when you say McFlurry I don't know if it's a white person from New York or what)

I laugh my man though back then it use to make me feel embarrassed but as time went on I realized that it's actually how unapologetic he is about being himself that made me fall in love with him from the word go. We drive to Newcastle Corners and start at McDs for my McFlurry then we got to Debonairs to order Pizza before going to Superspar where he tells me to take anything I want. Once I'm done he pays then we go collect our Pizza and leave.

Nostalgia hits me hard as soon as we enter his house and I feel tears prickling in the corners of my eyes and look up the roof pushing them back. I feel his arms around me and his breathing on the side of my neck as he wraps his arms around me. He doesn't say anything but holds me for a moment and that is what I need right now. No talking just him holding me I'm still amazed how he knows what do I want at what time without having to tell him.

I calm down a moment later and he takes me to the lounge and makes me sit down then takes off my shoes. He takes my feet and places them on the couch then gives me the remote. I switch on the TV and look around. It's sparkling clean I'd like to believe that Thula is the one who has been cleaning here not some skank. He comes back with our snacks and drinks. Beer for him of course and juice for me.

"Thank you Papito" I say taking the tray from him.

He settles down next to me placing my legs on his thighs. I indulge on my chips as I flip through the channels.

"What do you want to watch"

I don't know why I'm asking because he's not a TV fan.

"Anything my love"

He opens his beer with the open beer I bought for him on his birthday. I can't help but smile. I don't find anything interesting in TV so I give up and throw the remote away then focus on my baby.

"I'm sorry about your father"

My dad passed away months back it was a car accident. I feel bad about his death because we were not in speaking terms when he died.

“I’m also sorry about how things turned out about Kwanele”

“It’s not your fault Phiwe.”

There’s moment of silence for a moment I break it eventually

“How’s your family holding up”

“They’re okay and mom loves Ndiwe. At first I felt so bad that she reminds her of Kwanza kanti she brings peace into her heart”

He goes on and tells me how happy he is to see a little change in his mom and how fond of the little girl she is already. The topic moves from Ndiwe to our son and I’m so happy to see him how happy he is to be a father. The kissing and fondling in the middle of our chatter and laughter leaves me drenched. Now it’s 6pm and he’s talking about taking me back home and I don’t like the sound of that. I feel like crying right now

“Phiwe you are crying what have I done?”

The worry in his voice makes me wail like a baby. Gosh how can he not see that I’m horny I’m pregnant fir crying out loud! I have been hinting for the whole day that I want him but he can’t see!

“Phiwe talk to me please”

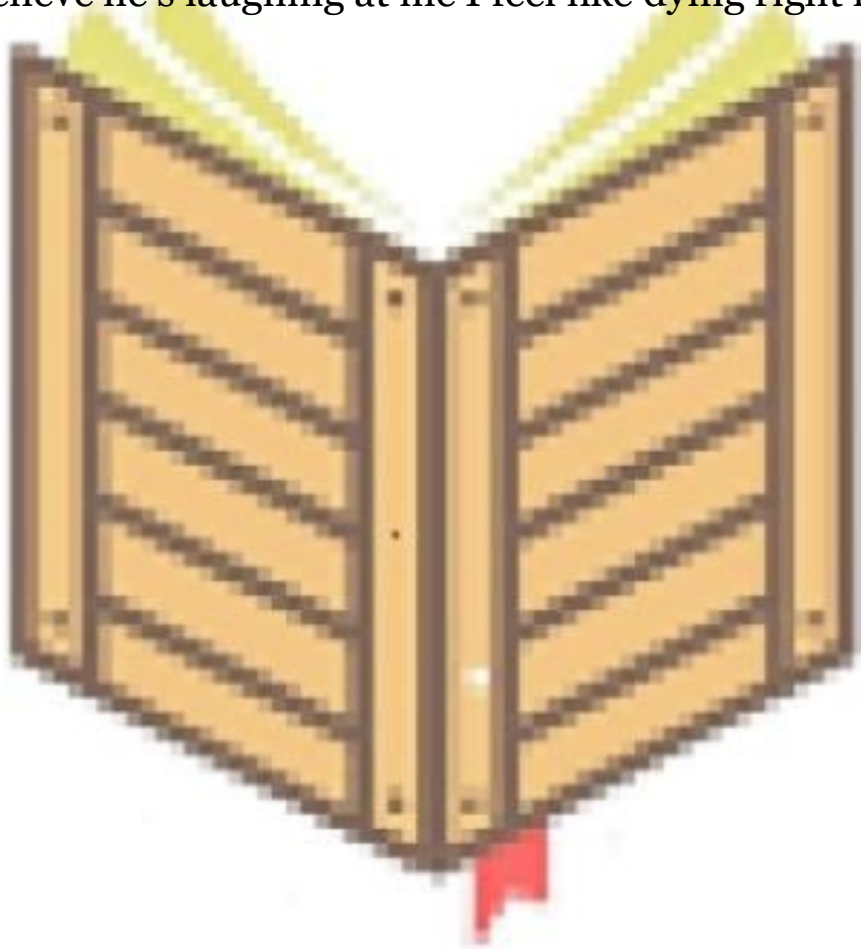
“I’m horny Nkosinathi!”

I burst into a loud sob as I bury my head on his chest but he pulls me back and looks at me.

“Is that why you are crying?”

I nod my head. I don't know what's funny he's rolling in the aisles and that makes me cry louder and harder.

He stops laughing and looks at me then start all over again. OMG I can't believe he's laughing at me I feel like dying right now.



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Chapter Four

The more I laugh her cries becomes deafening. Shit this is getting more serious. I stop laughing and pull her to my chest. I stroke her back while whispering sweet nothing in her ears which does something to her body as I feel it reacting and her cries begin to sound like moans.

I slide my hand under her panties oh damn wet doesn't begin to describe what I'm feeling right now, umanzi nte! I withdraw my hand from her panties and sniff my fingers before sucking them. I almost forgot how lovely she smells and how nice she tastes.

I'm also craving her so bad but I'm scared I don't want to hurt her and our baby. I'm very much aware that before we broke up she wasn't enjoying our sex life. I'm even surprised that she still craves for me after I made her my sex slave. I still feel horrible for everything I did to her and I want to do things right this time.

I pull her head up and smash my lips on hers shutting up her sobs. I taste the salt of her tears as we kiss passionately and deeply and slide my hand under her panties again to flick her fat bean with my finger.

"Ssshhh don't cry" I murmur between the kiss and my other hand find its way to her boob and fondles it.

"Papito is here now to take care of you ssshhh my love"

I kiss her jawline going down to her neck planting delicate wet kisses. From her neck to the back of her ear that's one of her pleasure zones. Now her sobs has completely turned into moans. I

take off her dress and make her lie gently on the couch with her back.

Nothing is beautiful and sexy as a body of a woman who is carrying a soul in her womb. The hard bump with a horizontal line in the middle, the stretch marks on her butt of which she didn't have before and her full bigger breasts drives me insane. I cup her boobs in my palms and squeeze them before sucking and nipping on her hard nipples. I love the reaction she's giving me right now.

I kiss my way down to her and spread her legs apart then take off her damp panties. This is my first time seeing her unshaved pussy. Her pubic hair is soft like a baby's hair and they are beige in color. I deep my head between her thighs and taking in her musky womanhood before kissing and licking the inner of her thighs. She cries loudly at the first stroke of my tongue on her clit and holds my head as I lick and suck her fat bean.

“Ohhh babbyyy!”

I eat her cunt like it's my last meal drawing alphabets on her pussy with my tongue until I find the one that's drives her crazy which is letters O and stick with it while fingering her. She's making all the right noises and bucking her hips to the rhythm of my fingers sliding in and out her cunt. She releases a high pitch moan as her body convulses with pleasure. I lick all her juices and crawl on top of her making sure that I don't put too much weight on her bump and kiss her lips. She fiddles her hands on my jeans trying to unbuckle it but I stop her.

“Baby I want you inside of me please”

“I don't want to hurt you apple butter”

“You won't hurt me Papito”

“I don’t trust myself Phiwe”

“I will stop you when you hurt me I need you deep inside of me right now please”

The desperation in her voice is tempting me but I don’t trust myself especially that she’s the last woman I had sex with. 8 months is long and I know that’s so unlike me I didn’t crave anyone but her.

“Phiwe not today please”

“You love me, you love us allow that to be your guide to control yourself”

“I’m scared baby please just be patient with me ngiyakucela”
(...please)

She sighs disappointedly.

“Ngiyaxolisa” (I’m sorry)

“It’s okay”

She kisses me then I take off my t-shirt and make her sit between my legs with her bare back pressing on my bare chest and my hands brushing her tummy.

“I’m sorry”

“It’s really okay I like that you don’t want any harm on us”

“How have you been holding up”

She sighs heavily and I just knew that it's been hard as much as it's been for me especially without her by my side.

“It's been hard Papito and I hate that things will never be the same again. I'm so hurt and angry and I hate feeling like this.”

“Tell me what to do to make you feel better”

“There's nothing you can do Papito”

I feel my heart sinking deep at her response.

“I want to make things right baby. It's all my fault you are feeling this anguish tell me what to do to make it better please”

She tilts her head and looks at me as I look down on her.

“Baby no it's not your fault you didn't do anything wrong. My parents and my brother are the ones that are wrong here. They stole from your father and made me believe that it's all their hard work. Like that was not enough they killed Kwanele. They painted you as a bad guy for me kanti they were trying to cover up their filthy deeds! I hate them Papito all of them and I will never ever forgive them for this. They're the reason your father joined the taxi Industry and got killed, they're the reason you are not a doctor today, they're the reason you struggled, they're the reason you and I fall apart, they're the reason you lost your little sister. They're the reason we are trying to pick up the pieces of our love that could've blossomed into something so magical and beautiful. It's because of them!”

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She burst into tears. I hold her tightly in my arms not knowing what to say because honestly it's the truth. It's her parents and my father fault as well. Had he told mom about this none of this would have happened. Kwanza would be still alive. I wouldn't

have treated Aphiwe so badly that she lost our baby, I wouldn't have missed out on her pregnancy for 8 months however I'm fully aware that no one forced me to behave the way I did towards her so I also take my blame to her anguish.

"I'm so ashamed that there were times I look down on you thinking I'm better than you and anyone else because of this wealth that was supposed to be yours to begin with. I hate that when you and your family were struggling and depending on your father's salary I was living the best life, the life that was supposed to be enjoyed by you and your family. I hate that what I am and what I own today it's because of your father's wealth. I hate my degree, I hate my car, my clothes, my boutique everything."

"I'm sorry baby that the people you love the most are the ones that put you through this turmoil however I think you are being hard on yourself. You knew nothing about this don't punish yourself for the life your parents provided for you my love. Don't you dare hate your degree because that was your damn hard work. You studied hard and obtained your degree fairly. The only thing your parents did was to give you capital to start the boutique all the work that was put in to be what the boutique it is today it's you my love. The business needs more than just money to be successful and sustain. That was your damn hard work. Thula told me that your boutique has been receiving bad reviews. Now I see that you have been doing it on purpose because you want it to collapse. Don't do that my love please"

She gives me a faint as her tears stroll down her face.

"I hear you baby and thank you so much you always know what to say to me at the right time that is one of the million reasons I love you"

I smile and wipe her tears with the back of my palms

“Sukhala sthandwa sami I hate it when you cry” (Don’t cry my love...)

“You don’t hate me for everything that my parents put you and your family through and my brother for killing Kwanele”

“Hate you? I will never baby kobe sengiyahlanya ubongithatha ungise e-mental institution straight” (.. when that happens it would definitely means I have gone crazy you have to take me to mental institution)

She giggles now that what I want to hear. That sweet giggle that tugs at my heartstrings.

“On a serious note my love I can’t punish you for your parents sins because I also don’t want my children to be punished for my sins. If there’s anything I love you more and I’m sorry that I accused you for playing me and killing Kwanele. I don’t want to mess up this time around my love”

“I love you so much more my Papito and thank you so much for coming back to my life, already I have positive thoughts about my life and everything. You just bring positivity and joy in my life but I have to say you really took your damn time mkhulu!”
(. grandpa)

I burst into laughter

“I wanted you to miss me more so that you will have no choice but take me back miss trolley”

She giggles and kisses me. I feel something on her tummy and gasp

“Baby did you feel that!”

“Yeah baby he’s in my tummy of course I felt that”

“What is happening?”

“He’s kicking”

He kicks again but hard this time my heart skips a beat.

“Wow does it hurt?”

“No my love”

“This is beautiful baby”

Though I missed out on the pregnancy but at least I’m going to be here when my son is born unlike with Ndiwe.

“You have no idea how much I yearned sharing these moments with you baby”

“I’m glad that I’m going to share few of these and be here from the day my son is born till forever”

We share a passionate kiss that doesn’t last long as we get disturbed by her ringing phone.

“Aunty”

“Buya phela manje it’s 7pm now” (Come back now..)

The speaker of her phone is loud so I can hear what her aunt is saying on the other side of the line

“Can I spend the night with him”

Phiwe asks

“Hayi it’s still early for that what if he causes you another miscarriage?”

I clench my jaws as her words hit deep to the core

“Aunt come on....”

“Buya Aphiwe!” (Come back Aphiwe!)

The line cuts she must have hang up. Phiwe sighs heavily.

“She’s right Phiwe let me take you home.”

She looks at me with sadness in her eyes

“She didn’t mean that. ..”

I shut her up with a kiss on her lips

“I love you so much”

“I love you too”

“Now let’s get you dress”

I get up from the couch and dress her up before wearing my t-shirt. I take my car keys on the coffee table and scoop her up then head out. The drive is filled with laughter as we are joking around.

“Baby”

She mumbles incoherent things as I shake her and realize that she has fallen asleep. The pregnancy must be exhausting her because she never sleeps in the car she says it's uncomfortable. I don't want to disturb her in her sleep so when I arrive at her aunt's place I carry her in my arms and walk to the door. I knock with my head on the door.

“Haibo ubani lo oshaya umnyango wami!” (Haibo who's banging on my door!)

The voice of woman says as the door opens. I almost drop Phiwe down when our eyes meet. WTF!



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Chapter Five

The shock in her eyes doesn't measure mine her eyes moves from mine to Aphiwe who's sleeping in my arms then panic replace the shock in her eyes.

“What's wrong with her We...”

I cut her off before she wakes my apple butter up.

“She's fine she just fall asleep so I don't want to disturb her can you please show me her bedroom”

She makes the space for me to get in.

“Come this way”

I follow behind her until she opens this door and get in.

“This is her bedroom”

I gently place Phiwe on the bed and take off her shoes.

“If you don't mind can you please give me her pjs”

She looks at me with a raised brow and crosses her arms against her chest.

“Are you really going to undress her in front of me?”

“Is there a problem maybe?”

“Yess! I’m her aunt for crying out loud I can’t watch my niece being undressed by her baby daddy!”

“Then its easy ke you will give me her pjs and walk out”

“No I’m not doing such thing you brought her you can go what you want to do now is unnecessary!”

“If you know her like I do then you should know how uncomfortable it’s makes her to sleep with clothes on especially the bra.”

“You are not going to undress her Nkosinathi!”

I walk to her and stand so close to her looking in her eyes.

“Ufuna ngikhumule wena yini?” (You want me to undress you?) I whisper in her ear she swallows spit and blinks profusely.

“You’re so disrespectful you bastard!”

She tries to slap me but I hold her arm before her hand lands on my face.

“Stop acting like you didn’t enjoy our night”

“Get away from me nxa!”

She pushes me and walks out leaving me chuckling. I glance at Phiwe and walk to her closet to look for her pajamas. She doesn’t even flinch bit as I change her into them. She must be really exhausted and being a deep sleeper is not doing her justice. Once I’m done I take out her phone from my pants and place it on her bedside table then walk out. Miss Thusi is in the kitchen gulping down water.

“I’m leaving now goodbye”

“Bye”

“I thought you are going to offer me something nyana to drink”

I brush my beard smirking.

“I want you to leave my niece alone you are so cruel and it’s clearly now that you dated her knowing that she’s my niece so that you can hurt me!”

I laugh out loudly throwing my head back. This woman is crazy.

“I didn’t know that you’re her aunt what a small world and this discovery makes me happier.”

“Get the fuck out of my house!”

“That’s not a way to treat someone who you quenched your sexual thirst. Phela wacishe wafa indlala wafika u-ugly dark brainless boy and made you speak in tongues” (...you almost died of your sexual starvation then ugly dark brainless boy arrived...) I say with a smirk on my face.

“Fuck you!”

I laugh as I walk towards her but she keeps moving back until she’s blocked by the wall and has no where to go. I cage her in my arms and she looks at me holding her breath.

“Bengizokuphinda futhi ukubaba angithandanani ne niece yakho ”
(I’d fuck you again if I wasn’t in love with you niece)

“Get away from me or I will scream”

“Why are you so angry”

“You did me dirty Nkosinathi”

“But you liked it and enjoyed every single second especially when I bent you over and made you touch your toes”

“Nkosinathi..cela..uhambe” (.....please leave) It comes out as a gruff whisper. She’s trying to hide the effect I have on her.

“You’re scared you won’t be able to resist me”

“Hamba” (Go)

“Goodnight”

I make my way out and get into the car then drive home. It’s really a small world to think I was nervous to meet Phiwe’s aunty only to find out that she’s Miss Thusi. I’m sure you remember that bitch that used to make me a mockery at school and I got her and fucked her bitchy ass hard until she couldn’t take it anymore. I saw right in her eyes that she’s fighting the effect I have on her mmh I think I’m going to enjoy this.

I rush inside the house as soon as I arrive home, my parents’ house that is. I miss my daughter. They’re in the living room watching TV. Ndiwe is snuggled on my mom’s chest and she’s brushing her back. It seems like she’s been crying. I greet them and they greet me back.

“Hey baby come to daddy”

She just looks at me with red swollen eyes as I take her.

“Nimenzeni umtanami” (What have you done to my baby?)

I settle down on the couch and caress my daughter’s back

“Singamanzani?” (What can we do to her?)

Dad says shooting me a look. Our relationship hasn’t been the same ever since I found out that he kept a big secret from us. I can’t help but think that had he told us the truth Kwanza would be still here. I choose to ignore him before I lose it.

“I think spending almost the whole day at the mall exhausted her I bought so many clothes for her. You should see them they’re so cute” Mom says.

“This child misses her mom”

“Dad can you shut the fuck up!”

“Hayi Nkosinathi!”

Mom yells at me. I kiss my daughter’s cheek who smiles faintly.

“Your father is right Nkosinathi. Paci connected with you which is normal as you are her father but that doesn’t mean she will forget her mom”

“She’s a child soon she will get used to the fact that her mom is no more”

“Hayi Nkosinathi kanti you were serious that you are completely keeping Cebisile away from Paci forever? I thought you are just going to give her the taste of her medicine just for a day or two”

“Yes mama I wasn’t playing. Cebisile kept me 1 year and three months away from my daughter why should it be two days to her?”

“You know baby as much I don’t like that girl and I want her to be punished for what she did but the truth is keeping her away from Paci is not only punishing her but Paci too. You can’t separate a child from her mother”

“Where’s Thula?”

“Don’t change the subject Nkosinathi”

“Mama I’m not allowing that bitch to be in my daughter’s life ever again. She’s the one that started this so she must deal with it!”

“Don’t raise your voice at my wife wena Nkosinathi!”

This man thinks I’m scared of him kanti I’m just showing him respect because he’s my mom’s husband and she loves him. I get up from the couch and walk to the kitchen to take yogurt and teaspoon then go up to my bedroom. Yes I do have a bedroom here as well. I settle on the bed and put my daughter on my thighs then open the tub of yogurt.

“Let’s eat say ahhh”

She opens her mouth and I feed her.

“Am I punishing you too by keeping you away from your mom”

“Mmmh”

“Mama do you miss her?”

“Mmamma”

She looks around as if she’s looking for her in the room. I sigh heavily and feed her the yogurt. Cebisile hurt me beyond and I’m not even punishing her I’m just giving her the taste of her medicine. Ndiwe snaps me out of thoughts as she takes the teaspoon from me and attempts to feed herself which becomes a disaster. I laugh and she joins me mxm this child is so sweet yaz.

“Let’s daddy feed you baby”

“Ha.naaaaa!”

She screams pulling away the teaspoon.

“Okay fine miss you don’t have to shout”

I watch her at as she feeds herself smearing the yogurt all over herself. I will never trade this moment for anything and to think this is what I have been missing for a year and three months makes me lose my mind ay Cebisile will never see my daughter ever again!

“Ndiwe noooo!”

I scream as I feel her tiny hand smearing the yogurt all over my face. Guess what she does the next she giggles. I take the tub of yogurt and put it on the bedside table.

“Come here you naughty child!” I say tickling her she’s giggles and wiggles herself until she farts.

“Hayi Nkosinathi ukukitaza umtwana kangaka uzofa” (Nkosinathi stop tickling the baby she will die)

I stop tickling Ndiwe and looks at mom as she makes her way towards us with a smile on her face.

“Look what your granddaughter did to me qede lapho uyahleka”
(... then she laughs at me)

I point my face and mom giggles as she sits down next to us

“Ahhh shame uyakubona ukuthi ugazukile sekathi akukugcobe”
(She can see that your skin is cracking so she thought she must lotion you)

We laugh as mom looks at Ndiwe with a twinkle in her eyes who's sucking off the yogurt on her tiny fingers. Damn the woman is in love with this little chubby naughty girl.

“God it's like having Nele all over again when she was a baby. She's naughty and energetic like her.”

She smiles and her eyes shines with tears. I remember the day I told her that Zenzele turned himself in for killing Kwanza and it turned out that he's dad's son, all she did was just cry but she never said anything about that till today. Even when Zenzele was sentenced she said nothing at all. I asked dad how does the turn out of events made mama feel he said she hasn't shared with her either.

“Mom”

“Yes”

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“Uhm you have never said anything about finding out that dad had a child out of wedlock and the son took away your only daughter's life”

She heaves a sigh

“I have never said anything not that I have nothing to say but the person I want to talk to is dead. I have so many questions to ask but he’s not here to answer them. That’s what makes me more angry that he’s not her to answer my questions. I want to ask him why Nkosinathi? Where did I go wrong? What is it that she did that I wasn’t doing to him? I thought I gave all of myself to him I even gave up on my life and dreams for him. He was the man that didn’t believe women should work and I had to suck it up because I loved him. You think he wanted me to start the fast food business? No he didn’t want that but he had no choice because after they stole his gold he had no job since he had already resigned from the mine. I told him though that resigning was not a good idea he said it will raise suspicion if he becomes rich while still inside and they might do an investigation on him. I told him resigning all of the sudden then he becomes rich will raise suspicions as well. He said they will think it’s his UIF and we will take things slowly unfortunately they stole his gold. It was back to square one now I started by selling vetkoeks with polony and archaar the income was not that much but at least we were able to get the basic necessities. Being the man that your father was he felt like he was a failure of a man and I was at the receiving end of his anger and frustration

She pauses for a moment as if she’s walking down that memory lane

“I remember the first time he slapped me ...”

“What?”

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She looks at me and I notice that she didn’t mean to say this it’s slipped out of her mouth.

“Mmh nothing.”

She gets up but I pull her down

“Mom dad used to beat you up? Where was I when all of this happened? Why you have never told me?”

“No he wasn’t abusing me physically he slapped me for the first time and never did it again. You were only 6 years old that time and you were sleeping. I wasn’t suppose to tell you Nkosinathi it’s just slipped out. I don’t want you to think your father was bad and all because he was a good man. Yes he had his flaws and imperfections but he was a good man. A man that loved his family so much and did everything he could for his family to have a better life. When his UIF was paid out which wasn’t that much he bought me that mobile container of which I’m selling my fast food in at Checkers. Most women say it all started with a slap but to me it was rather different because that was the first and the last time he laid his hand on me.”

“Wow I can’t believe he ever laid his hands on you mama and no I’m not thinking he was a bad man but I hate what he did. I can’t help but think if he told you about Zenzele, Kwanele would still be here mama.”

She chuckles bitterly

“You know what hurts the most is that he’s not here to deal with the consequences of his infidelity. Ufile umathambo amahlophe and I’m here alone breaking apart because of his bastard child that killed my daughter. What have I done to who to deserve this pain Nkosinathi huh?”

The last sentence comes out as a whisper as her tears roll down her face. I press her head against my chest and wrap my arms around her.

“You didn’t do anything to anyone mom”

“Then explain to me why am I being punished like this? Just when thought I’m making peace with your father’s passing then Nele passes away. I wish I was warned you know, I wish I was told that I will raise her only for 19 years then she will be snatched away from me I would have spend more time with her, I would’ve rented an apartment just to be close to her for the two months she was struggling to adapt in Cuba, I would’ve told her more often that I love her so much, I would’ve given her more money, I would’ve give in to her tricks when she wanted something from me, I would’ve done more then I did Nkosinathi, I would’ve been a better mom to her”

“You were the best mom she could’ve ask for mama never doubt what an awesome mom you are. I’m sorry that you had to go through this pain and I’m sorry that there’s nothing I can do to take away the pain you are feeling right now. You remember the day she said to you why did you date a sick man do you enjoy losing men in your life?”

“Ehhy that girl had no flitter her insensitive attitude was on another level!” She says and we both laugh lightly.

“When I told her that she was so wrong for saying that to you she said she didn’t mean to hurt you the thing is she didn’t want to see you crawling back to that dark place you were when dad passed. It’s broke her heart to see you trapped in that dark cocoon and she never wished for you to go back there. It’s pains deep down in the heart but she wouldn’t want our lives to stop because she’s no more, she wouldn’t want to see you trapped in that dark place.”

I stroke her back as she weeps silently against my chest until she calms down after a while.

“Ngiyaxolisa” (I’m sorry)

“Akusiphutha lakho” (Its not your fault)

Sometimes I can’t help but feel like it’s my fault. I’m the one who brought the Ndlelas in our lives. I wipe her tears and kiss her forehead. There’s a knock on the door.

“Come in”

The door opens its Thula, the first thing I notice when she gets is that she’s wearing one of Kwanza’s favorite dresses and her weave that she had on her matric farewell. Phiwe bought that weave for her and she was so obsessed with it. I couldn’t understand what was the fuss about to me they’re all just weaves but she went on and said words I couldn’t understand abo ravenzilian or is is lizard?

“Why are you wearing Kwanza’s dress and weave?”

“I feel closer to her and mom didn’t have a problem at all”

I look at mom

“It’s better someone wears her clothes kunokuthi zihlale nje in her wardrobe”

“Why all of the sudden?”

“Phela buti at first it wasn’t easy to wear her clothes without crying”

“Okay”

I don't think I'm ready to see someone else wearing her clothes. It's going to make this journey of healing difficult for me but mom is right someone has to wear her clothes.

“I came to tell you guys that I have dished up”

“It's dinner time already?”

“Yes mama”

“Okay thanks for dishing up baby. Paci come let's go eat”

She takes Ndiwe and get up with her. They walk out as I go to the bathroom to wash my face that has yogurt. Once I'm done I join them for dinner.

Thula wakes me up the next morning. I groan in frustration I don't know why is she waking me up because she knows that I slept late. Ndiwe kept me till late and mom said I'm then one who fed her yogurt late so I should deal with her. How was I supposed to know that kids are not fed something sweet at night. The little girl was so energetic and she wanted us to play the whole night.

“What's wrong”

“Mom is calling you”

“Tell her I'm still sleeping Thula!”

“There's a meeting downstairs bhuti”

“Meeting?”

I blink my eyes open and glances at her.

“Yes”

With that said she walks out leaving me wondering what is she on about? Ndiwe is still sleeping skyward next to me, her lips are pouting and her fat little leg is on my chest. I smile and take my phone to snap a picture of her first before getting up. I rush to the bathroom to wash my face and brush my teeth once I'm done I get dressed and walk downstairs.

“Greetings” I say and they greet me back.

I look at the middle aged woman and man before me trying to put names on their faces as they look familiar.

“Boy this is Mrs & Mr Dlamini. They're Cebisile's parents”

Oh yes I have never met them personally but Mr Dlamini looks so much like Thando then Mrs Dlamini is an older version of Cebisile. Zac once showed me their pictures and Thando is the only person I met personally because I didn't want to overwhelm the mother since Zac briefed me up about her condition.

“Oh okay how are you Mr & Mrs Dlamini”

The man clears his throat and stares at me.

“We are not fine Nkosinathi our daughter called us yesterday crying that you took her daughter and you threatened to never allow her to see her again”

I chuckle in disbelief

“So she’s been in contact with you?”

“What does that supposed to mean?” Mr Dlamini asks

“Cebisile ran away pregnant with my son’s daughter and my son came to your house but she wasn’t there. Your younger daughter said she knew nothing about her sister’s whereabouts. So we are surprised that you have been contact with each other which means your younger daughter lied to us. All along when my son was looking for Cebisile and his daughter up and down for a year and months but she was just right there with you in your house. Now Cebisile is getting the taste of her own medicine you came here without even letting us know” - Dad

“We apologize for coming unannounced and we are very sorry for what Cebisile did. She wasn’t in her right state of mind. Your son made my daughter pregnant and promised her heaven and earth then he ditched her like a toilet paper what was she supposed to do?” - Mr Dlamini

“That doesn’t give her a right to keep the child from my son. Your daughter knew what she was getting herself into from the word go when she cheated on her husband with my son. It was just an affair that meant nothing she’s the one that caught feelings so she should blame herself.” - Dad

“It’s also wrong for him to keep my granddaughter away from my daughter” - Mrs Dlamini

Her speech is slurry due to her condition. So she remembers her daughter now how nice! I chuckle bitterly

“Haaa double standard mfazi it was right when she was the one that kept my granddaughter away from my son and you supported

her on this madness now that my son took his daughter it's wrong yhhuu" - Mom

"I'm the one who reunited you guys and I remember how hurt Cebisile was when you couldn't remember her but when you remember each other you guys turn against me and keep me away from my daughter?" I say angrily

"We didn't ask you Nkosinathi" - Mrs Dlamini

"Wow you're so ungrateful mfazi ndini!" - Mom

"Who ask him to involve his ass in our business?" - Mrs Dlamini

Wow this woman is so disrespectful!

"Honey" Mr Dlamini reprimands his wife

"No Sibalikhulu now that this boy reunited us with my daughter he thinks he can do as he pleases to my daughter and take away her child? That's nonsense!"

"Oh please you failed her the day you chose your abusive husband over her now you going to act like the best mother in the world ungazoganga wena!" (...don't play with us!)

Mr Dlamini clenches his jaw as he looks at mama.

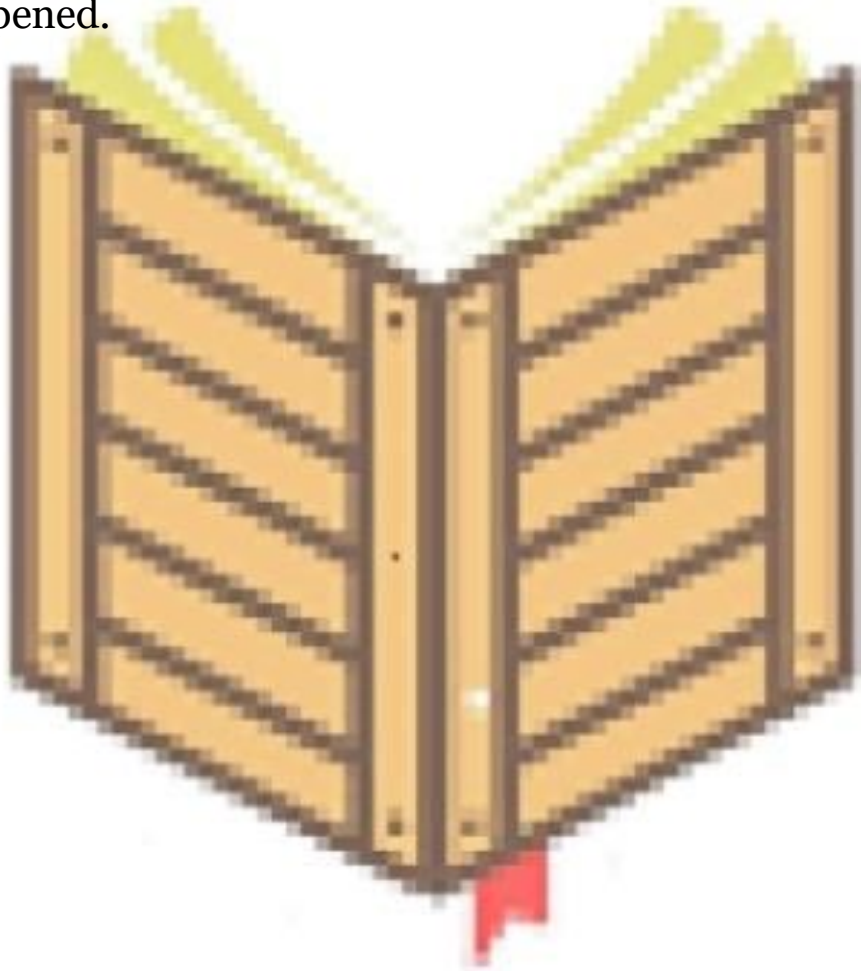
"Hey stay away from my business woman! You are also not the best mom your son fucked another man's wife!" - Mrs Dlamini

"My son is not married your daughter was she opened her legs knowing that she's married so please deal with your whore not my son" - Mom

“Betty no” - Dad

“You are the whore who marries friends who knows maybe you were already sleeping together with your current husband before your late husband died” - Mrs Dlamini

I don't know when and how but the next thing I hear is a “mmpaaa” sound. I gasp with shock as it registers to me what just happened.



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Chapter Six

I don't think there's animal that I find repulsive then a fly but man at this moment I wish I can be a fly. I'd be inside the house right now in that meeting listening and observing everything that is happening there but hey that's just insane I'm a human being so here I am in my car and playing this stupid game on my phone! I'm so anxious I want to know what's going on in there why are they taking so long?

“Hey lover how is it going there ?”

It's a WhatsApp text from Gambushe.

“My parents are inside the house and they haven't called me yet the wait is killing me!”

I reply to him

“Where are you kanti?”

“I'm waiting in the car for them to call me. Dlamini suggested that I stay in the car until they call me. I don't understand why can't I be there as well”

“Be patient my love Im sure your father wanted to talk with Nathi's parents first before calling you and Nathi.”

“He's not my father!”

“You sound like a spoiled little girl right now”

“Are you calling me childish?”

“Now you are twisting my words just give the poor man a break he’s trying”

“Hayi its too little too late now”

I don’t think I will ever forgive this man every single thing about mom her slurry speech, memory problems, her poor reasoning, impulsive behavior everything that comes with her impairment reminds me of those days she was beaten like she’s no human. I don’t care that he did his best to find the best care for my mom which I have to admit that it’s helped.

There’s a lot of improvement in her now then years ago her nanny was a cognitive impairment therapist he must have paid her a lot of money for her to solely focus on mama.

She played a very big role at helping mama to remember me apparently I was the part of mama’s life that her husband never wanted to remember hence he didn’t tell the nanny/cognitive impairment therapist about me so that she can also include me in their activities they were doing regarding her memory. It was a time they let her go apparently she relocated to UK. I have to applaud her she did a profound job after all mama’s impairment is permanent.

“I have to go I love you”

“I love you too”

I sigh and log out from WhatsApp just then my phone rings. I answer my phone without saying anything to her I’m so mad at her.

“Hey sis I’m sorry I have been unreachable”

“Where are you whoring Thando?”

She titters and I just knew that she’s been up to no good indeed.

“I’m not whoring come on I had a workshop and I forgot the charger”

“You are lying mom said you haven’t been home for the whole week I hope you’re not riding your principal’s married dick. I don’t need to remind you what happened to me you were there”

“Hayi phela I’m not married sis he’s the one that is married”

“Thando no you really went ahead with this madness”

“It’s not madness I’m just enjoying the dick. No one will get hurt here I’m not like you I don’t catch feelings”

Wow is she really that stupid or it’s the power of dick that makes her spit nonsense.

“What if he catches feelings or what if his wife finds out are you ready to be called a home wrecker?”

“I understand why you are talking like this you have seen the worst but I promise you sis it won’t get to that. Khehla told me everything how dare Nkosinathi do this to you?”

“His anger is justified”

“But taking Ndiwe is not justified you should’ve just reported him once and for all uyanya uNathi”

“He’s doing the same thing I did to him. ..”

“Why are you defending him...wait don't tell me you still love him after everything he did to you?”

“Oh come on I have moved on from him I'm just stating the fact here. I'm the one who started all of this and I don't want it to end badly rather we talk and be civil about it. Ndiwe connected with her father the second they met I don't want to take that away from her.”

“It's only been what a second she can forget him. Gambushe is Ndiwe's father not that asshole uyancika uNathi he thinks he's shit and all nxa!” (...Nathi irks me..)

I see the front door of the house opening.

“I have to go I will call you later”

There's shouting going on there and my mother seems like she's crying. I get out of the car and walk to them.

“Your wife beat up my wife then you tell me to calm down! Kalm down ukunuka we are going to report your son and fight for full custody!” - Dlamini

Nathi's mom beat up my mother how dare she? I look at mom and my blood boils with anger as I see fingerprints on her cheek. I didn't fight back that time she slapped me at the hospital but now she went to far! This is my mother and no woman would beat her up and I just do nothing.

I push my way inside walking straight to this woman but my walk to her ceases the moment I hear the giggles that always tugs at my heartstrings. It's feels like I haven't heard them in ages. It's hit me

that what I'm about to do now might make things worse and I will never hear these giggles ever again.

“Mama!”

She squeals excitedly as she sees me and wiggles herself in Thula arms who put her down then she runs to me. I meet her half way and pick her up.

“Hey baby mommy missed you so much”

I shower her with kisses all her face which makes her giggles non stop. Oh my baby I missed her so much.

I hold her tightly in my arms as tears fill my eyes. I don't want to lose my baby. I go down on my knees with her in my arms and look at them before me.

“I'm sorry Nkosinathi I wronged you and I will forever be indebted to you for robbing you a year and months of our daughter. I admit I did it to hurt you but I did it more for myself. You broke my heart and I knew that being pregnant with your child wasn't going to allow me to nurse my broken heart without your presence in my life. I was egocentric I own that please punish me anyhow but not by taking away my daughter. It will drive me to mental institution”

I'm in tears now and Ndiwe is looking at me with a sad face. I look at Nathi through my glassy eyes trying to read his facial expression but it's just blank.

“Let's all sit down and talk about this calmly.” - Gastheni

“There's nothing we can talk about now your wife beat my wife up we are going to lay an assault charge and....”

Nkosinathi's mom interjects

“You call this clap nyana a beat up aw kahle ihaba Dlamini”
(...stop exaggerating Dlamini)

“Cebisile get up on that floor these people doesn't deserve your groveling. We came here in peace and we thought we were going to talk as adults but these people are rude and violent! They're absolutely not fit to raise Ndiwe.” - Dlamini

“Oh that's so reach coming from you Mr Dlamini”

I can't believe that I thought this woman is sweet.

“Betty stop it now!”

Gastheni shouts at his wife who huffs.

“This is not about us but a toddler so let's sit down and talk without raising voices” - Gatsheni

His voice command respect we find ourselves settling down on the couches.

“Going back and forth now won't help we need a solution that is best for Uthandiwe. The well being of this child depends on the solution that we are going to make right now. Nkosinathi you heard what Cebisile and she seems to be remorseful for what she did so what do you say”

Nathi clears his throat and looks at me. Bastard is still a sexy man my eyes have ever laid on.

“Cebisile hurt me dad and I don't think anyone can ever understand the pain she caused me however I can't dismiss the

role I played in this. I'm sorry for the pain I put you through and I understand that our emotions can get better of us. I saw how happy Ndiwe was when she saw you and I realized how wrong it would be of me to deprive her mother's love. I'm not going to keep her away from you anymore."

I almost jump from my seat and go give him a big kiss.

"Thank you so much Nathi"

I say happily

"My daughter's needs and well being is my first priority"

"Thank you Nkosinathi so how will this work?"

Dlamini asks curiously

"Cebisile will have her on weekends and I will have weekdays with her"

"Hayi Nkosithani weekends only no!"

I protest

"Cebisile you have been with her for a year and months I also want to spend time with my daughter. I want more than just this connection I have with her. I want the father and daughter bond with her. I want her to know my family as much as she knows yours."

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"But weekends are so not enough my daughter can't spend only two days with her daughter in a week" - Mom

I appreciate it that he's not taking her away from me anymore but I'm not happy with spending time with my daughter on weekends only like I'm sort of a prisoner mom or whatever. This co-parenting thing seems to be harder than I thought.

"I hear you Mrs Dlamini but it's only fair that I get as much time I want to spend with my daughter since I was deprived that chance for a year and months" - Nathi

Will he ever get over this mara? He keeps throwing this at us just when I think we are moving on. I don't think he will ever forgive me.

"Hayi I don't agree with you Nkosinathi, my daughter will be no different to a visitor in my granddaughter's life. Ngiyala udlala ngomntanami" - Mom

"If your child didn't run away with my granddaughter we wouldn't be having this discussion right now. At least my son is not cutting her off Paci's life she should be grateful for that" - Nathi's mom

Who's Paci?

"Paci?"

I ask looking at Nathi because I really can't stand her mother. I understand where she's coming from really but ay wenza kakhulu lomama!

"Pacifica my mom gave Ndiwe that name. It's a Spanish name and it's mean peaceful and tranquility"

Nathi says with a smile on his face. Oh beautiful I love it! At least she loves my daughter so I have no worries there.

“Hee you even gave her a new name without my daughter’s knowledge? A Spanish name what nonsense is that we are Zulus!”
- Mom

“Nonsense is that shit that is coming out of your mouth right now!” - Nathi’s mom

Oh God these two can they stop it now yhuuu ay!

“Butternut”

Gatsheni warns his wife. It’s really amazing that when her husband reprimands her she listens to him no matter how angry she is. She must really love and respect her husband.

“Uhm I don’t want to drag this any longer so it’s fine I will accept the weekends. It’s better then nothing at all thank you Nkosinathi”

I guess it’s better then nothing but I’m not happy with this arrangement. I have hope though that as time goes by things will be better at the moment he’s still angry.

“Well I’m glad we have finally reached the solution that’s working for both patents. So let’s move on and stop fighting because at the end of the day we’re now family.” - Gastheni

“That’s won’t happen until your wife apologize to mine for slapping her” - Dlamini

Gastheni looks at his wife

“Ay Boyabenyathi she called me a whore in my house and I’m the one who supposed to apologize to her?”

Mom naye can be rude when she likes!

“You are the one called my daughter a whore first and you thought I was just going to keep quiet no!”

Mom defends herself. This will never end these women are both stubborn.

“I apologize on behalf of my wife but she didn’t mean the words she said and she didn’t mean to slap you MaDlamini she allowed her emotions to get better of her right my butternut”

Gastheni says giving his wife a stern look. I see that Nathi’s mom doesn’t want to apologize to mom but because she loves and respects her husband she apologizes to mom who apologizes as well. I guess we are all fine now.

“Ayke sesiyindlela” (We are leaving) - Dlamini

“Anisaphuzi netiye ngaphambi kokuthi nigoduke”(Have some tea first before you guys can go) - Nathi’s mom

“I thought you will never ask” - Dlamini

We share a laugh. At least now the mood is warming up. Nathi’s mom gets up and disappears to make tea I presume. My phone rings it’s Gambushe. I ask to be excused and walk out with my daughter in my arms.

“Baby”

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“Hey lover Im just checking how things are going now are you still waiting in the car?”

“No we talked and agreed to co-parenting”

“Oh that’s great baby where’s Ndiwe have you seen her?”

“Yes she’s right here in my arms you want to talk to her”

“Yes please”

I place the phone on Ndiwe’s ear

“Say hello to dada”

“Dada”

“Hello baby girl daddy miss you so much.”

Ndiwe replies to her dada with her baby language. I smell his scent before I hear his footsteps behind approaching us.

“Uhm we have to go baby see you later”

I hang up immediately before he even says anything and turn around to look at Nathi. He shouldn’t wear these sweatpants really they’re too revealing and it’s makes it hard not to stare.

“Who was talking to my daughter on the phone”

“It’s Thando”

“I see you are guys are a happy family now”

“Yes and thanks to you”

“Oh really?”

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“Yes Nkosinathi without you I wouldn’t worked things out with my family”

I have said this for countless times that I will forever be grateful to him for reuniting me with my family. I still remember the day mom recognized me and that day will never rust in my mind because it was the most beautiful day ever. I have given birth and I didn’t know that Thando will come with my mom to see me. The very first moment she walked in on that door she said “Lele” I knew from that moment that she recognize me. That’s what she calls me she took the last “le” of my name and multiplied it by two and that’s Lele

“It’s funny though that you guys turned against me and kept my daughter away from me while I’m the one who reunited you guys but hey you didn’t ask me so it’s serves me right. Next time I will mind my own business”

Now that hit home

“I’m sorry Nkosinathi and I really appreciate and I’m grateful for reuniting me with my family. I’m the one who asked them to hide us from you I’m sorry please forgive me”

He chuckles bitterly

“So all this time you have been with them and even that day I came and Thando said she you were not there. I can’t believe I actually believed her”

“She was telling you the truth I wasn’t there. I contacted her when I was about to give birth.”

“Where have you been hiding because I looked everywhere even asked someone to look for you. The same person that helped me find your family”

“I have been at Durnacol village 7. I was so lucky to find a house at a very cheap price. The owner was relocating to Johannesburg and already bought a new house there”

“You bought a house with what money?”

“Haibo I had my savings Nkosinathi and I also sold the Q7”

“Something doesn’t make sense here”

My heart skips a beat as I observe him. He doesn’t believe me but honestly it’s the half truth. The house was Gambushe’s cousin and she was getting rid of it since she already had one in Johannesburg so she she sold it to me at a cheap price.

“What doesn’t make sense”

He looks at me as if he’s searching something in my eyes.

“Ahhh forget about it”

“I’m telling you the truth Nkosinathi why would I lie when you have already found me”

“Did I say you are lying”

“But do you don’t believe me”

“I didn’t say that either”

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“I’m sorry and thank you so much for not taking her away from me.”

“Im doing it for her if it was up to me I’d cut off you stru Cebisile”

“Well thank you still”

There’s a moment of silence then I eventually breaks it.

“I’m sorry about Kwanele”

He heaves a sigh and nods. I see a glint of sadness in his eyes and my heart sinks to the pit of my stomach.

I can imagine how hard it must be for him to accept his nana’s death. They were so close and their relationship was just extraordinary. I give him a hug he doesn’t accept it for a moment but I don’t break it until he gives in and envelopes us in his arms



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Chapter Seven

The growling of stomach wakes me up from my slumber. I'm surprised to find myself in my bedroom and wearing my pajamas. I know it's Nkosinathi who did this because my aunt never changes me into my pjs when I doze off wearing my clothes. How thoughtful of my man isn't he a darling though...wait does this means he and my aunt met? Oh God I hope she wasn't rude to him.

Here goes that grumbling again mind you it's 5 am in the morning but it's understandable since I last ate around 5pm yesterday. Imagine my foodie self together with my pregnancy how much of food do I consume. Sigh. What I like though my pregnancy is not choosy I eat anything and everything that is food.

I roll out of bed and go to the bathroom to brush my teeth then make my way to the kitchen. I switch the lights on it's still dark outside, we are in the middle of May by the way. I remember last month on 20th of April it was Kwanele's birthday as well as her first year death anniversary. I cried so much that I was admitted and no I'm not being dramatic my pregnancy is quite complicated. If I was in that state I wonder how was my Papito.

I don't think there's a right date or day to die but man dying on your birthday has to be the worst painful thing ever. Every year we are reminded about the life that we were blessed with and taken on the same day it's just heart wrenching especially on Nathi's mom. The pain of celebrating birth and death of your child on the same day I can't begin to imagine it.

I dish up last night leftovers and make a cup of coffee then indulge in my food in front of TV relaxing on the couch while going

through the Queen A Botique reviews. People are not only unhappy they're angry as well.

'I'm so disappointed Queen A Boutique used to be my favorite I bought a dress two months ago and wore it three times but now it's has lost it's color even though I use the right wash.'

'I'm so not happy with Queen A Boutique service it's extremely disappointing. I have been waiting for my refund for weeks now!'

'I bought a blouse in XL and it was equivalent to size medium. I tried to return it to no avail. Customer service sucks I still have the blouse.'

'Poor quality of clothing! Queen A Boutique should be closed down'

Lord! This is worse then I thought there are so many bad reviews. Honestly the day I found out that all along I have been living a lavish life that could've been Nkosinathi's and his family I started hating everything I have and own even my life itself. The talk I had though with my man made me have a change of heart. I'm being hard on myself for things I didn't know and things I had no control over.

The boutique was just a dream I made it a reality. It became this highly ranked clothing boutique because of my commitment and dedication into it. I can't watch my hard work hit the skids. I have to do some damage control and ensure that I bring back its reputation before I lose more customers and the good relationship I have with my suppliers.

I call Annie and tell her to inform everyone to come to work early today because we have a meeting at 8am. I know that it's short notice but this needs to be dealt with ASAP. Annie is my assistant

I can say that she's the one that is running the boutique on my behalf as I have been staying in New York. She has a fashion management degree. I call Papito after calling Annie I know that he's awake he's an early bird plus his job requires him to wake up early.

"Hello"

Stomach churning! Nothing is sexier than his sleepy morning voice.

"Hey babe I'm sorry I woke you up I thought you are at the rank already"

"It's okay my love. Ndiwe kept me till late the energy this little girl has baffles me."

"Awwww that's beautiful. I'm glad that Ndiwe is preparing you for sleepless nights that we are going to have once Kwanza Junior is here"

"Kwanza Junior is a man he won't give us hard time you will see"

"I hope he won't shame because I will pinch his butt"

"Nami ngikushaye izinqa uchame" (I will spank your butt as well until you pee on yourself)

I giggle.

"How are you?" **NOVELSGURU.COM**

"I'm fine my apple butter and yourself?"

“I’m also fine thank you for changing me into my pjs and tucking me in”

“Don’t mention it sthandwa sami I hope you slept well”

“Yes I slept okay...how was my Aunt towards you?”

“She was okay”

“Really?”

“Yes did she say something to you?”

“No I haven’t seen her today. Are you sure she wasn’t mean and rude to you?”

“No she wasn’t baby I told you that I’m a charmer your aunt will likes me.”

I chuckle okay I’m glad that she wasn’t mean but I don’t trust Inathi. Maybe he’s saying this just so I don’t worry. I really didn’t like aunt’s comment yesterday when she said what if Inathi causes me another marriage that was just a low blow.

“Great then will I see you today? We miss you”

“I miss you guys too tell me when you are ready I will come fetch you”

“I have a meeting with my staff I took your advice and I’m not going to let my boutique crumble.”

“Thatha ntokazi gqoka umamhlongo wakho ubakhombise ukuthi umuntu ka Nathi wena!” (You go girl wear your granny’s panties and show them you are Nathi’s person!)

I giggle

“Umamhlongo pho baby” (Granny’s panties baby really?)

We both laugh

“Kanti what it is?”

“Big girl panties”

“Whatever! Your aunt will take you there?”

“I will drive myself Papito”

“Didn’t I tell you that I don’t want you to drive yourself while you are heavily pregnant?”

“But baby...”

“No answer the ask Aphiwe?”

Yhooo I know that when I’m being called by my full name kubi like ku baaaad.

“You did”

“Then what is this? Are you not the one who told me that your pregnancy is complicated. Why do you want to risk with our baby’s life and sit in front of the steering wheel at the stage of your pregnancy?”

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He’s hurting me right now and I can’t help but cry.

“Phiwe are you crying?”

Of course I'm crying idiot!

"You are calling me a bad mom!"

"I didn't call you a bad mom Phiwe I was..."

"You did Nkosinathi angithi wena you are the father of the year!" I sob

"Phiwe..."

I hang up on him and cry. He's calling I reject his call but he keeps calling that I switch off my phone.

"Wewe what's wrong"

The panic in her voice is loud enough for me to not missed it.

"Im not sick aunt don't panic"

She settles next to me

"Then why are you crying"

"Inathi said I'm a bad mother"

"Udakiwe he's the bad father that killed his unborn baby!"

Gosh why did I tell her mara?

"Aunty can you stop saying that we really don't know what caused my miscarriage it could be my incompetent cervix"

“The doctor could’ve said so Wewe that boy manhandled you that how you lost your baby!”

“I’m trying to move on but here you are busy reminding me the pain I went through every single day!”

She sighs heavily and pulls me to her chest.

“Ngiyaxolisa I just...I just don’t like him Wewe I think you deserve better than that.” (I’m sorry....)

“He’s not perfect aunt but he’s the better one for me. You don’t have to like him but tolerate him for the sake of me as well as your grandson.”

She doesn’t say anything but strokes my back until I’m calm down.

“You know that I love you right?”

“Yes aunt and I love you so much more”

She kisses my forehead and lets me to rest on her chest for a moment. I love this woman and I know that all of this is coming from a good place. Out of the two sisters mom has she’s the one I’m close with. She’s the youngest and the coolest one. There were times I just wish I could just die once and for all.

Trying to live without Inathi and finding out that I’m pregnant and my baby could die due to my incompetent cervix was sucking the life out of me. As I was still dealing with the fear of losing my baby again and Inathi’s absence in my life my dad passed on. I was angry at him but I never wanted him to die it’s still haunts me that he died when we were not speaking to each other. Aunt has been emotionally and physically available for me.

“Your mom called yesterday”

“Oh”

“She’s worried about you”

“Whatever”

“Isn’t it funny that you have forgiven Nkosinathi but you don’t want to forgive your mom and your brother”

“Nkosinathi is a victim here aunty they’re the reason behind his actions”

“But Wewe ...”

“I’m going to go take a bath now I have to be at the boutique by 8am”

I get up and walk to my bedroom. I make my bed first before taking a bath. Once I’m done showering and getting dressed I apply make up on my face and sprinkle some Black Opium fragrance. It’s one of my favorite scents it’s has intoxicating, feminine and seductive notes. People always stop me and ask about it whenever I’m wearing it. It’s also Papito’s favorite out of my collection of fragrance. There’s a knock on the door.

“Come in”

Aunt walks in I look at her expectantly

“Your boyfriend is here”

I roll my eyes what is he doing here? Papa of the year nx!

“I’m coming”

She walks out. I finish up everything and take my handbag and my phone then head out. I hear them talking in the lounge but when I walk in they stop.

“Is everything okay”

I look both of them aunt has this facial expression that I’m unable to read and Inathi is just blank.

“Yes my love your aunt and I were getting to know each other right aunt wakhe?”

Aunts looks everywhere but me and nods her head

“Excuse me”

She disappears leaving me confused. I look at Inathi who shrugs his shoulders

“What are you doing here?”

“I’m taking you to the mall”

“I didn’t ask you”

“Ukhuluma nami kanjalo?” (Are you talking to me like that?) He asks sternly looking at me intensely. I can’t help but look down.

“Usuyadelela wena manje kuyasho ukuthi khona ongasakutholi. Take everything you will need and let’s go” (You are disrespectful now it’s shows that there’s something you are not getting anymore..)

Gosh the authority in his voice got me all wet in an instant.

“What are you going to do about that?”

I ask seductively he walks close to me and gently but firmly pulls me to his arms. He’s looking down on me with his lust filled eyes.

“The last thing I want is to hurt you or the baby so I will hold that thought for now until you give birth”

So he’s not planning to fuck me until I give birth WTF! I push him but he tightens his grip around my waist.

“Ubuyele ukuzoba iphasela nje empilweni yami” (You came back into my life just to be useless)

He looks at me with a frown

“You might as well cut off your dick because you are really becoming useless!”

I manage to push him off and find my way out. I can hear him laughing behind me as he follows me. I’m so mad that he finds all of this funny! I don’t think this man understand how painful it is to be pregnant and horny 24/7. I understand that he’s scared he might go all rough and violent on me but the itch doesn’t understand! I open the car door roughly that I hit my bump.

“Shit!”

He comes to me and holds me

“Are you okay”

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I nod with my head as I wince softly.

“Why did you open the door for yourself Phiwe”

“I’m pregnant Nkosinathi not paralyzed!”

“Don’t raise your voice at me! I never said you are paralyzed look at you now ay maan stop doing this and allow me to take care of you”

He makes me sit on the front passenger seat and crouches before me brushing my tummy.

“You okay?”

“Yes I’m fine”

“Are you sure”

“Yes Nkosinathi I’m fine”

I fight the urge so hard to roll my eyes. He’s fussing too much now I can’t deal!

“Stop fighting me and let me take care of you. I never said you are a bad mom I was just asking you why you want to risk with our baby’s life knowing that your pregnancy is complicated. I’m sorry I made you feel like you are a bad mom it wasn’t my intention at all. The last thing I want baby is for you and our baby to get hurt. Forgive me for being extra cautious I don’t know what it will become of me if we were to lose this baby”

The emotions laced in his voice can’t be missed. He’s making me all teary right now. I wish he was here all along I really needed

him but it's okay he's here now and I'm happy. I cup his face and feast on his scrumptious lips.

“I love you Bhelesi”

“I love you more MaNdlela”

He kisses my nose and get up from the ground before going to his side after closing the door.

“What kind of complication do you have with the pregnancy”

We are on the road and he's driving rather fast. I don't know why, we are still on time.

“Incompetent cervix”

“What does that mean”

“Its means my cervix is too weak to hold the baby inside of me”

He looks at me with worry

“If your cervix is too weak to hold the baby does it mean the baby is going to come out before it's due?”

His voice is laced with fear

“Well that was the case but I underwent a surgical procedure known as cervical cerclage to prevent premature birth. My cervix is stitched closed with strong sutures and the sutures will be removed during the last month of pregnancy or during labor.”

“Oh baby at least, is it safe for you to have sex?”

“I did the surgical procedure when I was 5 months and my gynecologist restricted me from having sex for few weeks. It’s been 3 months now so yes it’s safe”

He nods his head and reaches out for my hand before kissing it.

“I’m sorry I have been absent but I’m here now”

“Thank you we really appreciate it. Why are you driving so fast we are not running late”

“Dad is taking mom to her therapy session today and Thula mentioned something about an interview. I didn’t even know that she was looking for a job so I’m the one who has to stay with Ndiwe”

“Oh okay baby how is she? Is she getting use to the change of things?”

“Yes we are her blood after all so we connect easily”

“That’s awesome baby”

Once we are at the mall he kisses me then helps me get out of the car.

“Call me when you are done okay?”

“Okay”

One last kiss then I walk away heading straight to my boutique. I’m 15 minutes early but I find Annie already here. We open at 8:30 but today it will depend on how long will this meeting takes.

“Hi Annie”

“Hello Wewe. You look beautiful the pregnancy loves you hey”

We share a hug

“Thank you darling. You are the only one who have arrived?”

“Yes. .. what’s going on”

I give her a look, she mustn’t dare me!

“Okay that a stupid question. I’m sorry Wewe I tried to inform you but you have been brushing me off. You just don’t have time for this boutique anymore. I had to do something to keep it going”

“Let’s go to the office I wanna hear what’s going on”

We make the way to the office and settle down. I put my elbows on the desk and look at her intently.

“Tell me what’s going on”

“Our sales decreased due to our pricing strategy especially from Chinabrands stock. Their clothing line is everywhere and at affordable prices. People haven’t been buying from us since our prices are a tad higher.

Due to the decrease of sales we don’t have enough money to stock and pay our employees”

“Don’t tell me you haven’t been paying them”

“I have but halves of their salaries”

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“My God Annie no wonder there’s so much complains about poor service and attitude from the workers on the reviews the staff is not happy because they’re underpaid!”

“I told them it’s just for a month or two until our sales pick up”

“I read some of the reviews people want their refund and some are complaining about poor quality of clothes? I don’t understand we are selling designer brands our suppliers produce nothing but quality.”

“Uhm about that...since we didn’t have enough money. I made a call to one of my contacts who’s selling counterfeit brands”

She looks down twiddling her fingers

“OMG Annie that’s illicit! You want our suppliers to cut us off! I could be fined or go to jail for this!”

“You won’t relax my guy is an expert in this and you are a celebrity now people won’t think you are selling them fakes”

“No Annie it’s doesn’t work like that! You should’ve contacted me before making such decisions with my boutique!”

“Don’t shout at me how many times have I tried to reach you but you were unavailable. I had to do something of course it’s just for time being the soon our sales pick up we will go back to our suppliers. I have worked so hard but it’s seems like you don’t acknowledge my hard work. You left me alone and I did some damage control. I think it’s time you consider me as more then your assistant because seriously I’m working my butt off to sustain this boutique and put it on the pedestal.”

I sigh she's right without her really I'm not sure it will be where it is right now.

"I'm sorry I'm just scared I don't want to go to jail Annie Im pregnant for crying out loud. I'm sorry that you haven't been able to reach me. It's been soulless months of my life. I lost someone who was like a little sister to me, my boyfriend's little sister that took a strain in our relationship to the point of us breaking up. As I was still nursing my broken heart my brother turned out to be the one that killed my boyfriend's sister and they happened to share the same father then my dad passed on. It was just too much Annie and this pregnancy is also showing me flames"

I'm in tears now, she comes to my side to comfort me.

"Oh honey I'm really sorry and this also the reason I didn't try harder to get you because I knew you are dealing with a lot."

She hands me a box of tissue. I take one and wipe my tears then she goes back to her seat.

"How's everything going on now" She asks concernedly

"Taking it slowly everyday but I will get there"

"Baby daddy knows that you are preggies?"

"Yes he does and we working on our relationship"

"That's great."

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The staff arrives we get on with the meeting, apologizing for the inconvenience and promised to pay them back all their money. We address the issue of their behavior towards the customers. After the meeting I go through the emails of those who have laid

complaints and needs their refunds and send them apologies as well as their refunds. By 10am I'm already hungry and I feel a slight discomfort in my pelvic area. I send Papito a text to come and fetch me.

“So what's the plan?”

“I will look into my savings and see what do I come up with. If it was for me Annie I'd get rid of the counterfeit clothes as soon as we get money”

“No way we paid money for those clothes!”

“How much of that stock it left?”

“Half of it have been sold”

“I hope this won't backfire Annie”

“It won't trust me. Are you okay?”

“I feel a mild discomfort in my pelvic area but I will be fine”

I get up and take my phone and handbag on my desk and head to the store. I smell his scent before he appears. Sindi jumps up to attend him as the others are ogling my man.

“Hello bhuti I'm Sindi welcome to Queen A Boutique. How may I be of your assistance?”

“Hey Lindi don't worry I have found my assistant”

“Sindi”

“Huh?”

“My names it’s Sindi”

He shrugs his shoulders and walks to me with his signature walk. Muhle umuntu wami kodwa guys! When he gets to me he attacks me with a kiss. I hear the “oohhs” filling the room and hide my face on his chest. He chuckles and holds holds me close to himself. I can feel his boner on my tummy. Im glad that I still make ‘Your Woriship’ hard I was starting to get worried.

“Are you ready to go”

“Yes”

I say my goodbye to everyone and leave.

“Where’s Ndiwe”

“She’s in the car sleeping”

“You left her alone sleeping Inathi?”

“No she’s with Senzo baby”

“Oh okay...can we get some steak and ribs I’m hungry”

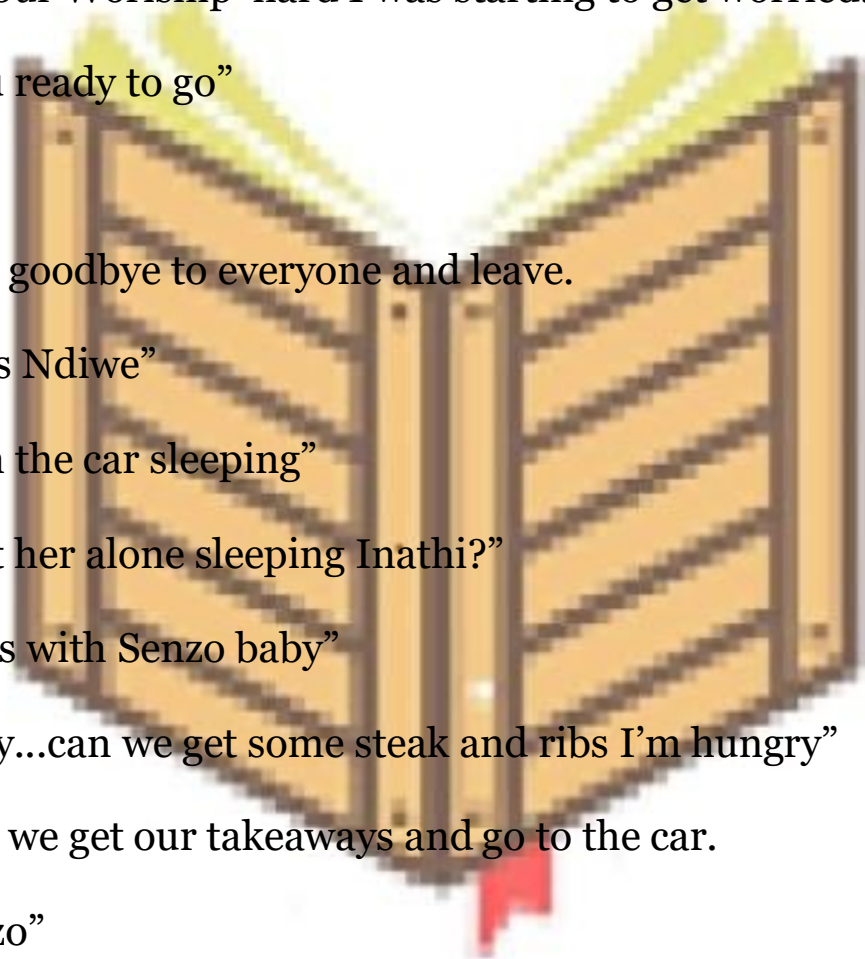
He nods we get our takeaways and go to the car.

“Hi Senzo”

“Hello MaNdlela are you good”

“Yes and yourself?”

“I’m also fine”



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I get in the car as they talk not loud enough for me to hear what are they saying. I look at Ndiwe who's sleeping on her seat and take a few snaps of her. She's so cute I can't wait for my baby to be born. Inathi gets in as I start eating and drive off.

“How did it go”

“Yhuuu baby you won't believe what Annie have been up to”

I explain to him between my greedily chewing and gulps of my juice.

“Hai this is risky baby what if someone notices that you have been selling counterfeit clothes.”

“She says no one will notice that how good her contact is”

“There are people out there who can spot a fake miles away like me”

He's a sucker for brands uyayazi indwangu strong. I hope these clothes doesn't reach to people like him because that will be the end of me.

“I hope it's doesn't get to that baby”

“So how are you going to fix this?”

“Uhm I need your favor about that”

“Anything for you?”

“How about you invest some money into my boutique”

“Yaz mina baby ngiqeda kuthenga ama taxi awu 6 I don’t have money” (I have just bought 6 taxis...)

“Wow really?”

“Yes”

I’m so happy for him. His business is really growing I’m a proud girlfriend or woman as his says.

“That’s awesome baby you are growing hey”

“Yeah kancane kancane. How much do you need?”

“I think R150k will be enough”

“How soon do you need it”

“No Papito I don’t want to put you into trouble it’s fine if you don’t have it”

I’m so broke yaz I have 50k only in my savings can you imagine. A whole BFA in Acting graduate and an actress ngiyihlazo shame!

“You are not putting me into trouble just tell me how soon you need it I will make a plan as your man”

See this man here can do anything to make me happy but he will never compromise his principles and rules to make me happy. He’s not the kind of man that will go into bankruptcy trying to prove that he’s a man enough to me and he can afford me. He doesn’t fabricate anything to impress me he’s always honest and straight forward. The money that I have oh that I used have I mean never intimidated him. He’s not ashamed of what he owns and God will keep blessing him because he’s proud of every little thing he owns.

“As soon as you have it”

“Okay”

We arrive at his parents house in Hutten Heights. The last time I was here it was Kwanele’s cleansing ceremony. Yes I was almost one of the family members, they treated me as such especially his mama. That woman treated me like her daughter. I wonder how will they receive me after what transpired. He places Ndiwe on the couch and covers her with a throw.

“Or you want us to go to my bedroom”

“No it’s fine here those stairs are going to give me a hard time”

“I will carry you”

“Ohkay if you say so daddy”

He chuckles as he scoops me up and walks to his bedroom then places me on the bed before going to fetch Ndiwe.

“You haven’t bought her a cot?”

“What’s that?”

He says placing her next to me. I put her on right position and kiss her pouty lips.

“Her bed baby”

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“Oh mom doesn’t see the need to buy it because she doesn’t want her to sleep alone uthi izinto zabalungu lezo. The first day she

slept with them but these two nights she's been sleeping with me because I fed her some sugar" (...It's whites people things...)

I laugh at white people's things

"But the bed will also prevent her from falling"

"This one is too clever fall. Should I get your steak and ribs"

"Yes please"

He fetches my food and comes back with a tray filled with junk and a laptop. It was Kwanele's.

"They're plenty of movies here choose"

"I don't want a movie I just want your presence alone no distraction just the three of us even though she's sleeping"

He smiles and puts the laptop away before kissing me.

"I like the sound of that"

We indulge into our junk, feeding each other while talking about everything and nothing laughing and kissing in between. It's feels like we are getting to know each other again and I love it.

"Cebisile came here with her family few hours ago"

"Her family as in her mom and dad?"

"Yes"

"I thought her mom doesn't remember her"

“Oh she does now...”

He carries on and tells me everything that happened here I can't help but laugh when he says his mom slapped Cebisile's mom.

“Your mom is dope babe”

We laugh

“Hai she's violent nje can you believe that she still beat me up when I did something wrong”

I burst into laughter

“I wish to witness that one day”

“Mxm uyaphapha!” (Mxm you are forward!)

He tickles me causing me to giggle.

“Inathi Stop it!”

I'm out of my breath and tittering none stop. There's a knock on the door then it's swings open. In comes his mom and looks at us.

“Mom who said come in?”

“What is she doing in my house?” His mom says with an intense emotion in her voice.

“Mama, Phiwe is here to see me and w...”

“Get the fuck out of my house ntomabazane!!” (...girl!!) She roars with anger waking up Ndiwe.

“Mama Aphiwe is not going anywhere we are back together and she’s carrying my child”

“Hey don’t make me repeat myself girly get out of my house!”

“Ma...”

“How dare you bring this girl in my house! We ntombazame awuzwa yini ngithe hamba emzini wami!” (... Hey girl cant you hear? I said leave my house!)

I have never been scared like this in my life she’s cursing non stop and Nkosinathi is trying to calm her down but its in vain. The next thing I feel something hitting me on my forehead.



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Chapter Eight

I feel a stab in my heart as Ndiwe's shoe lands on Phiwe's forehead. Dad walks in and asks what is going on at this moment I'm right next to Phiwe trying to make sure that she's not hurt and the way she's crying is scaring the shit out of me.

"Ask your crazy wife!"

"Are you calling me crazy Nkosinathi?"

"Yes you are fucking crazy how dare you hit a pregnant woman huh!"

"Mphikeleli can you hear this child? He's calling me crazy when he's the one that brought this girl in my house!"

"You need to calm down butternut"

"No I won't calm down until this girl is out of my house! The nerve she has to come here after what they've put me through!"

"It's not her fault mama Phiwe knew nothing we can't punish her for things she knew nothing about"

"She might have blind you Nkosinathi but she will never blind me and besides she's your damn sister now this relationship can't go on anymore!"

"She's a Ndlela and I'm a Dlomo so we are not related"

I scoop Aphiwe up and walk downstairs with her heading straight to my car. I put her down and open the door for her then help her in before enveloping her in my arms as she sobs.

“I’m sorry baby I’m so so sorry. I don’t know what got into her today”

“Let’s get out of here please I’m so scared”

“She won’t touch you again I promise you baby”

“Take me home please”

I swallow a painful lump in my throat and jog inside the house to fetch my car keys then we leave. I’m engulfed by different emotions at this moment. I didn’t expect this kind of reaction from my mom honestly. I thought she understands that Phiwe knew nothing about this and we can’t fault her for her parents sins.

“I’m sorry Phiwe please don’t cry”

“Why did you bring me here knowing that your mom hates me”

“Mom doesn’t hate you ”

“Stop it Nkosinathi she hates me. The moment she walked in on that door and looked at me she saw red. She saw the person that killed her daughter”

“It’s wasn’t you Phiwe...”

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“I’m a Ndlela, Nkosinathi that’s makes me the killer of her daughter. Her hatred and anger is justified.”

The pain in her voice is splitting my heart into two.

“I’m going to talk to her baby please don’t worry about a thing”

“What if she doesn’t want to hear it Nkosinathi? What if she still sees me as murder of her baby girl? What if she still doesn’t approve of us being together? What about what she said that you and I are siblings?”

I heave a huge sigh as I think how broken I will be if mom doesn’t approve of our relationship. I love Phiwe so much and I don’t care that her mom and my dad made us siblings traditionally what important is that we don’t share a father nor a mother.

“Nothing can ever change between us Phiwe I will go to the end of the world fighting for our love. You are the only one who occupy my heart. I feel you in every essence of my being. I don’t care what your mom and my dad did why we should be punished for the infidelity of two grown ups who knew what they were doing? I would’ve understand if you’re my father’s daughter. Nothing is going to make me stop loving you”

“I don’t know Nkosinathi maybe we should....”

I don’t like where this is going now. I pull over on the side of the road and takes her hands into mine.

“I can’t promise you life or days without struggle but I promise to be by your side no matter what we face in life. This is one of the obstacles that we have to face and we will come out stronger then before. I love you so much and I will always lean my heart close to your heart. We will get through this together okay”

“What if ..”

“Please don’t say that we are going to be okay yezwa”

She nods with her head as tears run down her face I wipe her with the back of my palms and kiss her lips.

“I love you”

“I love you so much more”

She whispers

“How’s your forehead?”

“It’s not painful baby It’s hurt when she hit me only”

I kiss her forehead, nose and lips and start the car again then drive to Dannhauser. At least now she’s not crying but I can see that she’s deep in her thoughts. This is not good for the baby and I know that you can’t help the mind from thinking especially when you’re troubled. I reach for her thigh and give it a squeeze she looks at me and gives me a faint smile. Once we are at her aunt’s place I help her get out of the car and notice that she’s wincing.

“What’s wrong baby”

“There’s mild discomfort in my pelvic area but it’s nothing new I will be fine”

“Are you sure baby”

I’m worried now because she told me this morning that her cervix is too weak to carry the baby inside of her but she said they stitched her up.

“Yes I’m sure my love”

I hold her waist as we make our way inside the house. We find her aunt in the lounge watching TV while eating yogurt.

“Hello Aunt”

“Hey baby is everything okay”

“Yes I just want to rest a bit. Thank you baby for today”

She kisses my cheek and walks away leaving me with her aunt. I sit next to her but she shifts away from me which makes me laugh.

“You have to go now”

“Why are you chasing me out?”

I shift closer to her and look at her in her eyes.

“Oh you don’t trust yourself around me”

“I don’t like you I’m only tolerating you for the sake of Wewe and I don’t think she will be happy to hear that you are flirting with me”

“I don’t like you either and don’t confuse being friendly and flirting.”

“Get out of my house Nkosinathi”

“You should know by now that chasing me away won’t help because I will still come back tomorrow to see your niece. Wena nje yeka ukungihalela yonke into izoba right” (.... Stop lusting over me everything will be fine)

She chuckles bitterly

“Lusting over you oh please man I don’t remember half of that night if your dick game is that good I’m sure as blurry as that night was I would remember it”
She says with a smirk on her face. I see what’s she’s trying to do but it’s not working.

“Oh is it let me remind you”

I slide out my phone from my pants and go through the app where I kept that video. I type the password and give it to her after pressing play. She gasps and swallows hard that I hear the sound of her throat swallowing.

“You knew what you were doing Nkosinathi you did me dirty and took advantage of me because I was drunk. Technically you raped me!”

“Rape oh please woman go ahead and cry rape this will be my proof”

“You took this video without my knowledge that’s also a serious offence! I will lay a sexual assault against you Nkosinathi”

“Then go ahead sis, wena nje you don’t want to accept that the dark brainless boy fucked you so good and you are embarrassed that as much as you thought he will never amount to anything in life he made you scream his name almost the whole night”

I take her phone on the coffee table and send the video to her phone.

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“What are you doing with my phone?”

“This video will help you to not make stupid decisions and cry rape while there are women out there who are dealing with such for real.”

I get up and walk out. I jump in my car and drive home. I don't want to lie I'm a tad scared because of what is happening in our country. The women and children are getting raped and killed everyday and If she can cry rape no questions will asked nor evidence will be gathered I will be locked up. Being a man is a curse because we all suffer for other men's evil deeds.

I wasn't completely honest when I said I want girls as my children because boys are naughty. The truth is I want girls more then boys because I feel sorry for boys. The moment a baby boy is born in this world he's guilty because he has a penis that's the reality unfortunately and it's so unfair.

My boys doesn't deserve to live in this world it's too harsh to the male species hence I prefer girls because I will protect them. Fighting against the vultures of the world is better then fighting against the whole world. Unfortunately we don't get to choose hence we gotta be prepared for any fight.

Ndiwe squeals the moment she sees me and all my sadness and fear melts away. I take her from Thula who's feeding her mash potatoes and throw her up to the air then catch her again making her to giggle none stop.

“She will vomit bhuti” Thula says but this little one her likes it when I throw her into the air and catch her. I kiss her chubby cheeks that are messed with mash potatoes

“Hello Ndoniyamanzi kababazi”

“Babazi”

“Ohhh baby! Say it again”

“Mmh”

“Say Babazi”

“Babazi”

“Yaaaaaay! You know what I will buy you a new toy every single new word you learn”

“She deserves that she’s a very fast learner”

“Neh I’m a proud and happy father”

I shower my little angels with kisses all over her face and she giggles.

“Where’s mom and dad”

“Mom is her bedroom and dad in his study”

She’s wearing another Kwanza’s dress and she’s even wearing make up today which is hardly something she wears. Kwanza was the one who was a glamorous girl.

“How was your interview?”

“Uhm it was okay”

“What kind of job did you applied for?”

“Office Admin”

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“Where is that job?”

“In town bhuti”

“I know in town Thula which company or store?”

“Uhm sunlam”

“I don’t understand why did you take another gab year Thula. With your good results you want to be an office admin?”

“I don’t want to further my studies bhuti”

“Why?”

“Because I’m not cut out for that”

“Says who?”

“Me”

“I’m very concerned about you. Remember I’m the one who begged dad to let you take a gab year last year and you promised me that this year you will know what you want to do.”

“Well I know bhuti and I don’t want to further my studies”

“I don’t understand why Thula. Yaz with your good results you can be accepted in any university and study your desired degree. There are students out there who wish they had your marks just to step into those universities but here....”

“That’s the damn thing you are comparing me I’m not Kwanele!”

I look at her perplexed

“I never said you should be like Kwanele where’s that coming from now?”

She doesn’t say anything but takes Ndiwe from me and walks away with her. What the hell was that? I sigh and make my way upstairs. The door in my dad’s study room is left ajar. I knock once and make my way in. He’s standing by the window with a glass of whiskey on his hand and his mind seems to be far away.

“I remember how happy your mom was on your late sister’s birthday and that was the last day I ever saw her happy, the last day I saw that beautiful smile of hers that tugs at my heartstrings. You have no idea how heart wrenching it is for me to watch her sinking deep into the dark hole. Everyday it’s a struggle to get her out of the bed, bath her and make her eat. Then you came with Ndiwe I saw that smile and twinkle in her eyes for the first time in a year and months. It was so heart warming to watch I knew from that moment that little girl is million blessings in one. I felt hope rise that my butternut soon will come back to me, to us then you bring that girl here and make her take 10 steps backwards. Why did you bring that girl here Nkosinathi?”

“Uhm I’m sorry I didn’t want you guys to find out this way that we are back together now. I wanted to tell you guys myself”

He turns around and looks at me incredulously

“Really Nkosinathi you went back to that girl after what her family put us through? How could you do that huh?”

I sigh heavily

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“I know how it’s look like but Phiwe is innocent baba”

“Her being a Ndlela doesn’t make her innocent. How do you go back to her and dismiss the fact that you and her are traditionally siblings?”

“You are the last person to ask me that baba because you watched me fall for her while you know the truth”

“I told you countless times to leave her alone but you didn’t!”

“You didn’t give me an enough reason to leave her baba. Now I’m deeply in love with her and there’s no way I’m letting her go.”

“Nkosinathi for once can you stop thinking with your dick!”

“I’m not thinking with my dick I love Phiwe so much and she’s carrying my son. The Dlomo heir and I see a future with her”

“How do you see a future with someone whose brother killed your sister are you fucking crazy?”

“He’ also my brother don’t forget that”

“Why do you enjoy putting us through pain Nkosinathi huh? Why do we always have to get hurt because of you? Do you enjoy seeing your mom hurting like this?”

“Of course I don’t enjoy seeing my mom hurting but her anger and hatred is misdirected....”

“Misdirected my foot she has every to feel this way! That’s family caused her immense pain dammit! Actually this is all your fault, you are the one who brought that family into our lives. I warned you to stay away from that girl but you couldn’t listen! You never listen Nkosinathi it’s always your way and your way brings us nothing but pain!!”

“Okay fine it is my fault. I’m the one who brought that family into our lives but what about you huh? You should’ve come clean to us! You should’ve told me why you wanted me to stay away from Phiwe but you protected your friend’s secret. I don’t fucking care that you made a promise to him he died you were supposed to do the right thing before you even persuaded my mom to be in a relationship with you. Don’t act all saint because honestly the person who would’ve prevented all this from the word go is you!”

I shut the door hard as I walk out. I’m so fucking angry why doesn’t he see that he also contributed in this no in fact he allowed it to happen. I’d understand if dad is still alive. Friends don’t snitch on each other but now he’s dead and It was up to Bab Gatsheni now whether to come clean or continue to keep the secret he chose the latter and here we are! I knock on my mom’s bedroom but there’s no respond so I’m make my way in.

She’s lying on the bed holding Kwanza’s t-shirt close to her chest. Her snuffles alarms that she’s crying. I walk towards the bed and take off my sneakers then climb next to her. I wrap my arm around her waist and kiss the side of her face.

“I’m sorry you shouldn’t have find out like this. I was supposed to tell you that Phiwe and I are back together now.”

“This is not about you telling me Nkosinathi but it’s about you betraying Nele and us. How could you go back to the person that killed your little sister? This is about you getting back into a relationship with a girl that you share a brother with? Are you sick in your head? Don’t you know now that you two are practically siblings?”

“Mom you know who killed Kwanza and it’s not Aphiwe. The person who killed Kwanza is in jail paying for his sins why now

everyone close to him should suffer even though they knew nothing about what he was up to. Maybe I am sick but I'm sickly in love with her and I won't let her go. I refuse to lose the love of my life because of my dad's infidelity. It's not like letting her go will change the fact that we have been together, we slept with each other and now we are expecting."

"You are blinded by her pussy vele wena when it's comes to pussy you act stupid. Induni ikwenza isiyoyo sendoda it's so repulsive." (...a pussy makes you a weakling man...)

I swallow hard and release a breath trying to calm myself down.

"We never get over things now do we? Every time I have to be reminded of my past mistakes?"

"How will we move on if you keep doing the same mistakes but in a different way. When will you grow up and learn huh? Why does it always have to be you and your selfish reasons that brings out the pain in us. I almost lost you because you slept without a married woman now you went back to that girl knowing very well what she and her family put us through."

The pain laced in her voice is a heavy despair in my heart

"Mom, Phiwe is innocent why does she have to suffer for things she had no knowledge of huh?"

"My daughter died for things she knew nothing about Nkosinathi so what are you trying to say kahle kahle?" (actually)

"Kodwa mama..." (But mom.)

"There's no but Nkosinathi you went back to the girl that killed your sister I don't care whether she knew or not but the point is

she's a Ndlela and I hate that family. I hate each an every breathing soul in that family. I have lost so much because of them! They took everything from me! They took away the good life your father was going to provide us by stealing his gold , they took him away from me he wouldn't have joined the taxi industry to begin with had they not stole his gold last but not least they took away my Nele from me. I hate them! I hate them!"

She let a gut wrenching sob that strike right into my heart and shatters it into teensy pieces. I pull her to my chest and rock her back and forth as a lone tear escape my left eye.

"It's not too late for you to make the right decision is it a Ndlela that took everything from us including your father and sister or us your family?"



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Chapter Nine

The world is really small more than we think. I never thought I will ever see that man again after what transpired between us let alone him being my niece's baby daddy. I don't know how did I miss that okay honestly I didn't think the Nkosinathi that she's been moping around for months it's actually the one that fucked me hard that I emptied my orgasm bucket then the next day he humiliated me and made me feel so small not even an ant can amount to how small I felt.

Thinking about that night still makes me feel mortified and so small. For the fact that I fucked a guy that I used to teach is what disgusts me more. I don't know how did I miss that he just wanted to settle a score I mean it should've rang a bell to me when he asked me if I remember him but then again I can't remember every single person I meet and I was drunk. Nathi did me dirty and he made it worse by cutting my dress to think when he did that it drove me crazy.

I was like damn boy levels on steroids! Phela I was used to my clothes being ripped off not cut off by a pocket knife that was some thrilling shit! Wuuh that guy knows how to lay the pipe, his dominance over me sent me over the edge. The aching and bruises were really worth it until I learned that he was just settling a score. I wanted the universe to swallow me. Imagine that shame of walk I had to do all the way to my place.

I found my husband waiting for me. Our marriage was already crumbling down, cheating on him was a nail on the coffin. It was like he was waiting for that moment because the moment I admitted that I was coming from a man and we had sex not that

he couldn't see that I was wearing Nathi's tracksuits and reeking of him and sex odor as well.

It's funny how men cheat all the time but when it's other way around they don't forgive women. He was fucking hoes left right and center until he made the other one pregnant. He twisted a knife in a bleeding heart but still I stayed. It took him to bring the pregnant girl to our house and slept with her in our bedroom and in my presence for me to sign the divorce papers. I don't know what I was holding on for because I already knew that man didn't love me anymore and the fact that I couldn't give him children wasn't helping.

That man is vile can you believe that he wanted me to leave our marriage with nothing but I didn't allow him to do that. My lawyer helped me to get everything that was entitled to me. Here I am in a small town called Dannhauser at Newtown trying pick up my pieces and finding myself again. I stopped teaching and I haven't figured out what do I want to do but at my age it's wise to start a business.

I came to a realization that teaching was never my passion. I chose it because everyone during that time wanted to be a teacher. I guess now it's explains the way I have treated my learners. Teaching is not my calling plus patience is not in my DNA. I know that doesn't justify the harsh words I threw at the learners. I never thought one day one of the learners I used to treat unfairly will get back at me.

The moment he's out of my sight I release a breath I wasn't aware I have been holding. I don't like how hard my heart is beating right now and how uncomfortable I feel whenever he's around. I don't like how I always fail to channel my anger towards him. His scent is lingering in my lounge and it's making me so dizzy. Last night I didn't sleep thinking about this I don't know if I should tell

Wewe or not. I write a note for Wewe and take my car keys and phone then drive to Hutten Hieghts. When I get there we share hugs and exchange pleasantries.

“Yes I do need something to drink, a dumpie of brutal fruit...no you know what make it a six pack”

She looks at me curiously I go straight to the lounge and settle down on the couch. Few seconds later she comes in with a glass and dumpie of brutal fruit.

“I said six”

“Ay phela I cant bring it here not unless if you want it to be hot”

I open the dumpie and pour the brutal fruit in the glass then take a huge gulp.

“What’s going on Vuyi?”

“Get me another one first”

“I’m not your bar man Vuyisile”

“I’m your guest phela treat me nice”

She groans as she gets up and go fetch the two dumpies then comes back to join me.

“Wheres hubby and the kids?”

“They went to see his mother”

“Is she sick”

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“Not really you know that woman is dramatic one cough she calls the whole world that she’s sick”

I take the last gulp of my cider and pour another one.

“So khuluma ntombi” (Speak lady)

“You remember that one stand I had which was actually the reason Thabo filed for divorce”

“How can I forget that night. So what about it?”

“I met that guy”

“Bastard I hope you punched his face!”

“I tried to slapped him but he held my hand. Can you believe that he’s Wewe’s baby daddy?”

She looks at me in confusion

“Wait I thought Wewe’s baby daddy it’s Nkosinathi”

“Yes it’s him that is the same Nkosinathi!”

She burst into laughter. That’s Fundi for you she always finds humor even in serious situations. Fundi is my friend we come way back and she’s two years younger than me.

“Haibo so you ate your niece’s baby daddy’s dick?”

“Imagine! I don’t know what to do Fundi should I tell Wewe?”

“Have you talked to Nkosinathi?”

“Yes the bastard is gloating and torturing me”

“Torturing how?”

I explain to her what happened. She cracks up and claps her hands.

“It’s seems like you are not the only one that enjoyed that night he wants to fuck you again.”

“That’s will never happen Fundi besides that he’s my niece’s baby daddy fucking him will be so wrong I can’t allow that. I told him that I will lay sexual assault because he actually took advantage of me because I was drunk”

“Now that drastic friend why you want to do that now you and I know that you enjoyed that dick.”

“Of course I’m not going to lay a charge I was trying to scare him so that he can leave me alone. This excites him and it’s like he could see through me that his presence is making me feel hot and uncomfortable”

“Haibo don’t tell me that you....oh nooo Vuyi!”

She exclaims popping her eyes out

“What?”

“You have feelings for him?”

“No! How can I have feelings for someone that I met only one night and humiliated me the next morning”

“His presence make you feel hot and uncomfortable how?”

“I don’t know Fundi but I don’t want to be around him. Maybe I should tell Wewe to go back to her parent’s house so that her boyfriend would stop coming to my house”

“See what I mean why would you try so hard to be not around him?”

“Maybe it’s guiltily or mortification or whatever!”

I take a swig of my cider. I really don’t know why he makes me feel this way and I don’t like it honestly.

“Were they dating already”

“I don’t know all I know is that he was fucking a married woman and she fall pregnant with his baby. He wanted her to get rid of the baby but the woman refused”

“There’s absolutely no way that you will avoid him since Wewe live with you. I think you two should talk and take it from there if you want Wewe to know about it or not.”

I heave a sigh this is stressing me out. I don’t want anything that will come between Wewe and I. She’s like my biological daughter, out of all my nieces she’s the one that I’m close with. Our bond is something that I don’t want to lose especially not because of her baby daddy.

“Okay I will talk to him”

“It’s the only way but nawe how did you miss that Wewe’s Nkosinathi is your one night stand”

“There are many Nkosinathi’s in this world Fundi”

“I know that but Nkosinathi uke watrenda ku social media last year about that married woman you were talking about”

“You know I’m not a fan of social media”

“Oho zikuphutha kanjalo ke” (That’s how you miss out)

“Haisuka”

We continue and chat for an hour or so after saying my goodbyes I head out. As I reserve out without paying much attention the hoot sound fills my ears. I hit the brake with shock. I almost bump into the car that was coming on my left side. I step out of the car as I see the driver approaching me. He’s cursing none stop I recognize his voice and when he gets to me he’s surprised to see me.

“Awww Miss Thusi wuwe kanti lo driver umphambili wakho” (...it’s you who’s driving shit) This bastard is so rude nx!

“I’m sorry I wasn’t paying much attention”

“What are you doing here? Are you stalking me”

“Oh don’t flatter yourself. I don’t stalk rapists”

He walks closer and places his hands on my car door caging me in his arms. His scent is the only air I’m breathing and I feeling dizzy with each breath. He stares deeply in my eyes with his bloodshot red eyes. I’m not sure if I’m reading him correctly but he looks rather troubled. Damn I must admit that he’s a dream! His nut brown eyes compliments his dark smooth skin. I fight the urge to strengthen his thick bushy eyebrows with my fingers but he’s still hot as messy as they are. Did I really call this handsomeness ugly I was really young and blind shame.

“So if I really raped you then why didn’t you go to the police station that morning”

I try to speak but words are just stuck in my throat and him being so close to me is not helping. I feel all sort of heat radiating through my being. What’s happening to me?

“Why are you doing this?”

“Doing what?”

“Torturing me”

“Torturing you in what sense”

He flips the toothpick with his tongue before running it over his lips leaving them wet and juicy. I subconsciously wet mine with my tongue. I can hear him talking but my heart beat is deafening and my focus is on the movement of his enticing heart shape lips.

“Miss Thusi!”

He snaps me out of my drooling. Damn boy you are messing with me!

“Huh?”

He lets out a chuckle that leaves a smirk on his face.

“I said let’s go you will tell me all about it over couple of drinks”

“Okay”

I agree because I want us to talk about this.

“Where are we going”

“Khaya Lounge”

We get in our cars and drive to Khaya Lounge. Once we are there we get our drinks and find an empty table. I have my brutal fruit and he has his flying fish.

“So Miss Thusi....”

“Call me Vuyisile please”

“How old are you Vuyisile?”

“I’m turning 39 years next month”

“Mmh I knew that you are not that older then me”

“How old are you?”

“Turning 34 this year”

Five years difference at least he’s not young enough to be my son. That would’ve been something else!

“I want us to talk about Wewe”

“Before we talk about her I want to know how am I torturing you”

“You won’t stop this neh”

“I want to prepare myself for charges you will lay against me”

He looks rather serious and there's this deep and sad emotion glinting in his eyes.

“Okay fine Nkosinathi ngiyakuvuma uyindoda you fucked me so good and succeeded at making me feel so small and mortified like I did to you. There I have said it” (...I applaud you, you are a man...)

I can see that he's relief but he's masking it so perfectly that you wouldn't notice if you were not me because I have this gift of reading people.

“Oh uyangivuma?”

You should see a smirk on his face right now men and their egos!

“Yes I yes you”

This brutal fruit is starting to flow in my system now. He laughs out loudly.

“You know Miss Thusi...”

“Vuyi.”

“Vuyisile I don't like making people feel like they're piece of shit because there's nothing I hate then to feel like I'm piece of shit because someone decided to spit shit on me. You call what I did to you settling score but I call it teaching people how to treat others. There's nothing I enjoy then that”

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I heave a sigh and sip on my drink then look at him.

“I'm sorry for everything I said to you Nkosinathi. I was a young woman who chose a wrong career however that doesn't justify the

way I treated my learners honestly I have no excuse why I was so impatient and easily irritated towards my learners. I apologize for every derogatory word I threw at you. I hope you find it in your heart to forgive me”

“I’m glad you realize you were wrong and I just hope your learners didn’t allow your words to kill their dreams.”

“I have hope that they didn’t since you didn’t”

“Ah well I may not be the doctor that I wanted to be but I’m happy where I am and I have come to realize that this actually what I was born for”

“Catering the needs of people in terms of transportation?”

“Yes it’s a challenging yet a fulfilling job. I sleep well at night knowing that I made sure that people got to their work, school, interviews, doctor’s appointment etc in time”

The passion in his voice leaves me in awe.

“I thought you own taxis, you drive as well?”

“Yes I will never stop driving it’s where I started, where all the love for taxi industry brewed”

“Wow how many taxis do own”

“Not much just ten”

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“And you want to add more?”

“Yes”

He takes a swig on his beer while his toothpick is still in his mouth.

“That’s great...Up to this date I still wonder how did you manage to get yourself Wewe as your girlfriend. I love my niece but heeey she’s such a snob diva”

We both laugh

“No one can resist this I mean look at me”

I roll my eyes

“If you knew how beautiful you are you wouldn’t do that”

What is he on about?

“Rolling your eyes”

“Why?”

I ask still unsure where is this going

“Rolling your eyes ruins your beauty”

God Vuyi why are you blushing?

“Uhm were you and Wewe in a relationship when you and I you know.”

“No I was persuading her that time”

“So do we tell her”



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“Tell her what? There’s nothing to tell her Vuyi. She and I were not dating that time and you know how your niece is she will over analyze and overthink everything. The last thing we need now is to bother her with things that does not matter and that might have an effect on her pregnancy”

He’s right and I love how he knows her it’s so cute really.

“You are right nawe stop torturing me”

“I didn’t know I was torturing you”

He says chuckling mxm he knows what he’s doing!

“I’m serious Nkosinathi you are my niece’s boyfriend this flirting and seduction of yours needs to stop now”

“Uyangisukela kodwa MaThusi I didn’t flirt nor seduce you”

“Mxm uyabhora yaz!”

He laughs

“I wasn’t aware I was flirting and seducing you not unless if there’s something you want to tell me”

Why is he like this mara! Yhuuu!

“Yey wena you should be behaving around me I’m your girlfriend’s aunt and so far I’m not happy with you. Ngathi umtanami kwamele enye ndoda lakuwe” (Hey you...it’s seems like my child have to find another man)

“Kunganuka umnsinsila umhlaba wonke!” (The whole world would smell unpleasant)

I let out a giggle

“Then stop this and behave like my son okay”

“Yes Aunty”

We both giggle. The hours moves with us talking over drinks. Honestly I’m having a great time. I haven’t been out for drinks in such a long time. It’s feel great to unwind a bit and Nkosinathi is a great company.

“I will be back just now I need the ladies”

I know that I’m drunk when my speech it’s slurry. I get up my and staggers backward. He catches me before I fall

“Thank you”

I say breathlessly staring into his half hooded red eyes.

“Come I will take you the ladies”

He’s also drunk but he’s acting strong. He supports me by my waist as we make our way to the toilets. When we get there he stands outside and waits for me as I pee. Once I’m done I wash my hands and head out.

“I want a smoke let’s go outside so that you can also get a fresh air I think you had too much now.”

I don’t protest I need some air vele. I’m so sloshed I feel like I will pass out any moment. My body breaks into goosebumps as the cold air hits my body. Funny I’m not sobering up. He smokes while listening to me blabbering non stop. I talk too much when

I'm drunk and most of the things makes no sense and some are embarrassing.

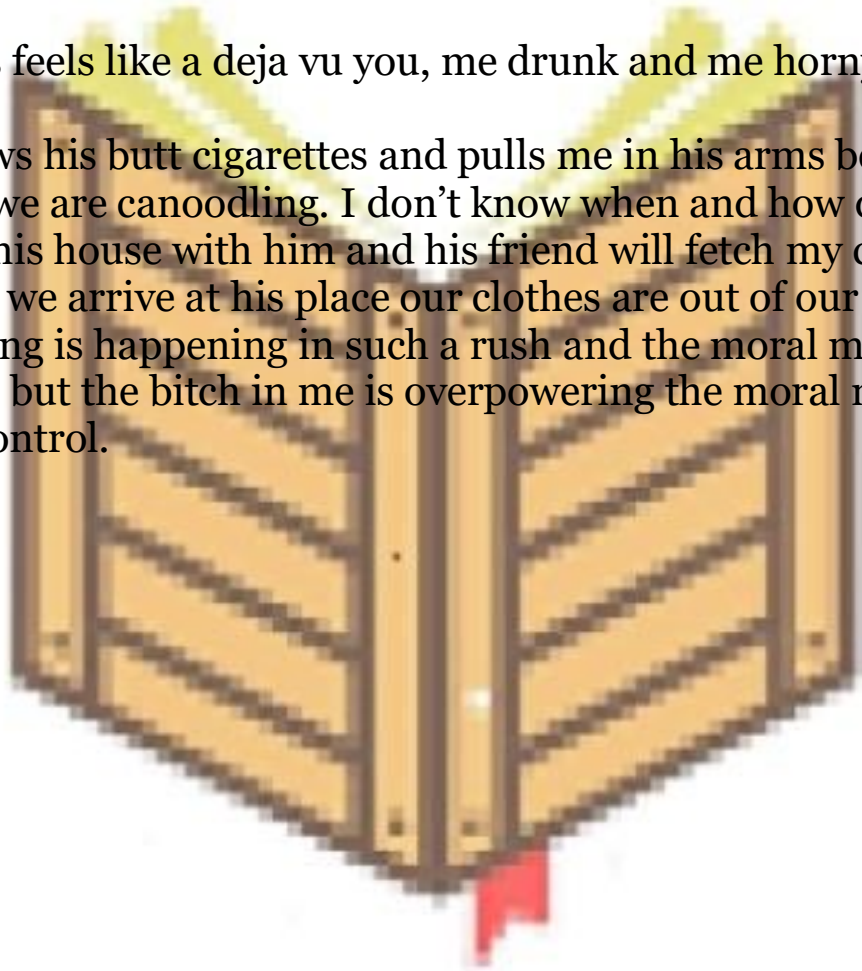
“You know you are the last person who entered my palace”

“Oh really?”

He asks with a husky voice

“Yes this feels like a deja vu you, me drunk and me horny as fuck”

He throws his butt cigarettes and pulls me in his arms before I know it we are canoodling. I don't know when and how do I agree to go to his house with him and his friend will fetch my car. The moment we arrive at his place our clothes are out of our bodies. Everything is happening in such a rush and the moral me wants to stop this but the bitch in me is overpowering the moral me and taking control.



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Chapter Ten

Time reads 11:00pm and it's quite perturbing that my aunt hasn't return home at this time. She left a note that she's going to her friend, aunt Fundi. I called aunt Fundi earlier she said it's been hours since she left. The rate of murder and and rape is increasing each passing day in our country and the pain in my pelvic is intensifying by each thought of the unthinkable that could happen to my aunt. I call Papito I need him now.

“Ya uMnesh lo ngibusy uyakwazi okumele ukwenze”
(Hi this is Mnesh I'm busy you know what do)

I never get use to his voicemail, as if not being able to reach him is not frustrating enough argh it's irks the hell out of me. I once hinted that I don't like his voicemail he just laughed at me. Zonke is video calling me.

“Hey boo”

“Hello baby are you good”

“Yes I'm okay and you”

“I'm also well I'm just worried about my aunt. She left a note that said she's going to her friend's house. I called her friend and she said she left around 4pm but still she hadn't arrived and her phone is sending me to voicemail”

“Did you call your mom or your aunt maybe she's with her”

“You know I don't want to talk to that woman”

“I think at this moment you have no choice but to call her”

I hate that she’s right but I won’t call her.

“Let me call sis Rebs”

“Okay babe”

I hang up and call sis Rebs. I didn’t realize how much I missed her until I hear her sweet voice coming through.

“Hey baby girl”

“Hey sis Rebs how are you”

“I’m good and you”

“I’m also fine I was checking up on you”

I lie of course I feel embarrassed that I haven’t checked on her for a while after she told me that her mom is sick. What kind of a little sister I am mara? That how she treats me like her little sister that it is.

“Oh baby girl I’m okay thank you for checking up on me”

“I’m sorry that I haven’t been contact for a while. How is your mama”

“Ahhh don’t worry about that I know you are also dealing with a lot. She’s fine now thank you for asking. How are you holding up?”

“I’m getting there, are you at home?”

“Home as in my home or your home”

“That’s not my home”

“Come on this will always be your home no matter what. Yes I’m at your home it’s not the same without you guys. Your mom is drinking like a shark alcohol is her coping mechanism kubi Wewe” (...It’s bad)

“Is my aunt there?”

“Don’t do that she’s your mother at the end of the day she’s lonely and she needs you.”

I roll my eyes now she’s exasperating me. I don’t understand why people expect me to just shut my feelings and play the happy daughter. Lonely? Lonely yamasimba she’s the one that created this loneliness with her secrets and lies. Things changed drastically after she confessed as if it was not already late. Dad chased her out of the house and she went to the only place anyone would which is her mom’s place that’s how I came to live with my aunt.

Gogo begged me to stay and fix my relationship with my mom but I just couldn’t. I couldn’t stand to look at her everyday and pretend her presence wasn’t irking the hell out of me. When dad passed on she moved back to the house. I think she’s lucky that dad has no family because some in laws out there are ruthless they would have kicked her out of the house and take everything from her.

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“Aunt Vuyi is there?”

“No she’s not it’s been a while since she’s been here.”

“Okay I have to go. I love you”

I hang up before she goes on about her madam. I have serious problems to deal with right now. My aunt could be missing and my man’s mom hates me because my brother killed her daughter. It’s too much for one soul. I call my cousin, you remember the one that helped me make my Papito’s birthday special and lend me her porche yes her name is Mbali.

“Hey Cuz”

“Hello Cuz you good?”

“Yes and you?”

“I’m also fine. Are you at the fiancé’s or you at home”

“I’m at home cuzzy”

“Is aunt Vuyi there?”

“No she’s not here it’s been a while since she’s been here. What’s going on”

The feeling of worry intensifies within me. Mbali was my last hope where is she? I go on and tell her and these bloody tears are already spilling down my face.

“Okay you need to calm down”

“Calm down how our aunt could be raped and murdered as we speak!”

“Don’t overthink my love okay just take a breath maybe she has a new man....”

“There’s no new man I know aunt Vuyi and she would have told me.”

“No I don’t want to think of the worst right now and I need you to calm down”

I hear a beep indicating an incoming call.

“There’s an incoming call maybe it’s her”

She hangs up and I answer Zonke

“She’s not there Zonke I even called Mbali athi she not there”

I cover my mouth with my hand as I let out a muffled sob.

“Babe calm down I’m coming now give me 45 minutes okay”

I nod with my head as if she can see me and hang up. I don’t know what I’d be without Auny Vuyi. The pain now is getting worse. Zonke is here before I expect her but she did advance driving after all. I don’t think there’s a woman that can drive like her she drives like a taxi driver. I get up while wincing and go open the door for her then throw my huge self in her arms.

“It’s okay babe don’t cry.”

“I’m scared Zonke what if..”

“No I won’t let you think negative right now. Aunt is fine she will come back and tell us where she’s been”

She pulls me back and wipes my tears then we make our way to the lounge. I wince as I sit down and that alarms her.

“Are you okay?”

“I have a pain in my pelvic area”

“When did it start?”

“This morning”

“Let me take you to the hospital”

“No I will be fine babe.”

She brushes my tummy in a circular motion and talks to my baby, she likes doing this.

“Hey little boy it’s aunt Zonke the best aunt you will ever have in the world. Yess it is. Can you do me a little favor my boy please don’t make mommy sick please. That’s my boy we love you and we can’t wait for your arrival”

I find myself smiling through my pain. I always count this one whenever I’m counting my blessings. I appreciate how the fall out between me and Stacey didn’t affect the bond between me and Zonke. Yes Stacey and I are no longer friends but Zonke is still friends with her and I’m not expecting her to choose. I can imagine how difficult it is for her.

So after I share my pain with my friends expecting comforting words and warm embraces Stacey went “I told you so what were you think dating that low life taxi driver. Only a stupid person would date a low life taxi driver knowing very well how barbaric, violent and uncivilized taxi drivers are”

Yhooo I saw red and our fight escalated into a physical fight. I think I mentioned that I'm a coward so all I was doing was just cover my face and blocking her mean slaps. Zonke as always stopped us from fighting. She tried to make peace between us as always but it didn't work.

“Stacey told me that Nkosinathi dedicated a song for you in radio”

“Yeah”

“So?”

She looks at me curiously.

“We are back together now”

“Wow that great babe now you will stop moping around ay cha besesikhathele”

I poke her and we both laugh

“Let me go get some junk and drinks for us then you will tell me all about it”

She gets up and disappears to the kitchen then comes back with a tray of junk and two cups of hot chocolate. She settles down next me putting her legs underneath her thighs and places the tray in middle. We indulge in our junk while I tell her everything.

“Yhooo this is intense Wewe when you told me about this I never thought this how deep it is I mean he's a Dlomo and you're a Ndlela. As for his mom I quite get where's she's coming from but she had no right to hit you”

“Our relationship is doomed Zonke but he doesn't want to let go”

“What about you? Do you want to let go?”

“No I love him so much. This relation between us doesn't make me to stop loving him as my man. I will never see him as my brother no matter how they can try to convince us that we're related bla bla bla. One reason that would be enough for me to leave him is to see him fighting with his family because of me. I don't want to come in between him and his family”

“Hayi nalezinto zama siko science says you two are not related that what's important actually. What does your aunt says about this?” (Hayi these traditional things...)

At midnight we retire to be, the pain has subsided. I fall asleep while we are chatting but in the middle of my deep sleep I'm woken up by the pain again. I reach for my phone it's 4am. I gingerly roll out of bed and walk to the bathroom to pee. The moan slips out of my mouth as I release.

Once I'm done I wash my hands and snail walk to my aunt's bedroom hoping to find her but her bed is done and it's doesn't look like she slept here. I search for her in the house but her car is still not in the garage. Clearly she didn't come back I start pancaking all over again and scream in agony as the pain shoots intensely this time.

“Wewe where are you?”

I hear Zonke's voice shouting through the passage.

“Lounge!” I shout back and sit on the couch.

“The pain is back?”

“Yes its very intense now please fetch my phone for me I need to call Nkosinathi”

She does as I say and gives me my phone. I call Papito but I’m still receiving the same result from last night. Why the fuck is his phone off!! I try aunt and hers too is off. I’m losing my mind now.

“Calm down Wewe please”

“I’m scared Zonke please keep calling Nkosinathi. I need him right now”

I lie on the couch and hold my pelvic area as I bite my lips hard that I taste blood in my mouth. It’s getting worse by each second I’m now moaning as my tears run down my face.

“I can’t get hold of him Wewe let me take you to the hospital”

“Call him Zonke please I need him I...ahhh”

I just need my man is that too much to ask? I’m a sweating and moaning mess.

“Aphiwe let me take you to the hospital I will keep calling him on the way”

“I’m scared Zonke I don’t want to lose my baby. There’s one more month to go”

“You won’t lose him sthandwa sami just let me take you to the hospital”

I nod with my head

“Let’s me go change quickly”

She disappears just then I hear a car outside. It's must be aunt. I try to get up but I fail few seconds there's a knock on the door. I wait for Zonke to come back and tell her to attend someone on the door. My heart beat harder at the sound of their voices. Why are they here? Gogo rushes to me the second she enters the lounge.

“Oh nunuza ka gogo”

She pulls me in her arms but I push her off.

“Gogo why are you here please don't tell me there's something happened to Aunt Vuyi I won't survive another death of my love one please tell me she's fine”

“I called them” Zonke says sheepishly.

“How are you feeling my baby” - Mom

At this time she's reeking alcohol and she even looks drunk but she's hiding it. I don't reply to her angazi nje ufunani la nx.

“I think we should take her to the hospital” - Zonke

“No not the hospital please get me warm water and towel” - Gogo

Zonke disappears

“Where's Vuyi kanti how can she leave my daughter alone knowing very well that her pregnancy is complicated” - Mom

“Shut up your breath is stinking like a shebeen and it's makes me want to puke.”

“Hayi Wewe this your mother you can’t talk to her like that have some respect” Gogo says calmly

“What is she doing here? I don’t want her here”

“This is not your house you have no right to say that”

Mxm vele she’s on her daughter’s side. Zonke comes back with a basin filled with warm water and towel.

“Take off her pj top”

Mom tries to take off my pj top but I yank her hands off me

“Don’t touch me!”

“Hey wena stop being disrespectful and let your mom take off your pj!”

“Gogo...”

“Don’t backchat when I’m talking to you! Can’t you see that this anger is also affecting your baby!”

Gogo never shouts at me why is she shouting at me? I don’t want her shebeen breath stinking daughter to touch me!

“Hloni take off her top”

Mom takes off my pj top and I’m left exposed on my upper body. Gogo dips the towel in the basin

“Where is it painful”

I show her she places the warm towel on that area.

“Hiding this pregnancy from the boy’s family is wrong we should have went there when Wewe was at least 4 months pregnant”

He’s not a boy bathong he’s a man

“He knows I told him and we decided to give our relationship another chance”

“Telling him about the pregnancy doesn’t mean you should get back into a relationship with him Wewe. Have you forgotten that he’s now your brother”

“He’s not my brother gogo and I love him”

“He is your brother Wewe. Your mom and his dad made you two brother and sister. You two should stop this relationship”

“We don’t share the same father nor the mother gogo how can he be my brother?”

“You share the same brother that’s make you two sister and brother”

“We didn’t know why should be punished for something that we didn’t know?”

“But now you know Wewe you can’t continue to date while you know the truth. This is not acceptable”

“It’s already too late gogo you should let us be. I’m already carrying his child. There’s nothing we can do. It’s happened what’s important is that we are not blood related”

“She’s right mama why should they suffer because of the mistakes of their parents? They are already expecting a child together”
Mom says

“That’s alcohol talking you can’t seriously be supporting this Hloniphile!” Gogo raises her voice.

“What about my grandson mama? Should he grow up without his both parents because of this? He’s innocent”

“If you closed your legs we wouldn’t be dealing with this Hloniphile. There are many children who grew up without having both parents. Aphiwe’s son will also grow up as long as he knows his parents. They don’t have to be together to raise their son. We have been running away to face Nkosinathi’s family after what happened but now it’s time they know that their son made Aphiwe pregnant. We have to discuss a way forward regarding the baby and the relationship between these two.”

I’m unsettled about this meeting judging Nkosinathi’s mom’s anger. That woman is going to beat all of us.
I didn’t realize that Zonke is not here until she walks in with a tray.

“I prepared tea and biscuits” - Zonke

“Thank you sis” - Mom

“Do we seriously need to go the Nkosinathi’s family gogo after the pain the Ndlelas put them through”

“There’s morning we can do Wewe we have to let them know about their grandchild. In fact we are already late.”

“But Nkosinathi knows”

“That doesn’t mean we shouldn’t do what’s right. It’s our duty to let them know about the baby not Nkosinathi’s.”

“I agree with you” Mama says.

We have tea and biscuits over a conversation. The pain is not completely gone but I feel better now. At 7am Zonke announces that she’s leaving she supposed to be working by 8:30am.

She’s an Interior and Spatial Designer. She’s freelancer and her work involves designing or renovating internal spaces, including structural alterations, furnishings, fixtures and fittings, lighting and colour schemes. She’s exceptionally good I’m so proud of her plus the money she’s making is worth it.

“Thank you for coming baby”

“Anytime for you my love”

She kisses my cheek and says her goodbyes to mom and gogo then she leaves. We also prepare ourselves to go to the Ndlovu household. By the time we leave the pain is starting to be intense again. I’m at the back nestled against my grandma’s chest and she’s caressing my pelvic area. Mom is driving and as much as I don’t want to talk to her I have no choice because she doesn’t know the directions.

I keep calling Papito and Aunt on the way but still both of their phones are off. They’re both frustrating me I hope Inathi is at his parents’ house. The more we get closer to his parents house It’s the more I feel jittery. Mom presses the intercom and Thula answers it then lets us in. The gate opens then we drive in and park at the drive yard. I take a huge breathe as we step out of the

car and make our way to the door. Thula is already waiting for us at the door.

“Sawbona mzikulu” (Hi grandchild)

“Hi gogo”

“Where are the elders”

“Come on in I will go get them”

She makes the space for us to walk in and leads us to the lounge then excuses herself. We settle down on the couch. Mom is roaming her eyes around.

“I didn’t expect a beautiful house like this” She confesses

“You thought after you stole their wealth they won’t be able to better themselves”

“Wewe this is not the right time” My grandma rebukes me. I sigh and hold on my pain as Thula emerges from the staircase and makes her way to us.

“They’re coming...can I make anything for y’all to drink so long”

“Do you have whiskey?”

Thula looks at mom shocked

“Cha sis we are fine” (No..) Gogo says giving mom a disapproval look who rolls her eyes.

Really now? Thula disappears just as her parents walk in. They’re still in their gowns I feel bad that we woke them up. Nkosinathi’s

mom tenses up and our eyes meet. Her husband takes her hand into his. I'm sure as his way to calm her down.

I study her face even a blind person could see that this woman is drowning in the furnace of sorrow. I don't know if it's me that triggered the pain or she was just like this. But it's only been a year the wound is still fresh and bleeding. They both settle down on the couch opposite us and greet.

"I'm sorry to barge in your house unannounced. I'm Wewe's grandma this my daughter Hloniphile and Aphiwe my granddaughter." - Gogo

Inathi's mom looks at mom more like observing her. Konje mom slept with her late husband God how can I forget that? This is more deeper and complicated than one can comprehend! The way her eyes are traveling from mom's toes to her head you can tell that she's figuring out what does mom have that she doesn't. The truth is they're not comparable no one is better nor beautiful than the other but according to Nkosinathi's dad choice Inathi's mom was the one for him because he didn't leave her for mom.

"Okay how can we help you" - Gastheni

"My condolences my children I'm lost of words to express how saddened I am for the pain my grandson put you through and I know that we are the last people that you want to see. We apologize that us being here may trigger your pain believe me that's not what we want but circumstances brought us here. Your son impregnated my granddaughter"

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Nkosinathi's parents look at me and I look down biting my nails.

"How far is she?" - Inathi's Mom

“8 months” - Mom

“Hawu benikhamiseleni ningamlethi sonke lesikhathi sazi ngani noma khona la eniqale khona saphikwa isisu senizopha umtanami ijazi” (Why didn’t you come early how will know that you didn’t start somewhere and they denied the pregnancy now you are to pin the pregnancy on him)

Is she saying what I think she’s saying?

“Cha phela ungathi besikhamiseleni uyasidelela manje” - Mom

“Vele....”

Gastheni cuts his wife before she says anything further.

“What my wife is trying to say is that Aphiwe and our son broke up months ago so how sure are you that it’s his baby”

“Your son knows that she’s carrying his son.” - Gogo

“Let me call him”

Gastheni says and excuses himself.

“You are Zenzele’s Mom?” Inathi’s mom asks staring at mom

“Yebo” (Yes) She replies with attitude. I think she’s still drunk God I hope she won’t embarrassed me. Inathi’s mom chuckles sadly and shakes her head.

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“Is that all you going to say?” - Inathi’s mom

“Ufuna ngithini?” (What do you want me to say) - Mom

“Mama you slept with her husband and fall pregnant then your son killed her daughter how can you not know what to say?” I says as tears stream down my face.

Why she’s so heartless? I know ‘sorry’ will never change anything but she must show remorse at least. Gastheni walks in with a phone in his hand and sits down next to his wife who’s fidgeting I don’t know out of anger or hurt

“He’s coming” He says to us then looks at his wife. How come I couldn’t reach him but he did?

“Butternut”

You can’t miss the concern in his voice.

“I want them gone Boyabenyathi please”

“Baby....”

“Please tell them to go I can’t sit here with these people and have a civil conversation as if nothing happened. They should go”

I swear her her words hits right through my aching pelvic area and I let out a gut wrenching sob.

“Mtanami I know the pain....” (My child...)

“No you know nothing mama .. you know nothing at all cela ningiphumele ngomnyango” (. please get out of my house)

Inathi’s mom says through her gritted teeth fighting the urge to cry.

“Okay we will leave but please my child hear me our”

“Spare me your stories and leave my house”

“Butternut let’s hear what does she wants to say”

“Boyabenyathi I don’t want to hear it!”

“Woman stop being stubborn and listen!!”

“Get the hell out of my house!”

“Don’t be cruel Betty we here are regarding your grandson. My daughter is having a complicated pregnancy maybe the anger and hatred between the families is contributing”

“Cruel? Did you say cruel? Let’s me tell you what’s cruel. You slept with my late husband and stole his hustle that he risked his life and job for that’s cruel! You lived a lavish life and watched the father of the child you were carrying drive taxis trying to provide for his family that’s cruel! Your lied about the paternity of the child you were carrying that’s cruel! Your kids had a lavish life that was supposed to be my children’s that is cruel! Your son killed my daughter and you come here and give me stinking attitude acting like I owe you that’s cruel!”

The rawness in her voice is the evidence of her pain.

“Sis...” She cut gogo short

“Mama take your daughter and granddaughter and leave”

“Your presence is upsetting my wife you should go”

I try to beg her but she doesn’t barge my tears nor my pleas are moving her.

Chapter Eleven

I'm woken up someone shaking me rather roughly at first I thought I'm dreaming but damn this person is so persistent!

“Mnesh...Mnesh!...Mneshi!”

“Yini!!” I groan furiously

“Vuka ndoda!” (Wake up man!)

I blink my eyes open and they are met by Senzo. I observe my surroundings and notice that I'm in my bedroom.

“You had fun last night without me”

He says hitting me with a pillow I groan in pain

“Fuseg maan Senzo!”

His laughter shoots right through my head. Shit I'm still drunk as fuck!

“Wake up your old man called, you are needed at home bra and it sounds imperative”

“Where is he?”

“He's at home obviously and he has been calling you but your phone is off so he called me. I had to come here all the way from the rank”

“How did you get in here?”

“The lady opened the door for me and left”

“Lady?”

“Bra don’t tell me you don’t remember the lady you spend the night with?”

I close my eyes as I recall yesterday’s events. I remember my mom telling me to choose. How does she expect me to choose between the air that I breathe and my world? Phiwe is the air that I breath and my family is my world. What is the world without the air and what is the air without the world. I couldn’t choose she’s asking the impossibility honestly.

“Vuyi oh shit!”

“She’s beautiful hey”

“Did she mentioned something about us fucking?”

“Of course not but her demeanor did”

“Oh fuck!fuck!fuck!”

“Yini?” (What?)

“That’s Aphiwe’s Aunt man!”

“Huh?”

I tell him the turn out of events.

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“Yhoo Mnesh at first you didn’t know and besides you and Aphiwe weren’t dating that time but now no bra! You messed up big time and I don’t know what’s your excuse”

“I was drunk and not thinking straight!”

“Why did you even go out for drinks with her from the first place?”

“Angaz bra I just needed distraction and company” (I don’t know...)

“What’s up?”

“Mom and dad are not happy that I’m back with Aphiwe”

I tell him what happened yesterday.

“I’m sorry man maybe you shouldn’t have got back with Aphiwe.”

“Why are you saying that?”

“I don’t see your relationship working out Mnesh. On top of the fact that her brother killed Kwanele you two are traditionally siblings now”

“I’m not losing Phiwe because of two human beings that cheated on their partners. On top of that they lied to us. It is what it is life should go on. It’s not like we are biological siblings. I love Aphiwe so much Senzo and she’s carrying my son. I grew up in a happy family with both parents I also want that for my son.”

“You don’t ack like you love her though you fucked her aunt that’s a huge betrayal”

“Don’t say that bra!”

“But it’s true I would’ve understood if you fucked some floozy not her aunt man like really? You say you want to do right by this girl but already you are messing up.”

“I know bra! I know! I just need one last chance to prove myself to her”

“It’s already late maybe her aunt is telling her as we speak!”

“Shit!”

I reach for my phone and switch it on. Tons of messages floods in. Phiwe has been calling me since last night. I call her back but her phone rings unanswered.

“I have to see her now”

I spring up on the bed and fall down on the floor which makes Senzo to cracks up. I groan as I get up from the bed.

“Relax she hasn’t told her. Aphiwe with her grandmother and mom are at your parents house. Bazobika isisu and they’re waiting for you”

Yooh I will be dammed to let mom hit Phiwe again. I rush to the bathroom and take a quickest shower ever. 10 minutes I’m done and ready to go.

“I just did your bed and I didn’t find any used rubbers nor wrappers don’t tell me you had unprotected sex with Aphiwe’s aunt”

“Senzo stop stressing me I will deal with that when I know my woman is okay and mom is not going John Cena on her!”

“A thank you will be nice though”

“Who asked you to do my bed you are not my woman”

“Fuck you!”

I take my car keys we head out and drive to separate ways. On the way I buy an energy drink to sober me up. When I arrive at home I step out of my car and jog inside. I can hear noise from the kitchen as I approach the lounge.

“What the hell is going on here?”

They all turn to look at me.

“These people came here to claim you made their daughter pregnant..”

Phiwe’s mom cuts dad mid sentence.

“Claim? We are not claiming he made my daughter pregnant!”

“Yey woman don’t you dare interrupt me when I’m speaking! So just because my son made your daughter pregnant we should allow you to spew your nonsense to us? That’s not going to happen I won’t let you insult my wife in her house. Get out the hell out of my house now before I drag you out myself!”

I look at mom who’s fidgeting on the couch and clenching her fists. The old woman interjects as Aphiwe’s mom is about talk.

“Hloniphile stop talking maan! Asambeni!” (..Let’s go!)

They all get up and leave.

“What happened?”

“You are asking us what happened? Are you not the one that brought these people in our lives!” Dad bellows angrily

“I thought they were here to inform you about the pregnancy. They had to come here and address you guys about the pregnancy.”

“The least they could have done is to show respect Nkosinathi not all the nonsense they did” - Dad

“I don’t want anything that got to do with that family even that son of yours has a Ndlela blood.”

I feel my heart struggling to keep a steady beat as melancholy hangs over me like a black cloud. I get up from the couch and walk out. I get in my car and drive off I don’t know where am I going my mind is raging with thoughts. I find myself at the graveyard crouching before Kwanza’s grave.

“Hey Nana it’s me. I’m sorry that I haven’t visited you for a while and I have no excuse at all.”

I swallow a painful in my throat.

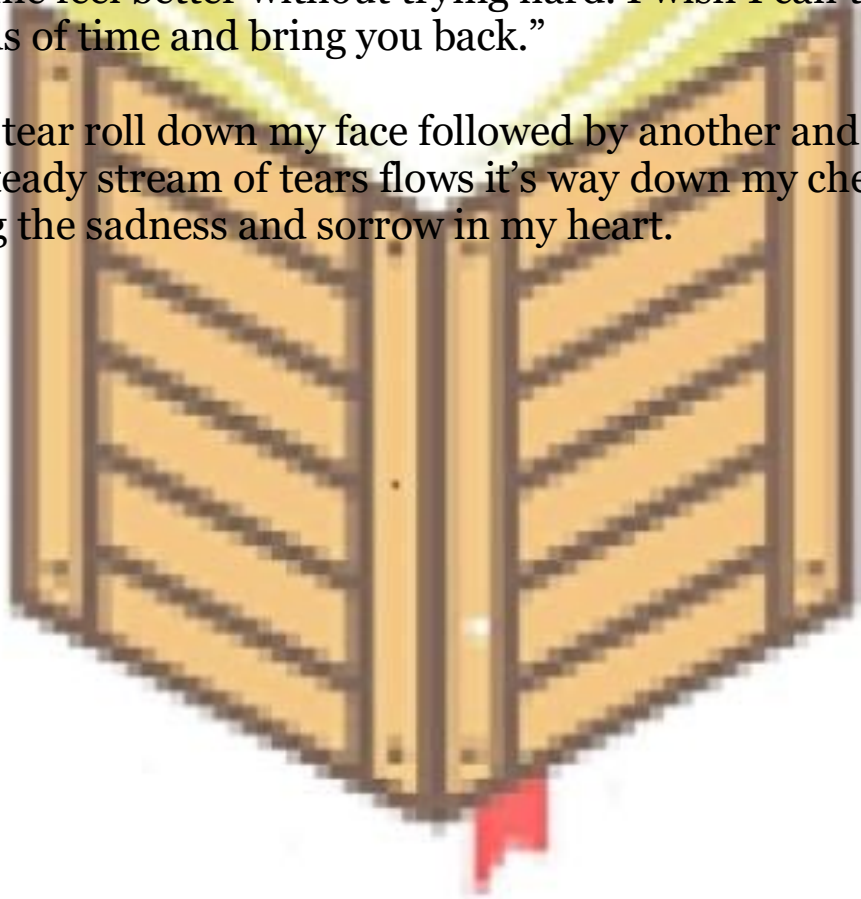
“Just when I thought we are picking up the pieces after your premature and hurtful departure but everything is crumbling down. It’s seems like the biggest mistake I did was to bring Phiwe back to our lives. Mom feels like I’m betraying you but Phiwe didn’t know nana. She was in the dark just like you and me. It’s not her fault that you are lying here. If she’s at fault then I’m the

one who's at fault because I brought her in our lives. Then there's this siblings shit they talk about everything is just a mess but I love her so much nana and she's carrying your nephew. It's hurt that mom doesn't want anything to do with my son."

A single tear traces down my cheek. I wipe it away with my forefinger

"I miss you so much I wish you were here. You had a way of making me feel better without trying hard. I wish I can turn back the hands of time and bring you back."

Another tear roll down my face followed by another and another until a steady stream of tears flows it's way down my cheeks releasing the sadness and sorrow in my heart.



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Chapter Twelve

Trying to adapt to this change is really hard shame. I'm not getting use to not having my daughter with me I don't know if I will ever will. I don't have a choice though but to suck it up. I woke up in the jolly mood today It's Friday finally and Ndiwe is spending the weekend with me. I can't wait to see my baby these few days away from her felt like years. I have never been so attached to a human being in my life like I am with my daughter. I'd marry that little chubby girl.

“Morning baby”

Mom says as she walks in already dressed up and looking gorgeous. They're going back to Durban today and as much as I love my mom I'm glad they're leaving today because I really can't stand Dlamini.

“Morning mama breakfast will be ready in a second”

“It's smells lovely. Your father will join us in a minute”

“He's not my father mama”

I sound like a little girl I know but he's really not my father. I grab a high chair and make her sit down.

“You have a stoned heart Lele why don't you forgive huh?”

How can I forgive when every time I look at you and hear you speak I'm reminded of what he did.

“The day he stops being prideful and tell me how sorry he is and not pretend like nothing happened”

“He did nothing to you Lele why should he say sorry to you?”

“It was affecting me to the core to see you being beaten up by him every single day mama. When you were at the hospital I had to skip some days at school so that I can take care of my siblings. I have always been smart hence my academics weren't affected. You really don't understand how hard it was for me that shit traumatized immensely.”

“It's in the past now let's move on and be happy.”

“No we can't move on without me apologizing to her darling”

Dlamini says as he makes his way in. He does the unthinkable and kneels before me.

“Cebisile my child out of all the horrible things I have done in my life there's nothing I regret more then the pain I put your mom through. Every time I look at her I resent myself. I don't have an excuse for my behavior my child. Growing up in a home where my father used to beat my mom up doesn't justify my actions. I had a choice not to follow my father's animalistic behavior. The day your mom was lying on that hospital bed and the doctor told me that she could not make it I prayed. I asked God to wake her up and promised to change and treat her like a queen that she is. I'm sorry for the pain I put you through. I know the pain of watching your mom being beaten up while there's nothing you can. From the deepest of my heart I apologize my child. I hope one day you find it in your heart to forgive me”

The sincerity in his voice astounds me. I have never thought Dlamini would kneel before me and ask for an apology from me. He has always been a proud man who doesn't apologize to others.

"I hear you Dlamini but why you didn't tell my siblings the truth up to this day Khehla hates me. You didn't want me to be part of my mom's life she remembers. If Nkosinathi didn't reunite us obviously you wouldn't even bothered about me"

"I told them you chose your sugar daddy over us that was not a lie Cebisile you chose my enemy over us. I was angry at you obviously hence I didn't want your mom to remember you but that was years back. I'm sorry about everything my child"

"What did Moses do to you Dlamini"

"It's doesn't matter anymore he's dead now. All I want is for us to be a happy family. I want to be present in your life like any father should be in his daughter's life. I know that it's too little too late but a chance is all I'm asking for"

Honestly he has been trying to get close to me and I have seen the way he treats my mom, you'd swear she's a glass and she would break any time she falls. It's baffles me though why people who grew up witnessing their parents abusing one another turns out to be abusive as well.

"I guess no one is perfect and our backgrounds somehow have an impact on how we turn out to be even though I don't understand why did you put us through that same pain you went through. Mom forgave you long time ago I guess it's time I also let it go."

"Oh thank you mtanami!" (....my child!)

He gets up from the floor and pulls me in for a tight squeeze. Would you believe me if I say this is the first hug I have ever received from this man and it's feels so awkward! I reluctantly hug him back as I notice he's not pulling back. Mom looks at us with a huge smile.

“Okay fine old man you can let me go now”

I push him off and we all laugh.

“You don't know how lucky you are to be at the receiving end of this hug. It's a million dollar hug baby!”

I giggle and attend my pots that almost got burnt.

“I'm glad you two have sort out your issues. We should have a braai or something as a family. When will you visit us Lele?”

“I don't know mama but soon”

“You should come with that boy of yours”

“What boy Dlamini?” I ask and they both look at me and laugh mxm Thando akagobhozi! She probably told them that Gambushe and I are dating. I don't think our relationship is at the stage where we should introduce each other to our parents but he's been nagging me about meeting his mom. Imagine how happy he will be if I tell him that my parents invited him. I dish up for us then we move the dining room then indulge our breakfast.

“I'm just glad that this time you went for a man you're age Lele”

I roll my eyes like really now.

“You have to come with him I want to know what are his intentions with you”

Whoaa hit the brake Dlamini your speed is too much . It's been a second I let him in my life already he wants to know Gambushe's intentions. Who said I want him to have intentions with me? Okay I'm kidding but the old man really need to hold on a bit I still have to get use to having a fatherly role in my life.

“Dlamini hold on Gambushe and I started dating six months ago it's still early for such intervention and interrogation.”

“He seems like a good boy though unlike that Nkosinathi boy”

“Nkosinathi is a good guy mama”

“Oh please that boy wanted to keep you away from your daughter how is he a good boy?”

“He was angry mom”

“I think he is a good guy, for the fact that he reunited Cebisile with us it shows that he cares about her.”

“Hayi I don't like him Sibalikhulu and I'm not comfortable that my granddaughter now stays with them. Just a year ago his little sister was gunned down what if the same thing happened after all that boy is a taxi driver. There's always violence in the taxi industry”

“Mom let's not be negative about this please at the end of the day he's her father there's no way I can keep her away from him now. I know that he will protect our daughter”

“Like protected his sister”

“Mama that insensitive!”

“And his mom is rude!”

Oh God she’s been saying the same thing about Nathi’s mom since that days we came back from that house. After breakfast Dlamini load their bags in the boot while mom is saying her goodbye to me.

“Please do come soon my baby”

“I will mama”

She gives me a tight squeeze and kisses my cheeks.

“I love you Lele”

“I love you too mama”

Dlamini comes to us and gives me a tight squeeze as well.

“Take care of yourself and my granddaughter my child. If you need anything just shout okay”

He kisses my forehead and lets me go. Okay now that Dlamini and I buried the hatchet I don’t want them to leave.

“I will keep that in mind and thank you both for coming to my rescue.”

No words can describe how wonderful it felt to run to my mom and cry to her after I failed to calm down Nathi. That feeling nje of running to your mom because you know that she got you and she will make you feel better believe me it’s everything to me. I have

been yearning for this for years and now that I got it I will never trade it for anything in this world. I'm so lucky that I got a chance to make things right with my mom before God takes her from us.

I don't know the situation between you and your mom but what I can tell you is it's not too late to pick up the phone and make that phone call. Maybe that one phone call could change everything between you two after a rift of years. I don't think one can ever find purest love as his or her mother's on this earth.

"You are welcome my child"

I share one last hug and kiss with my mom then they get in the car and drive out as I wave my hand until they are out of sight. Sigh. I walk back to the house and clean once I'm done I freshen up then I'm good to go. I'm so excited that finally I'm going to spend the weekend with my baby. I just want us to stay in doors and bond more. It's a good thing that Gambushe is in Johannesburg for work purposes so my daughter will have my undivided attention.

Thula is the one that attends the intercom and opens the gate for me. I maneuver my car and pulls over on the drive yard before stepping out of the car. I deep breath in and out. Nathi's mom freaks me out honestly

"Thula hey"

"Ma'am Mbhele come in"

I walk inside of the house then she closes the door. She looks quite different from the last time I saw her I don't know if it's growth or what. There's something that screams Kwanele about her I don't know if I'm making sense.

"She's watching cartoons in the lounge"

I follow behind her as we walk to the lounge. My baby is focused on her cartoons she doesn't even acknowledge my presence until I take her.

“Mmama!”

“Hello my sweet pie”

I ran kisses all over her face and as always she giggles. I settle down on that couch and pulling her on my lap.

“I didn't think you will come early let me go bath her”

“No it's fine I will bath her at home. Where is your mom and Nkosinathi”

“I don't know where buti is but the rents are upstairs. I will go tell them you are here to fetch Ndiwe”

I nod then she walks away leaving me playing with my daughter.

“Mommy miss you baby”

“Babazi!”

She squeals I turn around and look what she's looking at. Heee Ndiwe within few days she can call her father but it took her a while to learn to say Mama. Yaz she even learned to say Dada first before Mama. Uyawathanda amadoda umtanami. I almost forgot how hot this man is. I salivate at the nice bulge through his jogger pants.

“Hello Ndoniyamanzi ka babazi”

He settles next to me and kisses his daughter's cheek. I inhale his lovely scent and tilt my head to look at him. His eyes are red and a bit swollen if I knew better I'd say he was crying.

“Hello Mama Ka Uthandiwe”

God why am I blushing now.

“Hello Baba ka Uthandiwe”

“Are you good”

“Yes and yourself?”

“I'm fine as well”

Thula emerges.

“Mom insist to bath her first before you leave with her so she asked me to bring her”

I nod and give her my baby then she walks away with her.

“It's Friday already”

“Yes and I'm so happy I have missed her so much”

We fall into comfortable silence. I study him he looks like he's carrying the world with his shoulders.

“Nathi”

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He doesn't respond I nudge him to get his attention.

“What's wrong?”

“Nothing why”

“You seem like there’s something bothering you”

He gives me a faint smile

“I’m fine Cebi”

“I know you are still angry at me but I’m here for you any time you need to talk.”

“Thank you...did Thula offer you something to drink?”

“No but I’m fine”

“I want to pay damages and do imbeleko ceremony for Ndiwe”

“Oh okay when will that be?”

“I don’t know yet I’m still dealing with something but as soon as it sorted out I will let you know”

“Okay I have no problem with that. Where’s your Miss New York”

“You want to slap her again”

“Hawu Nkosinathi you are still there”

“Of course I’m still there I don’t get why did you laid your hand on her.”

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Bekaphapha moss! Of course I don’t voice that out. He seems to be in a mood and I don’t want to anger him that he changes his mind to take Ndiwe with me.

”I was angry I’m sorry”

“You have to apologize to her as well”

“I will apologize to her if you apologize to me as well”

He looks at me with a raised brow

“You insulted me Nathi calling me a cheap bitch It’s funny that when you were enjoying my pussy I was not a bitch but the moment you got a new pussy sengisifebe.” (...I’m a bitch)

“I’m sorry I was angry at you”

“They say people tells the truth when they’re angry or drunk so you don’t see a woman you can be in a relationship with in me because I’m cheap and I cheated on my husband?”

He groans and scratches his head

“I said all those words to hurt you Cebi I didn’t mean them. I’m the last person to crucify and judge you like that. Ngiyaxolisa maka Uthandiwe”

“It’s fine I have to admit though you really hurt my feeling”

“Just like you hurt mine but I’m sorry”

“It’s fine”

Here goes that silence again and it’s really bothering me. Something is really troubling him and I have never seen him like this. I reach for his hand and squeeze it. He tilts his head and looks at me.

“Talk to me”

He gives me a sad smile

“Kwenzenjani?” (What’s going on?)

“It’s nothing I just miss Kwanza”

Ohh my heart sinks. A lone tear escapes his left eye. I catch it with my thumb and wipe it away before pulling him to my chest. I don’t know what to say to him hence I’m offering him a hug. His sadness is rubbing on me. He pulls back after a while and gives me a faint smile.

“I’m sorry about that”

He says feeling rather embarrassed.

“Don’t be sorry you are human as well Nathi and at some point you will break down. I just want you to know that I’m here to give you my shoulder anytime”

“Thank you let me go check if they are done with Ndiwe”

He gets up and walks away leaving his scent behind. It’s so sad how men are expected to be strong and emotionless but they’re humans as well, they have feelings and they reach a breaking point too. I think the anger, pain and hate stored inside of them is poisonous, it’s the reason behind these animalistic acts that are happening in our country.

He comes back with Ndiwe in his one arm and the other one has her pink rabbit bag. My baby looks so cute in a blue skinny jean, cream white long sleeves tee, red Minnie Mouse body warmer and

red sneakers. Nathi's mom have a good taste jealous down. Well I know it's her because I don't think Nathi knows Minnie Mouse. I expect abo Nike no Adidas from that one and we don't have a store that sells those for toddlers here in Newcastle.

"We can go"

Huh

"We?"

"Yes I want to know where do you stay."

I look at him

"You don't trust me you think I will run away with her again"

"I trust you to not pull that stunt again ngoba ngizokunquma uqhoqho Cebisile waphinda wabaleka nomtanami" (.... I will cut your throat Cebisile if you ever run away with my baby again)

I giggle when I notice the serious look in his eyes I swallow hard.

"I will never run away again with her"

"Good now let's go. It's only fair I know what kind of place would my baby be staying at when she's not with me"

I get up from the couch and take Ndiwe from him.

"Your mom is still angry at me that she doesn't want to come down"

"Yes let's go"

I sigh and follow him behind as we walk out. He takes Ndiwe's car seat from his car and install it in mine. He makes sure that our daughter is buckled up and fetches cheese curls for her inside the house.

“They will keep her busy I have noticed that she doesn't like her seat”

I can't help but smile she really doesn't want to sit alone at the back not unless If I give her something to eat or my phone to play with. I get in my car drive off with him following behind me. I keep looking at my baby on the rear view mirror who's stuffing herself with cheese curls. This one loves food I tell you. I notice the door is not locked when we arrive in my place I must have forgotten to lock it when I left.

“You are careless Cebisile how could you leave the door unlocked. Is it safe here?”

“I forget and yes it's safe”

We get inside and I lead him to the lounge as his eyes roam around my kitchen. We are welcomed by a picnic set up on the floor my heart literally stop beating.

Welcome baby I thought we would have an indoor picnic with our daughte....”

He stops immediately as he sees that I have company. Oh shit it's about to go down I feel coldness fluttering in my intestines.

“Dada!”

Ndiwe screams at Gambushe

“What the fuck is going on here?”

Silence. Oh my God why he didn't tell me that he's coming back today!

“What the fuck is going on here!!!”

He roars in anger which startles Ndiwe.

“I can explain Nathi”

I say with a shaky voice

“No I will explain Cebisile”

Gambushe says

“Baby? Dada? Please don't tell me you know where this woman has been with my daughter all along Zac!”

“I'm sorry Nathi I..”

“You motherfucker I can't believe you played me!”

He shoves Ndiwe to my arms and charges for Gambushe

“Bra let's talk man to man pleas...”

Gumbushe doesn't get to finish his sentence as Nathi pulls him by his sweater and drags him out of the lounge

“Nathi Im sorry it's me don't do anything to him.”

“Go back to the lounge with my child I don’t want her to witness what I’m about to do to this motherfucker!!!”

He’s fuming with anger and this is a side of him I have never seen. He wasn’t this angry when he fought with Sabelo. I go back to the lounge and place Ndiwe on the rug then put her cartoons on before rushing to the kitchen. Nathi is throwing mean punches on my man.

“Nathi stop it!”

I scream but he doesn’t seem to care. He’s cursing and beating him hard. Gambushe tries to fight back but Nathi is too strong and Gambushe’s skinny body is not doing him justice.

“Nathi please I’m the one who begged him not tell you where I am sorry”

I beg him as tears fill my eyes. Nathi drags Gambushe out of the house who’s bleeding. I follow them pleading with Nathi but he’s hearing none. He opens his boot and throws Gambushe inside

“Nathi please man I’m sorry let me explain”

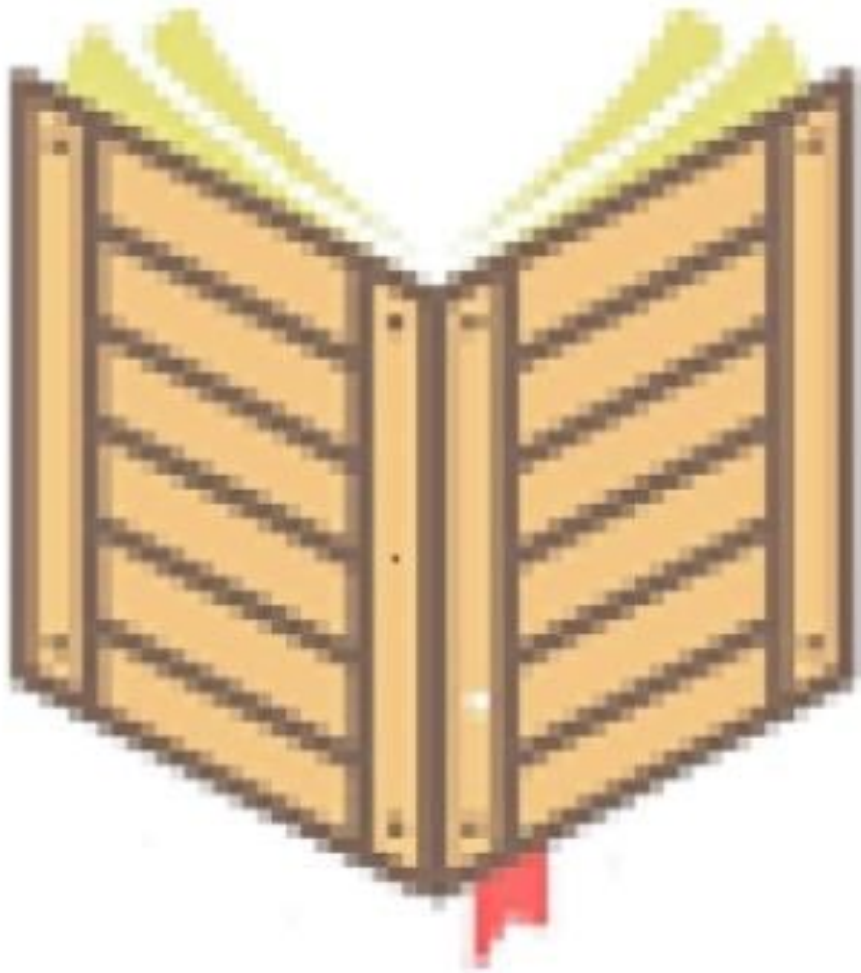
“You will explain to your creator!”

He shut the boot closed and spit on the ground.

“Ngiyakucela Nathi don’t hurt him please”

“You left my daughter inside alone knowing how naughty she is. Get inside the house now Cebisile before I throw you inside my boot with your man nx!”

I don't need to be told twice, I look at him as he reserve out and drives off until he's out of the sight. Dear Lord please don't let him hurt him. Gambushe is a good man only he did was to help me.



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Chapter Thirteen

I knew it! I fucking knew it that something is fishy the moment Cebisile told me that she's been hiding in Durnacol at Village 7 all along. There's absolutely no way that Zac couldn't find her. There's no way he couldn't find someone who's only 48, 2 kilometers or 36 minutes away from us. I'm so fucking pissed that he took me for a fool ungiwayelwa amasimba! I take my phone and call Senzo.

"Boy"

"I'm going to kill your fucking cousin Senzo!"

They are actually cousins but not the close related ones their relation is one of those that has an endless list of people involved like the son of the grandmother's daughter's son's father of the aunt's mother's cousin.

"Who? Zac?"

"Yes that bloody asshole has been fooling me Senzo! He knew all along where Cebisile has been hiding in fact he's fucking her!!!"

"What the fuck! So all along he's been accepting money from you for nothing?"

"I'm going to kill him Senzo tell his family to prepare for the funeral!!"

"Dont kill him bra just teach him a lesson he will never forget"

"No Senzo this one deserves to die!"

“Where are you and where is he?”

“I’m driving and he’s in my boot”

“Bra please don’t kill him his family will blame me because I’m the one who brought him this side.”

“I don’t fucking care Senzo lenja yomzala wakho iyakagoqa nyawo namuhla!” (....This dog of your cousin is going to die today!)

“Mnesh please ... ”

I hang up and throw my phone on the passenger seat. I have mentioned before and I will repeat there’s nothing I hate more than to be taken for a fool. The money I spent on him encouraging him to look harder kanti he was just taking me for a ride. I pull over at this deserted place in Rutland and take out my gun under my seat then step out of the car. I walk to the boot and open it.

“Get the fuck out!”

“Nathi Im sorry. ”

“Get the fuck out of my boot!”

“Where are we?”

I drag him out and close the boot then point the gun at him. He raises his hands up shivering in fear and begs me to spare his life.

“I will pay you back your money please don’t shoot me”

“I gave you a job to find her and when you found her you decided to make me a fool and fuck her!!”

“I met her before you asked me to search for her. She was parked on the side of the road crying hysterically. I had to stop and check her out, she was in no state of driving so I called my friend to come fetch my car and I insisted to drive her home. When we got to her apartment she explained to me that she was with you and your girlfriend at Rocco Mamas. You dumped and humiliated her in front of people and your girlfriend. Well I didn't know she was talking about you she was just venting and I comforted her the thing she kissed me. I pushed her but she begged me to make her feel good I know I was supposed to refuse and but my weakness got the better of me. I'm sorry...”

That bloody bitch allowed another man to fuck her while she was carrying my child!

“You fucked her while she was carrying my fucking child!!!”

“I didn't know she was carrying your child Nathi please forgiv...”

I punch him hard on his face that he reels back and fall on the ground hitting on the big rock with his head. I walk close to him as he grunts in pain and press my sneakers on his chest.

“Why didn't you tell me that you met her when I asked you search her”

“I felt sorry for her Nathi I helped her to get the house. It was my cousin's house who was relocating to Johannesburg.”

“Sorry my ass you wanted to fuck her you bloody asshole! Today you will regret the day you stick your small dick in her pussy and spray your stinking sperms to my baby!!”

I kick him hard countless time as he groans uncontrollably. He's getting weaker by each kick and oh it's feel so good.

"I'm sorry Nkosinathi! Yooohhh you are killing me!"

I don't stop kicking him until I don't hear his moans anymore. I spit on him and go to my car nxa bloody motherfucker! Senzo is calling none stop I end up switching my phone off and drive to Glencoe.

The kids are all over me like a bad rash the moment I step out of my care. I try to give them attention one by one but it's a damn hard work as they are all talking at once and others are fighting to hold my hand.

"Get away from my uncle you tramp!"

"Hayi Sbu don't do that I'm an uncle to all of you don't fight"

"Tell him malume uyadina lo nokuchama mayelele!" (... he's annoying and he pees on bed while he's sleeping!)

"You are lying I don't do that!"

I love kids but dealing with their chaos is too much. They're going back and forth and Sbu want to beat Noli. Now it's time for me to intervene.

"Hey you two stop it now!!"

They all look at me

"Why are you fighting ain't you all sisters and brothers?"

"We are"

They all say in unison

“So why are you fighting”

“It’s her...”

“It’s him...”

They start all over again

“Shut up!”

They keep quiet and look at me

“Stop this nonsense you are siblings you shouldn’t be fighting each other but fighting for each other. Apologize to each other”

They do as told.

“Hug each other”

They hug

“Good now go buy yourselves lollipops”

I give them R50. They squeal in excitement and run away.

“You know how to handle these kids”

Gogo says with a wild smile on her face. I walk to her and give her a hug

“Unjani salukazi” (How are you old lady)

“I’m good my grandson and yourself”

“I’m also fine gogo”

“Come let’s get inside”

We walk inside the house and settle on the couch.

“Is everything alright at home?”

She asks worriedly

“Not really gogo”

“Please don’t tell me someone died”

“No no one died”

“Then what’s going on I know when you come here you are bearing me bad news”

“It’s really not that bad gogo.”

I go on and tell her what’s happening while she listens attentively.

“Kodwa Nkosinathi I thought you broke up this girl”

“We got back together end she’s pregnant I don’t want lose her gogo.”

“Hayi Nkosinathi you can’t expect your mom to just get over the pain that family her through. That girl is your sister now I don’t understand why did you get back with her”

“I love her gogo...”

“Heheni! Then you should stop loving her.”

“It’s not like we are biological siblings gogo. I’m sure we can overlook this.”

“What do you want me to do Nkosinathi”

“I don’t know but all I want is my child to be not punished for the things he doesn’t know. Maybe you can talk to mama make her understand that my son that my son is innocent in all of this.”

She sighs heavily and looks at me thoughtfully

“I came here because I trust you gogo I literally have no one on my side and it’s not nice at all. It’s like now I knew about this from the first place. The baby is already here and he doesn’t deserve to suffer for things he knows nothing about”

“I hear you my grandson and I will see what I can do”

“That’s all I’m asking for gogo thank you”

“Don’t thank me yet your mom can be stubborn”

“I know hey but I’m hopeful”

“Let me go make us tea”

I don’t drink tea except in the morning but I know better to say no to this woman. She will literally force that tea down my throat. I’m praying that coming here will be fruitful, Gogo Rose will manage to calm her niece down.

* * *

The sheer of shame raining on me right now I wish the earth could open up and swallow me. How did I allowed things to get that far? To say I'm disgusted by myself would be an understatement. How will I face my niece after this? The first thing I do when I get home is charge my phone then take a bath, to wash away his scent all over me before Wewe sees me or suspect anything.

Once I'm done I go to her bedroom but she's not there and her bed is made. I walk to the lounge and switch on my phone. Tons of messages floods in, most of them are from Wewe and others are from both my sisters and my niece Mbali. She's the eldest daughter of my older sister. Mom was blessed with three girls only I'm the youngest unfortunately the only one who has no kids. Just as I'm about to return their calls I hear their voices.

"It's all your damn fucking fault!" - Wewe

"I was just being real that woman wants us to lick her booty!" - Hloni

"Can you two stop it please!" - Mom

"What's going on mama?"

I ask and she comes to sit next to me and sighs heavily. Wewe walks away she seems so angry and in pain.

"What's happening?"

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Hloni throws her car keys on the coffee table and sits on the other couch before us as mom narrates what's going on. I feel horrible that while I was busy with her man she was her alone and sick. I clear a lump clogging in my throat.

“Nkosinathi’s mom want us to beg her. They won’t see this child angisho bayamphika”

“Hloniphile was so rude, insensitive and not showing any remorse so I understand her pain”

“What was I supposed to say mama she was also rude to us uthe besikhamiseleni like really?”

“Sometimes you just have to humble yourself especially when you know you are the cause of the situation”

“But mama...”

“Shut up Hloniphile you messed up and you will keep pushing your daughter away further if you don’t stop this stinking attitude of yours!”

Shuuu it’s bad mom hardly raises her voice. She has a natural calm personality, just know when she shouts that she’s really angry.

“Vuyi get me warm water and towel”

I get up and go fetch everything mom wants and give her. She gets up and walks to Wewe’s bedroom with the basin and the towel.

“Wena uphumaphi umshiye kanjani umtanami egula yedwa” (Where are you coming from and how could you leave my baby sick and alone)

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I swallow hard

“I was with Fundi we had drinks and lost track of time”

“That’s a lie Wewe called Fundi and she said you left”

God! I look everywhere but her not knowing what to say and I can feel her piercing gaze on me.

“Wait you were with a man?”

“No!”? I retort

“Oh my God finally you are over that asshole. Out with it woman!”

She moves from her couch and comes to sits with me.

“No Hloni I was not with a man!”

“You can lie to me but those love bites on your neck mmmh I want every details little sis”

She looks at me with a naughty smile. God how will I dodge her nose ass.

“Let me go check on Wewe”

I get up but she pulls me down

“Awuyi ndawo without telling me who’s the lucky the man?” (You are not going anywhere...)

“Jesus Hloni there’s no man okay!”

“Hayi phela don’t shout at me”

I groan softly

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“So if there’s no man so where did you get those love bite?”

“Mosquito bites”

“In winter? We don’t have mosquitoes in winter Vuyisile”

“Times changes you know”

She laughs and shakes her head.

“I see you are not going to tell me. Do you have whiskey here”

“No I don’t keep alcohol in this house”

“You are boring yaz. I will go get myself a bottle of whiskey”

She gets up and takes her car keys on the coffee table before walking out. I sigh with relief and walk to Wewe’s bedroom. Mom is brushing a towel on Wewe’s pelvic area.

“Is it helping?”

“Yet it’s soothes the pain for a while”

“You can go rest mama I will continue here”

“Okay sis”

She gets up and walks out. I sit on the bed and dip the towel into the basin then place it on Wewe’s pelvic area.

“How are you feeling now baby”

“I’m a bit better”

“Please tell mom to go she’s irking the hell out of me.”

“I can’t do that sweetheart your mom loves you and she’s here to support you”

“She’s rude and not remorseful for what she did that what makes me angry tell her to go please or I’m the one who’s leaving”

“Where will go and you are sick you need us to take care of you”

“I will go to Inathi’s place he will take care of me”

“You know how that backfired the last time you stayed with him”

“You will never get over that now would you?”

Her eyes glaze with boredom. I see that I really annoys her whenever I bring up Nathi’s flaws.

“He caused you a miscarriage Wewe”

“We are not sure it’s him Aunty”

“Okay fine but he manhandled you that’s says a lot about the person he is. If it was for me you would leave this guy alone he’s a casanova he can’t be trusted”

I say more out of guilt then anything else.

“You know that how?”

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I swallow thick spit in mouth

“I can tell that he’s that kind of a guy.”

“Well you just judging him by his good looks and the fact that he’s a taxi driver but Inathi loves me and I trust him. He will never cheat on me.”

I change the topic before its get more uncomfortable then it’s already is.

“How about I fetch my laptop and bring some snack we will watch series”

“Yes that what I need right now”

I go discard the water and hang the towel then go fetch my laptop and snacks. Mom is cooking in the kitchen. This woman doesn’t want to rest she stays alone and does everything for herself. Of course we tried to get her a helper but she refuses. It’s like we are insulting her when we suggest a helper. I think she needs to rest now 68 of years is not young anymore.

“You shouldn’t have mama I was going to cook myself”

“It’s okay sis I wanted to give you a break. Where’s that sister of yours?”

“She went to but whiskey”

“And let her Vuyi?”

“Mom how can I stop a 49 years old woman to go buy herself a whiskey”

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“She’s an alcoholic Vuyi she needs our help”

“It always starts with oneself mama if she doesn’t want to stop drinking alcohol then there’s nothing we can do. Hloniphile needs

to get her life together and stop drowning herself in alcohol because it will not help instead it's does more damage then good. When was the last she visited Zenzele?"

"I don't know but it's seems like it's been a while"

"Shame my boy must be feeling like we have neglected him and he's all alone in this world."

"Hayi kodwa naye uZenzele esengaze abulale intombazanyane esencane ay ibuhlungu lento ayenza"
(Zenzele though did he had to kill a little girl what he did is really painful)

"I blame his parents mama they didn't raise the boy well. How could Hloni allow her husband to turn her son into a hitman? What kind of a mother who does that? Hloni failed that boy"

"Ay kahle wena what do you know about being a mother?"

Hloni says as she walks in carrying an already half full bottle of Jameson. I look at her she seems tipsy already.

"I may not know...."

She cuts me off.

"Exactly you know nothing so you don't fucking dare judge me!"

"I'm not judging you It's the truth! You watched your husband turn the boy into a monster and you said nothing. You never stood up for your son to your husband and you knew deep down why they didn't connect. You sacrificed your own son's wellbeing to save your marriage how selfish of you"

I feel a hot sensation on my cheek. Did she just slapped me in my house?

“Hloniphile maan!” - Mom

“Don’t you fucking dare speak about things you know nothing about Vuyisile! You are a barren you know nothing about being a mother until you make your own children shut the fuck up!”

“Get the fuck out of my house!!”

“Vele ngiyahamba nxa!” (I’m going nx!)

She swivels around and walks away leaving me rubbing my cheek.

“Are you okay?”

“How can I be okay your daughter just slapped me!”

I take the tray and my laptop and go to Wewe’s bedroom. I slide next to her in bed and put the tray on my thighs while she is browses through my endless list of movies trying to pick one.

“Where were you last night?”

“I met up with my university friend and we had some drinks and lost track of time”

“You should’ve called though Auntie I was so worried about you”

“I’m sorry baby girl my battery died and I didn’t have charger plus I don’t know your numbers by head I would have called with her phone”

“Her?”

She looks at me naughtily

“Yes what’s wrong”

“Those love bites on your neck tells that your former university friend is not a she not unless if you have discovered that you are bisexual”

I swallow hard with shame and cover my neck with my hand which makes her laugh.

“Don’t be ashamed it’s good to know you got your groove back even if it’s just for one night”

We stuff ourselves while watching series but my mind keep drifting to ungodly things I did with my niece’s boyfriend last night. What kind of an aunt I am mara? At 7:30pm mom calls us for supper and Wewe is happy that’s her mom is gone.

The knock on the door wakes me up the following morning. I yawn and stretch myself as I trudge to the door. We hardly slept Wewe was sick almost the whole night it’s a good thing mom is here because I really didn’t know what to do. Her pain subsided around 3am and that’s when we got to sleep. Now it’s 6 am and someone is banging on my door.

“Ngiyeza!!” (I’m coming!!)

I shout hawu olwani udlame. I open the door and there he is. He doesn’t look good at all.

“Really you want to break my door?”

He pushes his way in without saying a word.

“I didn’t say come in Nkosinathi!”

“How is she now?”

“She’s sleeping”

“What’s wrong with her? She made me worried last night

“She’s been sick since she fall pregnant but she will be alright don’t worry”

He clears his throat and looks at

“Uhm when I made the bed I didn’t see used condom nor wrappers. I feel so horrible that we fucked the last thing I want is for you to fall pregnant did you take morning after pills” He says with a low voice.

“No I didn’t I don’t need them”

“What the fuck is wrong is with you of course you need them”

I look at him and chuckle now it’s my chance to get back at him.

“I told you nje that I can’t have children”

“Hey I don’t want to take chances Vuyisile I have very fertile sperms”

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Hahah confident much!

“Then let’s prove it what to do think”

I wink at him

“Vuyisile cela ungangihlanyisi!!!” (Vuyisile don’t make me mad!)

I love seeing him frustrated like this I should take a video of him like he did to me. Bloody asshole!

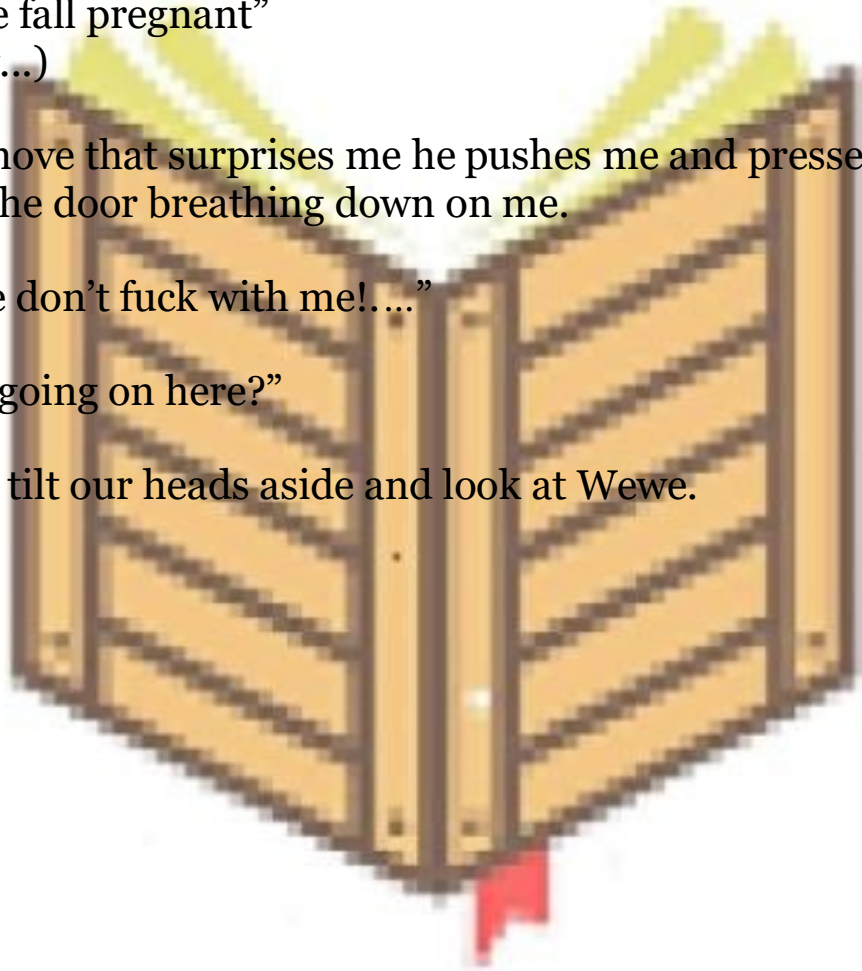
“Cha phela angithi uthi you have fertile sperms let’s see if they can make me fall pregnant”
(You say...)

With a move that surprises me he pushes me and presses me against the door breathing down on me.

“Vuyisile don’t fuck with me!...”

“What’s going on here?”

We both tilt our heads aside and look at Wewe.



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Chapter Fourteen

I look at them expectantly as they're both looking at me in shock. Aunt opens her mouth but words are not coming out of her mouth as Inathi steps away from her.

“Inathi what’s going on?”

“Uhm It’s nothing Wewe”

“What I just saw doesn’t look like nothing. Inathi kwenzenjani?”
(what’s going on?)

“Uhm it’s nothing you should worry yourself about apple butter let me just say your aunt is being overprotective of you.”

I give aunt a disapproval look. I know that she doesn’t like my man but she must stop harassing him bathong.

“It’s my job to be overprotective of you Wewe don’t give me that look.” She walks away leaving me with Inathi.

It’s only now I notice that he looks horrible and I doubt he got any sleep. He was so worried last night when I called him and told that I’m in pain. I walk towards him and run my fingers on his cheeks as his hands land on my waist.

“You didn’t sleep did you?”

“How was I going to sleep knowing that you are sick”

He wanted to come last night just to be with me but I told him not to.

“Why are you here?”

“My grandma wants to meet your family”

“Why and when?”

“Any time that suits your family”

“Why she wants to meet my family?”

“Of course it’s about the baby and our relationship”

“Okay I will tell grandma when she’s awake.”

“You also seem tired”

“Yes I want to sleep”

“Okay let me let you rest my love. I wanted to see you as well you got me worried”

“Don’t worry I’m fine”

He pulls me closer for a kiss and before his lips could reach mine we hear someone clearing their voice.

“What are you doing busy canoodling here after you know very well that you shouldn’t be doing this!”

“Gogo”

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“Hey don’t gogo me! Nkosinathi are you and Aphiwe not siblings?”

“No we are not”

“Don’t make me your fool boy”

“Gogo calm down please”

“Don’t tell me to calm down I want you to stay away from him!
Nkosinathi leave!”

My sinks as I watch Papito walking away.

“Really gogo?”

“Don’t really gogo me nenza amanyala”

“Kade saqala moss kuisazani” I mumble

“What did you say?”

“Nkosinathi’s grandma wants to meet my family”

“That’s good when does she wants to see us so that I can tell her to
keep her grandson away from you”

“She’s ready to meet you whenever you are ready”

“Tomorrow. Give me Nkosinathi’s number so that I can confirm”

She takes out her phone from her pocket and gives it to me. I dial
Nkosinathi’s number and give her phone back. I go back to my
bedroom to sleep leaving grandma to speak with Nkosinathi.

* * *

The elders are gathered around my lounge. I can see that mom is not happy at all but she didn't give me a choice. We are still waiting for the Ndlelas to arrive.

“Nkosinathi why am I here?” Mom asks not masking annoyance in her tone.

“We have talk about the situation at hand Betty. Nkosinathi told me that he made that girl pregnant so we can't just dismiss this” Says Gogo

“Mama you have you forgotten that I'm married to Ndlovu now and I no longer take part in Dlomo meetings or whatever” - Mama

“Nkosinathi is your child Betty you have every right to be here. This also affects you as well”

I get up and go to the door to welcome Aphiwe' grandma with her daughter Vuyi and her granddaughter. I swallow hard when my eyes meets Vuyi. They greet me then I lead them to my lounge. We all sit down as ex greeting are exchanged.

“Now that we are all here we shall begin. We are all aware of the bad blood between the families and the turn out of things affected almost everyone. The complicated thing is that somehow these families will always be connected. We as Dlomo family our wounds are still fresh about the death of our daughter and we are allowed to grieve and stay angry as long as much as we can. We have to feel the pain and go through it until we don't feel it anymore. I want all of you to understand that just because I feel a certain way about something doesn't mean that other person we feel the same.” Malume Mthunzi says and mom agrees with him

“That’s true malume”

“To add on what you just said buti all of us are affected by the the turn out of things. Maybe the pain might not be the same but we are all affected. It’s so unfortunate that my nephew is not here to answer the questions and tell us how to deal with the situation at hand. It’s his mess but blaming the dead is useless. We need a way forward” Adds Malume Thamsanqa

“Nkosinathi doesn’t deny the pregnancy however it’s questionable why it was kept for this long”

“We understand and we apologize for that. The honest truth is that we were scared how the Dlomo family will receive us after what transpired. Once again we apologize” Aphiwe’s gogo says calmly.

“Understandable. Nkosinathi what do you have to say about this”
- Uncle Mthunzi

“Thank you uncle. As I have said to you guys that I acknowledge the pregnancy and I understand why I wasn’t told. My wish is to take care of the mother of my child and my son. I want a healthy environment for my son. I don’t want him to suffer for my sins or his grandfather’s sins. He doesn’t deserve all of that he didn’t asked to exist in such circumstances. I want to be a good father to my boy and the only way to be a good father is to give him a family.”

“Being a good father doesn’t mean you have to be in a relationship with the mother. I don’t agree with you Nkosinathi. I understand we didn’t know at first but now we know and this needs to stop”
Aphiwe’s gogo says

“At least there’s some who agrees with me. This relationship should stop it’s not right” - Mama

“These are the consequences of secrets and it’s so unfortunate that innocent people are the ones that suffers the most. These two have done enough already and they are expecting we should let them be for the sake of the baby. Such things happen and deeper then this where a father impregnate his daughter. Nkosinathi and Aphiwe are only siblings because of the infidelity of their parents.”

Tell them gogo it’s not that deep.

“Hayi what are people going to say?” Aphiwe’s gogo asks

“Who cares what people say gogo? And besides people don’t know that Zenzele is Nkosinathi’s father’s son.”

“Even if they know everyone knows that such things happens and depends on how deep the situation is. Indlu kagogo iyavuswa I’m sure Nkosinathi and Aphiwe can continue to be together” - Gogo

“I also agree that we should let them be” - Malume Mthunzi

“Personally for me whether these two are siblings or not I don’t want them together. I won’t support their relationship. I want nothing that got to do with the Ndlelas” With that said she get up and walks out. I get up and follow her.

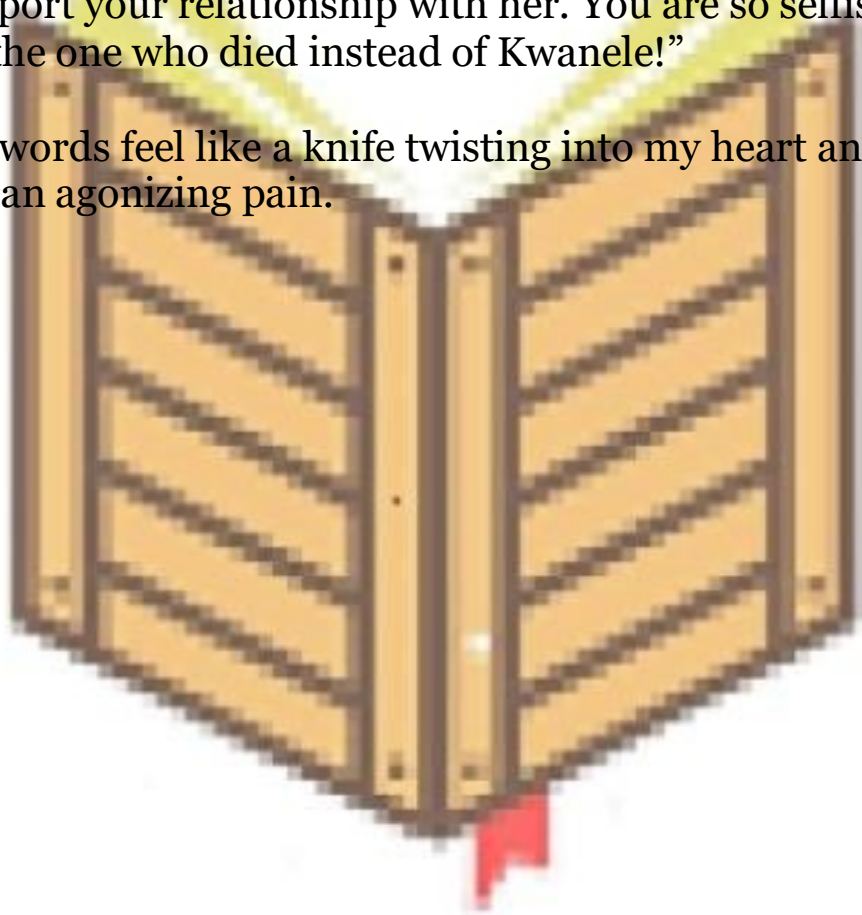
“Mama wait up please”

“What do you want from me Nkosinathi huh. It’s clear you have made your chose.”

“That’s no true I can’t choose you are my mother she she’s the mothers of my son. I love you son much and I can’t imagine life without you”

“If you love me Nkosinathi you wouldn’t even thought of bringing this girl back to our lives. You know what made me even more angry is that you went to Dlomo elders behind my back. These are the same people who never cared about us! Have you forgotten about that? Anything for you to get what you want huh? Bravo they support your relationship with her. You are so selfish I wish you are the one who died instead of Kwanele!”

Her last words feel like a knife twisting into my heart and leaves me with an agonizing pain.



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Chapter Fifteen

My heart breaks into thousands shards. No child deserves to hear such heartbreaking words from your mother. I walk to him and squeeze him in my arms. I can't continue with this relationship while I know that it's cause a rift between a mother and a son.

"She didn't mean to say that baby" I say breaking the hug and caress his chin

"It's okay" He says but the pain in her eyes cannot be missed.

"Let's gets inside"

We walk inside and find them laughing. It's tells that mom is not here because if she was here she would have turned this meeting into a drama with her insults. I'm so happy that they approve of our relationship. Let's hope eventually Gogo will accept as well.

"We should get going now" Gogo says

"Aw let me get you something to drink first" - Nkosinathi's gogo

"Uthuma nangu umakoti" The uncle says.

"You see she can barely walk. How dare are you sis?"

"8 months gogo"

"It's only a matter of time" She says getting up and disappears. She comes back with the tray and places it on the coffee table. Aunty Vuyi pours the drink into glasses and serves everyone with biscuits.

Gogo refuses to allow me to stay behind with my Papito. I'm sulking at the backseat alone as we drive to Aunt Vuyi's. Once we arrive I go straight to my bedroom.

The next morning Nkosinathi fetches me. I want to spend the whole day with him today. The good thing is his uncles and gogo left early in the morning today.

"How are you feeling today Papito"

We are now in his house cuddling on the couch.

"I'm okay sthandwa sami and yourself?"

"Physically I'm okay but emotional I'm not"

"What's wrong?"

I heave a sigh

"I love you so much with my whole being but I can't watch you and your mom fall apart because of me Nkosinathi."

He looks at me intently.

"What are you trying to say Phiwe?"

"Maybe we should just let it go baby"

"Let what go?"

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"This you and me, us"

“Phiwe how many times do I have to tell you that we are not ending our relationship?”

His voice is stern and it's makes it hard for me to keep an eye contact

“Our relationship is sabotaging the good bond you have with your mom Inathi. it's hurting her I don't want that”

“I thought we talked about this?”

“We did but it's not easy okay.”

“Who said it will be easy?”

“No one”

“So?”

I don't say anything but look down. This is too much for me how will I live with the fact that I'm the reason behind their fall out.

“Do you love me?”

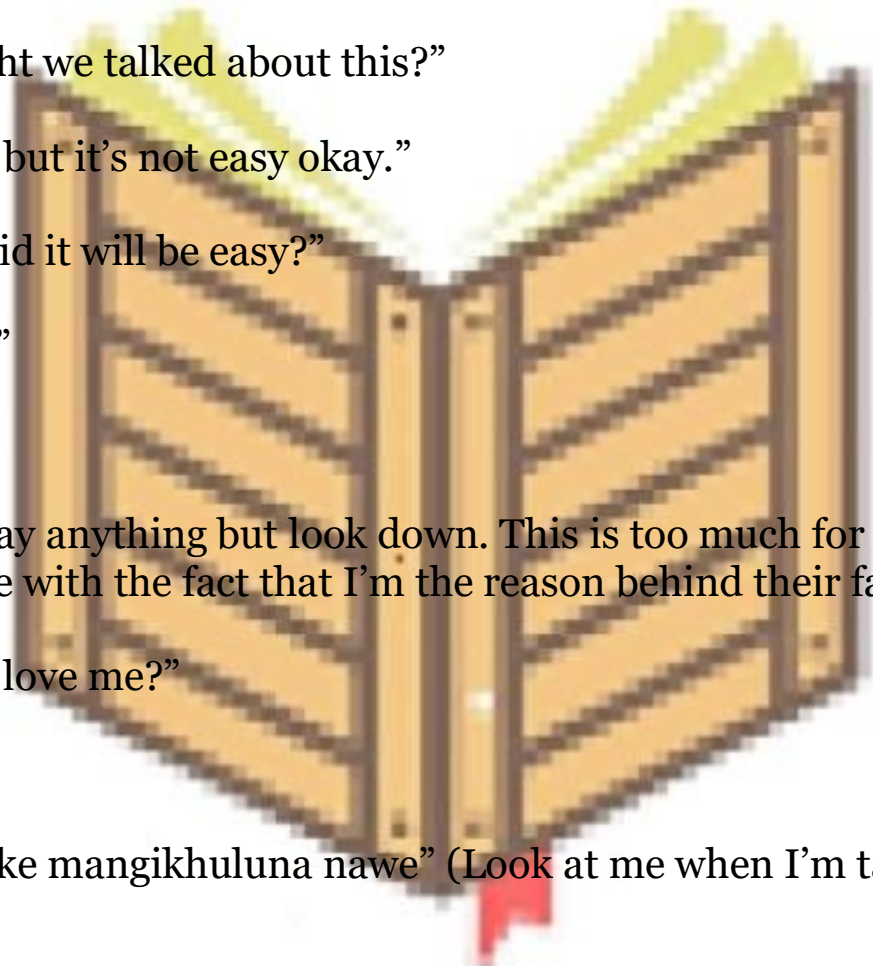
“Yes”

“Ngibheke mangikhuluna nawe” (Look at me when I'm talking to you)

I look at him, he's wearing his commanding respect look of his.

“Yes I love you”

“Do you want to be with me or not?”



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“How can you ask me that Inathi”

“Answer the ask Aphiwe”

“Of course I want to be with you”

“Then you need to toughen up woman I need a strong woman by my side not a woman who will to throw the towel at every obstacle that comes our way.”

With that said he pushes me off his body and takes his car keys on the coffee table then heads out. I don't even ask where he's going all I do is cry. I'm crying because what he said hit me hard. How will I be happy with our relationship knowing that it's causing a rift between him and his family, his mom specifically? Maybe I'm really not a woman he needs in his life I'm weak and truth to be told I hate challenges. I just want a peaceful relationship with my man is that too much to ask?

I reach for my phone and check the time. It's reads 9:45am it's still early but I'm starving. I get up from the couch and go to the kitchen. Gosh what does this man eats kanti there's no food here. The cabinets are empty so is the fridge. His beer is the only thing that is occupying the fridge. I sink on the high chair and cry. How can he leave me without food? No in fact he wasn't supposed to leave me alone! I hear the door opening and look up with my glossy eyes. He's carrying a black plastic bag and two litres of coke.

“Are you in pain?”

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He asks worriedly the moment he sees that I'm crying. I shake my head no as my tears drop down my face.

“I don’t have grocery so I bought you vetkoeks, cheese, archaar and polony. I hope you eat these or should I go to town and get you something else”

Now I’m smiling through my tears. How can I think he will leave me without food.

“No baby thank you! I’m famished!”

I get up and go take the plastic from him but he pulls it away.

“Go sit down and relax in the lounge I will bring your food to you. You need to rest”

I can’t help the smile that breaks through my face. My man is goals people! I nod and walk to the lounge where I settle down comfortably and switch on the TV. A few minutes later he walks in with a tray and places it on the couch coffee table and pulls it closer to me before settling down next to me.

“Really baby it’s not 12pm already you will drink beer”

“There’s no time frame to start drinking”

“I forgot to tell you that archaar gives me heartburn”

“Take these vetkoeks I didn’t put archaar into them”

“Thank you my Papito”

“You are welcome my Mamacita”

He kisses my cheek then we both indulge in our food.

“These magwinyas are ncaaa baby”

He looks at me and laughs lightly. I know it's because I said 'ncaaa'. His lingo is rubbing off to me.

“Uyawashaya uMaPhiri amagwinya and you won't believe what they say about her vetkoeks” (MaPhiri bakes nice vetkoeks...)

“What do they say?”

I ask with my full mouth.

“Bathi uyawadunusela”

I choke and spill all my food on his face. Ewww that's disgusting. I wipe my mouth and look at him embarrassed.

“I'm sorry baby”

He burst into laughter okay he's not mad at me. He gets up and disappears to the bathroom to wash his face and comes back. He looks at me with an amusing smirk as he settles down to me. I'm still embarrassed.

“Ngiyaxolisa I didn't mean to spit my food on you”
(I'm sorry...)

“It's okay my love I understand let's eat”

“No I'm fine thank you”

“After the 6 you just ate you going to stop now”

He says laughing

“Of course! Why didn't you tell me?”

He's laughing so all of this is a joke to him.

“Hay apple butter unedrama yaz” (you're dramatic apple butter)

“Drama? Don't start me Mr you made me eat izinga zomama engamazi nokumazi!” (... you made me eat a booty of the woman I don't even know!)

“Kodwa nawe ushilo baby ukuthi zi ncaa lezinga”
(You said it yourself that this booty taste nice)

“Nkosinathi!”

I punch him, he laughs harder. Lord what have I done to give me this idiot of a taxi driver!

“I don't think these vetkoeks would've been nice if akawadunuseli”

“Sies Nkosinathi!”

I don't understand what's funny about this. It's disgusting!

“You enjoy eating another woman's butt!”

“Ya phela I eat hers in these vetkoeks and eat yours raw”

“We Nkosinathi ungazongidakelwa wena!”

I'm mad as fuck but he's busy cackling here like a school boy!

“Nkosinathi what are you with this woman?”

“Huh?”

“Is there something going on between the two of you?”

He laughs again. I shoot him a look as I fold my arms against my chest. His laugh ceases the moment he realizes that I’m serious.

“MaPhiri is old enough to be my mom baby there’s no way there could be something going on between her and me”

“But you enjoy to eat her butt!”

“Hayi baby uyangisukela I have never ate MaPhiri’s butt. How can I eat my mother’s butt?”

That smug on his face is back again and I wish to wipe it off with a slap.

“But you said...”

“I was pulling your leg”

“Argh wena maan!”

I push him and he laughs.

“Stop being dramatic and let’s eat”

“You just ruined my appetite yaz”

“Haike umfanami ulambile dlana” (My boy is hungry eat)

He forces me to take a bite on the vetkoek until I give in and we continue eating. Once we are done he takes the dishes to the kitchen and tells me that he’s going to take a bath.

“I’m going to be bored baby”

“I will be done in a second. I’m not a woman who takes years to bath”

I roll my eyes inwardly. He walks to the bathroom leaving me watching this boring show. There’s a knock on the door I get up go attend it.

“Hi”

“Hello”

“Ukhona uBaba ka Uthandiwe” (Is Uthandiwe’s daddy here)

I roll my eyes at the emphasis on ‘uBaba ka Uthandiwe’

“Yes Inathi is here come in”

She walks in with her daughter in her arms who looks cute as always.

“Where is he?”

“He’s taking a shower. Come”

I lead her to the lounge and once she’s settled down I walk to the bathroom.

“Baby”

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He steps out of the shower with one opened eye. I suck my bottom lip as I eye his dripping wet body and his fat long rod. Is your man this sexy mara?

“Yes my love”

He wipes the shower gel on his eyes and opens the other one.

“Cebisile is here”

“Ufunani?” (What does she want)

“You”

“Ungifunani mina?” (What does she wants from me)

“Haaa baby how am I supposed to know that”

“I’m coming”

I walk back to the lounge.

“He’s coming. Do you want anything to drink?”

She looks at me with a raise bow

“Why are you so nice to me”

I roll my eyes

“Just because I’m eating the same dick you use to eat doesn’t mean I should be mean to you Cebisile”

“You mean the dick we use to share”

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She says with a smirk just as I’m about to talk Inathi walks in. What the fuck is wrong this man why is in a towel only? I see Cebisile drooling over my man. This is what he wanted vele nxa!

“Babazi!”

Ndiwe screams and raises her arms for her father who takes her from her mom and kisses her lips.

“Ya Cebisile”

“Uhm uhh hi”

“How can I help you”

“Can we talk in private?”

I look at her private yokunuka.

“Speak I don’t have the whole day”

Inathi and I settle down on the couch and look at Cebisile in anticipation.

“What did you do to Gambushe?”

“Is that why you are here?”

“Of course Nkosinathi please don’t tell me you killed him. It’s not his fault I’m the one who asked him to help me out”

“You mean you offered him your pussy to help you”

“Of course not...”

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“Stop lying to me he told me that you two fucked on that same day you found me and Phiwe at Rocco Mama. I can’t believe that you fucked a man you didn’t even know while carrying my child”

“Wow”

That was meant to be a thought but it’s slips out of my mouth before I can even stop myself.

“Kawu ini wena” - Cebi

“Don’t you dare talk to me like that!” I say

“Or what?”

“Cebisile ungangidini say what you want and leave my house”
(Cebisile don’t annoy me...)

“I want Gambushe where is he? What did you do to him?”

“I don’t know where is he”

“What do you mean you don’t know him you left with him in your boot!”

Okay what are they’re actually on about?

“Don’t raise your voice at me woman!”

“I’m going to tell the police Nkosinathi!”

“Hamba phela” (Go then)

She sighs in defeat and blinks allowing her tears to fall down her face

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“Nkosinathi please I’m begging you let him go and punish me I’m the one who put him through this”

She cries and Ndiwe looks at her worriedly.

“You have no idea how much I want to punish you right now but it’s not easy because you are my daughter’s mother. Get the fuck out of my sight you disgust me yaz opening your legs to everything that has dick nx!”

She gets up and walks to our couch to take Ndiwe.

“You won’t leave with my child crying. Wipe that shit on your face first”

Cebisile does as she’s told before taking her daughter from Inathi who kisses his daughter first.

“I love you my little angel. Bye bye”

“Habayi”

Ndiwe says waving her small fat hand then Cebisile walks out with a tail between her legs. Once she’s out of sight I look at Inathi for an explanation.

“What?”

“Care to explain what’s going on the last time I check you were taking Ndiwe away from her and what were you two talking about?”

“That day her parents came to my house I saw how happy Ndiwe was to see her mom and from that moment I realize that cutting her off from her mom is not the right thing to do. Oh about that asshole you remember Zac?”

“The one that was searching for Cebisile?”

“Yep it’s turns out the asshole have been making me a fool”

I can see anger radiating through him as he explains to me everything. I’m shook Cebisile really can’t close her legs shame and I hate this Zac guy for making my Papito a fool. What makes me angry is that he accepted the money Papito was paying him.

“So what did you do to him?”

“Just a few punches nothing much. Senzo begged me to not kill him because his family will blame him sins he’s the one that brought him this side”

“So where is he?”

“I don’t know baby let’s me go get dressed”

“Wena rubbish why did you come here with a towel only you want your baby mama to ogle you!”

He laughs

“Don’t be jealous my love this is all yours”

He pulls his bottom lip between his teeth.

“Haisuka!”

I spank his butt and he groans as he walks away. My mind drift to Cebisile’s comment before Papito walked in. What did she mean? Here comes the person that has an answer for me. He settles on the couch and makes me sit between his legs and rest my back on his chest. I inhale his lovely scent and feel my body relax. Have I

ever mentioned that it's my favorite smell in the whole world. It's makes me clam in a way that no words can describe.

“You smell so good”

“So do you”

He sniffs my neck before nibbling on my earlobe.

“Yaz Cebisile said something”

“Utheni?” (What did she say?)

His deep voice on my ear sends tingles all over my body. I tell him what she said

“What did she mean because If I remember it correctly after you and I were together you never slept together”

“I don't know what she's on about don't entertain her”

“Mmmh”

She sounded so sure maan that smirked of hers but I won't dwell on it. We chat and laugh just enjoying each other's company.

“Don't do that you hurting the baby” I say giggling as he tickles me.

“Really? Sorry”

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I crack up he really think tickling me can hurt the baby my man though. This is what I needed, to be in my man's arms and subjected to his lame jokes. I find myself drifting into slumber in the middle of our bonding session.

“Baby”

I hear his voice calling me in my deep slumber and blink my eyes open. The light hurts my eyes I shut them closed.

“Wake up now you have been sleeping almost the whole day.”

I open my eyes slowly and notice that I’m his bedroom.

“What time is it now”

“19:30pm”

I gasp in shock.

“I slept that long!”

“I figured you are tired so I let you be but now it’s time to wake up come”

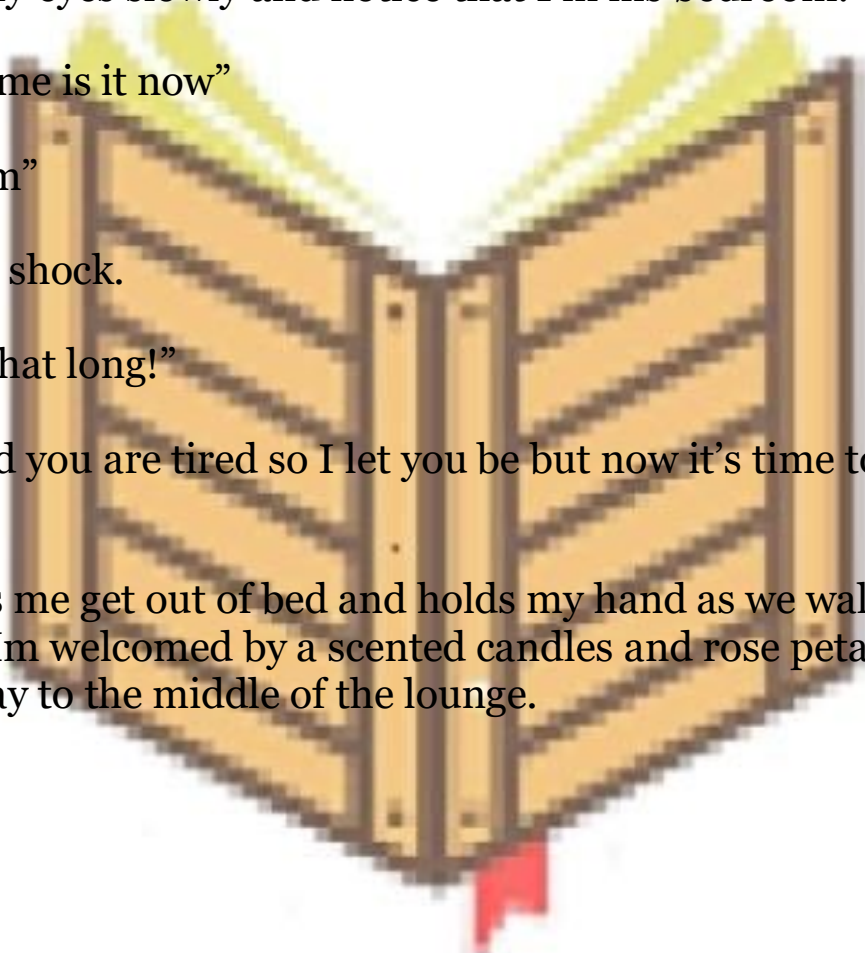
He helps me get out of bed and holds my hand as we walk to the lounge. Im welcomed by a scented candles and rose petals making a pathway to the middle of the lounge.

“Baby”

I gasp

“Do you like it? I’m not good with these things but I just wanted to make you happy”

“I love it baby”



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I stay rooted on my spot swooning over the romantic set up before me. I really didn't expect this phela my man is romantic in his own kind of way. This right here is my kind of romantic not that I don't love his kind of romantic. He helps me sits down on the silk sheet that has rose petals scattered all over it and settles down next to me. The difference shapes and colors of candles and the soft music playing in the background radiate romance.

“How did you do all of this baby”

“I have my ways”

He wiggles his eyebrows

“Who cooked?”

“Thula”

“Really?”

“Yes why are you surprised?”

“Thula doesn't like me baby”

“That's not true”

“I'm telling you”

We eat over a chat as we indulge in our food. I'm so jealous that Thula can cook mouthwatering food while I know nada in the department of cooking. He allows me to have a glass of champagne and I couldn't be happier. I have been craving alcohol for a while now it's been hard shame. We end our romantic picnic dinner with chocolate dipped strawberries. Feeding each other and sharing them through sultry kisses.

This is the perfect night of my life out of all I had throughout the passed months. He's really doing them things tonight he also prepared a romantic bubble bath for us. We enjoy our bubble bath our bodies pressed together and his hands caressing my boobs. Oh well he has always been obsessed with my boobs and butt.

“I love how full and big they're now”

“Thank you for all this baby it's really amazing”

“Did I meet your standards of romance?”

I giggle.

“Definitely”

I feel his rod poking my lower back and sends a message to my groin.

“Baby you do know that after giving birth we have to wait for 3 months before having sex since you are depriving me my dick”

He giggles

“I have been waiting for 8 months so 3 months is nothing”

I tilt my head and look at him

“You haven't have sex for 8 months?”

“Yes”

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“Unamanga Nkosinathi!” (You are lying Nkosinathi!)

“I have no reason to lie to you baby moss we weren’t together so even if I did it wouldn’t have mattered”

OMG he’s fucking serious! No something is wrong with my Papito he can never survive 8 months without sex he loves sex!

“I’m getting worried now”

“Why?”

“Baby you can never stay 8 months without sex are you sure you are okay”

“Im surprised myself I craved no one but you so jerking it up while thinking of you was the only way”

Awww swoon!

“But here I’m now and you don’t want to dick me down”

“Let’s wait until you give birth and I promise I will blow your mind”

And boy he will! I can’t wait to pop this child out I miss some good fucking.



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Chapter Sixteen

The more I get to know Nathi it's the more I notice this side of him I never thought existed in him. He used to be that dark handsome man who stole my heart as married as I was and turned my world upside down. A man that loves his family dearly and good at heart. Now I realize that I was sleeping with a total stranger moreover I fall pregnant with his baby. The man is heart stoned I tell you it's been a full week since he took Gambushe and he hasn't return him.

I don't know what did he do to him and I don't want to think of the worst but the more days passes by and he doesn't give me answers my mind just think of the unthinkable he did to him. I feel like losing my mind with each passing day. He doesn't care no matter how I beg him. I would never forgive myself if he killed him. That man has been nothing but a blessing in my life.

Ndiwe has been with me the whole week I guess it's his way of trying to calm me down but his mom has been calling none stop asking for her granddaughter. This woman thinks I made this child with her yaz akangiceli uyangtshela. Here I am preparing to take my daughter to her grandmother. Today she woke up at 5am so now she's yawning and rubbing her eyes but she's fighting the urge to sleep as she's busy with my phone. It's so funny to watch, my phone rings she puts it on her ear as it's ringing.

“Ello”

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I giggle softly and take it but she refuses

“Let me answer it for you baby then I will give it back to you”

She looks at me as if she's doesn't believe me and reluctantly hands me the phone.

"Hey sis"

I say as I answer my phone and the look miss little chubby here is giving me would kill me if looks can kill.

"Hey how are you?"

"I'm trying and yourself?"

"I'm fine. Nathi still hasn't told you what did he do to Gambushe"

"No this is freaking me out yaz"

"Nathi thinks he owns the world huh? I should come there and sort him out I can't watch him bully you and do nothing"

Thando's feistiness will be the death of her one day. Ndiwe raises his hand for the phone.

"No don't sis I will be fine. Your niece wants to talk to you I no longer have a phone now it's hers"

"You should buy her the toy"

"Wee this one is too clever I bought her the toy phone last month but she smashed it on the wall and it broke into pieces"

She laughs

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"She's way to clever for her age! Give her the phone"

I put her on loud speaker and give my daughter the phone. She puts in on her ear

“Ello”

She’s growing really fast yaz to think it was just yesterday when I pushed her out of my vagina. I really feel blessed to be granted such an opportunity to be a mother to this little chubby baby girl.

“Hello sweetheart”

I continue packing her necessities while she talks with her aunt. Once they’re done I bid farewell to my sister and take my daughter as well as her bag and my car keys then head out. I lock the door and buckle her up on her seat then give her my phone to distract her. I sing along brown skin girl as I drive to Hutten Heights. Ndiwe finally gives in and falls asleep so I lower the music so that I don’t disturb her.

The gate is open so I drive in and pull over in the drive yard. I take my sleepy daughter and her bag and walk to the door which is wide open. No one is attending me so I walk inside.

“Hello? Is anybody here?”

Silence. Maybe they are upstairs. I make my way to upstairs and walk to the balcony but there’s also no one there. I knock on this door that is left ajar and someone shouts on the other side of the room.

“Come in!”

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I make my way in it’s dark inside but I can see her sitting on the bed.

“Oh Cebisile it’s you”

I can hear in her voice in that she didn’t expect me.

“Yes mama I brought Ndiwe she’s sleeping”

“Come tuck her in here”

I walk towards the bed and put the bag on the bed then tuck Ndiwe in next to her grandma.

“Everything is in her bag”

“Thank you sis for bringing her. I have missed her so much”

She smiles but it doesn’t reach her eyes. I observe her, she’s still beautiful as horrible as she looks at this moment. Her eyes are swollen and she looks like she aged 5 years more.

“Bye Mama”

“Bye sis”

I attempt to walk out but when I get to that door something stops me. I walk back to her and sit on the bed next to her. She looks at me expectantly.

“I know that I’m not your favorite person but I want you to know that I care. I really care more then you can ever understand and I may not have the power to change whatever you are going through but I can offer my shoulder for you to cry on. I can offer my ear to listen to you whenever you feel like unpacking.”

She smiles but a stream of tears runs down her face and fall from her chin wetting her pj top. I don’t know where do I get the

courage to pull her in for a tight squeeze. She let's out a sob it's so raw and filled with raw emotions. I rock her back and forth like a baby allowing her to cleanse her soul.

She calms down after a while and pulls out of my embrace. I take a box of tissues on her bedside table and give it to her. She wipes her tears and blows her nose then looks at me rather mortified.

“Uhm Im sorry about that”

I reach for her hands and squeeze them in mine

“Don't be sorry mama breaking down is not a sign of weakness. We are not immune to pain and you are one of the strongest woman I know.”

“I don't feel so strong everything is spiraling out of control”

She heaves a sigh

“I don't know which hurts the most between losing your love ones to death and losing their presence in your life while they're still alive”

I sigh my heart aches for her shame

“My husband is getting impatient with me Cebisile. He's tired of seeing me wallowing in pain, I thought as someone who has lost his spouse and daughter just like me he understands but he clearly doesn't. He says I'm hindering my healing, he expects me to heal on his conditions and time frame. You don't wake up the next and say you are healed that's impossible, healing is not a miracle it's a process that takes time”

“Yes mama healing is a not an overnight process you don’t heal because someone expects you to. As someone who went through the same thing you did he should understand more and not force you to heal.”

“I don’t understand him really and I’m losing him Cebisile he’s slipping through my fingers”

“Talk to him mama maybe there’s more to this”

“It’s not easy to talk to someone who has already made up his mind about something but I will try”

I don’t know what to say but I did say I’m offering an ear and a shoulder to cry on. I’m not really good when it’s comes to consolation.

“On the other hand I have lost Nkosinsthi to that Ndlela girl. I can’t believe that he betrayed his little sister and chose her over us. How can you date someone’s sister that killed your little sister”

“So it’s true”

“Yes it’s true”

“Its quite a tricky situation mama because that guy is Nkosinathi’s brother as well at some point he will forgive him so obviously he won’t leave Aphiwe for their brother’s sins”

“That’s no nonsense! She’s a Ndlela! They’re all our enemies how can you sleep with an enemy? When it’s comes to women he’s so weak and he disgusts me but I love him and I don’t want to lose him.”

She goes on and vent, she's angry that is something you can't miss she's also hurt and disappointment.

“Eish mama it's seems like the only way you can not lose him is to accept his relationship with Aphiwe”

“There has to be the other way I can't accept that my son is dating a Ndlela. I hate that family with passion they caused me so much pain. They snatched my baby girl away from me and robbed me a chance to see her graduating and becoming the best doctor in the whole world. They robbed me a chance to see her brother walking her down the aisle and guiding her how to raise my grandchildren.....”

She pauses as new fresh tears spill down her face.

“Oh mama”

I can't begin to imagine the pain she's going through and I fully understand where she's coming from, it can't be easy for her and I think Nathi is inconsiderate really.

“I'm so sorry mama I know that it doesn't make sense maybe it will never will but there's always something good hidden behind every bad situation. Difficult days leads to better days I believe that one day it's going to be okay. Yes things will never be the same without her but one thing I know for sure is that she wouldn't want you to be depressed for the rest of your life. Kwanele was one resilient young lady I have ever met. Be strong mama all shall pass”

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I embrace her until she's calm.

“You know what let me run you a bath”

“Ngiyakunukela yini” (Do I smell unpleasant to you)

“No mama I don’t mean.....”

She laughs cutting me off shortly. I chuckle softly she really got me.

“I will take a shower”

She says freeing herself from my arms.

“Good then”

I get up from the bed just as she rolls out of bed and looks at me with a smile.

“Thank you Cebisile”

“You don’t have to mama just like I told you I care”

She gives my shoulder a tap and walks to the bathroom. I open the curtains and windows to bring light and fresh air in the room then kiss my daughter before walking down to make breakfast for mama.

When I’m down I prefer to eat greasy and salty food sometimes good food can lighten up your mood so I make her English breakfast with cinnamon tea. I place everything on the tray and make my way upstairs. Just as I walk in she emerges from the ensuite bathroom wearing her robe.

“I made you breakfast I hope you don’t mind that I was busy in your kitchen without your consent”

“No its fine I don’t mind sharing my kitchen”

I put the tray on the bedside table and watch her as she lotions herself. The weight she has lost is really shocking, all that plumpness and those curves are no more.

“I’m not used to sharing my kitchen maybe it’s because I never had visitors except my sister whose a lazy bastard”

I say. Once she’s done applying lotion on her body she goes to the walk in closet and comes back in a navy maxi dress. I give her the tray and settle down too on her bed. She has a beautiful and spacious bedroom, everything is white with shades of lime green. I bet those are her favorite colours because I remember that in her previous house her kitchen was white and lime.

“The cinnamon tea will boost your mood a bit”

“Thank you but If I could have my wine I’d be happy. I have been changing antidepressants over the year they all doesn’t work with me argh. Sometimes I wish I can drown that shit down the drain and drink my wine.”

“Oh mama so what does the doctor says?”

“The ones she gave me now are better then the previous ones. Some days I’m more depressed then others but I will survive”

“And you will survive mama. I know you will”

“Thank you for breakfast”

She starts eating.

“It’s my pleasure. I think I should get going now”

“Do you have plans?”

“Not really”

“I’m enjoying your company please linger a bit”

I smile wildly

“Really? Can I have that in a recording?”

She laughs

“Haisuka!”

“But really mama you hate me how can you enjoy my company”

“I don’t hate you I just hate what you did. You disappointed me Cebisile I really thought my son found a good woman only to find out you were married. Then you disappeared with my granddaughter”

I sigh

“I’m not proud of everything I did if I could I’d take back the hands of time. I’m sorry that I disappeared with your granddaughter yes I did it to hurt him but I did it for myself more. I loved your son mama but he broke my heart I just needed to get away from him so that I can heal. I know what I did is wrong and selfish I hope one day you will forgive me.”

She heaves a sigh

“It’s okay sis no one is perfect we all make mistakes and I like people who acknowledge their mistakes it makes it for me easy to forgive them.”

“So you forgive me”

She nods with her head as she smiles.

“Thank you so much mama”

I give her a side hug she doesn't know how much this means to me.

“Don't mention it my child mara nawe angazi wawubaleka uyaphi you say you loved my son but you didn't fight for him. Aphiwe and Nkosinathi separated for 8 months that could've been your chance to warm your way in his heart ay Cebisile ukubhayiza” (...I don't know why did you run away.)

OMG! I can't help but crack up what kind of a mother is this mara!

* * *

“Now this is my pussy not that beige baby forest”

He laughs and plants kisses on my now shaved pussy. We have just finished bathing so he insisted to shave me.

“You are so mean!”

I sulk and he crawls on top of me making sure he doesn't put too much weight on me and kisses my lips. I don't respond at first but man his kisses are my addiction no in fact the whole of him is my addiction.

Love alone doesn't begin to describe the way I feel about this man of mine and up to this day this scares the shit out of me. The pampering I have been receiving in the passed week I swear I have added a few kilos on my already huge self. Sigh!

The whole week I have been with my man though he was supposed to be working but he didn't, not that I'm complaining in fact I'm happy. It's good to know that your man can cancel his everyday routine just to be with you. It's makes you feel so special, wanted and important to him.

I feel his erection knocking on my sensitive slit as we kiss our tongues thrusting in and out of each other's mouth. I act like I'm okay but deep down I want more then what I'm about to receive. I want him to take care of this ache between my thighs pipically I'm enough now with his tongue and fingers I want my D. An exhilarating rush shoots through my body as he his mouth devours every inch of my body.

He spreads my legs wide open and smiles blissfully at my pussy like a little fat child looking at a candy store before stuffing his head in my thighs. I squirm as he lavishes my wet crotch with his warm tongue, washing my body with ripples of pleasure. His hands slides under my buttocks pulling me closer to his mouth as he eats me up like I'm his last meal. Every lick and every stroke is setting my soul with fire.

I shut my eyes closed enjoying the sheer ecstasy rippling through my body as he rubs his cock on my wet cunt creating slippery sounds. Each stroke is an intense torture.

“Put it in baby please”

I moan in need though I know that he won't give in.

“I’m begging you Bhelesi please”

“Once I get in I won’t be able to hold myself baby”

“I don’t want you to hold yourself please fill me up with your big dick”

He groans gosh can stop holding back because I can see that he wants me as much as I want him. I direct his hand to put it in but he gently slaps my hand which makes me cry. I can’t deal with aching passion yearning to be pleased.

“Just the tip baby please”

I gasp for air as I feel my walls stretching as as he enters the tip slowly and pauses just as my muscles relax to accommodate more of him.

“Fuck baby your warmth and tightness is tempting me!”

He grunts shutting his eyes closed. I wrap my legs around his butt pulling him deeper.

“Dammit maan Phiwe why unginga so!!” (...why are you tempting me!!)

He tries to pull out but I lock him with my legs.

“Fuck me baby please”

He shakes his head

“Look into my eyes and let them guide you to self control”

“Be patient please”

“Please ...”

“Hayi maan Aphiwe!!”

I untangle my legs around his waist and push him off.

“Apple butter ...”

“Get off me I want to get dressed”

“Mamacita...”

“Nkosinathi I want to get dressed Mbali needs me”

“Baby. ”

“Hayi maan Nkosinathi!”

“Ungalinge ukhulume nami kanjalo” (Don’t you dare talk to me like that)

“Oh and it’s okay for you to talk to me like that”

“Angisho Im trying to apologize you don’t wanna hear it”

“Yes I don’t want to hear it why don’t you respect that?”

He looks at me intently before getting up from me and sits on the edge of the bed. He watches me as I get dressed. Mbali and her fiancé are fighting apparently he cheated so I’m going to her to see how’s she’s holding up.

“Baby I’m sorry I shouted at you it wasn’t my intention. You agreed that we would wait until you give birth”

“Agreed? You told me and I never agreed to anything.”

“You know I want you as much as you want me....”

I cut him short

“No Inathi you don’t want me as much as I want you because you are not the pregnant one who’s always horny 24/7. You are not the one who’s not in control of your hormones.”

“Well then I’m glad you are not the one who can’t sleep at night thinking about that little soul you were supposed to protect with everything you got but you turned out to be the cause of it’s premature death”

The pain his voice hit deep to the core. He places his elbows on his knees and buries his head on his hands. I walk to him and sit next to him then removes his hands from his face making him to look at me. His eyes are glittering with tears.

“I’m scared Phiwe, I’m scared that I will hurt you and the baby not with just sex only but with everything I do. I don’t want to hurt you no more but I don’t trust myself”

He whispers and a single tear rolls out of his left eye. I wipe it off with my thumb and cup his face staring deep into his gaze. As much as it’s pains to see him like this I’m glad because this is the side of him he never exposes me to.

“I know that you will never hurt us deliberately you love us and I don’t expect you to be perfect my love I’m not perfect either.”

“I have never stopped loving you but I hurt you and our baby....”

I press my index finger on his lips.

“Shhh you need to let it go my love it’s all in the past now and I don’t think you are the cause of my miscarriage remember my cervix is too weak to carry the baby inside of me”

“I should’ve treated you better Phiwe maybe we would’ve found out early you were pregnant and you would’ve got the help that you received with this pregnancy”

“Everything happens for the reason sthandwa sami. I know it’s hard but let it go now. Don’t allow our past to spoil your happiness . Let’s enjoy and celebrate this pregnancy as well as our relationship okay”

He nods his and gives me a faint smile

“I’m sorry I’m not emotionally and physically invested enough in this pregnancy. You have other needs that I can’t take care of because of this fear that I might hurt you guys and I won’t live with myself if that can happen. I’m already battling with ...”

“Nkosinathi don’t do that please just because you can’t fuck me doesn’t mean you are not emotionally and physically invested enough in this pregnancy. You have been supportive from the day you found out I’m pregnant you’re spoiling me rotten and pampering me. I couldn’t have ask more babe I’m sorry to put too much pressure on you. I wont die just because you can’t fuck me I will survive I have been surviving for all these months”

His lips curves as they form a sweet smile.

“I love you so much MaNdlela you always live in my heart and you have an indescribable, undeniable, unmistakable magical effect on

me. I will always treasure this magical love and the divine connection we share”

Awww these bloody tears now are spilling down my face.

“Oh Inathi I love you more”

He wipes my tears and kisses me deeply waking up hot and cold feelings that had already calm down. In a split second he’s kneeling on the floor and eating me up while I’m lying on the edge of the bed with my legs wide open. Within a matter of seconds I reach my orgy. He makes me taste myself on his mouth before wiping me clean.

“Will you drive me?”

“Of course let me get dressed.”

I watch him as he get dressed and man I still can’t believe all of this is mine! This fine firm ass, hairy sexy legs, well sculptured body rippling with muscles, veined hairy manly arms and fat long rod. How can I not mention the dimples on his his back above his butt damn I’m highly favored.

“You might as well take photos they last forever”

I giggle and hit him with a pillow of which he catches it and throws it back at me.

“Ouch!”

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“You should be doing your make up instead of drooling over me that shit takes forever”

“It’s not a crime to drool over what mine”

“It is a crime to keep what yours for hours doing make up. Baby you do know that you are beautiful without make up”

I break into a huge smile

“Thank you my Papito but have you seen these pimples on my face”

“Pimples are natural and they don't make you ugly. Even that fat and big nose of yours doesn't make you ugly either”

“Fat and big nose unyoko!”

I get up and do my makeup by the time I'm finished he's already done and waiting for me. I don't tell him we should go I just take the car keys and walk out. He follows me and opens the door for me.

“I know how to open my door”

“Haibo kwenzenjani” (What's going on)

Really now? I get in the car and close the door. He sighs and goes to lock the door then he comes to the car and starts the car then drives off.

“Ukwateleni?” (Why are you angry?)

I don't reply to him ungiwayela kabi lo!

“Aphiwe I'm talking to you”

“Talk to fat and big nose!”

He laughs oh so it's funny!

“Hawu baby...”

“Don't klawu baby me Nkosinathi how dare you say I have a fat and big nose!”

“But it is fat and big njena”

He says laughing gosh I feel like punching the hell out of him but my tears defeat me. I wail like a baby and the car stops immediately.

“Apple butter...”

“Leave me alone!”

“I'm sorry I didn't mean it in the way you are taking it”

“How did you mean it huh? I'm huge with this big nose and pimples because of you!”

“Haibo ngenzeni mina?” (Haibo what did I do)

Gosh he's really clueless.

“You made me pregnant moron! Don't you understand that a woman's body changes when she's pregnant. I never had pimples in my life and this fat nose makes me ugly!”

“Oh ngiyaxolisa sthandwa sami musa ukukhala” (Oh I'm sorry my love don't cry)

He tries to touch me but I slap his hand.

“Don’t touch me just drive!”

He sighs and starts the car then drive off. I don’t want to talk to him but I have no choice because I have to give him directions to my aunt’s house at Pioneer Park.

“I’m sorry baby”

He says when we arrive. I open the door but he presses central lock.

“Nkosinathi...”

“I won’t let you leave while you are angry at me. I’m sorry okay”

“Okay”

“You forgive me”

“Ya”

He looks at me intently and reaches for my hands before planting kisses on them.

“It’s sounds corny but you are the most beautiful woman my eyes have ever laid on I didn’t mean to make you feel less beautiful or ugly. These new changes in your body represents a life that you are carrying inside of you don’t be ashamed or don’t look only the negative on the changes you have accumulated during your pregnancy because they represent a blessing. If there’s anything you should be proud of yourself for having such an ability or opportunity to be carrying a little human inside of you. I think that’s the most beautiful thing a woman have to do in this world. Thank you so much for the life that you are carrying inside of you

I will try my best to be the best man that you deserve and the best daddy that our son deserves.”

Damn now I'm crying all over again. He always has the right thing to say to me that grows my love for him even bigger. He pulls me in his arms and I sink into his embrace which calms me down within a second. They're my safe heaven, my sanctuary his arms that is.

“I love you my apple butter”

“I love you more sthandwa you know it's so funny that you are scared you might hurt me yet you are boyfriending perfectly. I should crown you as the best boyfriend ever”

I hear his breath relaxes and look up at him. You should see a million dollar smile plastered on his face.

“Oh well I guess the effect you have on me is guiding me well”

He says looking down on me with a smile on his face and we share this wordless moment staring deep in each other's eyes. I see my happiness and heaven in earth in his eyes. He lowers his lips and presses them on mine. We share a deep sensual and intense pouring our hearts out into it. The kiss that leaves blissful smile on our faces.

“I should get going now”

“Call me when you need me”

“You will go to the rank?”

“Yes”

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“Okay I will call you to come and pick me up”

He kisses me one more time and gets out of the car to open the door for me. I carefully step out of the car and he closes the door.

“I miss you already”

He holds my waist and kisses my forehead.

“I will call you to come and fetch me before you know it”

“Ngiyakuthanda” (I love you)

“Ngiyazi sthandwa sami” (I know my love)

He tickles me and I giggle

“I..love..you..too”

I say giggling he frees me from his embrace and allows me to go. The gate is open so once I’m inside the yard my man leaves. Mbali is the one that opens the door for me.

“Hey cuz”

She says chirpily and hugs me. Okay I’m confused.

“You don’t look like someone who has been cheated on”

I say after breaking the hug.

“Argh I won’t mop around for that moron.”

I try to hide my confusion but I’m failing really.

“That moron is your fiancé Mbali why are you talking like it was some boyfriend you just met”

“Come this side mom is in the lounge”

She takes my hand and we walk to the lounge.

“Surprise!!!!”

I jump in shock and gaze around the lounge completely lost what’s going on. It’s decorated nicely with a theme of Winnie-The-Pooh. I cover my mouth as soon as my eyes set on the big metallic bold balloons spelled out ‘Ready To Pop’ and the humongous diaper cake.

“OMG!”

I gasp and they’ll look at me smiling. I don’t have a big circle but all my friends and female cousins are here. Thula is also here does this mean Inathi knew about this?

“Bitch Zola didn’t cheat on you did he?”

I ask Mbali next to me

“Anganya naye uyazi!” (I’d fuck him up he knows!)

We laugh

“Wow thank you so much this is amazing guys”

“Mommy to be is here let the party begin!” - Zonke

Cheers fills the room as they come to hug me one by one. Bloody tears are already clouding my vision. This is the least of my

expectations I'm so overwhelmed. Aunt Nonhlanhla wipes my tears and kisses my lips. She's the eldest daughter of Gogo, such a humble and down to earth soul.

“Don't cry baby girl”

She passes me to the next person who turns out to be my mom. I don't give her the hug but move to the next person which it's Thula. Gosh why mara? For a moment there I thought it's Kwanele though. From the head to the toes she's Kwanele's including make up. Thula is more into natural look I guess today she missed her sister. She opens her arms first so I have no choice but to accept her hug.

“Hey Phiwe”

“Hey Thula”

“How's my nephew doing”

She says rubbing my tummy.

“He's okay”

Once hugs have been exchanged Zonke takes me to the couch and I settle down next to aunt Vuyi. I see Aunt Nhlanhla comforting mama who's crying as they walk out of the lounge.

“This was her idea yaz”

Aunt Vuyi says **NOVELSGURU.COM**

“Who?”

“Your mom Wewe she’s the one who planned all of this for you can you at least just for today pretend.”

“Oh really”

“Yes”

“Well then I’m leaving”

I get up but she pulls me down

“You hurt her already by hugging everyone in this room but her now you want to leave come on”

“You care about your sister’s feeling only what about mine aunt?”

“You are back with Nathi what are you whining for now?”

“I can’t believe you asked me that aunt Vuyi!”

“Come on Wewe...”

“No you come on aunt! Kwanele is dead she will never wake up! Inathi’s mom used to love me, she treated me like her daughter but now she wants nothing to do with me she hates me! Inathi and his mom are drifting apart because of me! Everything is too far from being okay aunt Vuyisile and all of this is happening because of mom and you know what irks me the most is that she’s not remorseful for everything she did!”

I didn’t notice that I’m that loud and now there’s awkward silence in the lounge. Mom and Aunt are standing at the entrance.

“Uhm everyone let’s gather around and settle down I have some activities here that I want us to do” - Mbali

They all settle down while Zonke, Thula and Mihle, Aunt Nhlanhla's last born are serving finger food and drinks .

“Okay our first activity we going to decorate onesies. I have enough onesies here for everyone”

“Hayi Mbali how will we decorate onesies” - Aunt Nhlanhla

“We have onesie decorating kit here there's fabric markers, fabric paints, ribbons everything you can think of be creative mommy dearest and keep in mind that baby Mageza will wear these onesies”

“Baby Mageza izinqa zakho!” (Baby Mageza is your butt!)

I say and the room erupt with laughter.

“Okay ladies we only have 1 hour only to get those creative juices flowing”

She hands us onesies and all the materials. We do our thing while chatting and laughing. I have no clue what I'm doing here creative and I it's like oil and water. I keep glancing at Zonke trying to get a clue nyana.

“Musa ukopa Wewe” (Don't cheat Wewe) - Mbali

I laugh

“I have no idea what to do my friend here is artistic she's an interior designer”

“Weee sis I also know nothing about designing or decorating clothes, for someone who owns a boutique you should know” - Zonke

“It’s not like baby Mageza will be going for a fashion show people when he wears these so whatever that works for you do it” - Mihle

We laugh

“Ay my boy wont wear hideous onesies and stop calling him baby Mageza nina!”

They laugh. We continue with our task at hand until one hour is over.

“Time up!”

“But I’m not done Mbali!” - Mom

“Sorry aunty rules are rules now let’s see our onesies”

“The one that is the most beautiful out of them all I will make sure that on the day of my boy’s arrival he will wear it”

They all go “awww”

We show each other our onesies I can’t help but burst into laughter when I see aunt Nhlanhla’s onesies.

“My boy will be a laughing stock aunt ay ngeke”

I’m not creative but aunt Nhlanhla is worse yhuuu!Everyone joins me with laughter.

“Ay ke I tried!” - Aunt Nhlanhla

“You tried wena mama” - Mihle

“Of course my baby”

I laugh once again at Mbali’s onesie it’s cute but it written ‘Baby Mageza’ on the front like really.

“My son won’t wear this!”

“Why it’s cute!” - Mbali

“His father will never allow him to wear this he hates the term ‘uMageza’ with everything he got”

“Angeke sizwe ngaye!” (We won’t listen to him!)

“Kanti wena why are you calling my nephew baby Mageza?” - Thula

“Durh his father is uMageza”

Mbali says rolling her eyes. I give her a sharp look and she sighs.

“I’m just kidding it’s not that deep”

“It is deep yaz more then you think. You are perpetuating stereotypes by mocking my brother’s hygiene as if you have ever seen him dirty.”

“Woah I’m sorry I didn’t mean to offend or mock anyone. So Wewe which one is the most beautiful onesie”

Thula and mom made the most beautiful onesies but mom is number one. I didn't know she's this creative. I look at mom and release a sigh.

“Thula made the most beautiful onesie”

Thula claps cheerfully as mom's face drops

“Haaa Wewe your mom's onesie is the most beautiful”

Aunt Vuyisile complains oh well I'm not about to make her sister win.

“Thank God I have my own eyes!”

I say dramatically.

“Thula my boy will wear your onesie and I will take pic of him and send it to you”

They cheer for her though I can see that mom is faking it.

“The next activity is rather a game. In this diaper bag there are plenty of babies essentials. Each one of you have two minutes to feel the bag then write down the list of the things you guess they're inside the bag. The one who got the most answers will be our winner and we have a gift for her then the diaper bag filled with baby's essentials will go to mommy to be of course” - Mbali

“Easy!” - Mihle

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“So I win whether I participate or not that great!”

I say as Mbali hands us note pads and pens. Thula is the first person to feel the bag then she passes to mom who passes it to the

next person and so on. Once we are done writing our lists aunt Nhlanhla got the most answers.

“Yesss where’s my prezzie I hope it’s a holiday ticket!”

We laugh as her daughter hands her a gift bag and gives me my diaper bag.

“The next game you’re going to divide each other into two teams. Each team will have a jar of applesauce and two baby small spoons. We will blind fold a pair in each team and team members will feed the pair. The fastest pair to finish the applesauce wins”

Mbali gives us large bibs to wear then we divide each other into teams and let the game begin. Each team is cheering for their duo and I can’t stop laughing as everyone spill and dribble over themselves.

“Congratulations to team A!” - Mbali

They cheer for themselves.

“But did it have to be applesauce though it should’ve been a yogurt or something ay Mbali!”

I complain

“Okusalayo niluzile!” (You lost!) - Mom says and her team laugh. Mxm!

“Well since we already have teams this one is a team game as well. I’m going to give each of you toilet papers and you guys will choose one member in the team which you will wrap up in a mock diaper. The team that got the most creatively diapered baby team wins”

We all burst into laughter

“Okay you guys have only five minutes”

Mbali says as she gives toilet papers while each team is choosing the ‘baby’ but no one agrees to be the baby it’s so funny to watch. I end up volunteering for my team to be the ‘baby’ and on the other team it’s Mihle.

“Your time begins now!”

The lounge is filled with laughter as team members hastily wrap their babies in a mock diaper, before I know it time is up. Aunt is taking pictures and videos of us

“Hayi guys what is this!”

Mihle complains and we all shriek with laughter. Its obvious here that my team won. They did better then team A.

“Baby Mihle smile”

Aunt Vuyi says as she takes pictures of Mihle who’s sulking which makes us laugh even more. This is so fun and amazing. Aunt Vuyi takes a picture of mine as well after that we settle down.

We eat over warm chatter the moms are advising me about motherhood and stuff. I’m having an amazing day thanks to mom don’t tell her I said that though. If I knew they’ll do a baby shower for me I would’ve not bought anything for my boy. They bought everything and anything I’m so grateful shame.

My phone beeps it's an sms from the bank. FNB Payment Notification: ZAR120 000 from Mr Nkosinathi Dlomo... I squeal in excitement and call my man.

“Mamacita”

“Thank you so much”

“You are welcome my love”

“I wanted 100k only though”

“Spoil yourself with that 20k”

“Awww you such a darling. Ngiyabonga Bhelesi” (...Thank you Bhelesi)

“Kubonga mina sthandwa sami. Ngiyakuthanda” (I'm the one who's grateful my love I love you)

“Love you too”

“What happened to I?”

I giggle

“I love you too”

“Qabula indoda ke” (Kiss your man)

“Mcwamcwa” **NOVELSGURU.COM**

I can feel him smiling on the other side of the phone.

“Call me when you are done I miss you”

“You such a big baby I will call you of course”

I hang up with a broad smile on my face.

“Awusamoyizoli! (You are blushing mess!) - Mbali

“Leave me alone!”

I retort and they laugh

“You asked him for money?”

Mom asks with a tone of disapproval oh well I don't care I rather ask my man then her.

“Ain't you the one who taught me that eavesdropping is rude”

I sip on my juice and turn to look at aunt Vuyi.

“Can I see the pictures and videos you took aunty”

“Sure”

She hands me her phone and I go through her gallery and watch the pictures. They're beautiful these are great memories. I mark the ones I like and send them to me via WhatsApp then play the videos one after the other and sending them to my phone.

“You are such a disobedient slut who told you to stop huh? ”

That voice...?

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“I'm sorry”

She says

“Suck my dick!”

Nooo It can't be! I look closer on the screen she crawls on bed and there he is butt naked and stroking his rod before shoving it in her mouth. All of a sudden I feel hot and my chest feels like it's closing in on me. I shut my eyes closed hoping they're playing tricks with me.

“Come horny slut!”

I open my eyes there it is right in front of my eyes in her screen. My eyes watered and my heart shrinks and crumbles into pieces at the realization that my eyes weren't deceiving me. He bends her and kick her feet apart just like he used to do to me.

“Touch your toes!”

He commands and she obeys him then he eat her from the behind by the time he's fucking her from the behind I'm shaking like a leaf. Everyone is looking at me weirdly all they can hear is porn sounds oblivious to the fact this is more than just a porn. It's a betrayal, a double huge betrayal!

“Ay sies maan Wewe!” - Aunt Nhlanhla

Mihle and Thula giggles naughtily. I look at aunt Aunt Vuyi who snatches my phone the moment it's hit her.

“OMG Wewe...” **NOVELSGURU.COM**

Aunt Vuyi says with a trembling voice and her eyes pop out.

“How could you Aunt!”

The floodgates open

“I can explain Wewe”

“What’s going on”

Mom asks as I get up from the couch.

“Aphiwe it’s not what you think it is I swear!”

She holds my hand but I yank it off and rush out as tears blur my vision. I don’t know where I’m going but I keep walking and each step is getting heavier. I feel like I’m losing my breath. I hear my mom’s voice calling me and the screeching sound of the car filling my ears as I cross the road what happens after that is a blur to me



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Chapter Seventeen

Everything happens in slow yet fast motion if that even makes sense. She crosses the road oblivious to the car that is coming from the other side. She springs up as the car hit her then she falls right on top of the bonnet and rolls down to the road. I teeter as I rush towards the scene. By the time I get to her the driver has already sped off. I didn't get the number plate but at this moment Wewe is my only concern. I scooch before her and try to wake her up.

“Wewe wake up please! You have to wake up! Wake up so that I can explain to you it's really not what you think my love please”

I cry as I frantically try to wake her up but she's not responding at all. My heart stops beating when I see her sandal across the road. I remember when I was young we use to hear stories that if you got hit by the car and your one shoe comes out while the other still remains in the foot it's means you are dead or you won't survive. I used to believe it when I was young but as I grew older I realize that it was just a myth I hope the universe is not trying to prove me wrong.

“Baby!”

Hloni screams her lungs out as she watches her daughter who's lying on the road helplessly and her head is covered with blood. Just then Zonke pulls over next to us, we carry Wewe to the car and jump inside then Zonke speeds off to the hospital. Nhlanhla's car is following behind us. Here I'm with Zonke, Wewe and Hloni who's weeping.

Before I know it we arrive at Mediclinic. Zonke drives like a man plus she has an advance driving license. They rush with her while Hloni deals with paper work. Nhlanhla with her daughters and Thula walks in. They settle down but I can't seem to stay in one place I keep pacing up and down popping my fingers.

“Sit down Vuyi you are making me dizzy” - Nhlanhla

I sigh and sit down on. Hloni joins us and settles down next to me and looks at me with teary eyes.

“What's going on Vuyisile”

“What do you mean”

“Don't you dare ask me you know exactly what I'm talking about!”

I can't tell her the truth not now I'm not ready and I don't think I will ever be ready.

“Excuse me I need to go to the ladies”

I say as I get up but Hloni pulls me down

“Hhey you are not going anywhere without telling me what did my daughter saw in your phone?”

“It's just a misunderstanding Hloni”

“I have never seen Wewe like that explain to us Vuyi.”

Nhlanhla adds.

“You know Wewe doesn't want to share her affairs this is between me and her”

“Vuyisile I don’t care my daughter was hit by a car because of whatever she saw in your phone I demand answers!!”

“I thought she was watching porn” - Mbali

“Me too but clearly whatever she was watching was more than just porn.” - Nhlanhla

They continue to bombard me with questions and all I’m doing right now is crying. I wish I can disappear into thin air this is too much. How will I live with myself if she doesn’t make it out alive? Vuyi stop thinking negative Wewe will be okay my inner woman consoles me.

This is Nathi’s fault if he didn’t send that video none of this would have happened! I can’t bear the thought of Wewe hating me it’s will be definitely the end of the world for me. I have mentioned before that she’s like my biological daughter. I know a glimpse of motherhood through her.

I hope she will understand when I explain to her that it was before they dated. I’m guilty for not telling her only she doesn’t have to know about that other night a week back it will only make things worse.

“Greetings”

I look up at him and my blood boils I want to jump on him and strangle him to death. This is his damn fault I wish I can unmet him. Thula gets up and throws herself to his brother’s arms.

“I came as fast as I could what happened?”

The worry in his voice can't be missed. Hloni explains to him what happened but she leaves the part that Wewe saw something in my phone.

“Where's the driver?”

“He ran away” - Nhlanhla

He clenches his jaw as anger flashes across his eyes.

“No one got the number plate?”

“Wewe was our only concern Nkosinathi at that moment!”

I snap at him

“There's no need for you to raise your voice at me Vuyisile. I need to know what happened. I was told to bring her for her baby shower not for her to be hit by cars. She's heavily pregnant for crying out loud what was she even doing on the road alone?”

He says with a tone of anger in his voice and they all look at me.

“We uhm we had a misunderstanding she wanted fresh air I think to calm herself down”

“What misunderstanding?”

“Aw kahle wena bo!”

I say and he clucks his tongue then walks out. I can't take the stares Hloni is giving me. I ask to be excused and go find that bastard outside. He's standing alone and smoking.

“This is all your fucking fault!”

It's the first thing I say when I get to him. He takes a drag of his cigarette and looks at me.

“Yes you are right it's my fault I shouldn't have brought her to your sister's house”

He says sternly

“She saw the video you sent on my phone Nkosinathi!”

“What?”

His eyes pops out

“You heard me! If you didn't send that video to me none of this would have happened it's all your damn fault!”

“How could you be so careless Vuyisile I'm even surprised that you still have it why didn't you delete it?”

He bellows angrily

“Why did you send it from the first place! I'm not the person who deletes!”

“Oh shit!!!”

He groans in frustration and takes a drag of his cigarette once again.

“You did this on purpose Vuyisile you want to destroy my relationship with Phiwe!”

“Why would I do that Nathi huh?”

“Because you cant have me so she rather doesn’t have me either!”

Oh wow I chuckle bitterly.

“You arrogant bastard I would never jeopardize my relationship with Wewe like that I’m not stupid!”

“Yet you slept with me even after discovering that I’m actually her boyfriend”

I try to slap him but he holds my hand firmly and stares right back at me. His gaze sends chills down my spine I involuntarily swallow a lump in my throat.

“Listen to me carefully don’t you ever think of laying your filthy hand on me again nx!”

He lets go of my hand and walks away leaving me rubbing my wrist.

“Is it true?”

My heart skips a beat at the sound of her voice. I swivel around to look at her.

“How long have you been standing there?”

“Long enough to know that you slept with Wewe’s boyfriend”

She looks at me judgmentally. I swallow thick spit not knowing how to reply to that.

“They were not dating by that time”

“But he said....”

“He’s lying Mihle I didn’t know and he also didn’t know that Wewe and I are related.”

“I don’t understand aunt. ..”

I interrupt her before she says anything further.

“I don’t have to explain myself to an eighteen year old take what I’m telling you and leave me alone!”

She turns around to walk away but I hold her hand.

“I’m sorry I didn’t mean to snap I would never do that to Wewe deliberately Mihle. It was just a stupid one night stand that happened a year ago before they dated. Wewe saw that video and she obviously thought it’s something that happened recently.”

She heaves a sigh

“Why didn’t you tell her aunt?”

“I only found out recently that he’s actually the guy I slept with a year ago and I didn’t think it was important since they were not dating by that time”

“Why did you keep the video all along. No in fact why did you do a video of a once off sex with a stranger?”

Lord! I’m making a fool of myself to this child!

“You won’t understand you are still young”

I can't have my 18 year old niece thinking I'm stupid and I don't want to explain everything to her. She's a child for crying out loud and she was never supposed to hear this from the first place but we all know how these teenagers are. They want answers to everything that happens around them. Our generation were never this inquisitive we knew better to involve ourselves in adults affairs.

"You don't need to be old to know that it's not a good idea to do a video when you are having sex"

"Of course I know that can this stay between us please Mihle"

"I won't tell anyone I just hope Wewe will understand"

"I hope so too come let's get inside"

We walk inside just as the doctor calls out Wewe's name.

"How's my daughter doctor?"

Hloni utters just as everyone gets up. He looks at all of us I can't read his facial expression though.

"We are all family doctor just tell us how's my woman and our baby"

"I'm afraid Miss Ndlela is in a fatal condition she has a traumatic head injury called epidural hematoma. There's a bleeding between the inside of the skull and the outer covering of the brain. She's into coma and she has to undergo a craniotomy"

A token of sorrow and misery engulf me as Nhlanhla comforts Hloni who has beads of teardrops falling down her face one after another without the sign of stopping.

“Can you speak simple English doctor what is cran nton nton”

Nkosinathi asks the same question I wanted to ask.

“It’s a surgical procedure we have to remove the epidural hematoma on her brain but her mom have to give us a permission to do that by signing a consent form”

“You haven’t said anything about the baby doctor how’s my son?”

“We are still running other tests sir but the survival of them both depends on the surgical procedure”

“Do whatever it takes to save them both doctor please” - Nathi

“I will do my best sir but I don’t promise anything. Mrs Ndlela do you give us permission to operate your daughter?”

“Yes doctor”

She says wiping her tears

“Follow me”

Nhlanhla and Hloni follow the doctor. I walk to the ladies and bawl my eyes out. See this is witchcraft, my first one night stand is haunting me a year later. I say little prayer through my tears asking God to save Wewe and her baby. If the unthinkable happens to one of them my soul will never find peace.

“Aunt Vuyi”

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Mbali’s voice’s on the other side of the door.

“Im coming sis”

I wipe my tears quickly and get up from the toilet seat then head out. She looks at me sadly and hugs me without saying a word. I start crying all over again in her arms

“She’s going to be okay aunt, they’re both going to be okay”

“You don’t know that Mbali she’s in coma”

“She’s in good hands they will do whatever it takes to save her”

“What if the surgery goes wrong? What if she never wakes up?”

“No stop it aunt Wewe will wake up and she will be fine. We have to be positive”

I want to be positive but I’m scared. She pulls me back and wipes my tears with the back of her hands then we join others at the waiting area. The atmosphere is somber and no one is talking to the other. A few hours later the doctor comes back and tells us that the surgery was successful but she’s on life support. He’s allowing only two people to see her. Hloni and Nathi are the ones that goes in separately.

“What’s going on Vuyi” - Nhlanhla

She’s my go to woman I always confide in her but I’m not sure I want to share this with her not that she will judge me I’m just ashamed.

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“It’s nothing Nhlanhla”

“Don’t tell me it’s nothing there’s definitely something Wewe saw in your phone which made her stormed out like that”

“It’s just a misunderstanding I promise”

“I know you like the back of my hand something big is definitely going on. Talk to me sis I’m here for you”

“I... ”

I’m disturbed by Hloni who’s crying, Nhlanhla gets up to attend her.

“Are you going to tell me what’s going on between you and Wewe?”

Hloni says looking at me with glossy eyes.

“It’s nothing Hlo ..”

“Don’t you fucking dare tell me it’s nothing! My daughter is fighting for her life because of something you did to her the least you could do is tell me what’s going on!”

I look down twiddling with my fingers

“I’m talking to you Vuyisile!!!”

She roars in anger pushing me roughly.

“It’s not her fault aunt Hloni”

Mihle says and I give her a look but she avoids eye contacts.

“Shut the fuck up Mihle I’m not talking to you!!” - Hloni

“Calm down Hloni” - Nhlanhla

“Don’t tell me to calm down...”

“Please let’s go home sis people are watching us now” - Nhlanhla

“No I will stay here until she wakes up” - Nhloni

“We will come back later Hloni”

Hloni nods with her head. See Nhlanhla can handle both of us. She’s the kind of an older sister that’s also a best friend to her sisters. It’s so easy to talk to her and respect her as well. They’re all leaving I can’t leave without seeing Wewe so I tell them to go without me.

I go find Wewe’s doctor, after a few minutes of convincing he agrees and shows me Wewe’s ICU room. I peep through the glass door and there Nathi is holding Wewe’s hand. I push the door open and make my way in he quickly rubs his eyes and looks at me. They’re bloodshot red and puffy was he crying? I can’t paint a picture of him in my mind crying.

“Umm I’m sorry to interrupt you I cant go without seeing her”

My eyes drip with tears at the sight of her. I can barely recognize her with all these number of machines and drips attached to her. I take her other hand in mine and squeeze it.

“How did we get here Nathi how can just one silly night together turn drastic like this”

“You ask me this all on you”

“All on me? You are the one who sent the video Nathi the same video you took without my knowledge”

“Oh fuck off maan if you didn’t want Phiwe to find out you would’ve deleted it. This is what you wanted I hope you are happy now”

“How can you say that and don’t you dare swear at me I didn’t want her to find out why would I want her to find out when we agreed to not tell her?”

“You are asking me are you not the one who want to trap me with a baby?”

I sigh heavily

“This is a fucking mess and I acknowledge my mistakes but I don’t regret our first night. I knew what I was doing unlike this other night I was pap drunk and I can’t even remember what happened. I feel so awful and you are frustrating me. You have not only destroyed my relationship with her but yours with her as well. Things will never be the same between you and her even if she forgives you. As for me I will never give up on her without a fight I will fight for her till the end of time.”

His voice is laced with a myriad of intense emotions. I swallow a lump that seems to be clogging in my throat.

“I’m so sorry my apple butter please wake up if not for me for our boy.”

He says kissing her hand and brushing her tummy.

“Nkosinathi I’m sorry”

I whisper as tears make their way down my face.

“Your sorry won’t make Phiwe unseen the video it won’t wake her up from coma. It won’t unpregnant you. It’s just useless nje you might as well just shut the fuck up”

“We didn’t fuck that night”

He looks up at me

“I don’t have time for your games Vuyisile get out and give me some space with my woman”

“We didn’t fuck we couldn’t betray Wewe like that”

He chuckles and shakes his head

“So if we didn’t fuck then what did we do the whole night”

“We did oral sex and when it was time to do the deed you stopped yourself and thought about Wewe as drunk as you were you managed to stop yourself I admire you for that and I’m so ashamed that had you not stopped yourself I would’ve allowed it to happen”

I confess and look down with shame.

“Why you did you lie to me?”

“I wanted to get back at you for what you did to me and boy I did enjoy seeing you frustrated I wanted to take a video like you did to me”

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He laughs

“Damn you Vuyi do you know how frustrated I have been. The possibility of you falling pregnant made me lose weight in a week”

I laugh

“I told you I can’t have children”

“I have very fertile sperms Miss Thusi”

“And you know that how Mr Dlomo?”

He chuckles

“I don’t talk too much I act so rather I don’t reply that question Miss Thusi. You really played me I guess it’s 1-1”

He winks making me smile. A wordless moment passes us I look at him as he stares at Wewe with sadness.

“Do you think she will wake up”

He eventually breaks the silent after a while. The tremor in his voice can’t be missed. I can see that he’s scared as much as I am.

“To be honest with you I don’t know Nathi”

“I’m going to find the bastard that did this to her”

He says through gritted teeth as he tighten the squeeze on her hand. The look in his eyes sends chills down my spine.

“Hloni want to know what’s going on I don’t know what to say to her Nathi”

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“It’s not like we cheated on her though”

“What about the night....”

He cuts me off

“That night never happened Vuyisile it’s will only make things worse. We can’t disclose things that will make Phiwe not believe us and forgive us. We are only guilty of not telling her about our first night only”

“You are right I just wish she can wake up so that we can explain to her”

“She has to wake up Vuyisile she has to”

He says as if he’s convincing himself then me.

“I’m so scared Nathi”

I blink my tears back but they betray me. He gets up and walks to my side then envelops me in his arms.

“To tell you the truth I’m also scared but I know that she will fight for our son. She will come back to us and we will get our chance to explain don’t cry”

He says tightening his hold around my body I sink in his warm embrace somehow I do believe him that everything will be okay.



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Chapter Eighteen

I can feel someone shaking me while screaming my name but something is restricting me from moving and opening my eyes. The cold water spattering on my face forces me to wake up. My heavy eyes are met by mama who's frantic with worry.

“Jesus Cebisile you scared me!”

I'm wondering how did she get inside of my house. I wipe the cold water on my face as I sit on my butt.

“Mama!”

Ndiwe screams as she raises her hands for me to take her and mama give her to me.

“Did you overdose the sleeping pills”

She says looking at the empty container of sleeping pills on my beside table. That how I have been able to fall asleep for the passed week, overdosing sleeping capsules that is. I look at her sheepishly she heaves a sigh and settles down on my bed looking at me worriedly.

“How did you get in mama”

I look at her confused and my head feels muzzy from sleep.

“I have been knocking for an hour on your door then I noticed that it's not locked.”

“Oh I thought I locked it last night”

“You need to be careful next time Cebisile you can’t leave the door unlocked at night the world is cruel”

“I know mama I had a lot going on my mind. Nkosinathi brought you here?”

“No he gave me your address I couldn’t sleep last night you had me worried sis”

We have grown close over the passed week. There’s no day that passes without calling each other and last night I was an emotional wreck when she called. It’s been another week since Gambushe disappeared or should I say since Nkosinathi took him. I have been up and down searching for him but it’s vain.

I’m convinced that Nkosinathi killed him but my heart is refusing to accept. I didn’t know that I have fallen in love with that man until Nkosinathi took him away from me. It’s true what they say that we don’t realize what we got until it’s gone.

I can’t stop thinking about him and I missed him so much. There’s no other explanation except death. See that man loves me so much he will never stay two full weeks without communicating with me not unless if he’s dead.

I kiss my daughter’s forehead and look at mama who’s looking at me as if she’s studying me. I’m not sure if I want to tell her about this obviously she will side with her son and judge me for moving on so fast.

I’m expected to mourn for my husband for years before having another man or not have any man at all but I know exactly that if rolls were reversed he wouldn’t have waited for years to take another wife. A woman is always shamed for moving on after the

death of her husband but a man is always praised talking about double standards.

If I remember it correctly life has no manual so I really don't know who came up with these rules. I'm tired of living my life to people's expectations this is my life and no one will ever step into my shoes and feel what I feel or face what I'm going through.

“Talk to me sis?”

“Your son mama doesn't want to see me happy.”

“What has he done?”

“Uhm”

I sigh and explain to her what happened. I can't decipher her facial expression but I'm ready for her to side with her son and judge me.

“Haibo uNkosinathi umenzi umfana bantu?” (Haibo what did Nkosinathi do to that poor boy)

The shock in her voice can't be missed.

“I don't know mama it's been 2 weeks now I think he...he...he killed him”

“No my son is not a murderer”

“Then where is he mama?”

“I don't know sis but Nkosinathi will never kill”

“You weren’t here mama you didn’t see how angry he was. He told me in my face that he’s going to send him to his creator. I don’t know what to do and his mom has been calling me asking for his son I don’t even know where did she got my number”

I try to hold my tears but they burst forth like water from a dam. She sighs heavily as she envelopes us in her arms. Her lovely scent fills my nostrils as if it’s not already pervading my bedroom.

“Ohh sis I’m going to talk to Nkosinathi and find out what’s going on”

She allows me to wet her blouse with my tears as I let out all the tears I have been holding for this whole week.

“Sshhhh sis don’t cry I will sort this out”

Ndiwe wiggles herself which forces me to free myself from her grandmother’s arms. She looks at me worriedly and wipes my tears with her tiny hands.

“I’m okay baby”

She pouts her lips and gives me a wet kiss. I cant help the smile that breaks across my face as my heart melts.

“I’m sorry you are going through this sis. I will find out what’s going on. Don’t be negative maybe the boy is still rattled and he will communicate with you as soon as he calms down”

“Maybe but its scares me not knowing where he is”

“I can imagine sis but don’t worry”

I nod with my head though I can’t help but fear for the unknown.

“I can’t leave you like this come with me”

I hope she’s not saying what I think she’s saying.

“I’m okay mama”

“No you are not you even lost weight within a week. Come stay with us you will come back once you are 100% okay”

God this woman she wants me to stay with Nathi 24/7 is she for real? I didn’t even realize that I have lost weight.

“Im fine mama I swear”

“Don’t worry about Nkosinathi he doesn’t live with us”

“But mama...”

“I’m not taking no as an answer where’s your bag”

She gets up from the bed and goes to the closet God this woman! I give in while I take a bath she packs my clothes. Once I’m done I go back to my bedroom and find my bed made. I lotion my body and get dressed. I’m not in a mood for make up today. Once I finish I take my charger and my phone and head to the lounge where I can hear their voices. You’d swear mama is talking to an elder the way she’s keeping the conversation going. I can’t help but smile it’s such a beautiful sight to watch.

“I’m done”

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They both look up at me

“Oh that was fast”

Haibo

“What are you trying to say mama?”

She laughs and shakes her head

“Nothing let’s go”

She takes Ndiwe then we head out. I make sure that my house is locked then we leave. She’s driving a latest Range Rover Evoque and her playlist makes me nostalgic. It’s the adult contemporary music that we call them ezingasoze zabuna. It’s use to be my late husband’s favorite especially the song called soul provider by Micheal Bolton

🔒 Talk about love, talk about trust
Talkin' 'bout forever baby
When I'm talkin' 'bout us
I give you my word, stick to my guns
Believe when I tell ya baby
That we've just begun

You don't understand, no
The full intent of my plan

I wanna be your soul provider
I wanna stay that way
For the longest time
I wanna be, your soul provider
Just say you'll let me
And darlin' I will

I know you've been hurt, I know you're love shy

You don't have to say it baby
It's gonna take some time
Ya got my heart, in the palm of your hand
Swear it's gonna stay there baby
Give me half a chance

You don't understand
The full intent of my plan

I've been waitin' for a long time for somebody like you
To give my love, all my love day and night
Just say you'll be mine for the rest of your life
Baby I'll show you why

His kind of music is actually the reason he caught my attention. Every taxi driver would be playing maskandi then there was him playing adult contemporary music. I remember the first time he talked to me. It was a rush day and I was going to town so most taxis were already full when they reached my stop.

He gave the guy that was sitting with him on the front the money to catch the next taxi and said to me “Ngilozi yami enhle gibela” (My beautiful angel get in) Oh boy I was a blushing mess. The rest of the drive we were just generalizing and I was so disappointed when we parted without him asking for my numbers.

I was surprised when I received his call that night and up to this day I don't know where did he get my number but for the fact that he called I was swoon over him oh my dearest Moses.

“Cebisile”

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Mama snaps me out of my trance. It's only then I noticed that the car has stopped. I look out of the window and realize that we are parked at Newcastle Mall parking lot.

“We are just going to grab some breakfast here before going home come”

I nod and unbuckle my daughter next to me who's engrossed on my phone before stepping out of the car. Mama closes it then we make our entrance. Once we are at the Mugg and Bean we place our order though I don't have appetite but this woman doesn't want to hear it.

“Don't you miss your job?”

“I do mama especially now that I get to spend time with my daughter on weekends only. I get bored and lonely during the week without her”

“I love having her during the week but it's only fair that you also get enough days with her so I will reason with her father.”

It's feels surreal that I'm having breakfast and talking nicely with this woman. There were times I really thought she hates me.

“What?”

I didn't realize that I'm staring at her.

“I really thought you hate me yaz”

“Hate? Igama elikhulu kangaka Cebisile. If you remember it correctly I liked you from the very first time I met you” (Hate is a big word Cebisile...)

“That's true mama. I do miss my job but I will appreciate to get more days with my daughter. The weekends only are hard for me”

“I understand I will talk with him don’t worry and I don’t mind to have her when you are at work you will fetch her when you knock off.”

The waitress brings our breakfast we thank her and indulge over our chatter.

“I’m sorry for everything the Mbhele’s did to you. Kwanele showed me the video when they were throwing you out of your house”

I sigh

“I don’t blame them though I betrayed their son immensely and caused his death”

“What I’m proud of you about you is that you were not depended to Moses. They took his assets from you but that didn’t affect you that much you are a qualified teacher and you make your own money. You are definitely the kind of woman we should make an example with to our children. Thula uyangihlupha Cebisile it’s the second year since she matriculated but she’s not prepared to do something about her life. That moment she got good grades she could be accepted to any university or college”

“Why doesn’t she want to further her studies?”

“I don’t know we fight every time we talk about that she says Im comparing her to Kwanele she’s not her and she’s not cut out for that life. When I ask her which life is she cut out for she doesn’t know”

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“That a tough one but I think she’s still confused give her time she will find something she’s passionate about. It takes some people years to finally find what they are really passionate about”

“Years you are telling me that she will be fooling around for years? Hayi time is not waiting for her. Life is unpredictable anything could happen Cebisile.”

“You can’t force her mama it must be her decision. I will try to talk to her. I noticed something though this other day but I’m not sure”

“What did you notice?”

“I don’t know mama but it’s like she’s mimicking Kwanele.”

“She likes wearing her clothes”

“It’s not just clothes only mama even her behavior but she doesn’t like to be compared to Kwanele it’s quite strange. I don’t know mama maybe I’m imagining things”

After breakfast we drive to her place my mood changes instantly when I see Nkosinathi stepping out of his car in the drive yard.

“Come”

Ndiwe has fallen asleep she must have woke up early today. Mama takes her while I take my bag. Nkosinathi looks at us as we approach him. I’m so angry at him but looking at how horrible he looks I’m a bit concerned. He looks like he is carrying the world with his shoulders. His eyes are bloodshot red and he doesn’t smell nice as he usual does. We exchange greetings before walking inside the house.

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“Let me take her I will put her into bed before taking a shower”

He says to his mother.

“You don’t need a shower you need a bathtub you are stinking when was the last you had bath?”

Nkosinathi ignores his mom and takes his sleepy daughter from her.

“Go with him he will show you the guest room”

She says to me and I frown why can’t she show me herself?

“Guest room?”

Nkosinathi asked with a raised brow.

“Yes she’s going to spend a few days with us”

“Why?”

“Angisho wuwe uhlumeza ingane yabantu wayilaxaza wena okwesi dwedwe sokusula amafinyela manje isizitholele indoda uyayishaya qede lapho uyifaka ebhuthini ukhala wemuka nayo. Nkosinathi where’s the boy?” (Because you are abusing this child you dumped her like a cloth that is used to wipe mucus now she found herself a man you beat him up and put boot him in the boot then left with him...)

“So what that got to do with her staying here?”

“Don’t you understand what you have done mara heh? She needs support she’s distraught because of you. Tell us where is the boy Nkosinathi?”

Nkosinathi chuckles bitterly and walks up to the staircase leaving me with her mom who's angry. Her face softens when she looks at me

“Come let's me show you your room”

I'm not sure this is a good idea seeing that Nkosinathi is not doing me any good. I hate how chilled he is about this he doesn't care about how I feel. Mama takes my hand and leads me upstairs to the bedroom I will be using. The ice blue color with a touch of white there and there brings a calming effect in this bedroom.

“This is the bedroom you going to use and it has ensuite bathroom”

“I don't think this is a good idea mama I will be okay really”

“No I'm not going to allow you to be alone. You will end up killing yourself with the sleeping pills.”

“But mama...”

“I'm going to give you a space to check it out”

She walks out I heave a sigh and throw my bag on the bed.

“Must be nice to be you hey”

I turn around to look at him.

“Nice? How is nice to be me when you are doing everything you can to destroy my life. You don't want to see me happy Nkosinathi. Ever since you found me I'm always crying. Where is Zakhele?”

“How many times do I have to tell you that I don’t know”

“You are lying!”

“Don’t you dare raise your voice at me. I only gave him a few punches and kicks I didn’t do anything that drastic to him”

“Where is he then? It’s not like him to just disappear I know he would have contacted me by now”

“Maybe he realized what a bitch you are and decided to call it quit”

“Stop insulting me you son of a bitch!”

“The very same bitch that invited you to her house to support you and give you motherly love while her own son is going through the most but she’s doesn’t care.”

With that said he walks out leaving me wondering. I sigh and walk out heading downstairs. Mama is in the kitchen preparing some snacks.

“Is everything okay”

“Mama I cant stay here please let me go. Your son is going to drive me crazy”

“Don’t worry about him he will leave once he’s done he’s hardly ever here he is always at the hospital”

“Hospital?”

“Yes”

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“Is he sick?”

“No that Ndlela girl was hit by car she’s in coma”

“Oh my God mama and the baby?”

“The baby is still alive in his mom’s tummy”

“Yhooo mama this is bad”

“It’s been a week now and there’s no change”

“I can’t begin to imagine how Nkosinathi is feeling”

She shrugs her shoulders and continue with what she’s doing.

“I think we should have a weekend away maybe go to Durban or any place you want what do you think think”

I gasp with disbelief.

“Mama no!”

“Yini you don’t want to go?” (What...)

“No it’s not that, we can’t have a weekend away while Aphiwe is in coma. Nkosinathi need your support mama can’t you see how broken he is?”

“My support? Isn’t he the one that chose an enemy over us? I don’t have support to waste mina”

“I think she had a bad dream she was crying”

His voice behind me startles me and my heart skips a beat. I swivel around and look at him. He has towel wrapped around his waist and his body is dripping wet. He's carrying Ndiwe who has tears on her cheeks.

“Uhm thank you”

I mumble as I take Ndiwe and look at him walking away barefooted.

“Did he hear you say that?”

“I don't know and I don't care”

She says coldly and my heart breaks on behalf of Nkosinathi. This woman can be hardcore when she wants. I can imagine how he must be feeling argh I hate that I feel sorry for him while he doesn't give a shit about me.

* * *

The machines are beating uncontrollably and she's shaking ferociously. I don't know what's going on I was just talking to her then she started shaking as the machines beat rapidly. I rush out and call out for help. The nurses and doctor run inside and push me outside.

“Stay outside sir we will call you once we are done”

The nurse says shutting the door before me. Never in my whole life have I ever felt the need to pray. For the first time I'm desperate for God's intervention. I'm not sure if there's a part of

me that believed in him a bit which I never thought existed or it's the desperation and fear of losing the love of my life and our baby. I find myself kneeling on the floor but battling to deliver my prayer in a appropriate way.

“Father God I’m sure you are shocked to hear from me I’m shocked as well and I’m battling to find the right words to say to you so I will cut straight to the chase. I’m fully aware that you and I don’t have a bond. There are a lot of things that I don’t understand about you maybe I don’t need to understand everything but I’m begging you my dear Lord please save my darling Phiwe and our adorable unborn son. They say you’re a light in the darkness please be my light my Lord I’m stumbling in the darkness. They say you are a promise keeper and you promised to never forsake us no matter what. This is not a blackmail but if you save my apple butter and my son I promise I will stand proudly in front of your congregation and acknowledge your greatness. Amen”

I open my eyes and they’re met by Aphiwe’s family who seemed surprised to see me praying.

“What’s going on Nkosinathi?”

Aphiwe’s mom asks and they all looking at me in anticipation. I get up from the floor and dust off my jean on the knees.

“I also don’t know what’s going on she started convulsing and the machines beat rapidly. The doctor and nurses are inside with her”

“Oh no I’m going in”

“They asked to be given a space to do their job Mrs Ndlela let’s wait for them”

The wait is too much after what feels like forever the door opens and all our eyes are at the doctor as he walks out. The look on his face makes my knees weak but I choose to ignore that and be hopeful.

“How are they doctor?”

He looks at us and heaves a sigh

“I’m sorry. . .”

The familiarity of those two words sends me straight to the last time I heard them coming from a paramedic when I lost my nana my heart literally stop beating.

“I’m sorry Ndlela family we tried our best to save them”

A piercing loud cry fills my ears as I push my way inside and find the nurse busy removing the machines connected to her. Suddenly the distance from the door to her bed feels long.

“Apple butter”

I shake her

“Aphiwe!”

“Sir....”

“Fuck you do you hear me! Fuck you!”

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I scream to the nurse and shake Aphiwe tears burning in my eyes.

“Aphiwe vuka ngiyakucela sthandwa sami” (Aphiwe wake up please my love)

I slap her cheek lightly but she's not waking up. Her family has filled the room now and crying but I'm not giving up not yet she can't just leave me like this.

“Aphiwe you can't do that to me please wake up!!!”

I resuscitate her mouth to mouth but it's in vain. I feel someone grabbing me from behind and wiggle myself but the hold is too strong.

“Aphiwe!!!”

I crumble on the floor and cry in anguish. They lied about this God! He doesn't exist or am I being punished for my sins? I can't stop it's like with each passing second it's sinking in, my muffled sobs are wracking against my chest.

“Nkosinathi!”

The familiar voice echoes in my ears. I jump up and blink my eyes open, here Aphiwe is before me still connected to the machines that are beating steadily.

“It was just a dream”

I look at her and frown

“You were crying in your sleep”

“I thought I really lost her”

I whisper as I squeeze Phiwe's hand in mine.

“It must have been a horrible dream I'm sorry”

“I’m just glad that what it was a dream”

I feel her soft hand wiping the tears I was crying in my sleep. When I look at her she retracts her hand as if my face burnt her and look down rather mortified.

“Uhm how is she today?”

She asks after clearing her throat.

“As you can see she’s still the same”

“The whole week you have been here, go home and rest Nkosinathi”

“I don’t want to leave her Vuyi I want to be here when she wakes up”

I want to hold her in my arms and tell her that I love her so much and I will never hurt her intentionally.

“At least go home and have a bath Wewe uzokuphika mengavuka la uso” (...Wewe will deny you that you are her boyfriend if she can wake up now)

I laugh softly and sniff myself.

“I’m not that bad am I?”

She laughs

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“Hamba uyegeza ndoda ngeke” (Go and bath man)

I chortle

“Okay fine.”

I get up from the chair

“Please call me whenever there are changes okay?”

“Okay have some sleep nyana as well”

“Yes ma’am”

She chuckles I say my goodbye and walk out. I bump into Aphiwe’s mom and aunt. We exchange greetings then I walk out and drive to my parent’s house since it’s close. I don’t know which is the most painful thing between watching your love one lying on the hospital breathing through machines and not being able to do something to help.

It’s been a week and there hasn’t been a change on Aphiwe’s condition. I wish there could be something I can do to wake her up. I feel so useless, powerless and helpless. Never in my wildest dreams have I ever thought my mom would never support me when I’m going through the most.

I remember the day I told her about Phiwe her response was “Oh” that was all not even words of support or sympathy came out of her mouth. I needed her to pull me in her chest and tell me that everything is going to be okay. I can’t believe that she’s supporting Cebisile so it’s okay that her boyfriend took my money and made me a fool? I should have smiled and let them be? Amasimba lawo!

If it wasn’t for Senzo I would’ve showed that bastard who’s the fool between him and me. I really don’t know where he is and I hope he’s dead wherever he is nx! It’s pains that mom doesn’t give a fuck about the situation at hand and hearing these words “I

don't have support to waste" coming out of her mouth cut deep like a sword into my heart.

After my long shower I feel refreshed and a bit calm I guess I needed that shower. For the first time since this horrible ordeal happened I'm hungry and I'm craving for my mom's cooking but I guess I have to grab something on my way to the hospital. Our relationship has taken a turn I never thought it would take. I take my phone from the charger though the battery is not full and head downstairs. They're watching TV with a bowl of snacks in front of them.

"I'm going back to the hospital I will come back to fetch my daughter"

"To fetch her?"

"Yes mother that what I said she's spending the remainder of the week with me in my house"

"I was looking forward spending time with her as well since I will be here for a couple of days"

Cebisile spits

"Oh well It's not a weekend so stop looking forward to spend time with her and wait for the weekend"

I kiss my baby's lips

"I love you my angel"

I walk out. Ndiwe is the only thing that keep me sane at this moment. I walk to the kitchen and grab an apple then walk out. Just as I drive out of the yard my phone rings.

“Senzo”

“Sure ntwana ugrand” (Sure boy are you okay?)

“Yeah boy and yourself?”

“Im okay boy I’m at the hospital with the gents and I thought we will find you here”

“I’m on my way there wait for me”

“Sure”

I’m grateful for the support my friends are giving me throughout this ordeal. My mind is reeling I turn on the music to distract it from thinking. The last thing I want is to zone out while driving. I glance at the familiar BMW 3 Series driving on the other lane. The windows are half closed and I can see a woman leaning over to kiss the driver’s cheek who seem engrossed to this woman that he’s not even aware of the car next to them.

I discreetly follow them and Blackrock is their destination. I parked a bit far from them and stare at them as they step out of the car and walk inside holding hands. That alone is confirming my suspicions but I could be wrong. I take my wallet before making my way inside.

“Good morning”

I greet the receptionist lady

“Morning sir how are you?”

“I’m fine and yourself?”

“I’m fine as well how may I be of your assistance sir”

“There’s couple that just walked in a few minutes ago, a middle age man with a woman who looks younger then him she could be in her late thirties. I need to see them”

I discreetly push five R100 notes towards her and she glances at the money before her and looks at me reluctantly. I add another hundred note she looks around and takes the money then gives me the room number. I wink at her and find my way to their hotel room. I don’t knock but walk inside they’re making out on the bed butt naked. I knew it! They’re not even aware of me.

“What the fuck is going on here!”

They both jump and look at me in shock.

“Who the hell are you?”

The woman asks as she hides herself into the sheets and Dad’s eyes are all out as if they will burst. I’m fuming with anger how could he do this to mama?

“Who the hell are you busy fucking my father did he tell you that he’s married?”

“Oh hello son of course daddy told me since your mommy dearest can’t handle his needs I’m her to take care of them.”

She says with a smug on her face antagonizing me further. I look at dad who looks down in shame.

“Get the fuck out of here home wrecker!”

“Ndlovu are you going to allow your son to talk to me like that!”

“Leave Zandile”

Dad says

“Excuse me?”

“You heard me dammit!”

The woman angrily grab the sheet and jump down from the bed leaving dad’s nakedness exposed. She picks up her clothes on the floor and walks to the bathroom.

“Are you spying on me how did you know you will find me here?”

I chuckle and shake my head

“Spy on you like really and is that the only thing you can say? You are cheating on my mom you bastard!”

“Hey don’t you dare speak to me like that I’m still your father show me some respect!”

“Respect yamasimba!”

The woman comes out of the bathroom and walks out.

“Speak to me like that you will see what I’m made of!”

He gets up from the bed and picks up his boxer before wearing it.

“I trusted you Bab Gastheni and I thought you love my mom...”

He cuts me off

“Of course I love your mom Nkosinathi and she’s the only woman I love.”

“You have a fun way of showing it! First you didn’t tell her that dad has another child now you are cheating on her!”

“I have never love any woman like I love your mom Nkosinathi. I have been nothing but a loving supportive and patient husband. I got to a point where I couldn’t help it anymore I’m a man after all I have needs which your mom hasn’t been satisfying for a whole year and months. The last time we were intimate was the night Kwanele passed on.”

“That doesn’t give you a right to cheat on her! You should’ve talked to her Im sure there’s a reason. No woman can stay the whole fucking year without giving her husband his other food!”

“What makes you think I didn’t talk to her huh? I didn’t just wake up and decide to cheat on her I have been very patient with her. I’m human after all I got to a point where I couldn’t take it anymore”

“Stop justifying your infidelity! If you couldn’t take it anymore then you should’ve divorced her once for all! Angithi you are not happy in your marriage then divorce her she will be hurt but she will get over it eventually instead of cheating on her and making her a fool!”

“It’s not easy as you say Nkosinathi I love your mother and I can’t live without her she’s my world!...”

“If love her as you claim you wouldn’t have cheated on her remember your vows you said you will love her for better for worse!”

“You are also a man Nkosinathi you know...”

“Yes I’m a man and I have done a lot of crazy things and fooled around with girls but you’re a married man and you married to my mother. You don’t get to be unfaithful to her and expect me to understand because I’m a man hell no! That’s my fucking mother I will die and kill for her especially when there’s someone who’s hurting her!”

“Are you threatening me?”

“It’s up to you how you take it but one thing that you have to know is that I’m not scared of you I respect you.”

I want to beat the shit out of him but I don’t want to cause trouble for the receptionist lady so I walk out banging the door behind me. I can’t believe that I trusted this man with my mom.



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Chapter Nineteen

The whole day I spend it with mama and my daughter binging on series and stuffing myself with junk. Nkosinathi has been invading my mind though. I have never seen him like that and I can't begin to imagine how he's feeling to not have his mom's support through this horrible ordeal. I understand where his mom is coming from but I think she's being hard on him. He needs her now more than ever.

"You are going to cut yourself with that knife" Mama says breaking my reverie.

She's preparing for supper and I'm helping her by cutting veggies. Ndiwe is playing around the kitchen.

"What's on your mind?"

I look up at her and heave a sigh

"Nkosinathi needs you mama"

"No he doesn't need me"

"You know that's not true he needs his mom's support. His girlfriend is fighting for her life in the hospital"

"Ngingenaphi pho mina lapho?" (How is it that any of my business)

She asks coolly and to tell you I'm shocked would be an understatement. It's really doesn't suite her to be this cold bitch.

“I understand how you feel about Aphiwe but don’t allow it to change who you are mama. Nkosinathi needs you now more than ever and I know that it’s cutting him deep inside to not have your support. Don’t forget that Aphiwe is carrying your grandchild if she dies the child is also at the risk of dying”

“Maybe she should just die”

“Mama!”

I gaps in shock when did she become this cruel or was she always like this? She’s really not thinking or behaving like a woman who goes to church every Sunday right now.

“What?”

She asks so casually as if what she said is not brutal.

“It will make things easy for all us I will have my son back and you will also have your man back”

Haibo who said I want Nathi back?

“I don’t want him back mama”

“I see you are still angry and it’s understandable”

Of course I’m still angry at him, my heart is still recovering from the pain he caused me but I have moved on from him.

“Do you think if Aphiwe dies things will go back to the way they were between you and Nkosinathi then you must be really dreaming mama. You guys will drift apart even further and I don’t think that’s what you want.”

The actual word is naive but I can't disrespect her like that in her house especially.

“Cebisile I feel nothing for that girl not even an ounce of sympathy or sorry so why should I pretend to care when I actually don't?”

“But you care about your son and your grandson”

“Of course but he made his bed so he must lie on it unfortunately my grandson has to suffer for his parents sins. What can we say such is life my daughter died for her father's sins”

Does pain change people to this extent? I may not know much about this woman but the kindness she has shown me I never thought she can wish death upon another person. Thula walks in and greets us before scooping Ndiwe up and tickles her. She giggles and wiggles herself uncontrollably.

“Are you fetching her ma'am Mbhele?”

“Call me Cebisile please”

“It doesn't sound right to call you by your first name I was not raised like that ma'am”

“I don't mind really”

“No I will call you mama ka Ndiwe. I thought you take her in weekends only”

“Cebisile is going to stay with us for the couple of days please make her feel at home” Mama says

“Oh feel at home ma'am I mean maka Ndiwe”

“Thank you darling”

“What are you guys cooking I’m so hungry and tired”

“Go take a shower by the time you finish super will be ready”

“Okay mama where’s daddy?”

“He’s not back yet”

“Let me go take a shower”

She puts Ndiwe down and walks away.

“Where does she works?”

“At Sanlam she’s a receptionist”

“Babazi!!”

Ndiwe screams as she runs to her father who picks her up and throws her in the air then catches her again. She’s tittering none stop I can’t help but smile as I watch them. Ndiwe really loves her father and they bonded so quickly not that I’m surprised she cried for him the very first day she saw him even when I scared her and called him ghogho lol. Don’t look at me like that what was I supposed to do? He greets us and asks for Ndiwe’s bags.

“Are you sure you going to cope with her?” Mama asks him.

“Are you trying to say I can’t take care of my daughter” Nkosinathi retorts

“I never said that Nkosinathi I’m just asking. I will go fetch her bag” His mom’s says and walks away.

I look at him and sigh.

“Uhm Im sorry about Aphiwe”

“Thank you”

“How is she?”

“Stable”

“Don't lose faith Nathi”

He nods his head and continues to play with his daughter.

“What are you going to do about Ndiwe if you want to go to the hospital”

“Why are you so concerned it's not like you care about Phiwe”

“I want to know what will happen to my daughter while you are at the hospital”

“Don't worry about that I'm sorted” He says coldly.

I don't know why his coldness stings in my heart. His mom comes back and gives him Ndiwe's bag.

“Uphi umnyeni wakho?” (Where's your husband?) He asks his mom

“He's not back from work”

“Mmk.”

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“Where’s Cebisile’s boyfriend Nkosinathi?”

“I don’t know mama”

“Stop lying and tell us what have you done to him or you want me to go to the police and report you?”

“If that will make you happy go mama”

With that said he walks out. I don’t know if I’m gullible but a part of me believes that he really doesn’t know where he is. I wish he can tell me at least what he did to him I really need to know. It’s frustrating me to wonder about Gambushe’s whereabouts.

I can see that Nathi is trying to act brave as if what’s happening between his mom and him is not affecting him but it’s deeply affecting him. Why does it stings to see him hurting like this? Why do I feel the desperate need to take away his pain from him and carry it for him?

“Cebisile”

Mama brings me back from my reverie. I clear my throat as I realize that I was staring at his behind.

“Mama”

She looks at me with a sad smile on her face.

“He really doesn’t know him Cebisile I know my son and he’s telling us the truth”

“Then what happened to him?”

“I don’t know sis I really don’t know” She says and sighs in defeat.

By the time we finish cooking dinner her husband arrives. He kisses her cheek and ask to take a quick shower while we set the table.

“Where’s Ndiwe” Thula asks me as she helps me set the table.

“She’s spending the remainder of the week with her father”

“Okay”

Once we finish we gather around dinner table and the man of the house joins us. He kind of gives me creeps I don’t know why or maybe it’s because I’m not used to him he’s too quiet for my liking and such people are very dangerous. You may never know what’s going on their mind.

“Is the food okay?”

Mama asks directing the question to her husband who has been poking it while Thula and I are almost finishing it that’s how succulent her food is.

“Uhm” He clears his throat and looks at his wife with a faint smile

“Yes butternut I’m not feeling well today I just want to go and lie down”

“Oh okay” - Mama

Mr Ndlovu gets up from his seat and go to kiss his wife’s cheek before saying goodnight to us and disappears.

“Maybe me being here is inconveniencing him somehow” I say noticing the awkwardness he left behind.

“Nonsense he’s not feeling well that’s all” Mama spits.

We continue eating over a light chatter and once we are done I help Thula to wash dishes. I’m washing and she’s rinsing and wiping them.

“I might have not spent so much time with you guys but I saw how close you and Kwanele were I’m deeply sorry for your loss.”

She heaves a sigh

“Thank you ma’am I mean maka Ndiwe”

“If you need to talk or anything Im here please feel free to come to me yezwa”

“Thank you I will keep that in mind”

After washing dishes we watch TV but mama has already gone to sleep. Thula also leaves as well after an hour or so. Now I want my sleeping pills this movie is not distracting my mind from reeling. If Nathi doesn’t know where Gambushe is then where is he? In fact what happened? I will never find peace about this unless I know what really happened.

I take my phone and call Gambushe but his phone sends me straight to voicemail. I decide to search for teaching vacancies. I really miss my work and I think it’s time I go back to work before I run out of my finances. I’m disturbed by the commotion coming from a staircase.

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“Where are you going Mphikeleli!”

“You said I must leave your house Betty!!”

“Haisuka it’s your excuse to go to her!!”

“What do you want me to do make up your damn mind woman!!!!”

“You want me to decide for you now? Since when now do I make decisions for you? Do what make you happy Mphikeleli go to that bitch and fuck her you can even make baby whores with her!!”

“Don’t you dare call her a bitch!”

“I will cal her anything I want!”

“Betty ngiyakukhuza!” (Betty I’m warning you!)

“Hayi fuseg Mphikeleli yezwa! Fusegani nobabili neskhebereshe sakho!!” (Hayi fuck you Mphikeleli do you hear me? Fuck you together with your whore!)

She says pushing him on the staircase and he reels backwards and miss a step then rolls down the staircase. Mama screams as she watches her husband rolling down the staircase. I’m rooted on the couch shocked by what’s happening before me. In a second mama is next to her husband on the floor crying. I snap out of my shocked state and get up to help.

“Gastheni Im sorry” - Mama

Mr Ndlovu groans as he opens his eyes

“How are you feeling... ”

“Don’t touch me Betty!”

He gets up slowly grinning in pain. I have to say he's a strong man who wakes up after falling down the staircase.

"I'm sorry..."

"Awungiyeke!" (Leave me alone!)

He bellows angrily and gets up from the floor then limps his way out as mama begs her to not leave but it's all in vain. I stretch my hand for her and she takes it then I pull her up before leading her to the couch. The moment we settle down on the couch she sobs against my chest her hands clutching on my dress. I rock her back and forth as her tears soak my chest and hold her in silence.

She calms down after a while. I go to the kitchen to make her water with sugar then come back to give it to her. She gulps it all down and gives me the glass. I place it on the coffee table and sigh looking at her worriedly. The pain in her eyes is so vivid and raw.

"He's cheating"

She eventually breaks the silence. I don't get why she sounds ashamed it's not her fault.

"Oh mama with who?"

"I don't know but she's young as you and I have no doubt that she's beautiful."

"How did you know and what did he say?"

"He's the one that confessed because Nkosinathi caught them today"

"Ohhh mama I don't know what to say. I'm really sorry"

She chuckles while shaking her head

“It’s my fault right”

I shake my head

“I don’t think I’m the right person to say anything about this mama.”

“What does that supposed to mean?”

She asks as if she was expecting me to say something that will mend her broken heart or ease the pain in her heart.

“I cheated on my husband when he couldn’t satisfy me sexually what advice would I give you?”

“I have been drowning in my pain and grief that I neglected my duties as a wife. Who starves her husband sexually for a year and months? It was bound to happen but it doesn’t hurt any less.”

She vigorously wipes her tears with the back of her hands. I don’t know how to comfort her but the truth is nothing justifies infidelity no matter what.

“Ngiyaxolisa mama I can’t begin to imagine how you are feeling” (I’m sorry...)

“I’m failure of a woman Cebisile...”

I cut her short

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“That’s not true mama you are not a failure. You deprived him but it was his choice to cheat. No one put a gun on him and forced

him to break his vows and disrespect your marriage. Cheating is a choice and nothing at all is justifying his cheating”

I hate that when husbands cheats the blame is on the wives but when it's the other way around we are being shamed left right and center. I was crucified immensely when I cheated on my husband but I know if Moses was the one that cheated on me the blame was going to be on me. I don't know if its comes with the fact that our creator is also a man as we call him “Father” or it's the discriminatory of the society.

“The pain I feel is nothing compared to the pain burning in my heart and soul after seeing a twinkle in his eyes at the mention of that woman.”

Tears stroll down her face relentlessly I pull her to my chest and just listen to her painful cries.

“Let it all out mama”

The next morning after my hygiene process I make my way downstairs and find mama making breakfast while humming a song in the kitchen.

“Morning mama”

“Morning sis how are you”

“I'm well and yourself”

“I'm okay sis, how did you sleep”

“I slept well thank you”

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“The breakfast will be ready in few”

I study her as much as she's pretending to be happy today but she can never hide from me she's beyond broken.

“You seem better then I expected”

I thought she will lock herself in her bedroom today. She looks at me and smiles faintly.

“I'm done wallowing in pain and allowing it to consume me in such a way that it takes my own powers of healing. It's time I pick up my pieces and rise before I lose everything”

“That's spirit mama so does this mean you will forgive him?”

“I can't give up on my marriage without a fight I love him and he has been nothing but a good loving husband.....”

A voice cuts mama mid sentence

“That's bullshit if he's a good loving husband he wouldn't have cheated!!!”

“Thula don't talk to your mother like that” I say as I wonder how did she know.

“If you forgive him that would be stupid of you mama!” Thula adds

“Thula shut the fuck up what do you know huh you are a kid vala imbobo yepapa!” (...shut your pap hole?) Mama retorts

“Is that what you are teaching me as your daughter that when a husband cheat you must forgive and forget? Isn't that devaluing

yourself and accepting to be treating with disrespect? What will stop him from doing it again?"

Mom sighs heavily and words seems to be failing her. Just as I'm about to come into her rescue Mr Ndlovu walks in with an arm sling and greets us.

"See he's coming from her so are you telling me this is the kind of marriage you are fighting for?"

Thula says pointing at his father with her forefinger. God! Ama 2000 awananhlonipho I knew better to disrespect my dad.

"Isn't it funny that you are cheating on the same woman that put up with your can't get up moments. She understands you are diabetic but you can't understand that she's grieving and depressed obviously sex is the last thing on her mind. Did you know that loss of sexual desire is one of antidepressants side effects? You are egocentric daddy all you care about is your fucking needs what about you? You also have your moments but she doesn't cheat on you"

Woah I don't know where does this child get the liver to air out her parents bedrooms affairs in fact how does she know all of this? Oh well knowing more then she's supposed to and talking too much has earned her a beating. Mr Ndlovu is beating her up with his belt and his wife is trying to block him from beating their daughter but it's proves to be a mission. I cringe every time the belt reaches Thula's skin who's screaming in agony. How he does it with his one hand it's baffles me.

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Chapter Twenty

The slaps all over my face forces me to wake up, as small as they're I have to admit that they stings. I groan softly and open my eyes she beams excitedly. Tell me how can I scold her now after that reaction that warms my heart.

“Babazi!”

“Hello baby girl”

I reach for my phone on the bedside table to check the time and it's reads 6:30am.

“You such an early bird ain't you”

She snuggles on my chest I pull her on top of me and envelope her in my arms. I thought I knew what love is until I met this little chubby girl it was love at first sight I tell you. Today I'm dedicating all my day to her I will go later to the hospital. You remember Bongzi Sabelo's wife well she agreed to babysit my daughter for an hour or two while I'm at the hospital.

I was suppose to wake up early then her so that I can take a bath because now that she's awake it will be impossible. This child is naughty I can leave her alone for 5 seconds and I will come back everything upside down. I roll out of bed with her in my arms and make the bed while she's sitting on the floor doing only her knows in my phone. The way she likes a phone reminds me of Kwanza she's her version in more ways then one.

Once I'm done doing the bed I go to the bathroom to prepare for her bath. I don't want to bath her on the bathtub I'm scared I will

drown her so I will use the basin. I have never done this before and I have to admit that I'm a bit scared. I undress her and put her inside the basin then start bathing her. She seems to be enjoying her bath and that put a smile on my face.

“The water is cold now come”

She cries and wiggles herself as I take her out of the basin.

“You will catch cold Uthandiwe”

Does she care? Of course not all she wants is to go back into her basin. I don't want her to get used to that when she cries she will get anything she wants but man her cry is cutting deep into my heart. Is this how all parents feel or yimi owenziwa isilima? I discard her water and prepare another warm water for her before putting her into the basin. You should see her now she's giggling happily with tears on her cheeks. I wipe them and kiss her forehead.

While she's engrossed in her water I decide to take a quick shower. Once I'm done I dry myself and wrap a towel around my waist before shuffling my feet to my bedroom. I didn't prepare myself for what I'm seeing right now. The water is splattered all over the floor and miss little chubby is wiping my phone with her dripping wet face cloth.

“Uthandiwe Dlomo!”

She looks up at me smiling sheepishly then dips my phone into her water. Jesus this child!! I can't believe that within 5 minutes I'm out of her sight she's already done a mess.

“Phuma manje emanzini ngoba usuyaganga!” (Get out of the car now because you are handful!)

I take her out of the basin and wipe her with her towel before buttering her body. Once I'm done dressing her up I discard the water and wipe the mess on the floor she created.

I take her and make our way to the kitchen to make our cereal then we go to the lounge to watch some cartoons while eating. There's a knock on the door I get up and go attend it. Thula lurches herself into me I catch her and hold her tightly as she sobs.

"What happened baby girl"

"Daddy beat me up"

I pull her back and look her she has bruises all over her arms and legs my heart literally stop beating as I boil with anger. Just then dad burst into my house without even knocking.

"You come here!" He says holding a belt in his hand.

I push Thula behind my back and stand in front of dad.

"You can't barge in my house without knocking"

"I'm sorry but I want her not you get out of my way Nkosinathi"

"Uyahlanya yini ekhanda ungashaya ingane kangaka!" (Are you mad how can you beat a child like that!)

"Do you know what she has done?" Dad asks angrily

"I don't care but this is not the right way to discipline her"

"Don't you dare tell me how to discipline my child Nkosinathi!"

“Hamba baba” (Go dad)

I say calmly but sternly looking in his eyes he clicks his tongue and walks out. I take Thula who’s fidgeting and sobbing to my lounge. Thanks God Ndiwe is engrossed on her cartoons otherwise I would’ve find this place a mess. I’m amazed by her level of concentration on the TV at such tender age. Thula and I settled down on the couch and I give her a hug.

“You are here now don’t cry”

I stroke his back until she calms down.

“Why did he beat you up”

“He didn’t want to hear the truth”

“What truth?”

“I heard them arguing last night and dad confessed about his infidelity. I told him this morning that it’s so funny of him to cheat on mama because they haven’t been intimate ever since Kwanele passed but mama doesn’t cheat on him when he can’t get it up.”

I gasp in shock no wonder dad beat her up who says such thing to her father?

“Thula!”

“What? It’s true buti!”

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“That was very disrespectful of you. Ungenaphi ezindabani zabo how do you even know about their sex life?” (...How is their business yours?)

“I once heard dad talking to uncle that his diabetes is becoming a strain in their relationship since it’s also affects his erections. When mama agreed to marry daddy I knew that she really loves him and doesn’t care about his erectile dysfunction”

“You do know that you weren’t supposed to hear that and just because you know about his condition doesn’t mean you had a right to disrespect him like that. No wonder he beat you up you think how does it makes him feel that his daughter knows about his sexual dysfunction and for the fact that he’s fucking around it’s means he has found a way to manage his condition so you had no right to remind him that. You are a child Thula know your place. Dad and mom’s sexual affairs are none of your business let them sort their issues on their own don’t interfere.”

“I’m sorry buti I’m just disappointed on daddy and I blew things out of proportion. Ngiyaxolisa” (I’m sorry) She covers her face with her hands and cries.

“You are apologizing to a wrong person you have to apologize to mama and dad”

“I will apologize tomorrow for now let them calm down so can I sleep over”

“You don’t have to ask baby girl. Is it painful?” I ask touching her bruised arm.

“Yes”

“I’m sorry let me go to Theku Plaza and get something for you to ease the pain”

“Thank you so much buti”

“Stop crying now”

I wipe her tears and kiss her forehead then get up

“Watch her please this child can burn the house I tell you”

“What has she done now?” Thula asks giggling.

“She bathed my phone wake wabonaphi ifoni igezwa mara? I don’t have a phone now” (...have you ever seen a phone being bathed)

She burst into laughter and winces as she hurts herself.

“She’s quite handful”

“Tell me about it”

I kiss Ndiwe’s forehead

“Ngiyabuya behave yourself” (I’m coming back...)

She raises up her hands for me to take her. I tell her to stay with aunt Thula but she’s hearing none so I have to go with her.

“You will be okay alone?”

“Yes buti”

“Ngikuphatheleni?” (What should I bring for you)

“Pizza, meaty cram decker”

“Okay”

Ndiwe is already in my arms so I take my car keys and head out. I buckle her up in her seat then jump to my seat and drive off. She is making this drive a drag and difficult she hates sitting alone at the back and I don't have a phone now to distract her with.

“Ha.a baby stop being handful tu”

I groan as I park my car aside then go to the back to take her.

“Why are you crying huh?”

She stops crying and buries her head on the crook of my neck. I have no choice but to drive with her now. I star at the pharmacy first when I arrive then go to Shoprite.

Did I tell you that miss chubby here want to walk with her feet and she doesn't want me to hold her hand. She doesn't want to sit on the trolley like other babies instead she wants to push it like me ay mina angaz ingane enjani le!

I swear I will get out of this shop after a decade. Sigh. People are looking at us admiringly if only they knew! We stroll along the shelves as I take everything I want and toss it into the trolley.

“Yapusha nzeee naye” Says the beautiful lady

“Yeah she's helping her daddy ” I say

“Sweet! Such an adorable baby girl”

“And handful too”

“Uyamsukela she's looks like an angel”

“A naughty angel that what she is”

“They will make a mean team with my son. I swear that boy can burn the whole house and demur after that”

We both laugh

“How old is he?”

“He’s two years and 5 months. How old is my daughter in law?”

“ 1 year and 3 months”

“She’s too clever for her age”

“Tell me about it”

“Be ready for my brothers they are coming to pay lobola for my son’s beautiful chubby wife”

“As long as they bring me Giraffes they’re welcome”

She looks at me perplexed

“You don’t want cows?”

“No I want 20 Giraffes”

“But why Giraffes”

“Because you cant easily get access to them just like my daughter she’s rare gem a cant get indeed”

“Wow just say it that you don’t want to give away with your daughter” She says giggling.

“That’s not true if your son really wants my daughter he will make it possible.”

“Ay udlala ngomtanami”

I laugh and she joins me.

“I’m Dikeledi but you can call me Dee” She stretches her hand for a hand shake. I take it and we shake hands eyes locked on each other. Her hands are soft and warm.

“Nkosinathi”

“Nice to meet you Nkosi”

“Likewise Dee”

I clear my throat and let her hand go as I realize that our handshake has lasted more then it was supposed to.

“Uhm have a lovely day Nkosi”

“Thank you Dee same goes to you”

I look at her behind as she sashays her hips and fight the urge get her numbers. Lord lead me not into temptations! I groan softly and turn to look at my daughter but she’s no where in sight.

“Ndiwe!”

Where is this child now? I walk around the and find her on the other side of the shelf with some toddler boy who’s holding her hand and kissing her. Haibo ngiyalingwa!

“Hey boy leave my daughter alone!”

I hear laughter behind us and swivel around.

“Come on bra they’re just kids” Says the dude with dreadlocks.

“This is how they start”

He laughs once again.

“See your daughter cant resist my son’s charms”

“Eh ndoda musa ukudlala kanje” (Hey man don’t play like that)

“Boy valelisa kumabhebeza wakho” (Boy say goodbye to your babe)

“Bye” The little boy says

“Awusamshayi ngesqanda kancane nje boy” (Don’t you wanna kiss her boy) says the dreadlocks guy.

“Uyahlanya kanti!” (You are crazy!)

I says as I take my daughter and walks away leaving the guy in stitches. I don’t know what’s funny why is he teaching his son to go around and kiss our daughters. I find it so wrong this is how these boys start to not know the meaning of “no” because they’re used to do whatever they want to girls.

Once I’m done paying I take my plastic bags and go to my car where I load them in the boot then go to Liquor to buy two ice bags before going to Debonairs. I make my order and find an empty couch to sit down as I wait for my order. Just then Cebisile walks in she spots us and smiles before making her way to us.

“Mama!” Ndiwe screams as she sees her mom.

“Hello baby”

She kisses her daughter’s lips and looks at me

“Sawbona baba ka Uthandiwe”

“Unjani mama ka Uthandiwe”

“I’m fine and yourself?”

“I’m also okay what are you doing this side?”

“I was visiting a friend let me make my order” She says as she walks away to make her order.

“Babazi”

She gives me her packet of cheese curls and I open it and give it to her. Cebisile comes back and sits next to me.

“What friend were you visiting” I ask curiously

“Just a friend”

“You have moved on from Zac already Cebisile?”

“What do you take me for”

“Mos vele that’s your style you move on like nobody’s business”

“Were you expecting me to cry for you for decades while you enjoy your life with your Miss New York then you must be crazy. Life

goes on without you Nkosinathi remember that I was okay before I met you”

“Mxm!” I say bitterly.

That really stings I don't want to lie. She chuckles and I see satisfaction plastered all over her face. Fuck have I become an open book to her? I don't like it when people can read me.

“What are you guys doing here?”

She says pulling Ndiwe to her lap.

“To buy Thula some meds. I assume you know that dad beat the shit out of her since you are mom's new adoptive daughter” I say the last line sarcastically and she rolls her eyes.

“Thula was out of line though”

“Yes she was”

“How's Aphiwe?”

“I haven't seen her today and they can't call me because your daughter bathed my phone. I don't have a phone now”

She looks at me and laughs

“Uyahleka Cebisile” (You are laughing)

“Sorry” She says covering her mouth with her hand trying to stifle a laugh

“It's seem you got this though she's clean and beautiful I was a bit worried”

“I know how to take care of my daughter Cebisile”

“Of course daddy though you put the front of the diaper at the back” She says peeing on Ndiwe’s behind

“Mxm iyafana lento” (It’s the same thing)

“No ayifani Nathi” (No it’s not the same thing Nathi)

“Phuma kimi!” (Leave me alone!)

She laughs and I sulk which makes her laugh even more.

“uClever onjengawe ophandazela idiaper yomtwana”

“Fuseg!” (Fuck you!)

She laughs and grazes her nails on my beard

“It was your first time next time you will get it right neh”

“Cela ungiyeke tu” (Leave me alone please)

I purse my lips sulking like a toddler who has been denied a candy. She kisses my cheek I tilt my head aside and looks at her.

“You did great daddy Im proud of you”

I can’t help a smile that breaks across my face.

“Thank you”

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“For what”

“For our precious daughter. Everyday I become a better version of myself because of her. Im far from being perfect but when it’s comes to fatherhood I want to be perfect. I wish there was a school or university to study for fatherhood but that’s just wishful I promise to do my best though”

“Oh Nathi our daughter is so lucky to have a father like you I have no doubt that you will do this fatherhood thing so perfectly.”

“Thank you for having so much faith on me.”

“You are welcome daddy”

We both fall into silence as we watch our daughter eating cheese curls.

“She’s the best gift you have ever given me. I wouldn’t trade her for anything in this world as handful as she is” She says eventually breaking the silence.

“She didn’t want me to put her in the trolley she wanted to walk with her feet and push the trolley so as I was busy talking with some lady she disappeared and when I searched for her I find her with some boy kissing her I swear my heart almost stopped beating”

“How old was the boy”

“A bit older then her 3 years old maybe”

She laughs

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“They’re just kids Nathi. I’m sure the boy meant no harm”

“That’s what his father said and I think you guys are missing the point. We have to be careful what we teach our children at the tender age. Can you believe that he was encouraging the boy to kiss my daughter. The boy will grow up thinking it’s right to go around kissing girls and have the mentality that he can do anything he wants to girls which is wrong.”

She looks at me thoughtfully and smiles widely

“I didn’t think about it that way you see why I say you got this fatherhood thing”

“Ah well I try so you won’t tell me what friend were you visiting this side”

“Iyak’hlupha neh lendaba” (this is bothering you hey)

“Is it wrong to be concerned about who the mother of my child hangs out with”

“It’s actually none of your business Nkosinathi but If you must know I went to see my former principal I want my job back”

“Oh and what did he say”

“He’s not pleased with the way I left so he doesn’t want to take me back”

“Don’t worry I will talk to Sabelo”

“Hayi I don’t want anything to do with your friends they’re snakes!”

“Aww Cebisile ngani manje?”

“Khaya is the one that told Omuhle about us”

“What?”

I feel my anger rise to the top as she explains to me everything that Omuhle said to her. I thought Khaya and I are okay now and I can trust him but clearly I was wrong. He has been making me a fool all along he was supposed to come clean to me.

“He really wants you hey” I say chuckling.

That’s how the fight between me and Khaya started. It started by him wanting Cebisile and he couldn’t deal with the fact that he won’t get her.

“Even if he was the only guy in this world I wouldn’t date him. How can he betray his best friend that he has known for years for a married woman that he met through his best friend? That’s stupid and morons like him rubs me off the wrong way”

“Moreover the woman was not even meant for him.”

“Exactly what the fuck is wrong with him?”

“We got him used to take our hook up girls whenever they loses interest on us and wants him so he thought you would want him as well but you didn’t”

“Argh he’s stupid and childish he disgusts me nx!”

She accompanies me to my car after we received our orders.

“Thula is going to sleep over at your place?”

“Yes”

“I will call her later to talk to Ndiwe since you don't have a phone”

“No problem..How's mama after her husband confessed about his infidelity?”

She heaves a sigh

“She's hurt Nathi”

“She must leave that bastard once and for all”

“I believe they can still work things out. Your mom is aware that she contributed to her husband infidelity”

“So he must fuck around and my mom should forgive and forget just like that? Amasimba lawo! Kuthi angimbhabhadise nje kancane ” (...I wanna to fuck him up so bad)

“Wena ubhabhadiswa ubani kunini uphula abantwana babanye abafazi izinhliziy” (Who fuck you up when you broke other women's children's heart)

“Cebisile I'm not here to fix the world it's already ruined but what I can tell you is that no one treats my love ones like shit and expect me to just watch”

“I think you should give them their space to deal with this Nathi please”

“I have to go”

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“Nkosinathi please promise me you will let them be”

“I can't promise you that Cebisile”

I get in my car and brings the engine to life then drive home. Ndiwe has fallen asleep which makes this drive easy. When I arrive at home I start by putting Ndiwe into my bed first then go take the plastic bags and boxes of pizza in the boot.

“I bought you two ice bags to soak your body. They said the cold temperature will reduce the size of your bruises and that will help them to heal quickly.”

“Thank you so much buti wami”

“Oh and here are the strong painkillers” I hand her the paper bag

“You are the best yaz”

“I hope that was the last time you disrespect the folks”

“I cross my heart and hope to die.”

“Since Ndiwe is sleeping and you here I was thinking of going to the hospital”

“No problem buti you can go I will look after her”

“Are you sure you will manage?”

“Yes go”

“Thank you baby girl. Your pizza and your other favorite are in the kitchen”

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“Thank you. Buti?”

“Mmh”

“How do you feel about dad’s infidelity?”

“I’m disappointed and angry at him”

She nods her head and I kiss her forehead then head out. On my way to the hospital I call Khaya and tell him that I want to see him this afternoon.

I never get use to this place no matter how many times I have been here. I make my way to the ICU and my heart skips a beat when I see the bed empty. My steps feels heavier as I walk back to ask where’s my apple butter. I bump into some nurse and ask her

“The..the bed is empty where’s she?” The tremor in my voice can’t be missed my mind is already thinking of the worst

“Hello to you too sir”

Do I look like I have time for greetings.

“Sorry how are you”

“I’m well and you?”

“I’m not well my apple butter was in there but the bed is empty and no one is in there”

“What’s the name of your apple butter sir” She asks smiling faintly

“Aphiwe...Aphiwe Ndlela”

“Wait here I will go ask for you”

“Okay thank you”

She walks away leaving me pacing up and down the corridor. I hope she doesn't take forever to come back I'm losing my mind as it is.

“Sir”

I look up at her

“Come”

I follow behind her as she leads the way.

“She woke up 2 hours ago and we moved here to this ward”

“Thank you nurse” I say making my way in and there she is wide awake and surrounded by her family. She locks her pain filled eyes into mine and my heart shrinks into teensy pieces I want to hug and kiss the pain out her.

“Ufunani la?” (What are you doing here?)

They'll turn and look at me they seem to be taken by that.

“Leave I don't want to see you ever again!”

I look at her with pleading eyes but she's hearing none.

“Hamba!” (Leave!)

I turn around and walk out with my heavy heart.

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Chapter Twenty One

Im in this white room waiting but I don't know what am I waiting for. I have been hearing different familiar voices though I can't grasp their exact words but the pain in their voices is saddening especially the man's voice. Why am I here I say rather to myself. Suddenly a light shoots bright to my eyes I grimace as they stings and blink them open.

There's a door wide open before me. I drag myself to the door and make my way out when I look at my surroundings I'm lying on the bed and I'm connected to a number of machines which freaks me. I can't even scream there's a pipe down my throat. The door swings open and the female walks in wearing like a nurse"

"Miss Aphiwe you awake welcome back but I need you to calm down"

I attempt to grab the pipe from my mouth so that I can talk but she stops me.

"You're going to hurt yourself let me call the doctor"

She makes her way out and comes back with a doctor. He removes the breathing tube causing me to cough profusely. Once he's done the nurse gives me an oxygen to help me to breathe.

"How are you feeling" The doctor says few minutes later after I have gained my breathing pattern so I remove the oxygen.

"Uhm...uhm" I clear my throat is sore. The nurse helps me drink water with a straw.

“Umm thank you” My voice is hoarse

“You are welcome sis”

“How’s my son” I ask not sure if I’m looking forward to the answer but my tummy is still big that is a good sign right?

“You have one strong fella miss Ndlela. He’s okay and he was waiting for his mommy to wake up”

I smile faintly

“Do you have pains Miss Ndlela?”

“No just a slight headache”

“Do you remember what happened?”

My emotions swirl like currents ocean, deep and strong as everything comes back crashing like a ton of bricks. Just as I’m about to reply the door swings open and my family walks in. The moment they realize that I’m awake mama semi runs to me and suffocates me into a hug.

“Ouch mama!”

“I’m sorry my baby I’m just happy you are awake” She says breaking the hug and kisses my cheek. Her breathing smells like brewery.

“Even in my death bed you were still drinking” I say and she looks down repentantly.

“How are you nunuza”

“I’m okay gogo”

She comes to me and gives me a hug before planting a kiss on my lips.

“How’s she doctor and why didn’t you call to inform us that she’s awake” Aunt Nhlanhla says

“She just woken up few minutes ago ma’am I was asking her few questions as you guys were walking in” The doctor replies

“Okay baby girl welcome back we were so worried about you” Aunt Nhlanhla says and kisses my forehead

“You have nothing to worry about now Aunt I’m awake”

I fake a huge smile. Waking up to this pain makes me wish I never woke up.

“Can you please give us a moment with our patient”

“Is everything okay doctor?” Mom asks anxiously

“Yes everything is okay Mrs Ndlela we just want to examine her and make sure that she and the baby are okay”

“Oh okay”

They all walk out leaving me with the doctor and the nurse. After they’re done examining me they move me to another room. I’m glad that my boy is okay. The family walk in my new room and I’m so not in the mood for the company but they are happy Im awake so I’m just going to pretend.

“How was mini heaven Wewe” Mbali asks

“It was lovely I didn’t want to comeback”

They’ll look at me in shock and I laugh

“Come on guys have some sense of humor”

“Akudlalwa kanjalo Wewe” (Never pay like that) Gogo says

“Let’s me call Nathi...” I cut Mbali off

“Don’t call him I don’t want to see him”

“Why?” They all ask clearly shocked by my response.

“Nje” (Just)

“And you expect us to believe that?” Mom asks looking at me.

“Yes why shouldn’t you believe me?” I retort

“The poor boy is devastated he has been here 24/7 Wewe. The doctors and securities didn’t succeed to kick him they had to let him be.” Gogo says clearly feeling sorry him hehe if only she knew!

Trust Nkosinathi to refuse to leave the hospital premises he can be stubborn when he wants to and want things to go the way he wants. Speak of the devil. There he is on the door our eyes locked and the guilt in his eyes angers me.

“Ufunani la?” (What are you doing here?) I say

Everybody turn and look at him

“Leave I don’t want to see you ever again!”

He looks at me with pleading eyes

“Hamba!” (Leave!) I scream in anger.

He turns around and leave with my heart. I bite my tongue trying to hold the tears that are threatening to leave my eyes but it’s in vain. I feel warmth sliding down my cheek as a tear escapes my left eye followed by the other and other until they come like a rainfall.

“Wewe...”

“I want to be alone”

“But baby...”

“Mama please”

They’ll walk out but my grandmother stays behind. I know that one wouldn’t leave me crying alone. She doesn’t say anything but envelopes me in her arms. I let out a gut wrenching sob. Seeing him brought a thousand times pain in my heart. How could he do this to me? How could they both do this to me? I trusted them with everything in me. I feel like my heart is shredded into tiny pieces and left to rot.

“Talk to me my baby” Gogo says a few seconds after I calm down. I’m not ready to share this.

“What has he done sis talk to me please?”

I don’t say anything to her but sigh heavily.

“Okay you are not ready but you know where to find me when you are ready to talk and I hope that will be soon nunuza. It’s not good for you to bottle things up you are pregnant. You have to be stress free promise gogo that you will talk to her as soon as possible?”

See she knows me to well this one.

“I promise gogo”

“Can I ask something though?”

“Yes you can”

“Does this has to do with what you saw in Vuyisile’s phone?”

I nod my head

“She’s blaming herself that you were hit by a car now that this also involves your boyfriend I can’t help but wonder what’s going on.”

“I want to rest gogo”

She sighs heavily and kisses my forehead

“Rest we will come later to see you.”

She gets up and walks out. The moment she’s out of my sight I burst into tears. I wish these tears can stop because it’s not like they’re easing the pain. I still feel the same! It’s fucking pains! I feel my baby moving and somehow that halt my sob as a smile embrace my face.

“Hey baby” I say brushing my tummy.

“Mommy is awake now and thank you so much for holding on until I woke up. I promise you that nothing is going to happen to you and I’m going to protect you. I’m sorry that I can’t give you a proper family but that doesn’t mean daddy doesn’t love you. He loves you so much and ...”

“He loves mommy too he would never hurt her intentionally. He just need a chance to explain everything that’s all he’s asking for”

I look at him and somehow I don’t move away my eyes on him. The time he was looking this horrible was when Kwanele passed on and it’s really not a pleasant sight. He walks closer and put the Pick n Pay plastic on the bedside table and grabs a chair to seat.

“Unjani?” (How are you?)

Really? Is he really asking me?

“I know that your girlfriend told you so what kind of msoonery are you asking me?”

He clenches his jaw and looks at me angrily

“Msoonery?”

“You have wax in your ears?”

“Aphiwe musa ukukhuluma nami ngathi wehla emthini” (Don’t talk to me like that)

The nerve!

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“Heeee buti wabantu you have an adauctity to expect me to talk you with respect after the shit you have done! I will talk to you whatever I want Nkosinathi you don’t deserve my respect!”

“I don’t know what you think I have done but you better calm the fuck down!”

“Don’t you dare tell me to calm down! I’m burning with pain and anger! Out of all the people you had to choose my aunt? My own fucking aunt Nkosinathi!”

“Aphiwe...”

“How could you do this to me huh? How could you hurt me like this? What have I done to you to betray me with my aunt?” I can feel my voice breaking with each syllable coming out of my mouth.

“Baby let me explain...”

“Now I see why you don’t want to us to have sex! Hhe hhe hhe baby I’m scared I will hurt you that’s bullshit! You have been getting it from my aunt you bastard!”

“Aphiwe calm down...”

“How is she? Is good then me?”

“Apple butter ..”

“Her pussy does it for you?”

“Phiw...”

“Answer the damn ask!!”

“No yours does it for me baby you know that”

“Then why would you do this to me Nkosinathi huh? How could you fuck my own aunt! You have hurt me beyond imagination you shot the bullet that killed me I can’t feel my heart beat Im dying.”

Now I’m crying hysterically. He gets up from the chair and envelopes me in his arms but I push him away.

“Get away from me! Uyinja Nkosinathi! Uyinja! Uyinja!” (You are dog Nkosinathi! You are a dog!) I say punching him over and over until I give in and sink in his arms as I bawl my eyes out.

“Vele ngiyinja sthandwa sami bekumele ngikutshele iqiniso. Remember I once told you that maths showed me flames at school and the teacher who was teaching me used to make me a mockery of the class but years later I got her” (I am a dog my love I was suppose to tell you the truth...)

I nod with my head.

“So this is how I got her. This other day I was going through some shit. Cebisile had told me that she was pregnant and I was stressed out so I drove around and found myself at Khazins. I met this guy who advised me to make Cebisile lose the baby without her knowledge then this teacher appeared out of nowhere and advised me against what the guy said. I was surprised to finally meet her after years but she couldn’t remember me. We talked and I won’t lie she was a nice company but that didn’t mean I was over what she did to me. We ended up driving to my crib and the rest is history but I made sure that I filmed us just to be on the safe side. The next day when she woke up she was in a rejuvenated mood that’s when I reminded her about me and who I was. I told her that I made her feel so good and screamed my name as dark ugly and brainless as I am. She was so embarrassed and she started crying I bet she was remembering me. I told her to leave

my house mind you she had nothing to wear since I cut off her dress and I did it on purpose”

“Nkosinathi that was so cruel of you!”

“No baby that woman made me feel like I was nothing but a brainless dark ugly boy that will never amount to anything in this world. She shattered my dreams I saw them crumbling into pieces right before my eyes. Maybe I wasn’t that dumb it was her teaching skills that I didn’t understand but right there and then my love for school and my dream of saving lives crumbled into pieces.”

I didn’t know this teacher incident affected him this much. I could hear in his voice how deeply it affected him. Wait what does that got to do with him cheating on me with my aunt.

“How does this got to do with your cheating Nkosinathi”

“It’s turns out that the teacher is your aunt”

“What?”

“I found out when I was dropping you off at her house. I was so shocked baby so was she.”

“OMG! I can’t believe this” I gasp in shock

“I didn’t cheat on you baby what happened it was way before you and I dated and I didn’t know then she is your aunt until weeks back. Obviously she was still angry and claimed that I raped so I kept that video for such allegations. I sent her the video so that she can see that she was a willing participant I never forced her to anything she didn’t want.”

I sensed something going on between them but I thought my aunt is being hard on him because she's overprotective.

“Why you didn't tell me Nkosinathi the moment you found out that she's my aunt”

“I didn't think it was important baby”

“You slept with my aunt for crying out loud and she feels like you violated her so it was important for me to know about it!”

“He didn't violate me Wewe.”

I look up at her as she makes her way in. Is it me or she has lost weight?

“As much as I was drunk I was fully aware of everything that was happening to me. He didn't take advantage of me I wanted him to...uhm... I was just ashamed hence I claimed he violated me I wasn't going to report him. I'm sorry that I didn't tell you I didn't have guts to do so”

“Hambani” (Both of you leave)

“Apple butter ... ”

“Both of you get out of my sight”

“Wewe we are sorry... ”

“It's clear that both of you were never going to tell me about this so how can I trust that you are telling me the truth? You discussed this and came up with this stupid story! You think I'm a fool huh?”

“Aphiwe it’s nothing but the truth” Aunt Vuyi says

“Cela ningphumela ngomnyango!” (Get out!)

I scream as fresh new tears make their way down my face. They both walk out leaving me in tears. This is too much to handle I don’t know what to believe and whether it’s a truth or not it doesn’t change the fact that my aunt fucked my boyfriend.

* * *

“She doesn’t believe us what are we going to do?” I ask as tears cascade down my face.

“Let’s give her time to digest everything it’s too much”

“What if she never believes us?”

“Don’t even think that she will believe us she has to. Come here”

He opens his arm and I walk into them and sink into his embrace. Oh he gives the best hugs ever I can’t help but wish I could stay in his arms forever.

“Stop crying okay”

I nod with my head against his chest and linger for a moment in his embrace.

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“I’m starving do you mind if we go grab something to eat?”

“No we can go”

I free myself from his embrace

“Where do you want to eat?”

“I don’t know yaz I missed home cooked meal”

“Let’s go to my house I will prepare some for you”

“You will do that?”

“Yes come”

We head to our separate cars and drive to my house. He’s following right behind me. The passed week has been tense with Wewe in coma and Hloni demanding the truth. When Mbali called me and told me that Wewe is awake. I came as fast as I could though I was ashamed to face her.

Upon arrival at my house I prepare his home cooked meal while he watches TV in the lounge. I pour a glass of juice and take it to him.

“Don’t you have beer?”

“I don’t keep alcohol in this house”

“Let me take a drive and go buy some I’m sure I will come back when you are done. Thank you anyway for the juice”

He gets up from the couch

“Okay”

He follows me as I walk to the kitchen and I can feel his gaze on my behind.

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“It’s smells really divine here I can’t wait to eat” He says and I watch as he licks his enticing lips.

“Just go get your beer”

He walks away as I continue with my cooking. I’m preparing pap, gravy, wors and steak of course. I can never leave out meat Nkosinathi is a Zulu man and a taxi owner he loves meat. By the time he comes back his food is already on the coffee table waiting for him.

“I brought your cider as well”

“Aw you shouldn’t have”

“I wanted to”

“Thank you” I say as I take my brutal fruit

“Please put these for me in the fridge as well”

“Sure”

I take the four cans of flying fish and put them in the fridge with my six pack of brutal fruit.

“Your food is on the coffee table”

“Thank you Vuyi”

He walks to the lounge with his one can of beer. I take my food and join him. I find him already eating one would swear he hasn’t been eating for a decade

“Slow down you will choke”

He chuckles softly and continues eating greedily.

“You are a great cook Ms Thusi” He says licking his fingertips

“Thank you Mr Dlomo when last did you eat vele?”

“I haven’t been able to stomach anything this week but yesterday I missed my mom’s cooking badly”

“Then why didn’t you tell her to cook for you?”

He shrugs his shoulders and takes a gulp of his beer.

“I didn’t want to give her that satisfaction”

“What satisfaction?” I ask curiously

“Mama wants me to choose between her and Phiwe and I can’t do that Vuyi. How can I choose between the most important women in my life. So she’s punishing me and thinks I will crumble and give in to her demands.”

But he is crumbling inside I can see through him no matter how he tries to hide it.

“Is this about your late sis?”

“Yah she feels like I’m betraying my late sis by dating a Ndlela bla bla it’s really exhausting and her husband is also on her side so particularly I have no support. I know that the only person who would have supported me on this is Kwanza. That girl always had my back even when I was at the wrong. What can we say such is life hey”

His apple Adam moves up and down as he swallows hard. The pain in his voice can't be missed. I put my plate on the coffee table and go sit next to him then takes his hand on mine.

“I'm sorry you are going through this alone but I want you to know that you are not alone. I may not be your mom or father but I'm here for you anytime do you hear me”

He tilts his head aside and looks at me in the eyes

“Do you hear me Nkosinathi”

“Yes I hear you Vuyisile and thank you”

We share a hug and looks at each other as we slowly breaks it. Our eyes locked on each other then his eyes travel to my lips and mine follow suit. He swipes his tongue over his alluring lips as my face spontaneously leans closer to his and press my lips on his then kiss him. He gently pushes me away.

“I'm sorry Vuyi I can't do this the last thing I want is to hurt Phiwe again. She deserves better and I want to give her the best version of myself.”

I feel a sharp pain shooting straight into my heart as I look down with shame.

“I have to go thank you so much for the food it was very delicious”

I can't talk nor look at him can he be out of my sight already! He gets up and takes his car keys on the coffee table then walks out. I groan in frustration and throw the cushion on the wall. What the fuck was that Vuyisile! I fetch my brutal fruit and drink my humiliation away.

* * *

I get into my car and drive back to the hospital I need to get my woman back. It's been a frustrating week with her in coma and now that she's awake I couldn't be happier. The last thing I want to do right now is to mess up and fuck her aunt. Vuyisile is really an attractive woman, my kind of woman with boobs and big booty but nah boy I love my woman so much to do that to her. I already feel guilty about that night but at least we didn't fuck. I want to be the committed and faithful man ever to her because she deserves it.

Im not surprised though that Vuyi wants a piece of me never mind my intelligence and handsomeness I really make my mark in the department of sex. Once they taste Majesty they go crazy and have Mnesh Gwebaring withdrawals. I hope she will be able to handle the withdrawals and not cause unnecessary drama for me and Phiwe.

I arrive at Mediclinic and make my way in. I'm so anxious I hope she has calm down now. I can't afford to lose her not that I would let her though. She's alone and eating the yogurt I bought for her. I lean against the door frame with my hands tucked in my pants as I admire her beauty. She has rare beauty the one that appreciates every time you look at her. Nothing stains her beauty not even the pain in her eyes nor the bandage on her head.

“You can't get away from me can you?” She says without looking at me and I wonder how did she know it's me.

“How do you know it's me?”

“I can smell you miles away Nkosinathi”

She seems calm now so I make my way closer to her and sit on the little space on her bed.

“Ufunani?” (What do you want?)

She looks up at me

“You”

“Ungfunani mina?” (What do you want from me?)

“I want to hold you in my arms I have missed you so much and going crazy seeing you lying on this bed. Please allow me to hold you”

“Go hold your girlfriend”

“I don’t have a girlfriend I have a woman and she’s staring at me right now”

“So Vuyisile is your booty call?”

“She’s my former teacher that I didn’t know was related to you.”

“Stop making me fool!”

“Don’t shout we are talking calmly like adults and I don’t want you to get worked up for nothing that will worry my son”

“You are making me angry Nkosinathi you disgust me!”

“I told you that video was before you and I dated Aphiwe you are being unfair to me right now. I had no control of this how was I

supposed to know that you are Vuyi's niece? Even if I knew it wouldn't have stopped me from persuading you because I love you not her I was only punishing her for the treatment she gave me at school nothing more nothing less. Why would I keep a proof of my infidelity if I'm really cheating on you? I took that video to be on the safe side baby I knew that somehow she might accusing me of violating her. I love you MaNdlela and I will never hurt you intentionally especially not with your aunt."

"You should've told me Nkosinathi it's hurts that you didn't trust me enough to tell me the moment you found out that she's my aunt. It took me to see the video for myself for you to tell me. Had you told me from the first place I wouldn't have to feel the pain I felt when I saw that video. I wouldn't have stormed off and got hit by a car. I wouldn't be lying in this bed right now. I almost lost my life and our son for something you should've said from the word go"

My heart sinks to the pit of my stomach

"Ngiyazi sthandwa sami ngicela uxolo" (I know my love please forgive me)

I wipe her tears and frame her face into my palms.

"You hurt me"

"Ngiyaxolisa" (I'm sorry)

"I thought we don't keep things from each other"

"Of course baby I'm sorry that I kept this from you I promise to be transparent about everything to you. Please forgive me Mamacita"

"Just kiss me already"

I smile and pull her face towards mine then claim her lips. We kiss passionately.

“I love you” I whisper against her mouth and press my forehead against hers.

“I love you so much more” She whispers back.

We stay in that position for a moment then we pull apart. She takes her spoon and feeds me yogurt

“Eat I know you haven’t been eating since I have been here”

I chuckle and allow her to feed me yogurt.

“How are you feeling? Are you in pain”

“It’s just a slight headache but I will be fine”

“Should I go get the doctor?”

“No stop stressing I’m okay”

I sigh heavily as I thought of the dream I had

“What’s wrong”

I tell her about the dream.

“Ahh baby askies but It was just a dream”

“I really thought I lost you for real Phiwe umhlaba wami uvele waphela right there and then” (...My world ended)

“I’m not going anywhere okay”

I nod with a smile as she kisses my forehead. I feel at ease and happy all that is left now is for her to get out of this place and come to my house where I can take care of her.

“Your doctor didn’t say when are you coming out of here?”

“No he didn’t. Is there anything else you have to tell me”

“No why?”

“Are sure?”

I swallow hard what does that supposed to mean now?

“Yes baby”

“Okay I don’t want any secrets between us Nkosinathi”

“Well I don’t have any secrets baby please trust me on that”

“Okay but I won’t lie to you It doesn’t sit well with me that my aunts knows how my dick tastes like ”

“I can imagine but give it time”

I lean over and we share a breathtaking kiss, tongues fighting for dominance and hands wondering on each other’s body. We are disturbed by someone clearing their throats. It’s her mother and grandma they walk in and I’m thinking how will I hide my boner when I walk out.

“Uhm I will see you tomorrow”

“Tomorrow?” She asks sadly

“Yes”

“Oh so now that I’m awake you won’t sleep here I shouldn’t have woken up moss”

“Haaa Aphiwe don’t say that tu”

She smiles sweetly

“Just kidding go and rest you need comfort of your bed.”

I wink at her and bid farewell to her mom and grams and walk out quickly before they see my boner. I drive to Khaya’s place and find Sabelo there as well. I settle down then we exchange pleasantries.

“Zikhaphani bra” Khaya asks

“I know that you are the one who told Omuhle about me and Cebisile and you were persuading her.”

I look at them and they both swallow hard. I chuckle in disbelief as I shake my head.

“Sabelo you also know that Khaya persuaded my girlfriend behind my back and he’s the reason Bra Mos found out about me and Cebisile?”

“I’m sorry bra I told Khaya to come clean to you when you two sorted out your issues but he refused” Sabelo says

“Oh now I see where your loyalty lies Sabelo...”

He cuts me off

“That’s not true bra my loyalty lies with all of you guys”

“That’s a lie Sabelo you knew that he was going after my girlfriend behind my back but you didn’t tell me! You didn’t tell me that Khaya was on mission to destroy me! As for you Khaya I thought your ego was bruised because Cebisile didn’t want you but clearly there’s more to this you allowed a married woman who you met through me to destroy our friendship. You wooed my girlfriend behind my back and told her about me and Cebisile. Bra Mos almost killed me because of you Khaya lethu. There’s no loyalty in this brotherhood I don’t know if I can ever trust you guys. I can’t keep such people in my circle who find it easy to destroy me”

I get up and make my way to the door.

“You can’t walk on us like that Mnesh we have a secret that bind us together.”



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Chapter Twenty Two

“Oh babe look at this it’s so cute” I say and he just looks at me uninterested and nods his head lightly.

“Are you going to help me or not my feet are killing me now and you’re not making this shopping easy”

“Woza ngikugqogqoshe” He says attempting to carry me but I push him away as I giggle

“We are at the mall what are people going to say”

“You should know by now that I have zero care about what people say”

“Oh well I care about what people say remember I’m a public figure”

“Okay miss public figure uthi ufunani kimi” (...what do you want from me?)

“You seem uninterested in this shopping”

“ I don’t see anything my boy can wear here. There’s nothing in here that meet my sense of fashion hence I always do my shopping in Johannesburg”

I fight the urge so hard to roll my eyes.

“He’s a baby Papito we cant go to Johannesburg just to buy an unborn baby’s clothes. Newcastle’s Woolworth is the same as Johannesburg’s”

“That’s not true Mamacita I will make an example with Jet. The clothes that are sold at Jet , Theku Plaza are not the same as here in Newcastle Mall.”

“But some of them are the same”

“You see what I mean but let’s forget about Jet and Woolworth. I want my boy to wear brands like his father”

“Babies grow everyday Papito I don’t see the need to buy a baby expensive brands because soon these clothes won’t fit him”

“No worries you will keep them for baby boy number 2”

“Who said we will have baby boy number 2 I have had enough with this pregnancy”

“I want 10 kids so 8 to go Mamacita”

I look at him and notice that he’s damn serious. He must be sick in the head!

“You want me to pop babies 10 times? What am I a baby making machine?”

“No you are my beautiful woman that I love so much.”

“Nkosinathi we are going to have 10 children in your dreams”

I don’t wait for him to respond but walk along Woolies babies clothes. You should see how cute these clothes are. Nkosinathi is being impossible for real. Imagine going to Johannesburg to buy expensive brands for a newborn ha.a wenza kakhulu. I pick a few

clothes for my boy as well as for Ndiwe and go to the till I'm glad when he doesn't protest but pay for the clothes.

"You are mad"

He kisses my cheek pulling me closer to him as he wraps his arm around my waist. I feel myself calming down as I take in his scent

"Wena ucabanga ukuthi ukukhulelwa into yokudlala" (You think pregnancy is pap and flakes)

"That's not true baby can't a man dream of having his soccer team of kids"

"Keep on dreaming papa because you ain't getting a soccer team"

"Okay what about five?"

"You will carry them?"

"If it was possible I would baby"

"I'm starving"

"Of course you are what do you want to eat"

"Nandos"

"Entrance 2 is crowded we won't have a seat to sit down is a takeaway okay?"

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"Yes it's okay vele nami I want to go home and rest my feet can't help it anymore"

We head to Nando's and go make our order. I see Nkosinathi's mom and Cebisile giggling as they make their way in.

“Cita!” Ndiwe screams as she runs towards me. That what she calls me , Cita because her dad calls me Mamacita.

“Hello Gummy Bear”

I bend a bit and pick her up before raining kisses on her face which always leaves her a giggling mess. We have bonded so much over the past three weeks yes that means it's been three weeks since I have been out of the hospital and I'm recovering very well. Mom wanted me to move in with her so that she can take care of me it's funny that she thought being in coma for a week changed everything between us.

I'm battling to get over the fact that aunt Vuyi knows my man's dick. I have forgiven them both but to be honest that video still haunts me. I just wanted a bit of space away from Auntie Vuyi until I'm completely over this saga. She was sad of course but she understood so I have been staying with my Papito who's has been taking very well of me and our daughter. Ndiwe is such an adorable happy child we bonded quickly rather than I anticipated I couldn't be happier It's safe to say I love her like my daughter she's my man's daughter after all.

I'm surprised to see them together because the last time I checked Nkosinathi's mom didn't like Cebisile.

They walk to us and Cebisile greets us. The look Nkosinathi's mom is giving me send chills down my spine.

“So you are Cita? She's been on and on about Cita and I was just confused what she's saying” Cebisile says and I giggle

“She hear her father calling me Mamacita”

“Oh Cita from Mamacita”

“She’s even calling her in her sleep I wonder if she fed her the same muti she fed my son”

I chuckle at Nkosinathi’s mom remark.

“Mama...”

She doesn’t wait for her son to finish speaking but go make her order. Inathi clenches his jaw angrily and looks at me sweetly.

“Let’s go get your cravings we will come back to collect our order”

“Hawu I thought you guys will join us” Cebisile says

“Join you guys size nani yini?” (..Did we come here with you guys)

Ouch! My man can be rude when he wants to. I see Cebisile sighing sadly.

“Goodbye my angel give daddy a kiss”

He kisses his daughter’s who then kisses me then I hand her over to her mom.

“See you around Cebisile” I say as Nkosinathi takes my hand into his and leads me out.

Lord knows how much I hate this tension between him and his mom and knowing the bond they used to have kills me more that I have broke it. He takes the trolley and put the woolies shopping bag inside then pushes it with his one hand while the other is interlocked with mine. When we get to a not busy section I stop

him and he looks at expectantly. The anger is written all over his face. I hold his waist and stand with my toes as I capture his lips into mine, kissing the anger out of him. I feel his rod reacting to the kiss as it's pokes my belly and pull away. He lazily opens his eyes and looks at me with a smile.

“You just know to calm me down”

“That’s my job as your Queen”

“I love you”

“And I you”

He kisses my nose making me to giggle then we continue with our shopping. I really appreciate that he and always willing to stand up for me to his mom. I know it’s not easy for him but he does it anyway without even faking it. I have no doubt that he got my back no matter what.

Once we are done paying for my cravings as well as other things we head to Nandos. I breathe a sigh of relief when we don’t find his mom and Cebisile at there. He takes our order then off we go. I’m stuffing myself with full flamed grilled chicken and rolls while feeding my man as he’s driving us to his house.

“Inyama encane kangaka Phiwe!” (This meat is so small Phiwe!)
He complains making me laugh

“Stop complaining and eat whatever I feed you”

He looks at me and snatches away my drumstick as I’m about to bite it

“Kodwa Papito you ate both of your wings!”

When it's come to chicken meat wings are his favorite.

“Haaa I only get wings out this whole chicken the body and drumsticks are yours”

“I'm eating for two remember?”

He chuckles and shakes his head

“Kudlalwa ngami la”

My phone rings just as I'm about to reply him. I lick my fingertips before wiping them with serviette then answer my phone.

“My darling gogo”

“Hey baby how are you”

“I'm okay and yourself?”

“I'm also well gogo”

“When are you coming”

I have noticed that in these few weeks my stomach looks lower and I have been feeling some pains on my back and pelvic area but I have been ignoring them as they're not that intense. I'm supposed to be with my grandma by now but I just can't stay away from my man. I'm too clingy and needy lately can they let me be please.

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“Uhm I will come after I give birth gogo”

“Oh okay my baby is Vuyisile taking care of you?”

She doesn't know that I'm living with Nkosinathi she wouldn't have agreed. She's against cohabitation and wants things to be done accordingly.

"Eh Gogo"

"Okay sis there's someone at the door I have to go"

"Thanks for the call gogo"

"Bye nunuza"

"Bye"

I hang up and feel Inathi's gaze on me. I know that he's waiting for me to tell him about the call and I haven't told him that after I give birth I have to go to Vryheid to my grandma. He's not going to like this I know sigh!

"Umh Papito"

"Mamacita"

"Uhm that was grandma"

"Okay. ..."

"So uhm since I'm a new mom she's going to teach me everything"

"Okay that's a great idea my love"

"The thing is I have to go live with her"

"At Vryheid?"

“Yes”

“For how many days?”

“Couple of weeks”

“Weeks Aphiwe kanti yini lengaka okumele uyifunde”

“Everything baby”

“Hayi you’re not taking my son away from me”

“I’m not taking him away from you my love it’s only for couple of weeks”

He doesn’t say anything but pull over in his drive yard and steps out of the car. I wait for him to open the door for me but he goes to the boot to take the shopping bags and goes straight inside the house.

I take a huge breathe then step out of the car with my Nandos takeaway and make my way inside after closing the door. I put everything on the counter and go to the lounge where I find him sipping on his beer while flipping through channels. I sit next to him and sigh.

“Can we talk?”

“There’s nothing we can talk about Aphiwe”

“But you have to understand ...”

“Understand what huh? Understand that you want to take my son away from me?”

“It’s only for couple of weeks baby”

“Days or weeks I don’t fucking care you are not taking him!”

I cringe at his raised voice. Nkosinathi can send a message without raising his voice and you will not miss that he’s deadly serious so I’m not used to his raised voice it’s sends chills all over my body.

“Baby” I say softly.

“I know nothing about motherhood and I’m so scared I need my grandma by my side to help me once I’m used to everything I will come back I promise”

He looks at me sadly

“You promised Phiwe, you promised me that you will never take him away from me. Don’t I deserve to have moments with my children from the first day they are born?”

My heart sinks to the pit of my stomach.

“I’m not going to run away with your son Nkosinathi why would I take him away from you? I understand that you want to be there for him from day one and I’m not stopping you from doing that. Vryheid is just 1 hour and 30 minutes away you will come to see your son whenever you want. I will never keep him away from you sthandwa sami.”

“Does it have to be your grandma I mean your mom raised two children she has experience as well”

“Ay I don’t want anything that got to do with that woman”

“That’s woman is your mother she birthed you how can you not want anything to do with her. I don’t understand why are you so angry at her”

I chuckle in disbelief

“You are the last person I expected not to understand my anger towards my mom. I can’t really believe you just said that Nkosinathi.”

He releases a huge breath as he takes my hand into his.

“It came out wrong I didn’t mean it that way my love what I’m trying to say is at some point you have to let it go. She’s your mom and she made mistakes in her life like anyone else. Everyone deserves a second chance don’t you think for the fact that she’s willing to fix your relationship with her it’s shows that she regrets everything she did. That woman is literally alone and miserable she lost her husband as well as her children hence she’s drowning herself into alcohol. I know that it’s doesn’t sit well with you that your dad passed on when you were not on good speaking terms not that I’m saying your mom will die but tomorrow is not promised . Forgive while you still have a chance don’t allow anger to make you miss the opportunities of spending time with the people you love because life is really short my love. Learn to forgive and move on I promise you will live a peaceful harmonious life ever.”

Now this man is making me emotional and giving me something to ponder on. I sigh heavily and nod.

“I hear you baby”

“I’m glad you do some of us will jump at the opportunity of getting along with our mothers again so wena you are lucky she’s willing to fix things and not pushing you away and busy supporting other women’s children when you need her the most”

If I didn’t know him as much as I do I would have missed the pain laced in his voice. He’s doing a good job at hiding that what happening between his mom is affecting him and It’s tearing my heart that’s Im the cause of this.

“Your mom is supporting who?”

“Who said I’m talking about her I’m just making an example”

I sigh

“Please don’t shut me out I know it’s hurts that you and your mom are at loggerheads I just wish you can trust me enough to share your emotions and feelings with me Nkosinathi”

He looks at me intently as he caresses my cheek

“I love you”

Of course he’s running away from the topic I have just brought up. Sometimes he makes me feel like I’m stranger in his life.

“I love you too”

I close my eyes as I lean against his hand taking in all his scent into my nostrils. It has a way of calming me down and brings sense of peace in my heart weird I know. I feel his lips on mine and my tummy flutters with butterflies as his tongue explores my mouth.

“You are the best decision I have made in my life” He says making me to blush before getting up. A few minutes later he comes back with a towel on his shoulder, foot massage oil and a basin. He places the basin before me and crouches as he puts the massage oil on the couch.

“Put your feet in my lady”

I do as I’m told and relax as he washes my feet. Once he’s done discard the water comes back to massage my feet. I’m a moaning mess he does this so perfectly one will sweat he was trained for this. He bought this foot massage oil for me and it really does it work.

“Don’t moan baby”

“I can’t help it njena”

“You are provoking your majesty”

He rubs my foot on his bulge and the feel of it triggers wetness down south. I bite my bottom lip the wait is killing I don’t want to lie. The soothing of his hands on my feet makes me sleep I feel myself succumbing into slumber.

I’m woken up by a pain in my back and when I look around I notice that I’m in bed and the light is on. What time is it now? I reach for my phone on the bedside table and the time reads 7:34pm. I grimace as the pain shoots on my back. This one is more intense but it’s only last for seconds. The door opens and my man walks in. He smiles when he sees that I’m awake.

“Hey sleepy head” He says as he walks to the bed then bends over to kisses my forehead before sitting on the bed.

“Are you okay”

“Yes I’m fi....aaawh”

The comes the pain again I moan.

“What’s wrong?”

“Back pain”

“I think we should go to the hospital now baby you have been having these pains for a week now”

“I’m fine please help me up I want to go to the toilet”

I feel like I can’t move and my baby is pressing on my bladder. He gets up and helps me up

“Hawu Aphiwe usuchamile nje vele”

I look at him bewildered and follow his eyes. There’s a huge wet stain on the duvet. I gasp this can’t be what I think it is.

“Usuyisalukazi yini awusenama briki?” (Are you an old lady now you can’t hold pee?)

This idiot really think I peed on the bed and he’s really shocked. Now I’m scared to go to pee what if my baby comes out while I’m peeing.

“Baby I think the baby is coming”

“That what made you pee on your sleep?”

“No idiot I didn’t pee I think my water broke”

“Your water broke? What water and how can water break? Are you still sleeping or what?”

Oh God this man bathong just as I’m about to explain to him the pain comes back once again. I groan in pain.

“Baby I think you should sit down”

“I don’t want to sit down take me to the hospital my water broke!”

“Wait I think I have heard those words before in a movie.” He says looking at me

“Oh shit!”

He pops his eyes out as it registers to him what this mean. In a swift second he carries me and rushes out with me to his car. He puts me inside and runs inside the house a few seconds later he comes back with our phones and his car keys.

“Where’s the bag baby?”

“You didn’t tell me you want your hand bag baby which one do you want. The Gucci...”

What did I do to have a clueless man like this mara yeh!

“The baby’s bag baby!” I scream in agony

“Oh okay I’m coming please hang in there”

He jogs inside and comes back with a bag leaving the door open.

“Go lock the door the phela!”

“Oh yeah eish!” He says running to the door to lock.

Shame he’s a panicking mess and it’s actually funny to watch. If I had way I’d film him. He comes back and get into the car then he reverses out. With each seconds the pain becomes greater I can’t stop myself from moaning.

“Drive fast please”

“I’m driving fast Phiwe”

“Where’s my phone”

He hands it to me and I call my mom for the first time in a longest time I need her. I’m so scared I don’t know what to expect.

“Wewe” The shock in her voice can’t be missed

“Mama.”

Nkosinathi looks at me and see a faint smile on his face.

“Yes baby”

“I need you”

“Where are you sthandwa sami”

“Inathi is driving me to the hospital I think it’s ti ... awww!” I scream

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“Oh my baby I need you to calm down okay. just keep breathing.”

“I hear you mama”

“Give Nkosinathi the phone”

I do as I'm told and Nkosinathi talks to my mother. Im in intense pain to even care what they're talking about. God please give me strength I feel like I'm dying.

“Here” He says giving me back my phone when he's done talking to my mother but the line is still on so put the phone on my ear.

“Mama”

“Just try to keep calm I'm already on the way to the hospital we will meet there”

I nod with my head as I bite my bottom lip hard trying to stifle a moan that wants to escapes my mouth as the pain hit right on my back again.

“Baby are you still there?”

“Yes mama”

“Okay see you soon”

She hangs up.

“Hang in there my love” Inathi says and the car jerk up as he hit the pothole I scream in agony.

“What the fuck you want me to give birth on this damn fucking car!”

“Im sorry I didn't see the pothole” He wipes his imaginary sweat on his forehead.

The pain is not giving me time to breathe and this drive feels like the slowest drive I have ever had in my life.

“I didn't say drive like a grandpa! We have been driving for hours now!”

“Ngcono vele sindize ke once and for all!” (we might as well just fly. ..) He shouts and opens the floodgates.

“Oh Isiah! Im sorry my love I didn't mean to shout”

He reaches for my hand and kisses it countless times.

“Don't cry okay we will be there in a second”

When we arrive I'm rushed to the labor ward but Nkosinathi stays at the door.

“Why are you standing there come”

He looks at me nervously and shakes his head

“Baby I can't”

“What do you mean you can't huh you did this to me!!” I scream like a mad white woman.

“Apple butter Im a man I can't see you give birth”

“Don’t fuck with me Nkosinathi Dlomo you are going to be here with me while I give birth whether you like it or not!!!”

I grab his arm

“I’m sorry my love I can’t”

Just then mama and aunt Vuyi appears.

“Baby!”

“Mama Nkosinathi doesn’t want to come in” I bawl my eyes out.

Mom looks at Nkosinathi with a disapproval look who clears his throat. I have never seen him this nervous in my life.

“Mrs Ndlela I would like to but my culture doesn’t allow me to go in there”

“What culture you see he’s a man like you but he’s about to help me deliver my baby. You are a coward Nkosinathi!”

“Baby calm down” Mom says wiping away my tears

“No mama if Nkosinathi doesn’t come in he mustn’t dare come near us!”

He looks at me sadly then walks away leaving me screaming in agony. I’m in excruciating pain I don’t know which is the worst between the one on my back or the one in my heart. I thought he will be by my side when I gave birth just like he was when we made this baby. Isn’t that how it should be?

I feel so hot and I’m sweating profusely mom helps me take off my dress then the nurse gives me a gown to wear it. The midwife tells

me to lie on the bed and open my legs. I do as I'm told and flinch a bit as I feel his fingers entering me.

"You had cervical cerclage" He asks and I nod through my gritted teeth.

"Let's remove it first"

He does his procedure and the moment he's done I feel the urge to push.

"Okay Miss Ndlela I'm going to count to 3 and you will push okay"

I shake my head no terrified at the thought of giving birth.

"You can do it baby" Mom says kissing my sweaty forehead

"I'm scared mama"

"I'm here sweetheart okay I'm here" She squeezes my hand into hers.

"Let's go Miss Ndlela. 3.2.1 push"

I push with all my strength

"You are doing good I can see the head. Let's go again."

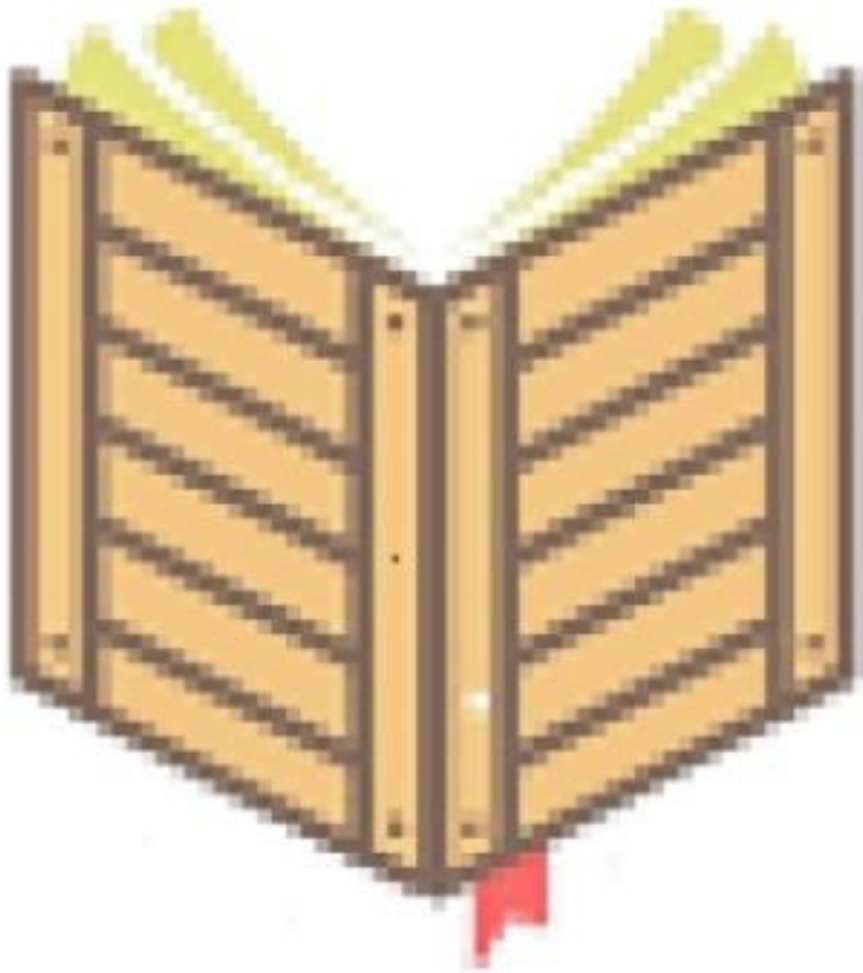
I groan as I give a push of a lifetime until I feel my baby slipping out of me.

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"You did it I'm so proud of you my baby"

Mom kisses my forehead and tears prickle in my eyes as my boy's little cry fills the room. After the cutting of the umbilical cord the

midwife places him on my bare chest and I hold his tiny body against my chest as I look at my adorable boy through my glassy eyes, tears of joy spilling down my face. Priceless moment ever!



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Chapter Twenty Three

It's has become commonplace that during childbirth fathers will also be there in the delivery room and men who refuses to go in are considered as failures but the naked truth is childbirth is a women's thing and we are not supposed to witness anything that happens during labor. I feel awful that is one thing I can't give Phiwe but it doesn't change anything I love them both so much and I'm praying that everything goes well. I call my mother but her phone is sending me through voicemail so I call Thula.

“Buti”

“Hey sis how are you”

“I'm okay and yourself?”

“I'm fine I'm trying to call mom but her phone is sending to voicemail”

“I haven't seen them since I came back from work but Ma ka Ndiwe said they're upstairs”

“Okay just tell them I'm at the hospital Phiwe is giving birth”

“Oh wow buti that's awesome! I will go tell them now”

“Okay thank you baby girl”

I hang up and hope they'll be here soon I don't think I can do this on my own I need them by my side.

“They’re going to be fine stop stressing”

I stop pacing around and look at her. Why does she look so calm when I’m terrified like this?

“How do you know that”

“I just know okay”

“Wena na are you a sangoma now?”

“You really need to calm now....”

“Don’t tell me to calm down Vuyisile how can I calm down when my woman is in that excruciating pain!”

“You thought labor pains are good and nice like sex? Oh no boy see that pain is normal”

“How do you know that you have never had kids in your life why don’t you just shut up!”

I regret that the moment it slips out of my mouth. She looks at me sadly and attempts to walk away but I grab her wrist. She looks at my hand wrapped on her wrist then looks up at me.

“Ngiyaxolisa it came out wrong I’m just scared and all of this to me is new however that’s not an excuse to use your situation against you. I’m deeply sorry MaThusi” (I’m sorry....)

She sighs and envelopes me in her arms. I have to admit that she smells heavenly. She pulls back but doesn’t break the hug her arms are still on my waist.

“You need to calm down they both don’t need your negative thoughts right now”

I sigh heavily as she places her palm on my cheek and caresses it.

“Keep calm and wait patiently alright?”

I nod with my head and we hear someone clearing their voices behind us we pull apart and face her. She looks at us curiously.

“Is everything okay here” Mrs Ndlela asks and Vuyi clears her throat looking everywhere but her.

“Yes everything is fine ma’am. How’s Phiwe?”

“She’s okay and she gave birth to a bouncing baby boy. Congratulations my boy” Mrs Ndlela says with a huge smile on her face.

My heart skips a bit and a little smile breaks across my face. I’m a father once again to a baby boy.

“Can I go in?”

“Yes of course”

I don’t wait anymore time but rush in there leaving the sisters behind me. I push the door handle and walk in, there they’re on the bed. She’s so engrossed on our boy that she doesn’t see me walking in. Oh damn have you ever seen a tiny version of yourself it’s formidable. This little fella is making me emo right now never in my life have I ever felt tears of joy threatening to come out of my eyes. Fuck fatherhood is making me a a softie!

“He’s so beautiful” I say and that’s actually she sees me.

“What are you doing here”

“Can I hold him?”

“Didn't you hear what I said to you? I said never come near us so leave!”

“Don't raise your voice at me”

“Go Nkosinathi and leave us alone”

“You can't seriously mean that Phiwe”

“You made your choice now go!”

“What choice are you talking about? I never made a choice I wasn't supposed to see you give birth Phiwe...” She cuts me off

“Says who? Where is that law written?” She asks clearly not hiding her annoyance in her voice.

I breath in and out loudly to keep myself calm. I really didn't think she was serious about this I thought hormones were playing their role.

“I'm a man not supposed to see these things why don't you understand that huh?”

“Things? You call delivering our boy to the world a thing? Oh wow” She chuckles bitterly.

Why is she making this hard?

“Isiah what am I supposed to say now?”

“Dont say anything just leave Nkosinathi”

This woman is fucking with me now and I’m losing my cool.

“Oh just because I couldn’t be in the same room when you gave birth I’m suddenly a bad father and I have no right to be in my son's life?”

“You were supposed to be there with me Inathi just like you were when you made this baby but no you left me to face the pain alone. I needed you by my side but you weren't there just go okay”

Tears drop down her face and she vigorously wipes her tears with the back of her hand

“But you didn’t inform me the soon you found out about the pregnancy.”

“You know very well why I kept the pregnancy from you Nkosinathi. Don’t make this about me this is about you. I never needed your support like I needed it just an hour ago but you weren’t there”

“I’m so hurt and disappointed to learn that you truly believe that I wasn't with you in the delivery room because I don't care and I'm a coward. You can do whatever you want Phiwe but you won't cut me off my son's life you have no right to do that.”

She doesn't say anything but presses an emergency button. The nurse walks in and looks at us.

“I don't want him here he's disturbing my peace”

“Sir you have to leave” The nurse says.

I chuckle and glare at Phiwe incredulously before walking out still not believing what just happened. WTF? Just because I didn't want to go against my belief?

“Oh that...” I cut Phiwe’s mom mid sentence

“Can you believe that your daughter is cutting me off my son’s life just because I couldn't be there in the delivery room really? What the fuck is that please talk to her please because I really can't stand this shit it's stinking!”

I don't wait for her to reply but walk out. I'm shaking like a leaf due to anger. I jump in my car and bring the engine to life before driving off. I need some smoke I can't believe that we are fighting on the day that we should be celebrating our baby boy’s arrival. I pull over at garage and buy cigarettes and lighter then drive home.

Senzo is the only man I trust now those two fuckers thought they would blackmail me to keep our friendship how sick is that? I told them to go report me. I know they won't do that since they're also guilty as I am. They have been a nuisance for the passed three weeks blowing up my phone and coming to my house unannounced, they want us to fix things for the as if there's anything that will be fixed. I have come to realized that these morons are not my brothers, Khaya is the creator of this and he got Sabelo’s full loyalty so where does that leaves me?

“Boy”

“Hey boy howzit”

“I can't complain man and you”

“Phiwe gave birth just an hour ago”

“Congratulations man! Is it a boy? I have heard that the scan can say it's boy whereas it's a girl”

“Its a boy man the Dlomo heir! I swear boy he's a tiny version of me bra it's so creepy yet overwhelming. I'm beyond happy”

“Im so happy for you boy”

“Ta ntwana”

“Zac's mom was here”

“What did you say to her?”

“What can I say man I don't know where he is and you said Cebisile looked at him in mortuaries and hospitals. We need a plan to get rid of that woman she won't stop digging that's why I said don't kill him Mnesh”

“I didn't kill him Senzo”

“You left him there unconscious don't tell me other part of you didn't wish he dies?”

“What do you suggest we do?”

“Let's go to that place maybe we will find his lifeless body there”

“Ay bra I don't have time for that I have to bond with my son. Go on your own I don't give fuck what happened to him as long he learnt his lesson and doesn't get near Cebisile”

“I will go tomorrow morning”

“Okay I'm going to my parent's house now will you attend the drivers”

“Of course bra”

“Okay Sharp”

“Sure”

Of course Senzo has my house's keys whenever I'm not available he attends the drivers. When I expand my business I want us to be partners and knowing him he won't agree without him contributing some of the money into the business but I won't give up on him.

They're all watching TV, mom and dad are cuddling on the sofa. This is how they used to be, all over each other that is before Kwanza died. I'm glad they are working on their marriage but he's not off the hook yet I'm watching him and if he does it again I swear I'm going to kill him.

“Greetings”

They all turn and look at me before greeting me back. I sit next to Cebisile who has a sleepy Ndiwe in her arms.

“How is Aphiwe and the baby buti? Did you take pictures? I can't wait to hold him!” Thula says rather excitedly

“They're okay she gave birth to a handsome boy”

“Aw when? Congratulations my boy” Dad says

“I told Thula to tell you guys and I was expecting you guys to come”

“She told me but you expected us to come and do what?” Mama asks if she really doesn’t know why they should have come.

“Really mama?” - Thula

“What it’s not like we were going to help her push the baby out of her vagina. She’s not the first to give birth and absolutely not the last”

I don’t know why do I keep hurting myself by hoping that maybe she will have a change of heart. Her words always leaves me broken into smithereens. I get up from the couch and walk out. See now I’m not just walking out of the door but out of their lives as well. I have tried but I’m not winning.

* * *

There’s a part of me that is jealous about this baby I feel like he’s going to replace Ndiwe in Nathi’s heart. He’s the boy and the Dlomo heir where does that leaves my daughter? Thula looks at her mom sadly and walks away

“That was so harsh butternut we should be celebrating a new life of our grandson” Mr Ndlovu says.

“The truth is harsh vele”

“I don’t want to lie I don’t like this anymore stop pushing Nkosinathi away you will lose him for good then tomorrow you will claim Aphiwe fed him korobela.”

He's right and that's exactly what I have been telling her maybe it will sound better when it's comes to her husband. They're working on their marriage and things seems to be going well for them. They're all over each other like teenagers it's cute to watch but annoying as well when your man disappeared on you or should I say made to disappear on you.

Today his mom has been blowing up my phone and she thinks I know where Gambushe is I'm just keeping him away from her. I don't know why would do that? She went as far as calling me a witch honestly I had a bad day today but mama tried to cheer me up we went for shopping today.

“Haisuka she already fed him korebela who choose the girlfriend of the brother that killed his little sister”

If she isn't a cocunut I would've believed so also but nah I bet Nkosinathi just loves her. I don't want to lie it's really keeps me at night sometimes that how did she won his heart. What is her secret? Is it her pussy but mine drove him crazy as well. She's a snob and Nkosinathi doesn't deal well with people like that so how did she won his heart or maybe it's her accent? Sigh!

“At the end of the day Zenzele is Nkosinathi's brother as well and Aphiwe is not the one that killed Kwanele. Let's be fair butternut Nkosinathi and Aphiwe are victims in this they shouldn't be treated like this as if it's their fault”

“Which side are you on now Mphikeleli?”

Now that's my cue. I say my goodnight and walk upstairs with my daughter on my arms. I tuck her in my bed and go take a cold shower just to wash away the exhaustion of the day and all the

stress. Once I'm done with shower I slip into my Pjs and join my daughter. I kiss her pouty lips and look at her.

“You have a baby brother my angel how I wish I can say I'm happy for you but the truth is I'm not. Im scared that the presence of your baby brother is going to destroy the bond you have with your father. How do I make sure that it doesn't get to that huh? I don't want you to be hurt my angel it's time like this I wish your father never found us.”

I sigh heavily and take my phone then call him. It's rings for a while as I'm about to end the call his deep voice comes through on the other side of the line making my tummy to churn.

“Hey”

“Hey how are you”

“I'm fine and yourself?”

He's not fine I can hear him in his voice.

“Im okay...congratulations”

“Thank you”

There's silence for a moment and I can hear his breathing

“I'm sorry about what your mom said I just want you to know that I'm really happy for you”

“Thank you so much sis”

I frown is he family zoning me?

“Sis?”

“Yeah you are my mom’s adoptive daughter moss taking all the attention and love she gives”

Oh....

“That’s not true Nkosinathi I’m....”

“There’s no need for you to explain I get it”

“Nkosinathi if you really think your mom doesn’t support you in all of this because of me you got it wrong but I don’t want to create bad blood between us. I’m going to distance myself from her to give you guys a space”

“You don’t have to do that”

“It’s affecting you and I don’t want that because it can cause a strain on our relationship we have a daughter together and I want us to have a healthy relationship for the sake of her”

“Don’t worry nothing will ever cause a strain between us. Just enjoy ngigrand”

There’s something in his voice that leaves my heart into bits

“Don’t pretend I know....”

“Relax I have made peace with everything. I have to go please kiss my daughter for me and tell her that daddy loves her so much and nothing I mean nothing at all will come between us.”

I smile as warmth spread throughout my heart.

“I will do that and she also loves you”

“Goodnight”

“Goodnight”

As I’m about to end the call he calls me.

“Cebisile”

“Yes”

“Thank you for the call”

“I still care”

“I know and thank you so much”

“You are welcome”

“Lala ke”

“Sharp”

I hang up and sigh I hope he’s not going to allow anything to come between him and our daughter. So far I have no complains in fact I’m impressed he’s a good father to our daughter.

The following morning I’m woken up by tiny slaps on my face. Now that she’s awake all of us have to wake up Uthandiwe though! I groan and open my eyes. The smile she gives me always leaves my heart at peace.

“Morning baby”

“Horny baby”

“It’s morning not horny”

I laugh and she joins me as she buries her head on my chest. I stretch over to take my phone and time reads 8:30am. There’s a message from a number I can’t recognize so I click on it.

"Good morning lover I’m sorry to disappear on you like that and got you so worried. I’m safe and sound. I miss you guys so much, you and Ndiwe are the best thing that have ever happened in my life but I guess in life some people are never meant to be in our lives forever. I don’t regret meeting you and if there was a way I’d reserve time and start on the very first day I met you just so I can be with you once again. We had a perfect thing going on but unfortunately it has to end here. I know that ending things through an sms is cowardice but some things are better this way. I love you and Ndiwe and I wish you guys nothing but blessings on blessings. Oh before I forget my mom won’t bother you anymore and sorry about that. love Zakhele"

I release breath I didn’t know I was holding and swallow a thick lump on my throat. I read the message again but I’m unable to get it through my head. This can’t be happening. I dial the number but it sends me straight to voicemail. No he can’t do this to me I dial again and again until it registers to me that I have been dumped through an sms. Tears sting in my eyes what’s happening I’m so confused.

“Mama”

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I look at my daughter who’s looking at me worriedly. It’s only then I realize that my tears has fallen. I wipe them but they continue to fall which makes Ndiwe burst into a sob. I hold her in my arms trying to calm her down as I allow my tears to fall. I don’t

understand how can a person disappear for weeks and come back dumping me through an sms. The door swings open and mama walks in looking at us worriedly

“What’s wrong I can hear her crying from my bedroom”

She says as she sits on the bed. I wipe my tears and stage a smile

“Morning mama”

She looks at me intently

“Cebisile what’s going on. Did that woman insulted you again?”

I shake my head no and pass her my phone. She reads the sms then looks at me.

“Is this your boyfriend”

“Yes mama”

“Oh baby I’m sorry”

“I don’t understand mama is this even him? What if Nkosinathi made him to say this?”

“Hayi baby I don’t think Nkosinathi did this I mean if it was him I think your boyfriend would have sent this sms to you on that day he took him why disappear for weeks and send this now”

“We don’t know what Nkosinathi did to him mama maybe if we can know what happened we can make sense of this because I really don’t understand. I have questions and I need answers”

“Nkosinathi said he gave him few punches and kicks sthandwa sami. Mina I think your boyfriend has been chickening out to tell you that he doesn’t want you anymore hence he has been mute for weeks.”

“But why mama what I have done?”

“Your baby daddy beat him up Cebisile”

“He knew what he was getting himself into mama. He played Nkosinathi and protected me knowing very well the consequences”

“Exactly baby he’s just a coward and the way I see this sms it like he’s blaming you indirectly for how things turned out. The least he could have done is to come to you and tell you face to face but like a coward that he is he sent an sms. I think you should just leave him baby and move on”

“I can’t just leave him like that ngiyamthanda mama” (...I love him mama)

“You can love him but he will never occupy your whole heart”

“What do you mean?”

“Search deep in your heart sthandwa sami and ask yourself if it’s really love or you were with him because he was there with you when you were lonely?”

Ndiwe has stopped crying and she’s playing with the buttons of her grandmother’s blouse

“Even if that’s the case at least I know that he loves me”

“If he loves you he would have fought for you baby not give up on you because of a few punches and kicks he got from your baby daddy.”

This woman is telling me what I don't want to hear.

“Can I be alone please”

“Baby...”

“Mama please”

She takes Ndiwe and walks out. I call Nkosinathi and he answers on the third ring.

“Are you home?”

“Yes but Im about to go to the hospital”

“Please wait for me I'm on my way there”

“Okay”

I hung up and make the bed then jump into the shower for a quick one. Once I'm done I butter my body and wear my leggings and baggy sweater then slide into my slippers. I take my phone and car keys and walk downstairs. Mama is feeding Ndiwe cereal who's sitting on the kitchen counter.

“Where are you going”

“To your son”

“Cebisile....”

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I don't wait for her to say anything further but walk out I don't want her to convince me otherwise. I need answers and her son is going to give me. I start at my house first to fetch something before going to Nathi's house. The gate is open so I drive in and take out my thing before stepping out of the car. I make my way to the door and knock. The moment he opens the door for me I point my gun at him and he pops his eyes out clearly shocked.

“What did you do to Zakhele Nkosinathi?”

“Cebisile calm down okay”

He says as moves backward with his hands on the air.

“Don't you fucking dare tell me to calm down Nkosinathi! What did you do to Zakhele!”

“I told you nje”

“You want me to believe that you punched him nje only? Don't fuck with me wena!”

“But it's the truth Cebisile put down the gun please”

I move closer to him as he walks backwards until he's blocked by the fridge.

“You are lying maan!”

“I swear cela wehlise umoya mamakhe please”

“Did you threatened him is that why he dumped me through an sms?”

“He sent you an sms so he's alive?”

“Don’t make me your fool Nkosinathi I’m going to shoot you!”

“Cebisile I have no reason to lie to you! Give me the gun please”

“Why huh why are you doing this to me Nkosinathi why don’t you want me to be happy? You walked into my life and made me fall in love with you then you walked away from me leaving me broken beyond repairs. I ran away from you to heal my heart but you forced yourself into my life again and took away the person that loved me more you can ever love me why huh?”

“Once again I’m sorry for the pain I caused you but what did you expect me to do when I found out that the same person that I paid to look for you has been fucking you? The same person that saw how miserable I was without my daughter has been raising her? You wanted me to smile and a throw a party? Hell no it’s a good thing he dumped you because I don’t want him near you nor my daughter he can’t be trusted!”

“What about me huh? What about my happiness!”

“You call that piece of shit happiness? Clearly he is not your happiness because he dumped you and I have to say he’s a coward. If he really loved you he would have fought for you not give up on you like that! He was supposed to challenge me and prove to me that he really love you maybe just maybe I would’ve approved him!”

His words hit home I lose it and fire gunshots countless times. He falls on the floor with blood oozing out of his body. I scream in anguish as I realize what I have done.

Chapter Twenty Four

Mphemba once said never give an angry woman a weapon because women are more impulsive and underestimate the chance of bad outcomes when they're angry. I never thought this is what he meant I bought this gun to protect myself and my daughter from the Mbheles. I never thought I will use it against the father of my daughter.

I throw the gun on the floor and cover my mouth with my hand, shaking like a leaf as I look at him lying on the floor full of his blood. What have I done? I kneel before him and hold him in my arms. I don't know what came over me everything happened so fast.

"Nkosinathi wake up please"

He blinks his eyes open and looks at me lazily

"I didn't mean to shoot I was never going to shoot you I don't know what got to me I'm sorry" I cry

He opens his mouth to say something but he coughs and groans in pain.

"Im sorry Dinangwe"

My tears drops on his face as I cry ferociously. He closes his eyes but I slap his cheeks to keep him awake.

"Don't close your eyes please...don't do that to me. I will call help for you okay"

He shakes his head and open his mouth to say something but words still doesn't come out then he closes his eyes.

“Nkosinathi nooo! Stay with me please!”

I get up quickly and go find my phone. Then its hit me I will have to explain what happened and that will mean I will go to jail. Oh no I can't go to jail! I run inside the house with my phone and search for his then call Senzo. He's the only one he trusts after all.

“Boy”

“Uhm it's Cebisile” I cry

“Why are you crying what's going on?”

“Nkosinathi has been shot!”

“What? Where is he?”

“I'm in his house hurry up he's dying Senzo!”

“I'm coming”

I hang up and take my gun then go hid it in my boot. I make my way back inside the house and impatiently wait for Senzo. I expected him to take long but he arrives in a matter of seconds. I open the door for him and he sprints towards his friend.

“Boy!”

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He crouches before him and feel his pulse

“What happened Cebisile?”

“Uhm I found him like that I’m not sure if he was shot or stabbed”

He sees a bullet hole on the cupboards and clenches his jaw.

“He was shot”

He takes his friends and walks out with him. I follow him with my phone.

“Open your car!”

I do as he says he put Nathi at the back seat and closes the door then he looks at me

“The keys”

I give him my car keys and he get inside the car and start it without even asking me.

“Uyasala?” (You are not going?) He asks

“Of course not”

I jump on the front seat then he drives out.

“Hang in there boy I’m going to find who did this to you and they will pay” He says through his gritted teeth and I swallow hard.

He’s driving like a maniac I thank the heavens when we arrive at the hospital still in one piece. We are attended the moment we arrive.

“Is that Nkosinathi?” An unfamiliar woman ask as she walks in

“Senzo what’s going on?”

“He was shot”

Senzo replies to her and walks away as Nkosinathi is being rushed to ER with a stretcher and the woman is screaming hysterically. I look at her bewildered who the fuck is she screaming at my baby daddy like this

“Excuse me?” I say to her and she looks at me

“Who are you crying for my baby daddy?”

She chuckles bitterly and wipes her tears with the back of her hands.

“You mean the baby daddy that moved on with my niece?”

Oh she’s miss New York Aunt.

“Yeah your niece’s boyfriend not yours stop making noise”

I walk away before she even say anything. I know I should be calling mama but I’m scared. What am I going to say to her? Mama I shot your son I’m sorry I was angry? It’s doesn’t sound right at all. That woman might act like she doesn’t care about her son at the moment but I know she does and she will definitely kill me if I tell the truth.

“He’s going to be fine he’s a fighter”

He opens his arms for me and I accept the embrace.

“Shh don’t cry I’m going to find whoever did this”

Every time he says this my whole body just cringes. I break the hug and wipe my tears.

“Have you called his mom” He asks and I shake my head no.

“I will call her”

He takes out his phone and call Nkosinathi’s mom. I don’t know how will I look at her in the face knowing that I’m the one who shot her son. I’m cursed I don’t understand why do I always attract disaster. Senzo and I go to sit by the waiting area and I thank the heavens when we don’t find the hysterical crying woman. The way she was crying you’d swear Nkosinathi is her boyfriend!

“Nx!”

“What”

“I’m just thinking about the woman that was crying hysterically here for Nathi”

“Oh Vuyisile, Aphiwe’s Aunt”

“She’s so dramatic yaz one would swear Nkosinathi is her boyfriend the way she was crying hysterically”

He laughs

“Don’t laugh she annoyed me”

“She’s just worried about her niece’s boyfriend”

“Haisuka that woman wants Nkosinathi”

He laughs once again

“Ay Cebisile that’s impossible why would she want her niece’s boyfriend”

“We women see these things Senzo don’t ask me how but I can bet on my late husband’s grave that woman wants Nkosinathi”

Just then mama and her husband walks in. Her eyes are puffy and red I have no doubt that she’s been crying. See what I told you she loves and cares for her son the only thing she wants is for him to stop dating Aphiwe.

“What’s going on Senzo?” Mr Ndlovu asks

“I don’t know baba but Cebisile found him shot in his house”

“Shot? Oh no!” Mama cries.

I take her hand and we settle down by the couches.

“I’m sorry mama but he’s going to be okay”

“I can’t lose another child Cebisile I’m barely surviving”

She must be thinking she’s the unlucky mother in this world all her children are dying by gunshots. What am I saying Nkosinathi is not going to die. He can’t die and leave me to explain to his daughter how he died. I doubt that I will have such bravery to tell her not unless if I get locked up she will know that mommy is locked up because she killed daddy and I have no doubt that she will hate me. These thoughts bring tears in my eyes I can’t...Nkosinathi has to make it.

“You won’t lose him mama Nkosinathi is a die hard”

The hardest thing I ever had to do in my life is to comfort someone while I'm the one who's responsible for her pain. We see a doctor coming to us and stand up.

"Nkosinathi Dlomo"

"He's my son how is he doctor?" Asks Mr Ndlovu

"He has pneumothorax..."

"Speak simple English doctor" Senzo says

"Pneumothorax refers to a condition in which the space between the wall of the chest cavity and the lung itself fills with air, causing all or a portion of the lung to collapse. Air usually enters this space, called the pleural space, through an injury to the chest wall or a hole in the lung."

"Still I didn't hear if my son is going to be okay or what doctor" Mama says

"Mr Dlomo has a large puncture wound in his lung which required a surgery and insertion of chest tube into the pleural space to let the air out. The chest tube will have to stay in place for a few days until he recovers. I believe he's going to be okay ma'am because he got here in time"

Oh at least it's promising news please God save him I promise to stay away from troubles and be a good girl.

"Can we see him" Mama asks the doctor.

"No he needs to rest please come back later"

Mama tries to beg the doctor but he doesn't agree so we leave. I start by dropping off Senzo at Nathi's place where he left his taxi before driving to the Ndlovu household. I'm dreading the drive guilt is having its way with me I won't survive in that house soon I will breakdown and it's will be over for me. I pull my car aside the road and make a call.

"Sis"

"I fucked up" I let out a muffled sob.

"Hey what's going on?" The worry in her voice is so loud.

"I shot Nkosinathi"

"What?" She screams in shock

"I was angry Thando I didn't mean to do it"

"OMG Cebisile is he okay?"

"He's at the hospital and the doctor said he's going to be okay but I'm scared that I will be locked up"

"Did you confessed"

"No I lied and said I found him already shot but I'm scared that when he wakes up he's going to tell the police it was me."

"Yoooh Cebisile this is a mess and Nkosinathi will make sure that you pay, this will be his way to punish you after what you did"

"Oh no I can't go to jail Thando I can survive anything but not jail"

"Runaway"

“That’s will be suspicious”

“Eish neh what are we going to do?”

“I don’t know Thando”

“Oh God I’m sorry sis...look I will call you later neh”

I nod with my head and hang up then drive to the Ndlovu household. I park next to an unfamiliar car on the drive yard and step out the car.

“Oh there she is” Mama says as I walk into the lounge.

I look at the gentlemen sitting on the couch and greet them as I sit on the couch.

“This is detective Thwala and police officer Hlatshwayo they’re looking for you regarding Nkosinathi’s shooting”

Oh God! I swallow thick saliva in my mouth as my heart thuds harder against my chest.

* * *

Love at first sight? I never thought it existed until last night I gave birth to a handsome baby boy that looks so much like his father. I’m so jealous I don’t want to lie but he has my hot chocolate eyes which make him the cutest little boy in the whole world. I just can’t get enough of his sight I swear I’m going to explode and die with love. I watch him as he suckles on my nipple and stretch over

a bit careful not to disturb him and take my phone to capture this beautiful moment.

“Why the hell are you breastfeeding!” Zonke says as she walks in carrying a baby bag.

“Hello to you too Zonke”

She walks towards me and looks at Kwanza J

“Oh my fucking God he looks like Nkosinathi!”

“Don’t swear in front of my baby Zonke”

“Aw he doesn’t even understand a word. Jesus look at how he’s latching on. Why are you breastfeeding him?”

“He’s hungry” I say rolling my eyes

“That’s why there’s formula babe you can’t afford to ruin your perky boobs”

“How will I ruin them?” I look at her in confusion

“God you didn’t know? Breastfeeding causes saggy boobs”

“I don’t mind having sagging breast for my boy. I bond with him more when I’m breastfeeding him”

I say smiling as I look at him sucking on me like the world is ending. Gosh he’s so beautiful I can’t believe I’m finally a mother.

“Wow what have you done to my friend? I hope you won’t be those mummies who stop taking good care of themselves and look unappealing after giving birth”

I laugh and shake my head.

“Of course I’m not going to be those mommies. You don’t understand and I don’t expect you to until you have your own bundle of joy”

She rolls her eyes and puts the bag she’s carrying on the bedside table.

“I couldn’t help myself when your mom told me you gave birth but go and buy a few clothes for my Godson.”

“Oh Zonke you have already bought enough”

“The word enough doesn’t exist when it’s comes to my Godson.”

I smile I’m really blessed to have her in my life. I couldn’t have asked a better friend.

“Thank you baby”

“I have never seen a cutest baby phela most babies are ugly and scary when they still small ” She says caressing my boy’s cheeks

Oh well not my boy he’s so cute maan I just want to bite his cheeks.

“Where’s Nathi I thought he will be all over him like a rash”

“Oh that one!” I say and sigh

Her eyes moves from Kj and looks at me concernedly

“What has he done”

“He wasn’t here when I gave birth”

“Where was he?”

“He was here but not here”

I explain to her what happened and the look she’s giving me I know what it’s means.

“What?”

“It’s not like he was not here Wewe this guy has been supportive from the day he found out you were pregnant just because he wasn’t in the delivery room he doesn’t care now ay uwrong chomee” (...you are wrong chomee)

I just knew by that look that she will take his side everyone is taking his side and they think I’m crazy.

“Yes he has been supportive but he left me to give birth alone Zonke. I needed him the most but he wasn’t there I don’t understand why can’t y’all understand”

“You watch too much movies babe those things happen in TV only. In real life men are not supposed to be in a delivery room”

“Where is that law written huh? Y’all should stop justifying cowardice and unfairness. It’s unfair that women have to deal with the effects of pregnancy for 9 months and give birth after that bona sebehlulwa ukuba khona nje masiteta ay that’s bullshit!” (...they can’t be there when we give birth...)

“Kodwa wamqoma umazi ukuthi uNkosinathi uyindoda enjani yeka ukusitefela thina umeke abone umtanakhe” (You dated

Nkosinathi knowing what kind of a man he is stop whining allow him to see his baby). That's mama's voice I look up at her angrily.

"Hello my girl" She says to Zonke

"Hi mama"

They share a hug.

"Hello boy hello boy kagogo wakhe nzee" She says tickling his cheeks

"You are suffocating him mama"

I push her away and she looks at me sadly

"So you are going to punish me because I'm telling you the truth?"

"What truth mama? That's men should make us pregnant and abandon us when It's time to give birth?"

"You expected a taxi owner to be in the delivery room and watch you give birth Wewe?"

"Yes what's wrong with that? Dad was there with you mos when you gave birth to Zenzele and me!"

"Nkosinathi is not your dad and they have different backgrounds remember I once told you that your father was a cheese boy...."

She's cut off mid sentence by aunt Vuyi who's walking in looking sad and her eyes are red.

"Vuyi what's wrong?" Mom says as she holds her sister.

Aunt Vuyi looks at me sadly

“Nkosinathi....”

“Oh please aunt Vuyi not you too I don’t fucking want to hear that man’s name ever again!” I shriek in anger.

Can they just stop it please! Nkosinathi left me to deliver the baby alone why can’t anyone feel sorry for me. I pushed that baby alone the least he could have done is to be with me!

“He was shot Aphiwe”

My heart literally stop beating I look at her hoping that she will say she’s joking but her demeanor is just an enough confirmation. I shake my head as tears blur my vision

“No no he can’t do that to me he can’t die on us!!”

“He’s not dead but I saw them rushing him to ER there was so much blood and he was unconscious”

I spring up immediately with my son in my arms and wince in pain as I hurt my stitches.

“Where is he?”

“Calm down you are hurting yourself” - Zonke

“Don’t tell me to calm down my man has been shot I need to see him”

I walk out with my baby still suckling on my nipple.

“Aphiwe wait up!”

I ignore them and go straight to the receptionist she looks at me like I have grown horns.

“Sis weee don’t look at me like I’m fucking crazy I want to see my man. Nkosinathi Dlomo tell me which ward is he in?”

“Baby you need calm down okay and give me Kwanele you are acting like a crazy woman people are watching at you” Mama says and I look around to find different eyes staring at me.

“Ningibhekeni!” (What are you looking at!)

“Wewe ha.a” Aunt Vuyi says as mama take Kj from me.

Zonke asks the receptionist lady about Nkosinathi and she calls Nkosinathi’s doctor who tells us about his condition and refuses to take me there. Mama begs him until he agrees and takes me there. Tears fill my eyes as I look at him lying on the bed peacefully with an oxygen mask on and chest tube connected to him.

“Baby...”

I run my palm on his cheek and sniff away my mucus.

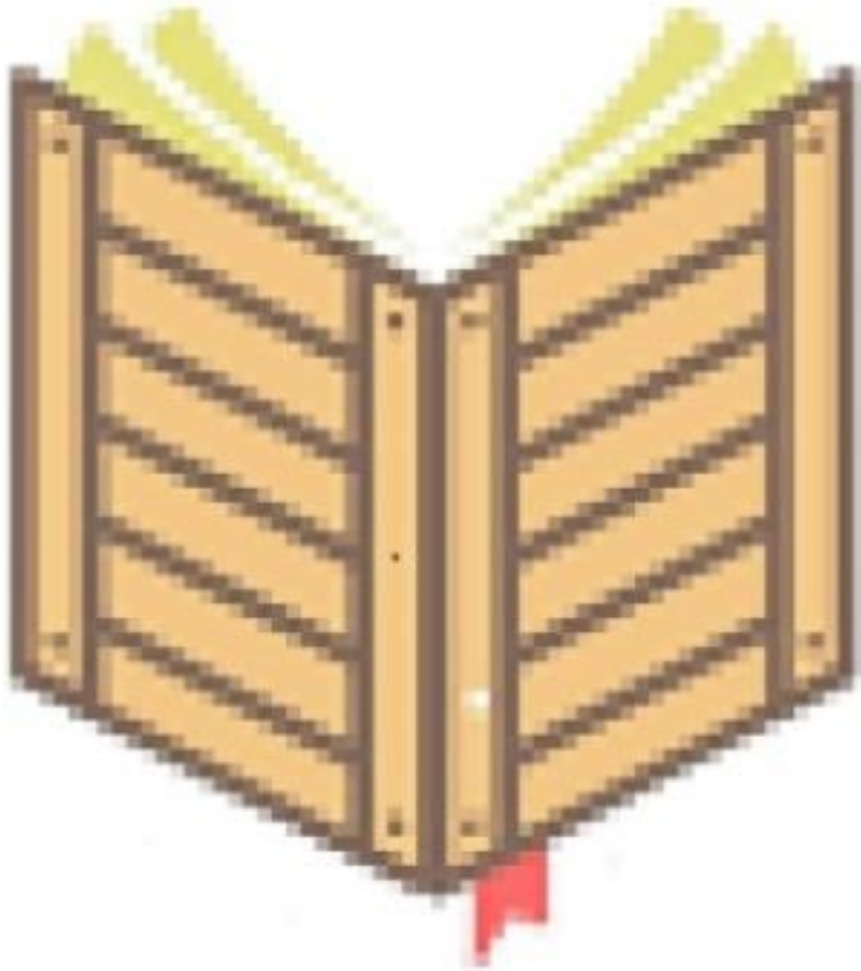
“You know it’s so funny that last night I told you to stay away from us then today you get shot and remind me of how impossible life would be without you. I was angry and hurt sthandwa sami I didn’t mean it please don’t die on us, our son needs you I need you. Ngiyakuthanda Bhelesi” (...I love you Bhelesi...)

I kiss his forehead and walk back to my room where I find mama, aunt Vuyi and Zonke.

“How is he” Aunt Vuyi asks

“He’s. ”

I couldn’t finish the sentence but bawl my eyes out. The fear of losing him is what killing me more then anything. I don’t know what I’d do if he were to die on me.



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Chapter Twenty Five

I'm capiophobic but funny enough I attract trouble everywhere I am. I would give anything for these gentlemen to be out of my sight right now. Oh God I feel like shitting on myself right now. I stare both of them trying to study them but their demeanors are just blank. They're not giving me anything and that is freaking me out.

"Oh how can I help you gentlemen" I fail to hide the tremor in my voice

"You're the one that found Mr Dlomo in his house shot"

"Uhm yes"

"Can you prove that you found him already shot?"

"Am I suspect detective?"

"Of course not ma'am we are just following the procedure which is asking you questions as you are the person that found Mr Dlomo shot in his house"

"Well I don't know how I can prove that detective"

"Why did you went to see him"

"Haibo detective now I have to tell you why I was visiting my baby daddy?"

"If you have nothing to hide I don't think that will be a problem. I'm only doing my job here miss Mrs Mbhele"

“Call me Cebisile please...I went there to talk him about our daughter of course”

“And what happened”

I tell him what happened of course the fabricated version and they keep asking me questions of which I answer truthfully then they leave. I breathe of out of relief.

“I trust detective Thwala to find whoever shot my son. He’s very committed to his job” Mr Ndlovu says

“See the reason I don’t like taxi industry? Bazofa baphele abantwana bami” (...all my children will die) Mama says sadly.

“But we don’t know if this was taxi industry related or not ” Mr Ndlovu says

“Obvious taxi industry is involved”

They don’t suspect me, God I don’t want to imagine how will they feel when they learn the truth. Mr Ndlovu kisses his wife’s cheek before asking to be excused.

“Uhm mama I wanna go to my place today it’s been a while since I have been there”

It’s almost a week now since I haven’t been to my house.

“Hawu sis I don’t think it’s a good idea for you to be alone during this time”

She always gets like this whenever I want to go to my house.

“I will be fine mama you are also dealing with a lot since Nathi is hospitalized”

“Yes that’s why you have to be here and we lean on each other as a family”

“I’m not your family!” I snap and sigh heavily

“I’m sorry I didn’t mean to snap but mama honestly this doesn’t feel right”

“What does that supposed to mean Cebisile?”

“Its doesn’t sit well with me that I’m here getting all the love and support from you while your son needs you the most but he’s receiving not even a single ounce of love and support from you”

She looks at me intently.

“Did he mentioned something to you?”

“No he doesn’t have to tell me I’m the one who’s feeling this way. I think it’s better I move back to my place and give you guys a space to fix this. Where’s Ndiwe?”

“You are leaving with her as well?”

“Yes mama she will keep me sane”

She sighs heavily

“She’s upstairs with Thula”

“Oh Thula didn’t go to work today”

“She’s not feeling well but refusing to tell me what’s the problem is.”

“Let me to check on her before packing”

I walk upstairs and knock on Thula’s door but there’s no response so I push the door open and walk in. My daughter is peacefully sleeping on Thula’s bed. I plant a kiss on her pouty lips before going to Thula’s walk in closet. I can hear sobs as I walk into the closet. She’s curled up on the floor like a ball weeping softly. I sit next to her on the floor and notice torn pictures of Kwanele on the floor.

“Thula”

She doesn’t say anything but continue to cry. I pull her up and press her against my chest.

“It’s going to be okay ssshhh”

I stroke her back allowing her to let it all out. After a while she calms down and frees herself from my chest which is now wet with her tears and snot.

“Uhm Im sorry” She says ashamedly

“It’s okay baby” I give her a warm smile.

We fall into silence as I wait for her to tell me what’s going on. I pick the pieces of Kwanele’s pictures on the floor and look at her but she looks down.

“Talk to me Thula”

“What is that Kwanele had that I don’t have?”

Okay I didn't expect that to the point of not knowing what to say to her.

"What do you mean Thula"

"Argh never mind"

She tries to get up but I stop her

"Please let me in I promise not to judge you nor make you feel some kind of way."

There's something going on with this girl but I can't seem to put my finger around it.

"It's not like you care maka Ndiwe"

"I do care Thula more then I should to be honest"

"No you don't all you care about is finding your way into buti's heart"

"What?"

"I'm not a child maka Ndiwe I can see what's going on around here. You and mama are on a mission to get buti back to your arms again. It's a win-win situation you will get your baby daddy back to you and mama will be rid of the future daughter in law that she despise with everything in her for being a Ndlela"

She gets up and walks away leaving me gobsmacked.

I don't understand where does all of that is coming from and I don't remember doing anything that gave her that idea I mean I'm over Nkosinathi. This gives me more reason to leave this house.

I get up from the floor leaving the pieces of Kwanele's pictures on the floor then go straight to my bedroom to pack my clothes. I don't know what was I thinking in the first place? I shouldn't be here. Once I'm done packing I take my bags and go to Thula's room to pick up my baby then walk downstairs.

"You don't have to go baby"

"I I know mama but I have to I have overstayed my welcome here. Thanks for everything"

She smiles sadly and envelopes us in her arms

"Please don't be a stranger"

"Even I wanted to that would be impossible since there's Ndiwe"

"Take care"

"Will do"

I walk out with my sleepy daughter and tuck her in her seat then put my bag in the boot before jumping to my seat. I bring the engine to life and hoot once then drive off.

I can't imagine myself locked up in jail I will die within seconds how do I make sure that I don't get caught and Nkosinathi doesn't tell? Maybe I can use Thiza's death to blackmail him.

Nah that's a bad idea that man told me that he doesn't mind to go to jail just for me to watch Aphiwe raise my daughter while I'm in jail so obvious he will tell me to go ahead. My daughter can't have both her parents locked up. Sigh!

Once I'm home I tuck my daughter in my bed before going to fetch our bags in the boot and the gun. I put my gun back to the safe and unpack out clothes. This house feels lonely without Gambushe. He was always here in my house more then he was in his place.

I find myself leaning against my closet and bailing my eyes out. Everything is spiraling out of control when will I ever have peace in my life. It's one trouble after the other I'm so tired can I have a break please.

I cry until I doze off to slumber right on the floor. I'm woken up by the uncomfortable sensation on my rib and my hip caused by the hardness of the floor. I stretch my neck as I yawn and notice that the light is on and Ndiwe is not on the bed. How long have been out?

"Ndiwe!"

I get up from the floor immediately okay my daughter is naughty but there's no way that she can turn on the lights. My heart skips a beat as possible scenarios play in my mind.

"Ndiwe!!!"

I hear noise coming from the kitchen and go back to my bedroom to take my gun then slowly make my way to the kitchen and walk in pointing the gun straight to the figure standing on the stove.

"It's me Cebisile don't shoot!!!" She screams

"Jesus Thando!" The thought of what I almost did!

"You need to get rid of that gun before you kill us all!"

“Nawe you don’t do what you did maan! How was I supposed to know that it’s you!”

“I’m sorry please calm down you are scaring Ndiwe”

She says looking at my daughter who’s sitting on the floor surrounded by her toys and looking at me scared. I sigh and tuck my gun on my behind into my leggings then pick her up and squeeze her in my arms. I don’t know what I would’ve done if something happened to her.

“I’m sorry I didn’t mean to scare you” Thando says as if she knows what’s on my mind.

“Her father is a taxi owner his rivalries may use her to get to him and I don’t believe the Mbheles have moved on just like that.”

“I know I’m sorry I just didn’t want to wake up”

“It’s okay I’m just glad you are here come here”

She smiles as she walks towards us and we share a warm hug. I have missed her so much.

“When did you arrive and why you didn’t tell me you are coming”

I ask as we break the hug and I notice a naughty smile on her face.

“Well umm I have been here for two days now”

“Haibo what about work?”

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It’s only now I notice that she’s cooking as an aroma of beef stew fills my nostrils.

“I came with the boss here.”

“Thando when will you stop this, he’s fucking married and way too old for you” I say sternly

“Oh you are the fine one to say that how old was Moses?”

“Don’t you fucking dare talk to me like that. I’m 8 years older than you and I can beat the shit out of you if I want to!”

She swallows spit and doesn’t say anything. Good! Thando seems to forget that I’m her elder sister.

“Moses was old but he was not 30 years older than me and he was definitely not married. You are playing with fire Thando when you get burnt who will be there to apply an ointment and bandage you? Me! Stop this shit before it escalates to something that you won’t be able to control”

I walk to my bedroom to put the gun in safe then go to the bathroom to pee. Once I’m done I wash my hands and go watch a TV with my daughter in my arms. There’s a part of me that wants to go see Nathi but I’m scared.

Later Thando serves us our food and joins us. The silence in the room is so loud and that absolutely not like us. Thando and I never run out of things to say to each other.

“I’m sorry I didn’t mean to disrespect you”

“Uyayikhohlwa wena indawo yakho” (You seem to forget your place)

“Ngiyaxolisa sis” (I’m sorry sis)

I don't say anything but continue to feed my daughter. I want her to tell me that she will leave this man once and for all.

“Sis”

“Mhh”

“You know that saying that says never judge a situation you have never been to? Well I judged you harshly when you told me about Nkosinathi but now I understand that it was never part of the plan to fall in love with him”

No she's not saying what I think she's saying.

“Please don't tell me you have fallen in love with that old married man”

She looks down and plays with her food

“Thando noooo!”

“He makes me happy sis”

“Haibo Thando linomfazi lekhehla!” (...That old man has a wife!)

“What if I told you that he will divorce his wife for me?”

I chuckle as I look at her

“Don't tell me you believe that nonsense”

“It's not nonsense sis”

“He will never leave his wife for you, they never leave their wives for their mistresses”

“It’s not same what we have is different”

Oh God this child needs isguqo!

“You need prayers like for real”

“I can’t believe Zakhele is a coward”

Of course she’s changing the subject and I’m not going to let this go without making sure that she will end things with that married man.

“You have to end things with that man Thando or I will tell mama and Sibal’khulu”

“You are being unfair now”

“If its takes me to be unfair to look out for you so be it!”

“Gosh!” She groans in frustration and get up then disappears to the kitchen. She comes back a few minutes later and sits down.

“The police came to ask me questions”

“Yooh and?”

“I answered them lying here and there”

“Do you think they believed you?”

“I don’t know and It’s only a matter of time Nkosinathi wakes up and tell everything”

“Eish this is a mess”

“I’m scared”

It comes out as a whisper, she comes to sit next to me and brushes my back.

* * *

I don’t know what’s happening but there’s something going on and it proves to be a mission to open my eyes. I try to move my body but I’m unable to can it feels numb. The footsteps, I can hear them getting closer and closer then a familiar scent fills my nostrils. I feel some fiddling on my face before I feel something pressing on me and suffocating me. I’m wiggling and fighting but the person seems to be strong.

My life flashes before my eyes, I see a young Nkosinathi playing a ball and his dad cheering on him followed by a teenage Nkosinathi piggybacking Kwanele and hugging Buhle, an old Nkosinathi followed after that hugging his mama and Uthandiwe before kissing Aphiwe who’s carrying Kwanele Junior in her arms. Everything plays in a slow motion like it’s the movie as I struggle to breathe until I couldn’t anymore...

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Chapter Twenty Six

“Thula phela boy” I say as I pace up and down trying to calm KJ down.

He has been crying none stop I don't know why because I breast fed him and changed his diaper. The nurse walks in

“Why is he crying”

“I don't know I fed him and changed his diaper but he won't stop crying” I say with a near tears voice.

“Give him to me” She says.

I give her my baby and she tries to calm him down but KJ is not barging at all. His cry is piercing right through my heart. She examines him as he cries his little lungs out triggering my own tears.

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“I don't see anything wrong with him and he's temperature is okay”

“Are you sure?” I wipe my tears with the back of my hands.

“Yes I am sure Miss Ndlela but babies rarely cry for no reason maybe he's sensing something”

“Oh his father is here he was shot maybe he's sensing that”

“Im sorry to hear that but he's going to be okay he's in good hands”

“Thank you let me take him to his father maybe he will stop crying”

She nods and gives me my baby who's still crying then we both walk out. I see Inathi's doctor and the nurse running into his room. Im welcomed by the deafening rapid beeping sound of a machine when I enter the room.

“What's going on?”

“Miss Ndlela please wait outside”

“No I don't want to get out he's the father of my son I deserve to know what's going on. Nkosinathi I'm sorry please don't leave me” I scream in anguish as the nurse pushes me outside.

The shutting of the door before my face and not knowing what's going on is frustrating. Is he dying on me? No he can't do that to us. I feel my knees losing the strength to carry my weight as I spin into the mire of my own anxious thoughts. Tears are already streaming down my face and KJ is not helping with his wailing that is cutting straight into my heart.

"Miss Ndlela what's going on you are supposed to be resting" Says my midwife as he approaches me.

"How can I rest when your colleagues locked my man inside and chased me out."

"I'm sure they're doing their job just stay calm okay you are stressing the baby can't you see"

"He has been crying none stop he wants his father tell your colleagues to open the door please" I beg desperately

"Miss Ndlela just calm down and go to your room I will call you as soon as they are done with him"

"Nooo!"

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He sighs

“Okay let me go and find out”

He makes his way inside leaving me pacing up and down calming down my boy. His cry eventually cease and he sucks his thumb. If he was light skinned he would be red right now due to crying and here I was thinking all babies are yellow when they're born but not KJ. He's just his father's replica with his chocolate melanin. The door opens and the two doctors walk out. I'm unable to read their facial expression is it part of their job to be this blank mara?

“How is he”

“He's stable Miss Ndlela...”

“Can I see him please”

“Of course but we will give you few minutes you need to take it slow Miss Ndlela you just gave birth and your stitches will not heal if overwork yourself”

“Okay” I say as I make my way in and find the nurse busy touching my man.

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“I would like to have some privacy with my man” I say cheekily.

She doesn't say anything but shakes her flat ass out Bitch! I grab the chair and sit down.

“Baby it's me I'm with our son. You better wake up before I kill a bitch. She's taking an advantage of you ubhizi uyakupotoza nx. Vuka ndoda ngingaze ngigwaze isifebe” (...she's busy caressing you nx. Wake up man before I stab a bitch)

I hear a muffled laugh and look at him but his eyes are closed. Are my ears playing tricks with me?

“Baby did you laugh or It's my imagination?”

He blinks his eyes open and removes the oxygen mask then looks at me with a lazy smile

“Usuyagwazana manje wena” (You stab people now)

“Angidlali nesifebe mina” (I don't play with a whore)

He laughs softly

“She was doing her job nje baby”

“Is caressing patients part of the job now?”

“For someone who asked me to stay out of your life you sound jealous Miss Ndlela” He says with a smirk on his face. Oh he’s enjoying this while I’m pissed off. These nurses will end up raping patients I tell you!

“I didn’t meant it”

“Oh really?”

“Of course you know I didn’t mean that”

“You broke your promise Aphiwe that you will never take him away from me. You denied me a chance to hold my son in my arms within few minutes of his birth not only did you do that you threaten to cut me out of his life and made me look like a irresponsible father and partner just because I couldn’t go against my believe.”

The hurt in his voice is tearing my heart into two. I didn’t know how deeply I have hurt him. I swallow hard as I blink my tears back.

“I was hurt Inathi I didn’t mean to hurt you I really expected you to be with me you know, hold my hand as I push our son out. I didn’t see why it should be a big deal to you I’m sorry”

“So this is how it’s gonna be now? If things doesn’t go your way you are going to cut me out of my son’s life?”

“Of course not I was hurt and I still am because you are disregarding my feelings. You left me when I needed you the most Nkosinathi”

He sighs heavily and brushes his head in frustration.

“I’m sorry that I couldn’t be there but it’s not like I wasn’t there at all I was with you spiritually holding your hand. I have never asked you to do something that you are not comfortable with and I expected the same as well Aphiwe”

I sigh sadly

“So I’m the one that has to accept that my man will never be there to hold my hand when I give birth that’s unfair don’t you think?”

“It’s seems like this acting career of yours has gotten into your head now you can’t differentiate reality and fiction ngathi kuzomele uyeke kona lokulingisa kwakho”

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I look at him incredulously wow is this man for real? After the years I spent studying and he suggests I quit my career just like that? Heee ngathi uzoba yinkinga nje ndoda.

“Uthini?” (What are you saying?)

Oh God did I say that loud? I clear my throat.

“Nothing”

“Give me some space” He says coldly

Oh...

“Don’t you want to hold him”

“Ngoba sekuthanda wena”

“But I said I’m sorry Nkosinathi”

“You don’t get to do and say hurtful things to me and expect me to just let it go. I’m human I have feelings and most importantly I’m your man show me some respect. Usuyadela wena Aphiwe awungiboni nje” (You are rude and disrespectful)

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I look down as I swallow thick saliva in my mouth

“Ngiyaxolisa Bhelesi” (I’m sorry Bhelesi)

“Letha umtanami” (Give me my baby) He says as he sits up straight wincing in pain.

I get up from the bed and give him our son. He carefully holds him in his arms and stares at him like he’s the only precious thing existing in this room.

“Hello boy...it’s daddy. Finally I have been waiting for this day.” He kisses his forehead and smiles widely as his eyes glisten with tears.

“I love you boy”

I feel my cheeks getting damp with warm liquid as I watch at my two favorite boys bonding.

“I can’t believe that he was created by my sperms”

I wipe my tears with the back of my hands. These bloody hormones are still messing up with me.

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“Phiwe ukhalelani?” (Phiwe why are you crying)

“Angisho wena ungikwatele” (You are mad at me)

“I’m not mad at you” He says looking at me worriedly

“It’s like I’m not even in this room the only person that exists in this room is your precious son”

“Come to Papito and sit here” He says patting his thighs.

I get up from the chair and sits on his thighs tilting my head aside to look at him. He places his one hand on my cheek since the other one is holding our son. I lean against his hand and momentarily close my eyes as I inhale deeply taking in his scent

“You know it’s impossible to stay mad at you sthandwa sami”

“So you’re not mad at me anymore?” I asks with a faint smile.

“If it’s means so much to you for me to be in there delivery room next time I will be there”

Oh man isn’t he a darling. I know that he’d do anything for me but I never expected him to go against what he believes in. If this is not love then I don’t know what is it.

“You’d go against your belief for me”

“I’d do anything for you sthandwa sami”

“Oh baby how did I get so lucky mara? Thank you so much it’s means a lot to me that you’d do anything for me but I get it okay? You don’t have to do anything you are not comfortable with to make me happy. What kind of a Queen would that make me to be?”

He flashes one of his gorgeous smile that makes me weak in the knees.

“Damn I love you woman!”

“I know and I don’t know what I would’ve done if I lost you”

I blink and my tear drop rolls down my cheek. He catches it with his thumb and pulls me closer to his face before capturing my lips into his. There’s something about his kisses that leaves me yearning for more.

“Thank you so much for this beautiful gift I’m so proud of you Mamacita you did me proud”

Im a blushing mess! He kisses my nose which makes me giggle.
The nose kisses always leaves me giggling.

“What happened Inathi who shot you?”

“I don’t know they were wearing balaclavas”

“Tell me everything that happened”

“I was actually preparing to come to the hospital then I received a call from Cebisile telling me that she’s on her way to my house and she wants to talk to me. So as I was waiting for her a knock came through and I thought it was her only to see two guys with balaclavas aiming their guns at me.”

“Did they take anything?”

“I don’t think so”

“Oh God Inathi that means they’re coming to finish what they started. I can’t lose you baby...”

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Im freaking out and he doesn’t wait for me to finish my sentence but presses his index finger on my lips

“Sssshhh you not going to lose me calm down please”

“How do you know that Inathi I don’t want you to die I’d die if you were to die on me...”

“I need you to trust me okay”

Now I understand why his mom didn’t want him to start this business from the first place. There’s no peace in taxi industry and I worry about his safety.

“MaNdlela” He says with his deep voice triggering butterflies in my stomach.

“Mhh”

“Look at me”

I look up at him with tears glistening in my eyes.

“Dont you trust me?”

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“I do trust you but I don’t trust the other taxi owners”

“I’m not going anywhere sthandwa sami you and I will grow old together that’s a promise to you okay”

I nod my head and kiss him savoring the taste of his lips. We hear someone clearing their throat and break the kiss.

“Uzophola kanjani umtanami mayezogona umntwana aphinde agone nawe ungaka” (How will my child heal if he’s going to cradle the baby and you as big as you are)

Embarrassment engulf me as I quickly gets up from her son hurting my stitches in the process and bite my lower lip hard stifling a groan.

“Mama you don’t get to come wherever you come from and be mean to my woman” Inathi says with his jaws clenched together.

“But it’s true Nkosinathi you just got shot for crying out loud and here she is on top of you as big as she is”

I swallow a hard lump in my throat pushing back my tears. This woman really hates me and her vile words always find a place in my heart.

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“Mama what are you doing here?” Inathi asks and I don’t like the look he’s giving his mom because I know what will follow after that. I rather not be here and leave him with his parents.

“Uhm let give you guys a space” I say taking Kj but he stops me.

“You are not going anywhere she’s the one that is leaving this room”

Oh God I saw this coming!

“You are throwing me out Nkosinathi?” His mom asks in disbelief.

“Yes leave! Go to your precious daughter you and I know that you rather be with Cebisile then being here so go”

“Nkosinathi dont please...” I try to reprimand him but he’s hearing none, the last I want is for him to disrespect his own mama. The woman is already doesn’t like me and she will think I’m the one who put him up to this.

“Shut up Aphiwe I’m sick and tired of you mama treating my woman as if she’s the one that killed Kwanele. You act like you are the only one who lost Kwanele we all lost her but you don’t see us hating people that are victims as well. You should direct your anger to your late husband. If only he didn’t cheat on you with Aphiwe’s mom Kwanele would be here! Just get out of here because all you came here for is to harass my woman!”

“Nkosinathi you are throwing me out , your own mom?”

“Oh now you remember that you are my mom? Just get out of here your sight make me sick!”

Her moms blinks superfluously clearly shocked that her son has spoken to her like that.

“Bhelesi you can’t talk to your mom like that” I say but he’s fuming with anger and I have never seen him like this.

“Oh please stop acting wena skhebereshe!” (...you slut!)

“Betty stop it!” Mr Ndlovu says for the first time since they have made their way in.

“I have been tolerating your shit hoping you will come around but now I’m done with you mama. You are dead to me!”

“Nkosinathi noooo!” I say as tears blur my eyes.

“Baba thatha umfazi wakho niphume la” (Dad take your wife and get out of here)

“He doesn’t mean that mama. Nkosin ...”

“Vala umlomo Aphiwe, wena phuma la!” (Close your mouth Aphiwe and you get out!)

He says pointing his mama with his index finger who opens her mouth to say something but words are failing her then she walks out. The husband follows behind her leaving me with a fuming Nkosinathi.

“You asked me to make peace with my mom only to cut ties with yours. Talking about double standards Inathi. I hate this tension between the two of you it’s killing me inside especially knowing that I’m the reason behind. Your mom will hate me more now” I burst into tears

“Why are you crying?” He can’t even mask the annoyance in his face.

“Angiyithandi lento eyenzekayo Nkosinathi...” (I don’t like what’s happening Nkosinathi...)

“Do you have a solution maybe better than mine?”

I shake my head no.

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“Awuyeke ukutefa ke” (Stop being a cry baby)

“Maybe I’m not strong woman enough for you Nkosinathi”

“So what are you saying?”

The look in his eyes sends chills down my spine. I swallow thick saliva in my mouth.

“Uhm how about we...we...take a break”

He laughs like really hard until tears roll down his face.

“Uyahlanya akho break ozoythola la futhi woza ngiqabule” (You are crazy you’re not going to a break, come her and kiss me)



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Chapter Twenty Seven

The touch of her tongue against mine sends my mind into a sensual intoxication. Damn she tastes like the best thing there ever was in this world. I could kiss her all day and still want more. She breaks the kiss and looks at me with teary eyes.

“I love you so much” I say staring deep in her eyes.

I understand it's hard for her as much as it's hard for me as well but in life at some point you have let everything that is stealing your happiness and hindering you from betterment no matter how vital that thing is in your life. Letting go is not easy believe you me in fact its one of the most difficult thing to do as especially if you are letting go something that is part of your life.

I didn't just wake up and decided that my mother is dead to me as from today, it's was a hard decision but it had to be made. Phiwe is more then just the woman that captured my heart now she's the mother of my son her well being is my priority. If the derogatory remarks that mom keep throwing at her are draining me I can Imagine what do they do to her. I will always protect her no matter what.

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“Phiwe I will always protect you and our son”

“I know baby I just don’t think I’m the woman you want in your life. I’m too fragile and young for you Nkosinathi and every now and then that will show”

“Nonsense if you are not the woman that I want I wouldn’t have find my way back to your arms again after we parted for almost a year. You think so little of yourself Mamacita and I want that to stop as from today. You are everything and more I want in a woman. Remember we are a team we complete each other. I don’t see myself with anyone else but you my love I love every nook and corner of your mind, heart soul and body.”

“You literally chose me over your own mother Nkosinathi ... ”

“And I will choose you anytime and any day.”

She smiles faintly and I plant kisses all over her face. I don’t stop until she giggles.

“Yes that what I want to see and hear”

“He’s so quiet in your arms”

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We both look at our son who’s sucking his thumb

“Ay ay indoda enjani na le encela isithupha” (What kind of a man is he that sucks his thumb) I joke

“Leave my son alone wena!”

“How will he court girls with a thumb in his mouth”

I remove his tiny hand from his mouth and damn the look he’s giving me makes Phiwe to laugh.

“Yoooh this fella will kill me just by looking at me”

“Finally you meet your mate!” She says laughing

“Ahh baby what does that supposed to mean?”

“You give me the same look when you are annoyed”

“Me? Never baby!”

“Few minutes ago when I told you that we should take a break. The look you gave me I almost shit on myself then you said uyahlanya akho break la ozoyithola futhi woza ngizoqabula” (...You are crazy you are not going to get any break. Come and kiss

me...) She says mimicking me on the last line. I can't help but laugh and she joins me

“You are something else Papito”

“That's why you love me”

“Don't be so sure”

“Ouch”

She laughs and plants a kiss on our son's forehead. Just then Senzo walks in and smiles when our eyes meet.

“Aweh”

“Eita”

“MaNdlela”

“Hey Senzo”

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“I brought you some of your clothes and toiletries” He says throwing the sport bag on the bedside table.

“Thank you man”

“This is the little man” He asks looking at my son.

“Yes”

“Eh ndoda wayiphika yini lentwana yafana nawe kangaka” (Eh man did you deny this boy the way he looks so much like you)

Phiwe and I laugh

“Of course not I have strong genes unlike you.”

“Tsek!”

He punches my shoulders playfully.

“Don’t you want to hold him” I ask and he shakes his head vigorously.

“He’s so tiny”

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“You such a coward!”

“Leave me alone Mnesh!”

We laugh who would have thought that Senzo the man is scared of holding an infant.

“Uhm baby let me go breastfeed him”

“Don’t go on my account MaNdlela you can breast feed him here” Senzo says and I glance at him.

“Ndoda ufuna ukubona amabele omfazi wami manje” (Man you want see my wife’s boobs)

They laugh

“You know what yours is mine as well” - Senzo

“Not when it’s comes to my woman she’s mine alone even KJ knows that these boobs are only carrying his food but they belong to me”

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“Inathi!” Aphiwe says giggling shyly as Senzo laughs out loudly.

“Go and feed my boy baby before this horny bastard lust over your boobs”

We shriek into laughter then Aphiwe takes my boy and walks out. Senzo grabs the chair and sits down looking at me.

“You scared me man I thought I have lost you”

“You know I’m a die hard”

“I’m going to find those bastards and kill them all”

“What are you talking about”

“I’m talking about the assholes that shot you”

“Cebisile shot me bra”

“What?”

“Yes”

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I narrate everything that happened.

“Wow she said she found you shot!” Anger and shock glint in his eyes.

“She’s lying and someone tried to kill me by suffocating me with a pillow.”

“Do you think it’s her?”

“I know that she’s capophobic but I didn’t think she would go as far as killing me so that she doesn’t go to jail”

“She’s dangerous Mnesha you have to tell on her she has to be arrested”

“She was angry she didn’t mean to shoot me”

“There’s no such thing Mnesha she knew what she was doing for the fact that she came here to finish you it’s shows how dangerous she is.”

“We are not sure it’s her”

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“Who could it be? Obvious it’s her you have a soft spot for this woman you let her get away with everything she does to you hence she will never learn”

“Please get me the footage of the hospital”

“Sure but you have to report her”

“It’s not easy considering the fact that she’s the mother of my daughter”

“Cebisile needs to learn that she can’t do things and get away with them. She has to face the consequences of her actions”

“You are right...are you the one that sent her the message?”

“No”

“Then this means the message is really from Zac so he’s alive”

“I hope his mom will stop being a nuisance”

“I hope he will stay away from Cebisile and my daughter”

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“I think he learnt his lesson”

Hospital freaks me out surely I have said that before and being the one who's hospitalized sucks. It's the next day my woman and my son are going home today I want to go with them.

“When am I going home?” I ask my doctor

“I will keep you here for few days until you fully recover Mr Dlomo”

Days? Is this man for real? I can't stay days here I feel so weak!

“I will come to check up on you later”

I nod my head and he walks out leaving me with my reeling mind. Im contemplating whether to report Cebisile or not. Punishing her is hard because I have to think about our daughter first. Speak of the devil!

* * *

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Guilt is toxic and it's good as a poison. It's eats you bit by bit I don't know how did I made it this far after the death of Thiza and Mphemba. If Nathi dies I swear this time guilt will swallow me alive. What was I thinking? Obviously I wasn't thinking! For the

first time in a long time I feel like praying but I doubt the man above will hear me, my sins in this world are beyond me.

I couldn't sleep last night thinking about what I have done. I hate the woman I become where Nathi is concerned. I become irrational and do crazy things. I'm sitting on the counter chair sipping on my cinnamon tea. It's the next morning and my daughter is still sleeping. She was restless last night I wouldn't be surprised that she was sensing the horrible ordeal that is happening.

"Penny for your thoughts" My sister snaps me out of my reverie.

"Maybe I should go and confess"

"No don't do that!"

"It's only a matter of time the police come here and arrest me."

"No don't confess sis rather we wait for them anything is possible"

"No don't tell me you think he could die I will never forgive myself if he dies"

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"I'm just saying sis but at least if he dies you won't go to jail"

“I don’t want him to die Thando!”

“So you rather go to jail?”

“I don’t know okay but I don’t want him to die. I’m going to see him”

“I don’t think that’s a good idea”

“Well I’m going”

I gulp down the last content of my tea and go put the cup into the sink before going to bathroom to freshen up. Once I’m done I leave, my phone rings its Nathi’s mom.

“Mama”

“Hey sis how are you”

“I’m okay mama and yourself?”

“I’m not good at all that bitch finally convinced my son to choose her over me can you believe her!”



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“I’m not following mama”

She explains to me what happened last night and the anger in her voice can’t be missed. I say a little prayer within myself that he’s awake. I have to admit that I saw this coming, Nkosinathi choosing Aphiwe over his mom that is but I didn’t think it will be this soon.

“I’m sorry mama he will come around”

What can I say?

“That bitch turned my own son against me Cebisile my only son!”

Do I tell her that it’s her fault?

“I’m sorry mama. Im going to the hospital now I will talk to him”

“Thank you sis I have to go”

“Bye”

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“Bye”

I hang up and sigh heavily. I don't want to get myself involved in this because I told mama but she didn't want to listen. I'm the last person he can listen to after what I did to him.

I can feel my knees teetering as I make my way to his ward. I'm afraid how will he receive me after I almost killed him. Our eyes meet as I walk inside.

“Can I come in”

“You came to finish me?”

“That's not true Mkhabela” I say as I walk towards his bed and sit on the chair.

“What are you doing here?”

“I want to say I'm sorry”

He laughs and shakes his head

“So you go around shooting people and say sorry”

“I know that it's sounds absurd but I didn't mean to shoot you Dinangwe I'm sorry ”

“You almost killed me Cebisile!”

“I know, I know Baba ka Ndiwe I’m sorry I wish I can take everything back. I’m sorry please forgive me”

“Okay I forgive you but you have to know that actions has consequences”

“What does that supposed to mean”

“It’s either you go and confess or I will tell the police myself”

“Nathi please don’t do that I’m begging you. I would never survive jail. What about Ndiwe?”

“Ndiwe has me and Aphiwe”

Oh God!

“Please punish me with anything but not jail please Dinangwe you know jail will literally swallow me”

“You wanted to kill me Cebisile I don’t see the reason why I should be listening to you right now.”

“I didn’t want to kill you Dlomo even shooting you wasn’t the plan. I just wanted to scare you so that you can tell me everything that you did to Zakhele. All I wanted was closure”

“Okay so you saw that I didn’t die you thought let me end him by suffocating him with a pillow so that he won’t report me”

“What? Of course not. I didn’t do that Nathi”

“Stop lying to me!”

He shouts hurting himself in the process.

“I swear on our daughter’s life Nkosinathi.” I scream with a near tears voice.

He looks at me as if he’s searching the truth in my eyes. Just then the detective and the police from yesterday walks in with Nkosinathi’s doctor. Oh God my life is over! They greet us and look at me.

“Is everything okay here?” The detective asks I can’t even utter a word I’m so terrified.

“Yes everything is okay detective Thwala”

“Mr Dlomo reporting gun wounds is one of the hospital rules so the police are here regarding your shooting. Gentlemen don’t be hard on him”

“Don’t worry doc we will just ask a few questions”

The doctor smiles faintly and excuses himself.

“Mrs Mbhele please excuse us”

“No she has to be here I insist.” Nathi says

“Why she’s crying?” Thwala asks once again

“I don’t think that’s a reason you are here for Thwala. Enza okuzele la bese uyagoduka” (Do what you are here for and leave) Nathi says looking at the detective.

“Tell us about yesterday morning”

“I was shot as you can see” Nathi spits, he can’t mask the annoyance in his voice.

“I know that Mr Dlomo give us full details so that we can get those thugs and lock them up”

Nkosinathi looks at me and my heart thuds harder against my chest.

“Well I was preparing to go to the hospital to see my girlfriend. She gave birth the night before last. I received a call from Cebisile that’s she’s on her way to see me. So I waited for her...”

He pauses and looks at me angrily. I’m a shivering mess even my teeth are clattering.

“Carry on Mr Dlomo”

“It’s her detective”

He points at me with his index finger and my heart literally stop beating as I see my life ending right before my eyes.

“What do you mean Mr Dlomo”

Nathi glances at me once again and I feel warm liquid sliding down my legs.

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“It’s her...uhm...it’s her they wanted and I couldn’t let them touch her”

I look at him through my teary eyes rather shocked by the change of his statement.

“I’m not following Mr Dlomo”

“Thwala I feel drowsy can you come back later or tomorrow”

Thwala looks at him then me suspiciously and sighs.

“Okay we will come back later”

They say their goodbyes and walk out. I cover my face with my hands and burst into sob.

“Hey don’t cry come here”

I shake my head no.

“Cebi come here please”

“No!”



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I feel his arms wrapping around me and his scent filling my nostrils.

“I’m sorry okay don’t cry”

He holds me tightly in his arms as I cry my eyes balls out. Once I’m calm he pulls back and makes me look at him by pulling my chin up but I close my eyes.

“Cebisile”

“Mmh”

“Look at me”

I shake my head no

“It’s me Nathi you don’t have to be embarrassed in front of me. Cela ungibheke ngiyakucela” (Please look at me)

Once again I shake my head no. I can’t look at him not after I have peed on myself I’m so ashamed and embarrassed of myself.

“Please open your eyes Mamakhe” The pleading tone in his voice gives me a courage. I take a deep breath and open my eyes they meet his remorseful eyes.

“I’m sorry I wasn’t going to report you I just wanted to scare you”

“But why I almost killed you”

“I know that you didn’t mean to shoot me”

That’s makes me even cry more. I really thought it’s over with me.

“I’m sorry don’t cry please.” He wipes my tears and kisses my forehead.

I watch him as he takes his sport bag and searches through it then takes out his sweatpants and toiletry bag

“Here you can use the bathroom”

I take the bag and sweatpants before going to the bathroom. I freshen up quickly and wear his sweatpants then fold my skirt. Once I’m done I go back to his room and find him deep in thoughts.

“Thank you”

I can't bring myself to look at him I have never been embarrassed like this in my life I just want to be out of here already.

“You are welcome mamakhe”

“Thank you so much for not telling on me Nkosinathi what I did was beyond wrong I almost killed you and I know that you are still angry that I kept Ndiwe away from you. This was your chance to get back at me but you didn't thank you so much.”

“Come here you are still shaking”

I walk to his arms and he holds me close to himself.

“I meant it when I told you that I'm over what you did. Yes I was angry I won't lie and I wanted to punish you hard but then again I remember that I also contributed to the situation. I hurt you Mamakhe and I'm so sorry for the pain I caused you yezwa”

My heart swells at the familiarity of his gaze on me, you know that gaze that use to make me feel like a special woman in this universe back then before Aphiwe happened. I always wonder what could have happened had she not became part of the picture. I wrap my arms around his neck and hug him.

“Thank you Babakhe”

“It’s really not you that suffocated me last night” He asks as I break the hug.

“I swear on our daughter’s life Nkosinathi.”

“Okay musa ukukhala phela” (Stop crying) He wipes my tears with his thumbs.

“I have to go now”

“I won’t let you go while you are still like this. Just linger a bit until you are calm”

I sink in his embrace once again and inhale deeply. His scent has always been calming and I have always felt safe in his arms. I pull back but not break the hug

“Ngiyakukhumbula Nkosinathi” (I miss you Nkosinathi)

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“I’m always here Cebi”

“No man has ever handled my body like you do. You are the only one who knows how to play my body like a guitar. I miss the way you used to make me feel when you kiss me, touch me, eat me and fuck me”

He swallows spit his Adam’s apple bobbing in his throat. I lay my eyes on his a bit dry lips, as if he could see them through me his tongue darts out and wet them leaving a glistening sheen. My thumb trail on his lips as I stare deep in his eyes filled with lust then I inch my face towards his. I feel a grip on my braids pulling me away roughly and scream.

“Bitch ungiwayela kabi he will play your body like a guitar in your fucking dreams!”

I scream in anguish as she pulls me with my braids.

“Phiwe stop it please” Nathi says but his psycho girlfriend is hearing none. Oh God my scalp is on fire what the fuck is wrong with this bitch!

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Chapter Twenty Eight

I rummage through my closet but I can't find anything to wear except the sweatpants she doesn't want me to wear in public. I have run out of clothes to wear all of them are dirty. She's sitting on the bed breastfeeding our son. I don't have any choice but to wear the sweatpants.

"You are going to work wearing that?"

The look she's giving me right now I swear I'd be dead if looks can kill. I don't know what does she expect me to wear.

"Yes" I respond calmly

"Oh today you are on a mission to advertise my dick to horny whores"

"What am I going to wear Phiwe you didn't do the laundry mos"

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"You know I don't know how to do laundry Inathi" She furrows her eyebrows

“You are a woman for crying out loud you are supposed to know how to do chores Phiwe. You don’t cook, you don’t clean , you don’t do laundry. It’s your job to take care of this house Im tired of takeaways and I’m tired of cleaning after you”

“Who was doing your laundry last month?”

“Thula has been doing my laundry ever since my mom stopped doing laundry for me but you are here now as my woman you should be doing laundry for me and cook for me and clean this house”

“I’m not your maid Nkosinathi I’m your woman. It’s not like I do nothing at all. I take care of your son and I don’t sleep at night because he keeps me up all night. I never get rest your son is always crying I also deserves some rest”

“Hayi Phiwe don’t talk as if I never look after him as well and give you a chance to sleep”

“Let’s hire a helper ke”

“I won’t eat food prepared by a stranger and I won’t allow a stranger to wash my clothes when I have a woman I might as well find a new woman that knows taking care of me is her duty not that she’s my maid”

“What does that supposed to mean?”

“I’m off”

“Nkosinathi don’t walk out of me when I’m talking to you!” Heee who is she yelling at?

I take my car keys and walk out ignoring her. I love Phiwe so much and I enjoy staying with her and our son but I don’t like that she doesn’t know how to do chores and she’s not even prepared to learn. Everyday when I come back from work I have to bring food for us to eat and clean the house. For the whole month I have been quiet but now I can’t take it anymore.

So after she gave birth she went to Vryheid to stay with her grandma for a month then last month she came back to live with me and I couldn’t be happier but the way things are going on I’m not happy at all. Back then she use to try to cook for me and clean the house but now she’s doesn’t bother and that doesn’t sit well with me.

I arrive at the agreed restaurant and roam my eyes around searching for him and there he is by the corner sipping on his drink. I make my way to his table and sit down.

“Aweh”

“Sure Mnesh”

“You good?”

“Yeah man and yourself”

“I can’t complain so what do you have for me”

“Well she’s having an affair with her boss”

He takes out his phone and shows me the pictures and videos of her and her boss in a compromising position.

“They love them older than them it’s must run in the family hey” I say as I scroll through the pictures

“He bought her a brand new Maserati”

“Bastard is squandering the school’s money on this bitch.”

“The wife is bipolar”

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“What’s that?” I ask in confusion

“Bipolar disorder is a mental illness marked by extreme shifts in mood. Symptoms can include an extremely elevated mood called mania. They can also include episodes of depression. Bipolar disorder is also known as bipolar disease or manic depression.”

I smile like retard as a thought cross my mind.

“Oh if the wife is a mental case tell me what are the chances of her retaliating if she see these pictures and videos.”

“She will go crazy on her that woman is dangerous Mneshe she once burnt her husband’s mistress with cooking oil”

“Leak these pictures and videos to social media”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes I want to tarnish her reputation and I want the wife to deal with her”

“Consider it done”

“Thank you I will transfer the rest of the money into your account later”

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“Thank you man”

“Don’t mention it”

We bump fist then I leave. That bitch is going to regret ever having thoughts of eliminating me in this world who died and made her God? I like that she’s not aware that I know she tried to kill me at the hospital.

See I’m not that kind of person that retaliate immediately I take my sweet perfect time to plot my revenge it doesn’t matter even if it’s takes years.

I arrive at home and park my car next to Aphiwe’s then step out of my car. I wonder where is she going with my son.

“Where are you going?”

She doesn’t reply but continue strapping my son on his seat.

“Aphiwe ngikhuluma nawe” (Aphiwe I’m talking to you)

“I’m taking him to his pediatrician”

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

We always go to together to our son's pediatrician and she knows that I can't keep record of his checkup dates hence she always reminds me.

"I didn't want to interrupt your plans of finding yourself a new woman I'm sure it didn't even take you a second to find one with your package on display" She says pointing at my bulge.

I sigh and stretch my hand to her

"Give me your car keys we are going together"

"No I'm going alone"

"Aphiwe ..."

She doesn't even wait for me to finish but get into her car and drives out. This woman knows how to frustrate me but I'm not going to run after her clearly she doesn't want to go with me today.

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* * *

I can hear my phone ringing in my deep sleep. I fiddle for it on my beside table and answer it without checking the caller ID.

“Mmh”

“Cebisile”

“Mama”

“Don’t tell me you are still sleeping? It’s nine o’clock right now”

“Ndiwe is coming up with flue she kept me the whole night so I’m not going to work today I will take her to the doctor.”

“Aw sis I would’ve taken her to the doctor”

“It’s Friday mama so don’t worry.”

“Ohkay sis please kiss her for me”

“I will do”

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I hang up and throw my phone away then feel my daughter's temperature. Shame my poor baby she's burning up and breathing through her mouth since her nose is blocked. When my daughter is sick I feel sick as well fortunately it's a sport day today so I'm not going to work.

I have no complains about the past two months. I found job at Zama High School. It's been a few weeks now since I started teaching there. Every morning I take Ndiwe to her grandma and fetch her when I come back to work hence mama was calling me she thought I overslept, then on Fridays her father takes her and bring her back on Mondays.

At first Nkosinathi didn't want his mom to babysit Ndiwe because he didn't want his mom near his children. I had to talk to him and convince him because as much as he didn't want his children near his mom but that woman loves her grandchildren. How she loves Kj but hates Aphiwe it's a mystery to me.

Another thing is I don't trust strangers with my child I don't want to hire a woman that will abuse my daughter so he had no choice but to let his mom be around his children. We have been co-parenting very well and I couldn't be happier.

I roll out of bed and undress before shuffling to the bathroom. Once I'm done I wrap a towel around my body and prepare to bath my daughter. The way she hates to be disturbed in her sleep she's sulking and it doesn't help that she's not well today.

I finish bathing her and dress her up then give her my phone to keep her busy while I get dressed but she's not interested today she tosses it away and starts crying.

“Askies my love I will be done just now”

I slip into a maroon leather pants and long black sweater. I complete the look with black thighs boots. I wear one of my favorite Michael Kors perfume and go to the kitchen to make cereal for her then sit down and feed her. She manage to down a few spoons then she refuses. I let her be before she vomit the little cereal she ate. I take everything I'm going to need then we leave.

Since I didn't make an appointment I wait at the reception area until he's done to attend other patients then I go in. We exchange greetings then he examines my daughter and injects her. She burst into tears and tells the doctor that she will tell her father. Trust her to say that she's such a daddy's girl. The doctor gives me a prescription note then we leave. I call Ndiwe's father as I drive to the pharmacy.

“Mamakhe”

“How are you Babakhe”

“I'm well and yourself”

“I’m also well but your daughter is not feeling well I’m coming from the doctor as we speak”

“What’s wrong with her? Why you didn’t tell me”

The panic in his voice I’m sure he wants to fly right in this moment and get to us. I was worried that he will stop loving our daughter after the birth of his son but now I have come to realize that Nkosinathi is not that kind of father. He loves his children equally and I couldn’t be happier.

“Relax it’s just flue she’s going to be okay”

“Okay I’m home you can bring her”

“Alright see you in half an hour or so”

“Okay”

I start at the pharmacy first before driving to the mall to buy Ndiwe’s yogurt and cheese curls and Nandos for myself. Once I’m I finished with my shopping I drive to Nathi’s place. We find him doing laundry outside and the way he’s doing it you can tell that this thing is foreign to him.

“Babazi!”

Ndiwe screams raising her hands up for her father to take her who wipes his wet hands on his sagging sweatpants that accentuate the muscles on the lower sides of his abdomen that form a V-shape. Is it me or he’s becoming sexier with each passing day.

“Hello baby girl”

He kisses our daughter’s tiny lips

“Babazi ahlungu la” (Babazi it’s painful here)

She points at her shoulder where the doctor injected her.

“The doctor injected her?”

“Yes she told him that she will tell you”

He smiles proudly and look at his daughter like it’s the only thing existing in this moment.

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“Dokotela ukujovile kabuhlungu mtanami” (The doctor injected you my baby?)

“Mmh la Babazi” (Yes here Babazi) She shows him her shoulder.

“Askies sthandwa sami ngizomphula amathambo yezwa” (I’m sorry my love I break his bones)

“Aphula athambo Babazi!” She says with a huge grin as if she understands what does that mean.

“Yes my baby”

“Why are you doing your laundry where’s Aphiwe” I ask

“She took KJ to his pediatrician”

“Uyayazi nje lento oyenza la” (Do you know what you are doing here?)

“Of course!” He retorts and I laugh at him because he’s lying. It’s doesn’t take rocket science to see that this person has never done this before.

“Nathi we don’t mix whites clothes with other colors. We usually wash whites clothes first separately before putting other clothes”

“Oh” He says rather embarrassed.

“You remember that day at the hospital you told me that I don’t have to feel embarrassed in front of you and I felt it in your voice that you meant it so you also don’t have anything to be embarrassed about in front of me okay”

He nods softly and gives me a faint smile.

“Here take this plastic and go feed my daughter yogurt I will takeover here”

“You don’t have to Cebi”

“I know but I want to”

“Ngiyabonga” (Thank you)

“You are welcome”

He smiles once again before taking the plastic from me and walk away with my daughter. I involuntarily bite my lip as I stare at his behind I can imagine myself digging my nails on that firm ass as he thrusts into me deep. Cebisile get the grip of the yourself! I chastise myself and start separating the whites clothes from dark clothes then continue with the task at hand.

Two hours later I'm done. I dish up for us and take the tray to the living room where I find them both sleeping. Ndiwe is on top of her daddy's bare chest who's lying on the couch skyward with his arms wrapped around Ndiwe. I put the tray on the coffee table and take a few snaps then take Ndiwe but he tightens his grip around Ndiwe and blinks his eyes open.

"I will put her into bed" I say and he nods his head.

I take my sleepy daughter and go to the nursery room. They renovated Kwanele's bedroom and made it a nursery room for Ndiwe and Kj. I have to say that Aphiwe's friend did the things here. I put her on her cot and put a throw on top of her then go back to the living room.

"I thought I will find you eating already ain't you hungry?"

"I'm hungry but I'm tired of this food Cebisile"

Oh konje Miss New York is a spoilt brat I doubt she knows how to do chores hence Nathi was doing his laundry. I indulge on my food and wash it down with juice.

"So what do you want to eat?"

"Maas"

“I’d cook phuthu for you manje ke you left me and chose someone who can’t feed you”

I shrug my shoulders and take a huge bite of my wing.

“Hawu Cebisile”

“Yini?”

“You don’t have to rub it in”

“Ah kodwa vele uyalayeka mfana” (Its serves you right)

“Mxm”

He sulks and I cackle like a slut. Nozoke! Nazoke! with Khwezi’s voice on iZulu Lami. It’s serves him right! I don’t feel sorry for him he left me angithi.

“Uyaphapha!” He says snatching my wing just as I’m about to bite it.

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“Hey give me back my wing!”

“Angifuni” (I don’t want to)

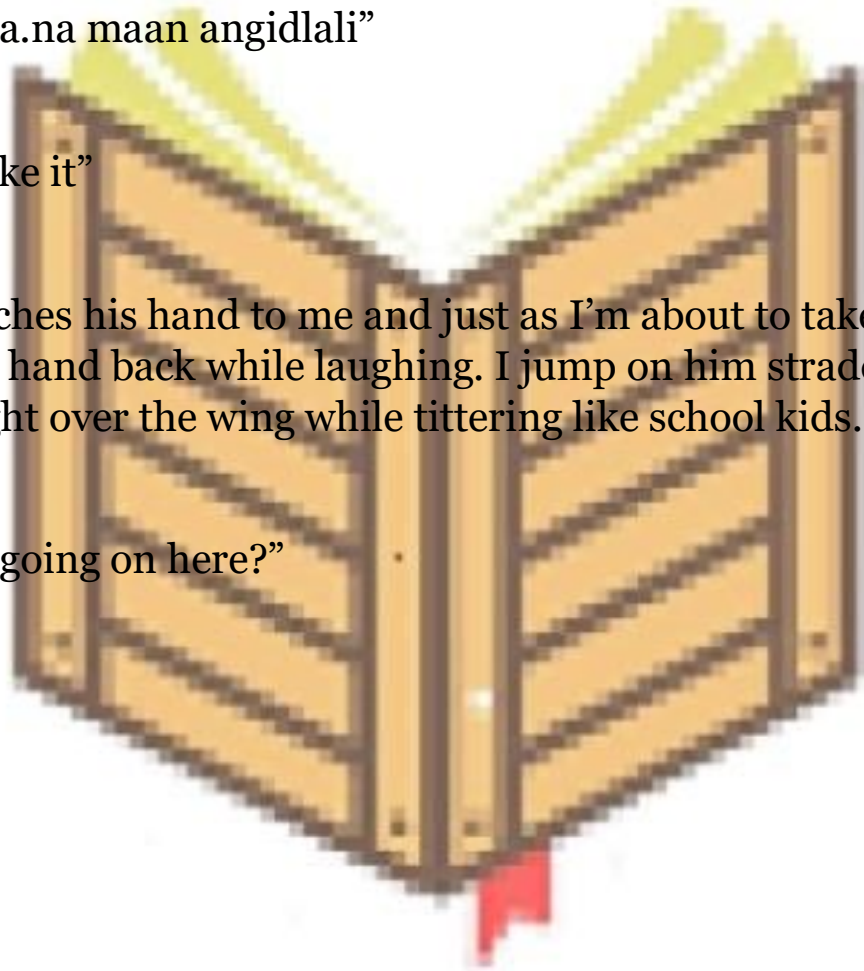
I put the tray on the coffee table and attempt to take my wing from him but It’s a mission impossible.

“Nathi ha.na maan angidlali”

“Here take it”

He stretches his hand to me and just as I’m about to take it he pulls his hand back while laughing. I jump on him straddling him as we fight over the wing while tittering like school kids.

“What’s going on here?”



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Chapter Twenty Nine

The moment she envelopes me in her arms the pain comes like a pandemonium in a form of a silence scream. Tears start falling one by one without the sign of stopping. Have you ever experience the exhaustion that you can feel it even in your bones? That's how I am right now I feel like it's only a matter of time my body shutdown.

She frees me from her embrace and takes my hand into hers while the other one pushes KJ's stroller as we make our way to the lounge. We settle down on the couch then she stares at me in anticipation.

“Talk to me baby”

“I'm tired”

“Of what?”

“Of everything”

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She looks at me bewildered

“I’m not following Wewe”

“Motherhood is exhausting I haven’t had a decent sleep in two months your grandson is forever crying then his father except me to cook for him, do his laundry and clean the house but he knows very well that I can’t do that shit”

“Haibo Nkosinathi angazobheda you are not his wife he hasn’t paid any lobola for you he can’t expect you to do all of that for him.”

“I told him how about we hire a maid since I can’t do chores. He said will never eat food prepared by a stranger and he will never allow a stranger to wash his clothes when he has a woman he might as well find a new woman that will know how to take care of him. How can he say that mama?”

“Udakiwe he dated you knowing very well that you can’t do chores if he doesn’t want you anymore he should just say so and stop making excuses. Nx let me call him uyanya!”

“Mama no don’t please”

“Uyahlanya uNkosinathi you are not his wife has he forgotten that? I will remind him phela he didn’t even pay the damages but he’s busy bullying you nxa!”

I snatch her phone from the glass table before she reaches it.

“Mama coming here to you and tell you about the issues of my relationship doesn’t mean you should confront Inathi. I come here because you are my mother and I trust you. I don’t expect you to confront my man but I expect you to comfort me and advise me. I’m aware that some of things I may say to you will antagonize you but please don’t ever think of confronting him not unless if you don’t want me to come here anymore if I need a shoulder to cry on”

She exhales deeply and looks at me intently

“I’m sorry sweetheart but it’s a mother’s job to protect her child. So when you come here crying and tell me that someone hurt you as a mother obviously I will be angry and want to deal with that person accordingly but I understand what you are saying. I will respect your relationship but what you have to know is I won’t stand listening to you always crying about your boyfriend and not do something so there will come a time where I have to react and damn I will react. I didn’t carry you nine months for another woman’s child to hurt you do you hear me?”

I swallow hard and nod my head. See my mom is sweet but there’s this side of hers that she exposed me to me when they were trying to break me up with Inathi, it’s really not a side I like to witness again. We are working on our relationship, slowly but surely we will get there.

She hasn't touched alcohol ever since we fixed our relationship and she's attending AA meetings three times a week. I'm so proud of her for seeking help. A lot happened but I'm willing to let everything go and I'm hopeful that I will have my mother, sister, best friend back to me once again. I miss us man!

“Good you have to remind him that you are not his wife he must do what right by you before he expects you to do those things for him. You see the reason why I don't like the idea of you cohabiting Wewe.”

“I'm not cohabiting mama”

“Then what do you call what you are doing?”

“I'm visiting”

“For the whole month? I didn't chase you out please come back home baby”

“I'm not ready mama”

“Is it or you just want to cohabit?”

“I'm not cohabiting!” I retort

“Heyi dont raise your voice at me we call what you are doing cohabiting! Musa ukuba isidina emfaneni give him some space to breathe no wonder he wants you to cook for him and do his laundry umthe neeh haaai maan awuzithande uyeke ukuzishibhisa emfaneni!” (.....Stop being a nuisance to him... you are clinging on him love yourself maan and stop being cheap to him!)

If that was meant to comfort me then there must be something wrong with me because I’m torn beyond. Just then my mom’s phone rings. She takes it and answers it.

“Hello...speaking...what!...Ohhh God”

She hangs up and gets up immediately

“I have to go your brother was stabbed”

“Oh no is he going to be okay?”

“I don’t know” She says running upstairs.

I’m still angry at my brother but I don’t want him to die not yet. She comes back with her handbag and car keys.

“Please keep me updated mama”

“I will baby”

She dashes out. I sigh deeply and take my sleepy son in his stroller before going to sis Rebs’s cottage. I knock on the door and hear some shuffling then the door opens.

“Wewe come on in”

She makes the space for me to walk in.

“How are you sis Rebs”

We share a hug

“I’m okay darling and yourself”

“I’m fine”

She locks her eyes on mine scrutinizing me before taking my son from me.

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“He’s growing up so fast hey the last time you were here he was so tiny”

“Neh I’m coming from his pediatrician and he weighs 5,6 kg now”

“Aww uyafana no Nathi jesu!” (He looks so much like Nathi)

She kisses his lips and I groan inwardly. I don’t want people to kiss my son. I wish I could put a sticker on his forehead written ‘do not kiss me’

“Let me put him to sleep”

She disappears to her bedroom as I settle down on the couch.

“Do you want anything to drink” She asks as she appears from her bedroom.

“Wine please”

“Ain’t you breastfeeding?”

“I am but one glass won’t hurt sis Rebs”

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She pours both of us glasses of wine and settles down next to me.

“Thank you”

I take the glass and swig on my wine.

“How’s motherhood?”

“It’s exhausting sis Rebs I haven’t had a decent sleep ever since KJ was born, the nappy changing and his relentless wailing for no particular reason yoooh sometimes I want to throw him out of the window”

She laughs

“Welcome to motherhood”

Sis Rebs doesn’t have a child of her own but she’s raising her late sister’s child. Her sister’s pregnancy had some complications and she chose her baby over her life. So little Ntando doesn’t know that sis Rebs is not her biological mother.

“But I wouldn’t trade it for the world”

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“At least you have Inathi’s support being a single mother is hard”

“Yena he’s hands on shame he even looks after him at night while I sleep.”

The way we help each other in raising our son is the reason why I stay with him.

“Then what’s wrong?”

“He knows very well that I don’t want him to wear sweatpants especially in public but today he wore it and when I asked him why he said I didn’t do his laundry like really sis Rebs what do I know about doing laundry and he knows that I can’t do chores. I suggested that we hire a maid he said he won’t eat food prepared by a stranger and he won’t allow a stranger to wash his clothes when he has a woman he might as well find a new woman that will know how to take care of him”

I look up to prevent my tears from falling but they escape on the sides of my face.

“Mama said I should stop being a nuisance and cheap to Nkosinathi that why he wants me to cook for him ngimthe neeh I should I give him a space to breathe and come back home” (...I’m clinging on him...)

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I wipe my tears but they are falling relentlessly. Sis Rebs puts her glass on the coffee table and embraces me in her arms.

“Askies sthandwa sami”

“I live with him because I want us to help each other with raising our son and so far we are doing a very good job Sis Rebs. Please tell me am I being cheap for wanting my son to grow up in a proper family with his mom and dad?”

She kisses my forehead and releases a deep sigh.

“You are not wrong for wanting a proper family for your son that’s a good thing and I love that you guys are both hands on raising your son but the truth is you two are not married yet. In our culture that is cohabiting and it’s considered as immoral and disrespectful. Nkosinathi have to do right by you and KJ first before you guys can stay together without being questioned. So that what your mom was trying to say it’s the choice of words she used that were rather hurtful and mean.”

“I hear you sis Rebs”

“As for the chores it’s high time you learn how do chores Wewe. You are a mother now you can’t expect me to wash your clothes and KJ’s forever. Nkosinathi can’t demand you to do his laundry and cook for him you are not his wife but as his woman it’s your duty to look after him. It’s your duty to feed him when you are with him, it’s your duty to ensure that he’s clean and representable especially in front of people, it’s your duty to satisfy

his sexual needs, it's your duty to ensure that he's okay emotionally and physically. There must be a difference when he's with you Wewe. He can't go to work with shrink clothes even when you are there kwamele kucace mawukhona wena as his woman. Remember that when he goes out there whatever situation he may be in he's representing you and him. No matter what never allow another woman to do anything that concerns your man. You can hire a maid but ensure that everything that concern your man it's done by you. Men are weird creatures Wewe when you look after them and give them respect they return that with love. That's the reason most of the time men cheat with their maids. See your mother as lazy as she is but mostly she cooked for her husband and never allowed me to touch her late husband's clothes”

I manage to laugh

“Vele ivila kabi umamakho I don't understand why she has a helper because she's not working she should be running her house like any other women out there who are not working” (Your mom is lazy...)

“You have a point”

“I'm glad you are following. Not that I was going to take your father from her but what I'm trying to say is avoid another woman to do things that concerns your man.”

This woman and her advice I will forever be grateful to have her in my life.

“Thank you so much sis Rebs you opened my eyes”

“You are welcome sweetheart”

We continue and chat about random things. I’m scared to tell her about my brother. I know that as much as she claims to not love my brother but I can see that she does.

“Uhh sis Rebs”

“Mmh”

“If my brother could come out and pursue a relationship with you would you allow him?”

She looks at me surprised and gulps down the last content of her wine.

“I don’t know Wewe”

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“Is there someone else maybe”

“No but whatever that was happening between us ended so at some point I have to carry on with my life”

“Why did things ended between the two of you”

“I wanted him to be his own man Wewe to have some balls you know and stand up for himself to your father. I was hurting on his behalf for the way his father treated him. I was tired of him crying to me but not do anything to take himself out of that toxic environment. The things your father forced him to do Wewe were traumatic I’m the one who had to deal with his break downs and nightmares....”

She pauses as if she’s reflecting back on those darkest moments of her life with my brother. Tears in her eyes glisten as they glint with sadness. Clearly what they went through together is deeper and heavier then anyone could ever imagine. They were totally not fuck buddies as she claims.

“But hey such is life and it has to go on”

She swallows hard pushing back her tears.

“He umh...mom.” I stutter

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“What Wewe”

“Mom went to see him we received a call that he has been stabbed”

“Is...he’s alive right?” Her voice is cracking.

“Honestly I don’t know sis Rebs I’m waiting for mom’s call”

She buries her head on her hands and breathes out a huge sigh. I gulp down my wine and put the glass on the coffee table before pulling her into my embrace.

“My brother is strong sis Rebs he’s a fighter he will be okay”

“You really think so?”

“No I know so”

We continue to chat about random things though my brother’s situation has dampened the mood. Mama calls me just as I’m about to go.

“Mama how’s Zenzele?”

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“He’s going to be okay the doctor said so” She sounds down though.

“That’s better what happened”

“They said he’s the one that started the fight I don’t understand how could he do that Wewe I was hoping that if he behaves he will come out with a parole now he ruined every chance of getting out of jail” She says with a crying voice.

I don’t even know what to say to make her feel better.

“Askies mama”

“I have to go bye”

I hang up and look at Sis Rebs who’s looking at me in anticipation.

“The doctor says he’s going to be okay”

“Oh thank God!”

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I sigh and she looks at me questionably

“What are you hiding from me Wewe”

“He started the fight and ruined his chances to come out with a parole”

“Why am I not surprised your brother is selfish!”

“Maybe the situation was beyond his control”

“Haisuka Zenzele only cares about himself only nx!!”

The way she’s angry there’s no way that she’s over my brother but she doesn’t want to admit it.

“Calm down sis Rebs”

“Argh nx!”

“You still love him don’t you?”

“Uzongidina nawe!” (You will also annoy me!)

I laugh what I have I done now?

“Ay let me go before I get a beat down for my brother’s sins”

She chuckles and goes to her bedroom then comes back with my son who’s still sleeping. He kept us almost the whole night last night hence he’s sleeping now. We walk to the main house to take his stroller and his bag before she walks me out. I put the bag and the stroller in the boot as sis Rebs buckles up my son on his seat.

“Thank you sis Rebs I will see you soon”

“Bye sis”

We share a hug then I get into my car and start the engine before reversing out. I feel a lot better now after talking to sis Rebs. My phone rings it’s KJ grandma, she wants to see her grandson but I have been shunning her. I don’t feel comfortable with the idea of Thula coming to fetch my son and go with him to the Ndlovu household.

Why doesn’t she come to see him in our house? Let’s not forget that this woman doesn’t like me what if she wants to hurt me through my baby? Excuse me for having such thoughts but I don’t trust her anymore. Last month she sent Thula to bring a huge woolies bag filled with KJ’s new clothes and a stroller. I’m tempted to ignore her but let me answer her today.

“Mama”

One thing sis Rebs told me is to respect this woman no matter how she treats me especially in front of Nkosinathi because at the end of the day she's his mother.

“Awufuni vele ngibone umzukulu wami?” (You don't want me to see my grandson?)

“I never said that mama”

“Then why are you ignoring me?”

“Have you spoken to his father”

“I'm speaking to you as his mother and you will speak to Nkosinathi”

So this woman is demanding to see my baby?

“Are you still there?”

“Eh mama”

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“Yekela ngoba awufuni”

I grab the steering wheel hard. This is woman knows how to get me worked up and the problem is I can't show her that.

“Send Thula to fetch him tomorrow mama” I say chewing the inside of my bottom lip hard that I taste blood.

“Okay goodbye” I hang up and groan as I throw my phone on the passenger seat.

Oh Cebi is here I'm sure to bring Ndiwe since it's Friday today. His laundry is on the line I know that he can't do laundry that what frustrates him more. I park my car next to hers and step out of the car then take my sleepy son on the back seat before making my way inside the house. I can hear giggles as I approach the lounge.

Here she is straddling my man and they're playing with a wing while giggling kumnandi moss. My blood boils instantly. The first time I saw this woman seducing my man in the hospital I pulled her braids out wathi ehamba amanye wayewaphethe ngesandla. I'm not a violent person in fact I'm a coward but this woman has a way of evoking a violence side that I never knew existed within me and I hate that. Be cool Wewe I say within myself.

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“What's going on here?”

They both tilt their heads aside and look at me.

“Baby you are back” He says

“Yes I’m back wena wenzani?” (...what are you doing?)

“We are just uhm...nothing”

He pushes her then she gets up from him. Wait so she wasn’t going to get up? Yeses ndiyaqheleka ngoku!

“Sawbona mama ka Kj” She says with a little smile.

I give her a dead look and walk straight to my children’s nursery room. I place Kj on his cot and place his blanket on top of him then lean against the wall as I close my eyes. I’m shaking terribly and burning with anger. I hear his footsteps approaching as his scents fills the room and open my eyes.

“Baby”

He tries to touch me but I give him a dead stare.

“Don’t you dare touch me!” I say through my gritted teeth.

“Baby it’s not what you think it is”

“What do you know what am I thinking? Are you a mind reader now?”

He bites his lip nervously and scratches his head. He grabs my arm as I walk past him but I wrest my arm from his hold and walk to our bedroom. He follows me.

“Phiwe Im sorry”

“Don’t be sorry this is what you meant when you said you want a new woman”

“I didn’t mean that Phiwe I was trying to make you see how I hate the idea of hiring a maid”

“Oh by wanting to replace me?”

“I could never replace you even if I wanted to Phiwe you are one woman my heart will always long for”

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If I’m not angry that would’ve melt my heart.

“Bullshit Nkosinathi! That’s bullshit!”

“Calm down Phiwe!”

“Calm down? Don’t you fucking dare tell me to calm down. You told me you might as well find a new woman and when I come back here I found your baby mama straddling you and you know what antagonize me further is that you were giggling and comfortable with that!”

“I know how it’s look like my love and I acknowledge my mistakes I’m sorry” He says calmly

“No wonder she doesn’t respect me because you don’t respect me either!”

“Ngiyaxolisa sthandwa sami it will never happen again” (I’m sorry my love...)

“Who did your laundry?”

He looks everywhere but me

“I’m talking to you Nkosinathi”

“She insisted and I couldn’t refuse baby”

I chuckle in disbelief

“Oh so you were airing my dirty laundry telling your baby mama how I don’t feed you and don’t do your laundry?”

“Of course not baby she found me doing my laundry and insisted on doing it herself”

“And you let her wash your clothes even your underwear Inathi how does that paint me to her? You know that she hates me and would do anything to get you back but you had to give her that something she wants”

“You didn’t seem to have a problem with another woman washing my clothes so rather her then a stranger”

“Nkosinathi your job as man is to provide for us tell me how would you feel If I were to ask for my ex to provide for us?”

He clenches his jaw

“This is not the same thing Aphiwe.”

“It is a same difference Nkosinathi!”

“I have never gave you a reason that I can’t provide for you and our children so you have no right to ask your ex to provide for you. You told me straight to my face that you are not my maid but my woman so you gave me the reason that you don’t want to look after me hence I didn’t think it would be a problem to you if Cebi do my laundry”

“I never said I don’t want to Nkosinathi you know that I’m clueless when it’s comes to chores”

“Of course I know but you used to try back then but now you don’t even bother. You are not prepared to learn because you want a maid so what’s the problem when I ask Cebisile to do my laundry”

“Because Cebisile your baby mama dammit the one that wants you high and low!”

“Stop raising your voice at me!”

“Unjalo ke wena you want to be respected but you don’t return the favor!”

“I said I’m sorry Aphiwe what more do you want”

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“I want you to see how wrong it was for you to ask Cebisile to do laundry for you”

“You are the one who said you don’t want to do my laundry!”

“I never said I don’t want to do your laundry stop putting words into my mouth and you have no right to demand me to cook for you and do laundry you haven’t put a ring on it!”

I sit down on the bed to take off my heels.

“Let me help you with that”

He crouches before me and holds my foot to undo my heels something happens within me before I know it my foot is on his chest kicking him hard and he falls on the floor with his buttocks. I feel shivers traveling down my spine as I look at his eyes turning bloodshot red with anger in an instant. He gets up from the floor and walks to the door I know that I should be stopping him but I can’t seem to do that Im scared.

When he gets to the door he stands there with his back on me and looks up on the roof breathing heavily. I jump up with fright when he punches the door. He swivels around and looks at me, the fury in his eyes sends a cold rush into my intestines. He walks towards me and my heart skips beats which each step he’s taking towards me. I get up from the bed and shuffle backwards shaking like a leaf.

I have nowhere to run he pushes me against the wall and pins my arms on the wall above my head. He's breathing heavily on my face and his eyes are burning into mine. Damn I have unleashed the beast what I was thinking?

He smashes his lips on mine his tongue and teeth plundering my softness without mercy. He viciously takes my bottom lip between his teeth and tug. I can't pull away his grip on my arms is strong and his body is pressing on mine. His teeth sink into my upper lip and I whimper with pain.

He uses his one hand to take out his pocket knife while the other is pinning my arms on the wall. I swallow hard as terror races through my heart. The feel of the cold blade against my skin sends shivers throughout my body as he trails his knife on my cleavage.

“Inathi....”

“Shhhhh”

He presses the knife on my lips shutting me up then he slits my dress from my cleavage right down to where it's ends above my thighs. I scream in shock what the fuck! Is he insane this is my favorite dress I have wore it twice only! He rips off the rest of the dress exposing my tremulous half naked body. I stare right into his bloodshot red eyes raging with anger and a chill of fear washes over me.

As if it's not enough that he cut off my new favorite dress he cuts off my undergarments leaving me butt naked. I don't feel comfortable with my body since I have baby fat but the lust flashing in his eyes right now gives me a little confidence. I gasp and bite my lip hard as he trails the knife on my neck gliding it down to boobs then my stomach sending shockwaves throughout my body. Weirdly enough this darker side of him is driving me insane with desire.

He slides his knife back to his pocket and takes my boobs into his palms squeezing them. KJ's milk spurts and splatters all over his face. I look everywhere but him unable to bring myself to look at him as I'm gripped with mortification. I didn't prepare myself for what he does after that, he literally licks his mouth tasting his son's milk that is all over his face.

"Mmhhh yummy"

A whole Zulu man just tasted breast milk I swear Shaka Zulu is turning on his grave. I squirm at the feel of his tongue and the sharpness of his teeth as he bites my nipples. His one hand slips between my legs and rubs engorged my clit. The searing lust and anger in his eyes is driving me wild with desire. He picks me up and carries me to the bed then throws me on top of it like I'm a sack of potato.

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"Ngifela ukuthi ngiyakuthanda Aphiwe!" (I'm being punished for loving you Aphiwe!) He says angrily as he tears off his vest.

“No akusilo iqiniso lelo sthandwa sami” (That’s not true my love) I say with a shaky voice and look at his body rippling with his muscles. I salivate at the thought of redrawing that V line with my tongue. He started working out a month back and damn the results are faster than I anticipated. He’s becoming sexier and hotter each passing day.

“Iphutha lami ukukthanda?” (My mistake is love you?) He jerks down his briefs and his huge veiny rod stands proudly.

“Cha Dlomo” (No Dlomo).

He walks towards the bed as I move backwards but who am I fooling I have nowhere to run. He grabs my ankle and drags me to the edge of the bed.

“Ngiyaxolisa sthandwa sami” (I’m sorry my love)

“Uyaxolisa” (You are sorry?)

I nod my head vigorously. He chuckles and shakes his head.

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“So what do you expect me to do after that?”

He goes to his chest drawer and takes out two of his ties.

“To forgive me baby please”

“Did you forgive me when I said I’m sorry”

Oh God!

“No”

“What did you do?”

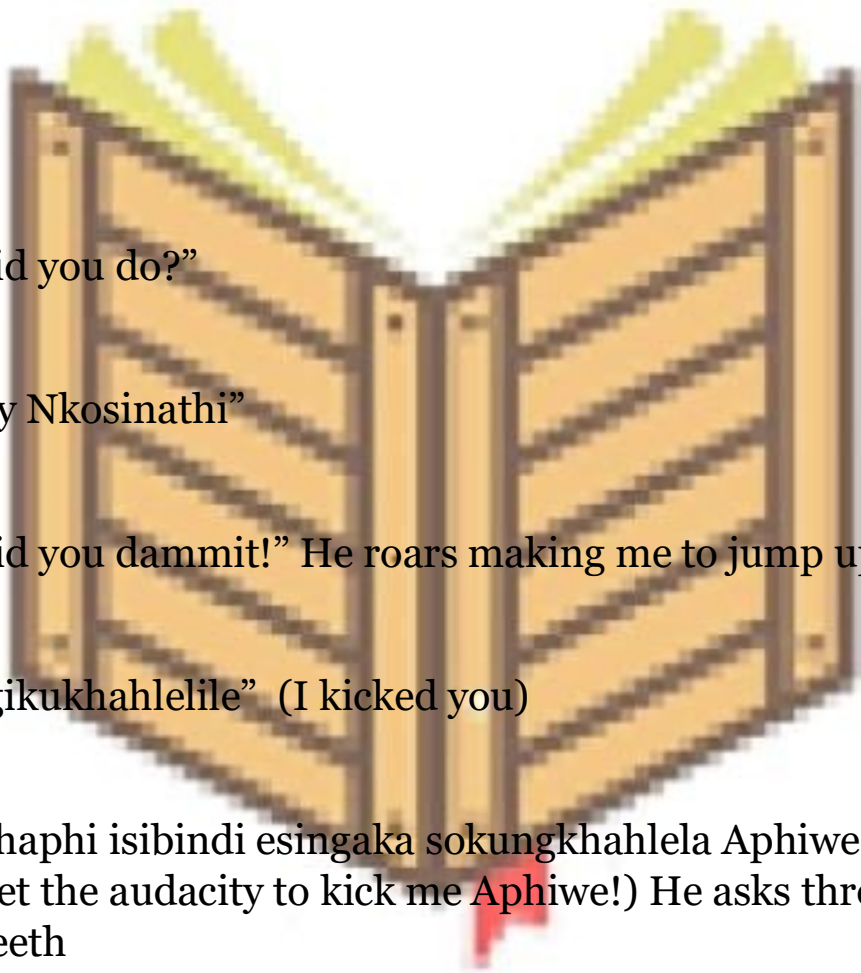
“Im sorry Nkosinathi”

“What did you dammit!” He roars making me to jump up in fear.

“I...I...ngikukhahlelile” (I kicked you)

“Usithaphi isibindi esingaka sokungkhahlela Aphiwe?” (Where do you get the audacity to kick me Aphiwe!) He asks through his gritted teeth

“Ngiyaxolisa Bhelesi” (I’m sorry Bhelesi) I say with a near tears voice



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“Woza la!” (Come here!)

He turns me over making me lie with my stomach and gives me hard 4 slaps on my buttocks, I release a drop of pee then he rolls me over repositioning me with my back on the bed and thighs wide open. This is not how I planned our first fuck to be like. I enjoy the gentle Inathi then the beast because once he's in his beastly mode he get out of control especially when he's angry like this and you can't tame him.

“Touch your ankles with your both hands!” He commands and I don't waste any time but do what he says.

He ties my left hands together with my ankles and does the same with my right hand and ankle. He dives between my legs and inhales the aroma of my arousal before tracing his finger around my glistening folds. I squeal as I feel his tongue flicking across my clit and swirling around my entrance. The urge to grab his head and touch him is frustrating me.

He sinks his two fingers deep into my cunt as his tongue continues with its attack on my clit and languorously finger fuck me while his tongue is playing my clit like a music instrument. I lose all my senses and scream, without any warning he pulls away and I let a cry of frustration. I'm at his mercy and he's enjoying every minute of it. Being tied like this and unable to move is torture, exquisite torture.

“Oh no don't stop please”

“Uyakhahlelana wena manje huh”

He spanks my pussy and I bite my lip stifling a moan.

“You’re are a karate woman now?”

He spanks my mound once again and this time I can’t help myself but squirm. I look at him pleading with him to have mercy on me though I know I don’t deserve it. He enters me and I feel each inch of his stick as it glides deep inside of me and suck in my breath. Damn it’s been a minute and I almost forgot the pure ecstasy of the dick inside of me. He begins his thrusts slowly at first then faster producing an exquisite agony of sensations. Without warning he pulls out leaving me empty and cold.

“Baby pleaseeee!” I cry out in frustration. I need him to release the ache it’s been so long.

“You are mistaking my love for you as weakness!”

“Of course not baby...” He cuts me short with a hard thrust I whimper and wait in anticipation but he doesn’t move.

“Baby please I’m sorry for disrespecting you”

He has me where he wanted me. I buck my hips but it's difficult with my wrists and ankles tied together.

"I'm sorry" I whisper in defeat and he starts moving slowly then faster his base grazes my clit on each stroke hitting that perfect spot. I can feel the tension building up and my body begins to shake. He pulls out once again and I feel tears burning in my eyes.

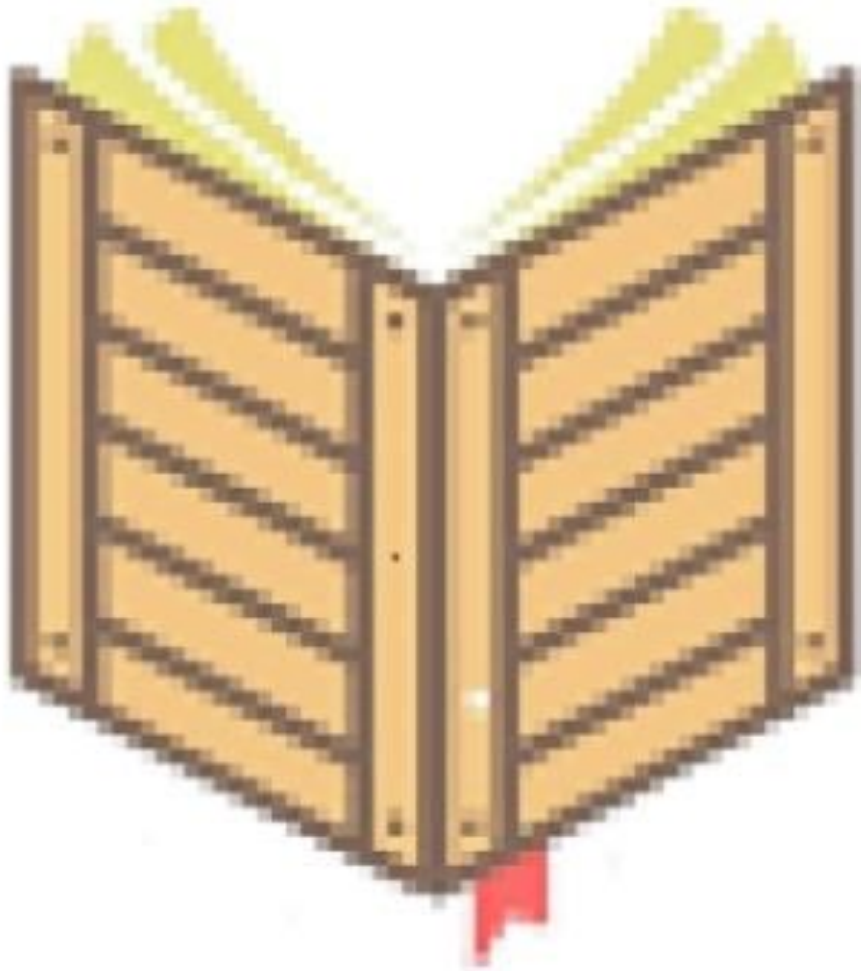
"Nooooo!"

He keep teasing me with his dick and when I'm close to the peak of my ecstasy he would pull out. I can't even lock him in my thighs nor hold him as my ankles and wrists are tied together. This is not torture it's brutality Nkosinathi is killing me. I can't take it anymore I let out a sob.

"Dlomo I'm sorry for kicking you I don't know what got into me I would never ever ever disrespect you like that. I'm even ashamed of myself for what I did please forgive me sthandwa sami. I promise to be the best woman you deserve. I promise I will do your laundry, cook for you and make you happy always. Ngicela uxolo Dinangwe" I say between my sobs

"You are the one who taught me that sorry actually means you must show your karate skills so I'm going to show you my tormenting skills as well and by the time I'm done with you my karate woman you won't be able to walk. I'm going to paralyze these legs since they capable of kicking me!"

Oh it's only just began!



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Chapter Thirty

“Here tell him that I was with you and I forgot my phone in your house. You will bring it later to me because I will start at the mall”

“Mama” I complain

“Please my baby” She looks at me with pleading eyes.

I sigh and take her ringing phone then answers it.

“Hi Mr Ndlovu it’s Cebisile”

“Hey Cebisile”

“I was with your wife and she forgot her phone here I will bring it later because she said she will start at the mall”

“Okay sis thank you”

“Bye”

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“Bye”

I hang up and mama look up at me.

“What did he say”

“He said okay and thanked me”

She sighs and I give her phone back.

“Your husband intimidate me I feel like he knew I was lying”

“You might find him intimidating but he’s definitely not a prophet or a mind reader”

“Why did you ask me to lie to him”

“That man thinks my pussy was made of concrete”

I look at her and crack up when I realize that she’s serious.

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“You starved the man for too long”

“Yhuu Cebisile ngathi uyangilaya”

I can't stop laughing

“Don't laugh I can't remember when was the last I walked without feeling any pain down there. I don't understand why all of a sudden he has this huge sexual appetite”

I'd give anything right now to have that I'm thirsty!

“It's been so long mama”

“I can't handle his insatiable desire I miss his erectile dysfunction”

“Mama!” I gasp and she laughs out loudly

“What my pussy needs some break Cebi I need a break”

“You are glowing though it's must be the glow dick”

She giggles shyly looking so cute. I envy their love they got over the cheating saga rather quickly than I anticipated.

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“Do you want anything to drink”

“Wine please ngikhiphe uvalo umakoti wakwakho cishe wangishaya phela” (Wine please I want to calm myself down your daughter in law almost beat the shit out of me)

“Let me go get us wine and you will tell me all about it”

She disappears to the kitchen. I take the remote and put on Chanel O. Mama comes back with two glasses and bottle of wine. She pours both of us wine and settles down next to me.

“What did that bitch do?”

“She wanted to beat crap out of me”

I narrate everything that happened and she laughs.

“Haisuka she’s melodramatic”

“Mama come on she found me straddling her man she has a right to be angry. I know that if I were in her shoes hell was going to break loose”

“Ay nawe wenza kancane she was suppose to find you riding that dick” (You are too slow...)

“Mamaa!”

She laughs and I join her

“Ukuba nje ukushayile ebezongthola kahle” (If she beat the shit out of you she would have seen what I’m made of)

The way she’s overprotective of me even my own mother is not this overprotective of me so tell me how do I stay away from such? You should’ve seen how angry she was when I came to her crying that day Aphiwe pulled my braids out.

She wanted to strangle her but I stopped her. I didn’t want to look like I can’t fight my own battles. That girl caught me off guard I was still emotional and vulnerable from what had happened earlier. So don’t get confused I’m not scared of that bitch she must dare put her filthy hands on me again I swear that will be the end of her.

“I’m not scared of her mama”

“I know baby”

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We sip on our wine

“When are you going to fight for your man?”

“Ma?”

“You heard me”

“I don’t know what you are talking about”

“Even a fool can see that you love him Cebisile why don’t you fight for him?”

“I don’t love him”

“Who are trying to conceive vele?”

“That man hurt me mama”

“I know sis but you know deep down in your heart you still love him”

“He loves someone else”

“That girl is not good for him it’s only a matter of time he sees that and leave her. He needs a little push”

“Can we talk about something else”

“You two make a good couple baby”

“Mama stop it please!”

I don't want to tap into my feelings for Nkosinathi It's safe to say that I'm not over what he did to me though he apologized sincerely especially at the hospital and I fear that tapping into my feelings would leave me with an aching heart it's better this way.

“Okay I'm sorry my baby. How's Ndiwe?”

“She's going to be okay the doctor injected her and prescribed some medication for her”

“You shouldn't have left her there how would she take care of a sick Ndiwe plus Kj”

“Nathi will help her mama”

“Mmh”

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I look at her through the rim of my glass as sip I on my wine.

“Mm-mh mama don't be like that we both know that as much as Aphiwe is not our favorite person but she loves Ndiwe like her daughter and she takes very good care of her”

She doesn't say anything but sips on her wine because she knows that I'm being truthful. It's not a secret that I don't like Aphiwe but when it's comes to Ndiwe I have no worries she treats her like her own daughter and Ndiwe loves her as well. I won't lie at first I was jealous the way my daughter was always on about Cita and when I shot Nathi a picture of them playing happy family with my daughter while I'm in jail flashed before my eyes I was so petrified.

I change the topic and we talk about something else while enjoying our wine. Okay It's has been confirmed that I can't stay away from this woman no matter how I try, not that she makes it easy for me. See I found more then just a mother in this woman I also found a sister and a best friend. Honestly even my own mother doesn't make me feel the way Nkosinathi's mother makes me feel. I don't know how she does it but she's able to feel that void of longing a motherly love for all those years.

I hear a ping indicating a notification on my phone and reach for it on the coffee table. I'm a tad drunk now and I feel so good but one thing I hate with wine is that it's just goes down south plus it's been a while. I unlock my phone and tap on the Facebook notification. The first thing that catches my attention is the picture of my sister and her boss naked and kissing. I sober up in an instant as my heart stop beating for a moment. There's also a video of them I'm so afraid to play it.

“What’s wrong Cebisile”

I don’t respond but goes through the comments. Oh no this is one hell of a mess. I decide to call Thando but she’s not answering her phone.

“Cebisile”

“Ma”

“You are shaking what’s going on”

She looks at me worriedly as she strokes my back. I wasn’t aware I’m shaking.

“Zanothando mama” It’s all I manage to utter the next thing tears are spilling down my face.

The mere thought of my sister seeing this breaks my heart. I know how vile social media is and the last thing I wanted is for her or anyone for that matter to experience its vileness. These people can make you commit suicide I tell you their derogatory words are poisonous. Thando is feisty and all but these people has a way of crushing you into pieces. How do I prevent her from seeing this?

Mama takes my phone from me and looks at the screen then plays the video. As much as I'm scared to watch at it my eyes can't help it.

“Wifey dearest will survive I'm stealing you today I want you all to myself daddy”

“Your wish is my command sugar”

They share a kiss that escalates into a steamy sexual session. I take my phone from mama and stop the video as it arousing as fuck and the wine in my system is not helping. Is that even normal? I mean to get turned on by watching your little sister having sex with an older man old enough to be her grandpa?

“That's your sister?”

Konje she hasn't met her

“Yes mama and I have been warning her to end this affair but she wouldn't listen to me. Look at this now? They exposed their affair and her nakedness to the world. Did you see the comments? How will she get through This mortification mama and for the fact that the video shows that she knows this man is married make it worse. It's not the same thing but I have been through this, dealing with social media that is and it's not nice mama. These people are cruel they will leave her broken and I don't want that to happen to her”

“Oh sis I’m sorry, it’s so sad that as much as you warned her and she didn’t listen naturally as her sister you care and feel sorry about her. You know in situations like this you just had to let a person learn from their mistakes and be there for them through their mistake learning process”

“I don’t think she will ever recover from these humiliation mama. The social media vultures will destroy her and another thing this man is not only just married he’s her boss a lot is stake here”

“Your sister is old enough she knew what she was getting herself into baby and don’t get me wrong but I feel like she has to go through whatever she will in order for her to learn from this mistake. It’s hurt I know and it will hurt you even more to see her going through different emotions and reading all those things they’re saying about her all you need to do is to be there by her side that’s all baby.”

See when you love someone so much you don’t wish them to go through horrible things even if you warned them but they chose to not listen to you. Just like mama said naturally you would care and wish there’s something you can do to protect them from the bad situation you’ve already warned them about but they chose to not listen to you. It’s hard to accept that I have nothing to do to protect my little sis from this.

“I hear you mama”

“Shh don’t cry”

She pulls me to her bosom and I sink into her embrace taking in her lovely scent.

“It’s going to be okay” She kisses my forehead and strokes my back.

“I need to go to Durban” I say as I break the embrace.

“Right now?”

“Yes mama my sister needs me”

“I can’t allow you to drive such a long distance while you are drunk”

“Trust me after seeing that post I sobered up”

“Drinking and driving is not a good idea my baby why don’t you wake up tomorrow morning and go”

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“I want to go now I won’t be able to sleep without knowing if she’s okay”

“How about you ask Nkosinathi to drive y...”

“No can you stop fussing!”

I snap I didn't mean to snap but sometimes she can be too much ai. I bury my face on my hands and groans in frustration then look at her.

“I'm sorry I didn't mean to shout”

She smiles sadly and nods her head

“It's fine”

“No it's not fine mama I know you mean well but I will be okay neh stop stressing and I will call when I arrive”

“Okay”

I give her a hug then we get up from the couch. I take my car keys on the coffee table then she walks me out.

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“Take care of yourself neh”

“Will do mama”

As we are about to hug the gates slides open and her husband’s car drives in. I swear mom wants to run away and I can’t help but laugh.

“Oh God what’s he doing here!”

“To fuck his wife obviously” I say giggling.

We watch him as he steps out of the car and approaches us

“Hey ladies”

We greet him back.

“What are you doing here?”

“I miss you my butternut”

“But I have been here baby”

“You know a second away from you suffocate me”



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He smiles at her and kisses her cheek then walks inside the house. The minute he's out of our sight I cackle.

“You can't run away from him can you?”

She groans making me to laugh more.

“I'm glad you find this a joke”

“I'm sorry”

We share a hug then I step into my car and bring the engine to life. I hoot once before reversing out. I keep trying to call Thando as I'm driving to my house but still her phone is ringing unanswered. I decide to call mom.

“Baby”

“Hey mama how are you”

“I'm okay sis and yourself”

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It's doesn't sound like she knows about this.

“I’m fine where’s Zanothando I’m trying to calm her but her phone is ringing unanswered”

“She’s at work baby probably busy teaching but I will tell her when she arrives”

“Okay mama”

“Are you sure you are okay?”

“Yes mama”

“Okay baby how’s my granddaughter?”

“She has flue but she will be okay I took her to the doctor today”

“Shame please give her her kiss for me. How’s Zakhele?”

I didn’t tell my parents about what transpired so they don’t know that Gambushe and I are not together anymore.

“He’s fine mama”

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“When are you guys visiting?”

“I will let you know”

“You always say that Cebisile, when school closes for June you guys have to come”

“Okay mama we will come. I have to go”

“I love you”

“I love you too”

I take the keys in the glove box and step out of the car before skipping inside the house after unlocking the door. I start with packing then take a cold quick shower to sober me up and wash away the stickiness down south. The video and the wine left me aroused.

Once I’m down with shower I get dressed into a black high waist jean and simple t-shirt then put on a black leather jacket on top. I slide into my black torsion adidas sneakers and spritz my perfume then I’m good to go.

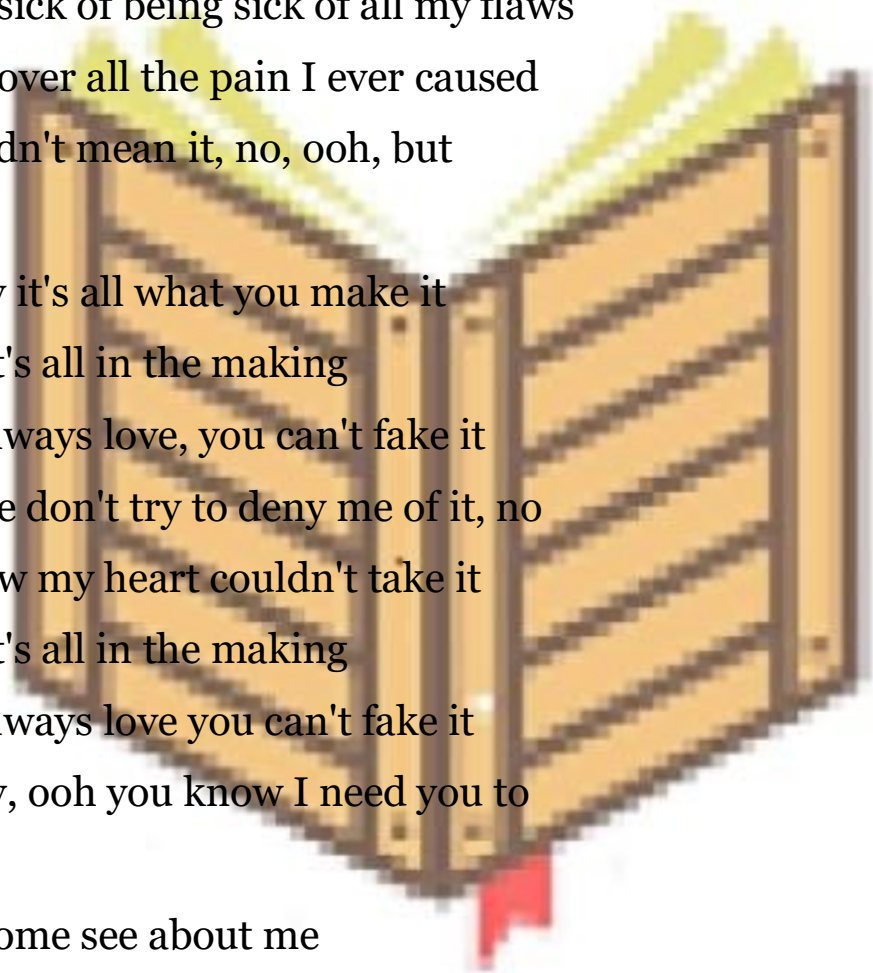
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Come See by Nicki Minaj is on repeat I love the song. In 3 if not 4 hours I will be in Durban.

📖 Come, come see what I've been up to
Come, come see about me
I know you've had a lot of work to do
Ooh, you got used to things without me baby
Yeah, you got used to every thing I never did
You got sick of being sick of all my flaws
You got over all the pain I ever caused
And I didn't mean it, no, ooh, but

They say it's all what you make it
Maybe it's all in the making
Love's always love, you can't fake it
So please don't try to deny me of it, no
You know my heart couldn't take it
Maybe it's all in the making
Love's always love you can't fake it
See baby, ooh you know I need you to

Come, come see about me
Come, come see about me
Know it can't always be about me
Just come, come see about me
Come, come see about me



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I'm doing good boy, I'm up where we belong, yeah
You know I'm still trying to find where we went wrong, yeah
So come, come see about me
Come, come see about me
Come, come, come see about me
It won't hurt just to see what we could be, so...
Come see about me, yeah

Want you to see how much I changed up
Ooh, I just hope I'm not too late
I know your hesitant about it but
I got a lot I wanna say to you
Hate that I could never measure up
Hate that I could never be the one you needed
'Cause now I'm the one who needs you
But baby

They say it's all what you make it
Maybe it's all in the making
Love's always love, you can't fake it
So please don't try to deny me of that, no
You know my heart couldn't take it
Maybe it's all in the making

Love's always love, you can't fake it
See baby, ooh you know I need you too

Come, come see about me
Come, come see about me
Know it can't always be about me
Just come, come see about me
Come, come see about me
I'm doing good boy, I'm up where we belong, yeah
You know I'm still trying to find where we went wrong, yeah
So come, come see about me
Come, come see about me
Come, come, come see about me
It won't hurt just to see what we could be, so...
Come see about me... 🎵

“Baby why didn’t you tell me you are coming!” Mama says happily when she opens the door for me.

“And ruin the surprise”

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“Come here!”

She gives me a tight squeeze that I can't breathe.

"I can't breath mom"

She giggles as she breaks the hug and looks at me as if she's observing

"You have lost a bit of weight my baby what's wrong?"

"Can I come in mama"

She laughs

"Sorry my love"

She takes my luggage and we make our way to the lounge where we find Sibalikhulu reading newspaper.

"Look who's here" - Mama

He looks up from his new paper and smiles widely when he sees me.



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“Mafungwase”

Okay that caught me off guard no one has ever call me that except my dad. I’m touched I don’t wanna lie.

“Sibal’khulu” I say with a smile

“Come to daddy”

He tosses the newspaper away and opens his arms wild for me. In a second I’m in his arms and he’s squeezing the hell out of me.

“Okay am I missing something or the old man really missed me”

“Hey I’m not an old man wena!” He tickles me and I’m a giggling mess.

“Okay...okay...you ..are not..an old..man!” I say between my giggles

“Apologize”

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“I’m sorry Sibal’khulu”

He stops tickling me

“What mom?”

“What’s wrong honey?”

Sibal’khulu and I asks mom who’s looking at us with a huge smile on her face.

“I’m happy to see you guys laughing and playing around together.”

We both chuckle once again and look at each other.

“I will go put your luggage in your room baby”

“Okay mama”

Mom walks away lugging my luggage and leaves me with her husband who doesn’t want to free me from his embrace. I give in and rest my head on his chest.

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“How are you my baby”

“I’m okay and yourself”

“I’m so happy to see you where’s my granddaughter”

“I left her with her father”

“Aw why”

“I didn’t plan to come here actually”

“Is everything okay? Is that boy troubling you again?”

“Everything is okay Sibal’khulu. Where’s Thando”

“She hasn’t come back from work”

“But it’s going for 6pm now”

“There’s a high possibility that she won’t come home since it’s Friday. Wenza umathanda nje usisiwakho emzini wami ” (...Your sister does as she pleases in my house)

I can hear in his voice that he’s doesn’t like what Thando is doing.

“Uhm have you ever voice it out maybe that it doesn't sit well with you that she goes out and comes back whenever she wants to”

“She says Khehla does the same too but I never say anything to him so it's like I'm favoring Khehla and your mom is on her side”

“There's no such thing my baby your father is bad mouthing me”
Mama spits as appears with a tray in her hands.

“So now I'm bad mouthing you?” - Sibal'khulu

“Yes I'm not on anybody's side” Mama defends herself as she places the tray on the glass table.

“Here's the chocolate cake and coffee my baby. I hope the chocolate cake is still your favorite”

I smile and nod I'm glad that she remembers that.

“Thank you mama”

She nods and settles down on the opposite couch. I get up from Sibal'khulu's embrace and pull the glass table closer to me then pour milk and sugar on my coffee.

“So Khehla also does the same thing?” I ask stirring my coffee

“Yes”

“Have you ever voice it out as well to him?”

“No”

“Mmh” I sip on my coffee then look at Sibal’khulu

“Can I ask why?”

“Khehla is a man”

“Oh so he’s allowed to do as he pleases because he’s a man?”

“Exactly my point” Mama says

“Oh so you are also taking your sister’s side Cebi” - Sibal’khulu

“I’m taking no one side Sibal’khulu but according to my perspective rules should should apply to both of them the gender doesn’t matter. We know they’re old enough now to go to whatever they want to go and whenever they want to however they

have to respect your house and you guys as well as the parents. I don't think it's the right thing that Khehla has to do as he please but not Thando not only that is wrong but it will also cause a rift between them. If they can't respect your house then they must leave."

"Who are you to make rules here we don't recognize you Cebisile"

We all turn and look at him. His hands are tucked into his pants and his head bloodshot red. It's doesn't take rocket science to see that he's high.

"Khehla!" Yells mama

"What mama? Cebisile can't make stupid rules here this is not her sugar daddy's house"

With that said he walks out. To think how close we were when we were young it's breaks my heart that he despises me and he can't even hide it. Lord knows I have tried to fix things between us but he can't stand my sight and he's not even willing to listen to me I don't know what to do now.

"Don't listen to him my baby uqhunyiwe lo" (...He's high) - Sibal'khulu.

I fake a smile and indulge on my cake and coffee.

“Why did you leave Ndiwe?” - Mama

“My visit came up in such a short notice”

“Nkosinathi is troubling you again?” - Mama

“No everything is fine we are coparenting well”

“So why are you here?”

I sigh these people know nothing about what’s going on I don’t want to be the first one to tell them this and I know that Thando wouldn’t want them to know but one way or the other they will know since this is all over social media.

“Uhm Zakhele broke up with me”

They both look at me with pity

“Oh baby but why?” - Mama

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“He said we are not meant to be”

“Just like that?” The anger in Sibal’khulu’s voice can’t be missed

“Yep” I sigh and sip on my coffee

“Uyanya lomfana heee akangazi kahle ngizomfundisela nabazanye!!” (This boy is shitting he doesn’t know me I will teach him a lesson!!)

Oh God

“Sibal’khulu please calm down. Let’s just let it go okay I want to be around my family this weekend and I don’t want us to talk about Zakhele. At least he was up front with me instead of breaking my heart in future”

Mama sighs and comes to sit next to me then gives me a hug

“You are right I admire your resilience and strength my baby.”

Aww that’s so sweet.

“But we can’t just let this boy get away with this”

“Dlamani please let’s respect our daughter’s wishes”

I look at him with pleading eyes and he nods though I can see that he's not happy. I have to say that all of this feels surreal but I will get used to it. Once I'm done having my coffee I insist on the helping the helper to cook supper. Mama is a spoilt wife if I must say she never does anything around the house and that on Dlamini.

“Thank you for helping me sis Cebi” Zamangwane says.

She's the maid and I have never seen such a reserved woman like her. I like her and I think she should be out there chasing her dreams.

“Aw you don't have to call me sis”

“But you are my elder”

“How old are you?”

“29 years old”

“I'm only five years older so we are almost peers”

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She giggles and shakes her head in disapproval

“But the point is you are still older than me. I was taught to respect my elders”

I sigh

“Okay I give up”

“How’s your daughter?”

“She’s okay”

“Why didn’t you bring her”

“I didn’t plan the visit”

“Oh I bet the reason you are here is Thando”

“You saw the post too”

She nods her head

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“The folks doesn’t know anything and I would like to keep it like that until I talk to Thando”

“Of course sis Cebi but the problem is Khehla when he’s high he can’t shut his mouth”

“Eish that’s one hey.”

I wipe my hand with the dish cloth and reach for my calling Thando.

“Pick up the phone Thando!”

Once again her phone is ringing none stop.

“Where the fuck is she it’s late now!”

“She will come back don’t worry”

“How can I not worry Zama I’m sure she wherever she is she so humiliated and hurt. I just want her to come home”

“Wherever she is I know that she’s okay. Thando won’t allow this to break her apart she’s one hell of a strong lady”

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We hear a hire a car parking and I peek on the window and see a black Masarati I’m sure it’s one of the Dlamini’s business associate. Relieve surge through me when I see my sister stepping

out of the car and locking it. The door swings open and she walks in looking ever so beautiful.

“Sis!” She squeals happily when she sees me and runs to give me a tight squeeze.

“Why you didn’t tell me you are coming gosh I miss you!” She says as she breaks the hug and stares at me.

“Are you okay?”

“Yes I’m fine and you?”

Zama and I look at each then back at her.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes I’m just happy to see you!” She hugs me once again. No don’t tell me she hasn’t seen it why will I break it down to her?

“Where’s my niece?”

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“I left her”

“Why?”

“It wasn’t a planned visit”

“Oh let me guess you saw that my affair with my boss is trending on social media and drove here. Awww sis thank you so much I really appreciate it but I’m fine.”

She says nonchalantly and I’m super shocked

“You are fine?”

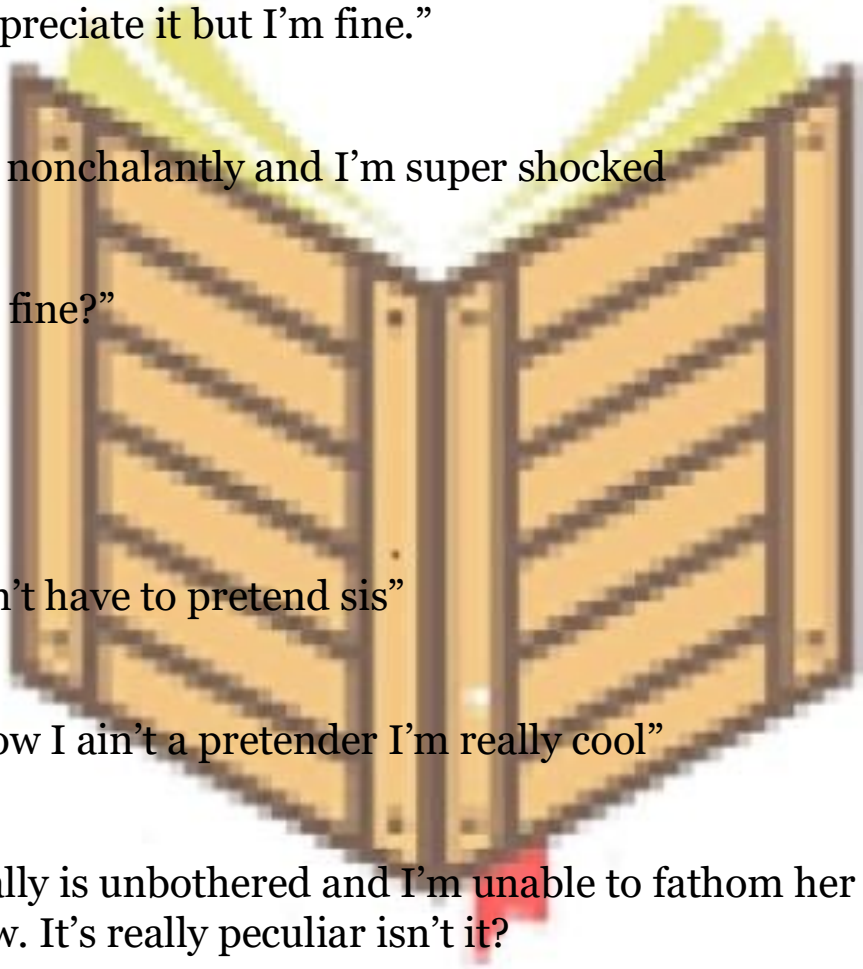
“Yes”

“You don’t have to pretend sis”

“You know I ain’t a pretender I’m really cool”

She’s really is unbothered and I’m unable to fathom her behavior right now. It’s really peculiar isn’t it?

“You read the comments?” Ask Zama who I have completely forgot about.



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“Yes I saw everything but I don’t care” - Thando

No there’s definitely something not right with my little sister.

“Thando not only your affair is out there for the world to see it but your body as well”

“It’s not like it’s the first time sis I have plenty of those on my Instagram”

“It’s not the same you are half naked on those pics here you are actually naked showing off your breast and vagina I don’t want to mention fucking!”

“Don’t raise your voice at me Im tired and starving”

“Sorry I just don’t like how you are disregarding the situation you just put yourself in”

“What am I supposed to do Cebisile huh? You want me to cry my lungs out locking myself in my room and be scared to come out? That’s not going to happen. I’m not going to give those people satisfaction”

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“I admire your strength neh but there’s too much at stake here your job, his job! What about your reputation? You’re labeled as a home wrecker and every one has seen your naked ass having sex”

“Ubani ongawazi umabhebhana futhi ubani ongabazi ubufebe nokuthandana kwama boss nezisisebenzi emsebenzini? There’s nothing new here people should stop acting like saints and leave me alone because I won’t waist my tears and time entertaining them!” (Who doesn’t know sex and who doesn’t know the affairs between bosses and employees in a workplace...)

She walks away leaving me speechless. I can’t believe I came all the way from Newcastle and worried about her only to find out she actually doesn’t care.

“Wow” - Zama

“You can actually say that again”

I’m pissed honestly I want to go back to my house now clearly coming here is useless. Zama and I continue with our pots and 8 O’clock we set the table then call everyone for supper. We gather around the table and eat.

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“You such a great cook my baby” - Sibal’khulu

“Thank you Sibal’khulu”

“Are you okay Cebi?”

“I’m okay mama”

Khehla laughs out of the blue and we look at him as we wait for him to finish laughing and tell us what’s funny

“So in this house you have to be a prodigal child to get special treatment” Khehla says after his nauseating laughter.

“Khehla awusexege nje kancane!” (Khehla stop it) - Mama

“Oh you don’t want to hear the truth?” - Khehla

“The truth is get your life together and stopped being a stoner maybe just maybe we can give you special treatment.” - Mama

Khehla gets up and walks out leaving a thick tension in the air.

“Uhm tomorrow I’m leaving” I say breaking the silence

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“But I thought you are here for the weekend Cebisile” - Sibal’khulu

“Something came up”

“What it is?” - Mama

“It’s nothing you should worry about”

I wash the dishes after we finish eating. I smell her perfume before feeling her presence behind me.

“Don’t go tomorrow”

“Why should I stay your brother doesn’t want me here and you seem to be handling this better than I expected so there’s no reason for me to stay any longer”

I hear her footsteps getting closer then she stands next to me.

“Look I really appreciate you being here for me and thank you so much.”

I put the plate into another sink where I’m rinsing and look at her.

“Fine we all know sex, infidelity and work affairs but what worries me a lot is that you don’t care you wrecked a family here and the

whole world has seen you naked and having sex. Where's your conscious? Don't you care about your reputation?"

"Of course I care about my reputation but I'm not going to react the way the society expects me to. I'm not going to allow those judgmental piece of shits who are hiding behind keyboards to get to me with their derogatory remarks. I'm not proud with what I have done and I agree I knew it was wrong from the word go I started entertaining a married men who's 30 years older then me and who is my boss. Im not perfect I'm human too I make mistakes and wrong decisions as well. Just because I'm not behaving like the world is expecting me to doesn't mean I'm not hurting and I'm not concerned about my reputation, about his family and our jobs. I'm choosing to block what the world is saying about me for my sanity. I saw how they broke you and I won't allow them to do that to me as well. Thank you so much I very much appreciate you for being here and I need you now more then ever."

A lone tear trails down her cheek and she quickly wipes it away. I turn and envelope her in my arms. The water breaks I hold her for dear life assuring her that I'm here and it's going to be okay. Mom walks in and looks at us worriedly

"What's going on? Why is she crying?"

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"I'm fine mama" Says Thando as she pulls back from me and wipes her tears.

“You are crying my baby you can’t be fine”

Mom holds Thando’s shoulders and looks at her concernedly

“Talk to me sweetheart?”

“It’s nothing mom”

“Cebisile ukhalelani usisi wakho?” (Cebisile why is your sister crying?)

Thando looks at me with pleading eyes. I don’t know how long will she hide this from the folks because soon Dlamini’s business associates will tell him since he’s not into the social media world and they’re.

“Oh no one to say anything to me now?”

“You have nothing to worry about mom I just want to lay down. Goodnight” - Thando

She kisses mom’s cheek and mine then she leaves. Mama look at me and sigh what am I going to say?

“Talk”

“She fought with her boyfriend mama but it’s nothing biggie they will sort it out”

She looks at me as if she’s studying me. I can’t keep my gaze on her as she will see that I’m lying.

“I didn’t know she has boyfriend”

“Well it’s still new”

“Mmh I see”

“She will be fine by tomorrow”

“If you say so”

“Trust me.”

“Goodnight”

“Night mama”



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We share a hug then she walks out leaving me to continue with the dishes. Once I'm done I switch off the lights and walk to my bedroom to change into my pjs. I have a few missed calls from Nkosinathi's mom so I return it.

“Finally!”

“Sorry mama I didn't call as soon as I arrived”

“I was worried if you arrived safely or what”

“I didn't mean to worry you. I arrived safely”

“That's great how's your little sister”

After a while of chatting I call Nathi to talk to my daughter but she's sleeping. I feel bad that I didn't call earlier I didn't realize that it's this late. Sigh I guess I will talk to her in the morning.

I go to my sister's bedroom and get in after she said I should get in. She's already in bed and I'm going to sleep with her I don't care that she's protesting.

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“I love you little sis”

“I love you too big sis”

She snuggles to me closer and I hold her closer as we try to sleep.

The loud banging on the door wakes us up and we are both foggy with sleep as the door burst open. An angry Dlamini walks in.

“What the hell is this Zanothando!” He throws the phone on our direction and it hits Thando on her forehead, she screams in agony. Oh shit he knows!

“Sibal’khulu...”

“Did you know about this Cebisile? Is this the reason you are here?”

I don’t reply but attend to my sister who has her hand on her forehead. Just then she mama walks in tying her gown.

“Dlamini... ”

“Shut the fuck up Kholiwe!”

“Don’t you dare shout at me in front of my children!” - Mama

I smile faintly, this woman used to be scared of this man seeing her defending herself makes me happy.

“I’m sorry but stay out of this Kholiwe. Zanothando what the hell is this huhh! You have no shame opening your legs for a married old man who’s my age sies you are disgusting maan nx! How do you

sleep at night knowing the consequences of sleeping with an married man. Do you enjoy wrecking families? I’m so ashamed to call you my daughter!!”

“I’m sorry daddy”

“Nyory? Is that you going to say? You tarnished our reputation maan! How do you think my business associates will look at me huhh? Uyangihlaza dammit!”

He charges for her and Thando hides behind me screaming.

“Dlamini ha.a please calm down please” Mama says grabbing her husband’s arm.

“Let go of me I want to moer this disgrace of a child!”

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“Will that help? Of course not honey I understand you are disappointed and angry but you need to calm down ngiyakucela sthandwa sami”

He looks at mama softly and storms out. Mama looks at Thando disappointedly, she wants to say something but words are failing her she then walks out.

“Oh God!” Thando buries her head on my bosom and lets out a loud sob. I sigh and wrap my arms around her body.

“Askies...it’s going to be okay”

I kiss her forehead and rock her back and forth like a baby as she cries in my arms. She calms down after a while.

“Does your forehead hurts”

“Yeah but it’s nothing compared to the emotions I’m going through right now”

“Im sorry”

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“I don’t know what hurts more between dad’s remarks and mom’s disappointment look.”

“Eish sorry sis they are just disappointed”

“I didn’t want to do this but now I’m not going to come out today”

“Don’t worry we will spend the whole day in here binging on series over junk food”

She smiles faintly

“Thank you so much for being here for me”

“Don’t mention it sweetheart.”

I kiss her cheek and slide out of the blankets then go to my bedroom to get my toiletries before going to the bathroom to freshen up. Once I’m done I go back to my bedroom and slip into a legging and a sweater then go to kitchen where I find Zama cleaning.

“Morning Zama”

“Morning sis how are you”

“I’m well and yourself?”

“I’m also okay your breakfast and Thando’s is in the microwave”

“Aw seyidliwe I breakfast already in this house?”

“Khehla is the only one who ate Mr Dlamini and Mrs Dlamini left just few minutes ago they’re going to eat breakfast out today”

“Where is Khehla?”

“He also left”

“Okay thank you Zama”

I warm up our breakfast and pour juice in the glasses then go to Thando’s bedroom.

“Breakfast is ready”

I put the tray on

“I’m not hungry”

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“You are not going starve yourself on my watch get up”

She groans and slides out of the bed.

“I’m going to wash my hands and my mouth”

She trudges to the bathroom as I get into bed and call Nathi.

“Mamakhe”

“Babakhe how are you”

“I’m well and yourself?”

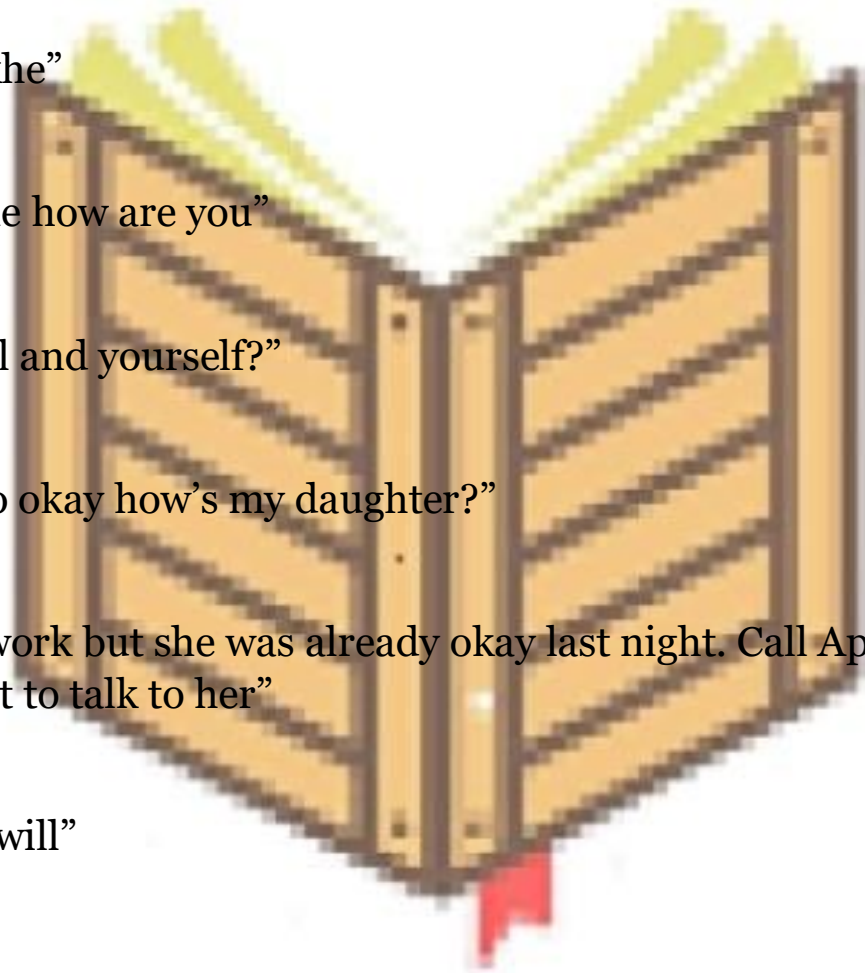
“I’m also okay how’s my daughter?”

“I’m at work but she was already okay last night. Call Aphiwe if you want to talk to her”

“Okay I will”

“Sharp”

“Sure”



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I hang up and groan. I'm not in the mood to talk to Aphiwe, not today please! Thando comes back and get next to me. I take the tray and place it on my lap then we eat.

“What’s wrong waswaba nje”

“I want to talk to my daughter but Nkosinathi is at work which means I have to talk to Aphiwe” I roll my eyes

“Let me talk to her and when she gives Ndiwe the phone I will give you”

“No you don’t have to do that I will wait for later when Nathi is back from work”

“The whole day you will be waiting come on give me the phone”

“Okay”

I pass her my phone and she scrolls through my contacts list and calls Aphiwe

“Put her on loud speaker”

She does as I say.

“Hello” Aphiwe’s voice comes through on the other side of the line

“Hi it’s Cebisile’s sister I want to talk to my niece”

“You not going to ask?”

“Just put Ndiwe on the line Aphiwe”

“Lalela when Ndiwe is here with me she’s under my care so you have no right to make demands I don’t give a fuck that she’s your niece she’s also my man’s daughter which makes her mine.”
(Listen...) She hang up

“Wow did she just hang up on me!”

“Ay kodwa nawe you were so rude”

“Rude how Cebisile?”

“You were supposed to ask not demand”

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She rolls her eyes

“Which side are you on kanti?”

“There are no sides here just because we don't like her doesn't mean we have to demand anything that's got to do with Ndiwe when she's with her”

“Whatever I was trying to help”

She tosses my phone away. As if it's not enough that I have to tolerate her because he's my baby daddy's girlfriend now I have to apologize to her for my sister's behavior. Im truly not God's favorite child yazin!

Once we are done eating I take the tray back to the kitchen and wash the dishes. There's someone on the door. I wipe my wet hands with a dry cloth and go to open the door. Here stands a beautiful dark skinned woman with big eyes on my mom's doorstep.

“Hi” She utters with a faint smile.

“Hello”

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“Can I come in please”

“Yes come in”

I make a space for her and she walks in filing my mom's kitchen with her sophisticated scent. She roams her big owl eyes around the kitchen as if she's searching for something.

"Uhm my mom is not here"

"Oh sweetheart I'm not here for your mother I don't even know her"

"Oh so what are you doing here"

She looks at me intently then walks around my mom's kitchen as if it's hers.

"Let me introduce myself darling. I'm Mrs Mokoena"

"Okay how can I help you Mrs Mokoena"

"I'm looking for Zanothando"

"What do you want from her?"

"We are good friends is she here?"



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Ain't you old to be friends with my little sister? But who am I to ask that I also have an old friend, Nkosinathi's mom.

“Yes I will call her”

I walk to Thando's bedroom to call her then we both walk to the kitchen and find Mrs Mokoena making herself home drinking my mom's orange juice. For someone who doesn't know my mom she's quite comfortable in her house especially her kitchen.

“Mrs Mokoena!” Thando says with shock written all over face.

“In flesh” Mrs Mokoena says with a smirk on her face

“What are you doing here?” - Thando

“I'm here to talk to you”

“About what?”

“You know about what. I want us to talk woman to woman. I want to know everything that you and my husband has been up to”

Shit she's the boss's wife?

“Why don’t you ask your husband”

“I want your side of the story”

“Oh so you don’t believe him?”

“I never said that”

“Uhm I have nothing to say to you”

“You owe me that much Zanothando!”

“Give us some space” Mrs Mokoena says looking at me. I won’t do that unless my sister says so I look at Thando. She nods her head.

“Call me if you need me”

The wife chuckles as Thando nods. I walk to my bedroom there’s this huge part of me that wants to eavesdrop but I don’t entertain it. I sit down and wait anxiously. It’s must have been 10 minuets later when I hear screams. I rush to the kitchen where my sister hysterically crying and touching her face.

“Let’s see now which man is going to want you with that rotten face you are about to have now” She laughs out loudly as she walks out. - Mrs Mokeona

“Thando what’s wrong? Talk to me sis what has she done to you” I’m panicking and shaking

“My face is burning Cebisile she poured something on my face yooohhhh” She screams in agony.



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Chapter Thirty One

The minty breath fills my nostrils as he plants kisses all over my face. He knows that these kisses leaves me giggly and he won't stop until I giggle but I don't want him to smell my morning breath. I try to stifle my giggles which proves to be a mission.

“Inathi maan!” I say covering my mouth with my hand and he starts kissing me again all over my face that I give in.

“That's what I wanna hear!”

“Haisuka uyahlupha my breath is stinky!” (You are handful...)

“Vele umlomo uyanuka ekuseni apple butter as much umzuzo, nomhlanzo, amakaka, umchamo, amakhwapha ...” (Morning breath stinks apple butter as much as fart, puke, poops, urine, armpits. . .)

“Sies maan Nkosinathi!!” I cut him off and he giggles

“But my love as unpleasant these things are they're part of our lives and they play a role in our lives. I think they symbolize our imperfections as humans we should embrace our imperfections because they're what make us humans don't you think?”

“How will I embrace my morning breath when I have a man who I have never even once smelled his? Ay udlala ngami Inathi” I sulk and he laughs out loudly

“I wake up earlier than you baby and bath so vele the chances are slim” He says with an amusing smile.

“See ay it’s like you don’t even have a morning breath!”

He laughs once again and looks at me

“Okay If it’s going to make you feel better before I bath every morning I’m going to wake you up and kiss you”

I shake my head vigorously

“Soze buti ngivuke ngo 2 ekuseni mina just to taste and smell your stinky morning breath soze tu!” (I will never wake up at 2am in the morning...) I clap my hands dramatically and he cracks up.

“Hlukana nami ke I will kiss you anytime I want and you won’t tell fokon”

“You such a bully!”

“You love me still!”

“Of course you are my bully. You are going to work now?”

“Yes my baby and I have bathed the kids”

“Oh thank you so much my love. Where are they?”

“In their nursery I wanted to wake you up first before I bring them here”

“You such a darling yaz wena”

“But you went karate mode on me”

“Aw sthandwa sami ngixolisile nje” (Aw my love I said I’m sorry)

I pout my lips can we not go back there okay. I’m so ashamed of what I did to him when did I become this violent mara?

“Of course you cried for my dick and when I finally gave you the dick you cried and told me to stop.”

Oh I want to wipe the smirk on his face with a huge clap! Heeyy this mean really tortured me yesterday. When I couldn’t take the torture of the pulling out he finally gave me the dick and man he wouldn’t stop. The rest of day and the whole night he was at it hitting every nook of my pussy. It didn’t help that the kids were behaving last night. Kj woke up once last night and I breastfed him then he fell asleep again giving his dad a chance to continue with his punishment that left me sore.

I’m sore people in every joint and every nook of my body I don’t want to mention my lady part I can’t even move. I wish I can stay in bed the whole day and recover but I have plans today. Damn thinking about the things this man did to me makes me horny all over again. See the months I spent without shagging he covered them in just half a day and one night. My man has one hell of a stamina and how his pipe is always ready to play is a mystery to me. The beast he exposed me to yesterday is totally different to the one he exposed me to months back. I want to keep this one and hope the other one is buried.

“I have lost you now where are you”

I look at him and smile faintly as he looks at me curiously. My palm reaches for his bearded cheek and caresses it.

“I love you”

“I love you too baby but that’s not what you were thinking”

I heave a sigh and stare right into his sexy eyes.

“I love the beast you exposed me to last night I hope the other one you exposed me months back is no more”

“He’s dead baby I knew I had to bury him the moment you told me that you lost our baby because of him. I promise you sthandwa sami he’s gone for good and I’m glad you like this one because being a beast in the bedroom is really a part of me” He winks at me and I blush profusely.

“This one is going to make me misbehave more often” I bite my bottom.

“And ukuzogweba blind!”

“Ohh I’m scared your majesty” I say seductively and he releases a throaty groan.

“Don’t provoke him you are recovering”

How can I forget that!

“I should get going on now”

“Oh before you go there’s something I want to run past you baby”

“I’m listening”

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“Your mother wants to see Kj”

“Okay when is she coming?”

“Actually she want Thula to fetch him”

“Why she doesn’t come here to see him?”

“I don’t know baby and I agreed”

“Hayi my son is not going there if she want to see him she must come here. Why would you agree to such nonsense”

“She thinks I don’t want to”

He tightens his jaw

“Mom should stop being bitter I can still stop her from baby sitting my daughter. Kj is only two months old he can’t be traveling unnecessarily. Everyone who wants to see Kj they come here why she want him to come to her is she the president perhaps?”

“But baby...”

“There’s no but Kj is not going and that’s that” He says sternly then walks out.

Of course he’s right but I don’t know why I keep defending her from him. He comes back with our kids in his arms and Ndiwe squeals excitedly when he sees me.

“Cita!”

“Gummy Bear!”

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She wiggles herself as she raises her hands up for me to take her and I do just that before kissing her forehead. Inathi places my son on the bed next to me.

“Hello fana kamama”

“I’m going baby I love you guys”

“We love you too daddy”

He kisses our lips and leaves. I put Ndiwe next to her brother and call their grandma.

“Hello”

“Hi mama how are you?”

“I’m good Thula is about to leave”

“Uhm about that KJ is coming up with flue I’m going to take him to his pediatrician today”

“You know what I can see that you don’t want just forget about it angeke ngilokhu ngikopa!”

“Ma...”

She hangs up on me before even I said anything further. I chuckle bitterly as I wonder why do I keep trying on this woman but she keeps spitting on my face? I toss my phone away as I gingerly get up from the bed and pull a robe. I can’t leave these two for more than two minutes alone Ndiwe is very handful she might want to act like a big sister to her brother and try to pick him up then they will fall off the bed together. Nkosinathi would definitely kill me if

anything can happen to his kids. So I opt for a basin so that I can bath while they are on my watch.

Once I'm done I breastfeed my son first after making him to burp I make a cereal for my daughter and feed her as well. Today her appetite is better than yesterday she's surely getting better. I give her the medication when she has done eating then go back to our bedroom and places them on top of the bed.

I peep through the window to check the weather. It's a bit iffy as it's still morning but you can't be too sure with winter's weather. I put on an above maroon knee turtleneck long-sleeve sweater dress with matching Jordan sneakers. No makeup today just my natural look with a loose weave but my lips could use a lipstick. When I finish I change my kids as well and pack their necessities in their bags then we leave after making sure they're buckled up.

I love the peaceful ambience at Amajaba Mall. It's not crowded like Newcastle Mall and that's a good thing when you are with kids. I put these two in their dual infant and toddler stroller and start at Hi-Fi Coperation. The moment I walk in all eyes are on me and all the shop assistants want to help me at once. For a moment there I forgot why are they behaving like this until this other girl calls me Ginger which is my character name on Traffic.

“You have beautiful kids Ginger”

“Thank you so much”

For a good half an hour I'm entertaining my fans as they say taking pictures with them. Honestly this love and recognition is overwhelming. I never thought Traffic will give me such a huge exposure. Kj starts crying saving me from thousands of selfies that I was supposed to take. My boy doesn't like people shame.

I made a promise to my man so here am I at Hi-Fi Coperation to buy everything that is going to make it easy for me to take care of my man's needs. He fulfills my needs it's only fair that I reciprocate. I need a washing machine. I can't have Cebisile washing my man's clothes let alone his underwears. Out of all the chores washing dishes is the one I despise the most I need a dish washer as well. The 3 in 1 floor machine is not here so I will have to start at Newcastle Mall and check it out at Game before going home. I'm not about kneel on the floor when I polish the floor.

Gosh I can't believe this is me buying things that I'm actually going to use to do chores. I always thought chores are for maids. No one told me that this is part of growing up and having a little family. I grew up knowing that you have to hire a maid in order to get things done around the house and my mom never saw it necessary to teach me when I was still young. I'm the one you saw the need to after meeting Nkosinathi. Honestly at first I asked Sis Rebs to teach me how to cook because I wanted to impress Inathi but yesterday he made me realize the importance of being able to do chores as a woman.

The obsession I have for kids' clothes after I left Hi-Fi Corp I find myself at Ackermans shopping for my babies. After shopping we go to Eagle Peak Spur. I can't help a smile that breaks across my face as I go through the menu. I call the waiter and make my order then call my man.

“Mazimuzimu”

I giggle

“What's that's now”

“It's your clan name baby”

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“Oh”

“You such a disappointment yaz”

“Voetsek!”

He laughs. Mxm I’m so going to get him for this.

“Guess where I am?”

“Uhm I don’t know”

“That’s why I’m saying guess baby. To give you a clue where was our first unplanned date”

“Eagle Peak” I can hear a smile in his voice and I can’t help but smile as well.

“Yes that day I had every reason to just forget I ever met you but man you swept me off my feet”

He chuckles softly

“And to think I was freaking out that I was going to lose you within few minutes of having you in my life but I wasn’t going to give up on you I was going to be a nuisance to you until you said yes”

“But you were a nuisance Papito” I say laughing and he joins me.

“No I wasn’t”

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“You were baby I even blocked you remember”

“You were so rude baby knowing me I was going to leave you alone but dammit I was already drawn into you”

I’m a blushing mess

“Ngiyakuthanda Bhelesi” (I love you Bhelesi)

“Uthandwa yimi Mazimuzimu please don’t go back home without kissing me”

“Okay where are you now?”

“At the rank”

“Okay I will come”

“Sharp”

I hang up with a huge grin on my face. Ngisemathandweni! Yesterday’s fight was a blessing in disguise we needed to blow off some steam and connect again to keep the fire burning in our relationship. The waiter brings my food and I thank him and begin to eat while going through Instagram feeds.

“Cita!”

I look at her next to me in their dual stroll. KJ is sleeping with a thumb in his mouth.

“Mmhh yummy” She says stretching her little hand for me.

“Uyaghala” I say giggling and she looks at me innocently. I cut a little piece of my steak and give it to her.

“Datiii!” (Dankie)

Oh man my baby is so adorable she melts my heart into liquid gold. As I continue to eat my food my phone rings.

“Hello” I say

“Hi it’s Cebisile’s sister I want to talk to my niece”

“You not going to ask?”

“Just put Ndiwe on the line Aphiwe” She says on the other line rudely so. This girl is full of bitchy attitude one would swear Nkosinathi was her man too.

“Lalela when Ndiwe is here with me she’s under my care so you have no right to make demands I don’t give a fuck that she’s your niece she’s also my man’s daughter which makes her mine.”
(Listen...) I hang up before she says anything that will antagonize me further.

I finish eating and wipe Ndiwe’s hands and mouth with a serviette and pay the bills then leave with my kids. I buckle them up in their seats and put their dual stroller in the boot before going to my seat. I start the car and drive to the rank.

Ndiwe is asleep by the time we arrive. I put them in their stroller and lock my car then push the stroller as I make my way to my man. He’s with his rank friends where they usually chill when they’re waiting for the queue. I pray that I don’t trip and fall as they gaze at me in awe. I clutch my hands on the handle of the stroller trying to ease myself.

He gets from his seat and grins as strides towards us. It’s funny I never noticed until now that the bow in his legs is actually my

weakness and his walk is not helping. It's like he's walking to his own beat you know like there's music playing in his head.

“Hello Mamacita”

“Hey Papito” It's comes out as a whisper and he chuckles before planting a peck on my lips.

“Awusemuhle” (You are so beautiful) He whispers and his warmth breath against my ear gives me goosebumps.

“Ngiyabonga sthandwa sami” (Thank you my love) I say blushing profusely.

“Let's go to Mazet's kitchen”

“Do we have to go there”

“Yes it's packed here abantwana bami bangaze bahabule” (...my kids might catch bad spirits here)

He plants kisses on their foreheads and grabs the handle of the stroller then we walk to Mazet's kitchen.

“Why don't I just go home”

“Come on you and Mazet have to try and get along for the sake of me and Senzo. We are like brothers and you two are stuck with each other for good”

“Don't tell me Senzo wants to wife ugly Betty”

“When the pussy is so good you forgot about the physical attraction baby”

I stop on my tracks and look at him

“How do you know that her pussy is good?”

He stares at and laugh

“You are jealous?”

“Just answer the ask Inathi”

“Obviously Senzo told me baby”

“Oh” I continue with the walk

“Isikhwele sis haaa”

I giggle

“The thought of your dick inside ugly Betty is nauseating I was going to dump your ass I can't eat ugly Betty's leftovers”

“Isiah! You are so mean woman!” He says laughing and I join him.

“No I'm not I'm just being real. I think Senzo is brave shame how does he even kiss her”

“Kanti uSenzo ufuna ubuhle yini ngoba uzifunela ikuku” (Senzo doesn't want beauty he wants a pussy)

“A good pussy is not everything baby!”

“True but we all have different preferences. Beauty matters to me uyangibona nawe ngimuhle kanjani cabanga nje sengijola no mubethi” (... as you can see I'm handsome imagine dating an ugly woman)

“You’re so full of yourself”

“Says the person that was going to dump me if I fucked Mazet”

I laugh and hook my arm around his. We bump into Mazet at her door locking.

“Hey Sis Mazet are you going away?”

“Hey Nathi...Yes I’m going to Roots to buy meat”

“I hope you don’t mind if we chill here until you come back”

She looks at me from my feet up to my head. I just give her a bored look.

“Of course I don’t mind”

She gives Nathi the key and walks away. We walk inside just as I scrutinize Mazet’s little kitchen Inathi grabs me by my waist and the door closes as he presses me against it. The warmth of his palm caresses my cheek as our eyes lock in a gaze.

“You have been in my mind the whole morning. I can’t get over how your pussy clasps around my cock”

His voice is dripping with seduction. I wrap my arms around his neck and capture his lips into mine. We devour each other’s mouths our tongues fighting for dominance and our breathing hitching. His hands groping my hips and my insides fluttering at the mere feel of his hardness against my tummy.

Spontaneously my hand unbuckles his belt and slides into his pants. He releases a gruff whisper as I massage him, savoring the

feel of his warm and hard meat in my palm. The thought of it inside of me triggers a pool between my legs but we can't do this here. I pull out my hand from his pants.

“Baby the kids”

“They're sleeping”

He rasps and kisses me with a hunger passion. Oh his kisses are heaven. His hand slips between my thighs and feel my moistness as his fingers delve in my panties.

“Mazet could be back in any minutes from now baby” I croak against his lips.

“We will be fast”

Weirdly enough the thought of anyone passing by and hear us fucking in ugly Betty's kitchen gives me a thrill that I have never dreamed of before. He turns me around making me to face the door and pulls up my sweater dress. My pussy contracts in anticipation as he fiddles on his pants presumably taking out his ready hard meat.

Can he get in already! He lifts up my one leg and support it with his hand under the knee as I balance my hands on the door arching my back a bit. He pushes his hard cock into me with one deep thrust and I gasp for air as he releases a throaty groan.

“Shit so fucking tight!”

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Our bodies dance in tune as he moves in and out of my wetness. Damn he's filling me so good I can feel every inch of him. The sound of my screams and him slipping in and out of me fills the small kitchen.

“Oh yes baby just like that! Ahhhhh fuck!!”

“You are not supposed to scream baby you will wake the kids up and people outside are going to hear us”

“I can’t help myself baby your dick is so good!”

“Bite my thumb whenever you can’t control the urge to scream”

He snakes his hand from behind and covers my mouth with it before sliding his thumb into my mouth. The harder he rams into me is the harder I bite his thumb. I really feel sorry for his thumb shame. My insides squeeze his dick tighter and my body trembles. I can literally feel my juices seeping out of me.

Ecstasy shoots out of every bit of me as I cum. Each shudder of my insides pushes him closer to his high until finally taking him over the edge. He cries out with rapture as I feel him writhing behind me and pulsating inside me, filling me with his seeds. Just then we hear a knock on the door. I feel his thick semen flowing down my thighs as he pulls out.

“Shit!”

I take off my panties and put it inside my handbag then take out my wipes.

“Here”

He takes it and wipes himself just as I do. The knock is persistent and we can hear Senzo and Mazet talking.

“You said you left Nathi and Aphiwe moss”

“Yes maybe they left please call him and ask where he left the key”

Inathi’s phone rings as we finish up fixing ourselves.

“It’s ringing inside” - Mazet.

“Are you ready” - Inathi

“Yes” I respond as I brush my weave with my hands.

He opens the door and fake a huge smile

“Hey guys”

They both walk in and look at us suspiciously.

“You horny rabbits!!” Senzo screams and burst out into laughter. His friend joins him Nkosinathi bathong he doesn’t even try to deny it mxm! I look at Zandile and doesn’t look pleased at all

“Like really guys? So much disrespect! This is my kitchen not a your bedroom you should learn to respect other people’s businesses! Sies maan stop behaving like horny teenagers i-sex ayiqali ngani ningazosibhora nx!”

* * *

Im seated on the couch tapping my foot on the floor as I wait anxiously. It’s been a while since I have been here at the hospital. The folks are on their way I informed them about what transpired on our way here. I’m so scared for Thando I hope whatever the liquid that women she poured on her face is not treacherous. I see

my parents walking in and get up from my seat. Dlamini opens his arms for me and I walk into them allowing him to embrace me.

“What happened Cebisile” Mama asks after we sit down. I explain to them what happened

“The nerve of that woman to come into my house and do whatever she pleases with my daughter!” - Mama

“That’s what happens when you steal other woman’s husbands.” - Dlamini

“Aw Dlamini are you saying it’s okay that woman came into my house and attacked my daughter”

“Of course not but Thando deserved this next time she will think twice before she sleep with another married man”

Jesus this man we don’t need to hear this right now we are so petrified. The wait for the feedback feels like eternity. The doctor finally comes to us and we all stand up.

“Doctor these are my parents” I say and they exchange greetings.

“How’s my daughter doctor” Mama asks in a shaky voice.

“Miss Ndlela sustained burns due hazardous liquid that was poured on her face. We ran the tests and we find out that the liquid that was poured on her face is Hydrochloric acid”

“Hydro what?” Mom asks once again

“Hydrochloric acid Mrs Dlamini. The acid itself is corrosive, and concentrated forms release acidic mists that are also dangerous. If the acid or mist come into contact with the skin, eyes, or internal

organs, the damage can be irreversible or even fatal in severe cases.”

I swallow a thick lump clogging in my throat as tears threaten to come out.

“How quickly would her burn heal?” I ask

“Unfortunately she sustained a severe burn it might take months or even years to fully heal but it will leave visible scarring.”

The loud evil laugh of that woman echoes in my ears as my mind reflects back to what happened. “Let’s see now which man is going to want you with that rotten face you are about to have now” Oh my God! I gasp and hold my mouth as tears spill down my face.

“What is the doctor saying Cebisile?” Mama asks sadly

“Thando’s face will never be the same mama it will be scarred for life and that will break her beyond”

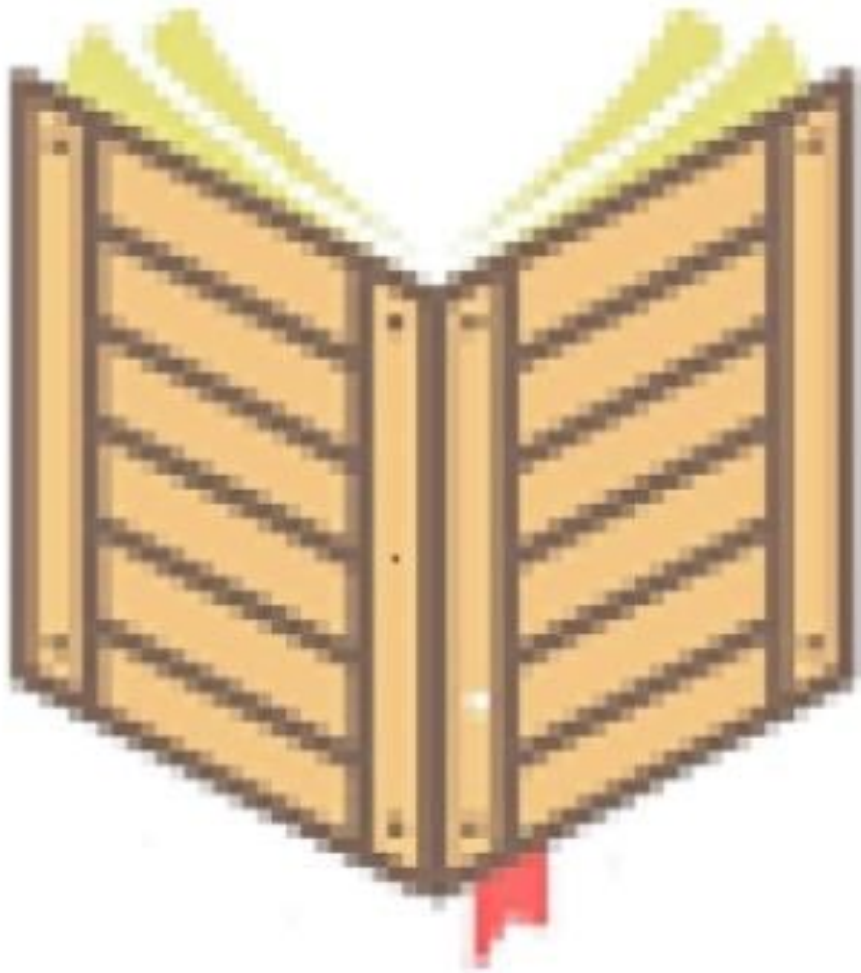
“As long she’s alive that what matters we are going to support her through it all” - Dlamini.

“Can we see her?” - Mama

“She was too shock so we tranquilized her you can come back later” The doctor says.

Dlamini thanks the doctor then we head out. I promise the folks to follow them shortly as I take my phone and search hydrochloric acid victims. I regret doing that as soon as I imagine my sister looking like these people. Their stories are heartbreaking, people

are isolating them because of how they look now. I toss my phone away and let out a gut wrenching sob.



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Chapter Thirty Two

“The total cost is going to be R6000” Says Tj who’s our penal beating and vehicle servicing guy. Today was servicing day they have fixed and repaired everything that was needed to be fixed and repaired in my taxis. I take out my wallet and count the notes then pay the balance. He gives me the receipt and we bump fists then I join the gents outside who are having a loud conversation about girls.

“Gents”

They all swivel around and give me the attention.

“We are done now, inside the box there are sanitizers I bought for y’all. Take one and go back to work”

“Sure Mnesh”

I don’t want them to call me boss no one is superior then the other here we are all equals in this business and we have been working so good together using our vital tools which are communication, commitment and respect. Senzo and I are stand against mellow yellow watching the drives as they take their sanitizers from the box and get into their taxis then they leave.

“It’s seems like our prayers are in vain bra I heard there’s going to be a lockdown in our country as well.”

“Yesterday they said we shouldn’t worry this corona virus is like flue and it’s manageable lockdown for what now this shit is going to affect business”

“Tell me about it”

The black Audi A4 pull over before us and her sweet musky scent hits my nostrils the moment she steps out of the car. She tucks her weave behind her ear and smiles showing off her perfect pearly white teeth as she greets us. Damn she’s such a beauty! The belted black dress she’s wearing accentuates her voluptuousness.

“I need help with my computer box. I think it’s need reset.”

“Oh you can get inside the building my beautiful lady you will get help there” I say and she flashes a beautiful smile before thanking me. We stare at her huge ass as she’s sashaying inside the building.

“Damn!” Senzo says gruffly

“She’s hallelujah isn’t she!”

“I’d tap that ass every single second!”

I tilt my head aside and look at him.

“I thought you are committed to Mazet now”

“That doesn’t mean I can’t tap an ass on the other side you know that’s how we roll”

“I stopped doing that shit the day I met Aphiwe”

“Have you forget her aunt?”

“It’s turned out we didn’t fuck she lied because she wanted to get back to me for what I did to her.”

We both laugh. Vuyi though!

“Women!”

“Weird creatures I tell you!”

“Aphiwe has proved so many times that she loves you bra it’s only fair you give her not only your love but your loyalty and faithfulness as well”

“You are right man she’s definitely the one for me”

“I’m so happy you finally found the one”

“You also found your one”

“Ahh I don’t know bra”

“Why are you hesitant now”

“I won’t lie to you and say I don’t think about her ugliness sometimes. What if our children would look like her”

I laugh

“Don’t laugh bra this is serious”

“Is she everything you want in a woman”

“Yeah and more man”

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“Looks really doesn’t matter bra we are all created in unique ways and everyone of us deserves happiness. Our uniqueness is what make us who we are as individuals. Your beauty comes from more than just looks. If she makes you happy then give her your all man

and stop thinking about what people will say or how will your children look like because there's absolutely nothing wrong with Mazet's uniqueness."

He heaves a sigh and nods his head

"You are right man thank you"

"Don't mention it wena zithandele mubeth wakho nikhande abanye omubethi benu kubemnandi njengoshukela" (...Just love your ugly woman and make your little ugly babies and enjoy)

"Voetsek!"

He punches me playfully as we laugh out loudly.

"Let me get back to work"

"Sure ntwana I also have to go and prepare for the trip to Durban"

"Oh yes drive safely"

"Ta Ntwana"

We bump fists and hop in our taxis then drive out separately. My neighbor, Mam Ngwenya hired me to transport her family to Durban today. One of their relatives has passed on. I will drive them back tomorrow after the funeral.

I stay rooted on the door and watch my woman twerking her huge ass that is barely covered by my black RAW hoodie she's wearing while singing along Me So Bad by Tinashe.

Damn my hands are itching to grab and spank her booty but I know that once I announce my presence she will stop kanti I'm

enjoying the show. I feel my rod begins to stir in my pants as she shakes her booty back and forth along the beat with her hands balanced on her knees.

“Damn Mamacita!” I couldn’t help myself she so damn sexy! She turns around and giggles as she looks at me.

“Don’t stop please shake that ass for your Papito”

I give her an alluring smile of which she returns and strides towards the wall along the beat. She places her both hands on the floor and lifts up her legs from the floor placing her feet on the wall like she’s doing a flip back. She begins twerking with her knees bent and her feet wide apart. Oh damn! I can’t help the insatiable need to bury myself inside of her and fill her up with my seeds. She gets up from the flip back position and dances while singing.

🎵 Don't be faking, faking, no
Say you looking for someone that'll last
I know you looking for someone that'll last

You want some me so bad
You want some me so bad
Come get this body
You want some me so bad
You want some me so bad
Come get this body 🎵

My dance moves comes out into play as I sing along Ty Dolla \$ign’s part

🎵 Ooh yeah...
Running out of words to say
No talking girl, I came to play

Drop top, jump in the wraith
Yeah, yeah
I want it face down, ass up
Turn around, let me lay down
I know you want another round, let me taste that
Yeah, yeah 🎵

The second I get close to her she takes off the toothpick from my mouth and claims my lips. My hands find their way down to her ass squeezing and pulling her closer to myself as our lips launch into an intense sensual embrace. I whisk her off the floor and she wraps her legs around my waist as I walk to kitchen counter where I place her gently on top of it without breaking the kiss.

I slide under my hoodie which is hers now because this woman of mine once she wears a piece of clothing that's belongs to me she claims it hers afterwards. No she doesn't ask she just takes not that I'm complaining I love it when she wears my clothes. The warmth of her skin against my palms sends a jolt of electricity through my body. I cup her boobs in my palms and give them a little squeeze just so I don't waist my boy's food. Her nipples are hard as rocks I give them a little tickle as well which makes her moan softly.

I take off her panties and spread her legs wide to get the view of her enticing glistening pussy. It's calling out for me 'come eat me daddy' but my dick is throbbing furiously and wants to tear my pants and dip deep inside her already. Her musky scent is not helping either I give in and take out my dick from my pants then aim for her tight hole. She bites her lip from screaming out as her flesh envelopes my inches. Fuck it's pure bliss! Involuntarily my hips begin to buck, gaining depth and speed with each thrust. I never get enough of her she tastes so amazing. I swear I'd kill for this pussy.

“You like that huh?”

“Yesss”

“Tell your me, tell your Papito to how much you love this dick”

“Ohhh I am crazily and insanely in love with your dick my Papito please fuck me harder!!”

I let out a howl of joy and bang her harder. The sound of our groans and moans of rapture reverberate in the kitchen and inundate the music playing in the background. I look down at our joined flesh and enjoyed the sight of my glistening cock sliding in and outside of her warmth. With each thrust I can feel her internal muscles clamping on my dick along the hard length of my dick and sends me over the edge but I'm not ready yet not when she hasn't cum first.

I pull out my dick and dip my head between her thighs then slide my tongue into her creamy flesh, licking from the top to the bottom. The taste of her juices sliding over my tongue impels me to groan and dig my tongue into her slick pussy to accumulate more. She mewls throwing her head at the back as she balances on the counter with her both hands apart and a tad behind her. I make love to her sweet cunt lapping up and twirling my tongue into the depths of her nun.

“Ohhhww my fucking goodness!! You killing me with pleasure!”

I suck on her clit like a hungry baby while pushing my two fingers deep into her slit. Her body begins to convulse as if demons are exorcised out of her body and thighs clamp together locking in my head between her thighs but I hold her in place as she releases her juices into my mouth and splattering them all over my face.

“Oh my goodness!” Breathlessly, she says and I get up from her thighs and stare at her with satisfaction as she lazily open her eyes. She gasps in awe and looks at me wide open eyes.

“What did you just do to me!”

I chuckle as I rest my hands on her hips

“Hold up did I just squirt”

I nod my head with a huge grin on my face. She squirted and boy I feel so victorious right now!

“Dzaaannng baby that was super amazing!”

“You are super amazing my Mamacita!”

She wipes my face with the back of her palms as she blushes before kissing me. I slide inside of her cunt and pound her hard once again until I release, emptying my seeds deep into her pussy.

“Ngiyakuthanda Mazimuzimu” (I love you Mazimuzimu) I say between my panting

“I love you more Bhelesi”

She winces as I pull out my dick and sees her juices on the counter.

“I’m never eating on anyone’s kitchen counter ever again!”

We giggle and share a kiss and I break it as a burning smell hits my nostrils

“What that’s smell?”

“My pot oh shit!”

She pushes me and jumps down from the counter before running to the stove and removes the pots from the stoves with her bare hands then cries in anguish swinging her hands in the air. I take cold water from the fridge and rush to her.

“Put your hands inside the sink”

She does as I say and I pour the water on her hands trying to ease the burning sensation.

“Ouch!”

“It’s hurts”

“Yes but the water is easing the pain”

“Askies mara nawe uzenza u-iron woman how can you take off the a hot pot from the stove with your bare hands”

“Voetsek!” She says sprinkling water on my face making me to giggle.

“Should I get an ointment?”

“No it’s not that bad but thank you sthandwa sami”

I wipe her hands with a dish cloth and kisses them.

“What were you cooking my iron woman?”

“Iron woman umphambili wakho!”

I laugh as I walk to the stove and open the pot.

“I was cooking beans with bones and I was about to mix dough for dumpling so that you will eat first before you go to Durban .”
She huffs disappointedly

“Aw baby askies”

I stride towards her and envelop her in my arms. She pulls back and our eyes meet. The disappointment is evident in her eyes
shame my poor baby.

“It’s okay baby I understand and I want to tell you that I really appreciate your efforts you have put in over the passed couple of weeks. It’s really means a lot me. I’m a happiest man in the whole universe because of you sthandwa sami.”

She breaks into a huge smile and holds me tightly around my waist.

“You are worth every effort and more sthandwa sami.”

I kiss her hair and hold her for dear life. Damn I love her so much and this time around I won’t let anything come between us. I will keep her by my side for as long as I breathe. The passed couple of weeks she has put so much efforts in taking care of my needs which are cooking, doing and ironing my laundry. For the mere fact that she didn’t have a clue and she’s not obliged to do so since she’s not my wife yet but she’s trying her best now is what makes me feel special in her life and fall in love with her all over again.
Ngiyayithanda lentokazi!

“I’m blessed to have you in my life”

“It’s other way around actually Bhelesi”

She pulls back from the embrace but doesn’t break it completely.

“I’m so going to miss you hey”

“I’m coming back tomorrow nje”

“Why don’t you send one of the drivers”

“If I send one of the drivers on top of the money paid for the hotel I will have to pay him baby. Driving for myself will save me some money”

“I hear you”

She frees herself from the embrace and pick up her panties on the floor. I walk to her and hold her waist.

“Don’t sulk baby it’s just business. I will be back before you know it”

“If it’s business then why is Cebisile going with you”

I knew it that this is what it’s about.

“Baby Cebisile asked for a ride since her car is at the penal beater. I didn’t think it’s would be a problem Im also going to Durban so I agreed”

“Okay”

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She attempts to walk away but I tighten my grip around her waist.

“Phiwe musa ukuba nje” (Phiwe don’t be like that)

“Nginjani Inathi moss I said okay”

“If you don’t want me to give her a lift you should just say so I will tell her to use the public transport”

“No go with her it’s fine. Can I go take a shower please”

“What do you want from me Aphiwe?”

“Nothing”

“Then why are you acting like this huh? Oh I see you don’t trust me Aphiwe”

“That’s not true Inathi”

“Then what is it?”

“It’s her I don’t trust Nkosinathi. That woman is throwing herself at you every chance she gets and you expect me to just be okay that you’re going with her to Durban”

“I understand how you are feeling and we can go on all day about this but the bottom line here is there’s nothing you can do expect trusting me”

“I trust you baby”

“Ngamepela” (Really?)

“Yes baby”

“Kiss me my iron woman”

She giggles and stands with her toes as she wraps her arms around my neck.

“A couple of week ago I was your karate woman now I’m your iron woman what’s next”

I laugh

“What can I say you’re a woman of many talents!”

We giggle and share a kiss, our tongues fight intensely trying to make the other give in as our grips tightens around each other.

* * *

“Any questions?”

My eyes travel around the class room as I scrutinize the students but no one is raising their hands.

“No questions alright. Please complete activity 2 and 3 at home. Oh another thing is tomorrow I won’t be available but you can come and help one another as a class you know”

They all nod and start packing their books into their school bags. You got to love the discipline these students have it’s magnificent. They’re so focused and their grades are remarkable. In my years of teaching I have never taught well behaved and focused students like these. They just make this teaching thing easy!

I twitch my wrist to check the time on my watchwrist. Only one minute remained for my period to end and the school to be out so

I take my things and walk out after saying goodbye to my students. The siren goes off as I enter the staffroom. When I get inside I pack all the student's assignments into the box. I want to finish marking them all by Monday and I think it's will be a good idea to ask my sister to help me with marking just to keep her busy.

Speaking of my sister she has been hospitalized for a couple of weeks now and her doctor said she's healing. Today her doctor is going to remove the bandage on her face and we will be seeing her face for the first time after the incident. The folks asked her doctor to not tell her how severely her burn is and her face will be scarred for life. They say they're protecting her however I think it's would have been a good idea to prepare her you know.

Hee you won't believe what that crazy wife did! So after pouring acid on my sister she went home and kept her husband into hostage and tortured him. The woman almost cut the old man's dick with a knife if their children didn't come into rescue. I wanted to laugh at that really but then I learned that she's bipolar. I truly feel so sorry for her they took her to a psychiatric hospital where she will be kept until it's safe for her to come out.

Thando couldn't be happier not that she attacked her but because she will have the old man to herself only since the wife is locked up in a mental hospital. Twisted I know and I'm done talking to her about this because clearly she hasn't learnt a lesson. I'm hopeful though that when she sees her face today she would stop fantasizing about being that old man's wife and focus on herself.

Every Saturday I have been traveling to Durban to see her and come back on Mondays morning but this week I decided to leave today since it's Friday and she made me promise that I'm going to be there when the doctor removes the bandage on her face. I take my coat from my chair and hang it on my arm together with my

handbag then take the box of assignments and walk out heading to my car.

Well it's not my car it's Ndiwe's grandmother's car, she lend me hers since mine broke down a day before yesterday and it's at the penal beater right now. Maybe this is just a sign that I need a new ride just to spoil myself a bit you know. I put the box on the back seat and hop into my seat then drive to the Ndlovu household. I just want to kiss my baby first before going to my house and prepare for the journey.

Yes I'm not going with her because last weekend I took her with me and Nkosinathi complained because weekends are his with our daughter. He offered me a lift to Durban since my car broke down. I wanted to take mama's car but she said she have to go somewhere, actually she made up a story just so I don't take her car with me to Durban and go with her son. I see what's she's doing and it's not going to end well.

I knock once on the door and walk in as it wide open. There's no one in the kitchen so I make my way to lounge and stop on my tracks when I hear the noise coming from the lounge. They wouldn't do that while the kitchen door is wild open would they? Definitely no so I make my entrance and gosh...! Mama is on her fours on top of the couch butt naked and Baba is ramming into her from the behind with his one knee kneeling on the couch he's also naked.

“Oh my goodness!”

I turn on my heels and run out gripped with mortification. Oh sweet Lord! I regret thinking they wouldn't do it while the kitchen door is wild open. I hear mama's voice calling me as I rush to her car.

“Cebisile”

I sigh and breath out loudly as I momentarily close my eyes.

“Where are you going come inside”

I swivel around and look at her sweaty self in a silky maroon robe and her hair is a mess. She brushes her hair trying to keep a straight face but I can see that she’s embarrassed as fuck. I can’t help myself but burst into laughter.

“Eish nawe why don’t you knock!”

“I knocked mama but the door was open”

“Yooo mara Cebi ay maan!” She groans and covers her face with her hands ashamedly

“I’m sorry I should’ve walked out the moment I heard the noise but I didn’t think you guys would fuck while the kitchen door is open.”

“Haisuka who said when the door is open you must get in!”

“You are the one who prohibited me from knocking remember and you said this is my home”

“Would you shut up woman!”

I laugh and she joins me.

“Come inside”

“Ndiwe is sleeping right?”

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“Yes”

“I wanted to spend an hour or two with my baby then go prepare for my journey but since she’s sleeping let me go home with your car I will come back with my luggages. Baba ka Ndiwe will find me here”

“Okay sis”

“Bye for now”

I lean over to kiss her cheek then I remember what’s she’s been up to. Sex is freaking nasty maybe she gave her husband a head and he spurted his semen on her face.

“Mmh not until you have bathed”

“Voetsek!”

She spans my buttocks as I run to the car giggling. I hop in and drive to Darncol. When I get home I call Nkosinathi to confirm what time we are leaving then I take a long ass shower. Once I’m done I get dressed and pack a few clothes then I’m good to go. I switch on all the lights first and lock the door then leave.

“Mama!” Screams my baby as she runs to me barefoot, I could eat her beautiful fat little feet!

“Baby!”

I pick her up and tickle her, she giggles non stop wriggling her body. Oh her giggles are the sweetest sound I have ever heard in my entire life.

“Ndiwe!”

Mama screams as she appears carrying Ndiwe's pink Minnie Mouse slippers.

“Oh you are back”

“Yes mama”

“That little rabbit of yours doesn't want to wear shoes ungenza upopayi wakhe lokhu ngigijimisana naye indlu yonke” (...she's thinks I'm her doll I have been running after her all over the house)

That's Ndiwe for you she doesn't like shoes I don't why at some point she even cries. I laugh and take the slippers from her then put my baby on top of the counter.

“What time is Nkosinathi fetching you”

“4pm”

I try to put the slippers on Ndiwe but she wiggles her feet and curls her toes.

“That's like half an hour from now baby I thought you would eat first before you go.”

“It's okay mama ..Hayi maan Uthandiwe gqoka izicathulo!”
(. wear your shoes!)

She burst into tears

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“Myeke Cebi” (Let her be Cebi)

“Hayi mama the tiles are cold she will catch cold”

“Tsheli babaz aphula athambo!” (I will tell babaz and he will break your bones.)

Mama and I laugh.

“Let me whip something for you to eat” Mama says and get started with her pots

“Askies ke sweetheart stop crying”

I wipe her tears and kiss her tiny lips then I sit on the counter chair before her watching mama doing her thing while we engage on a general conversation. 30 minutes later she finishes and dishes up for me.

“This taste real good”

I moan in appreciation, mama knows how to make a simple meal into delectable meal. I’m eating spaghetti with corned meat and a fried peace of chicken which was last night leftover.

“Mmh yummy mama” Ndiwe stretches out her tiny hand.

“Awugharli mtanami”

Nkosinathi calls me just after I finish eating and feeding Ndiwe.

“Babakhe”

“I’m outside”

“Okay I’m coming”

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I hang up and look at mama

“He’s here mama I have to go”

“He’s not going to come in?”

“No”

“Oh”

I can’t miss the disappointment in her voice but she masks it quickly with a smile.

“Uhambe kahle sthandwa sami” (Go well my love)

“You miss him neh”

“Who?”

“Nkosinathi”

“Hayi I don’t miss him!”

“You do know you can end this bad blood between you guys”

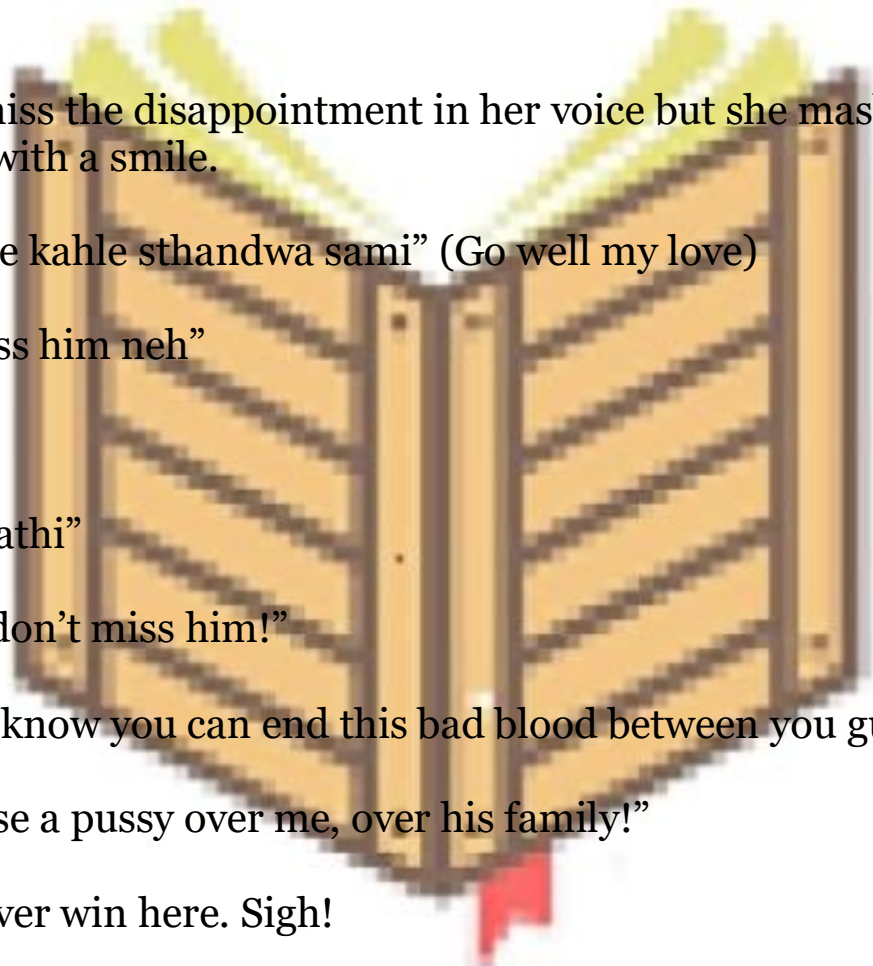
“He chose a pussy over me, over his family!”

I will never win here. Sigh!

“Goodbye mama”

I give her Ndiwe after kissing her lips.

“Call me when you arrive”



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“I will do”

I take my phone from the counter and head out. I open the boot and take my luggage and handbag then close it. Nkosinathi meets me half and we share a hug. I inhale taking in his scent as I sink in his embrace. His hugs has away of evoking emotions and feelings that I’m doing my best to bury them. I feel my heart sinking to the pit of my stomach when I think that his arms were once my safe heaven, my sanctuary but now they belong to another woman, a little girl at that 9 years younger then me. Sigh!

“Are you okay” He asks after I break the embrace

“Yes wena unjani” (...how are you?)

“I’m good”

He takes my luggage from me and put it inside mellow yellow’s boot then comes back to open the front door for me. I jump in and he closes it and walk to his side. I turn around and exchange greeting with the Ngwenya family. Nathi jumps inside and off we go. The drive is filled with general chat and laughter here and there but my mood has suddenly dampen. I feel a squeeze on my thigh and look at him.

“Are you sure you’re okay”

“Yes I’m okay Babakhe” I fake a smile

“You can talk to me you do know that right”

“Yes but I’m truly okay”

We stop at the garage and go to the toilet and some go to buy something to munch on after that we are on the road again. At

6:30pm we arrive and start at Hillcrest to drop the Ngwenya family then he drives me to Netcare Kingsway Hospital.

“Thank you so much for the ride how much”

He laughs

“You are not serious”

“This is your job Nkosinathi I can’t take advantage of that”

“Argh suka maan you are family I don’t make my family pay for me.”

Family neh I suppose that should make me happy but it’s stings like hell.

“So should I come back to fetch you or wait here for you to take you home”

“My parents should be inside if not they’re on their way I will leave with them. Thank you”

“Okay no problem let me help you with your luggage”

He takes it from the boot and we walk inside the hospital as he lugs my luggage. It’s 7pm already which means visiting hour has started. We find her busy on her phone alone. The bandage is still on her face I see she really meant it when she said she’s going remove it once I’m here.

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“Hey sis” I say as we walk towards her bed. She beams when she sees me but her smile dissolves when hey eyes meet Nkosinathi.

“Ufunani lo la” (What is he doing here)

“Don’t call me lo wena” Nathi retorts

“Just because my sister forgave you doesn’t mean I forgave you. Im still super mad at you for breaking her heart. She lost everything because of you and wena what did you do? You such an asswipe!”

“Thando ha.ah”

“What Cebisile? Yinja kabi lo” - Thando

“I may be a dog but I don’t play God with people’s life” - Nathi

“What does that supposed to mean?” - Thando

Just then the folks walk in with Thando’s doctor. We exchange greetings.

“Thank you for bringing my daughter son” - Dlamini

“Don’t mention it Mr Dlamini” - Nathi

“Well as you requested Miss Dlamini that we should wait for your family first before we remove the bandage I guess they’re all here now ” The doctor says and looks at Nathi

“He’s also family doctor” - Dlamini

“Okay good let’s do this”

I take mama’s hand and she squeezes mine. I’m so scared and I can feel my stomach turning. We watch the doctor as he carefully unwraps the bandage on my sister’s face. I thought I prepared

myself enough for this moment but seeing her face right now brings tears in my eyes. I can't even recognize her she's...oh God.

“How do I look? I'm sure I even gained complexion!”

The doctor takes the mirror and looks at Dlamini who nods his head sadly.

“Thank yo doc” Thando says taking the mirror and looks at herself in the mirror. A scream that follows after that fills their entire hospital.

“No this is not me! What happened to my face! You said I have healed doctor!”

“You have Miss Ndlela”

“How when I look disgusting like this!!”

“Baby calm down” Mama says trying to comfort her but she crying hysterically and doesn't want to hear it.

“No I want my face mama! Doctor you have to do something!”

“Unfortunately there's nothing I can do any further you...”

“What does that supposed to mean huh! You mean I will look like this for the rest o my life?”

“Yes Miss Dlamini I'm sorry”

“Oh nooo!” Her painful cry hit right into my heart and I find myself pressed against Nathi's chest as he strokes my back. Dlamini and the doctor walk out.

“I want to be alone!”

“We are here for you sis”

“No you can’t see me like this I’m disgusting!”

“That’s not true my baby you are still my beautiful daughter and I love you so much. We love you” Mama says with tears running down her face.

“What are you looking at wena Mageza Empompini huh? You want to laugh at me?”

Oh God uThando! Nkosinathi chuckles bitterly

“I can’t believe I almost felt sorry for you. See these are the results of playing God. You almost killed me no in fact you thought you left me dead kanti no I’m a die hard.”

“What are you talking about?” I ask

“Oh she didn’t tell you that she tried to kill me at the hospital when you shot me”

“What? Cebisile you shot Nkosinathi? When and Why?” - Mama

“Thando”

I look at her and all she does it start crying all over again.

“I’m sorry Cebisile but I did it to protect you I didn’t want you to go to jail”

“OMG Thando you almost killed my baby daddy?”

“I did it for you sis but he’s here he didn’t die!”

“That’s not the point Thando! The point is wazama ukubulala ubaba omtanami!” (... you tried to kill the father of my child)

“All of you calm down” - Mama

“I’m leaving, your scarred face will be a reminder to never play God with other people’s life Zanothando”

I look at him as he walks to the door then it’s hit me.

“Nkosinathi?”

He turns around and look at me

“Do you have anything to do with this?”

“What do you mean?”

“You know what I mean Nkosinathi”

“I have no idea what you are talking about”

He walks out. It’s him I don’t know how but he definitely has something to do with all of this. I know Nkosinathi he has vengeful heart. This is messed up!

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Chapter Thirty Three

The constant knock on the door is starting to irritate me now. Don't they get it I want to be left alone. Today it's one of those days I wish I can pause my breathing and drift far away where I won't be able to feel all these emotions attacking me at once.

I don't know how to deal with the fact that my little sister tried to kill the father of my daughter in the name of protecting me from jail. I don't even want to mention the possibility of Nkosinathi having to do with the affair going viral and the wife's retaliation.

It's all just too much for one person to deal with can I just die!! Okay fine I don't mean that my daughter needs me but I seriously need a break it's one drama after the other when will I ever catch a break?

"Come in!" I shout irritably.

The door swings open and Zama walks in with the tray in her hand.

"Morning sis Cebisile"

"Hi Zama"

"I made you breakfast"

"Im not hungry how many times do I have to tell you Zamangwane" I snap

"I promised your mom before she left that I will make sure you eat please eat sis"

She looks at me with pleading eyes. I huff and sit on my butt

“Okay fine bring it here”

She smiles and brings the tray over to me.

“Thank you”

I salivate at sight of avocado toasts and coffee.

“You said my mom left?”

“Yes she left with her husband. The hospital called and they’re discharging Thando”

“Oh okay”

She nods and walks out. I wipe my hands with a damp dish cloth and indulge in my breakfast. When I finish I put the tray on beside table and bury myself with the covers. I'm not prepared to get out of this bed today not that I have strength to. The turning and tossing I did last night no wonder I'm feeling sleepy now. I do need some shut eye maybe I will wake up feeling a bit better.

I'm woken up by the galling sound of my ringing phone. I groan as I fiddle my hand on my beside table and take it. I answer without checking who's calling.

“Yebo!” (Yes!)

“Udlame olwani sis” (What is the aggression for?)

I chuckle

“Askies mama” (Sorry mama)

“I woke you up?”

“Yeah but it's okay”

“Vele it's okay I have been waiting for your call since yesterday”

“Eish sorry mama things were hectic when we arrived last night”

I brief her up about what happened but obviously I don't mention the shooting and as well Thando trying to kill her son. That is the last thing I want for her to know.

“Oh sis I can imagine what's she's going through its good that she has y'all support. Things are about to get real tough especially that she's a teacher school kids are cruel maan they will be mocking at her and some will be scared of her.”

I swallow hard at her last sentence, it's hit home.

“Cebi are you still there?”

“Im a horrible sister mama” I say with trembling voice as tears threaten my eyes.

“Hayi Cebisile why would you say that?”

“Im also scared of her I can't even look at her for a second she looks so horrible and scary mama” I let out a sob I have been holding from last night after we left the hospital.

“Oh my baby”

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“Im a very bad sister say it mama”

“Dont be hard on yourself baby you are also human so you are bound to feel the way you do. There’s absolutely nothing wrong with you just give yourself time you will get used to her appearance”

I wipe my tears and heave a sigh. It's always easy to talk to her she knows the right button to press and I will just unpack everything.

“Ungakhali sis konke kubeke kumdali” (Don't cry sis just put everything on God)

“I hear you mama. Where’s Ndiwe”

“She left with her grandmother and aunt”

“Okay I will video call you later and talk to her”

“No problem sis. Be strong for you sister okay”

“I will try”

“I love you baby”

“I love you too mama”

I hang up and when I look up mama is standing at the door staring at me.

“Who was that?”

“Nkosinathi's mom”

“What are you doing with that woman Cebisile” The hostility in her voice is loud enough for me to miss it.

“What do you mean mama?”

“Its not like you are dating Nkosinathi yini lengaka oyincenge kulomama”

I look at her bewildered by her statement

“She’s my daughter’s grandmother and my babysitter so I’m bound to have a relationship with her and that doesn’t mean I’m a sycophant”

“Oh so what does telling her that your sister looks horrible and scary got to do with your relationship with her?”

I look down twiddling my fingers as a feeling of contrition engulf me.

“Luckily I’m the one who heard you what if Thando heard you? She’s going through alot she doesn’t need to hear that you are gossiping about her to that rude woman nx!”

With said she walks out leaving me crying. I feel so horrible that I’m scared of my sister’s maimed face. I’m her sister for crying out loud I shouldn’t be scared of her! A few minutes later there’s a knock on the door. I wipe my tears quickly and shout.

“Come in!”

The door opens and Zama sticks her head inside.

“Your father is calling you at the lounge”

“What for?”

“I don't know”

“Im coming”

She disappears and closes the door. I drag myself up from the bed and slide into my slippers then walk to the kitchen with the tray in my hand. I put the dishes inside the sink and put the tray on its place then go to the lounge. I can hear Nathi’s voice as I approach the lounge. What is he doing here? The first thing I notice when I enter the lounge is that his sweet spicy scent pervades my mom’s lounge.

“Sanibonani” (Greetings)

They greet me back then I settle down next to mama who’s sitting next to Thando. Nathi and Dlamini are sitting on the other couch opposite us. Nathi looks debonair in a black five step carvela shoes, dark green chino pants and black polo crisp shirt with his sleeves rolled up to his elbows and his hairy forearms are all out in display. Mind you I’m just in my pyjamas!

“Nkosinathi my wife told me what my daughters did to you so I called you here because I need to hear the full version of the story from you” - Dlamini

“Do we really have go through that it’s in the past now”

“Oh please Mageza Empompi...” Thando is cut off mid sentence by Nathi.

“I won’t sit here and listen to you Zanothando talking to me like I’m your friend. I’m even older then your older sister just because you are sleeping with an old man doesn’t make you my peer”

“Thando we are here to talk as adults let’s not disrespect each other” - Dlamini

We are all given chances to explain our sides of the story.

“Im so disappointed in both of you Cebisile and Zanothando I can't believe both of you are capable of murder. At my age I have never even held a gun nor had thoughts of killing someone” Mama says disappointedly

“Cebisile allowed her emotions to get the better of her Mrs Dlamini. I'm the reason behind her anger and pain hence I didn't blame her when she reacted that way. I made her believe that we would be together forever and raise our child together knowing very well that I had someone. I shouldn't have lied to her I was supposed to tell her the truth as if that was not enough when she finally moved on I took her boyfriend and beat him up not that I regret that, he deserved but after that he disappeared into thin air. To her it was like I killed him and I understand why she thought so but the truth is I didn't kill him. Hence weeks later he dumped her over an SMS. I guess that would have triggered intense emotions to anyone. She didn't mean to shoot me I saw how broken she was and its all my fault so the last thing I would have done is to report her. She's the mother of my daughter and I care so much about her. Zanothando should have let us deal with our own issues and not decide to play God with my life. She like poking her nose in our business which doesn't concern her. The video that was trending a year ago it's because of her. The social media people wouldn't have known about the affair and everything if only she didn't cause drama at Spur.”

By the time he's done talking my face is wet with tears. To hear him acknowledging the pain he caused me and talking like this with remorse makes me so emotional right now. I think this all I needed to hear from him in order to move on.

“Im not going to apologize for loving my sister so much that I will do anything to protect her. I'm sorry that I'm the reason your lives was all over social media a year ago and I'm also sorry that I tried to kill you but you didn't die so it's not a big deal”

Thando is something else!

“Thando he could have died you almost made my daughter fatherless!”

“For you Cebisile! You were panicking that Nkosinathi will tell the police so I thought if I end his life no one would know what really happened!”

“I didn't ask you to do that!”

“That's so ungrateful of you!”

I look at mom and huff in disbelief.

“Thando you seriously don't see what you did was so wrong in so many ways!” - Mama

“Of course I see mama but he's here he didn't die why are we making it a big deal”

“Then you also shouldn't make what happened to your face as big deal” Nathi retorts

“Nkosinathi!” Dlamini warns Nathi who's not fazed by my step father's warning. **NOVELSGURU.COM**

“With all due respect baba I'm tired of your daughter disrespecting me every chance she gets. I wanted to teach her lesson so I did some investigation and find out that she's having

an affair with her boss and the wife is bipolar. I'm the reason those videos and pictures went viral because I wanted to tarnish her reputation and I knew that once the wife sees the pictures and videos she will retaliate and very gravely considering that she's mental case. I know right now you are fuming with anger and you want to blow my brains off for being the reason behind your little princess's maimed face. Let's just make this easy for everyone, here take it and blow my brains off"

Nathi takes out his gun from his behind and give it to Dlamini. What the fuck is he doing! Mom, Thando and I watch with our hearts beating in our throats as Dlamini gets up from the couch and points the gun at Nkosinathi who looks ever so ready to die.

"Sibal'khulu don't please" Mama begs with a shaky voice.

"Dlamini please you don't want to do it." I say pleadingly

"Shoot him daddy!" Thando incites her daddy and I look at her incredulously

"Thando shut the fuck up!"

"What with you Cebisile he's the reason I will never look the same again he must die!!"

"Don't listen to her daddy please. No one is perfect we are all not innocent here, we should sit down and apologize to each other. Killing one another is not a solution." I say and go stand in front of Nkosinathi with my arms in the air.

"Mamakhe suka" (Mamakhe move)

"No Nkosinathi maybe you are tired of living but our daughter still needs you, KJ still needs you!"

He grabs my hand rather roughly and makes me look at him.

“Mamakhe ngithe suka!!!” He roars with anger.

I cry as I step away and look at Dlamini who's pointing the gun at my baby daddy and his jaws are clenched. The picture of him beating up my mom into a pulp years ago flashes before eyes and I see him capable of killing my baby daddy.

“Mama do something please” I sob

“Please my husband don't I'm begging you”

“Which sides are you two on huh? This bastard ruined my reputation and my face! Kill him daddy!”

“You brought all of this to yourself. Had you listen to me when I told you to stop entertaining the old hag none of this would be happening! I'm not losing my baby daddy because you failed to close your legs for a married old hag! You should be asking for an apology to Nkosinathi for almost killing him not this nonsense you do know that you can still go to jail he still has a footage of you coming into his hospital room!”

“You think I'm scared of jail ungibheke kahle sis I'm not capiophobic I don't pee on myself when I see the police like you!”

Of course I told her about that incident because I trust her and I never thought she will use it against me. Just as I'm about to slap her hard I hear a gunshot and scream.

No he didn't! Nooo! I turn and look at Nathi he seems okay actually all of us are not shot but when I look up on the ceiling I see a gunshot hole.

“Enough!”

We all look at him and he looks at right back us

“Nkosinathi I will not shoot you. Zanothando is also not innocent she’s the one that provoked you and you didn’t even lay your finger on her for everything to unfold. Ubundindwa bakhe worked in your favour. Yes I'm angry but not at you but at her” Dlamini says and looks at Thando.

“Thando apologize to Nkosinathi and your sister for meddling in their affairs to the point of almost ending Nkosinathi's life”

“What daddy?”

“You heard me!”

“He is the one that supposed to apologize to me daddy. I can't even look at myself in the mirror because of him! I'm scared to walk out in public with this disgusting face because of him! How will I stand proud in front of the learners and teach them with a face like this? Yet you want me to apologize daddy?”

“You tried to kill him Zanothando!”

“I did say I'm sorry for that daddy how many times do I have to say it huh? I'm not going to repeat myself! It's clear that all of you are on his side yyou don't care about what he did to me. He didn't die moss I'm the one who suffered gravely in the name of protecting my sister!”

“I don't have time for this back and forth Mr Dlamini you see she's not doesn't to apologize and I'm cool with that. Can I leave please I'm on duty”

“Of course my boy I'm sorry for everything my girls put you through. I wish you told me though before you plotted your own revenge we would have find a better way to deal with this situation nevertheless what done it's done.” He gives him his gun they shake hands.

“Nisaleni kahle.”

“Uhambe Kahle”

He walks to the door and when he gets there he turns around and looks at Thando

“Stop lying to yourself you know deep down that this anger you have for me got nothing to do with you protecting Cebisile you are just angry that you can't have me because you will be breaking sisterhood code” With that said he turns around and walks out.

I look at Thando who looks everywhere but me then walks out of the room. Wow come to think of it, it's actually does make sense! Thando never hid how she feels about Nathi from day one but after she discovered that she's actually the man that knocked me up the interest in him turned into anger. I thought she was angry at him on my behalf kanti nah wow! I run after Nkosinathi and call out his name as he about to get into mellow yellow.

“What the fuck was that?”

“What that your sister wants me and it's makes her angry that she can't have me? It's the damn truth”

“I'm not talking about that I'm talking about the stunt you pulled in there you want to die!”

“Cebisile...”

“How dare you Nkosinathi! You forced yourself in my daughter’s life and now you want to die on her!” I throw several punches on his chest

“Mamakhe calm down”

“You so damn egocentric Nkosinathi! You make an impact in our lives then you want to die just like that you fucking moron!!!! How dare you!!! How dare you!!!”

He tries to envelop me in his arms but I punch him harder and harder on his chest, my tears spilling down my face

“You mgodoyi, nqatha le lugandwane!” (You dog, rat’s poop!)

He manage to cage me in his arms and I give in as I a let out a gut wrenching sob.

“What was I going to say to our daughter huh? Where would’ve I said her Babazi went to when she asked for him?”

“I’m sorry Mamakhe”

“It’s better to lose you to another woman then lose you to death”

He cups my face and looks at me deeply with his sexy eyes sparking with tears.

“I’m sorry I will never think of putting you in such situation ever again. I’m sorry Mamakhe” It’s comes out as a whisper.

He kisses the space between my eyes and presses my head against his chest holding me tightly.

“Askies neh ungakhali” (I’m sorry don’t cry)

I inhale deeply and relax in his embrace.

“You know what, how about we hit the beach just to wash away the tension” He says pulling me away from his arms but I was still enjoying being wrapped in his arms.

“What about the Ngwenya’s”

“I just wanted a way to leave apparently the family decided to have a cleansing ceremony tomorrow so we will leave after the ceremony tomorrow ”

“Oh great I guess we will travel back to Newcastle together once again”

“Sure so are you down for beach and we can do anything you want movies, horse riding anything you want Mamakhe”

“Nah I’m not in the mood for people and outdoor activities today I wasn’t planing to get out of the bed”

“Okay we can go watch a movie in my hotel room over a couple drinks and junk”

“I don’t know Nathi”

“Come on” He purses his lips making it hard for me to say no

“Okay let me go take a shower first”

“My hotel room has a shower”

He goes to the other side of the car and opens the door

“Come get in”

“I’m in my pjs Nkosinathi”

“So? I have seen you even without anything Mamakhe”

He winks at me and my cheeks flush. No he’s not doing this to me! I find myself getting inside of the taxi and buckle the seat belt while he closes the door and goes to his side. He gets in and drives off while singing along to this song I have never heard before but it’s really nice. My baby daddy can rhyme people! Like he’s really good in this I’d support him if he were to join the music industry.

Ukuphumelela kwami, ngathol' amazondo nganiyala
Ekuhluphekeni kwami, ngashiya nogogo ngakhala
Aw ngivikele dlozi lami, ngiynkabi ngingqongqo nginganixaka
Awu xola sitha sami, ngathatha nendondo nayisaba
Thokoza gogo, lempumelelo kodwa singifakele izitha
Ngahlomul' indondo, ngaphokophela
Ngezwa sekukhonkoth' izinja
Ngaziphonsel' ithambo zaxabana zodwa
Wenkabi bokhuza ama
Ngadons' uBrentwood ngangena kwingezo
Ezami ngayphonsela ipizza
Inkabi inganigila
Ngaybiza nabhimba
Ngazibiza ngenkabi, nazibiza ngenkabi, bafana nganidida
Ngoshuni nginganixina
Ngenduku nginganidinda
Ngazigubhel' umgodi, bangilethel' isdumbu
Ngavele ngasigqiba

Kukhon' iynkinga ezingqongqozayo la

Zinyawo zami baleka
Kukhon' usizi oluzayo la
Aw mina anginakulimela
Wololo wololowo wololowo mama
Wololowo ma wololowo

Aw ngithi vuma, aw vuma
Vuma dlozi lami
Vuma, aw vuma
Aw ngithi vuma, aw vuma
Vuma dlozi lami
Vuma, aw vuma 🎵

“Who sings this song?” I ask

“Big Zulu and Mqobi Yazo iyashisa neh” (Its dope isn't?)

“Kakhulu and Im not surprised” (Yeah...)

“I thought you are Kwesta's fan” I say after a minute or so has passed

“Of course but that doesn't mean I don't have an ear for good music. UBig Zulu ibozza Mamakhe!” (Big Zulu is the boss Mamakhe!)

“And uyachaza maan even his clothing style suits him”

Big Zulu reminds me of Mphemba he use to wear like him back then.

“Suyabheda manje” (You are talking nonsense now) He says with a frown.

“Haibo ngani manje” (Why would you say that)

“Ngithini ke mina mawuzochazwa enye ndoda” (What should I say when you find another man attractive) I look at him OMG he’s serious. I can’t help but laugh.

“Humor me babakhe”

“Ngincome enye ndoda manje am I Somgaga” (Compliment another man am I Somgaga?)

If I knew better I’d say he’s jealous. You should see how serious he is right now and it’s the reason I can’t stop laughing.

“Ngizokudiliza ulokhu nsinsitheka la, people will see you with your PJs at this time which means you haven’t bathed sies!”(You are giggling I will drop you off...) No he didn’t say that!

“Haaaahhh Nkosinathi!!!”

He laughs as I punch him on his shoulder. He’s such an idiot this one!

“You’re so abusive Mamakhe!”

“And you are so mean Babakhe!”

We arrive at Valley Lodge and now that I’m here I realize what a stupid woman I am to leave the house in my pyjamas. What was I thinking vele? Of course I wasn’t thinking I never think when I’m with Nathi. Sigh. Fortunately for me his room has its own entrance though it’s situated in the main house.

I have never been to this lodge and I have to say that it's very beautiful. The bedroom is huge and decorated in cream, beige & rust. The queen size bed dressed with fluffy feather duvet, pillows, covered in pure cotton linen. In the lounge there's a HD Television, beige leather couch, tea & coffee facilities, and mini bar. The toilet is separate from en suite shower room with a large walk in shower.

“We will watch movie first or you will shower first”

“Let me shower first”

He gives me his toiletry bag. I thank him and walk to the shower. I take a long shower then I intended to it's soothing. Once I'm done showering and buttering my body I slip into his hotel gown and slippers then join him in the lounge. There's a tray on the coffee table with junk food but my eyes sees the chocolate cake first.

“You still remember that chocolate cake is my favorite”

“How can I forget that and I know that it's cheers you up after a hectic or emotional day”

I can't help the smile that creeps in my face.

“Thank you Babakhe”

“So am I forgiven”

“Yes”

“Sure sure Im no longer a rat's poop?”

I giggle and shake my head no.

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“Well then I’m glad”

“Ungaphinde uyenze lento oyenzile Nkosinathi. Dlamini is capable of killing.” (Don’t you ever do that again Nkosinathi...)

“Soze mamakhe” (Never mamakhe)

“So what are we watching?”

“Here’s the remote”

He gives me the remote. I flip on the channels until I find acrimony movie. I have never watched this movie until to the end. There’s something that disturbs me in the middle of watching. I take the tray and we stuff ourselves with junk food.

“Why you didn’t tell me Thando tried to kill you”

“I thought she told you”

I look at him that’s a lie

“You are lying Nathi you knew that if you told me I will ask her and that would have ruined your plans for revenge”

He doesn’t say anything. I heave a sigh.

“Why are you so revengeful Nkosinathi”

“You call what I did to your sister a revenge? That’s not revenge Mamakhe it was just lesson. If it was revenge I would have killed her”

“You’d kill a person for revenge?”

“I don’t do revenge I just teach people lessons. You can’t hurt my loves ones or me deliberately and not learn a lesson. It’s a sin to let people get away with everything, they have to know that every action has consequences”

I feel chills traveling down my spine

“I don’t like the vengeful side of you it’s scares the shit out of me”

“I’m not vengeful Mamakhe ngifakana endleleni nje qha!”

“Why don’t you let God do that”

“They say he forgives our sins so clearly that means he doesn’t hold anything against anyone. Lo God wenu is too generous”

“But karma exists Nathi you should let karma do its job and stop revenging because that doesn’t make you better then the person who revenging at”

“Who said I want to be better? I don’t do things to prove a point but I do them for my own satisfaction. Ubani kanti okumele aba yisidlalo somunye? Yimi? Never!”

“You are scaring me”

“How are you holding up”

I breathe out loudly and look at him

“I’m scared Babakhe, Thando’s face scares the shit out of me I can’t even look at her. What kind of a sister I am huh?”

“Being scared of her doesnt make you a bad sister Mamakhe but it’s only make you a human. You will get used to her as the time

goes on don't crucify yourself for things you have no control over. It's normal to be scared of her"

"If I'm scared of her as her sister imagine how would that make her feel? She already have the world to face I don't have to add on that"

"She doesn't have to know Cebisile keep it to yourself"

"This is all your fault!"

"And she's innocence " The sarcasm is so loud in his voice. I sigh and put the tray on the coffee table

"Of course she's not but if you didn't avenge yourself none of this would have happened!"

"Technically I didn't do anything here your sister's shenanigans caught up with her"

"You exposed her shenanigans!"

"I'm sorry I won't apologize for that Cebisile kade ngithule usisi wakho ezenzela aze angichofe isiphongo ngomunwe phambi kwabantu esho the way engiyinja ngakhona. She's disrespectful it's fine if you guys tolerate her but don't expect all of us to tolerate her because I Nkosinathi Dlomo won't tolerate her!" (... I have been quiet watching your sister treating me like shit she even poked her forefinger on my forehead in front of people telling me how much of a dog I am...)

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He gets up from the couch and I grab his wrist. He looks at me then at my hand around his wrist and sighs .

"I'm sorry I..." I burst into tears.

I hear him sitting next to me and envelopes me in his arms.

“Im exhausted babakhe it’s one drama after the other. My life is taxing I can’t even catch a glimpse of happiness and peace when will I ever catch a break? I think I deserve some break is that too much to ask?”

“Oh Mamakhe I'm sorry for being a contributing factor to the pain you are going through. I truly care about you Cebisile and hurting you is the last thing I want but the people close to you like pushing me over the edge. Askies yezwa”

He kisses my forehead and tightens his grip around my body.

“I think God is punishing me for my sins and this just feels like a beginning kukhulu kuyeza kuyinguza nguza yetshe” (the big storm is coming..)

“Dont talk like that”

“But..”

He pulls me back and makes me look at him.

“There’s no but you can't be punished for the rest of your life. Time for regrets, self blame and self resentment is over now Cebisile. It's time you start forgiving yourself and move on do you hear me”

I look down and my tears spill down my face

“Look at me mamakhe!”

I look up at him

“You can't live like this for the rest of your life yaz ezinye izinto zifuna uzikhiphe nje engqondweni ukuze zizondlula. Stop thinking that every single bad thing that happens in your life is because you killed and cheated on your husband who also died. There are people who are killing for a living out there how do you think they're able to go on with their lives like nothing happened? They just erase every thought of killing and carry on with life. I know it's sounds cruel but for your peace of mind let it go Mamakhe what's done it's done. Life sometimes requires you to have a stone heart do it for our daughter keh she needs you 100% okay emotionally, physically and mentally do you hear me”

I look down he frames my face and forces me to look at him once again

“Do you fucking hear me Cebisile!!”

“I hear you Nkosinathi!”

When he lets go of my face I fight the urge to run my nails on his beard but I'm not winning. He must really take good care of his beard it's nicely trimmed, smooth and silky. I feel his warm breath fanning my face as I inch closer for the kiss. He's not kissing me back but I don't stop. I kiss him tenderly and deeply trying to draw him in but he pulls away as he clears his throat and wipes his mouth with his thumb and forefinger.

“Please don't make me to stop babakhe you are also one of the things I need to erase from my mind”

I place my hand at the back of his neck and stroke his skin with my thumb.

“Cebi don't...” I cut him short by placing my forefinger on his lips.

“I need you Nkosinathi just for this last time please I need to get you out of my system”

I can feel my nipples tightening under his gown as his gaze on me grows into lust.

“Phiwe...” Once again I cut him short.

“She won’t know I promise, I know you love her and the last thing you want is to hurt her but please I’m begging you I desperately need you just for this last time” My voice is gravely with need.

“Last time right” He rasps and the sound of his voice shoots straight to my coochie. Damn the effect he has on me is still as intense and electrifying as it was a year ago.

“Yes daddy”

He pulls me to his laps making me to straddle him. The gown has ridden up and my yellow thighs are all out in display. Our lips fuse together and our tongues are in a war. I feel his hands delving under the gown and squeeze my butt pulling me closer to his bulge. The fabric of his chino pants is creating an exciting sensation on my bare quim. Of course I’m not wearing panties I washed them when I was showering and now they’re drying in the bathroom.

His lips leaves my mouth and goes to my neck trailing gentle wet kisses and bites, going down and when he gets to my chest he pulls back and trails his fingertips on the V-shape made by the outline of the gown before peeling it open and exposes my boobs. He lowers his head to my breasts and kisses my boobs, earning a whimper out of my mouth. My nipples ache and yearn for his mouth and tongue around them. As if he can sense this he holds

my left boob and takes my nipple into his mouth, sucking it like a starved baby. I mewl running my fingers through his roughed up cut as pure bliss attacks me. I have always known that his weakness are buttocks and boobs and boy he really knows how to pleasure my boobs. I'm lost in sensual fog as he gives my other boob the same pleasure.

It's been so long I can't take the ache between my thighs I need him buried deep into the hilt. I get up a bit from him and see a wet patch on his pants damn I have cream his pants with my moistness. I unbuckle his pants and take out his rod. The sight of his hard veiny meat sends a twinge straight to my cunt and I don't waste any second but direct it right into my opening. He bites his lower lip to prevent a groan as I moan at the feel of my walls stretching to accommodate his hard length. God I almost forgot how big he is and it's feels like he has grown a few inches

“Is it me or you have grown a few inches.”

“How is that even possible though”

“Penis enlargement maybe” I say as I start gyrating my hips

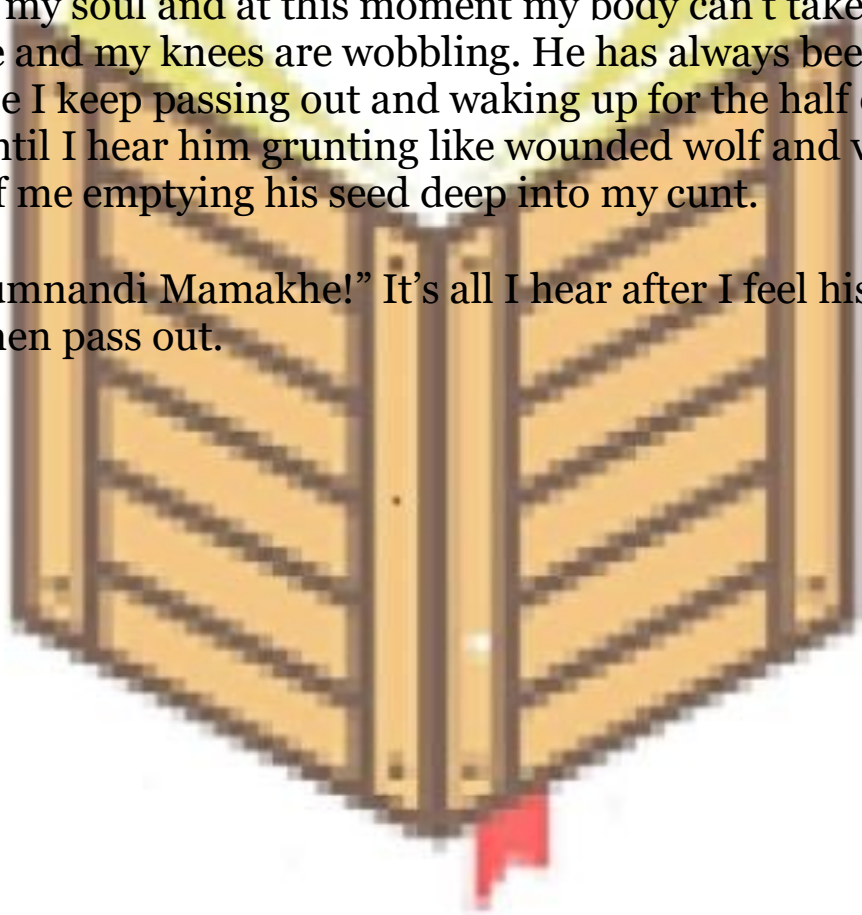
“Add few inches on top of more then enough inches already I don't think so you are the one who has become tighter. Fuck!”

I feel his nails sinking on my butt as he bucks his hips meeting my movements while I slide up and down his shaft. This position just reminds the first time we fucked. He tightens his hold around my waist and gets up with me still inside of him. I wrap my legs around his waist as he walks to the bedroom where he kills me with sheer ecstasy.

Damn I miss being vulnerable under his touch, strokes and kisses, giving my authentic and unprotected self all to him as he reaches parts of me no man has ever reached except him. At some point he's making love to my soul and fucking me like a slut simultaneously if that's even make sense not that I care if it's makes sense or not because I have lost all my senses.

We are at it for hours as he bends me to bizarre positions I never thought my body could ever be able to do. He's embracing every chord of my soul and at this moment my body can't take it anymore and my knees are wobbling. He has always been insatiable I keep passing out and waking up for the half of the last round until I hear him grunting like wounded wolf and vibrating on top of me emptying his seed deep into my cunt.

“Damn umnandi Mamakhe!” It's all I hear after I feel his weight off me then pass out.



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Chapter Thirty Four

The wet kisses all over my face forces me out of my slumber. I jerk up with shock and almost fall down from the bed.

“Jesus Uthandiwe!”

She looks at me and dissolve into fit of laughter as if knows she scared the shit out of me.

“How did you get here” I ask as if she will tell me. Just then mama walks in and smiles as she shuffles her feet towards my bed.

“You are awake?”

“Mom how did you get in the house” The shock in my voice is almost tangible. I’m so damn sure that I locked the door before I retired to bed last night.

“I have my keys”

I look at her bewildered, how and when?

“You do?”

She sits before me as Ndiwe crawls on top of me.

“Your soup will be ready in a second it will help you with your sore throat”

“Ma don’t change the subject how do you have your own keys for my house?”

She looks at me sheepishly and heaves a sigh.

“Im sorry that I made my own copy without your knowledge. Cebisile you have a tendency of over dosing sleeping pills and pass out to the point of not hearing my granddaughter when she wakes up so I thought it’s better to have my own key you know just in case”

“Its happened once mama!” I riposte

“Ever since you came back from Durban you are not yourself Cebisile will you tell me what’s going on with you.”

“Im fine mama”

It’s been a week since I came back from Durban. I must admit that trying to take Nkosinathi out of my system was a impetuous idea. I promised him that it was for the last time and we will never revisit nor recall that moment we shared together but the truth is I can’t stop thinking about him. I still want more of him and the mere fact that I can’t have him leaves me with a disintegrated heart.

I have been a mess over this week and sleeping has been one of the difficult things ever to do, as always I resorted to my sleeping pills. They always knock me out but I never had a problem of waking up the following day. I don’t know what happened on Tuesday okay that’s a lie! I took more then the prescribed dosage and the next morning I was woken up by mama. She had to break down the door to get inside the house because she could hear Ndiwe crying.

I swear I was half dead how could I not hear my daughter crying? I would like to think my daughter has the loudest annoying cry ever but I didn't hear her, this still freaks me out up to this day. The scenarios that could've happened while I was passed out left me petrified. I had to make a decision right there and then to never ever take sleeping pills again. Mama was frantic with worry that she took Ndiwe with her for the remainder of the week. It's a Saturday and I wasn't expecting mama to be here with Ndiwe because she's supposed to be with her father.

“Have you seen the doctor one can't take flue for granted these days since there's this corona virus”

She's absolutely right and it's really frightening how people are dying due to this corona virus.

“I always have flue medication here and today I feel better then yesterday it's just the sore throat now”

“Let me go check your soup”

She stands up and walks out leaving her lovely scent lingering in my bedroom. I look at my daughter who's busy with my phone. I don't know when did she took it from the beside table.

“Mama”

“Mhh”

“Bhe Ndi” (look Ndi)

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She says poking the screen with her small forefinger. Her picture is my lock screen picture.

“Mhh uNdiwe muhle neh” (It's Ndiwe she's beautiful isn't she)

“Mmbaaahh Ndihi”

She kisses her picture on the screen of my phone. My baby girl is growing up every single day yaz. She gives me the phone to kiss the picture of her as well and that makes her break into a huge smile. Oh that beautiful smile is everything to me and it reminds me of Kwanele. Death be not proud may her beautiful soul continue to rest in peace.

I unlock my phone and scroll to the videos then give her the phone to watch them. She enjoys watching videos on my phone. Mama walks in with a bowl of soup and give it to me before sitting down.

“Ndiwe shouldn’t be with her father?”

“Nkosinathi said he will fetch her today later”

“Okay”

I sip on the soup it’s tastes yuck I have no choice but to down it though because mama is watching at me.

“This tastes like a donkey’s pee”

She laughs and looks at me amusingly

“As if you have ever tasted a donkey’s pee.”

Okusalayo it’s tastes like it! She delves into her dress pocket and takes out a small box.

“I found this in your dirty bin”

I swallow hard as I look at the box.

“What were you looking for in the bin mama only lit stays there”

I should have emptied it yaz

“Dont patronize me wena what is this”

“Its a box mama”

“Of course I see that Cebisile why are you hiding that you have a boyfriend now is he that ugly or he has one lose rotten tooth”

I can't help but crack up. This woman!

“I don't have a boyfriend mama”

“So what were morning after pills for”

I sip on my soup and look at her through the rim of the glass as she looks at me expectantly.

“The box just flew inside my house I don't know who it belongs to so I picked it up and put it in my dirty bin”

Now it's her chance to laugh.

“Try something else my girl even Ndiwe wouldn't believe that”

I chuckle and take huge gulps of the soup, stalling. Yimbi maan lento!

“Im not going to judge you baby, was it just a one night stand.”

“Kind of” I say and sip on my soup making that long slurping sound she hates more than anything.

“I see you are trying to irritate me shame unyile yaz I wont be irritated. Out with it who’s the one night stander?”

I laugh. Doesn’t she get a hint I don’t want to tell her.

“Aw xoxa phela sthandwa sami” (Tell me my love)

“Uthanda izindaba wena!” (You are nosey!)

We laugh out loudly.

“Well he was just a once off that’s it there’s nothing to say” I say

“I see what I can say you were very irresponsible for sleeping with someone you don’t know without protection”

“Actually I know him”

“Oh you do tell me more about him”

“What I can say mama is that I have known him for years and he would have told me if he wasn’t clean”

She studies me and I look down not giving her eye contact because I know my eyes always betray what comes out of my mouth and somehow this woman has mastered that and she can tell when I’m lying.

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“So what’s the problem sis? I can see it in your eyes that something is weighing heavily on you”

What did I say? Gosh! There's a huge lump clogging on my throat.

“I love him mama that’s the problem”

Yeah I have said it! I still love Nkosinathi and I have never craved a man as much as I crave him.

“Then tell him baby”

“I can’t mama he has someone in his life and he seems very in love the last thing I want is to cause problems in their relationship”

She looks at me for a moment as if she’s trying to deduce what I have just said.

“Its Nkosinathi isn’t it? You two slept together in Durban?”

I bite my lower lip preventing it from trembling as tears sting in my eyes.

“Mhh?”

I nod my head vigorously and my tears just make their way down my face.

“Oh baby”

She pulls me to her bosom and embraces me.

“I thought I was getting him out of my system but that was just a bad idea ever. I don't want that moment we shared that day to be the last mama. I want more of that day I can't stop thinking about him and the most painful part of it is that I can't have him”

“Why are you so sure of that did he tell you that?”

“No he didn't have to mama”

“I think you should tell him Cebisile”

“I don't want to be hurt more than I am I know what he will say”

“You are just assuming Cebisile tell him how you feel it's time for operation gudluza the coconut”

I manage to laugh mama though!

“She needs to know that she's not shit!”

“Mama!”

“Moses the most feared taxi owner couldn't stop my son from fucking you does Aphiwe think she can stop him from fucking you? Absolutely no! What happened in Durban it's just a proof that my son hasn't stopped loving you. He just feels sorry for Aphiwe for how he treated her after the passing of my daughter. He feels guilty for the baby she lost.”

“Aphiwe lost the baby? I didn't know”

I can't imagine how she must have felt.

“That's the reason they broke up. Nkosinathi has this dark side when he's going through something just like his father. Unfortunately that side of him costed them their baby.”

“What dark side mama?”

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“Dont worry if you were meant to know about it you will know”

I wonder what dark side is she talking about?

“Mama please tell me how did Aphiwe lose the baby?”

“That's not important what important is that how do you get your man back. What if she finds out that you and Nkosinathi fucked in Durban”

“Hayi mama that's not going to happen”

“Why not they will fight...” I cut her mid sentence

“Doing that will only make him hate me and I don't want that. I promised him that she will never know about this and he trusts me mama I cant ruin that. Nkosinathi has so much hate for people who hurt his love ones deliberately so if he find out that I tried to ruin things between them he would be so angry. We have a good relationship I don't want to ruin that for the sake of our daughter.”

“Phela it will be accidentally on purpose”

“No mama I won't stoop that low. I just have to accept that Nkosinathi and I can never be together and move on with life.”

“If that makes you sleep at night”

Of course it doesn't make me to sleep at night but I don't have a choice. The boy is hers and that's a bitter pill I have to swallow.

* * *
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I don't know why I never get used to wake up alone or maybe there's this part of me that yearns to wake up next to my man, him

being the first thing my eyes see as he's the last thing I see before I sleep. The pillow talks and cuddling in the morning are everything to me. They prepare me for the day ahead I wish we could do more of those you know.

Sometimes I think Nkosinathi works hard more than he should I mean he's a boss he doesn't have to wake up in the wee hours of the morning. He works really hard these days since there's a possibility that we might have a lockdown due to this corona virus. It's so sad how people are dying I wish they can find the cure already.

I get lonely during the day especially when Kwanele is sleeping. Sitting at home and doing nothing except taking care of my baby, cooking for my man and wait for him to come back from work was never part of my plans after graduation. The plan was to tell stories through acting and making my name big in the acting industry. This makes me realize my life has changed and I need to reshuffle my plans.

I slide out of bed and make it then go to the bathroom. While the bath is running I pee, damn Inathi always leaves an evident down there. The man fucks me like there's no tomorrow it's like he's paying for the time I wanted him to fuck me and he would refuse. I like that he's always craving for me but I need some breather yooh.

Once I'm done showering I slip into shorts and simple t-shirt then go to check on my baby boy. I find him awake but he's not crying wow that's a first. KJ can cry for thousands babies solely, he cries like he's in the competition.

“Good morning my baby boy”

I scoop him up from his cot and kiss his tiny lips. I feel his diaper, it's full. Usually I breastfeed him before I bath him but today I decide to bath him first. When I finish I go sit before the TV and breastfeed him. I appreciate these moments because it's when I bond more with my son. He looks so adorable when he feeds. My phone is ringing I reach for it and answer it.

“Lover”

“Hey baby I'm outside”

“Ngena phela” (Get in)

“Open the door”

I hang up and toss my phone on the couch then get up with my son feeding on my breast. He doesn't want to be disturbed when he's feeding. I open the door and watch Zonke as struts towards carrying Woolies and Checkers plastic bags.

“Hey baby”

She places them on the counter.

“Hey darling. What a nice surprise”

I haven't seen her for while now she has been swamped with work. I'm so happy to see her I hope she's staying I have missed her so much.

“Im sorry for being scarce lately my work has me by nipples but I'm here lover today it's just you, me and my godson”

“Awww you are so sweet yaz”

“I know ... I bought my godson some clothes”

“Kwanele has enough clothes Zonke.”

“Jesus girl can't I spoil my godson without you interfering!”

“No you overspending on him Zonke”

Every time when she comes to see him she would bring something new for him. The boy has enough clothes now and soon these clothes won't fit him because he's growing every day but aunt Zonke doesn't want to hear it.

“Ngemali kabani sis?” (With who's money?)

I give up!

“I got all your favorite malted chocolate balls, frozen grapes, pringles, frozen yogurt and biscuits” She says taking everything out of the plastic bags.

“What would you I be without you mara”

“Nothing of course”

We laugh. At least my Saturday won't be boring. We settle on the sofa before the TV and enjoy our snack while catching up.

“I was with Stacey yesterday” Zonke says

“Oh?”

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“She wants to fix things between you and her babes”

“Oh really?”

I find it hard to believe that actually.

“Come on Wewe give her a chance to talk to you. I miss us yaz. This feud between the two of you is draining me. I’m tired of having to cut myself into two so that each of you can have a piece of me. I miss my girls!”

“I don’t want to associate myself with a person like Stacey who’s constantly judging and belittling others”

“You know Stacey has always been like that Wewe and you never had problem with it. In fact you were like her as well what changed now”

“Well I grew up” I say and throw a ball of malted chocolate in my mouth.

“Oh you mean Nathi made you to grow up”

“Kind of.”

“Stacey says you changed ever since you met Nkosinathi. It's like he's controlling you and telling you how you should behave.”

“I can't deny the fact that Nkosinathi's presence changed my life immensely but in a good way. He never control me nor tell me how to behave”

“She thinks you have become weak and meek.”

I chuckle bitterly and shake my head.

“She thinks...you know what let’s not talk about someone who’s not here let’s talk about you. What do think?”

She clears her throat and sip on her mango juice.

“Well baby you know I have always been a better snob compared to you two”

We share a giggle.

“I supported your relationship with Nathi from day one and I can see that he makes you happy and when you're happy I'm happy as well. I won't deny the fact that Nkosinathi changed you in a good way, there are things I'm learning from you baby that I never knew you about. He's a good guy for you no doubt but I also think you have lost yourself a bit.”

“Okay I have lost myself a bit how please enlighten me”

I really care how Zonke thinks of me well because she's my friend. Stacey can fuck her toothless self!

“I think your life now revolves around Nkosinathi. Last year you turned down acting gigs being offered to you on the silver platter because you were not in a good state because of him. Now that you are with him you have made adjustments or alterations in your life to make him happy. Somehow your life have to be on hold because of him. You always told us that you don't want to be like your mom but here you are doing the same thing the difference is that you are not married to him and that what makes it even worse.”

Oh okay let's get this straight.

“Relationship is about compromising Zonke and that doesn't mean I have forgotten about my life. Just because I stay with him, cook for him, do his laundry and so on doesn't mean my life is on

hold. It's doesn't mean I have given up on my dreams and plans. There are many women out there who are juggling between taking care of their husbands and kids, careers and social life with their friends. That's the woman I want to be and I have full support from my man. He knows that I'm not a housewife type of woman. It's just that at the moment I have just given birth I'm still bonding with my baby and I'm breastfeeding."

I hear her releasing a huge sigh of relief

"That's great baby I thought somehow you have forgotten about your career and your plans."

I chuckle

"There's no way that can happen"

"I'm glad then sorry for assuming that you have forgotten about your life while you are making Nathi happy."

"It's not even about making him happy but it's about doing things a woman should do."

"Wow that's awesome then!"

We hear a car outside. I get up and go take a little peek.

"It's KJ's father thank God you are here"

I go back to my seat and settle down.

"What does that supposed to mean?"

"I know that he's here for a round or two"

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She giggles naughtily

“Then I should get going”

“No don't go! I need some breather the man is insatiable I can't deal yoooh”

“That's bad?”

“Bra you have no idea”

“Hey ladies” He says as he walks in filling the room with his scent.

“Hey Nathi” - Zonke

“Are you good Zonke”

“Yes I'm good and yourself?”

“I'm also well, baby you are okay?”

“Uhm not really”

“What's wrong sthandwa sami”

“I don't know I think I'm coming up with corona virus” I feign a cough

“Then we should go to the doctor”

“No let's wait a bit maybe it's just flue”

“Okay I will be in the bedroom if you need me”

He takes Kj and walks away. Zonke looks at me confused

“Corona virus?”

“I told you he’s here for a round or two that was my way of telling him to go back to work but it’s looks like it didn’t work”

She burst into laughter

“Wow I can’t believe you the whole dick lover is running away from a dick! ”

My phone rings. I look at it as the screen flashes ‘My Papito’

“It’s him?”

I nod my head as I bite my lip. Then an sms comes through ‘cela uze la baby’ (please come here baby) I toss my phone away and eat my chocolates.

“Wewe what’s are you waiting for?”

“He wants to fuck me cant you see”

“I don’t think he would do that with me here”

“You don’t know him wena he will say kancane baby and I never know what that means because there’s nothing as kancane kwi sex”

She giggles I’m glad she finds this funny.

“You said you have corona virus and he seemed worried when you said that so go to him”

“Hayi angiyi” (I’m not going to him)

“Wewe!”

“You think corona virus can stop that man from fucking me”

“It’s a good thing you know that” I freeze at the sound of his voice behind us.

“Oh my goodness you know what let me leave” Zonke says getting up. I get up too.

“Don’t go Zonke please”

She giggles softly

“I’m sorry babes I will see you tomorrow. Bye Nathi”

She walks out leaving me with this man.

“Corona Virus huh” He asks with a smirk on his face as he walks towards me.

“Yes don’t get near me I might infect you” I feign a cough

“I don’t care”

He smashes his lips on mine and kiss me hungrily. As complaining as I am my body still reacts to his touch. He pulls back and places his hands on my shoulders.

“You have been taking good care of us and I think you deserve some pampering sthandwa sami. You need to get ready because Mbuso is coming to pick you up and take you to Vulintaba for your full body massage session. Once you are done you can go

spoil yourself do some hair, buy handbags, shoes anything you want. Mbuso is going to be your chauffeur for the whole day.”

“Oh my God baby really?”

“Yes my love hence I’m here to take care of KJ. Don’t worry about him I will manage just enjoy your “you” time neh”

“Awww baby you are too good for me”

“You deserve it and more my baby”

He never cease to amaze me I really need this it’s been a very exhausting weeks of my life. I pull him close for the kiss.

“I love you”

“I love you too”



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Chapter Thirty Five

I open the door and walk in, there she is sitting on the high chair. I knew that I will find her awake but if it's were for me she would be sleeping it's 3am in the morning she deserves some rest. She gets up from the chair and struts her way towards me. Once she's before me she stares right into my eyes. There's a hint of hope flickering in her eyes. I steel myself against the pain it causes that I have no good news to tell her.

I don't need to open my mouth to say anything to her because she can see it right through my eyes. Without a word she places her hand on the back of my neck and pulls me closer for an embrace. I wrap my arms around her waist and feel warmth spreading through my body as she runs her fingers through my hair massaging the back of my scalp. In her arms I can feel my fear and pain dissipating and being replaced by a hint of hope and faith.

“Sit down I will dish up for you” She says after breaking our embrace.

I look at her to protest but she's wearing her 'It's not negotiable' look. I sit down and watch her in her short red silk robe as she warms up my food and puts everything in a tray. She holds a dish for me to wash my hands then gives me a dry dish cloth to dry my hands once I'm done washing my hands.

“Here you go”

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She places a tray before me and I drool at the sight of beef stew and dumplings before me.

“Thank you so much Mazimuzimu”

She smiles widely. I have noticed that she likes it when I call her with her clan name and it's funny to think she didn't even know it. I open my beer with the beer opener she bought for me as my birthday gift and take a swig of my beer before eating. She watches me as I eat I know she wants me to tell her how does her cooking tastes. I have to admit that she's getting better and better at this.

“Damn baby this taste really good!”

“Really?” She asks with a smile on her face

“Yes my love wow I'm so proud of you!”

“Aww thank you my love”

She kisses the top of my head and excuses herself. To think I didn't have an appetite but here am I finishing my food. I wash down the beef stew and dumpling with my beer.

There's nothing as terrifying as seeing time passing by with no sign or lead to her whereabouts. What kind of a brother I am? Definitely a useless failure of a brother! I didn't realize that I have banged the bottle of beer on the counter until I heard Phiwe screaming with shock.

“What if we never find her? What if she's out of the country already? What if she's dead somewhere...”

“No no no Inathi don't think like that. Thula will be found I have hope that the police will find her”

“I’m scared Phiwe” It’s comes out as a whisper. She sits on my lap and cradles my face in her palms and looks at me sadly.

“I know baby but let’s be positive please”

“Be positive how Phiwe? She called me for help but I wasn’t there to protect her! I failed her just like I failed Kwanele! I’m such a useless brother in the whole universe!! Fuck Me!!” I roar in anguish as tears threaten my eyes.

“That’s not true baby your phone was off it’s not your fault that your battery died. You didn’t know that this will happen please don’t blame yourself. You didn’t fail her nor Kwanele. I’m not going to say this to make you feel better but it’s the damn truth baby. I have never met such a wonderful brother like you in the world. Thula knows and Kwanele knew that you are the best brother any girl could ever ask for. Please don’t be hard on yourself none of this is your fault”

I bury my head on her bosom as she runs her fingers through my hair. It’s been 3 days since Thula has been missing I feel like I’m losing my mind. We have been up and down searching for her but she’s nowhere to be found. The last time we heard from her it was 3 days back. She called me but my phone was off the battery had run out. I received her voicemails she was terror-stricken and asking me to help her. I so fucking hate myself right now that I wasn’t there when she needed me to protect her.

If this was just a random kidnapping I’m sure by now they would have asked for the ransom not unless if she was taken for human trafficking. I hope wherever she is she’s still alive and she’s not harmed. I won’t cope to lose another sister I swear that would be the end of me. These thoughts are crippling my mind. Phiwe gets up from me and takes my hand into hers

“Come”

I get up from the high chair and follow her as we make our way to our bedroom then head to our en suite bathroom. She had run a bubble bath for me. I help her as she undresses me then I jump into the bathtub. She takes off her robe and it crumples on the floor then she joins me. I watch her as she bathes me with so much care and love. I don't know what I'd do without her she's the pillar of my strength and with her by my side I can conquer the world.

Once she's done we get out of the bathtub and dry our bodies while the water drains. I walk to the bedroom and leave her rinsing the bathtub. I feel her hand squeezing my butt as I'm buttering my body. She pushes me, I flump into bed with my back then she gets on top of me and kisses me. I respond to the kiss with the same fervor just to show her that I want her as much as she wants me I can't risk having her now I push her gently.

“Baby I can't...”

“Shhh baby let me take care of you”

She presses her lips against mine and kisses me, her tongue sweeping into my mouth. I'm scared that the beast I made a vow to her that he's dead and buried might be still alive and kicking. He lives within me and when he's not in control of the situation he hates it more than anything. It's feels like he's been ripped off his manhood and left exposed for the whole world to see that he's nothing but a useless and failure of a man. It's gives him pleasure to have someone at his mercy, the feel of having his control back even it's just for that short period of time.

“Phiwe...” I say pushing her rather firmly this time. The thought of being responsible for her pain is unbearable.

“I know baby but I got you okay”

She pulls out the belt from her robe that she's wearing and tie both my wrists above my head. I chuckle at her guilefulness. Not being able to use my hands will limit my movement and she will be in control. Then you still wonder why I love her so much she's the real deal bro!

Once again she claims my lips and I moan as her lips manipulate all my senses. “I know baby but I got you” She said to me so let me let my guard down. Her mouth leaves mine and glides smoothly to my earlobe. I feel the tip of her tongue running down the edge of my ear and caressing the outer part of my ear as the heat of desire indunate through me.

She brushes her wet lips against the hollow of my throat then runs her tongue straight up to my Adam's apple swirling her tongue in a circular motion. How she knows my erogenous zones that I never knew about is a mystery to me. She kisses my chest and licks around my nipple before flicking and nipping gently on my nipple sending shock waves of pleasure radiating through my body. I bite my bottom lip from screaming out.

“You are so hot when you try to stifle a groan” The sound of her sultry voice drives me insane.

She takes off her robe and throws it on the floor. The itch to caress and run my tongue on her erotic body intensifies but I know that's too risky. Let me be a good boy and yield to my Queen. She kisses her way down and settle between my thighs then hold my already hard dick in her warm palm giving it strokes. I pull up my head to look at her.

“Dzannng I can't believe that this big yummy cock is mine and mine alone”

“You like it?”

“I loooveee It!”

She plants feather kisses on my balls up to the tip of my cock then run her tongue over the head her tongue swirling around, earning a wince out of my mouth. I lose control of my groans when she finally takes my shaft in her mouth and sucks it hard like a lollipop.

“Oh how I love feeling your dick in my mouth”

She spits on my manhood and strokes it then takes me in her mouth once again manoeuvring it to the fleshy side of her cheek and paralyze every sense in me. Damn her fellatio always leaves me in awe. A surge of electrical sensations races over me as she deep throat me.

“Ohhhh shit!!”

I’m a groaning mess and at this point I don’t even care that if I’m going to wake up my kids in the next room. She pulls me out and gives me strokes while her mouth reaches for my balls and swallows them. Oh motherfucking Isiah! She knows I love it when she sucks my balls and it’s sends me straight over the edge.

“Baby nooo I want to fill your pussy with my cum not yet please!”

Instead of listening to my plea she massages my butt hole with her finger. I knew it that her mission is to make me cum. Fuck! You have to give her 10/10 for her multitasking. The moment she enters her finger in my anus I relish to the toe curling orgasm that strikes me hard like a lightning and my body convulses like I’m having a seizure.

“Oh fuckkk!!!!”

I pull my head up after catching my breath and our eyes meet, she has a gratification smile plastered across her face.

“Fuck you!”

She giggles

“Oh I’m still going to fuck you big boy!”

She licks me clean not leaving a single drop of my sperms before crawling on of me. She kisses my lips diving her tongue in my mouth. The kiss goes on for a while, our tongues exploring in each other’s mouth and sending hot and cold sensations at the same time. I feel my rod begin to stir again underneath her. She reaches for it and gives it strokes until it hard enough again for penetration then she directs it into slit. I release a groan from the back of my mouth as her cunt swallows me inch by inch until I’m deep into the hilt.

Still laying flat down on my chest she begins to buck her hips sensually and rhythmically. I feel a jolt of electricity shoots throughout my body as she moves her body like a wave. Damn I want to hold her and feel her body. She pulls back and straddles my hips then slides up and down my cock building up the speed of her thrusts while her hands are pressed on my chest. My stomach tightens as a wave of lightning engulf it at the sight of her boobs bobbing against her chest.

“Fuck you are so sexy!!” Gruffly I say and that fuels her, she rotates her hips like a python wrapping itself on its prey and ignite pleasure that no words can describe. Inhuman sounds escapes my mouth and fill our entire house. I swear she’s going to kill me with

sheet ecstasy. She gets up from me and sit on my face. I don't need to be told what to do. I dive my into her wet slit lapping up her juices. I never get enough of her scrumptious taste but she frustrates me by getting up every now and then just when my tongue plunges deep into her collecting more of her juices.

“Baby untie me!” I groan in frustration

“I'm in charge and you have no right to make demands”

“That's fucking unfair!!” I twist my wrists trying to untie myself.

“What the fuck are you doing!”

She sits on my face with her full weight suffocating me. I can't breathe and I'm wiggling. Shit! When she gets up I gasp for air

“What the fuck you ... ” Before I even finish my sentence she sits on my face again suffocating me with her big booty. I swear her intention is to kill me!

She gets up once again and looks at me panting and trying to catch my breath.

“Okay, okay I'm sorry for trying to untie myself please allow me to eat you please”

She grins with satisfactory and allows me to eat her pussy like it's my last meal diving my tongue deep and sucking her until she breaks apart and fills my mouth with her delicious juices. I swallow every drop of her cum. We share an intense kiss then she slides herself down to my hard throbbing cock with her back facing me. She knows reverse cowgirl position is my favorite and weakness. Watching her booty twerking as she gives me the ride of century creates an incredible erotic sensation. I feel my balls growing heavy with an urgent need.

“Fuck I’m cuming!”

She grabs my ankles and puts pleasure on the dips in my ankles. A surge of spasms washes over me as I reach a stars blurring orgasm taking her down with me. Damn she’s amazing! After catching our breathing she unties me then we slide into the blanket and cuddle.

“Thank you so much sthandwa sami” I says while I run my fingertips on her bare back

“For what baby?”

“For being here for me by my side”

“Well I’m the one who’s thankful Bhelesi for allowing me to be here for you it’s really means a lot to me” I kiss her forehead then we fall into slumber.

The annoying ringing sound of my phone wakes me up. I look at my woman who has her leg draped over mine and her head pressed against my chest. I carefully lean over to take my phone and answer it.

“Baba”

“Your sister has been found come to Madadeni Hospital”

Before I ask any further he hangs up but relief surge through me.

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Chapter Thirty Six

I remember the day Nkosinathi forcibly took my daughter from me and left with her. I was so petrified and the thought of not seeing my baby ever again crippled me. At least I knew who took her unlike mama and her husband. They don't know who has their daughter and surely that's a worst feeling ever. It's been 3 days since Thula disappeared no one seems to know where she is and what's horrifying us even more is the voicemail she left on Nathi's phone she sounded terror-stricken.

I stare at mama next to me she's sleeping peacefully but if you look closely you can see that her eyelids are swollen. She's been crying none stop since 3 days back. Yesterday when I came back from work to fetch Ndiwe I ended sleeping over because mama was in a bad state and I wanted to be here for her. Usually step mothers mistreat their step children but mama chose to differ. The way she's breaking apart at this moment you wouldn't tell that Thula is not her biological daughter.

I pray that whoever took her to bring her back unharmed because if the unthinkable happens to her it would set mama back. Over the passed months I have seen progress in her. Yes healing is a long journey and I know that she's too far from the finishing line but there has been progress. She's glowing and her weight is picking up a bit. I don't want anything that will make her take ten steps back. Sigh!

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I slide out of bed careful to no wake her up she really deserves to sleep. I pull her robe and slide into her slippers then make my way downstairs. Can you believe that the same person I came here for to fetch yesterday ended up leaving with her father when he was

here. Ndiwe has her days where she doesn't want me but her father only sengaba nomona ngaze ngayeka.

When I get to the kitchen I pour water in the kettle and plug it. I want to make coffee I didn't have enough sleep it always does the trick by lifting up my mood and helps me get prepared for the day ahead. Just then Mr Ndlovu walks, he looks so drained that he's not even aware of my presence. I try to fight the urge but my eyes involuntarily dart down to his visible morning erection on his pj pants and that precipitates a memory in my mind of him ramming into mama from behind.

Mr Ndlovu is not handsome nor ugly but he has sauce maan. He's an older version of Suffocate Ndlovu on Rhythm City even the body because mama forces him to workout once in a week just to keep his body fit since he's diabetic and has to maintain a healthy lifestyle. Imagine an older version of Suffocate Ndlovu covered in beads of sweat and ramming from behind Gosh that memory left me traumatized!

“Ohh Cebisile”

His voice snaps me out of my disturbing thoughts about him.

“Mr Ndlovu uhm good morning”

“Morning uhm I didn't see you there”

There's awkward silence as he surreptitiously looks down at his bulge. If I wasn't scrutinizing him I wouldn't have noticed.

“Uhm let me...” I cut him mid sentence

“Dont you want a cup of tea”

I know that he starts his day with a cup of tea, Mama once told me.

“Uhm I.. I..” He’s stutters which is the first and cute if I may say because I have always seen him as intimidating as fuck. Why are you looking at me like that it’s just an innocent comment!

“Sit down sir”

He sits down on the high chair and I make tea for him and coffee me then give him his tea.

“Thank you”

He looks like he’s carrying the world with his shoulders. I sit down too and we both drink our beverages in silence until he eventually breaks it.

“My wife is really fond of you and thank you so much for being here for her”

“She has become my second mother there’s no way that I wouldn’t be here for her and I wish I can do more.”

There’s silence once again and he seems to be drifting far away with thoughts.

“Dont worry I believe that Thula would be found” I bring him back from his reverie

“How do you know that? Are you a prophet now?” He snaps

“No I’m not a prophet hence I said I believe Mr Ndlovu”

He looks at me and heaves a sigh. Shame I understand not knowing where your child and a daughter especially in this cruel world must be the worst feeling ever.

“Im sorry I didn't mean to shout...Why do I always fail my kids huh? I'm such a useless father! First I failed Buhle, I watch her die on the hospital bed and did nothing to help her! Once again I failed Kwanele, when I was supposed to be there to protect her or take her bullets I was fucking her mother what kind of a father is that huh! Now it's Thula she's out there maybe lying somewhere dead...”

He buries his face on his hand and weeps. I get up from my chair and go to his side to comfort him. My heart breaks at the sight of such a strong intimidating man breaking down in front of me.

“Don't blame yourself for things you had no control over Mr Ndlovu and just because you couldn't control them it's doesn't make you a failure. I'm sure if there was a way you could have done to save Buhle and Kwanele you would have done it. Ever since I have met you I have seen nothing but a good father and I'm sure that your children can testify to that”

“You are just saying that to make me feel better but I know that if I'm a good father I would not have given up on Buhle. I was supposed to run across the world and find the cure for her, as for Kwanele she would be still alive if I didn't keep the secret that I knew their father had a son out of wedlock”

Huh? I pull back and look at him

“You mean you knew?”

He wipes his tears quickly and frowns

“Thank you for the tea”

He gets up and makes his way out

“Does mama know that you knew?”

He swivels around and looks at me

“No she doesn’t know please don’t tell her”

Oh God this is huge!

“Cebisile”

He walks towards me and stands before me.

“Please let pretend I didn’t say anything I’m begging you”

“You know that it’s impossible Mr Ndlovu. I love mama so much and keeping this from her would be too heavy from me”

“It’s not like it’s your place to tell Cebisile.”

I sigh and look at him

“You are right it’s not my place to tell her but you will her”

“What? No I can’t do that Cebisile that would break my wife’s beyond comprehension. She’s slowly starting to accept and live with Kwanele’s passing if she find out that I knew Zenzele is her late husband’s son it will set her back please don’t do this. Don’t make me tell her. Both of us care about her and we want what’s best for her trust me telling her is not best for her”

I'm afraid that he's right but what if mama find out one day and feel betrayed that I knew but I never told her. This woman has become my second mother and my best friend. I trust her so does she trust me and I know that if this situation was the other way around I'd expect her to tell me. I'd be so mad at her for not telling me.

“Please I'm begging you sis. My relationship with Nkosinathi is already not the same anymore ever since he found out about this I don't anything that will destroy this family even more. Please Cebisile”

She takes my hands into his and squeezes them, looking at me with pleading eyes.

“Ngiyakucela”(Please)

“Nkosinathi knows?”

“Yes and I know that if it was for him he would tell his mama but he knows how much this will break his mom hence he hasn't told her”

If Nkosinathi didn't tell his mom I guess I shouldn't say anything either. What if this break mama to the point of wanting a divorce then I will be responsible for their failed marriage. Nkosinathi and Thula will blame me for destroying their folks' marriage.

“Okay I won't say anything”

“Oh thank you so much Cebisile”

He catches me of guard by squeezing me in his arms that I can't even breathe. The hug is longer then I anticipated and when finally let's go of me we see mama standing at the entrance

looking at us. Damn this is so awkward especially that I have never been in a such a cozy position with this man. We hardly talk I can't stand his presence he's so intimidating and I always tell mama that but now she just seen me in her husband's arms. Gosh I wonder what's she's thinking right now but it was just an innocent hug.

"Butternut you awake. Morning how did you sleep?" Mr Ndlovu says to his wife with a faint smile on his face.

"I slept okay. Did I interrupt something here?"

Her eyes travel from her husband to me. I feel a lump clogging in my throat and clear my throat first before replying to her.

"Of course not mama"

She smiles faintly and walks towards us.

"I have just received a call and Thula has been found. She's at Madadeni Hospital we should get going"

"You are not joking right baby"

"I will never joke like that Boyabenyathi"

Oh lord you are worthy to be praised!

"Oh thanks God!" Mr Ndlovu says as he pulls his wife to his arms

"Is she okay? Did you talk to her?"

"No I didn't talk to her but the only way to find out if she's okay is to go to the hospital"

“Yes you are right let’s freshen up quickly”

“You are also coming right Cebisile?”

“Eh mama”

With that being said we all make our to upstairs and go to separate bathrooms to freshen up. I finish first and wait for them in the lounge. It’s clear that I’m not going to work today so I will call in sick. Mama walks down and settle next to me.

“He’s coming when he’s anxious he can be too slowly”

I nod my head. I feel guilty really and I feel like I should explain why she found me in her husband’s arms.

“Mama”

“Yes”

“About what happened earlier”

“What are you talking about?”

“You walking on baba hugging me it. . .”

“An innocent hug?”

“Yes he was actually thanking me for being here for you”

“There’s no need to explain baby I get it.”

“So you don’t mind that he hugged me?”

She giggle softly

“Look Cebisile I know that as much as you have an eye for older men my husband won’t be the man you can have an eye for. You would never do me dirty like that I trust you my baby”

Now that hit home knowing that I’m keeping a secret from her.

“I have an eye for older men really mama!”

We both giggle

“Am I lying?”

“Argh leave me alone!”

We giggle once again. Mr Ndlovu appears down the staircase and when he get to us we leave. He calls Nkosinathi as we are on our way to the hospital.

At the hospital after we enquirer we are told to wait a bit. People always complain about Madadeni Hospital poor service I’m so stunned that we don’t even wait 5 minutes to be attended. A petite dark lady in her scrubs comes to us she looks beautiful even her snoopy hairstyle.

“Greetings. I’m doctor Buthelezi I believe you are Thula Ndlovu’s parents”

“Yes doctor we are Thula’s parents. How is she? Can we see her?”
- Mama

The doctor looks at me as if she’s trying to figure out where she has seen me then I remember that a year ago I was trending on social media.

“She’s also family doctor you can tell us what’s going on with our daughter ” - Mr Ndlovu

“She was found by one of my colleagues unconscious apparently he’s your son’s friend”

“Khayaletu Ngubane?” I ask

“Yes Khaya. He’s on his way he would explain further about that. I’m here to address you guys about Miss Ndlovu’s condition”

“Condition? What does that supposed to mean? What happened to my daughter doctor?” Mama asks with a shaky voice

“Butternut wait for the doctor to finish please” - Mr Ndlovu.

I smell his scent before he even appears and my body breaks into goosebumps at the sound of his voice.

“Greetings everyone”

We greet him back. I look at him and see that he also doesn’t look like he has slept. His eyes are bloodshot red.

“You are?” Asks Dr Buthelezi

“Oh sorry doctor Im Nkosinathi, Thula’s brother”

“Oh I was explaining to your parents about your sister’s condition. She was beaten up and she has bruises all over her body and face fortunately there’s no internal bleeding or swelling so she will be fine”

“Do you perhaps have a clue who beat her up?” Nkosnathi asks with his jaws tightened. God I know that he’s boiling with anger and all he thinks about now is revenge.

“Unfortunately I have no clue sir but Mr Khayaletu Ngubane will explain further because he’s the one that found her”

“Khaya is the one that found my sister”

“Yes son the doctor said so and he’s on his way. He will explain to us where he found her” - Mr Ndlovu

“Can we see her doctor” - Mama

“I also have bad news family”

We all look at her with our hearts beating in our throats almost wanting to come out. Is it not bad enough that she was beaten up and she’s here in the hospital?

“Usually when a patient is found unconscious and bruised we run various tests and check everything that happened to her or him so we found out that she was also raped”

Oh no! You could hear a pin drop. I’m sure we all trying to digest what she said.

“She went through a very traumatic ordeal she would definitely need her family’s support and she has to see psychologist to help deal with the trauma”

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“Oh God!” Mama cries and her husband pull her in his arms. You can see that he’s trying to be strong but he’s breaking apart.

“Can we see her” - Mr Ndlovu

The doctor nods her head and leads us to Thula's ward. In her ward there are two girls as well who looks around her age. Thula is on the second bed from the right far end of the ward. We make our way to her and mama burst into a loudest cry at her sight. I couldn't have recognized her if the doctor didn't show us. Her face is almost blue and swollen you could tell that it's painful.

"I will give you guys some space" Doctor Buthelezi says then walks out.

We look at Thula as she's sleeping and I feel warm liquid gushing down my cheeks. Why izwe lincole kangaka! This is a child for crying out loud she didn't deserve this no one does actually. I fear that Thula will never be the same again even after healing. You know some scares never heal they just get better with time and you learn to live with them but now and again they will show.

"Oh my baby I'm so sorry I should been there" Mama cries frantically as melancholia fills the entire ward.

Thula flutters her eyelids but she doesn't open her eyes. Mama and her husband are standing on the left side of her bed then Nathi and I are on the right hand side. Nathi takes Thula's hand that has IV line and kisses it. She open her eyes and looks at us.

"Hey baby girl" Nathi says stroking her forehead with his thumb.

"Can you see us baby" - Mr Ndlovu

She tries to speak but words doesn't come out. I fetch water for her to drink and help her drink with a straw.

"Thank you mama ka Ndiwe"

“Are you in pain sweetheart should we call the doctor” I ask her

“Just a bit but it’s not that bad don’t call the doctor”

There’s somber silence I guess we want to ask her if she remembers what happened but we are scared.

“Where’s uncle Khaya? I need to thank him for saving my life. I remember vaguely seeing his face” Thula says

“He’s coming baby girl. Do you remember who uhm hurt you?” - Nathi

She nods her head with tears streaming down her face. Mama sits on the bed and envelopes her in her arms.

“Do you know him? Can you show me him If he were to come here?” Gosh Nkosinathi is bombarding the poor girl with questions.

“Jesus Nkosinathi the girl has been through a lot and all you are thinking about in this moment is revenge give her some break” I say not masking annoyance in my voice.

He chuckles bitterly and looks at me.

“Damn right I am thinking about revenge! You want me to just let a piece of shit get away with laying his filthy hands on my sister and violating her? Hell no Cebisile not as Im still breathing!”

“Thula needs us for goodness can we just focus on her for a second and forget about plotting revenge”

“Now you make it sound as if to me revenge is more important than my sister” I cut him off

“Vele maan you are obsessed with revenge that you don’t even see important things before you!”

“Raise your voice at me again...”

“What you are going to do asshole huh. Teach me a lesson?”

“Fuseg mbombo wakho!”

“Enough! Both of you stop it! This is not about you two yini ngani aninamahloni nx!” (... what’s with you two you have no shame) Mama shrieks with anger.

What just happened? I don't know why did I become so angry in a matter of seconds.

“Daddy is so sorry my girl for not being there to protect you. I failed you my child and I want you to forgive me”

“Its my fault daddy”

“No baby it's not your fault don't you dare say that!” - Mama

“But it's true and I deserved it”

“Thula musa ukukhuluma kanjalo” (Don't talk likes that) - Nathi

“I started all of this I knew it was wrong but I kept going back to him even when he started controlling me”

Mama and look at each other as we wait for Thula to carry on.

“Who is him?” Mr Ndlovu asks curiously

“Lindani daddy I swear it was never my intention to betray my late sister it just happened. I wanted to stop I really do but I couldn't.”

She’s speaking in riddles I'm not following at all

“Calm down baby girl and talk to us we won't judge nor do anything to hurt you we just want to know what happened. Is Lindani your boyfriend?”

“Uhm we never really gave what we had a name tag.”

“Tell us from the day you met him baby up to this day” - Mama

“Mama and Buhle’s death broke me beyond imagination especially Buhle’s because she was my go to person. I have always been a loner at school but at home I knew I had my sister. She understood me more then I understand myself. I lost very two beautiful souls but I gained three at once and the first person is you mama. I was scared that you will mistreat me like all the steps mothers in this world but you didn’t nor did you gave me special treatment just because I’m your man’s daughter. You treat me like you birthed me. Shit is shit to you futhi buyakunukela” (... and it’s thinks)

We all share a giggle.

“The second person is you buti. I have never experienced brother’s love until I met you. You accepted me as your little sister and you treat me like an egg. I swear if there was an award for best brother in the whole universe I have no doubt that it would have been yours”

I know the faint smile on Nathi’s face only means that he’s doesn’t agree with what Thula is saying because if he was a best brother

none of this would've happened, he would have been there to protect her.

“Then the last person is Kwanele. She didn't like me at first because she thought that I was going to take her place on her brother and I understand why she was jealous I mean I'd be jealous too. The more we got to know each other we understood each other and we got to close even more. We were two different people but we got each other. Buhle was my elder sister so I respected her but with Kwanele it was different because we were the same age. We shared everything she was my ride or die, my partner in crime, my bestie, my everything then...”

She pauses and swallows spit as fresh tears form in her eyes then she continues

“Out of the blue, so suddenly, with no warning nyana she was gruesomely snatched away from me. That was just a confirmation to me that God doesn't love me, he takes everyone who's close me, that every person that gets me more than anyone. I swear I died with her and I was left with a shell of the body. I didn't even try to live without her because I knew it wouldn't be possible. Then I started drinking and parting somehow it numb me I couldn't feel anything for that particular moment and it became an everyday thing. You know most people have something to say or memories about their first time but not me. I don't remember how I lost my virginity and I wouldn't even show you the person that took my virginity I was pap drunk when it's happened and I won't claimed to be raped because at that moment it felt right. Then this particular night I was at this party and there came Lindani. In 5 months since Kwanele passed it was the first time we meet. Uhm Lindani was...uh..uhm Kwanele's boyfriend”

She looks down as shame engulf her. God this keeps getting deeper.

“The tall boy I beat up at Kwanele’s vigil and he was also at the party” Nathi asks with a straight face I can’t decipher his facial expression

“Yes”

“Wait let me get this straight you were dating your late sister’s boyfriend?” - Mr Ndlovu

The fury in his face can’t be missed

“I’m sorry daddy. ..” He cuts her short

“God Thula ain’t you ashamed of yourself! Why I know nothing this about this? Nkosinathi you knew this boy was fucking Kwanele?”

“I saw him at the party dad I didn’t want to spoil Kwanele’s party and I wasn’t sure they were dating until he appeared at her vigil well I beat him up. Clearly I didn’t beat him enough because he moved to my another sister that boy is disrespectful!”

“I don’t even know that he was at the vigil Betty did you also know?”

“Uhm yes I heard the were rumors at church about that incident”

“Why you didn’t tell me?”

“Oh for crying out loud Mphikeleli I was grieving for my daughter I didn’t care about some boy and church rumors!”

“If you told me I would have sorted that boy out he wouldn’t even think of coming to my another daughter ! Look now?”

“So it’s my fault this is happening?” Mama asks not masking pain in her voice.

“This is no one’s fault but mine. I’m the one who slept with Lindani knowing that he was my late sister’s boyfriend. There’s no day that passes I don’t crucify myself for that. We were both grieving and we understood each other’s pain because we both lost the same person, he lost his tulip and I lost my bestie. We were both there for each other when no one was there for us. Mama had a breakdown and daddy had to take care of her, but I was grieving as well all of us were grieving but Lindani was there for me as much I was there for him. We cried together and visited Kwanele’s grave together. With him I got the comfort and solace I needed then he started changing, controlling the way I dress, the way I talk, the way I behave, the way I think even the way I moan. I was scared to lose him I succumb to his demands. I started wearing like Kwanele, talking like her, behaving like her until I got tired of pretending to be Kwanele.”

Jesus now it makes sense! I remember I once mentioned that she’s behaving and dressing more like Kwanele. I thought it was her way to feel better when she missed her. Then there’s this other day she didn’t go to work and I find her crying with pieces of Kwanele’s picture. That day she asked me what Kwanele had that she doesn’t have. I knew that there was more behind that question but I didn’t probe any further. I should have tried harder maybe none of this would have happened. God I feel awful right now.

“I told him that Kwanele is dead and no one can ever replace her. I thought he would realize that he’s wrong and start loving me for me not this version of Kwanele I was imitating to be but unfortunately he lost it. I guess he didn’t want to hear the truth that Kwanele is gone and he need to let her go. He beat me up and forced himself on me then he locked me inside in his house and

when he comes back he would force himself on me again and again. Then last night I tried to fight him though I was so weak but I managed to knock him down and ran away until I couldn't anymore. I remember hearing a familiar voice and someone picking me up when I opened my arms it was uncle Khaya. I lose my conscious again. This is all my fault I did all of this to myself so please don't you guys dare blame each other."

She wipes her tears that are relentlessly falling. Mama and I are crying too. Nathi and Mr Ndlovu have sorrowful facial expressions if the were women without a doubt they would be crying too. Nathi is even shaking and his eyes are filled with darkness and rage. What I pick up from what she said is that both of these children are broken and they had no one for them except each other when they lost Kwanele. Their pain brought them together and broke them as well. Nathi makes his way out and I follow him.

"Nathi where are you going"

He doesn't say anything but he's taking long strides and I'm running behind him trying to catch up with him.

"Nathi wait up please!"

He's not thinking straight I have to stop him before he does something he would regret later. What if he kills this boy and get caught? By the time we get to where he parked his car I'm panting like a dog.

"Nathi please calm down"

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"Phuma kimi Cebisile" (Leave me alone Cebisile)

"I know that you angry and hurt but please just breathe Baba ka Ndiwe. I don't want you to do something that you will regret later"

He chuckles and looks at me with a gaze that sends chills down my spine.

“I will never regret it trust me on that”

“Nkosinathi you are irrational right now and you might do something that could lead you to jail I don't want you to go to jail”

“Cebisile uyangibambezela yaz!” (Cebisile you are delaying me)

He tries to open his door but I grab his wrist and smash my lips on his. We kiss with hunger passion then he pushes me away.

“What the fuck are you doing?”

“Just listen to me please”

“Why should I listen to you huh?”

“Because I love you okay and I don't want anything bad to happen to you I don't want you to go to jail. I have tried to convince myself that I'm over you but it's proves to be a mission. Ngiyakuthanda Nkosinathi”

“Manje mina ngenzeni Cebisile huh? Luzongisiza ngani uthando lwakho!” (So what should I do Cebisile? How will your love help me?)

Yoooh I have never been broken by words like this before. It's feels like he shot a bullet straight into my heart and I can't feel my heart beat am I dying?

Chapter Thirty Seven

The passed 3 days have been nerve-racking due to Thula's disappearance. The first time we discovered this I won't lie I was scared that Inathi is going to give me the taste of that Inathi he was when we lost Kwanele but to my surprise he let me in and lean on me. See what I love about my Papito is that he never faked the version of him just to impress me. I thought I knew what I wanted in a man until I met him and fall deeply in love with the uncut, raw, handsome, crazy, hot, sexy, amazing and authentic version of him. One thing he has never lay it bare open to me is his innermost feelings and it's unsettles me a lot.

He's a like every other men out there and they don't open up easily but that's doesn't mean they don't open up at all. They do share their innermost feelings to their women who loves them, understands them, respects them and emotionally and soulfully available for them. They find it easy to open up to women who reciprocate their love and appreciate them so somehow I thought there's something I'm not doing right, maybe I'm not showing him enough love or respect or I'm not emotionally and soulfully there for him as I think I am. I couldn't bear the fear of him finding that in another woman but after Thula's disappearance I learnt that I have to be patient with him. Its in their DNA to hide their feelings they're not like us woman so it's takes a lot of them to finally open up.

I look at my phone for the fifteenth time but there's no message nor missed call from him. He promised me that he will call as soon as he arrives at the hospital and let me know how's Thula. I knew I wouldn't be able to wait until he comes back and not receiving his call now is triggering my anxiety. I sigh and continue

to feed my daughter her soft porridge. I'm really proud of myself of how I have adapted to raise two babies well I won't put credit on myself only I have a great partner. Nkosinathi is the best people! Yeah I know I brag about him all the time and unfortunately for you I'm not going to stop so brace yourself.

"Mh-mh" Ndiwe says shaking her head vigorously as I try to feed her.

"Usuthi?"

She nods her head. One thing I love about Ndiwe is that she has appetite and when she says she full she's really full. You know she's sick when she's not eating. She's a happy child and she seems to have adapted the co-parenting so well. I get up and dispose the small left content of her porridge then wash her bowl. As I'm about to go join my babies in the lounge I hear a knock on there door. I shuffle my feet to the door and open it.

"Cebisile come on in"

I make the space for her to make her way in.

"How are you?"

I should be asking her that, she doesn't look okay she's pale and her eyes are red like she's been crying.

"I'm fine and yourself"

"I'm okay I need your help"

Help from me? Is she sure she's at the right place?

"Let's go sit down in the lounge"

“There’s absolutely no time to sit down Aphiwe.”

She explains to me what happened at the hospital. OMG I feel sorry for Thula and to think I brushed it off when I noticed a version of Kwanele in her.

“Oh poor Thula I still don’t understand though why do you need help from me”

“Nathi stormed out fuming with anger and I’m afraid he’s going to kill that boy. Can you please call him and find out where he is?”

And he has never liked that boy my heart races at the thought of him killing and going to jail. I rush to the lounge with her on my tail and take my phone to call him. It’s ringing unanswered. Fuck!

“Come on Papito pick up please!” I say as I pace up and down the lounge.

“He’s not picking up Cebisile!”

“I hate to admit this but you are the only one who can stop him from killing that boy Aphiwe” She spits

If only she knew that no one can get through Nkosinathi once he has made up his mind and especially when he’s angry but I like that she thinks I’m the one who he listens to as HIS WOMAN.

“How can I do that Cebisile I don’t even know where he is?”

“I’m sure he’s going to that boy’s place you have to go there and stop him”

“I don’t know where that place is”

“Thula gave me his address I will forward it to you now. If you don’t find them there Thula said there’s a Tarven at back opposite of the boy’s house he usually hangs around there.”

“Okay what about the kids”

“I will look after them. Go Aphiwe!”

It’s not a secret that this woman doesn’t like me and she wants my man what if she hurts my baby boy? I look at my baby who’s staring into space on his rocking chair the thought of something horrible happening to him sends a cold chill in my stomach.

“Oh come on Aphiwe Im anything but I would never hurt a baby what do you take me for?” Cebisile says irritably

“I don’t trust you Cebisile”

“If I trust you with my baby then why can’t you trust me with yours”

“I have no problem with you Cebisile you are the one who have a problem with me”

I receive a text from her it’s the address of the boy

“Anything bad that can happen to KJ it will hurt Nathi as well so trust me I wouldn’t dare do anything to hurt Nkosinathi deliberately especially not through a baby!”

I look at her not sure what do.

“Go before it’s too late!!”

I take my car keys on the coffee table and look at her

“If you dare hurt my child Cebisile I will kill you with my bare hands” I say calmly but firmly and I really mean it. Then I walk out.

Considering how coward I have always been I never thought I can think of taking someone’s life until I birthed my boy. Now I know that I wouldn’t hesitate to kill for my boy. Motherhood changes you and you start seeing things with a different perspective then before you had a child. I hope for her sake he won’t do anything to my son. I’m not comfortable that I left her in our house alone but I don’t have a choice. I’d take the kids to mama but by the time I’d be back it would be too late because mama lives in Aviary Hill at Newcastle, we live in Osizweni at Long Homes and the boy’s address is at Madadeni section 6. Thanks to my man for driving me around because I wouldn’t be so familiar with the place.

I park my car at the gate and sigh before stepping out of the car. I can feel my heart thudding hard against my chest as I make my way to the door. I wonder if the boy stays alone or with his parents. I keep knocking but no one is attending me and my knuckles are starting to hurt now. I check the coast and take a little peek on the key hole it’s doesn’t look likes there’s someone in there. I go back to my car and receive a call from Cebisile as I drive to the Tarven.

“Yes”

“Did you find them”

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“Im driving to the Tarven now there’s no one in the house”

“Hurry up Aphiwe”

“Stop shouting me hawu!”

I hang up and step out of the car as soon as I park my car next to Inathi’s car. He’s really here and I can see people rushing inside the Tarven surely there’s something is going on in there.

“Excuse me” I say pushing my way between the crowd trying to make my way inside.

“Ey ey ungazophusha wena sfebe!” (Ey ey don’t push us bitch!) Says this dark guy with a scar on his cheek bone but I ignore him and push my way through.

“Leave me the fuck alone!”

I wrest my arm from him but his hold strong and we an audience now.

“Eh coconut show some respect maan!” He spits once again on my face I can smell a mixture of weed and beer in us breath.

“X uzibizela izikinga nje zizihlalele” (X is digging a grave for himself) A voice of a make says from the crowd.

“ Mnesh will blow his brains off once his done with the boy inside” Another voice adds

My heart skips a beat, he’s really inside oh God.

“Eh X mfethu uyasangana yini imedi ka Mnesh leyo” (Eh X bra are you insane that’s Mnesh’s woman)

The scar guy lets go of my hand like it’s burning him.

“Bengikudlalisa sisterrr neh” (I was kidding sister)

He smiles and I give him an “aw really” look then make my way in. I don’t have energy for him my main concern is Inathi who’s about to kill a boy inside. The moment I walk in Nkosinathi pulls out his gun and points at the boy who’s on the floor and bleeding on his mouth and nose as people scream in fear.

“Nkosinathi!”

He looks at me with shock

“Aphiwe ufunani la?” (Aphiwe what are you doing here)

“Baby please don’t do this I’m begging you”

“Go back home Aphiwe who’s with the kids if you are here?”

“The kids are safe sthandwa sami and I know that they wouldn’t want their father to go jail”

“Go home!”

“No!”

“Aphiwe I said go home!”

“Im not going without you baby please”

I raise my hands up and make my way to him slowly

“He’s not worth it baby”

“Listen to him man she’s right”

“Shut up!!!” He roars in anger pointing the gun to the guy that was talking and everyone shriek in fear

“This bastard deserves every bullet in this gun!”

He directs the gun to the boy who’s groaning in pain on the floor once again. I can see that Inathi started by beating him up.

“Im sorry grootman for the pain I put your sister through I wasn’t myself I haven’t been myself ever since tulip died. I apologize for every pain I put Thula through but one thing I won’t apologize for is loving Kwanele...”

“Don’t you fucking dare say my late sister’s name! If love her as you claim you wouldn’t have moved on to her sister and raped her!!”

Everyone exclaims.

“I know Im a monster please set me free just kill me so that I can be free from all this pain and finally I will be with my tulip...”

“Shut the fuck up!!!!” Unathi barks loudly

I have never seen him this angry his eyes are filled with rage and he’s shaking. I’m even scared to get close to him but I have to try and get through him.

“Baby killing him is the easy way out he deserves jail for the pain he puts Thula through. Don’t kill him and let’s call the police”

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He looks at me breathing heavily. I walk slowly to him until I’m standing before him and the gun is pointing at me.

“I’m pleading with you baba wabantwana bami” A lone tear escapes my right eyes and spill down my cheek.

He stares at me for the longest time and the only thing I can hear right now is my thudding hard and he’s heavy breathing. I stretch out my hand to him and he reluctantly gives me the gun. We hear someone says the cops are here. Oh shit someone must have called them. I’m not stupid I know that this is an illegal gun.

Think Phiwe! Think! I pull up my maxi dress and hide the gun between thighs making sure that the front sight and muzzle are facing down just incase something goes wrong. You can never trust guns, the thought of the trigger automatically pulling and shoot my coochie sends shivers all over my body and the coldness of the gun against my thighs is not helping. Two policemen and detective Thwala walk in already with their guns in their hands and ready to attack.

“What’s going around here? Where’s the owner of this Tarven? We received the tip off that there’s a man here that want to talk to shoot a boy” Thwala says looking at the boy on the floor.

“Dlomo you are also here?”

“Yes I came to buy two nyana here and I was surprised to find this boy here. I thought you are here to arrest this boy.”

“What has he done?”

“This is the boy that locked my sister up in his house and raped her!”

“Do you have proof? Those are serious accusations”

“Kanti haven’t your colleagues paid a visit to my sister at Madadeni hospital and ask for her statement. This is the boy that hold her in hostage and violated her!”

Thwala looks at the boy who looks down in shame as guilt is written all over his face

“Why is he bleeding? Who hurt him?”

“I did” Says the guy who was manhandling me outside.

“He’s lying I’m the one who beat him he’s s rapist our sisters are not safe” Another guy says

“Banamanga bab phoyisa yimi omshayile” (They are lying detective I beat him up) An old drunk woman says with a slurred voice.

I smile in awe as everyone in the room claim to be the one that beat him up and look at Thwala who looks frustrated by what’s just happened.

“Boy who beat you up?”

“Are you going to arrest me or what detective”

Thwala looks at Inathi then me and tell the policemen to cuff the boy. The room erupts with cheer as the two police men cuff the boy and drag him out. I sigh with relief and envelope my man in my arms.

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“Thank you so much for not going through with it”

“No thank you I would be the one who’s arrested now for murder”

I pull back but he tightens his hold and I squeeze him tighter just to give him an assurance that I got him always. By the time we break the embrace only a few people are left inside.

“Can you walk?”

I giggle and shake my head no

“Where you have learned that?” He asks seemingly to be impressed that I saved his ass.

“I wouldn’t tell you baby it’s the only thing I thought at the moment”

He laughs

“You are dangerous wena in sexy way”

I giggle then he crouches before me and slide his hand between my thighs and take the gun. He gets up and tucks his gun on his behind.

“You should wear this dress often its hides very well”

We both laugh then he go talk to the Tarven owner. They seem to know each other ah well I’m not surprised my man is known by almost everyone. He comes back to me and holds my waist as we make our way out. People claps their hands and cheer for us as if we some celebrities, well sometimes I forget that I’m one and I don’t think these people they even watch TV. I look at the guy who was manhandling me and I can see that he’s holding his breathe shame man. What he did inside was really a nice move he’s the one that encouraged people to claim they beat up the boy so I will let it slide.

“How’s Thula?” I ask when we get to my car

“She’s broken baby”

“I know that we are not that close but I want to see her”

“Where are the kids?”

“They are with Cebisile”

He looks at me bewildered

“She came to my house and told me everything I had no choice but to leave her with the kids but I’m not comfortable that I left her in our house alone”

He smiles and pulls me close to himself that I feel his bulge in my tummy.

“What?”

“You said our house”

I chuckle

“Is it my first time saying that?”

“Yess!”

“Argh whatever!”

He kisses me



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“Let’s go home then, visiting hours are at 3pm to 4pm and 7pm to 8pm so at 3pm you will go visit her. I will stay with the kids then I will go visit her at 7pm”

“Okay”

“Thank you so much for today I don’t know what I’d be without you Mamacita. Your love make me complete and whole. You are my warmth and my grace. You magically bring out the best in me. I know that with you by my side I will conquer the world. Ngiyakuthanda Mazimuzimu” (I love you Mazimuzimu)

Gosh this bloody tears! He wipes them with his thumbs and seals his lovely speech with a scorching kiss that makes me thanks the heavens I have a pantry liner on. He helps me get in the car and closes the door then goes to his. We drive home with him following behind me.

There’s no one in the lounge nor in the kitchen. Where is she now I hope she’s not in our bedroom. I make my way to the bedroom she’s not there even in the nursery room but the kids are sleeping in their cots. I go to the bathroom and I can hear muffled sobs as I open the door but it’s locked.

“Cebisile are you there”

“Yes..uhm..coming!”

She comes out after few seconds and her face is red so are her eyes.

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“What’s wrong? Did anything happened when I was gone?”

“No did you manage to get through him? Where is he?”

“Yes he didn’t go through with it and the boy got arrested”

“That’s great”

We make our way to the living room.

“Where is he?”

“He’s taking a shower in our ensuit bathroom”

“Okay I should get going. Thank you Aphiwe”

“No thank you”

She nods with a faint smile and takes her car keys on the coffee table then walks out. I wonder what did she do in my house alone. I need to release my bowels so I go to the other bathroom ssince Papito is showering in our ensuit bath bathroom. Just as I’m about to sit down on the toilet seat a framed picture catch my eyes behind the door. It’s a picture of me and Nathi. I take it and look at it as I recall this day. We were in Cape Town and he came to see me as I was there for Traffic shooting. We had fun at the beach and took a lot of pictures. Wait why is it here it was in our bedroom. Cebisile! When will she get it over my man bathong! Once I’m don’t I wash my hands and go to our bedroom to put the picture back and look if there’s anything missing but I find nothing suspicious.

“What are you looking for?”

“Cebisile was here in our room baby”

I tell him about the picture and that she was crying. He shrugs his shoulder and unwrap the towel around his waist. It’s crumple on the floor then he begins to lotion his body.

“You are not going to say anything”

“What should I say?”

“I don’t know Inathi”

“Well I don’t have anything to say I’m not responsible for Cebisile’s emotions”

I huff and go to the kitchen to prepare supper. I’m getting good in this now thanks to sis Rebs and the cooking shows I have been watching. By 2:30pm I’m done. I freshen up and drive to the hospital leaving Papito playing with his kids in their nursery room.

I find Nkosinathi’s mom sitting by Thula’s hospital bed who’s sleeping. I want to turn back and leave but she’s already seen me.

“Greetings Mama”

“Ya”

As drained as she is she still got attitude.

“How is she?”

“How do you expect her to be?” She says grimacing as if she’s pain.

“Stupid question sorry. Uhm I should get going”

“Don’t leave on my account”

She gets up from the provided chair and stumbles a bit. I rush to her and hold her

“Ma are you okay?”

“I’m fine”

I notice blood on her dress as she makes her way out and call out her name.

“Mama wait!”

“Yini Aphiwe!” (What Aphiwe!)

“You are bleeding”

“What?”

I look at her behind. She twists her body and looks at her behind.

“God what’s happening” She whispers as she stumbles.

I hold her and make her sit down then go call out for help. The nurses attend her and take her to the other ward. I follow behind them and they tell me to wait outside. I call Nkosinathi as wait. I’m panicking and shaking I can even hear myself.

“Baby breathe and talk to me”

I tell him what happened and he tells me to calm down and wait for Mr Ndlovu he’s going to call him. Vaginal bleeding unsettles me it’s just reminds me of the baby I lost. I know that my parents were still having sex at their age so it’s possible that Mr Ndlovu and Mrs Ndlovu have sex as well. Could it be possible that she...? Ain’t they old though? Or what if it’s cancer?

“Aphiwe where’s my wife?” Mr Ndlovu snaps me out of my reverie

“They took her Mr Ndlovu”

“What happened?”

I tell him what happened. He brushes his head in frustration and paces up and down as we wait impatiently. Inathi keeps calling me to find out if the doctor have given us feedback. I can hear how worried he is, despite their feud he still cares about his mom. At long last the doctor comes to us and addresses us that they’ve done some tests and mama has ectopic pregnancy.

“So what does this mean doctor will our baby survive?” Mr Ndlovu asks

“Unfortunately no Mr Ndlovu the fetus rarely survives longer than a few weeks because tissues outside the uterus do not provide the necessary blood supply and structural support to promote placental growth and circulation to the developing fetus”

“Come on doctor I’m sure there must be a way to save my baby” Mr pleads with the doctor.

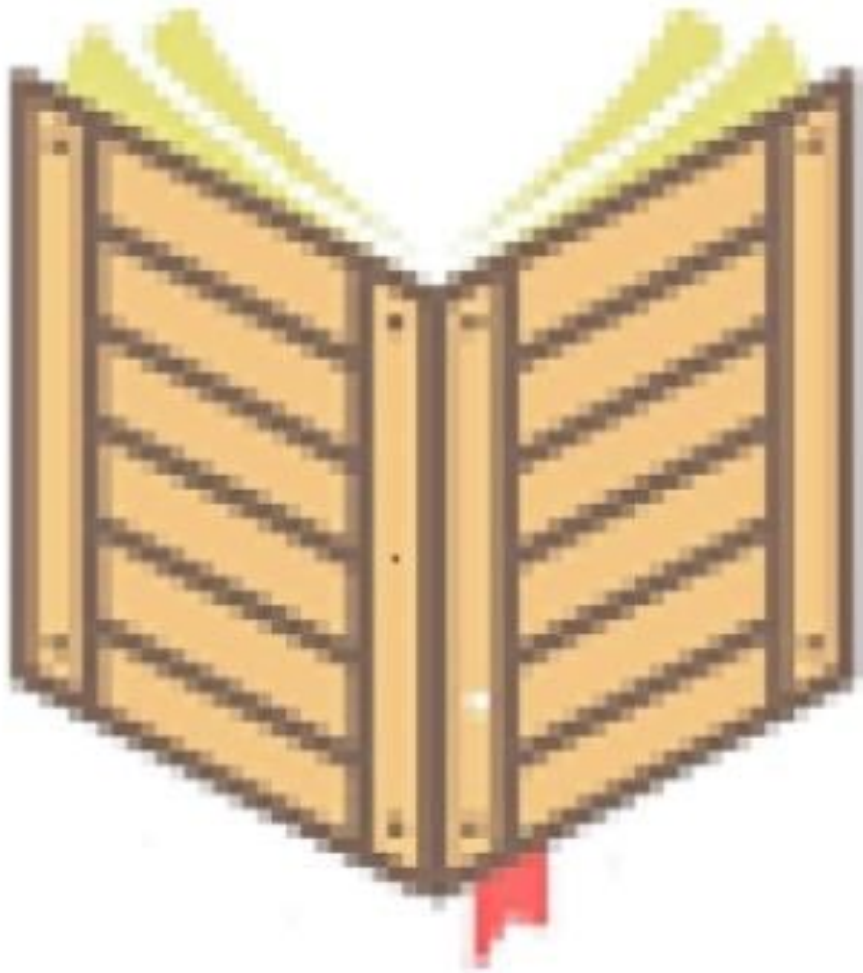
“There is no medical technique for transferring an ectopic pregnancy to the uterus where it could develop into a healthy pregnancy and baby. The only treatment that ensures your wife’s survival is termination of the pregnancy.”

“Termina...Nooo!”

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“I’m sorry it’s only way Mr Ndlovu”

Mr Ndlovu sits down and buries his head on his face with defeat. This is so sad. I thank the doctor and he allows us to see her but I tell Mr Ndlovu to go alone I'm going home KJ is giving Nkosinathi a hard time. It's a lie of course I can't show my face in there the woman is going through worst she doesn't need to see my face.



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Chapter Thirty Eight

Why are you hurting yourself like this huh? I love him dammit! But he doesn't love you. Stop doing this to yourself and get over him! You think I didn't try? I tried but I can't get over him I can't live without him. He's happy with someone else and he made it clear to you that he doesn't want your love what more do you need to just let go? I blame myself for my bad timing I shouldn't have confessed my feelings for him after he just found out that his sister has been raped. He didn't mean that. I know that he feels something for me he just doesn't want to tap into his emotions and face the truth. Shuuu I give up on you! Come on didn't you see the way he looked at me when we were making love and fucking in Durban? I swear I saw love in his eyes, the love that he fears to admit because he has convinced himself that he loves Aphiwe.

Tears are blurring my sight as I listen to the conversation between my mind and my heart. It would be a miracle if I arrive safely without causing an accident. My mind wants me to pull myself together and just get over him already for my sanity but my heart is refusing to let go. Sigh! I get to my GP and he signs me a doctor's note then drive to Majuba Mall to get some wine at Checkers Liquor and Lamb chops at Wimpy before driving to my house. Once I'm home I wash my hands and stuff myself with my lambs chops and wash them down with wine in front of the TV screen. Not that I'm watching anything my mind is reeling with thoughts.

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What if I have isinyama? I mean I didn't mourn my husband as a wife should, wearing all black or blue for a year to mourn my husband. What if all of these bad lucks are because of that? What if I would never find a man that will love me? Or they will always

leave me just like Gambushe? The thought of being miserable and lonely for the rest of my life is perturbing. In my years of dating and getting married Nkosinathi and Mphemba are the only men I have ever love. The relationships I had before I met Mphemba didn't make much impact in my life. It's safe to say Nkosinathi is the only man that broke my heart and I think that's a reason I'm battling to get over him.

The loud annoying sound of my alarm wakes me up. I get up and wince in as pain shoots straight in my head. Fuck! I fall asleep on the couch after drowning my sorrows. I stretch my neck and it's pops then warily get up from the couch and head to my bathroom to take a shower. Once I finish preparing myself to go to work I look myself once more time on the mirror then I leave. The day is just a drag nje I want to be out of here already. I have to give it to Nkosinathi for always being successful at making some of my days melancholy.

Finally it's knock out time and I don't waste a second but pack my things and leave. I haven't eaten anything the whole day and I'm starting feel it now so I buy a kota for myself as well as for Thula and two cans of Coca-Cola. I eat my kota as I drive to Madadeni Hopital and by the time I arrive I have finished it and I'm full. I find parking and gulp down my drink then take Thula's plastic and my phone and make my way in. She's starring into space and seems far away with thoughts.

“Hey”

“Maka Ndiwe hi”

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“I brought you kota and can of coke I hope you don't mind”

She smiles widely

“I hope it has russian and burger” I laugh

“Yes it does I know you it’s not a kota to you without those”

She giggles and takes the plastic. I grab the provided the chair and sit down.

“Thank you so much Maka Ndiwe”

“Don’t mention it sweetheart. How are you feeling today?”

She takes a bite of her kota and shrugs her shoulders.

“I don’t know really.”

“I’m sorry Thula for everything you went through and I’m sorry that I never probed further though I could see that there was something going on with you. How does it makes you feel that he’s arrested”

She sips her coke and looks at me

“I didn’t want him to get arrested. Lindani is a good guy Maka Ndiwe. They say pain changes a person and that what happened with Lindani. Kwanele’s death broke him beyond repairs he can’t just let go of her. He really loves her so much. Jail will just do more damage to him then good” She says sadly and I feel her shame.

“But we cant overlook the wrongs he did sweetheart. He locked you up for days and repeatedly raped you. He deserves to serve his sentence for that.”

She heaves a sigh and nods her head

“You are right...did you see mama?”

“No when I knocked off I drove straight here”

“Mama was admitted here yesterday”

My heart skips a beat. I didn't know!

“Really? Why?”

“Pregnancy complications”

Oh my world she's pregnant that's wonderful. When she tells me the ward number I don't waste anytime but go straight to see her. I scan my eyes through these late forties women sleeping on their hospital beds until I find her.

“Mama”

She snaps out of whatever she was thinking and looks at me with a faint smile.

“Hey baby”

I hug her and kiss her forehead before sitting on the little space on the bed facing her. She looks very drained.

“I didn't know you got admitted I would have come to see you last night”

“It's okay sis I'm sure Boyabenyathi forgot to tell you”

“Congratulations Mama”

Sorrow glints in her eyes and my heart sinks to my toes.

“I’m sure whatever the complication may be you guys will make it through. Gosh I can’t wait to spoil you rotten”

“I had ectopic pregnancy Cebisile and had to undergo surgery to remove the fetus because I was bleeding heavily” She whispers and tears roll down her tired red cheeks .

Oh no! Me and my big mouth I should have asked first.

“Oh ngiyaxolisa mama I thought... I don’t know what I was thinking. I’m so sorry” (Oh I’m sorry...)

I lean closer to her and envelopes her in my arms. I can’t imagine the pain she’s going through right now. I feel my shoulder getting damp with her tears and encourage her to let it all out. She bursts into a gut wrenching sob. This is so sad I try to keep my tears at bay but they refuse. After a while she calms down. I wipe her tears and take her hands into mine.

“I can’t imagine what you are going through and I wish there’s something I can do to change all of this but I want you to know that I’m here for you mama, always”

“Ngiyabonga sis. A baby at my age I guess it’s a blessing in disguise” (Thank you...)

“The rate of over the age of 40 women having babies has increased mama.”

“I’m 50 years old Cebisile”

“I know mama but look at Janet Jackson at the age of 50 she had her first pregnancy”

“These overseas women doesn’t want to share their secrets. Surely the must be things they’re using or doing to keep them healthy and young. Janet Jackson looks like she’s my daughter. I look older then Angela Basset but she’s 11 years older then me see what I mean.”

“I don’t deny that the overseas women looks younger but you definitely look younger then Janet Jackson. I don’t even want to mention Angela Basset mama. You and I look like are sisters really”

“Hayi udlala ngami!” She says laughing

“Serious mama!”

I swear I’m not lying she’s looks young and she’s so beautiful.

“Haisuka wena!”

“Oho it’s fine if you don’t want to believe me but I know what I’m talking about. How is baba taking all of this”

She heaves a sigh

“He’s beyond hurt If I knew better I’d say it was it was his plan to make me pregnant. I didn’t know he wants a baby this bad. What if he impregnates another woman that’s obviously younger then me?”

“Oh mama, Baba loves you and he wouldn’t hurt you like that. I believe you guys will get through this”

“I should have been more careful to prevent all this heartache”

“Eish askies mama”

The visiting hour ends so I kiss mama a good bye then go to Thula's ward to say goodbye to her as well but I find her asleep so I leave. Ngikhumbule umtanami. I dial Nkosinathi and he answers on a second ring.

“Mamakhe”

The sound of his voice makes my stomach churn.

“Hi can I have Ndiwe I miss her”

“Okay I will bring her”

“Sharp”

I toss my phone on the passenger seat and increase my speed. I want take a bath before Ndiwe arrives because I want to give her my full attention. The first thing I do when I arrive in my place is to take a well deserved bath. When I finish I lotion my body and wear my sleeping wear and slippers. I'm so not in the mood for cooking not that I ever be in a mood to cook for myself only. I call Nkosinathi and tell him to pass at Theku Plaza and get me streetwise one with mash for Ndiwe and two box masters for myself.

They arrive at 6pm and Ndiwe is sleeping I wanted so bad to spend time with her and she's sleeping mxm! Her sleeping patterns confuses me sometimes. I take the things Nathi is carrying and put them on the counter.

“Hi”

“Hello I will go put her into bed”

“How long has she’s been sleeping I miss her so much I want to wake her up”

“Ungalinge!” (Don’t you dare!) He says and makes his way to my bedroom.

Well I don’t have a nursery room. I’m that kind of a mother that can’t sleep in the other room while her baby is in another room alone. I want my baby next to me the whole night. I even put my hand on her nose to check if she’s still breathing when she’s sleeping. Don’t ask me why I do that but it’s a habit. Even Gambushe knew and it used to irritate him because we wouldn’t be able to do the deed with my baby lying next to us but he got used to it eventually.

He comes back as I’m offloading the KFC paper bag. I can feel his eyes staring at my behind. I push my ass a bit just for control plus my silk sleep wear is short and my thighs are all out. I hear his footsteps nearing until I feel him standing behind my back and his scent invading my nostrils. He runs his palms on my arms causing goosebumps all over my body.

“I’m sorry about yesterday” He says so close to my ears and his deep voice ignites an inferno between my thighs. I don’t say anything but lean back to feel his hard body against my back.

“I shouldn’t have talked to you like that when you confessed your feeling for me. I was engulfed by different emotions however that’s shouldn’t be an excuse. Ngiyaxolisa mamakhe ” He adds but still I don’t say anything.

“Khuluma nami Cebisile” (Talk to me Cebisile)

I sigh and turn around to face him. He places his hands on my forearms and looks down on me as I look up on him. Obviously he's taller than me.

“Ungizwise ubuhlungu Nkosinathi” (You hurt me Nkosinathi)

“I know and I'm sorry please forgive me”

“I understand so what do you say about my confession”

His hands leave my forearms and cradles my face.

“I love you too Cebisile...”

My heart skips a beat I don't wait for him to finish but pull his neck and kiss him. The kiss hot and heavy and our tongues are exploring each other. My hands find their way down to his pants and unbuckle his belt. He gently pushes me back and we are both panting like dogs.

“Wait let me finish please”

I just knew that he's going to break my heart once again when he said that.

“I love Phiwe more she's the woman I want to be with”

I swallow hard pushing back the tears that are burning in my eyes. I don't want to cry not in front of him.

“Okay. Thanks for bringing Ndiwe. Uhambe kahle” (...Go well)

“Cebisile...”

“Just go Nkosinathi” I whisper through my gritted teeth.

“I have something for you”

His hand goes to his and comes back with a small black box.

“I don’t want it”

He cradles my face and kisses my forehead then he forcefully shoves the box in my hand before making his way out. I open the box with my shaking hands and a gold necklace with diamonds pedant personalized in a italics font- Uthandiwe sparkles in my eyes. Tears blur my vision it’s so beautiful and surely it costed him fortunes. I guess this is a token of reinstatement of my heart and I wish I can say it’s does reinstate my heart but it’s doesn’t. I put the box and go down to floor with my knees pressed against my chest and cry my lungs out.

Once again he broke my heart. Maybe it would have been better if he said he doesn’t love me at all. That’s “more” love he has for Aphiwe I want to know the reason behind it. I jump in shock when I feel hands wrapping around me but her scent hits my nostrils and I relax in her arms. I cry so hard that I feel like I’m losing my voice. It’s hurt so badly I feel like I’m suffocating. When I have run out of tears she helps me up from the floor and we make our way to the lounge leaving her bag and handbag on the floor. We settle on the couch.

“Slap me!”

She looks at me confused

“What?”

“I said slap me” I say and blow air but not let it out of my mouth to make my cheeks round like a balloon.

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“What’s going on sis?”

“I want you to slap me maybe I will snap out of my cocoon of stupidity! Or better yet just punch me”

“Come on I won’t do that. Talk to me”

“I made a fool out of myself again”

“What did you do”

“I confessed my feelings to Nkosinathi”

“And then...”

“Why don’t you sound surprised?”

“It’s was clear that you are not over him sis. I think that’s a reason why Zakhele dumped you. He could see that you not giving all of you to him you were holding back and with Nkosinathi on the picture chances of you hurting him were very high”

“He said he loves me but he loves Aphiwe more? What is it that make him love her more huh? Maybe it would have been better if he said he doesn’t love me at all. I want to know the reason behind that “more” maybe I can fix it Thando”

“No Cebisile just let it go okay. I know it’s hurt but let it go mtase. He has chosen her for the second time now. Stop making fool out of yourself and pull yourself together. You have cried so much for this guy this better be the last time you ever shed tears for him. It’s time now to move on gracefully and with dignity”

She's right but easier said than done. I wipe my tears with the back of my hands and sigh.

"Why you didn't tell me you are coming"

"I wanted to surprise you. Look I'm sorry for the horrible things I said to you and using your fears against you. It was so wrong of me. The last thing I want is to allow a silly crush for Nkosinathi to cause a rift between you and me. I want to apologize from the deepest of my heart Cebisile and can we move passed everything that's happened please."

"Its okay sis I'm also sorry for what he did to your face. I wish there was a way I can reverse all of this"

"Well that's life it's has full of lessons and this was one of my own lessons. I love you"

"I love you too"

We share a hug.

"So how are you holding up? How's work?"

She heaves a sigh and lean her back on the couch.

"I don't know if I will ever be better. I resigned at work I can't deal with kids while I look like this sis at least not now"

"Oh Thando"

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I reach for her hands and squeeze them in mine.

“So I have decided to go far away where no one knows me and where I wouldn’t care what people say about my face because they don’t know me”

“Do you think that will help”

“Yes”

“Where have you decided to go to?”

“UK”

“Yoooh Thando so far!”

“I know but we will talk everyday and I will come back when I’m ready to face the world”

“Hayi Thando how can we be there for you when you so far away huh? I’m not comfortable with you thousand kilometers away from us alone”

“I will be fine I promise you sis all I need is your support please. I need to do this for myself and trust me when I come back you will be proud of me”

“Kodwa Thando...” I burst into tears once again and she embraces me.

She’s handling this better then I would have handle it honestly.

“It’s going to be okay”

“Please promise me that you will contact me everyday and when it’s gets tough you will come back home Thando. You don’t have to be alone really”

“I know sis and I promise you”

I pull back from her embrace and wipe my tears.

“How’s mama and daddy”

“They’re okay considering that I’m leaving.”

“Eish neh. I didn’t cook but we have two box masters and that will be our supper”

“It’s okay I also brought wine. Let’s me go take my bags to the bedroom”

She gets up and disappears to the kitchen. I take the remote and turn on the TV. She appears and head to the guest bedroom. I can’t imagine what’s she’s going through and I hope going away will really help her.

I hear Ndiwe crying and get up from the couch to go get her just then Thando walks in with a hysterically crying Ndiwe.

“What’s wrong?”

“I find her awake but she wasn’t crying”

My baby cries wiggling herself from Thando’s grip and raising her hands for me to take her. I take her and try to shush her but she doesn’t stop crying. Gosh my baby is so spooked she’s even losing her breath.

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“Yini kanti sthandwa sami”

“Ghogho mamma!” She says pointing at Thando and tries to hide from her. Oh God! I have forgotten that this is her first time seeing Thando after the incident.

“It’s not ghogho baby it’s aunty Thando”

“Hey sweetheart it’s me please don’t cry” Thando tries to take her but Ndiwe screams even loudly kicking Thando.

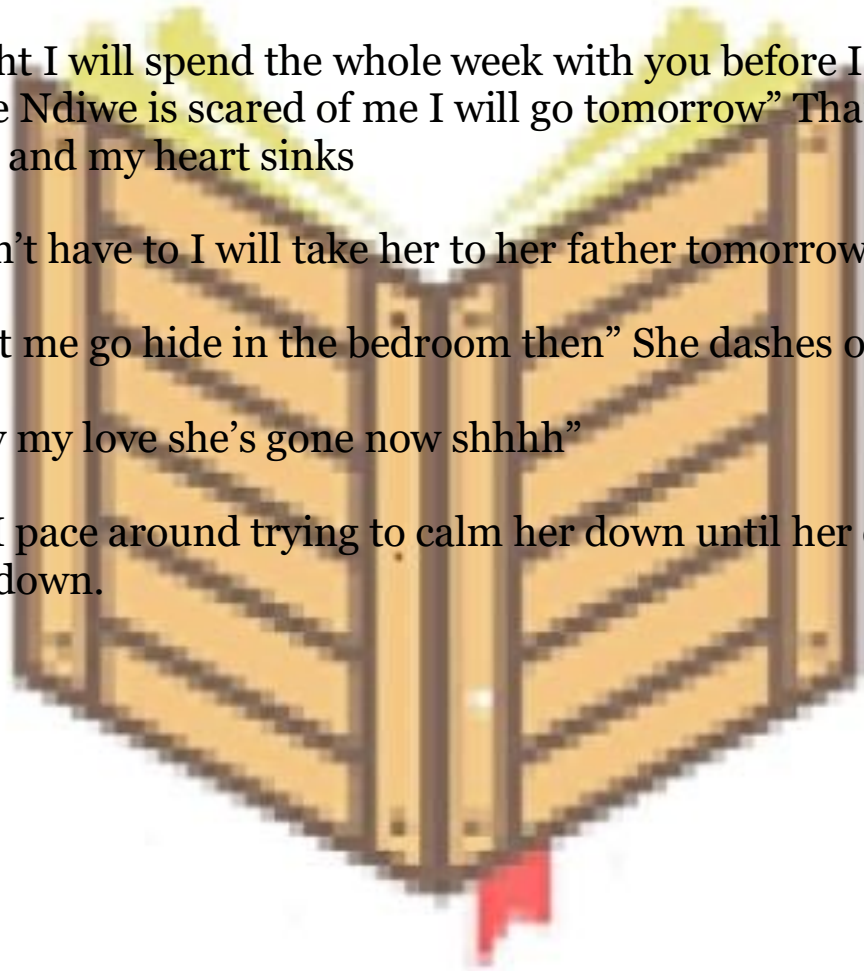
“I thought I will spend the whole week with you before I go to UK but since Ndiwe is scared of me I will go tomorrow” Thando says tearfully and my heart sinks

“You don’t have to I will take her to her father tomorrow sis”

“Okay let me go hide in the bedroom then” She dashes out.

“Its okay my love she’s gone now shhhh”

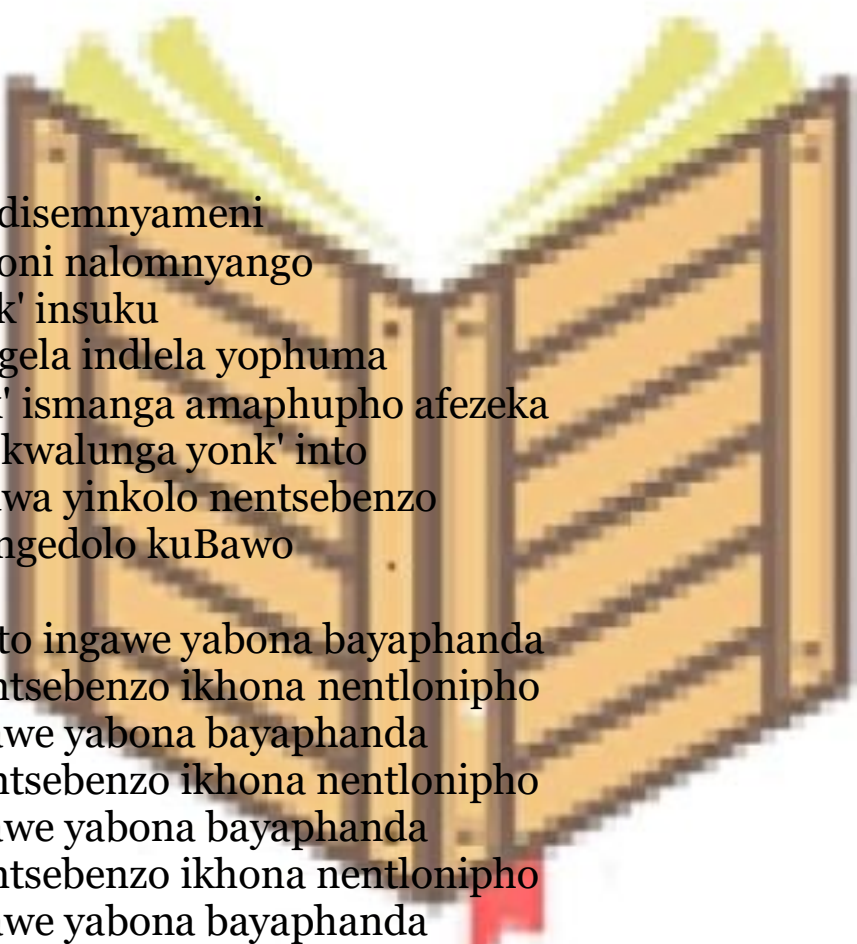
I say as I pace around trying to calm her down until her cries quieten down.



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Chapter Thirty Nine

FOUR YEARS LATER...



📖 Ndandisemnyameni
Ndingaboni nalomnyango
Kwabalek' insuku
Ndikhangela indlela yophuma
Kwenzek' ismanga amaphupho afezeka
Kwavela kwalunga yonk' into
Ndancedwa yinkolo nentsebenzo
Noguqa ngedolo kuBawo

Hhayi into ingawe yabona bayaphanda
Abalal' intsebenzo ikhona nentlonipho
Into ingawe yabona bayaphanda
Abalal' intsebenzo ikhona nentlonipho
Into ingawe yabona bayaphanda
Abalal' intsebenzo ikhona nentlonipho
Into ingawe yabona bayaphanda
Abalal' intsebenzo ikhona nentlonipho 📖

I sing along while tapping on the steering wheel. It's payday baby and I'm in the mood plus it's Friday. I lower the volume and reach for my phone on the passenger seat then make a call.

“Honey!” Zee says cheerfully on the other side of the line. She’s always in the happy mood this one.

“Hey darling how are you?”

“I’m good baby and you”

“I’m also good where are we going tonight?”

“Ah sthandwa sami I’m sorry I won’t be able to go tonight. Hubby has flue and he needs my attention”

I roll my eyes.

“Haisuka uDingani uyabhora yaz you should give him sleeping tablets and leave him sleeping on the bed” (Dingani is boring...)

“I heard you Yellowbone!” Dingani says in the background making me and Zee to laugh.

“Gosh Zee why you didn’t tell me I’m on loud speaker”

“Sorry” She says laughing

“I’m kidding D!”

Well I’m not kidding Dingani is annoying really when he’s sick he doesn’t want Zee to leave his sight. The man be acting like he’s dying when he just has flue drama king I tell you. Now he’s ruining our plans!

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“Uyaphapha wena gogo obovu” (You are so forward light skinned granny) That’s D once again in the background.

“Ngathi ungafa wena mude mude!” (I wish you to die you tall man!)

I say and Zee laughs, she has gotten used to our banter, between her husband and I that's it. I met Zee at Unisa we were both doing our honours degree. Yesss moghel decided upgrade her qualifications!

Honestly speaking it's something I decided to do to keep myself busy on my spare time while trying to get over Nkosinathi. Somehow it was therapeutic and the salary increase is a bonus. Since then we have become friends and we made it our rule to go out on the weekend of our payday every month just to unwind.

“How about we go out next weekend sthandwa sami”

“Okay then”

“Are you driving?”

“Yeah I'm driving to that boy's house I think I have arrived. Bye”

“Bye lover”

I hang up and toss my phone on the passenger seat then park by the gate. I hope I got to the right address. I remove the ignition key from the ignition hole and look myself in the rear view mirror fixing my Peruvian hair then step out of the car.

I make my way in after locking my car heading straight to the closed grey wooden door. When you get closer you can see that's it's color used to be black but now it's fading. It's has cracks that you can see the other side of the door if you can peek.

I knock for several times that my knuckles hurt and just as I'm about to give up a tiny little voice in the inside asks me who am I and I respond. The door opens slowly and a beautiful little girl with a chestnut complexion appears and looks at me as if she's scrutinizing me.

"Hello" I say with a wild smile.

"Hi"

"Can I come in"

"My brother says I shouldn't open for strangers"

"Zwelakhe is your brother?"

"Yes"

"Like I said I'm his class teacher. I just want to see him"

"He's not here"

"Where is?"

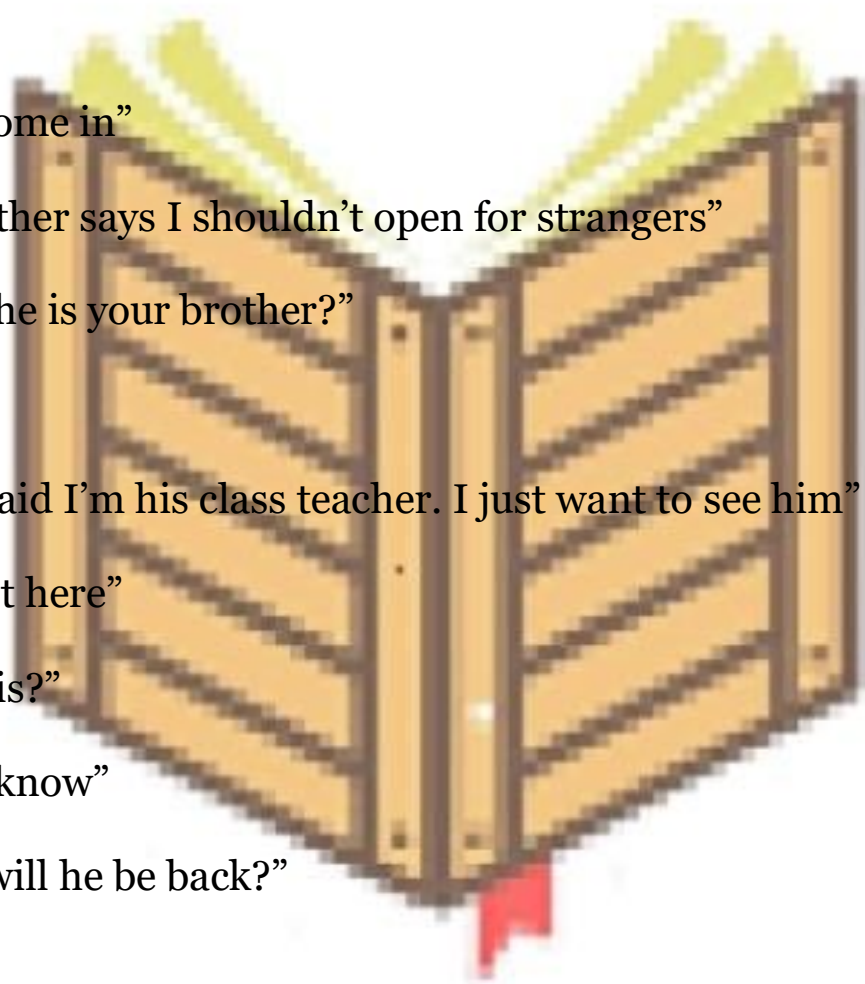
"I don't know"

"When will he be back?"

"Late"

"Is there any elder I can talk to?"

"Gogo can't talk and she's about to take a nap now"



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Oh so there's a grandmother why she doesn't encourage her grandson to come to school. The boy is brilliant no man the word brilliant doesn't begin to describe that boy's intelligence.

"Can I come in please I just want to talk to her"

"She can't talk"

"Okay I will do the talking and she will listen"

She stares at me for a good minute as I observe her, she's scrawny and wearing a big faded pink dress with rats bite holes on the stomach and her big toe is peeking out into the front hole of her black tommy sneakers, in our days we used to call them ogogo ngiholile.

She opens the door wide for me to get in and my eyes involuntarily looks around. It's stuffy in here and the old big cupboard with broken doors is making the kitchen to look smaller. There walls have cracks that are wide enough to see outside and the concrete floor has potholes. I can imagine how cold the house gets especially in winter when the cold breeze penetrate through these cracks. I don't want to mention the catastrophe a storm can cause to this house in summer.

"Gogo is in the bedroom come"

I follow her to this other room and realize that it's just a two room house. The wrinkled granny is lying on the double bed supported by four blocks on each corner to make it high a bit.

"Gogo" The little girls says shaking the sleepy granny.

"I have just given her medication. It's makes her to sleep"

“What’s wrong with her?”

“She had stroke but she’s getting better now the thing is she seems like she lost her voice because she never said anything since then even when she’s hungry or want to go to toilet.”

Shuu this is deeper then I thought moss.

“Who’s looking after her?”

“Me”

“And what about school?”

“Before I go to school I wake up early to bath her and cook soft porridge for her. When buti Zwe wakes up he feeds her and gives her medication then go hustle for us.”

“So basically she stays alone the whole day until you come back to school?”

“Yes I don’t want to leave her alone but buti Zwe doesn’t want me to stop going to school. He says education is the key to success. I’m the one who’s going to take us out of this poverty”

Aww at least he encourages his sister to go to school that’s good and gives me hope that he will listen to me as well because he knows the importance of school.

“How old are you?”

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“12 years old”

I tilt my head upward trying block the tears that are forming in my eyes. This is not how a life of a 12 year old should be. The

burden is too much she should be out there playing with other kids her age and enjoying a carefree life.

I always question God when it's comes to situations like this I'm not saying adult should suffer but why allow little innocent souls to go through extreme devastating situations. Who did they do dirty or wrong to suffer at such a tender age? Is this also his way of testing his faith? Ebantwaneni pho? Innocent vulnerable little human beings?

These precious little things deserve nothing but love and care. I believe childhood is the most important part of life a person should enjoy because growing up comes with a lot of responsibility that you can't run away from whether you like it or not and besides a good childhood is a foundation for a healthy adult life and society.

"Gogo wake up we have a visitor"

"You know what leave her it's okay. I will come some other time to talk to your brother"

"Okay"

"What's your name."

"Zobuhle"

"Beautiful name. You are truly a lady of beauty"

She smiles widely. **NOVELSGURU.COM**

"Thank you so much"

"Please walk me out"

She leads the way outside and screams when she sees my X6 BMW. You have to reward yourself at times for your hard work and achievements.

“You have a beautiful car when I grow up I will buy the same car!”

“Thank you baby girl. Get in let’s hit a ride”

“Really?” She beams

“Yes I will bring you back since granny sleeping now”

”Okay!”

I unlock the car and open the door for her then she gets in. I close the door and go to my side.

“Wow I have never touched an iPhone before I swear I will never wash my hand again!”

I giggle and take my phone as she hands it to me then bring the life to engine. I make a u-turn and drive off.

“Where are your parents?”

“My mom passed away when I was four years old. I have never met my father”

“Im sorry to hear that sweetheart”

“Its okay”

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I turn on the music and she starts singing along into ingawe. I want to ask her more about her brother but I decide to rather to wait till I talk to him. We arrive at Theku Plaza.

“Come Zobuhle” She looks at me disapprovingly

“What’s wrong”

“Go I will wait for you here”

“But I want to go with you”

“You should have told me that we are coming here I would have wear my beautiful dress buti Zwe bought for me and sandals not this ugly big dress” I can’t miss the sadness in her voice and it’s breaks my heart.

“Okay what if we start at Mr Price to buy you another beautiful dress and sandals”

“You can do that for me?” She grins

“Yes come”

I watch as her smile dissolving.

“Buti Zwe says I must not accept things from strangers please take me home.”

“Buti is right my love but I want to be your friend so that I won’t be a stranger”

“I don’t have friends”

“Well you have one now come to me please”

She nods and gets out of the car. I hold her hand as we make our way to Mr Price. A floral summer dress catches my eye as we walk into the store.

“How about this dress I think it will look good on you”

She nods excitedly and chooses her size. I’m glad that she knows what size she wears. I tell her to choose anything she wants oh boy she goes into frenzy and chooses the whole store not that I’m complaining. I’m just happy to see her jumping around happily and choosing for anything she likes.

Once she’s done fitting her clothes I go to the till and pay then goes to the fitting room to wear the dress I chose for her and sandals. She comes back strutting her way towards me.

“You are so beautiful nana!”

“Thank you miss...?” She giggles trying to remember my surname.

“Just call me sis Cebisile”

“Thank you so much sis Cebi for the clothes you bought for me”

“You are welcome”

We go to Shoprite to buy groceries and her toiletries.

“You are buying all these groceries for us?”

“Yes nana”

“You have a good heart thank you so much”

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I smile as I take out my gold cheque card and give it to the cashier. She inserts it on the speedpoint allows me to enter my pin. Once the purchase is approved I start packing my groceries into plastics because it's seems like there's no packer in this till. Zobuhle helps me pack the plastic bags into the trolley.

“What do you want to eat?” I ask as we make our way to my car pushing the big trolley.

“KFC no Porto! No no Pizza yess I want Pizza!”

“Okay help me load these things in this boot then we will go to Debonairs.”

She does as I say after that we go to Debonairs. I buy her a Krusher at KFC after receiving our order from Debonairs then we drive back to her home.

“I enjoyed myself today sis Cebisile will I ever see you again?”

“Of course baby girl we are friends now you can take my number and call me”

“I don't have a phone but I will use buti Zwe's phone to call you”

I take a pen from the glove box and a piece of paper then call out my number for her to write them down.

Zwelakhe looks at us as we step out of the car and runs to his sister squeezing her in his arms.

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“Where the fuck have you been do you know how worried I was when I was told you left with some car!”

His voice is shaking and I can see panic in his eyes. Shame I'm sure she thought some dodgy man took his sister to sell her off after having his way with her.

"I'm sorry buti Zwe sis..." I cut Zobuhle

"It's my fault I'm sorry Zwelakhe"

"Ma'am Mbhele what are you doing here?" He asks letting go of her sister.

"Sis Cebisile bought food that will last us for the whole month! She bought me clothes as well look at me"

She twirls around shaking her little ass ngathi isijunjana sensangu ka R2.

"Go inside the house Zo"

"But buti we have to offload the boot and...."

"I said go inside Zobuhle!!!"

Zobuhle's sadly looks at me and runs inside the house.

"Did you have to shout at her? The poor girl is just happy bathong"

"Poor girl huh? We are not a charity case Ma'am Mbhele leave us alone!"

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"I know I just wanted to help..." He rudely interrupts me.

"We don't want your help we are fine leave now!"

“Look I’m sorry but I have nothing malicious nor an agenda for doing what I just did. I came here to ask you why are you not coming to school.”

“It’s none of your business!”

“Zwelakhe I’m still your elder okay you better stop talking to me like I’m your friend!”

“You are the one who came here and took my sister without my permission.”

“You were not here and I said I’m sorry okay”

“Kuqala ngami yini ukulova? Go to other students home and leave me alone!” (Am I the first to not come to school?...)

“Your absenteeism got me worried hence I thought I should come and find out what’s going on. I care about my students Zwelakhe and you are one of my Grade 12 top students”

“Well I dropped out. I don’t want to go to school anymore”

“Why you are in grade 12 you can’t give up now”

“Hey mfazi ndin awuphume kimi maan!” (Hey woman leave me alone maan!)

I bite my lip hard trying to contain my anger hebana this boy who is he calling mfazi ndini?

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“Leave with your food and clothes we don’t need it”

“You are the one who don’t need it but Zobuhle and your granny does”

I offload my boot and put everything on the green grass.

“Think about what I said”

I get in my car and drive to Newcastle. I feel bad honestly about how things turned out. That boy has a bright future if only he can come back to school. I start at Huttenpark Primary School to collect my daughter. She smiles when she sees me standing outside my car and runs to me. I gather all of my strength and when she lurches herself to me I pick her up and shower her with kisses.

She giggles none stop wiggling in my arms if only she knew how heavy she is Jehova! My baby is big and I worry about her weight at such a tender age. I suggested banting but her father refused. “Uma ufuna ukuslima kulungile Cebisile kodwa uze ungalinge ufake umtanami kuleyonto.” (If you want to slim it’s okay Cebisile buti don’t you dare involve my baby) Those were his words.

I tried to reason with him but he said I must let his child be. Sigh. I need to talk to Aphiwe maybe she can hear him after all she’s the only woman he listens to. Eyes roll.

“I thought daddy is going to pick me up since it’s Fladay” (Friday)

The co-parenting routine is still the same but now since she’s schooling her grandma fetches her from school everyday and I fetch her when I knock off at mama’s house.

“Well daddy is going to Cita tonight so he will fetch you tomorrow”

I put her inside the car and throw her backpack on the back seat then buckle her up.

“Why is he leaving me behind mommy”

“I don’t know baby”

I close the door and get to my side.

“I need to call him where’s your phone?” She says as I get inside the car and buckle up.

I take my phone and give her then drive to Newcastle Corners. I can hear the phone ringing, she has put him on loudspeaker. Don’t be surprised remember this girl played with a phone when she was such a baby. There’s nothing she doesn’t know about a phone. She’s too smart for her age.

“Mamakhe”

Urg after so many years his voice still makes my tummy flutters

“It’s me Babazi”

“Hey baby girl”

“Why are you not leaving with me babazi?”

“Because I won’t be staying baby we are coming back tomorrow”

“I will also come back with you guys nzeee”

“Babazi will leave late sweetheart”

“Oh you don’t love me anymore babazi?”

The emotional blackmail in this child is on another level I tell you.

“I do love you baby girl more than anything in this world”

“Then why don't you want to leave with me? Since when now you don't leave me when you are going to Cita? Ohhh usunezitayela babazi” (...you are acting now)

I can't help but burst into laughter and I can hear Nkosinathi laughing on the other side of the line as well.

“Isiah! Okay I will go with you Ndiwe.”

“Yaaay!” She screams with excitement.

The way she enjoys road trips with her father, for a five year old it's a quite a mystery to be honest. Oh and of course she's fond of Cita and loves playing big sister to her brother.

“Give your mama the phone”

She hands me the phone

“Babakhe”

“Please prepare her for me”

“What time will you be leaving because right now I'm in town. I have run out of groceries and other things”

“You know what it's fine she will go in her uniform when you are done with your shopping call me I will fetch her”

“There's no way I'm leaving in my school uniform Babazi.”

“What's wrong with your uniform sthandwa sababazi”

“I was wearing it the whole day and sweating. I want to freshen up”

“Yhoo haike mamakhe make a plan”

He doesn't wait for me to say anything but hangs up. Great! Just great! Uthandiwe uyasebenzisana yoooh! I drive straight to the Ndlovu household since it's also in Huttenpark. We find mama alone and cooking.

“Hello gogo” Ndiwe says and kisses her grandma's cheek

“Hey Paci wa gogo. How are you”

“Well I'm okay but your son unezitayela yaz can you believe that he wanted to leave me behind when he goes to Cita” (...your son is acting...)

Mama and I laugh

“Unezitayela ngempela yaz” (He's really acting)

“Hi mama”

“Hi baby”

We share a hug.

“Well miss princess here doesn't want to leave with her father wearing school uniform so I'm here to freshen her up”

Mama giggles and I just roll my eyes.

“Okay sis”

I take Ndiwe and go upstairs to prepare her for the way. Once I'm done we go back to downstairs and mama has poured juice for us.

“You don't look okay what's wrong”

I take a sip of my juice and sigh

“You remember the boy I told you about”

“The one that is always absent”

“Yes” I go on and tell her about the situation I found there. It touched me deeply.

“Give him time baby it's not easy to just trust someone you really don't know that much and people are cruel out there. They might act as if they are helping you only to find out they want to use you”

“Yeah you are right I just feel more sorry for the little girl. Is it so bad that I want them to be my responsibility?”

She smiles and brushes my arm.

“No sweetheart and that's so sweet of you. Give the boy some time”

Once we are done drinking our juice we leave. I meet Nkosinathi at Newcastle Corners. Ndiwe runs to her father who picks her up and kisses her then strides towards me. He looks like a snack in a black jeans, white sneakers and red simple t-shirt. I have noticed that bright colors accentuate his dark complexion.

“Mamakhe”

He pulls me to his other arm and embraces both of us.

“Hey”

He breaks the hug and looks at me from the toes up to my head. Yesss phela manje I dress to kill like someone who has Honours Degree yabo.

“You look beautiful as always”

Gosh why am I blushing! I’m in a black high waisted pants with a black Gucci belt, white long sleeve bottom up shirt and black lace up heels. I complete the look with gold accessories.

“Thank you Babakhe”

“Thank you for preparing me this one”

“It’s no biggie”

“How about we go grab something at Nandos”

“Angilambanga but thank you for the gesture” (I’m not hungry...)

“Oh okay” He tries to mask his disappointment but it’s in vain.

“Let’s me get going drive safely”

“Thank you”

“Babazi why don’t you kiss mommy like you kiss Cita”

Trust this child to ask that! Nkosinathi looks at me and I shrug my shoulders

“I do kiss her baby see”

He kisses my cheek.

“No daddy you don’t kiss Cita like that you kiss her like this”

She pouts her tiny lips and places them on her palm making kissing sounds while turning her head side to side. Gosh I was never read for this!

* * *

I can’t help the gasp that rolls out of my mouth as I look at myself in my full-length mirror. The red seshweshwe mermaid skirt fits me perfectly like a glove. I love the way my booty pops and how wide my hips look in it. The black deep v-neck sleeveless top with African beads embellishments shows my cleavage nicely. I turn to the side and that side admiring the reflection of myself before me. Dzaang I look like a beautiful African Queen.

“Wow Jay!” It’s comes out as a whisper

“I know you look breathtakingly gorgeous! I swear when mudrayiseni sees you he will go down on his knees and ask you to marry him”

Oh how I wish! I chuckle as I face him.

“Thank you so much Jay you are amazing”

“I know nana”

I hate it when he calls me nana. The guy is one day older than me but he's acting like he's way older and I'm just a little baby. I really appreciate the big bro role he's playing in my life but he can be extra at times. He twitches his wrist and looks at his watch wrist.

"I have to go nana. So when am I getting my money?"

"Hawu Jay I thought you are not going to make me pay" I joke.

I can never take advantage of our friendship and expect him to design clothes for me for free even though the bitch nigga is filthy rich! Jason is a fashion designer and a makeup artist. I met him when I was doing a photo shoot for a drum magazine and we started getting close from then.

"Haibo dali ngithi ngikwenzalani lokho?" (Haibo darling why would I do that?) He asks flapping his artificial eyelashes dramatically.

"I'm your baby sis nje" I purse my lips

"Yeheni webantu Aphiwe you think I bought the materials with pubic hair? This shit is very expensive not to mention my time spent on designing it."

I laugh Jay though.

"You and money! I will do the transfer now"

"Who said I want money I want four taxis"

"Uyanya!"

He laughs out loudly and spans my shoulder as his laugh ceases.

“Just kidding my friend.”

“How much?”

“6k”

“For each?”

“No for four of them”

I take my phone on my bed and make the transfer then show it to him.

“Done”

“Thank you nana.”

He kisses my cheek then I walk him out. He hops into his blue Ford Mustang Convertible and hoots once as he drives off. I get inside the house and go to my bedroom to change before KJ comes in and makes me dirty.

“Wow!”

I twirl for her giggling

“You look stunning sis!”

“Thank you so much baby. You still don’t want to come with us?”

“No thank you I know that Stacey would be there as well and I don’t want to ruin your friend’s umembeso ceremony”

Thula and Stacey doesn’t get along. Thula says Stacey is a spoilt rude brat that knows nothing about life struggles and she’s so

judgmental. Well back then I used be like Stacey then I met Inathi and learned that my behavior was totally wrong. Stacey irks the hell out me as well but I forgave her for the sake of Zonke.

“These are for your man and kids” She says looking at the traditional outfits on my bed.

“Yes”

“You guys will steal the spotlight from Zonke and her man ay ngeke”

We share a giggle as I take off my outfit and hang it neatly in my closet together with my man’s and kids’ outfits. I slip on my black leggings and a vest then join Thula on top my bed. Tomorrow it’s Zonke’s Umembeso ceremony so early in the morning tomorrow I will be on my way to KZN. I was supposed to leave today but I was working today and I’m working tonight again. Im juggling between a series and a movie it’s quite demanding a lot of my time. I haven’t seen my man for a month now and I haven’t been to KZN for a while.

Usually he comes this side to see us every weekend but it’s been a month now without seeing him and I’m suffering from withdrawals symptoms from not seeing him. I remember how intense they were when I moved this side 2 years ago and left him in KZN. I couldn’t function without him and that’s when I realized my addiction to him. I’d drive straight to KZN after work but I hate driving a long distance at night with Kj because he’s easily irritated and frustrated.

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We hear a knock Thula shouts come in then Lerato walks in carrying my boy who looks clean and fresh. She’s Kj’s stay in nanny. Inathi rents a 3 bedroom house for me in Fourways of which I share with the nanny and Thula. It’s a beautiful duplex

with an open plan dining and lounge area with doors opening onto covered patio, landscaped garden and pool. The kitchen is separate as well as the home theater.

The 2 bedrooms, one of them has a door that leads to the garden and full bathroom downstairs. The main bedroom is huge with a slider to private deck, en suite bathroom and a huge pajama lounge with doors also to viewing deck. There's also a double garage which occupy my car as well as Thula's. This is her third year, she's doing BA Digital Art (Game Design). Yes she finally found something she's interested in and that's designing games. Well after the rape incident we have grown so close and it's been amazing watching her grow and healing. I have to admit that the strength she possess is remarkable.

“I'm done bathing him I'm leaving now sis Aphiwe”

“Thank you. I wish your mom a speed recovery”

“Thank you”

She hands me KJ who immediately pushes my vest up and cups my boob in his tiny hand as he suckles on my nipple like the world is ending.

“Bye”

“Bye” Thula and I say in unison then Lerato walks out.

“Hayi sis when will KJ stop feeding?”

“Come on you were there when I tried to stop him from breastfeeding and we didn't sleep”

“But he’s 4 years old now and next year he supposed to start school I think this is a reason he hasn’t started talking or behaving like a normal kid”

I look at her what is this girl saying to me?

“Are you saying my child is not normal Thula?”

“No what I’m trying to say is that he is not behaving like other 4 year olds. Ndiwe started talking when she was 1 year and few months old already.”

“Kids are not the same Thula and their developments varies that’s what his pediatrician said.”

“I don’t know sis but doctors make mistakes too.”

Kj’s pediatrician the one in KZN recommended me to her friend this side and when I told her about Kj’s behavior she assured me that I have nothing to worry about kids are different and their social development varies. She also said breastfeeding a baby beyond babyhood is normal however she advised me to keep trying to wean him off from feeding. I tried but I never tried harder because Kj rarely shows any emotions and uses body gestures or body language except when he wants to feeds so I didn’t want to take away that’s one thing he enjoys.

“So when am I meeting him”

Yes I’m changing the topic

“I see what you are doing...as for your question what are you talking about?”

“Oh come on I heard you talking to him and he will be spending the night here tomorrow”

She tries to say something but words are not coming out.

“I got you bitch!”

I laugh and she joins me.

“Eavesdropping is so rude sis”

“I didn’t eavesdrop I just heard so who’s he”

“Eish”

She bites her bottom lip nervously

“If he’s going to spend a night here in my personal place I deserve to know about him and since when now are you scared to talk to me”

“It’s way complicated then you think sis”

Now she’s worrying me.

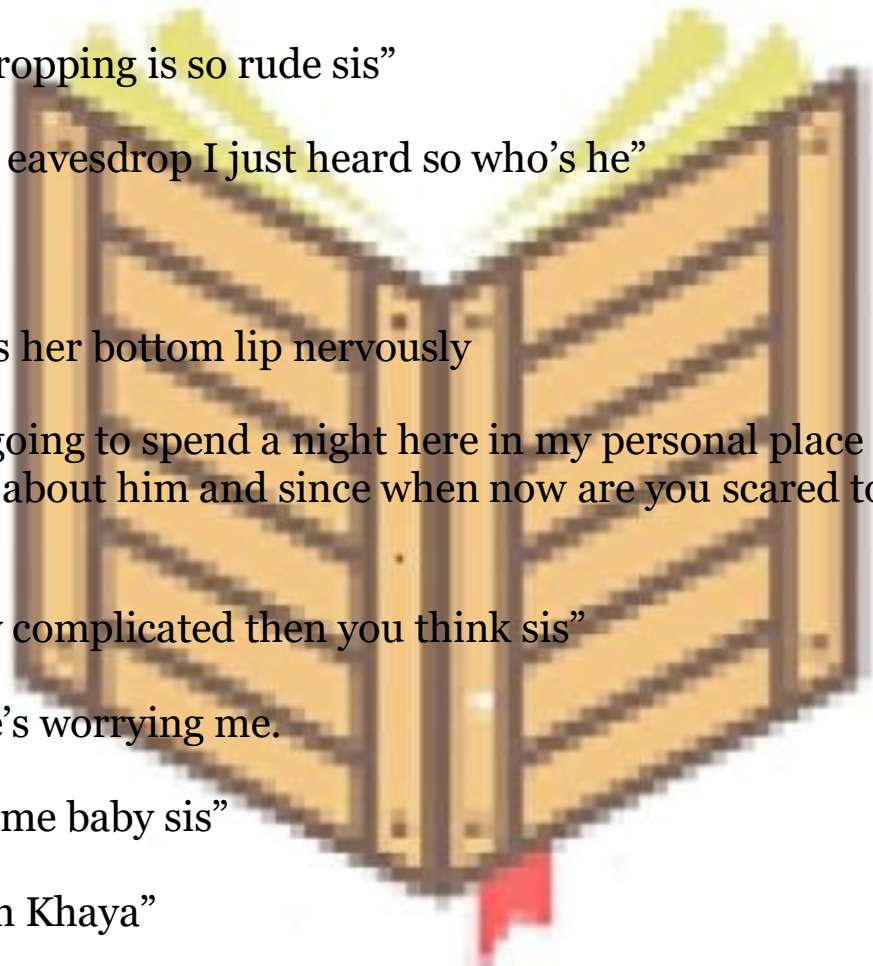
“Talk to me baby sis”

“It’s uhm Khaya”

“Okay where does he live? What does he do? Is he sexy? How big is he?”

She giggles nervously and twiddles her fingers.

“Khayaletu Ngubane”



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Huh?

“You mean Inathi’s friend?”

She nods her head as she looks down. Oh my goodness! To say I’m shocked I will be putting it lightly

“Thula nooo!”

“I’m sorry” She whispers

“Do you know that these two were fighting after Khaya helped you they decided to bury the hatchet. Now this Inathi is going to flip!”

“I know sis but please don’t tell him I beg you”

“Yhooo Thula you are asking me to lie to my man?”

“Not lie but keep this to yourself”

“We don’t keep secrets from each other Thula. He will feel betrayed when he found out I knew and I didn’t tell him.”

“He doesn’t need to know that you knew please”

She reaches for my hand and squeezes it.

“Please”

She looks at me with pleading eyes. I groan as I momentarily close my eyes. Gosh this is too much!

“Okay but you have to tell him Thula”

“Thank you so much. I wish it’s that easy I don’t want to come between friends”

“You should have thought about that the day you decided to date him. Khayaletu out of all the guys in this world? I think it’s better you end this relationship”

“I didn’t choose to fall in love with him okay it’s just happened. We got close after the incident and before I know it we were in love with each other”

“I don’t understand how did he move from being uncle Khaya to be your boyfriend kanti didn’t you see an uncle in him?”

“As I said we got close after the incident sis. He was always there for me in way that made me see more then just an uncle in him”

“Jesus Christ he is so damn old for you!”

“Oh and buti is your age right”

“Don’t you dare compare 10 years and 15 years difference”

“Why not? It’s the same thing why is it wrong when it’s me who’s dating an older guy but it’s right for you?”

“Because it’s Khayaletu dammit! Why do you always fall for the wrong guys Thula huh? First it was Kwanele’s boyfriend now it’s Khayaletu? Who’s next? Can’t you get your own boyfriend that won’t cause any drama?”

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“Wow that’s was just a low blow!”

She furiously rolls out of the bed and storms off banging my door hard. Sigh! Nkosinathi was angry just because Lindani was

Kwanele's boyfriend. I remember after he saw a video of them having sex in Kwanele's phone he was fuming and he wanted to shoot him. I don't want to imagine how he will feel when he finds out his friend is fucking his sister. It's going to be war world 3 I'm telling you.

I look at my son who has fallen asleep in my arms with his mouth tugging tightly on my nipple. "Doctors makes mistakes too" Thula's voice echoes in my ears. Could it be possible that KJ's pediatrician is making a mistake there's something wrong with him? He's not Ndiwe and usually girls develop faster than boys stop stressing yourself Aphiwe. I reassure myself and put my boy down on my bed then sleep next to him.

I feel someone shaking me and when I wake up my eyes meet Thula's. The light is on and KJ is not next to me. What time is it? I rub my eyes and sit on my butt.

"Wake up you are going to be late for work"

"What time is it now?"

"Seven o'clock"

"Shit!"

I jump down from the bed and run to my en-suite bathroom where I take a quick shower. When I finish everything I grab my car keys and phone and make my way to Thula's bedroom but she's not there. I walk downstairs and find her cooking while KJ is on floor lining up his cars.

"Thula"

She turns around from the stove and faces me.

“Thank you for waking me up”

“It’s cool”

She swivel around giving him her back. Okay she’s still mad I will apologize when I come back. I bend to kiss my son’s cheek and walk out. I hop into my car and drive off swiftly. I have to be at Randburg by 7:30pm. I try my level best but the traffic is a nightmare and it’s doesn’t help that it’s Friday. I arrive 5 minutes later and thank God they haven’t started.

We get prepared over a conversation and laughter as always. We are such a happy family and I’m so honored to work closely with the Bomb Production crew and a few winning awards actresses and actors. Once we are done we drive to the set area specifically for the scene where by I will try to escape from my psycho boyfriend but he catches up with me and shoot me.

“Aphiwe you can do better then this and you know it. Do you want us to take five”

“No sir I’m fine”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes sir”

I’m a tad distracted I don’t know why.

“Let’s do it again”

I try to give it my all but I can feel that it’s not enough it’s like there’s something that is restricting me. I run but it feels like I’m not fast enough and before I even comprehend what’s going on I

collapse on the road my whole body facing down but the head on the other side. I hear his voice screaming for my name in anguish and I thought it's just my ears playing tricks with me until his scent fills my nostrils as cradles me in his arms.

“Baby no no no noooo! Please wake up don't leave me!”

I open my eyes and look at a frantic Inathi. Gosh it's really him.

“Papito what's are you doing here?”

“I will take you to the hospital you are going to be okay”

He's speaking so fast and his voice is trembling. Just as he's about to get up with me I stop him.

“Hey I'm okay it's just an act for the movie. Look around you”

He scrutinizes our surroundings and sees the cameras, the crew and everything. Relief flashes across his eyes. I get up from the floor and stretch my hand for him, he takes it and gets up. He apologizes to everyone for what just happened and they laugh at him.

They know him well he once showed up this other time when I was in the middle of my acting and my psycho boyfriend was about to kiss me “Ungalinge nje ucabuze indlovukazi yami ngaloyomlonyana wakho onepete” Gosh I was so embarrassed but the laughter that erupted in the room mollified my mortification. Since then we agreed that no more kissing or sexual acts.

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I give it one more try and having my man watching me doing my thing for the first time it's all I needed to nail this shit into a phenomenal emotional scene.

“Wow that’s was amazing!” He says with a wild smile on his face while clapping his hands as I approach him.

“You are amazing I wouldn’t have done it if you didn’t arrive thank you so much!”

“No baby that was you. I’m so proud of you”

He doesn’t understand that he’s my source of inspiration, my emotional courage and my emotional strength. I walk to his wild open arms and sink in his soothing embrace. Four years later he’s still the man my heart beats for.



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Chapter Forty

I'm driving behind him which is the first because he never lets me drive behind him. He says when I'm in front he can protect me because usually when people attack you they come from the back. I have never asked him what if they come from the front?

"Mamacita"

"Where are we going Papito"

"Just follow me my love"

"Okay"

I hang up and wonder where we are going until we park at the Lanseria Airport. He comes towards my car and opens the door for me. I step out and give him my car keys to lock my car.

"Shall we?"

"Why are we here? Are you expecting someone maybe"

"Come you will see"

He takes my hand into his then we make our way to the jet that's seems like it waiting for us. We get inside and I gasp at the sight of rose petals on the floor and dinner set before me. The table is decorated with rose petals and a crystal bowl half filled with water in which beautiful floating candles are lighted. Wow this is beyond beautiful and there's absolutely no one who has ever prepared a candlelight dinner for me in a fucking jet charter. Do you have an idea how much it's cost to hire this shit?

“Nkosinathi this is exquisite!”

I cover my mouth with my hand as tears run down my face. He holds my waist and gazes into my eyes

“Not as exquisite as you sthandwa sami”

He wipes my tears with his thumbs and claims my lips. I moan in his mouth enjoying his soft lips against mine. His hands find their way down to my booty and squeezes it firmly causing me gasp into his open mouth as his tongue begins to tease mine. The feel of his bulge against my tummy creates a warm slickness between my thighs. Would it be wrong to just skip dinner and go straight to desert? When we pull apart we are both breathing heavily and hungry for each other. Damn it’s been long!

“Can we skip to desert” He says in a gruff whisper.

“Tempting but I have never had dinner in the air I want to enjoy every single minute of this. I have to admit that you never cease to amaze me, with you I just never know what to expect”

Inathi always exceed my expectations when it’s comes to romance. The man just blows my mind always. I can’t keep up with his romance yeses! Next month it’s his birthday and I have no idea what I will do for him.

“I know”

I punch his chest and he laughs

“Konje awunconywa!” (One can never compliment you!)

“Kodwa vele baby ngiyinkunzi ye romance” (But baby I’m a king of romance)

I roll my eyes.

“Ngizokushaya!” (I will spank you!)

Jesus kwavukuza ubhontshisi! (Jesus my bean throbs!)

“I’m sorry daddy”

“Come”

“You should have told me though I would have prepared myself. I feel undressed for this beautiful dinner”

“You are perfect baby”

I’m wearing a rainbow striped pockets ruffle off shoulder short jumpsuit and Air Jordan kicks. He helps me sit down and sits before me. My stomach grumbles at the familiar mouthwatering smell. Did he? No ways it’s impossible. I know my man loves simple food so I didn’t bother introducing him to Mexican dishes.

“Baby who prepared this food?”

“I placed an order from your favorite restaurant sassa what what”

“Salsa Mexican Grill baby. So you noticed wow you are too good for me!”

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He blushes oh man I love it when he’s blushing because he always claims that he’s a man and he doesn’t blush. I’m worried though if he’s going to be able to eat Mexican food.

“Why you didn’t tell me you are coming baby”

“I missed you”

He pours wine for me and beer for himself. For starters we have calamari poppers. I watch him as he chews and nods his head lightly.

“But I told you tomorrow I’m coming”

“Tomorrow seemed so far I couldn’t spend another night without you.”

“I missed you too baby I can’t believe that we didn’t see each other for the whole month.”

“It’s been a busy couple of weeks. I came with Ndiwe but I was planing to leave her because tomorrow we are driving back to KZN you won’t believe what she said”

My smart mouth. I missed her as well.

“What did she say”

“She said since when now do I leave her when I’m coming to you senginezitayela”

I can’t help the laugh that burst out of me.

“Wow Ndiwe is something else!”

“Tell me about it. She also asked me why I don’t kiss her mom like I kiss you. When I asked her how she showed me like this”

I watch as him as he imitates Ndiwe and burst into laughter.

“Phiwe don’t laugh that child traumatized me”

Shame my poor man and it’s funny that Ndiwe is going traumatize him more with her loud smart mouth.

“What did you say then?”

“You know I always have answers for her but today I was tongue tied. Her friend from school appeared with her mom and rescued us”

“You know she’s still going to ask that question right?”

She never leaves a question without getting an answer. I know that she’s still going to ask him.

“I know baby what am I going to say”

Now we are on the main dish beef burrito that is. My favorite! It’s a combination of beef strips, coriander and lime rice, fajita vegetables, black beans, pico de gallo, guacamole and chopped butter lettuce. Served with grated white cheddar and wrapped in a tortilla.

“I think it’s better to tell her the truth baby sometimes lying to these kids doesn’t help. They know more then we think they know”

I’m glad to see that he’s enjoying the food wonders shall never end yaz!

“The food is nice neh”

“I hate to admit it but yes” He confesses and I giggle.

“So tell me what I should I say to a five year old in a way that she would understand?”

“You will figure it out as you always do daddy”

He groans loudly making me to giggle. I know he will find a way to respond to her, he always does.

“My boy never gives me stress like his sister. Ndiwe is such a challenging child yoooh”

I wouldn't trade this moment for anything in this world and the view of the city is so perfect in the air.

“Tell me about it but you got this baby”

“Do you think there's something wrong with Kj?”

“What do you mean?”

He wipes his mouth with a napkin and looks at me

“He hasn't started talking baby”

“I have heard that some kids start talking late. Maybe if you can stop breastfeeding him he can start talking”

“Not you too”

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“No serious baby when will I stop sharing my boobs with Kj”

I giggle

“But you love it when I’m breastfeeding him your favorite pic is the one where I’m breastfeeding him”

“Yes when he was baby it was so cute but not anymore he’s old now. It’s about time I have my boobs to myself”

I can’t miss the annoyance in his voice and he looks so cute right now. I don’t understand the obsession he has for my boobs and booty. It’s has gotten worse over the passed years. He would die if I’d cut them.

“I will try to wean him off”

He keeps quite and sulks. I get up and go sit on his lap wrapping my arm around his shoulders.

“Big baby is sulking for mommy’s tits huh”

He sips on his beer and says nothing like I’m not talking to him

“You don’t want to share mommy’s tits”

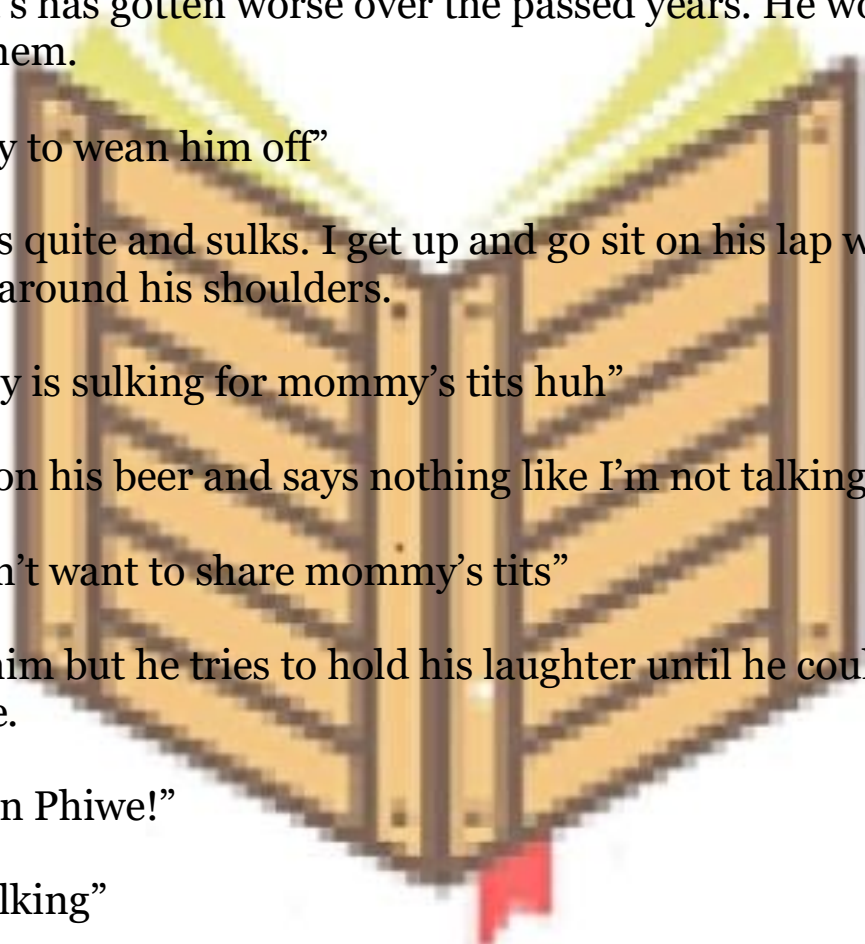
I tickle him but he tries to hold his laughter until he couldn’t anymore.

“Ay maan Phiwe!”

“Stop sulking”

“I’m not sulking just leave me alone”

“Awww my baby these are yours okay they’re yours only you don’t have to be jealous”



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I take his hand and squeeze it over my breast. He lets out a growl his intense gaze thrilling to my core as if he's reading the depth of my desire for him. He slides down the sleeves of my jumpsuit and the smile on his face at the sight of my boobs tucked in a red strapless bra is priceless. He buries his face on them grunting and my body breaks into goosebumps. When he pulls up his head his eyelids are heavy with lust. His one hand reaches for my back unclasping my bra and takes it off. Gently he squeezes and caresses my boobs in his palms. I feel a gush of arousal oozing down my thighs as he takes my boob in his mouth curling his tongue around my nipple and suck it hard.

“Fuck I missed your tits!”

I pull up his chin and kiss him hungrily and deeply, my tongue seeking for his before traveling across his lips exploring each aspect of his delicious mouth. I reach for his blazer and take it off together with his tee. God I missed each and every inch of him! I dip my head on the crook of his neck and sniff, filling my nostrils with his sweet spicy scent before showering his muscled body with wet kisses. The reaction of his body under my touch and kisses sends a sweet twinge between my legs. I get up from his lap and pull him up from the seat then go down on my knees. I smile as I see his erection already tenting his jeans of which I unbuckle and jerk it down. His rod springs up freely as I release it from his Kurt Geiger undies.

He releases a wince of pleasure as I stroke his veiny meat in my palms smearing precum all over his head with my thumb. I swirl my tongue around the tip and lick up and down his shaft then take him completely in my mouth. He tightens his hold on my hair that it's hurt a tad but the inhuman sounds coming out of his mouth are driving me crazy. I cup his buttocks and sink my nails on his skin pulling him closer as I take his cock fully down to my throat.

“Oh shit baby!!! Yesss that’s it! Fuck!!!”

He’s close but I want him to fill my cunt with his thick cum. I get up and take off my jumpsuit and my panties and throw them on the seat.

“You are the sexiest woman in the whole world!”

He pulls me closer to his body and devours my lips as he scoops me up. I wrap my legs around his waist and my arms around his neck. Can he be inside of me already? I’m running out of patience and the feel of his dick brushing against my butt is not helping. As if he read my mind he impales himself deep into the hilt and a scream involuntarily slip out of my mouth.

“Shit I miss the feel of your warmth cunt wrapped around my dick!”

He begins to thrust in and out of me his hands are gripping hard on my hips. I squeeze my thighs around his waist and lean back slightly bucking my hips to match him motion for motion. The sound of our flesh hitting against each other and our screams of pleasure echoes in the jet.

“Fuck! You are so fucking hot what did you put in there huh?”

“You like it?”

“Like? Hell no! I love it baby”

He puts me down and turns me around. I let out a whimper as he spanks my butt. He enters me from behind with one full hard thrust dragging out a scream from my throat. Jesus! He begins to pound me and the more the pleasure intensifies his thrusts gain momentum and depth. His one hand is on my neck and the other

is on my waist. Damn he's hitting all the right places. With each stroke he tightens his hand around my neck choking me and sends tendrils of pleasure through my whole body. I feel the knot of pleasure in my belly expanding until it explodes, bursting from my throat in a wail of release. He follows me after few hard and deep thrusts.

“Shit that was amazing!” He growls against my ear and I wince as he slips out of me. I feel so empty.

“Just so you know I haven't started ripping that pussy apart”

He awakens hot feelings through my body and boy I'm so ready! Once he's done fixing himself he helps me dress before going to the front to talk to the pilot.

When we arrive at my place I don't even get a chance to give my kids a goodnight kiss their father is all over me like a bad rush. I'm not complaining though I will see them in the morning now it's time for me and my man to reconnect after a whole month of not seeing each other. It is one of the best nights ever!

It's funny that I never get use to him watching me on my sleep yet I do it all the time when he's sleeping. I open my eyes and they meet his sexy pair. Our lips curves in sync.

“Morning Bhelesi”

“Morning Mamazimu how did you sleep”

“I can't remember when was the last I had a nice sleep like last night wena ulale kanjani baba wabantwa bami”

“Ngilale kahle Ndlovukazi yami.” (I slept well my Queen)

“What time is now?”

“6 o'clock”

“Yho we are supposed to be in KZN by 9 at least baby”

“Don't worry baby you know your man is schumacher”

“Come here my Schumacher”

I pull him closer and we share our morning kiss.

“I love you”

“I love you too”

He caresses my cheek looking deeply in my eyes.

“What?” I ask him

“I don't know what I would do if I were to lose you baby”

I know where does that come from. We might have laughed about it as it was funny but I know that it was just deeper then that to him.

“You know you can never lose me baby”

“Tomorrow is not promised baby.”

“I know my love but you and I will grow old together”

“When I got there I thought it's time to see my baby on action doing her thing but the moment I got out of my car I heard gun shots and saw you collapsing on the floor. That...”

He pauses for a moment and sighs heavily

“That moment everything around me was invisible and there was just you only you in the brink of leaving me just like my dad and Kwanza...”

He face the roof and closes his eyes. I snuggle close to him and run my artificial nails on his beard for some weird reason he finds that soothing.

“I thought you will die on me too baby” He lets out a pained chuckle

“I’m sorry that scene triggered the bad memories. You and I were paired by angels of God and we were destined to be together until we grow grey hair. We still have a long journey together so there’s no way I’m leaving you baby”

He blinks his eyes open and they’re bloodshot red.

“You really believe so?”

“Yes baby we still have to raise our children together, Ndiwe driving us crazy with her inquisition and fooling around with boys. KJ breaking girls’ hearts left right center and raising our thousands grandchildren KJ will be planting all over the world”

The look on his face is comical and almost has me laughing.

“Ehy ngizobulala ingane yomfazi there’s no boy that’s going to get near my daughter I will lock her up in the bedroom as for KJ I will cut off his manhood there’s no girl that will stick around for a dickless boy” (Ehy I will kill a woman’s child ...)

I burst into laughter

“You’d do that to my kids over my dead body”

“Then I will lock you up together with your daughter!”

I can’t stop laughing. I enjoy getting him worked up about the craziness our kids could put us through when they grow up but it’s seems like Mr here is not ready for that. Well not that I am ready I guess you can never be ready for such but it is what it is.

He rolls out of the bed and I watch him as he heads to the bathroom butt naked. There are scratches on his butt and back which is something I discovered over the years that he loves it when I sink and scratch my nails on his skin hence I have artificial nails done. These things restricts me from biting my nails though God the things we do to make our men happy!

I’m reminded of how that man ripped my pussy apart and bend me to position I never thought my body could do as I slide out of the bed. I make the bed first then go join my man in the shower. When we finish showering we wear our gowns and slippers then go downstairs where we find Thula and Ndiwe making breakfast.

“Cita!!!”

“Gummy Bear!”

She jumps down from the high chair and runs to me as I brace myself for her heavy weight and when she throws herself into my arms I pick her up and kiss her all over the face. Up to this date these kisses still makes her giggle none stop.

“Kj ain’t you happy to see daddy!” Thula says and we all look at Kj who’s on the floor playing with his cars.

“Of course he’s happy Thula” I say

“I mean like a normal child he should have ran to buti but it’s seems like he’s not even aware that he’s here”

“What’s new Thula you know that Kj is like this...”

“Exactly which means there’s something not normal with him...”

“Can you stop calling my son not normal!”

She’s getting on my nerve now.

“I was jus...”

“Live up to your name and shut the fuck up!”

She raises her hands in surrender. I put Ndiwe down and go set the table. We eat breakfast while listening to Ndiwe yapping about her school teacher and her classmates and her mom and her grandmother and...and...and. Damn the girl never runs out of my things to say. After breakfast Inathi and I bath the kids and dress them before preparing ourselves as well.

“Wow you are stunning my love!” He says gawking at me.

“Thank you sthandwa sami you are gorgeous”

Jay did them things with out outfits. My African King looks so gorgeous. I want to pounce on him in this instant.

“All thanks to you. Izinga zakho kulesishweshwe sakho baby yessess zigolomba ijaji uzogetshwa wena stru nasi” (Your butt in this seshweshwe is provoking the judge you will be punished)

“I like punishments”

I wrap my arms around neck and kiss him.

“I love you so much my Papito”

“I love you more my Mamacita”

I let him go and he takes our bag. I packed a few things that we will need because we have clothes in KZN as well. We make our way downstairs.

“Wow we wearing matching clothes!” Squeals Ndiwe

“Yes and we look beautiful” - Inathi

“Aunt Thula please take a picture of us”

“Okay sweetheart”

Thula takes her phone and we pose as she takes a picture of us.

“These deserves to be on instagram #familygoals” Thula says giving me her phone.

They’re so beautiful once I’m done sending them to my phone I post two of them on my Instagram without a caption. We say goodbye to Thula and make our way out. Inathi ensure that the kids are buckled up then off we go.

The long drives are one of our bonding moments and I wouldn’t trade them for anything in this world.

They make the distance feels less then it’s actually is. At 10am we arrive it’s so packed there’s not even a space for parking. We find

a little space outside the gate and squeeze our car in between then step out of the car. Inathi unbuckles our kids and helps them out before locking the car.

“Cita why are there so many people in Aunt Zonke’s place”

“It’s umembeso ceremony baby. Come”

I take her hand while Inathi holds KJ as we make our way inside the yard.

“What’s that Cita?”

Gosh Ndiwe with her unending questions.

“It’s a wedding”

“Who’s wedding?”

“Aunt Zonke’s”

“But she promised me that I’m going to be the flower girl on her wedding day” The sadness in her voice can’t be missed.

“You’re still her flower girl baby girl. There’s still going to be a big wedding this is just a small wedding”

“Really?” I see a smile on her face

“Yes”

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Eyes are all on eyes as we walk through the crowd that is watching the Khumalo’s receiving gifts from the Zulu’s. The women are ululating and the youth is singing. It’s such a beautiful sight. On

the far end of the yard there's a black and red stretch tend decorated in red and black.

“I will go check on Zonke baby”

“Okay sthandwa sami”

I leave him with the kids and go inside the house. The kitchen is full some are cooking and some preparing tea. My presence always attracts eyes on me I'm starting to get used to it now. I greet as Zonke's mom appears and smiles widely walking towards me.

“Hey baby”

“Hello mama”

We share a hug then she kisses my cheek.

“I'm glad you made it. Your friend is going crazy in her bedroom she thinks you are not coming”

“How would I miss this day mara”

“I told her that but you know your friend”

We share a chuckle

“You are so beautiful my child”

“Thank you mama”

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“Hey everyone I know that it's unbelievable that Aphiwe is here right before your eyes. You guys thought will see her on TV only I

understand the shock but let's continue with the our tasks at hand please!"

The room erupt with laughter

"Can't we take selfies Aunty" Says one of Zonke's cousins.

"Hayi you want to suffocate my baby with your curry smell!"

We laugh. This girl cooks the best curry ever! I will hire her for my umembeso ceremony and wedding well that's if Inathi will ever pop the question.

"Go baby she's in her bedroom"

I go upstairs and get inside without knocking. Stacey and Queen are comforting Zonke who's crying. They're not even aware of my presence.

"Greetings"

They all look at me Stacey screams and jumps up to me.

"I knew that you are coming!"

"Come on guys why would I miss this day"

"That what we have been telling your BFF here but she's adamant that you are not coming hence she's crying" - Queen

"Awww baby I'm sorry that I'm late don't cry I'm here now"

I sit next to her and envelope her in my arms. She let out a loud sob. Yhooo!

“Askies Zonke” (I’m sorry Zonke)

“You said you will come yesterday Wewe”

“I know and I’m sorry”

She pulls back and wipes her tears

“I’m mad at you”

“But I’m here njena”

I purse my lips as she looks at me trying to stop herself from smiling.

“Suka usho ngobuhle apha!”

We giggle

“You look beautiful baby!” - Zonke

“Thank you so much darling. When are you guys getting ready?” I ask because they’re all wearing robes

“Once my in laws are done giving the gifts to my family”

Queen excuses herself leaving me and my girls chatting loudly. She’s 3 years older than Zonke but you’d think they’re twins.

30 minutes later Zonke’s in law are done it’s time for Zonke to prepare herself with Queen’s help since she’s a makeup artist. When she’s done my friend looks stunning in a red mermaid beautiful seshweshwe dress mixed with black floral embellishments. I have never seen her with a head wrap and I

have to say that it's suit her perfectly. Her make up is minimum and she looks gorgeous.

“Wow friend you look stunningly breathtaking!” I say

“Thank you baby”

Stacey looks beautiful as well in her red Ankara mermaid dress. Zonke's mom walks in and gasp at her daughter.

“Oh my baby”

They share a hug. We give them a space to share their emotional moment. I know that Zonke's mom is proud of her children but I'm proud of her. This woman raised these girls alone when her husband passed away, Zonke was only 10 years old and Queen was 13 years old. It's has been 3 of them since then and she never remarried after that because she was scared that the new man might abuse her daughters.

The ululation erupt in the Khumalo yard as Zonke and her man parade around the yard with us following behind them and music playing loudly. Beautiful is such an understatement word. I wonder if I ever going to experience this moment.

Finally we make our way to the stretch tend and settle down. Zonke with her man are sitting on their red heart shaped couch and before them there's a table decorated nicely with black and red. On their left side it's me and my family and on their right hand side it's Stacey with her husband and others. You remember the man she broke her teeth for? Yes that one they made it till marriage isn't that beautiful!

I dish up for my man and kids and we all eat as the soft music plays. The day goes well and beautiful everyone now is scattered

around the yard and getting drunk. Inathi is with my friends' men and they're having their beers. Ndiwe is somewhere around the yard with her brother playing with other kids. I'm with my girls in the balcony drinking wine.

“Such a beautiful day it's has been I'm glad the rain respected you” I say

“I was praying so hard that it doesn't rain”

“So when is the big day?” - Stacey

“We haven't decided yet but I think December should be the month”

We are in the middle of September so that means we only have two months only to prepare for the wedding.

“Are you going to be able to prepare the wedding for two months only”

“I have been planning my wedding from the day Sthembiso proposed”

“Yaaass girl!” I squeal. I'm getting drunk now and I think I'm not the only one.

“Sthe bought me my favorite car girls I want to give him a mind blowing sex”

“Congratulations babes!” Stacey and I say at the same time.

“Thanks girls so any tips? Wewe you are the freakiest between the 3 of us”

I laugh

“Stick to the parts you know he loves the most”

“He loves oral more but I can’t keep up with his size”

“What size is he?”

“Probably around 8 inches I can’t deep throat him I have gag reflex”

“Papito is 9 if not 10 and I down throat him without any hassle”

“Shuuu you must have an enormous hole of a throat mos!” -
Stacey

We burst into laughter

“Of course not I learned how to deep throat using a deep throat spray so now deep throating is easy like a b c and Papito’s is the only big size I have ever had to deep throat compared to others”

“A deep throat spray?”

They both look at me surprised

“Yes it’s numb your throat you don’t feel anything and you don’t gag”

“Heee Wewe how do you know all of this who told you about this!”
- Zonke

“Does it matter all that matters is that it’s works trust me.”

“Where can I get it?”

“You can order it on online baby but so long you will be waiting for yours I will give you mine please bring it back it’s mint flavor and it’s very scarce”

“Hawu mos you said you are a pro now you don’t need it”

“I never said I don’t need it anymore. It’s a mint flavor Zonke you know how that shit drives men crazy. I use it on special occasions”

They both look at me clueless and confused. I’m literally shocked where do these girls live? Under the rocks?

“Jesus girls don’t tell me you didn’t know?”

“Not all of us are freaks like you Wewe” Stacey says and gulps down her wine.

“You girls are hopeless yaz every girl knows these things kanti how do y’all spice your sex life?”

I pass the bottle of wine to Stacey to fill up her glass.

“Geee I have a pussy that’s a enough spice!” - Stacey

We crack up.

“Addicting more spice there and there doesn’t hurt sweetheart. It’s not a bad thing to try new things to boost your sex life. I swear there will never be a time where you guys bore each other” I say

“My husband and I have been together for years now and our sex life is not boring. The guy even married me for crying out loud so I don’t believe these mints of yours and sprays help because if they do Nkosinathi would have popped the question by now”

Okay now that's way too personal!

“Stacey!” - Zonke

“What or Nkosinathu proposed? Where's the ring?” Stacey asks searching for a ring in my hand

“You are out of line now Stacey” I warn her

“Sorry friend but on the serious note when is he proposing?”

“We are not in a rush Stacey”

“You or him? You have given Nkosinathi everything he wants on the silver platter that he doesn't see the need to do right by you. It's been 4 years now and you have bore him a son on top of the baby he made you to miscarry why is he not popping the question? If it's back then I'd say it because he knows he can't afford the wedding but his taxi business has grown and he has other businesses now”

That's it I'm leaving Stacey is getting on my nerves now.

“Stacey will you shut the fuck up!” Zonke yells

“I'm leaving” I say getting up.

“See what you have done now?”

“I didn't do anything wrong. We are friends and friends tell each other truths Zonke”

“What truth Stacey? Just because you are married now you think you are an expert of relationships and marriage? We will get married on our own time not because you say so!”

I take the full bottle of wine in the cooler box and walk downstairs. I'm fuming with anger that I'm even trembling.

“Wewe wait up!”

I ignore her but she catches up with me and grabs my arm.

“What Zonke”

“I'm sorry about what Stacey said that was very uncalled for”

“I know this is what you two have been discussing about me so don't act surprised. Stacey had the gut to tell me on my face unlike you busy discussing me behind my back”

She gapes her eyes popping out.

“That's not true Wewe how can you say that?”

“You asked me when are we getting married Zonke! Just leave me alone okay I won't have friends that discuss me on my back and judge me!”

“Are you two okay?” Zonke's mom says

“Yes we are fine mama I'm leaving now”

“Hawu sis wait I will pack some cookies and muffins for you”

“It's okay mama my son is acting up you know how he gets around people”

I don't even wait for her to say anything but leave. I search for Inathi and find him with Sthe and Shawn.

"I'm ready to leave baby"

"Okay where are the kids?"

"They are in the tent"

We say goodbye to the gents and go to the tent to get the kids but Ndiwe is the only one playing with other kids.

"Ndiwe where's your brother?"

"He was..." She turns around to look at the corner but there's no Kj where she's pointing at.

"He was there Cita"

We look for him and I'm starting to panic now because he's no where in sight.

"Inathi uphi umtanami" (Inathi where's my baby) I say tears streaming down my face.

"He's here baby I promise you" I don't know who is he trying to convince between me and him.

Everyone now is in search for Kj and Im hysterical.

"He will be found Wewe don't worry" Zonke tries to comfort me but I push her and walk away.

"Kj!"

I search in between the cars parked outside and I see a little figure under our Amarok V6 my heart skips a beat. I kneel down on the ground and look closer there he is playing alone with stones.

“Kj!”

He tilts his head aside to look at me

“Baby what are you doing under the car”

He just looks at me expressionlessly

“Come my boy come to mama”

I stretch my hand for him. He takes it and crawl towards me. I squeeze him in my arms not minding the dirt he has all over his clothes.

“Please never do that again you scared me!”

I call his father and let him know that I found him. In a second I see him running with Ndiwe in his arms who wiggles herself in her dad’s arms and runs to us

“Kj I told you to not leave my sight!” Cries Ndiwe as she envelopes her brother in her arms.

“Where did you find him?” - Inathi

“Under the car playing with stones can you believe him”

“He always isolate himself from other children” He says

“And it’s doesn’t help that it’s noisy in there and he hates noise” I add

“I’m just glad he’s fine”

He takes KJ from Ndiwe who’s clinging on him like he will disappear again.

“You scared me boy”

He kisses his forehead and puts him in the car. I buckle Ndiwe as well then we leave. I remember that I was carrying a bottle of wine but I don’t know where did I put it. I ask Inathi to start at Newcastle Mall to get some wine and supper.

The first thing I do when we get home is to kick my heels off and walk barefoot. The coldness of the floor against my burning feet is soothing.

“You want me to give you a massage?”

“Yes please”

I get glasses for us then we go settle down on the couches in the living room while the kids are doing whatever around the house. I enjoy my wine and his magic hands on my feet. He also bought beers for him.

“Stop moaning”

“It’s impossible baby”

He lets go of my feet and lean closer to kiss me.

“The kids could walk in baby” I mumble against his lips.

“I think we should make them a baby sister what do you think”

I push him and look at him

“You want a baby?”

“Yes baby KJ is old now”

I chuckle and shake my head in disbelief. What is this man saying?

“What do you think I am Nkosinathi huh”

He looks at me with a raised brow.

“I’m not your baby making machine!”

“I never said you are one baby what’s with you? Washisa kangaka?”

“Wow so you seriously don’t see anything wrong with what you’ve just said?”

“Of course not Aphiwe I want a baby and it’s clear you don’t so I won’t force you there’s no need for you to raise your voice at me!”

“Jesus Nkosinathi it’s not that I don’t want to have a baby the thing is that you don’t see anything wrong by asking me another baby while you haven’t even paid a cent for me”

“Oh”

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“Oh is that’s the only thing you can say Nkosinathi?”

“Where does this come from Aphiwe”

“Where does this come from Nkosinathi? So it’s okay to fuck me and pop babies for you for free?”

“I didn’t know you are for sale”

Wow that’s an insult!

“You know what Nkosinathi if you don’t see a future with me just be clear with me once and for all. Ngeke phela umnyeni wami wakusasa uzongithola sengiphelile wuwe ungidla nje!” (...My future husband will find me cold with you busy fucking me just for fun!)

I walk away and leave him tightening his jaws.



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Chapter Forty One

Apple butter is an extraordinary woman I know that there are guys who are auditioning for my place in her life she never entertains them though but what she just said now is she trying to tell me that she wants to cheat on me or leave me for another guy? Future husband my left paralyzed foot! I walk to the bedroom and find her naked on the bed sipping wine while reading a book.

“What did you just say to me Aphiwe?”

“You heard me!”

“Don’t you dare raise your voice at me!”

She doesn’t say anything but focuses on her book. I walk towards the bed and she instantly looks up at me.

“Whatever that’s going on in your mind I hope you are not thinking of entertaining another man Aphiwe ngoba kuzonuka umsinsila umhlaba wonke” I say sternly staring deeply in her eyes. She swallows hard that I hear the sound of her throat swallowing.

I walk out and go check on the kids in their bedroom. They are no longer babies now so we had to make some changes here and there in their bedroom per Ndiwe’s demand. Her side of the bedroom is decorated with Minnie Mouse theme and she chose Disney Car theme for her brother because KJ is only interested in cars.

They're sitting on the rug and playing together with their toys. See when there's one person that understands KJ it's Ndiwe. I don't know how she does it. KJ is a complicated child I'm his father but I just never understand him. We don't have a father-son bond I would prefer us to have. I have been telling myself that he's still young but I can't dismiss the fact that Ndiwe and I had father-daughter bond when she was just a baby and knew nothing about me.

"Hey kids are you okay?"

"Yes babazi we are okay what about you are you okay?"

"I'm fine baby girl"

"I heard Cita shouting is it because I lost KJ?"

I walk towards them and sit down on the rug next to them.

"No baby its not your fault and besides KJ is fine"

"I have never heard the two of you fighting why was she shouting?"

Uthandiwe though!

"You know that Cita is an actress right"

"Yes"

"So Babazi was helping her practice her lines"

"Okay I want to be on tv too babazi"

"Tell Cita and she will put you into TV"

She stands up instantly

“Come KJ let’s go tell Cita to put us into TV”

She helps him up and walks out with him holding his hand. I sigh heavily and get up from the floor then head to the lounge. I grab my phone and car keys and head out. Mamakhe once told me that we have to reward ourselves at times for the hard and our achievements so I bought an Amarok V6 TDI 2019 model to reward myself for the hard work I have put in for bettering my life. Volkswagen is not my favorite brand of a car but I love my car.

My favorite car brand is Volvo, XC40 to be precise and boy it’s cost a lot of dough. I’m not going to die though without owing one at the moment I’m growing my businesses. The taxi business has grown so much out of 25 taxis 10 of them are pimped like mellow yellow and they are always on the road for special trips then the usual back and forth trips. The two buses are for transporting schools children only.

It’s packed like every other weekends. I step out of my car and find my way in. Where’s Funani why is Thabisa sitting on that guy’s lap when she’s supposed to be working. She sees me and jumps to her feet in an instant. I see her lips moving and everyone in that table turn to look at me. I spot a familiar face in the group and my heart leaps for a moment. The shock in her eyes is visible. Didn’t it ring a bell though when she saw the big board at the entrance written welcome to Dinangwe Pub & Grill? Thabisa walks towards me.

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“Uyabona uyangisukela?” (See you are starting?) I say to her

“I’m sorry Mr D it’s will never happen again I promise you please don’t fire me. I need this job I’m a bread winner” She’s almost in tears and shaking like a leaf

“Go do what I’m paying for!”

She rushes away. I take a quick look at the table by the corner and our eyes meet. She’s still beautiful. I make my way up to the spiral staircase. Funani’s office door is left ajar. I can hear him talking on the phone.

“I think it’s better to tell him cuz....Stop being a coward and face him you will keep this until when? Or better yet just end this relationship....Damn you love her don’t you?. I hear you but is she worth your relationship with your best friend?”

I decide to get in before I hear things my ears are not supposed to hear. He looks at me rather shocked and cut his call short.

“I have to go cuz sharp”

He hangs up and looks at me.

“Bra Mnesh”

“Sure Funani are you good?”

“Uhm yes I’m okay”

“Thabisa is busy entertaining men downstairs and you are busy here talking to your cousin”

“Im sorry I...”

“Get back to work Funani”

I don't wait for him to say anything not that he will say anything though. The boy is scared of me and I don't know why I mean I bite a little just a little. He's Khaya's cousin and he does his managing job perfectly. After Thula's incident and Khaya having to be the one who saved her life I decided to put the past behind us.

I unlock my office and get inside. This is my sanctuary, where I get my peace of mind especially if I had a fight with Phiwe. Of course we fight we are a couple but today's fight ticked me off. What I love the most about my office is that I see what's happening on the general section downstairs as well as on the VIP section which is right next to me upstairs through these glass walls. I can see them but they can't see me.

I walk through the wall and stare at the table by the corner but I can't see her. Where did she go? Maybe she went to the ladies or she left after seeing me. Argh why do I care? I relax on the couch and make a call.

"Mr D"

"Bring me a bottle of Bisquit Cognac"

"Okay Mr D"

"Don't forget the ice cubes"

"Coming right up"

I hang up and a few seconds later I hear a knock on the door.

"That was fast..." I say as I open the door and here she is right before me in a black strapless bustier top and ripped denim shorts

with white converse sneakers. Damn she has grown so much and she's beautiful well except that thing she did with her hairline it's ugly.

“Nathi Hi” She says with a smile on her face.

“Hey what are you doing here?”

“I came to say hi”

“Come in”

I make a space for her to walk in and her sweet scent immediately fills my office. She walks around my office and admiring the beauty of it.

“Wow! So when you up here you see everything that's happening down there as well as on the VIP section” She says staring at the general section through the glass wall.

“Yes”

“My friends have been raving about this place so today I decided to tag along. It didn't click you are the owner I mean any Dlomo person can name his or her business with the Dinangwe clan”

“Ah well surprise surprise”

She tilts her head and looks at me

“This place is beyond beautiful. You have done well for yourself Mr Dlomo congratulations” She gives me a genuine smile.

“Thank you so much” I try my utmost to reciprocate her smile.

There's silence for a moment as I gawk at her creamy thighs on that skimpy short she's wearing and big booty. Damn this used to be mine until she...a wave of disgust washes over me as my mind trails back to day she fucked Bra Moss in front of me.

“Ufunani vele Omuhle”

She looks at me and I give her an indifferent look. Just as she's about to reply there's a knock on the door. I haven't moved that much from the door so I open it and Thabisa walks in with a tray. She looks at Omuhle surprised.

“Put the tray on the glass table Thabisa”

She nods and do as I say then she walks out closing the door behind her.

“Uhm I want to apologize Nkosinathi” Omuhle says.

“I forgave you long time ago”

It's the truth but seeing her after all these years makes me realize that I will never look at her the same again. The innocence that I love the most about her vanished the day he fucked a man old be enough her grandpa. I settle down on the couch and pour myself a glass of cognac and dip the ice cubes into the glass.

“Is that all?” I ask after taking a sip of my cognac

She comes to sit next to me and looks at me.

“I'm sorry for everything I had no clue what he was planning to do I....”

“Were you two dating?”

“No we didn’t Nkosinathi I didn’t even plan to fuck him.” She says defensively.

“Tell me everything and don’t leave a single detail I want to know how did you two meet and everything”

She narrates everything just the exact way Mamakhe told me. I won’t lie and say it doesn’t evoke anger that Khaya did me dirty like this but hey the past should stay in the past.

“Why didn’t you tell me Omu the day Khaya approached you?”

“I knew you will deny it Nkosinathi”

“So you thought it’s better to plot your revenge huh?”

“I didn’t know Mr Mbhele was planning to kill you Nkosinathi I was a broken hearted little girl and naive. I’m really sorry Nathi”

“It’s so unfair that I forgave you for what you did to me with your Indian boyfriend but you couldn’t give me a chance at least to deny it in your face as you say. You should’ve at least gave me a chance to explain Omuhle not sell me to my boss”

“I’m so sorry Nathi from the deepest of my heart please forgive me”

She covers her face with her hands and burst into tears. I gulp down the last contents of my cognac and puts the glass on the glass table then envelopes her in my arms.

“It’s okay stop crying as I said I forgave you long time ago”

We stay in that position for a while until she calms down and pull away from my embrace wiping her tears.

“Yaz mubi kanjani mawukhala” (You know how ugly you are when you are crying)

She giggles and punches me playfully.

“Where have you been? It’s been years since I saw you”

“In Johannesburg”

“Oh yes I remember you got accepted at UJ”

“Ah you know how life is we plan but things doesn’t happen the way we plan”

“True so what have you been doing in Johannesburg?”

“I heard about Kwanele I’m so sorry Nkosinathi. You two were very close”

She’s changing the topic I see.

“Thank you. Can I ask Thabisa to bring something for you to drink or eat?”

“I’m full but hunters gold is fine”

I call Thabisa to bring hunters gold and peri peri gizzards. We spend few hours together just chatting over our drinks. She has grown so much and she’s matured now. She doesn’t want to share what she’s been up to all these years not that I care though.

“You look like an African King in this traditional attire, a sexy hot one” She slurs and sits on my lap.

“I miss you Nathi”

I don't get a chance to say anything as she smashes her lips on mine and kisses me. My tummy turns at the thought of her fucking Bra Mos. I push her gently and look at her

“Omuhl...”

“I miss you Nathi”

“Aw you are not scared now that I will hurt you?”

“I'm grown now and I can take your big cock”

“I'm afraid I can't take your grown pussy I already have someone who's handling my donkey dick”

She looks at me deeply in her eyes.

“I wish you thought of me when you and Cebisile were fucking just like you are thinking of Aphiwe right now”

She gets up from my lap and walks away leaving me finishing up my cognac.

* * *

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It's going for 10pm and he's not back home he didn't tell me where he's going but I know that he's at the pub and grill. He always go there when he want to have his peace of mind. I feel bad

that we are fighting we should be making up for the time we weren't together. Argh maybe I should've used a better way to communicate my needs and desires to him. I want us to take our relationship to the next level now. I want to be his wife yes I'm ready to be Mrs Dlomo.

I have been waiting for him in the lounge while drinking his beer. I finished my wine and it didn't intoxicate me. The only thing it did was to make me go to toilets none stop. I had already sobered up because of KJ disappearance. I hear the sound of the car outside that's must be him. A few minutes later I hear the door opening and closing then his footsteps. He's drunk see the way I know this man I know even his drunk footsteps. He appears and I watch him walking towards me as he tries to control himself from staggering.

He flumpes on the couch next to me and the smell of alcohol hits my nose but there's this sweet feminine scent that my nostrils can't seem to ignore. I inhale deeply hoping that I will smell alcohol only but nah maan I can still smell this sweet scent on him. I look at him damn he can barely keep his eyes open. I wonder how much did he have I have never seen him drunk like this.

"Hey you carrot head!" He slurs while caressing my cheek with his cold palm.

"How much did you drink?"

"The whole bottle of Bisquit"

I gasp in shock what the fuck is wrong with this man!

"God Nkosinathi how can you consume the bottle of cognac alone. You want to die out of alcohol poison?"

“Calm down baby 750ml is nothing really” He burps

“Alcohol poisoning is serious Nkosinathi”

“Not as serious as that shit you said about future husband. Heee Aphiwe wake wawuzwa umnsinsila unuka kanjani?”

“Not really”

“Feba ke wena uzowazi unuka kanjani”

The earnestness and danger in his voice sends chills down my spine.

“You are reeking of a female perfume do you want to tell me something about that”

“What do you mean”

“I mean who’s perfuming you are reeking of?”

He sniffs himself and laughs out loudly

“Argh it’s Omuhle”

“Your ex? Why is her perfume smelling on you?”

“She was at the pub and grill. So when she saw me she came to say hi then we ended up talking about what happened back then. She cried and I comforted her I think that’s how her perfume got smeared on me”

I study him

“Is that all?”

“Yes”

“You are lying Inathi I can see it in your eyes”

“She kissed me and said she’s grown now and can take my big cock”

I feel anger radiate through me in an instant. Bitch!

“What? The bitch can take who’s dick? Mine? Heey kunganyiwa! That’s my dick!!”

“I also told her that baby that I have someone who’s handling my ‘donkey dick’ I swear she wanted to cry when I said that and she said she wished I thought of her like I was thinking of you when I was cheating on her with Cebisile”

“So you didn’t do anything with her”

“Come on baby what do you take me for huh? You think I’d do that to you?”

“Of course not baby I just want to be sure”

“You can check my dick keh”

“No it’s fine I believe you”

I really believe him our relationship is at the stage where I fully trust him with my heart and I know that he will never break it, not intentionally.

“Yaz angikholwa ukuthi ucabanga ukuthi ngingafaka umpimpi wami lapho okwa ngena khona uBra Mos ngibhekile” (I cant believe you think I’d plunge my dick where I saw Bra Mos plunging his)

“But you fucked Cebisile knowing very well that Bra Mos was tapping that”

“Cebisile was married to Bra Mos but Omuhle acted like a cheap little whore. She fucked a married man old enough to be her grandpa in front of me. Yaz mina ngizitshela kanjani ngompipi wami angihambi ngiwufaka nje. Ngiyolala futhi mina” (I’m very prideful of my dick I don’t put dip it anywhere. I’m going to sleep)

He gets up and almost fall as he walks away. I finish the and pick up the bottles from the floor and go throw them in the bin then join my man in the bedroom.

The next morning I wake up earlier then him. I want to go to the mall to check on how things are in my boutique. It’s been a while since I check on Annie even on the phone. I start with breakfast first and put it in the microwave then get ready to leave.

I look myself on the mirror and press my lips together making that mpaaa sound. Dzang I look sizzling in a white vest tucked in a high waist blue knees ripped jean and a long yellow chiffon jacket matching my single strap heels. Would you believe me if I told you that I didn’t do anything to lose baby fat. Its miraculously burned down over the months. Im starting to see why Papito is obsessed with my booty it’s bigger and rounder well thanks to donkey kicks, squats and lunges. I style my long relaxed hair and my baby hairs edges are on fleek.

“Are you going somewhere?” Inathi asks and yawns

“Good morning to you too Papito. Yes I’m going to check on my boutique”

“Susa lento esekhanda” (Remove that thing on your head)

I turn to face him as he gets out of the bed butt naked and his morning erection looks painful.

“What?”

“Ngisho lebaka oyenzile isuse” (I mean that thing you did)

“Hawu baby why is the something wrong with it?”

“Yes apple butter yimbi lento angazi niyithandani. Baby hair looks cute on a baby only.” (Yes apple butter this thing is ugly I don’t why y’all like it...)

Yhhuuu angiswabanga kanje

“Hawu Inathi”

“Ngamane wenze le eyizigzaz hayi le ngathi udondolo lesalukazi” (Rather do the one that is curling not that one that looks like a walking stick of an old woman m)

I watch him as he walks to our bathroom scratching his buttocks. I’m so offended I thought my baby hair edges are slaying kwaphela no oomph wokuphuma nje ngaphandle. I take a head wrap and wrap it around my head.

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“I’m leaving the breakfast is in the microwave” I shout.

“Thank you I love you” He shouts back from the bathroom

“Love you too”

“Where’s the I Aphiwe?”

“I love you too” I scream and head out.

I get in my car and drive to the mall. I play music to lift up my mood yaz umoya wami uphukile. I get to the mall and as I’m walking to my boutique I scream in agony as someone literally stepped on my little toe mind you I’m wearing single strap heels.

“Oh I’m sorry” She says frantically touching me, her familiar scent ticks me off as it fills my nostrils.

“I’m fine!”

I push her away and rub my painful toe. Shit I thought it got chopped off the way it’s throbbing painfully. Are her sneakers made of an iron? I collect myself and look at her briefly then continue with my way.

“What just happened choma”

“Nothing”

“Come on I saw you stepping on her deliberately”

“Argh she’s jealous I gave her man a round of century yesterday in his office at Dinangwe Pub & Grill”

I’m tempted to turn and bitch slap her but nah she doesn’t deserve my reaction she’s childish and pathetic. Annie jumps on me to give me a hug.

“Hey Miss Actress It’s been a minute!”

We break the hug and she looks at me.

“Hey Annie I’m sorry about that it’s been a busy couple of weeks”

“Don’t mention it babe I got you. What’s wrong you don’t look okay though”

“Argh I’m just pissed off. Inathi’s ex just stepped on me deliberately and my toe is painful”

“How childish and pathetic! You should’ve beat her up”

“She’s not worth it”

Annie and I catch up and she shows me the records of the boutique I’m more than impressed. My phone rings.

“Aunt”

“Hey wena when are you coming to see me?”

“Hello to you to Aunt Vuyi”

“Haisuka where are you?”

“At my boutique”

“I’m at mugg and bean come join me for breakfast”

“Okay I’m coming”

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Annie and I share a hug then I go to mugg and bean. I scan my eyes around and spot Aunt as she raises up her hand. I strut

towards her table and she gets up to hug me. God I have missed her so much with her warm hugs.

“Damn look at you Aunty you are glowing!”

She giggles softly

“Thank you sweetheart you don’t look bad yourself”

We settle down

“Noma kungathiwani le glow eyethumbu lenjabulo” (No matter what they can say this is the dick glow)

She gives me a naughty smile. I knew it!

“Wow let’s make our order and you will tell me about him”

She calls the waiter to take our order.

“So who’s he?”

She smiles widely dzang she’s in love!

“Well his name is Mandla Ngcobo we met in the parking a lot at Newcastle Corners. He’s a business man and he’s a divorcee like me.”

“Wow how old is he? Is he hot?”

“He’s 45 years old and hell yeah he’s hot you know I don’t date ugly man”

We laugh. The waiter brings our food and we dig in.

“How long have you guys been together?”

“For three months God he makes me happy Wewe in every department but I’m scared that I’m going to lose him”

I swallow and look up at her as the smile on her face dissolves.

“Why do you say so”

“He doesn’t have children his two daughters passed away in a car accident years back and he was driving. Unfortunately not only did he lose his daughters his wife as well who blamed him for killing their children. He would definitely want to have children with me and I won’t be able to give him that”

“Oh I’m sorry Aunt” I reach for her hand and squeeze it

“Have you talked to him?”

“No I’m scared”

“I think you should talk to him and hear what he has to say about this. If he really loves you I don’t think this will make any difference. You deserve happiness Aunt and I have feeling that this man is it.”

“I hear you baby”

I let go of her hand and continue to eat my burger.

“So how things have been on your side”

“Well my career is doing well and my relationship is okay I guess”

“What do you mean you guess” She frowns

“He’s not cheating aunt”

“I never said he is Wewe so what’s wrong”

“I’m at my happiest place with him Aunt that I feel ready to be his wife now but it’s seems like he’s not ready. I don’t know what happened he used to tell me years back that he will wife me but now...” I shake my head

“Do you think there’s something wrong that I’m doing maybe that makes him reserve his decision to wife me?”

“Have you talked to him though”

“Well I kinda did but our conversation went ugly. He said he didn’t know I was for sale and that hurt me Aunty. I also told him that he should just tell me if he doesn’t see a future with me I want to reserve my pussy for my future husband. That seemed to hurt him as well because he’s been telling me if I cheat on him kuzonuka msinsinsila umhlaba wonke. I don’t know what does that mean but I know that was a threat”

“Judging from what you just told me Nkosinathi didn’t understand what you were trying to say to him or maybe it’s the angle you used to tell him that you are ready to take your relationship to the next level. He thinks you are looking for an excuse to leave him for another guy or to cheat on him”

“I was kinda angry vele” I tell her more about what Stacey said.

“Why did you brought that girl back to your life Wewe?”

“I did it for Zonke”

“Hayi I don’t like her maan her tongue is poisonous. Let me ask you this are you really ready for marriage or it’s the pressure you feel since your friends are getting married and you feel left out.”

“At first I thought it’s that and I gave myself time to think you know. I realize that there’s no other man I want to spend my life with then him. I’m ready to tie the knot and be Mrs Dlomo”

She looks at me intently and smiles.

“Ah well we leave in a 21st century my baby you don’t have to wait for him to ask for your hand in marriage you can ask him”

I laugh she’s not serious right?

“You are joking?”

“I’m not joking Wewe just ask him to marry you yaz as much as these men are heads but we women lead them, we are the one who actually show them which way to go”

I look at ways her and smiles as I think of what she just said.

“You are best aunt ever yaz wena!”

“I know sweety!”

She flaps her artificial eyelashes dramatically and we laugh. We cut our brunch short as I have to go prepare for my proposal. I call mama and ask her to have the kids for the night and she agrees. I want us to have the house to ourselves and after he said YES we’re going to fuck in each an every room until sunrise!

Luckily he decided to take the kids out for ice cream which gives me enough time to prepare for his favorite meal, dumplings and

beef stew. I tell him that mama asked for the kids to sleep over at her place and he agrees to take them to her house once they're done.

The scented candles are lighted and rose petals scattered on the table as well as on the entrance to welcome him. I moved the couches to the sitting room to create an enough space for our indoor romantic dinner. There's soft music playing in the background to set up the mood and the lights are dim to create that romantic feel. This is perfect!

Time is 7pm now and since its spring it's not that dark outside. I go to the bathroom for a quick shower and get dressed. He's here I can hear his car. I take the black ring box on the vanity table and slip it into my dress pocket. My hear races as it sinks in what I'm about to do. I walk to the lounge and he walks in just right in this moment.

“Apple butter ” He literally gasps as his eyes roam around the lounge

“Welcome daddy I'm sure you are hungry”

“Wow this is beautiful baby!”

“You like it?”

“I love it”

“I'm glad come sit down I made your favorite”

He opens the chair for me to sit down and sit down as well before me. We dine while engaging in a conversation. He can't stop moaning in appreciation as he enjoys his food.

“Usuyalishaya ubhoda manje mkami!”

That’s “mkami” makes me blush and gives me a courage to go ahead with my proposal.

“Thank you myeni wami”

He smiles widely. I draw in some breath and get up then kneel before him. He looks at me confused.

“Baby love alone doesn’t begin to describe how I feel about you. You walked in my life and touched my soul with love, affection and respect. There’s no other man I would rather spend my life with than you. Nkosinathi Dlomo will you make me the happiest woman in this world and marry me?”

I pull out the box of ring in my pocket and flip it open. He stares at me shock is evident in face and his eyes are glistening with tears. I patiently wait for his response as my heart thuds harder then ever.

“Wow I don’t what to say baby”

“Just say yes baby”

He looks at me intently and heaves a sigh then get up helping me up as well.

“I love you baby and I want to spend the rest of my life with you but I’m afraid I have to say no”

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My heart literally stops beating and tears threaten my eyes in an instant. He takes my hands in his and kisses them.

“I don’t want us to get married just because you feel pressure since your friends are getting married.”

“It’s not pressure baby I swear I’m ready to take our relationship to the next level. I love you so much and I want to be your wife Nkosinathi. It’s been more than 4 years now since we are together. You love me and I love you why wait any longer? Let’s get married baby”

“Why do we have to get married to prove that we love each other Aphiwe?”

I free my hands from his and look at him in disbelief

“What changed Nkosinathi you used to say you will make me your wife why are you hesitant now huh? Is there someone you want to marry instead me?”

“What? No I just don’t understand why we have to get married to prove that we love each other. It’s like now we are living our lives to what the society is going to say. Who said marriage guarantees love and forever?”

Wow I can’t believe him right now and he’s breaking my heart.

“Marriage is a tradition and an eternal vow not a social tag. I thought what we share is way deeper and unique to take it to the next level but clearly I was wrong. It’s brings me so much pain that I’m only good enough for you to pop babies only not to be your wife and life partner”

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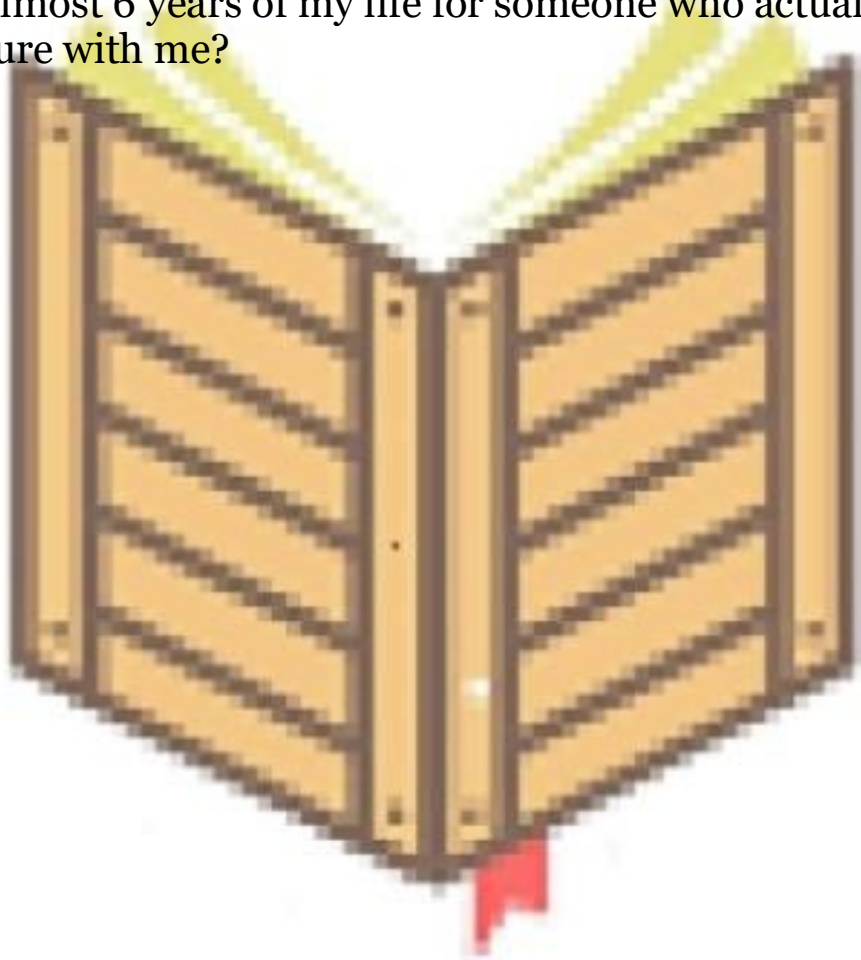
“That’s not true ...”

“It’s okay”

I go to the bedroom to take my car keys

“Phiwe let’s talk please”

He grabs my hand but I wrest it from his grip and head out. I get in my car and drive off as tears stream down my face. I find myself parking before aunt’s house. The moment she opens the door for me I throw myself in her arms and wail. Could it be possible that I wasted almost 6 years of my life for someone who actually don’t see a future with me?



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Chapter Forty Two

The muffled sound of my ringtone save me from the monster that is strangling me. I jerk up gasping for air and sweating. Damn the tikoloshe almost killed me in my sleep! I sweepingly search for the phone under my pillow and answer without checking the caller ID.

“Hello” My voice is hoarse from the monster that was strangling me in my sleep. I swear it wasn’t a nightmare it was real I felt it’s hairy hands pressing hard around my neck. Someone is bewitching me for my honours degree!

“Hi” A little voice on the other side of the line says.

“Hey” I say still not sure who am I talking to.

“She...she...she’s dead” The voice says and a loud cry follows forcing me to sit on my butt. At this moment I’m thinking of my daughter I don’t know why because if there’s something that happened to my daughter her father will be the first person to tell me. I guess when you are a mother and you hear disturbing news the first thing you think of is your child if she’s not by your side.

“Who am I talking to”

“Zo..bu..hle” She says between sobs

“Oh Zobuhle please calm down and talk to me sweetheart”

“Gogo passed away” She cries and my heart sinks to pit of my stomach.

“Oh baby I’m so sorry. I’m coming right now okay”

“Okay”

I put my phone on the bedside table and slide out of bed then make the bed. Once I’m done I go take a quick shower. I can’t begin to imagine how they’re feeling, they’re so young having to bury their grandmother. I wonder if the old woman has a funeral policy. I finish taking a shower and go to my bedroom to lotion my body then wear a black maxi dress and sandals. I don’t need makeup I mean it’s not like I’m going to a fashion show. I grab my car keys and my phone and leave. Zobuhle meets me half and throws herself into my arms. I hold her tightly in my arms as she sobs.

“I’m so sorry sweetheart”

“It’s hurts sis Cebisile.”

“I know baby girl and I’m so sorry. Where’s your brother?”

She pulls back and wipes her tears with the back of her palms.

“He’s inside making non stop calls but no one wants to help us bury gogo”

“Let’s get inside”

We walk inside the house and we are welcomed by Zwelakhe kicking the already broken cupboard.

“Zwelakhe!”

He’s not even aware of our presence. I walk to him and hug him.

“Leave me the fuck alone!”

He wiggles himself from my arms but I tighten my grip around him until he gives in. We sink on the floor and I rock him back and forth like a baby as muffled sobs rack against his chest. Zobuhle joins us on the floor. I open my arm for her as well and she nestles her head against my chest. Tears are threatening my eyes I'm not sure I have strength to hold it together for these children but it's seems like they only have me so I have no choice but to be here for them.

They calm down after a while and we sit on the floor in silence for a while. I'm waiting for him to let me in on what's going on but I'm sure the poor boy is confused and doesn't have a clue where to begin from here. I'm an elder here so let me play my role.

“I'm sorry guys for your loss. I wish there was a way I can do take the pain away or make you guys feel better. I know it's doesn't make sense and maybe never will it make sense but one thing I know is that it will get better with time. So tell me what I can do to help? Does gogo has funeral policy cover?”

“How was she going to pay that policy?” Asks Zwelakhe in a hoarse voice.

“Her pension money obviously”

“What are you doing here ma'am Mbhele we didn't call you”

“I called her buti Zwe”

“Why did you do that huh?”

“Maybe she can help us bury gogo buti Zwe”

“We don’t need her help we are fine!”

“How are we fine when gogo is lying on her bed while she should be in the morgue! We don’t have money to bury gogo buti Zwe!”

Wait the corpse is still here?

“I will make a plan!”

I leave them arguing and go to the bedroom. I want to make sure that she’s really dead. A wave of sadness washes over me when I see her lying lifelessly on the bed her eyes wide open and her mouth slightly open.

I close her eyes as well her mouth with my hand then head out of the bedroom. The two are still arguing.

“You two stop it!” I bellow angrily and they both look at me.

“I understand that you are both grieving and confused but I’m going to need you two to meet me half way. Stop fighting and help me prepare for your grandma’s funeral”

“Why do want to help us ma’am Mbhele huh what do you want in return surely this does not come from a good place”

“Do you think there’s anything you can give me in return Zwelakhe? Look at me then look at yourself”

His jaw drops as he looks down at his torn sneakers shamefully. I know that was harsh but I’m starting to get pissed by this boy’s attitude. I’m trying to help here but he’s busy pushing me away as if he got everything covered. This is not the time to be prideful there’s a dead body in the house for crying out loud.

“Is there any funeral parlor close by?” I ask

“Yes” Zwelakhe responds.

“Good go take all the necessary documents”

Zobuhle disappears we wait for her for few minutes then she comes back with documents.

“Let’s go”

Zwelakhe tucks his hands into his black washed out sweatpants as he heads out and we follow behind him. We get into my car leave. He directs me to the funeral parlor. The moment we arrive we are attended. I make all the payments after Zobuhle and Zwelakhe has chose the casket for their granny then we leave. The hearse follows behind us then it leave after collecting the corpse.

“The grocery is still enough?”

“I think so”

“We will add it during the week. Zwelakhe go and inform a few neighbors they will tell one another.”

He nods his head and walks out.

“Come help me clean Zo”

We go to the bedroom and start cleaning. Amafuku ala yesses but I’m not surprised Zo is just a child she can’t do a thoroughly spring cleaning

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“Sis Cebisile”

“Yes baby girl”

“Thank you so much for your kind heart”

“Don’t mention it sweetheart”

We finish cleaning in the bedroom and go to the kitchen as well by the time we are down my nose is red and I’m sneezing none stop. The dust got into my nostrils. Zwelakhe walks in and asks where he could help. I tell him that we are finish. Sometimes having a small house has its perks.

“So should I sit on the mattress sis Cebisile?” Zobuhle asks

“No baby girl you are a child you can’t”

“Aunt Lindiwe should sit on it then” - Zo

“Who’s that?” I ask

“Gogo’s daughter she’s the one who has been taking Gogo’s pension money hence she never had even a funeral cover.” Says Zwelakhe

“You have an aunt? Where is she?”

“Yes she is the only gogo’s child left now since our mother and uncle passed on. She’s at her man’s place I think. When I told her that gogo passed on and we don’t have money to bury her she insulted me and hang up” - Zwelakhe

Wow what kind of a daughter is that mara.

“Why didn’t you report her that she’s taking the old woman’s money?”

“I tried but her man beat me up he’s the police and he threatened to force himself on Zo if I ever open my mouth about everything that is happening. Gogo’s pension and Zo’s grant cards are with her. She doesn’t give us even few coins to buy bread”

I’m shocked I can’t believe this woman how she can do her mom and sister’s children dirty like this.

“So when she takes the money that’s supposed to take care of you guys how do survive?”

“I hustle here and there”

“What kind of hustle Zwelakhe?”

“Does it matter?”

“Of course it’s matter if your hustle involves something illegal”

“There’s nothing illegal I have done”

“Do you promise me?”

He nods his head. I don’t want anything that’s going to ruin his future and Zo’s as well. We hear people talking outside. I take a little peek on the window and see women walking towards the house. They’re here to pay respect for the old lady and offer their condolences. Zo and I make tea and biscuits for them.

“Uphi uLindiwe?” (Where’s Lindiwe?) Says one of the women.

“We don’t know but we told her about gogo” - Zwelakhe

“Oh hayi uphumule uMadida leyongane imhluphile bakithi”
(Madida is finally resting that child mistreated her) The woman says once again and others shake their head in disapproval.

“So you all knew that Lindiwe was mistreating the old woman and her grandchildren but you never tried anything to help?” I ask not masking my annoyance .

I don't understand why people do this? They watch you suffer while there's something they could've done! Where's humanity in this world huh?

“Who are you?” They all look at me

“This is my class teacher” Zwelakhe says

“Oh sis god bless you for being here for these kids.”

With that said they leave just like that without putting some money on the saucer but they finished the tea and biscuits. They know very well that these kids are suffering and they need money. Fine their money might not be enough to bury the grandma but it surely can help to buy tea and scones.

It's brings me so much pain to witness what has been done here by these women. They are the very same human beings who know the pain of bringing a child in this world and it's supposed to be in their DNA to nurture.

We live in a world where men are perceived as trash but what just happened make me ask what about women? Where's compassion, love, kindness and caring in women? Can you believe that they knew what has been happening in this household but they never did anything to help these kids? Before we say men are trash I think we should start doing introspection as women.

I spend the night with these children and the first thing I do the next morning is to wash the blankets. They're stinking and dirty I couldn't even sleep. Once I finish I go to my house to bath and change.

The rest of week goes by rather swiftly. Everyday when I knock off I go to check on them and go back to my house late at night. Ndiwe has been with her grandmother for the whole week since I have been very occupied.

It's Saturday on my right hand side there's Zo who's pressed against my chest and weeping then on my left side it's Zwelakhe's who has his hand squeezing mine tightly that I feel like it will break. It's been a difficult week for both of them but I tried to be there for them as possibly as I could. I have been getting eyes "who's that?" especially today as it's finally the day we lay the old lady to rest.

I didn't expect many people to come I'm so worried that the food I bought might not be enough. A few people has paid their tribute for the grandma and I'm so disgusted by how all of them claim to love her and were aware that she wasn't feeling well but not even one of them came to check on her.

It's Zwelakhe's turn to pay his tribute for his grandma. He stands up and makes his way to the front. He looks so gorgeous in a black slim fit suit, white crisp shirt and blue tie that matches his suede carvela shoes. I knew that he wasn't going to allow me to buy these for him the boy's pride is disgusting maan so I had to surprise him but he's the one that surprised me. He was so happy and loves his suit especially the carvela shoes it's his favorite apparently. I'm glad that Zo was there when to assist me.

“Greetings gogo, Im sure it’s news to you as well that the people of this community love you and they will miss you but not even one of them have ever come to check up on you when you were sick. They knew the situation you were living under in but not even one of them have ever asked you how can they help. I don’t know what point are they trying to score because they are all going to eat Mrs Mbhele bought plenty of food.”

Tell them my boy basile laba! The tension is so thick in air and I can see people looking down with shame.

“I’d go more and deep but knowing you gogo you were a pacifist such an humble awesome granny I’m sure even now you are frowning at me for saying this. Unlike everyone here who claimed to love my granny ant thanked her about a certain role she played in their lives on her coffin I want to take this opportunity to thank Mrs Mbhele while she’s still alive and in front of everyone. There she is over there”

He points at me and everyone turn to look at me.

“See that woman right there she’s my class teacher and she knew nothing about what’s going on in our lives until last week Friday she came to find out why I haven’t been attending school and when she find the situation she didn’t look away she insisted on helping. Gogo’s funeral wouldn’t be this dignified without that woman even that food you are going to eat she bought it ukuba bekuyangami ngabe anidli nokudla nje. Thank you so much Mrs Mbhele for your kindness May God bless you with his choicest blessings. Gogo thank you so much for the wonderful years we have spent with you. You were best granny any child could ever ask for lala ngokuthula qhawekazi lami” (..... If it was for me you wouldn’t eat anything. Rest in peace my heroine)

I didn’t want to cry but man this boy! He comes to sits next to me.

“Thank you” It’s comes out as a whisper and he nods taking my hand into his.

The rest of the service goes well. The old lady is laid to rest at Gavani Cemetery. Thank God I hired catering so when we come back at the cemetery people are already lining up for food. I don’t think I will linger for another hour I’m exhausted as fuck and this Lindiwe woman is irritating me. She came yesterday and claimed she was at work for the whole week.

“Where’s Zwelakhe I’m going now”

“You are not going to eat” - Zo

“No I’m exhausted I just want to sleep”

“Thank you so much for everything you have done...”

She’s cut off mid sentence by an altercation that is erupting in the bedroom.

“Uyanya this is our gogo’s house we are not going anywhere!” - Zwelakhe

“It’s my house now I want the two of you gone!” - Lindiwe

“Never!” - Zwelakhe

“Don’t you have a heart woman? Where should they go huh? This is their home as well you have no right to kick them out!” I couldn’t help myself this woman is annoying me.

“Oh shut up! We haven’t forgotten about your shenanigans burying my mother does not rub what a whore you are bitch!”

I feel a stinging sensation on my palm and realize that I have just slapped her on her face. Her police boyfriend charges for me but Zwelakhe stands before me.

“Move boy!” He roars angrily and I see it in his eyes that he wouldn’t hesitate to beat me up. He’s even wearing his uniform. I’m shaking I don’t want to lie

“You want to beat up women now Mr Phoyisa? I’m afraid you are going to have to start with me first” - Zwelakhe

“Oh you have grown balls now huh?” The police man grabs Zwelakhe with his suit jacket.

“Leave him alone it’s me you want.” I say trying not to show him that I’m shaking. He pushes Zwelakhe roughly and he falls on the floor.

“Here’s my phone Zo take a video, we will see how he will keep his job that pays him peanuts after the world has seen a whole police beating up woman”

The police man looks at me angrily as he steps back.

“Get out of my house all of you!” - Lindiwe

“We are...”

“Its fine Zwelakhe, go and pack your bags”

They don’t question me but do as I say. A few minutes later they appear carrying khonza ekhaya Tswanas call it mozimbabwe bag.

“Done let’s leave”

“We are going to leave them with the food you bought for us sis Cebisile” Asks Zo in disbelief

“It’s fine sweetheart”

“Hayi they don’t deserve it!” - Zwelakhe

“There’s plenty where we are going. Let’s go”

I lead the way and they follow me. I press the ignition key to unlock my car then open the boot. Zwelakhe puts their bag in the boot then I close it. We get inside the car and find Zo already on the front seat. I start the car and drive off.

“I’m sorry about what Lindiwe said ma’am Mbhele.”

“Ah don’t worry about it Lakhe it’s not your fault”

I don’t know if I’m making a right decision by taking these children to live with me. I’m very cautious when it’s comes to my space especially the space I share with my daughter. They’re lovely kids though and I think Ndiwe will enjoying having Zo around. I don’t have energy to cook so we start at Theku Plaza to get some supper. I drive to KFC drive thru after they agreed that it will be our supper.

“You have a beautiful house sis Cebisile!” Squeals Zo.

“Thank you baby”

This is nothing compare to the house I want to buy in Ivory Hill but I have to wait a bit now since I had to take a portion of my savings to cover the expenses of the funeral.

“Come let’s me show you guys your rooms”

They shuffle behind me as I make my way to the bedrooms.

“Lakhe this is going to be the bedroom you will use and you Zo will use the one in the middle. The one on your far left it’s mine”

They go inside their rooms respectively and Zo comes back with a wild smile.

“It’s so beautiful thank you so much!”

She squeezes my waist in her arms. Zwelakhe walks to us.

“Thank you ma’am Mbhele for everything”

“Would you stop thanking me already Lakhe gosh!”

They both giggle

“Okay sorry.”

“Where’s your daughter sis Cebisile”

“She’s with her father”

“Bra Mnesh?” - Zwelakhe

“You know him?” I ask surprised

“Yes who doesn’t know him! The man is my role model he’s one of the examples that shows that school is not everything! When is he bringing your daughter? I can’t wait to meet him maybe he can hook me up with a taxi driving job”

I can't miss the enthusiasm in his voice and I don't like it one bit. My baby daddy has done good for himself and he's a good role model but I don't want Zwelakhe to waste his intelligence in a taxi industry don't look at me like that if there's one cheerleader for taxi drivers and owners that's me. Out of all the men I have ever been with Gambushe was the only one that wasn't a taxi driver or owner. What I'm trying to say is this boy is a future doctor or professor.

"That's not going to happen you're going back to school Zwelakhe" I say going to my bedroom and I hear his footsteps following behind me.

"But..."

"There's no but"

"I don't like school ma'am Mbhele"

"Why not Zwelakhe you are one intelligent boy..." He cuts me off mid sentence.

"I'm 23 years for crying out loud I'm not supposed to be at school!"

"Don't raise your voice at me!"

He huffs and runs his fingers through his hair.

"Sorry but ma'am I hate school learners are laughing at me that at my age I'm still at school."

"Come on Lakhe you know that's it's not because you have been failing but you have been dropping out from school so that you can hustle for your little sister and granny. Finally you are in

grade 12 now my boy you made it to the last grade. Don't mind the learners some of them are jealous”

“Well they don't think I'm a genius they say I get straight As because I'm old”

“Isikolo asikhulelwa Zwelakhe.”

“Is this the reason you took us? So that you can dictate our lives”

“I'm not doing this with you Lakhe Im tired I want to take a shower and rest”

“Ma'am...”

“Lakhe”

He groans and walks out. I walk to my en-suit bathroom and run a bath for myself then pour epsom salt in the bath tub. I take off my clothes, get inside of the bath tub and revel in the soothing warm bath. The epsom salt always does the trick even though it's hasn't scientifically proven but for me it really helps. I feel relaxed and fresh when I finish bathing. I slip into my blankets butt naked after buttering my body with lotion. I need so much shut eye it's been a very long day.

Someone is shaking me and when I open my eyes I see a wild smile plastered on Zo's face. She has a tray in her hands and a smell of eggs hit my nostrils. I look on the window confused what time is it now?

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“Good morning sis Cebisile”

Morning huh?

“It’s morning?”

“Yes we figured you are exhausted so we didn’t wake you up. I made you breakfast.”

Wow I can’t believe I slept from yesterday afternoon till the next day I must have been very tired. I sit on my butt putting the duvet under my armpits to cover my boobs.

“Thank you sweetheart”

I take the tray and look at the eggs with bread and coffee.

“Didn’t you see, russians, bacon and sausages in the fridge”

“I did”

“You should’ve made each of them as well but thank you sweetheart”

“Hayi sis Cebisile that’s waste you can’t eat eggs, russians, bacon, sausages at once”

I laugh

“Give me last night piece ke at least”

This brekkie is too plain for me Im not even a fan of eggs I can’t eat them with bread only kanti why am I waking up every morning and go to work?

“Okay”

“Don’t forget the pops”



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She comes back with a KFC box and gives me.

“Thank you”

I wipe my hands with the dish cloth and eat. I can't remember when was the last I had breakfast in bed this is really a nice gesture and I appreciate it.

“How did you sleep?”

“I slept well sis Cebisile and you”

“I slept well as well”

“I'm going to go watch TV”

“Okay”

She struts away leaving me enjoying my breakfast. Once I'm finish I put the tray on the bedside table and pull my robe then take the tray heading to the kitchen. I hear a groan as I pass Zwelakhe's bedroom.

“Lakhe are you okay?”

“Uhm yesss I'm okay ahh fuck!”

I put the tray on the floor and knock once then make my way in. He's top less and wearing his washed out jeans

“What the fuck I didn't say come in!” He groans in pain as he holds his manhood

“What's wrong”

“It’s nothing!”

“Come on how can I help you if you don’t tell me”

“It’s the zipper”

“What’s about it let me see”

He reluctantly removes his hand from his manhood and I wince at the sight of the zipper stuck on his penis.

“It’s painful?”

Stupid question of course it’s painful. Iziphu iyancinza ayidlali kuthi hlanya.

“Yesss”

“Okay stand here I’m coming to help you”

I go to my bedroom and take my lubricant then go back to his bedroom. I crouch before him and pour the lubricant on his dick and zipper then massage it slowly.

“Why are you not wearing undies though”

He doesn’t say anything so I look up at him and see mortification written all over his face. Oh I see he doesn’t have one. He winces as his flaccid meat expands it my hand while I massage it. I feel his hand holding my head as his wincing grows into moans. I’m not sure if they’re of pain or pleasure now. The zipper releases his skin but he seems to be not aware of that. Suddenly his grip on my hair tightens as his body shakes violently. He growls loudly like a wounded animal and I feel hot liquid spattering on my knee. Did he just cum?...Oh my God!!

Chapter Forty There

Amidst the turmoil in my life I find myself at the graveyard crouching before my dad's grave. It's been years since I have been here I was angry at him and I'm still angry at him for keeping my brother a secret but today the void he left in my life overpowers the anger I have for him.

“Dad it's me Nkosinathi. I won't apologize that I haven't visited you for years because you know why however today I find myself missing you badly man. I wish you were here to guide me and show me the way. Aphiwe asked me to marry her and I said no dad not that I don't want to spend the rest of my life with her. I love that woman and there's absolutely no woman I want to spend my life with except her the thing is how do I get married without mom's blessings? How do I rejoice on my wedding day when my mom is not there to celebrate with me and support me? The hardest decision I have ever had to make in my life was to choose Aphiwe over her and I don't regret that decision because Aphiwe is the air that I breathe but sometimes I do think that maybe I was inconsiderate towards mama you know. I mean yes Aphiwe is not the one that killed Kwanza but it's doesn't change the fact that she's a Ndlela. The Ndlela's caused mama great pain and it's all started with you baba! You are the cause of this mess and the sad part is you are not here to fix this. What should I do now huh? I don't want to lose Aphiwe and I want my mom back in my life! Is it not hard enough that you are no more and Kwanza is no more huh? This is too much for me to handle man please fix this! I don't know how it's works wherever you are but it's believed that you guys have some sort of powers you better use those super powers and fix this shit!”

I heave a sigh

“I’m sorry I didn’t mean to shout I apologize man. I’m going through the most and I don’t know how to control my emotions. Ngiyakucela Dinangwe cela ungigade ungikhombise indlela okumele ngiyikhethe. I’m leaving now usalekahle” (...Please guide me show me the way I have to choose...Goodbye)

I get up and shuffle my feet to my car and drive to town to fetch Ndiwe from her school. It’s Monday which means I have to take her to her mother as per our co-parenting routine but she’s been with my mother for the passed week since Mamakhe has been helping one of her students to bury their grandmother. Yes this actually means it’s been a week since Phiwe proposed to me. She went back to Johannesburg last week Monday morning.

I was so frustrated when she left that night after she proposed I don’t trust her behind the wheel when she’s not okay. I was relieved though when she arrived at Vuyi’s house without causing an accident of course I wasn’t following her but I have installed a tracking device in her car and no she doesn’t know. It’s not that I don’t trust her but it’s for safety reasons. Taxi industry has it way of attracting you enemies so you gotta be alert always.

I pull aside the school gate and wait for my daughter. When I see her coming I step out of my car and expect her to run to me as always but today she’s trudging and she looks sad. I can’t help myself but meet her halfway and pick her up.

“Hey baby girl”

“Hello babazi”

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“Are you okay sweetheart”

She shakes her head no and her eyes glistens with tears.

“Talk to babazi sthandwa sami”

She shrugs her shoulders

“Tell me who hurt iNdoniyamanzi ka babazi and I will break their bones”

“No one daddy I just feel sad”

“Are you sure no one hurt you? Don't be afraid my love babazi got you”

“I'm sure babazi no one hurt me I don't know why I feel sad”

I catch her tears with my thumb and kiss her forehead.

“Askies sthandwa sababazi kuzophola yezwa” (I'm sorry my love it will get better)

She nods and buries her head on the crook of my neck. I walk to my car and open the front passenger door then put her inside. She takes off her backpack and I throw it on the back seat then make sure that she's buckled up before going to my side of the car. I get in and drive to Newcastle Mall.

“Come let's go get that big doll you want at Game and some ice cream”

I'm expecting a “yaaay” when it's doesn't come out from her cute little mouth my heart drops to my knees.

“You don't want that big doll you have been nagging me about ?”

She shakes her head. Angisazi ke manje! This has never happened before she never felt sad for no reason.

“What do you want sweetheart tell me anything you want I will do it”

She looks at me uninterested then her lips curves sweetly.

“Anything babazi?”

Okay I don't like that smile on her face but I'm desperate to make her feel better.

“Yes my love”

“I want a phone”

Motherfucking Isiah! See how clever this little girl is she knows that her mother doesn't want her to own a phone but she's using this opportunity to get it from me.

“Ah kodwa Ndoni yababazi”

“Pretty please babazi pleaseeeee!”

She presses her tiny palms together as if she's praying.

“You know that your mother doesn't want you to own a phone”

“I will hide it from her”

I can't help but laugh and she joins in.

“What if you get caught”

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“That’s won’t happen babazi mncwi stru!”

I laugh shaking my head this child is something else!

“If your mother catches you don’t mention my name”

“Thank you! Thank you babazi!!”

She jumps up wanting to hug me but the seat belt restricts her. I take my wallet and step out of the car heading to her side. I open the door for her and the moment she’s out she squeezes my thighs.

“I love you babazi”

“I love you too my angel”

I lock my car and pick her up then head inside the mall. We enter a Vodacom shop and I ask the shop assistant for help. She advises me to buy my daughter a Samsung Galaxy Kids Tab E Lite because it is a specialized children’s tablet with plenty of excellent features. It is durable, easy to use, and comes equipped with loads of great educational content. The little princess loves the idea of owning a tablet more than a phone because her white friend owns one too. She doesn’t like the pouch though she says it’s ugly so after we leave the Vodacom store we go this guy who’s selling beautiful pouches inside the mall. I choose the pink hello kitty pouch and she beams.

“I love it babazi!”

“How much man”

“R100”

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“Haaa R100 leplastic le?” (Haaa R100 this plastic?) I say taking out the R100 note in my wallet and give him.

“Thanks man”

I put the pouch on her tablet and give it to her then we walk to steers to buy ice cream.

“Which one do you want baby caramel or chocolate?”

No response and when I turn around she's not behind me. I look up there she is next to fishaways glued to her tablet. She said she will hide it from her mother I wonder how will that be possible when she's so engrossed to it.

“Uthandiwe!”

She lifts up her head and runs to me.

“If you are not going to focus I'm going to take it back”

“I'm sorry babazi ka Ndoniyamanzi wakhe”

She knows how to melts me into liquid gold.

“Chocolate or caramel?”

“Caramel”

I buy the ice cream and give it to her. The problem comes when she want to eat the ice cream while holding the tablet.

“Eat your ice cream first Ndiwe and let's me hold the tablet”

She reluctantly gives me her tablet. I shake my head and lead the way. When we get to my car I help her in and buckle her then go to my side. I look at her as I drive to Dannhauser and smile, now this is my daughter. Sengiyolithetha ligcwele kuMamakhe.

By the time I arrive at Cebisile's place Ndiwe is sleeping. I take her tablet from her thighs and slide it in her backpack then pick her up. The door is open but I don't see Cebisile's car maybe it's in the garage. Usually when I bring Ndiwe here on Monday's Cebisile would still be at work so I stay with our daughter until she comes back from the work. I take her backpack and head inside the house. I'm welcomed by a Hip Hop song playing loudly and this topless boy singing along while making a sandwich.

"Eita" I say a little louder so that he can hear me. He looks up at me with shock and smiles widely.

"Bra Mnesh!"

Okay do I know him?

"Lower the volume you are going to wake up my princess"

"Oh yes I'm sorry!"

He rushes to the lounge with barefoot and I hear the volume turning down then he comes back.

"Where's Cebisile?"

"She's not back from work Bra Mnesh but Im sure they're on their way now"

They? Who's they?

“I’m going to put my daughter to sleep in her mom’s bedroom” I say walking to Cebisile’s bedroom. I put her backpack on top of chest drawer and gently place my baby on the bed then take her throw to cover her nicely. I go back to the kitchen and find the boy still there.

“Do you want anything to drink” He asks

“I’m fine.”

“I can’t believe I’m finally meeting you Bra Mnesh damn you inspire me!”

I look at him and see a twinkle in his eyes. A genuine smile break across my face as I extend my hand to him.

“Thank you boy. You are?”

“Zwelakhe Madida”

He takes my hand and we shake hands.

“Oh you must the boy Ndiwe’s mother has been talking about”

“I hope it’s all the good things” He says and he sits down on the high chair before his huge sandwich and a glass of juice.

“Of course. I heard about your grandmother my condolences”

“Ta grootman. You smell really good” I look at him with a raised brow and he laughs

“I’m not gay I love a good smell. What’s the name of your cologne”

“Versace Eros I have been using it for years I think I I’m ready for a change now. Aren’t you supposed to be at school?”

I grab the chair and sit down as well.

“School sucks”

He holds his sandwich and opens his mouth wildly to accommodate his enormous sandwich in his mouth.

“Don’t say that boy”

“But it’s true” He says with his sandwich in his mouth chewing vigorously and the sauce is all over the corners of his mouth.

“I’m only interested in working mina. Do you perhaps have an available job I will be very happy to work for you Bra Mnesh. Anything I can even wash your taxis”

I love that he’s not picky.

“Education is very important it’s the key to success boy”

“That’s not true Bra Mnesh you are doing just fine without education. You started from the bottom but look where you are now and I know that this isn’t your stop yet you are still going to far.”

Damn right boy!

“Listen boy you see in life sonke sabelwe amathalente neziphiwo ezingafani. I wanted to be a doctor when I grew up but my academics were not good enough. Life led me to the taxi industry and when I got there I loved it and came to a realization that this is what I want to do. I want to cater people with transportation. I

know it's not an ideal job to many people but to me it is, something that I'm strongly passionate about. You are intelligent boy that's your gift embrace it and make something best out of it." (...we were presented with different talents and gifts...)

He looks at me intently as if he's digesting what I've just said.

"I hear you Bra Mneshe but what do you do if all odds are against you? I have a sister to look after and I can't expect Ma'am Mbhele to take care of me and my sister as well that's too much. I have to help her you know so going to school won't make that possible"

"It's won't make that possible for now boy. It's a temporary situation once you finish your grade 12 you will go to varsity and study your desired course. In few years you will be enjoying the fruits of your hard work"

"What will my sister be eating and wearing in those years while I'm studying? Ma'am Mbhele has her life too and she can't be feeding orphans when she should be enjoying the fruits of her hard work"

"Cebisile doesn't mind boy actually if there's one thing she wants is to see you making it big out there and she wants to help you every step of the way to achieve that. You know what I have an offer for you. You are going to go back to school then on weekends you are going work for me so that you can be able to help Cebisile wherever you want to"

"Damn wangncinyela ekhoneni! Of course I accept the offer" (Damn you pushed me into the corner...)

I chuckle

"Good let's shake on it then"

We hear a car driving in as we shake hands. A few seconds later a little girl in a school uniform walks in and greets us as she walks away.

“That’s my little sister Zobuhle”

“Okay she’s beautiful”

“It was nice to meet you grootman” Zwelakhe says as he takes his plate and glass and walks away leaving me confused. If I knew better I’d say he’s running away.

“Babakhe”

“Hey Mamakhe”

I watch her as she struts her way towards me the clicking sound of her heels against the floor echoes in the room. Damn it’s like with each passing day she looks more beautiful then before. The red off shoulder sleeveless dress with lace embellishments hugs her in all the right places and accentuates her light flawless skin. Isn’t it too short though? I sink in her embrace as she hugs me.

“You good?” She asks pulling away but not breaking the hug completely.

“Yes I’m good and yourself?”

She looks at me deeply in my eyes as if she’s searching for something in them.

“What is it?”

“Nothing”

She heaves a sigh

“Okay just know that I’m here whenever you need to talk”

“I know and thank you so much”

“You look beautiful but isn’t this dress too short?”

She breaks the embrace looking at me with a raised brow

“Too short for who?”

“For everyone Mamakhe buka amathanga amhlophe ahleli wonke ngaphandle” (...see your yellow thighs are all out in display)

“Uzama ukuthini vele Nkosinathi?” (What are you trying to say Nkosinathi)

The tone in her voice and the look she’s giving me make me realize that I’m annoying her.

“Sengisho ukuthi ngiyawazwela amathanga akho kulelilanga ebelishisa namuhla” (Im saying I feel sorry for your thighs as the sun was scorching hot today)

She laughs out loudly and shakes her head.

“Don’t feel sorry for them they love it more when they’re all out in display the sun gives them that glow”

She winks at me and I bite the inside of my mouth hard that I taste blood.

“Where’s my daughter?”

“She’s sleeping, something weird today happened when I came to fetch her” I tell her more about Ndiwe.

“That’s weird indeed do you think something happened at school and she’s keeping it from us” She asks with a concern and worried frown on her face.

“You know she would have told me she never hides things from us. I cheered her up though with ice cream”

And the tablet I don’t say that out loud though haaah angifuni ukuraswela I have an headache as it is.

“Thank you”

“There’s no need for that she’s my daughter too”

“I know that Nathi I just appreciate the role you play in her life as her father. When I’m not there I know that you will be there for her”

I can’t help the smile that spreads on my lips.

“So Zwelakhe and the little girl lives here now?”

“Yes their aunt chased them out of their grandmother’s house.”

“I had a little chat with the boy. He’s a good boy and I offered him a job”

“What? No ways Nkosinathi you can’t come here in my house and offer the people I live with jobs without telling me. He has to go back to school!”

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“Come on what do you take me for huh? Of course we made a deal that’s if he goes back to school he will work for me on weekends and holidays.”

“Oh did he agree?”

“Yes he did. I have to go”

I get up from the chair

“Ngiyabonga Nkosinathi I have been begging him to come back to school but he has been refusing” (Thank you Nkosinath...)

“Don’t mention it. Sharp”

I kiss her forehead and leave. I call Senzo and he answers on the third ring.

“Boy”

“Sure man kuhambani”

“Akunastori bra yami on your side?”

“I’m going to Johannesburg now please look after everything”

“It about time good luck boy”

“Ta ntwana”

I hang up and check the time. It’s reads 15:39pm. With the machine that’s I’m driving by 18:30 I will be there.

* * *

I can't believe it was that easy for Nkosinathi to convince Zwelakhe to go back to school but he is his role model after all. I'm just glad that he's going back to school. Tomorrow we have to meet at town after work so that I can buy him things he needs especially underwear and toiletries.

Zobuhle's school uniform is still in good condition and next year she's going to high school. I want to register her in one of the best schools in town but at the same time I want to register her in my school so that I can keep an eye on her. Grade 8 learners have this fever when they are starting high school and tend to astray.

It was her first day at school today after she's been absent for a while and she didn't have a good day at all. It seems like raising 3 children is not going to be easy as I thought. One of these children is a teen and has a great deal of pressures to face in her life. One moment she is angry and another moment she is tearful, without knowing the reason.

The other one is as almost as big as a man and he has been technically raising himself and his little sister so it can't be easy for him to suddenly have an elder who wants to guide them and protect them. Sigh. I need all the strength and guidance to raise and lead these children in the right path.

"Baby" I say as I sit on the bed next to her. She sits on her butt still wearing her school uniform.

"You know what I'm going to start at your school tomorrow and have a chat with that teacher that was mean to you"

"No don't please..."

“Hayi Zobuhle as a teacher he is supposed to understand your situation and sympathize with you not make fun of you in front of other learners.”

There’s nothing that I hate then teachers who bully learners.

“But ..”

“There’s no but I will have a talk with that teacher tomorrow finish and klaar. Change your school uniform and go make something to eat for yourself”

She nods her head. I get up and go to Lakhe’s bedroom. The boy has been shunning me from yesterday morning after that zipper-stuck-cumming- incident. I’m sure the poor boy is dying with embarrassment hence he’s been avoiding me. I knock once and make my way in. I find him top less and doing push ups on the floor. No wonder he has lean muscular body. He gets up from the floor panting and his chocolate skin is shimmering with sweat.

“Hi Lakhe”

“Good afternoon ma’am”

Why do I suddenly don’t want him to call me ma’am?

“Can we talk?”

He can barely look at me in the eyes. I sit on the bed and he sits next to me after wiping sweat on his face with his towel.

“About what happened yesterday morning...”

“I’m sorry about that ma’am I don’t know what demon possessed me yesterday. I couldn’t control what was happening to me. I

apologize from the deepest of my heart I swear it will never happen again. Fuck this is so embarrassing!” He’s speaking so fast and twiddling her fingers on his towel.

“Zwelakhe”

“Ma’am”

“Look at me”

He slowly lifts up his eyes to look at me. He’s such a handsome young man with hooded cute eyes and a nubian nose. His pencil thin mustache compliments his bow shaped lips.

“There’s nothing to be embarrassed about such things happens. I won’t lie and say it didn’t shock me when it happened because it did I mean I didn’t touch you that much it was approximately about 10 minutes and the next minute you were exploding. I understand though that a dick has a mind of its own so stop avoiding me and feeling embarrassed. This is normal don’t worry about”

“Normal?”

Oh goodness don’t tell me that he’s a virgin! I’m not ready for sex talk with a 23 year old boy actually I know nothing about boys especially when it’s regards to their sexuality.

“Have you ever had sex before?”

He shakes his head and looks down shamefully. Lord!

“Oral sex?”

“I have never had any kind of sex before”

“So you are a virgin?”

“Hayi I’m not a virgin I’m not a girl”

I laugh

“Who said virgins are girls only”

“Well me of course”

“Oh whatever you say Mr Madida so you have never had a girlfriend before?”

“I had one but she dumped me”

“Why if you don’t mind me asking”

“I mind actually”

“Look Lakhe you have nothing to be embarrassed about that what I’m trying to say. Nkosinathi told me that you agreed to go back to school”

“Well yes I couldn’t say no to his offer”

“Your penis didn’t bruise?”

“No ma’am”

“Okay let’s me check on my daughter please stop hiding in here”

I get up and walk to the door and when I turn around I catch him checking me out.

“Wednesday you are starting school so tomorrow we are going to meet in town after I knock off to buy you some things you need”

“Thank you ma’am”

I go to my bedroom and sit on the bed before kissing my baby on her lips. She blinks her eyes open and looks at me as her lips curve sweetly.

“Hello baby”

“Hey mommy” She sits on her butt and hugs me. I’m glad someone missed me as much as I missed her.

“How are you my baby girl”

“I’m okay where’s babazi?”

“He left sweetheart”

“Didn’t he tell you where did he put my thing”

“What’s thing?”

“Uhm can I call him please”

“My phone is in the car baby. I will get it for you when I’m done here”

I get up from the bed and change into leggings, simple t-shirt and slippers.

“Do you have homework today?”

“Yes mama”

I change her as well and hang her uniform in my closet.

“Let’s me go make something for you to eat then we will write the homework together.”

“I’m not hungry mama”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes mommy”

I open her backpack to take her homework note book but something catches my attention. I take it out and look at her.

“Ndiwe what’s this?”

“Oooh shit!”

I don’t know which surprises me more between the language she just used and the tablet.

“Who’s tablet is this Uthandiwe?”

“It’s mine mommy please don’t scold babazi he just wanted to make me happy and bought it for me”

Nkosinathi Dlomo! I rush to my car to get my phone and call Nkosinathi.

“Mamakhe”

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“Nkosinathi Dlomo why did you buy Uthandiwe the tablet?”

“Yhooo this child she got caught already”

“Nkosinathi!”

“Hayi musa ukungithethisa phela I just wanted to cheer her up”
(Don’t shout at me...)

“Cheer her up with a whole tablet Nkosinathi? She’s six years old for crying out loud”

“She’s a very smart a 6 year old that’s knows very well how to use gadgets Cebisile. That tablet was designed specially for kids and it has educational features”

“I don’t like that you bought her a tablet Nkosinathi knowing very well that I don’t want her to own one”

“I’m sorry but I didn’t plan it Cebisile”

I huff as I walk inside the house.

“You want me to return it back?”

“No it’s fine”

“Okay”

“I have to go bye”

I hang up and look at Zo who’s calming a crying Ndiwe.

“Why is she crying?”

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“She said she promised her daddy that she will hide the tablet from you but you found it and now you are going to scold him”

I roll my eyes. This child is dramatic yaz!

“I didn’t scold your father Ndiwe you can have your tablet”

She lifts up her head from Zo’s neck and looks at me with teary eyes.

“Thank you mommy”

“Do you know who you are sitting on?”

“She said she’s Zobuhle and she’s your friend but I thought Aunt Zee is your friend”

“They’re both my friend. Zobuhle and her brother are going to stay with us”

“And her brother? Where is he?”

“Right here” Zwelakhe says as he appears he’s wearing a vest now. I’m glad that he decided to stop hiding which means talking to him helped.

“I’m Zwelakhe and you little girl”

“I’m Uthandiwe Pacifica Dlomo”

“It’s nice to meet you little angel” He shakes her little hand.

Zwelakhe helps me prepare for supper while Zobuhle is helping my daughter with her homework in the lounge. They seem to get along and I love that.

“I hope your man won’t mind that you stay with us”

That caught me off guard

“I don’t have a man Lakhe”

“That’s a lie!”

“Why would I lie?”

“Are you telling me that you have been single ever since your husband passed?”

“Well not really I met someone he dumped me”

Why am I explaining myself to a child vele?

“Shwele smakade wayedakwe yini ngempela?”

I chuckle.

“I don’t know”

“I’d never dump a beautiful woman like you ay phela uyashisa ma’am usho ngebala elimhlophe qwa eligqamisa ubuhle bakho uza le’kudeni. You are a version of Amanda Du-Pont with a bit of plumpness, a real African Queen!” (...you are so hot ma’am with your light complexion that compliment your beauty...)

God this boy is making me blush now.

“Zwelakhe uyangishela yini?” (Zwelakhe are you courting me)

I look at him as his eyes pop out sheepishly.

“What? No ma’am I’m just complementing you”

“Then stop checking me out I’m old enough to be your mother”

It’s the next day and I’m at Zo’s school by the gate waiting for her. I see her coming with some girl. They share a hug then she comes to the car and gets inside.

“Hey mommy!”

Okay I didn’t expect that but it’s warms my heart.

“Hey baby”

She kisses my cheek and buckles up after throwing her backpack at the back seat.

“You seem happy today”

“Ah well I had a good day. I even made a friend today”

I had a talk this morning with her teacher and he apologized.

“I’m glad baby tell me more about your day”

I drive to town as I listen to her telling me about her day. I’m glad that she’s happy. I give her my phone to call her brother and find out where will we find him.

“He said he’s waiting for us at Allen Street next to KFC.”

I nod and pull over at KFC. He spots my car and he gets inside.

“Sanibonani” (Greetings)

Zo and I greet him back.

“You good boy?”

I look at him on the rear mirror. He nods with a frown on his face.

“What’s wrong?”

“You don’t have to address me as a boy ma’am”

“But you are a boy buti Zwe” Zo says laughing

“I’m a man not a boy futhi wena thula I’m not talking to you”
(...you shut up..)

Zo sticks out her tongue at her brother and that annoys him further. I can’t help but laugh.

“Let’s fetch Ndiwe first at her grandmother’s house then come back for our shopping”

We converse about anything and nothing as I drive to Hutten Heights. The gate is open and there’s a red Dodge Durango SRT parked on the drive way. I park next to it.

“Come meet Ndiwe’s grandma she’s one of the most important people in my life”

They nod and we step out of the car and head inside the house. I knock once and make my way in as the duo follows me behind. I can hear mama’s voice and an unfamiliar voice in the lounge.

“I gave you money mfana ndini what more do you want now?”

“Haibo magogo it’s been years and it finished now”

“Hey that’s not my problem leave or I will scream. My husband and my granddaughter are upstairs”

“If you want to play it like that then it’s cool magogo I’m going to go tell Cebisile”

My heart skips a beat at the mention of my name by a guy that I don’t even know.

“You wouldn’t dare!”

“What will stop me?”

I make my way in and greet. They both look at me in shock.

“What’s going on here mama? Why is this man threatening you and my name is involved?”

Her face turns red in an instant as she looks everywhere but me

“Nothing baby this man is leaving now”

“I’m not leaving without my money!”

“Hey I don’t owe you shit!”

“Cebisile this woman asked me to find out what happened to your boyfriend Zakhele and I find out that he’s dead. The message you received was fake she paid me to sent it to you”

What? No this can’t be true. I look at mama and her demeanor is enough to break my heart into millions shards.

Chapter Forty Four

I rummage in my closet searching for something to wear but I'm not satisfied with everything I see in front of me. I groan as I flump on my bed. I'm not in the mood to go out it's Monday for crying out loud but I know that Jay would not want to hear it if I cancel our night out. He says I need a night out just forgot about Nkosinathi. I don't think he understands that I can never forget about that man even for a mere second. He's embedded in my heart and it's pains to the core that he doesn't see a future with me. The fear of leading a life without him cripples me. My phone rings. Oh shit!

"Jay"

"Im outside nana"

"Do we have to go I'm not in the mood Jay"

"Hayi girlings we are going and it's not negotiable. Please don't make me come in there and drag you out"

"Im coming!"

"Hayi wena who are you raising your voice at?"

I roll my eyes and hang up. Jay can be a nuisance sometimes. I drag myself up and search for something to wear once again. There's a knock on the door.

"Come in"

The moment his cologne hits my nostrils I regret saying come in.

“Jesus Aphiwe you are still not dressed!”

“I can’t find anything to wear Jay”

“Haw kahle wena you have a lot of stunning clothes here suka”
(...move)

He pushes me. I sit on the bed and watch him rummaging in my closet.

“Here”

He throws the gold dress on my face.

“Wear that with your ankle strap beige heels”

I get up from the bed and search for the strapless push up lift bra and matching panties in my chest drawers then remove the towel around my naked body. Jay looks at me with wide open eyes and jogs to the door.

“Gosh Aphiwe you want mudrayiseni to kill me!”

I laugh at his comical expression and push him back to the bed.

“Come on he’s not here”

Inathi does not want me to undress or be half naked in front of Jay even though the guy all he sees in me is his friend/little sister.

“I can’t die yet not until I give Sabelo a ride of century”

We giggle. So Jay is adamant that Sabelo is gay but I have told him countless times that man is straight as a ruler. He says he can

smell a gay man from miles away. I'm sure if I had a big nose like his I'd agree with him.

“This night is your treat right”

“You are a gold digger yaz nana sometimes I don't believe that you dated mudrayiseni when he was just a taxi driver”

I giggle as I put on my underwear.

“Come on this is your idea”

My phone is rings he takes it from the bed and looks at the screen.

“Who is it?”

“It's mudrayiseni oh gosh I swear this man can sense when you're naked in front of me you will find me downstairs I don't want to die young”

He gives me the phone and shakes his ass out of my bedroom. Drama King! I look at my phone as it rings. There's a part of me that longs for the sound of his voice but the other part of me is hurt and mad at him. I invested my feelings, mind, soul, body and heart into him and he tells me I'm only good enough for popping babies only? Am I his baby making machine? I furiously press the power button on my phone and switch it off.

Jay is right I have to get out of this house and get sloshed like there's no tomorrow. See that will make me forget Inathi. Gosh who am fooling the moment I get sloshed I will be crying for him. The man is the source of my happiness and I'm starting to hate that now. Sigh. I throw the phone on my bed and continue to get dressed. I look myself in the full length mirror. I'm happy with what I'm seeing.

The halter choker slit sequin bodycon mini dress moulds my every curves and shows enough cleavage. My legs looks longer and sexy in my ankle strap beige heels. I look super hot my make up is minimal and the 22inch Malaysian curls are cascading on my shoulders. I complete the look with golf accessories. I take a few things that I might need from my handbag and put them in my gold Gucci clutch bag. One I'm down spraying one of my favorites scent I head downstairs.

“Damn nana you look breathtakingly beautiful nana!”

“Look you hot sis”

“Thank you guys”

“There's no way that you won't find a man that is going to marry you!”

Thula clears her throat and looks at Jay.

“Come on Jay don't tell me you are planning to hook up my brother's woman with men”

“I don't even need to hook her up uyambona moss ubabani!”

Thula shifts her gaze from Jay to me. I can't decipher the look on her face though.

“You are replacing my brother already Aphiwe?”

“Of course not Thula...” Jay cuts me off

“But that doesn't mean she won't consider to give men a chance who might marry her ”

“Jay stop filling Aphiwe with this nonsense buti loves her so much”

“Haisuka ubuti wakho udlala ngo Aphiwe she’s good enough for his big dick and popping babies but not making her his wife? ”
(Your brother is playing well with Aphiwe..)

“I’m sure he has his reasons so now he has to get married by force even if he’s not ready and Aphiwe is hayi nidlala ngobuti wami Aphiwe should give him a chance to explain his reasons” (...you guys are playing with my brother...)

“Fine ke he must let her go then not string her along”

“Just say it Jay that you want Aphiwe for yourself”

This is getting out of hand now and I can see annoyance flashing across Jay’s face.

“Haibo sfebe ngizomenzani u Aphiwe? Ngiyonzani inquza mina?”
(Hey bitch what am I going to do with Aphiwe? What am I going to do with a pussy?)

“Don’t you dare call me bitch!”

“Okay enough. Jay let’s go” I say

He clicks his tongue as he gets up from the couch then we walk out.

“This little brat annoys me sometimes” Jay says as he unlocks his Ford Mustang Convertible then we get inside.

“But she’s right” I buck up.

He tilts his head aside to look at me. The anger is evident in his eyes.

“She’s right that I want you for myself Aphiwe?”

“No that’s not what I mean Jay. What I’m trying to say is I shouldn’t make him feel bad that he’s not ready for marriage”

His face softens up as he heaves a sigh. He buckles up and starts the car before driving off.

“That’s true but he shouldn’t string you along knowing that he doesn’t see a future with you. He should let you go”

“Inathi and I have been together for almost 6 years Jay how do I begin to lead a life without him. That man is my source of oxygen and happiness.”

“I believe in this almost 6 years he had time studying you Aphiwe and you said he used to talk about marriage but now he isn’t. Clearly he has realized that you are not the woman he wants to marry. Staying in this relationship knowing that you guys are not on the same page I don’t think it’s a good idea. You want marriage and he doesn’t well at least he says so but what if he finds the one he wants to marry and ditch you? It will only bring more heartache nana. I think you two need to sit down and have a meticulous talk about your relationship”

I nod my head and heave a sigh. Every time Jay and I go out he takes me to a different club. He knows each and every club the ever is and apparently this one is new. One of his boyfriend’s friends is the owner and the bouncers knows him so we skip all the long cue and make our way through the crowded space heading upstairs to the VIP section.

“Find is the table while I go get drinks for us. What are you having today?”

“Pina Colada Cocktail”

He walks towards the bar as I find us a table for two by the corner. I look around this is definitely the kind of vibe that I need right now. Jay comes back with our drinks and sits down.

“It’s a great place neh”

“Yes it surely a great place. Thanks for this Jay it’s means a lot me”

“Anything for you nana. Tonight we are not going to talk about mudrayiseni deal?”

“Deal. How’s work”

“Work is work nana and yours”

“I finished filming the movie on the weekend now my focus is on the series.”

“You are doing great girlings! I’m really proud of you”

“Thank you Jay”

“I need a new dick today” He says looking around.

“I never understand the relationship you have with Thabo”

“Thabo wants all of me to himself only but he doesn’t want to end things with his bitch. I’m not having that shit nana. I will fuck around until he grows some balls and tells his bitch that he’s gay”

“I’m sure it’s not that easy Jay” I take a sip of my cocktail.

“It’s also not easy for me nana because I love him”

“Our love life sucks let’s just enjoy the good music and get sloshed”

“You are right”

We stop talking about anything that is depressing and enjoy our drinks. He keeps getting them and now we are on our 5th glasses. I won’t lie and say Inathi doesn’t pop in my mind every now and then until Jay suggests we hit the dance floor and dance to a couple of songs. I’m getting drunk and my speech is getting slurry. I decide to sit down while Jay continues to dance with some white guy. If I can call what they’re doing dancing. These two just want to rip each other’s clothes and fuck right here. Jay got himself a new dick a white one at that.

As I’m sitting looking at people dancing and sipping on my cocktail here comes this goddess in a burgundy off shoulder v-neck lace-up draped short bodycon dress that’s hugs her curves perfectly and her red bottom heels accentuates her long sexy legs. She places her half cocktail on the table and slides into the seat before me. Gosh is it normal to be this beautiful though? Her dark brown skin complements her hazel eyes.

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“Hello Miss Ndlela”

Ain’t we too formal?

“Hi”

“Can I join you”

I chuckle she has already joined me

“But you have joined me already”

She giggles softly

“Well I couldn’t help myself but I can go though if you don’t want me here”

“It’s okay don’t go”

“I’m Kamaria... Kamaria Dlamini”

Can I say that Dlamini is the least of the surname I was expecting.

“Dlamini?”

“Yes why do you look surprised?”

“I wasn’t expecting a Portuguese surname”

“Ehh ngiyakuqala ke lokhu” She is laughing as she says this.

“Oh my God she even speak fluent Zulu”

“Of course I speak fluent Zulu I’m a Zulu”

“You are lying”

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“I’m telling you my daddy is a Dlamini and my mother is a Mthimkhulu even the man I grew up thinking it’s my biological father is a Nkosi see ngiwumzulu phaqa”

“Wow!”

She giggles

“Why Portuguese though?”

“You’re too exotic”

“Oh wow can I have that in video”

We look at each other for a second and laugh.

“Umuhle kakhulu wena kodwa”

I roll my eyes this lady gotta be kidding me.

“Serious you’re kind of a beauty is rare and unique. I’m not a TV person but I watch every series and movies that features you just look at you. Uyangichaza Aphiwe”

Woah is this lady wooing me?

“Thank you Kamaria...what does that mean?”

“It’s means bright as a moon or like a moon, I’m mommy’s moonlight” The love and pride in her voice cannot be missed.

“I’m sure there’s a story behind her naming you moonlight”

She sips on her cocktail and nods her head lightly.

“Yeah a pretty sad one”

She sips on her cocktail once again. I see that she’s a bit emotional.

“I’m sorry I didn’t mean to trigger any bad memories”

“My mom was born blind the doctors couldn’t detect what was the underlying issue behind her blindness. Grandma raised her alone because her parents had kicked her out of the house after they found out she was pregnant. Well at least that what she said to mama. Grandma met a man who was loving at first but he turned into an animal and abused grandma. Mama was witnessing all of that and she thought if she was not blind she was going to help her mama from this abusive man. Though grandma loved the man but the reason she didn’t want to leave the abusive man was because of mama. The man provided them with everything he was filthy rich. Mama went to best school that catered her needs, she had gadgets and had a chauffeur she was spoiled but she was prepared to lose all of that if her mom was to be set free from all the abused she endured. She met a boy who made her believe that he can help her take down the abusive man. The abusive man was a feared gang lord. Mom and this boy plotted a plan to take the man down with the boy’s uncle help only to find out later the boy was using her. Mind you by that time they were in love. The boy was helping his uncle to get back at the abusive man because he killed the uncle’s baby mama. Grandma blamed mama for bringing dangerous people in their life and that broke mama’s heart even more. She was only trying to help but she was just a 18 year old naive bling girl. She slept with her chauffeur who happened to have fallen in love with her but he was waiting for mama to grow first before persuading her. That day he confessed his feelings for mama after having sex with her and that day was the day the abusive man found out what mama have been up to. He was angry wanted to kill them both grandma tried to fight him

and asked mama to run away and never look back. Mama had no choice but to run away as blind as she was but when she got to the gate she heard a gunshot. It was obvious to her that the man shot her mom and he was going to come for her so she continued with her run until a car hit her. The driver helped her it turned out that he was only in town just for few days and was going back to Kenya with his wife. The couple took her and loved her like their child. They didn't have children the woman had fertility problems. While mama was depressed in Kenya that her mom died because of her and was scared that the man was going to find her grandma in South Africa was drowning in alcohol searching for her daughter but it was in vain. She was the one that shot the abusive man not the other way around. Mom tried to commit suicide but she got rescued and that when she discovered that she was pregnant with me. Being pregnant at the age of 18 in a foreign country killed her more and her pregnancy wasn't smooth at all. The day I was born she saw light through the darkness that she in and she named me Kamaria which means bright as a moon in Swahili."

Wow! I swallow spit blinking back the tears in my eyes. It's a sad story indeed.

"So your grandma never found your mother?"

"She did after 4 years later"

"Shuuu fours years my heart would have long stopped"

I remember the day KJ disappeared in Zonke's umembeso ceremony my heart almost stopped. It was just for less than 30 minutes before we found him but I don't wish even that less 30 minutes to happen to my worst enemy.

"Its wasn't easy but they made it"

“Your mom and granny are the epitome of resilience and strength”

“Yeah” She sips on her cocktail.

“So you are the chauffeur’s daughter or the boy that your mom fall in love with?”

“Im the chauffeur’s daughter but I grew up knowing that my dad is the boy that mom fall in love with”

“I’m sure that turned your life upside down”

“Yeah but the good thing is I already had a relationship with my biological father as an uncle”

“I wish your mom could see what an exotic goddess she birthed.”

She’s is blushing none stop.

“She knows she gained her sight at age of 24 years”

“Wait I think I have heard of that when I was little girl. Your mom was a singer right? What her name konje Miranda or something and she owns a studio which she named after her daughter moonlight”

She nods her head with a proud smile plastered on her face.

“Yes that her she’s Miracle”

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“Wow I’m proud to be sitting before her daughter”

“No as proud as I’m to finally be sitting before my celebrity crush”

I choke on my cocktail and cough hard.

“Im sorry I shouldn’t have said that”

She bites her lower lip nervously. I wipe my mother with my palm and look at her.

“Askies”

“It’s kay you caught me off guard no woman has ever confessed such to me. I’m flattered though”

Gosh her smile it’s breathing taking.

“Well I’m aware that you have a man in your life and I respect that. I would not dare try to court you ingaze ingithumezele ngezinkabi Indoda yakho.” (... your man will send his hitmen to kill me)

We both giggle

“Are you scared of hit men or you don’t trust your game”

Am I flirting with another woman? It can’t be me it’s must be the cocktails they definitely put something in them. She places her elbows on the table inching closer to my face. Her breathe is soothing against my face.

“I don't want to leave the poor guy heart broken because once I play my game I never lose pudding”

“Oh yeah”

“Yeah”

Her tongue darts out to wet her lips leaving them moist. The desire to kiss them propels me to inch closer. Our eyes lock in each other we are nose to nose, mouth to mouth. I clear my throat as I pull back and look around if there's anyone who's watching us but people seem to be having fun. You can never know though among these people there might be journalists who are gunning for a scandalous scoop. I don't want my to ruin my reputation and I definitely don't want to know how does msinsila smells like.

"I need the ladies" I say

"Me too lets go"

Gosh doesn't she that I'm trying to get away from her a bit before I do things I'm not supposed to do. I get up and almost fall but she's catches me. I don't even know when did she get up.

"Thank you" I say giggling

"I got you"

We walk to the restrooms and she drags me to the empty one and closes the door. Before I can say anything she kisses me I drop my clutch bag on the floor and reciprocate the kiss. Don't ask me why because I also don't know. I have never kissed another woman before it's feels so weird but in a good way with our boobs brushing against each other creating a exquisite and maddening sensation. We are the same height. She leaves my mouth and goes to my neck. I moan softly as she nips and sucks at the sensitive skin of my neck.

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"You smell so good"

"So are you"

She smells like fruits with a blend of woods scent. Our lips meet once again in frenzy kiss.

“I need to taste you pudding” She murmurs against my lips before sinking to her knees and hooks my one leg over her shoulder. I feel her sliding my panties aside and moan at the feel of her warm breathe. She feasts on my pussy like it’s her last meal. Damn she’s good I whimper while fisting on her hair as shocks of pure ecstasy ripple through me. Without warning my body convulses as I explode in her mouth. She laps at my juice not leaving a single drop and get up from the floor.

“You taste so good I could eat you everyday”

She kisses me and I taste myself on her mouth.

“I will be waiting for you outside”

She walks out leaving me collecting myself from that amazing muff and when I’m calm I pick up my clutch bag and head to the mirror. I fix my Malaysian curls and head out. She takes my hand and we go hit the dance floor. I didn’t expect to have so much fun tonight and Kamaria’s company is refreshing.

I’m woken up by the feel of brightness behind my closed eyes and when I open them the light is flickering through the big windows. I look around and frown at my unfamiliar surroundings. I’m in this unfamiliar bedroom that scream elegance with its beautiful upholstered head & footboard and white upholstered button chairs. The all white color brighten up the room and the mirrored nightstand gives off a reflection, making the room appear larger than it really is. It’s also a very vintage look altogether.

Next to me here lies a Goddess I met last night in the club. She's even more beautiful when she's sleeping. We are both naked our dresses and undergarments are scattered on the floor. I only remember a half of the events that happened last night. I don't know how and when did we get here. Did we fuck? Of course we did! Fuck I'd prefer to experience fucking a woman sober not drunk and not remembering a single thing the next morning. Dammit! I literally cheated on my man for nothing. My heart thud harder at the thought of Inathi. Oh shit what have I done?

"Hey gorgeous"

"I need to go Kamaria"

I peel the blanket away from me but she holds me as I'm about to roll out of the bed.

"Dont go yet please"

"Im not even supposed to be here Kamaria"

"Its not a big deal come on"

"Its not a big deal? I'm in a relationship Kamaria and I love my man so much. This was a biggest mistake"

"Of course I know that Aphiwe you couldn't stop whining about it the whole night" The annoyance in her voice cannot be missed.

"I get it okay you don't have to tell me every fucking second"

I don't remember telling her but I know how annoying I can be when I'm drunk. I feel bad now that I spoiled her night.

"Im sorry Kam-Kam I didn't mean to spoil your night"

“No I'm sorry I shouldn't make you feel bad about loving your man I guess I was just disappointed how you kept on whining about him when were supposed to fuck”

“So we didn't fuck?”

“No we didn't”

Relief surge through me.

“Im sorry”

“Its cool pudding I enjoyed your company and tasting you. I should be grateful for that ngoba cha ngeke shame I really don't stand a chance to win your heart. Are you sure ayikudlisanga lendoda?” (...are you sure he didn't use love potion on you?)

I burst into laughter and she joins in. We get up and do the bed then take a shower together. Once we finish we get dressed, her in vest and shorts and me in my yesterday dress.

“Are you sure you are not staying for breakfast I'm sure mama is done preparing it”

I look at her shocked

“Wait this is your parents house?”

“Yes”

“OMG Kamaria how am I going to walk our without them seeing me.”

“My parents are cool come”

“I don’t want them to see me not today please”

Her phone beeps

“Okay your Uber is here”

She grabs my hand and we make our way down the downstairs. I’m not fan of glass house but man this one it’s beyond the word beautiful. The aroma all of deliciousness hits our nostrils and my stomach growls.

“Shit mama is in the kitchen let’s use the front door”

As we are tip toeing to the front door we hear a voice behind us.

“Kaze kunyonyobwa nje bekwenziwani emzini wami”
(You are tip toeing now what were you doing in my house in the first place)

“Shit” Kamaria curse under her breath and we turn around to face the gorgeous voluptuous woman with hazel eyes. She’s definitely the older version of Kamaria.

“Good morning mommy”

“Ya Kamaria and who is this gorgeous ...wait I know her oh wow Kamaria I thought you were joking when you said she’s your crush!”

“Uhm hi mama” I say looking down

“Hello sis awumuhle maan!” (...you are so beautiful!)

She envelopes me in her arms she smell lovely and her hug has that warm motherly feel that makes me miss my mom. I didn't spend time with her when I was in KZN. Our relationship is back to what it used to be and I'm so happy.

“Breakfast is almost done please join us”

“My uber is already outside mama but thank you for the gesture”

“Okay sis.”

“Nisale kahle”

She bids me farewell as well then Kamaria and I walk out.

“Im sorry about that”

“Your mom is sweet”

“Yeah when her husband is not around but when her husband is around uyaphapha” (..she's forward)

I chuckle

“So everyone know in your family that I'm your crush”

“Yeah we are a cool bunch of people and very open to each other”

“I see”

“I will like us to be friends at least”

“ No problem DM me your digits and I will call you”

She nods then we share a hug.

“I will wait for your call”

“Sure”

I jump inside the Uber and greet the driver as he drives away before paying him. I should have brought my phone with me. I hope Jay is okay and enjoyed the white dick.

It seems like there's no one here which is rather strange. There's a note on the fridge. I read it and my heart literally stop beating. I don't waste any time but drive to the hospital. What happened? I hope my boy is okay.

When I arrive I run inside like a mad woman. Thula and Nkosinathi are sitting on the couches in the waiting area. Oh no he's also here when did he get here? I feel my knees getting weak as I make my way towards them.

“Thula what happened? Where's my son”

“We have been trying to call you since last night but you left your phone and Jay's phone was off” Thula says she looks tired clearly she didn't sleep.

My son has been hospitalized since last night and I was out there clubbing and getting muffed by another woman! What kind of a mother does that make me? I feel so awful. I can feel Nkosinathi's gaze on me but I'm unable to bring myself to look at him.

“I'm sorry what happened to KJ?”

“I was trying to play with him but he got angry and banged his head on the floor until his nose bled”

Huh?

“That doesn’t make sense Thula”

“That’s what happened Aphiwe I was also shocked”

I don’t understand this doesn’t make sense. I finally gather my strength and look at Nkosinathi. He stares right back at me with bloodshot red eyes.

“Sawbona Bhelesi” (Greetings Bhelesi)

“Ulalephi Aphiwe?” (Where did you sleep Aphiwe?)

I swallow spit and sit down next to him.

“At my friend’s place baby”

“What friend? I went to Jayson’s place and found him with some white boy you were not there. He said you disappeared on him”

“Baby it’s not what you think it is”

“I’m not thinking anything baby I’m waiting for you to explain to me where the fuck did you disappeared to ” He says calmly but sternly. I swallow spit as I make up the story to say.

“I met this huge fan of mine and spend time with her. I didn’t want to sound rude or to disappointed her. She took me to this other club and said it’s more fun. The mistake I did was to not tell Jay that I’m leaving. I’m sorry that you guys couldn’t get hold of me”

I look at him not sure if he buys my story or not. Just as he is about to respond he's disturb by the doctor. We get up immediately and look at the doctor expectantly.

"How is he doctor?" I ask and the doctor looks at me

"She's his mother" - Inathi

"The little boy is going to be okay it's just the swelling on his head that will die down. We have run the test and we didn't find any internal bleeding and damage however according to what happened and to what you said Mr Dlomo about your son's behavior I'm afraid that your son might have autism spectrum disorder."

"What's that doctor?" Inathi asks not hiding his confusion while I on the other side thinking is bullshit!

"Autism spectrum disorder (ASD) is a developmental disability that can cause significant social, communication and behavioral challenges"

"That's is not true! I refuse to believe this how come his pediatrician never seen this?"

"That's why I said MIGHT ma'am diagnosing autism spectrum disorder (ASD) can be difficult because there is no medical test, like a blood test, to diagnose the disorder. We look at the child's developmental history and behavior to make a diagnosis. Your son has every symptom of autism but he will undergo a monitoring, screening, evaluating, and diagnosing procedure to make sure that he receive the services and supports he needs"

"As long as there's no blood tests to diagnose autism well I won't believe your diagnosis even if he under go that procedure. I want

proof real proof not your diagnosis based on your fucking opinion!”

“Baby calm down okay” Inathi says as he wraps his arms around me. I’m boiling with anger how dare this doctor talks lies! My son is not autistic!

* * *

“Mama” It’s comes out as a shaky whisper. I stare at mom who’s looking at me with guilt filled eyes.

“Uhm we are going to wait for you outside ma’am” Zwelakhe says as he takes his little sister’s hand walks out with her. I have even forgotten about them. The guy follows right after them.

“Is it true mama?”

“Baby I’m sorry but I can explain”

I bite my bottom lip hard trying to stop it from shivering and my galloping heart wants to jump out of my throat in this right moment.

“You can explain? Okay explain mama I want to hear what excuse are you going to give me for making me believe that Gambushe dumped me and he’s alive while he’s dead”

“Let’s sit down please”

“I don’t want to sit down”

“Baby please”

We settle down on the couch next to each other and I look at her in anticipation.

“Uhm I did it to protect you baby I know how broken you would have been if you heard that he died”

“Protect me by making me believe that he dumped me over a lousy a sms? Do you know how trashy and twopenny-halfpenny that made me feel mama”

“I’m sorry sthandwa sami please forgive me”

“When were you going to tell me the truth?”

She doesn’t say anything. I chuckle as I shake my head in disbelief.

“Wow so you were going to keep this forever? You are lying mama you didn’t do this to protect me but to protect your son. You were scared I was going to tell that Nkosinathi is the last person that saw Zakhele before he died no in fact he’s the one that killed him! You don’t love me mama all of this was a pretence so that I don’t get your son locked up in jail. I can’t believe that I was stupid to believe that you actually love me like your daughter”

“That’s not true sthandwa sami. I love you so much and I don’t want to lose you” Tears run down her face.

“That’s a lie mama you were nagging me to get back with your son because you wanted me to forget about Zakhele. I never thought I will find someone who can love me like Mphemba but Gambushe loved me and your son killed him then you robbed me a chance to say goodbye to him by making me believe he’s alive and doesn’t

want anything to do with me. I remember how you crucified him after I received that text you actually fabricated”

I try to keep my tears at bay but they spill down my face.

“Baby I’m sorry I really am sorry. I was selfish I admit but my love for you have never been fake. You know I liked you from the very first day I met you...”

“Until you found out I was married and sleeping with your son. You treated me like a piece of shit! I remember the day Mphemba shot Nkosinathi I was traumatized for what Mphemba did to us, Nkosinathi was fighting for his life in the hospital and I was grieving for my husband as if all of that was not enough you attacked me. I don’t know what you would’ve done to me if your husband didn’t hold you”

“Cebisile...” She reaches for my hands but I pull them away.

“Don’t you fucking dare touch me Betty!”

I can’t miss the shock in her eyes that I addressed her with her first name and in that manner but it doesn’t match mine. I thought the respect and love I have for this woman doesn’t allow me to address her with her first name and in that manner no matter what circumstances. I guess you can never know how much respect and love do you have for a person until they stab you on your back and leave you feeling the agonizing pain of their betrayal.

I wipe my tears vigorously as I get up and run the staircase. Luckily I’m wearing flat shoes today not heels. Ndiwe is sitting on her grandfather’s lap and plaiting his beard in the balcony. I greet Mr Ndlovu and tell Ndiwe to go fetch her school bag and uniform.

“Is everything okay Cebisile”

“Yes Mr Ndlovu”

I don't wait for him to say anything but follow my daughter. She comes back with her backpack and uniform from her grandparents bedroom and gives everything to me.

“Let's go”

“Let's me go say goodbye to grandpa”

“Uthandiwe I said let's go!”

“Geee you don't need to shout”

We make our way downstairs and pass Betty by.

“Bye gogo”

“Bye Paci wagogo”

Lakhe opens the door for Ndiwe from inside and she jumps inside as I throw the backpack and uniform in the boot. I get inside the car and drive off.

“Are you okay sis Cebisile”

“Yes I'm fine Zo”

I look at her with a fake smile for a second then focus on the road. I'm trying to hold it together for the sake of the kids but I don't know for how long will I hold it together. I can't believe that woman did this to me? How could she? I deserved to know the truth and say my goodbye to him or maybe not. It's my fault he's

dead I'm the one who dragged him into my shitty business. How many men should die because of me? I should stay single for the rest of my life.

The ear-splitting screams of the children snap me out of my trance and when I look ahead of me my car is driving on the wrong lane of the road and heading straight to the car coming in front of us. In the speed of light I twist the steering wheel and the car jerks as it goes to the right lane of road. The driver of the other car is hooting none stop. I can tell that he's cursing me but I don't stop my car. I look at the kids they're shocked and their eyes are all out.

“Ngiyaxolisa bantwana bami” (I'm sorry my children) I say with a near tears voice.

Come on Cebile you can't cry now especially not in front of the kids pull yourself together. You are stronger than this. Take a deep breath in and exhale. Yes you got it...just like that...good.

“Im sorry neh guys”

Zo and Lakhe nod softly

“Ndiwe I'm sorry my angel.”

I turn to look at her shame my baby is traumatized yaz. She nods her head and snuggles closer to Lakhe's chest.

“Let's me drive ma'am I don't have a licence but I can drive. When we see the police we will swap”

I decide to not fight it and let him drive. Zo goes to the back seat to sit with Ndiwe. I jump to the front passenger seat and Lakhe get to the driver seat then we drive off. I have to admit that his

driving is perfect. He can't stop stealing glances at me all the way to the mall. The girls are the first to jump out of the car when we park in the mall. Lakhe and I get out of the car as well and we follow the girls behind who are running towards entrance 2.

“Are you okay?”

“Yes I'm okay Lakhe”

He takes my hand into his and hold it tightly as we walk through the mall. I'm bewildered by the weird stares we are getting.

“Do you see what I'm seeing?”

“What?”

“People are staring at us”

He chuckles and runs his thumb and forefinger on his mustache.

“They think we're dating”

I let go of his hand but he tightens his hold on my hand.

“Zwelakhe!”

“What”

“Let's go of my hand people are looking at us”

“Its not our fault that they have dirty minds. I'm not letting you go ma'am”

I try to wrest my hand from his grip but he's not letting my hand go. God this boy! This old woman looks at our intertwined hands and frowns with disgust.

“Ay wena you are such a mama's boy I wonder if I will ever have a daughter in law” I say that out loudly for the woman to hear me and her frown dissolves

“My last born was also like that he didn't even care when they teased him that he's a mama's boy. Everyone couldn't believe it when he got married” The woman says with a smile.

“This one is the first born there are his sisters.” She turns and looks at the girls.

“In nowadays boys turn into drugs and crimes due to various reasons and once they start it hard to stop them. I like boys who have special bonds with their mothers because they find it easy to confide in their mothers whenever they're going through life challenges. So be happy that your son is close to you”

“Yes you should be happy Mamoo” Lakhe says winking at me.

“Of course I'm happy mama we should get going”

“Alright sis” She walks away and I turn to Lakhe angrily he interrupts me as I'm about to scold him.

“See that wasn't bad Mamoo”

He laughs letting go of my hand.

“Uyadina wena yaz!”

“I love you more Mamoo”

Urg I hate that it's impossible to be mad at him even when he annoys the hell out of me. We start at Sportscene and he takes fila underwear and redbat boxers just because I mentioned undies only .

“Choose anything you like Lakhe”

“Are you sure”

He tries to hide his excitement but it's evident all over his face.

“Yes”

“Thank you Mamoo”

He disappears leaving me with the girls.

“What about us mommy” Ndiwe asks folding her arms against her chest.

“Ndiwe you have a lot for clothes some of them still have price tags just like Zobuhle”

“But mommy you, babazi, cita and grandma bought those clothes for me I want to choose clothes for myself now I'm not a baby anymore”

Izwani lengani ithini! Zo bursts into laughter

“As long you are depending on my money baby girl you're still a baby and you will wear what we buy for you. Tshin!”

“You are not fair mommy!” She stomps her foot on the floor.

“Life is not fair sweetheart”

“Zo can you please help me find a job.”

“Children are not allowed to work Ndiwe it’s illegal” - Zo

“Babazi will hire me”

“He will be arrested if he hires you” I say with a smirk on my face. I got her where I want uNdiwe usile!

“Okay mama fine I’m a baby but a baby that is old enough to chose the clothes she wants to wear. Please I’m begging you mamami omuhle kunabobonke emhlabeni” (..my most beautiful mom among mothers in this world)

Good she must learn to humble herself. This child inherited her father’s trait of arrogance it’s disgusting to watch sometimes.

“Fine I’m going to allow you to choose the clothes you want to wear but that doesn’t mean we will stop buying you clothes of own our own choice. Another thing that you have to know is that if whatever you choose for yourself is ugly and appalling I’m not going to allow you to take it Uthandiwe are we clear”

“Yes ma’am”

“Good”

“Today I’m going to allow you and Zo to choose one outfit for yourselves”

They squeal excitedly and hug me. Lakhe calls me to pay then we go to the Edgars where the girls also get a chance to choose their outfits.

“You are not taking anything here?”

“Uhm no”

“Are you sure?”

He scratches his head

“Uhm you said we are going to buy my toiletries as well right?”

“Yes your school uniform is still in good condition right?”

“Yes. Umm so can I take a cologne?”

“Ufuna ukucharma bani nge cologne Lakhe” (Who do you want to charm with a cologne) I joke and he laughs out loudly.

“No one Mamoo I love to smell good and a good smell is very expensive. Umalambane onjengami can't afford a good smell”

“Do you have anything in mind?”

“Bra Mnesh's. Versace Eros”

I look at him and shake my head. It's bad enough that I have to see a handsome good smelling Nkosinathi every week and be reminded of the bitter truth that he can never be mine now imagine having to smell his scent everyday but not from him hayi ngeke.

“No not Versace Eros”

“Why not it's smells good Mamoo”

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“You can’t smell like my baby daddy Zwelakhe and beside it’s too masculine for you”

“What does that supposed to mean? Am I not masculine enough?”

He looks at me with brows furrowed

“You are a young man Zwelakhe so you should smell like a young man not like a man who’s almost 40 years old”

He heaves a sigh I can see that he’s disappointed ah well he will survive. I ask the shop assistant who’s standing on the fragrance section to advise Lakhe on which cologne to choose. The good thing is the shop assistant is a guy as well and he looks a bit older than him so they will understand each other. I go check on the girls.

“Mommy look!”

They show me their matching black sleeveless crop tops and floral short skirts.

“Are you sure you like these”

They nod excitedly. I lead them to the fitting room and when they come back my babies look cute.

“Nibahle girls! Twirl for mommy”

They twirl for me shaking their little ass. Once they are done changing I take their matching outfits and go pay. Lakhe seems happy with 1 Million Paco Rabanne for men. Our last shop is Markham then we go to spur to eat. These kids are eating slowly and enjoying themselves but I want to be in the comfort of my bed

already now. I give Lakhe money to pay when the bill comes back and to buy pizza for supper at Debonairs.

I get up and go to Checkers Liquor to buy two bottles of wine. I need to numb the pain burning in my heart.

I meet the children at Checkers to buy Lakhe's toiletries and add the groceries since now it's no longer me and my daughter after that we finally leave. Lakhe is driving so let me have my wine. I always keep paper glasses in the glove box so I take it and rinse it with bottled water and pour wine in it.

"Can I have a taste mommy"

"Ha.a Ndiwe you are a baby"

"You are not the coolest mom like Cita."

I swivel around and look at her at the back seat

"What did Cita do?"

She bites her bottom lip nervously

"Nothing"

"You are lying Uthandiwe"

"I swear mommy"

"Haibo Uthandiwe you are even saying you swear while you know very well that you are lying. Let me call Aphiwe now"

"Mommy please don't cause drama she gave me a taste of wine. It was just two sips only gee"

She rolls her eyes. One of these days I'm going to beat this girl up! I don't care that her father doesn't want his children to be beaten up. I'm glad when we arrive at home without bumping into the police because that would've been a disaster.

“Buti Zwe go and fit your clothes for us we want to see you”

“Hayi hayi Zo that's too much work”

“Mommy want to see how do the clothes she bought for you look on you angithi mama” Zo says giving me the eye. I have no choice but to agree even though all I want right now is to be alone in my bed.

“Yes baby. Hamba Lakhe” (Go Lakhe)

He mumbles something as he walks away with his plastic bags. Now I'm on my second bottle of wine and it's tickling me real good even in the wrong places. Mr Jackhammer is going to come into use tonight but I miss the real meat it's been almost five years!

My eyes involuntarily gaze at Lakhe as he walks in wearing a slim fit blue cargo denim shorts that hugs his thighs and compliments his hairy sexy legs. The blue converse sneakers matches his Adidas trefoil blue t-shirt that clings on his lean body. Gosh I can't believe that I'm literally drooling over him it's must be the wine.

“Umuhle Buti Zwe!” Squeals Zobuhle cheering for her brother.

“Turn around for us Buti Zwe”

Lakhe does as Ndiwe says with so much confidence. Nigga is feeling himself!

“Mamoo how do I look” He strides towards me.

“Ohh kanti unje umthetho wakho” (Oh this is how you look actually)

We chortle. Ever had of the saying that sometimes you are not ugly you are just broke. The rags he was wearing you could’ve mistake him as an ugly boy but the boy is sex on legs. He goes back to change from one outfit to another and with each outfit he looks hotter and sexier damn I could eat him. Okay it’s the alcohol talking now don’t take anything serious or personal. At 7:30pm they eat pizza for supper while I enjoy my wine. When they finish it’s bath time for Ndiwe.

“Uthandiwe I want to have an early night tonight come it’s bath time”

“Can I bath with her and sleep with her in my bedroom mommy?” Zobuhle asks and I look at Ndiwe. They both set this up not that I mind though.

“Okay come take her comestic she has sensitive skin so she use Nurture Skin products only”

We have a lot of people who have low self esteem because of the not so nice things said about their complexion especially being dark skinned. Some think only yellow bones, caramel and chestnut people have skin sensitivity. Whoever that has that mindset or mentality is totally insane. My baby is dark skinned like her daddy and her skin is very sensitive. I had to try various types of products until I got the right products for her, Nurture Skin that is.

Nurture Skin is a range of natural skincare products created for children from the age of 2 years to 14 years. I have to admit that

I'm an impressed mom and thanks to one of the mothers in a Facebook group that suggested this product for me. My baby skins is flawless and she's the most beautiful girl in the world. I ensure to install that into her because I don't want her to have low self esteem when she hear the not so nice things about being dark. Not that I'm biased or anything but my baby is really beautiful with a gorgeous smile that will bring every guy to their knees one of these days. Indoniyamanzi uqobolwayo!

"Ensure that you don't use any other products on her Zo please. If you want to bath together rather you use these products as well."

"Okay mommy"

"These are her Pjs"

I give her the Pjs and cosmetics.

"We don't want to disturb you when we are done so goodnight"

"Goodnight my babies"

I kiss their forehead then they run out. I don't have energy to bath who said we must bath every night before we sleep ay mqundu wakhe loyo! I change into my silk short night dress and take off my G-string. Kwa huuuh after taking off the G-string. I start at the toilet to release my bladder then come back to my ringing phone.

"Betty leave me alone!"

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I hang up and slide into bed. What does she want for me huh? Hasn't she hurt me enough with her lies and secrets? I don't know why am I surprised that she betrayed me like this. The hate that woman has for Aphiwe it's scary really I never thought that

woman has a capability of harbouring so much hate for just one person. Sometimes I do feel sorry for Aphiwe.

To think I almost killed her son after receiving that text, the very same person she was protecting. How do I go on with life like nothing happened when I know that Nkosinathi killed the man that loved me? Maybe we would've been married now. For four years I have been angry at the man that is dead. God how can she play me like this? I trusted her with everything in me and love her more than I love my own mother. I know how does that sound but I can't control it.

Mama and I don't share that bond I have with Betty. I don't know why maybe it's because we never had that mother-daughter bond even way before she met Dlamini. I was a daddy's girl and when Dlamini started abusing her and we drift further away from each other because I was constantly telling her to leave Dlamini but she would shout at me for saying that.

Or maybe it's because sometimes it feels like the only person mama loves is Dlamini in this world. Of course Dlamini is the love of her life but we're her children. No one comes before my daughter that's just the fact. Betty gave me that kinda motherly-love and to learn that it was just fake feels like a cold and harsh blade penetrating deep into my heart. My nose is starting to get blocked from all the wailing that I'm doing right now. I hear the door closing and probe myself with an elbow. I see Lakhe standing by the door.

“What are you doing here why are you not knocking”
I say sitting up on my butt while wiping my tears.

“I was going to sleep and I heard you crying. What's wrong Mamoo?”

“Its none of your business Zwelakhe go and sleep!”

“Dont you dare say that you are the one who forced yourself into my life no matter how I tried to push you away. Now that you are in my life I can't help but care about you so whatever that makes you cry it is my damn business”

He says calmly but firmly. I open my mouth to say something but my tongue is tied at the back of my mouth. He walks towards the bed and kicks off his new sneakers that still have a price then get into bed next to me. He pulls me closer to himself with his arm and I find myself nestling my head on his chest as his hand rests on my waist.

“Its okay you don't have tell me what's hurting you but please don't say it's none of my business because the day I accepted your forced entry in my life I made everything that concern you my business”

I can't miss the warmth those words sends through my heart.

“Yesterday I told you about the ex that dumped me”

“Yes what about him”

“I found out he never dumped me via the sms he actually died and that woman knew about it. In fact she's the one who fabricated the SMS”

“Ah Mamoo I'm sorry but why would she do that though?”

“She said she was protecting me but that's just a big fat lie.”

“You can never hide a person as much as you can never hide their death. One way or the other you were going to find out that he’s dead so she was protecting you from what exactly?”

I have said enough I won’t tell him more especially about Nkosinathi being the killer.

“I think you deserved to say goodbye to him, how about you go to his family and ask to see his grave just to find closure you know. Where does his family live?”

“eMsinga”

“So far. I’m sorry Mamoo mina if bengiwuye bengizopokela wonke umuntu owenze ukuthi ungabibikho emgcwabeni wami nalaba abakuphula umoya” (If I was him I would have haunt all those who made you not to come to my funeral and those you who upsets you)

I manage to laugh this boy is crazy.

“Im really sorry that you are hurting I wish I can do something to make you feel better”

He wipes my tears with the other hand and pulls up my chin tilting my head up so that I look at him. He plants a peck on my forehead and my eyes going down to my nose until he reaches my lips. I blink my eyes open and they meet his hooded pair penetrating deep to my soul. His breath is a caress on my face. Involuntarily my hand goes to the back of his neck and pulls his face close to mine. The moment our lips meet he devours mine like he’s been dying for this opportunity.

We explore each other’s lips as the kiss intensifies. I slide my tongue into his mouth he welcomes and our tongues dance in to

tune sending fire in all the right places. The passion is intense and our breathing is getting heavier by each second but no one wants to pull apart from this hot and sensual kiss. This is not supposed to be happening but I can't seem to stop, my body wants more, it's needs more of this and the mere fact that this shouldn't be happening is driving me insane. Our lips separate just to gasp some fresh air before attacking each other once again in a breathing kiss.

I lock him between my thighs to draw him closer to myself. The roughness of the fabric of his jeans is creating an interesting sensation against my bare nun. My hands frantically reach for his t-shirt and take it off. I want the feel of his flesh against mine, I want all of his body with no barrier between us. As if he can sense this he takes off my night dress and marvel at the sight of my boobs. Like a little boy that he is he suckles on my tits hard and for some weird reason the sight of this little boy sucking at my tits like his life depends on it does things to me that not no grown man has ever made me feel. God what does that says about me? For someone who is a virgin he knows the right places to touch, stroke and kiss in a woman.

When he finally goes down on me I literally go crazy. I fist on his hair lost to the electrifying sensations as he licks, sucks and laps up at my pussy like he's possessed. I wonder if the weight of my thighs on his shoulders is not too much for him but hey he will survive angisho he's been checking me out he should be able to handle me. It's not long enough before I explode in his mouth. He crawls on top of me and I taste myself in his mouth as we kiss. I need him inside of me already. I reach for his jeans and unbutton his jeans but he suddenly stop kissing me.

“What's wrong?” My voice is strained.

“Uhm.. I can't do this”

This boy better be not messing with me. My vagina is sooo ready for his 23 year old dick and he's says he can't do this?

"Come on Lakhe I know you want this we can't ignore the sexual tension between us at some point this was going to happen"

"I'm uncircumcised"

"So?"

Of course I saw that the day of the zipper got stuck.

"Most woman doesn't want an uncircumcised dick and my last ex girlfriend even asked me if I know how to fuck? That's the reason I have been dumped."

"If it's bothered you this much then why you have never went for circumcision?"

"No one has ever done it in my family what if we don't do it in my culture?"

"To us Zulus it's a matter of choice whether you decide to do it or not it's really don't matter"

"I don't know my father Mamoo so I can't possibly say I'm a Zulu"

"Okay how about we forget about what stupid young girls said and enjoy this moment. Let's prove it to that stupid ex bitch of yours that you can fuck"

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I pull his face closer to mine and kiss him

"Come on big boy show Mamoo what've you got "

I spank his buttocks he groans and kisses me like he's possessed. I help him take off his jeans together with his underwear and his uncircumcised meat springs up ready to do the dance. He's the right size but I'm a bit skeptical of the mere fact that his dick is 23 years old.

Our eyes meet and his are barely open it's doesn't help that he has hooded type of eyes. He's looking for an approval to enter and I give him the go ahead. He holds his meat and directs himself to my entrance. I gasp as he sinks in Gosh It's been a while I feel like reciting a poem to God. He finally remembered me and presented me with some real meat after almost five years.

He begins to fucks me and I buck my hips meeting his delicious strokes. I take back my skepticism he's filling me good. I bite my lip against the involuntarily sound that escapes me. I flip myself over on my all fours and allow him to slams into me from behind driving him insane. His groans are louder then mine Gosh the girls are going to come in here to find out what's all this noise for.

“Don't be loud the kids are in the next room”

It's like I'm fueling him I decide to let him be the boy is getting it for the first time in his life.

“Yhooo Mammoo”

Suddenly this Mamoo pet name sounds funny especially the long 'mmmmoooo' through his groans ngathi inkomo ebhongayo mayihlatshwa. His body goes rigid as he bhonga like a cow filling me up with his semen. I forgive him that he came first before me but the second round and third damn the stamina the boys has I give him 10/10.

Chapter Forty Five

She runs to me I pick her up as usual and shower her with kisses as she giggles sweetly. I always revel in these moments because I know once she reaches her teens they're will start to bore her and I will be the annoying mom who's messing her life for wanting what's best for her. Already at the age of 6 years she challenges me.

“Hello my baby”

“Hello mommy”

I put her down and open my car for her. When she's in I make sure she's buckled up and throw her backpack on the back seat then go to my seat.

“I thought daddy is fetching me today as it's fliday”

“You are going to spend the weekend with me baby daddy is in Johannesburg” I say buckling up and drive to the rank.

“Haaa he left me!”

“It was a matter of emergency baby your little brother is not feeling well”

“Oh no what's wrong with him mama?”

The sadness in her voice cannot be missed. They have a special bond which baffles me honestly as to the way Kj is. That's boy never smile or laugh but Ndiwe seems to understand him more then anyone.

“He didn’t say baby but we will video call him when we get home”

“I feel sad mommy I hope he going to be okay”

“He will be okay baby the doctor will make sure of that”

Nkosinathi called me yesterday to inform me about this but he didn’t tell me what’s really wrong with Kj. I hope the boy get well bakithi. I absolutely have nothing against him I just don’t like his mother for having what should be mine. I pull over by the rank and make a call.

“Hello”

“Hey it’s Cebisile I’m parked by the rank entrance ngase boxer” (... next to boxer store)

“Im coming”

I hang up and it’s doesn’t take him more then 3 minutes to come where I am. He opens the door and gets in the back seat. His old spicy scent immediately fills my car. As he about to greet Ndiwe beats him to it.

“Helooo uncle Senzo!”

“Hey baby girl how are you?”

“I’m not okay my baby brother is sick”

“Dont worry my angel he will get better okay”

“Okay where’s my lollipop”

“I thought you will never ask”

He grins as he takes out the lollipop from his sweatpants and gives it to Ndiwe who thanks him with a wild smile on her face. He always has a lollipop in his pants and Ndiwe is convinced that he buys these lollipops for her but why would a grown ass man keep a lollipop in his pants always? Maybe it's his habit just like it's Nathi's habit to chew a toothpick.

“What can I do for you Cebisile?” He asks rather coldly. He doesn't like me which I don't know why but I did not have a choice I need his help.

“I was wondering if you have been in contact with Zakhele”

I look at him on the rear view mirror and I see his eyes glazes with boredom.

“That's what you called me here for? You can't be serious I'm working Cebisile”

“Im sorry Senzo but I need to know how is he and where is he”

“Why?”

“I need closure”

“He dumped you moss what more do you want why don't you just move on Cebisile? I find it very disrespectful that you asking me about your ex boyfriend that betrayed my boy”

“Im sorry I didn't mean to disrespect you. I know what we did was wrong. Please tell me where is he?”

“I don’t know where is he and I don’t give a damn.”

“He’s your cousin Senzo”

“So? He’s the one that chose to play my boy when I’m the one who introduced him to Nkosinathi. He played me as well. Cousin or not I don’t give a damn about back stabbers.”

“Are you sure that you didn’t hear where he is?”

“Yho Cebisile I said I don’t know why don’t you go to eMsinga and find out for yourself where he is?”

“I’m scared how will his family receive me the last time I heard from his mom she was accusing me of his disappearance”

“Oh ay ke angazike” (Oh ay I don’t know) He says dismissively and opens the door.

“Can you please send a voice note on my WhatsApp for the directions and everything”

“Okay I will”

He steps his one foot on the ground.

“Why do hate me Senzo?”

A brief silence surrounds us then he clears his throat.

“I don’t hate you why do you think I hate you?”

“You are just cold towards me and you know it Senzo”

“I don’t hate you I hate that I almost lost my brother twice because of you. Your late husband shot him and he almost died then you shot him as well and your sister tried to end his life at the hospital. What I hate even more is this soft spot he has for you and I can’t help but fear that one day it will end his life.”

With that said he steps out of the car and walks away after closing the door. I heave a sigh. Okay his coldness towards me is justifiable but it’s not my fault that we got caught. Nkosinathi is a grown ass man he knew what he was getting himself into as for shooting him Nkosinathi forgave me why can’t he forgive me as well? I don’t want to mention Zanothando because Nkosinathi got his revenge. I haven’t seen my sister for years now yes we talked on the phone for a year after that she stopped contacting me. I thought it’s me only but the parents said that as well. She’s always on my mind I wonder if she’s okay wherever she is.

“Do you want something to eat?”

I’m just trying my luck with this lollipop she’s eating I doubt she will eat. She’s playing a game in my phone and didn’t hear me.

“Uthandiwe”

“Wait a bit mommy”

“Hayi wena ngilinde wena manje ngifuna ukwazi ukuthi ngiyaphi mangisuka la” (So now I have to wait for you I want to know where to from here?)

She pauses the game and takes out the lollipop from the side of her mouth.

“I’m sorry what did you say?”

“What do you wan to eat?”

“Cheeseburger and Choc caramel McFlurry

I start the car and head to McDonald’s drive thru. I buy enough for Zo and Lakhe’s as well. I’m so not in the mood to cook I’m drained. It’s been a draining week and having to see Betty everyday when I fetch Ndiwe in her house didn’t help. I drive straight home after receiving our supper. The two have arrived from school I can hear the loud hip hop bursting as I park my car in the drive way.

Lakhe has extra classes after school and Zo has netball practice after school. I decided to hire them a transport that fetches them after school only because in the morning we drive together. It’s better then using public transport. Imagine taking iphela (cab) that will drive you kaNtshangase where you have to wait for the bus to take you to Danhauser and take another cab to to Durnacol. It’s too much for Zo she’s still young and you can never rely on summer weather iyajika njengotshwala esiswini. It might rain while they’re still waiting for the bus kaNtshangase and the bus can be full which means they will have to stand.

I take Ndiwe’s backpack and follow her behind as we make our way inside the house. They’re still in their school uniform and making food.

“Greetings kids”

“Hey mommy”

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Lakhe doesn’t respond as if he didn’t hear me.

“Mommy is greeting us wena!” Zo says poking him with her elbow.

“She was greeting you little sis you are the kid not me”

This boy thinks just because we are fucking he’s now a man and I can’t call him a kid or a boy hehehe. I don’t have time to entertain him I have a long day tomorrow. Yes I’m going to Msinga I’m scared though there’s this part of me that wonder if it’s a good idea. Why can’t I just move on it’s not like I will wake him up heck it’s my fault he’s dead. Sigh. I put the McDonald’s paper bags on the counter and head to my bedroom.

I kick off my heels and take off my clothes. As I’m rummaging in my closet looking for something loose and comfortable to wear I feel a spank on my butt and jump up giggling.

“You are such a sexy momma!”

“When did I stop you from knocking Lakhe!”

“Im sorry I just thought you are mad at me”

“Why would I be mad at you”

I take out a short shirt dress and throw it on the bed.

“Because I didn’t greet you back. I just don’t like it when you call me a kid Mamoo”

“But you are a kid Lakhe”

“A kid at my age come on Mamoo”

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He gawks at me as I take off my bra and put it in the laundry bin.

“You don’t call me Mamoo for fun I’m your mommy and you are a kid my boy”

Mommy fucking her child how sick is that? But it’s not like he’s my biological son so it’s not that deep.

“Do you know what Mamoo means in Texas”

He brushes his moustache with his thumb and forefinger. He loves doing that it’s kinda sexy.

“No what does it means?”

He walks towards me and holds my waist looking in my eyes with a smirk.

“That’s on you to find out Mamoo”

My head is on his chin that how taller then me he is. He dips his head and our lips meet in a frenzy kiss. When we pull away we are both breathing heavily.

“I miss you” I can barely recognize his voice our husky and sending chills through my body.

“But you had me this morning?”

“I can’t get enough of you I’d have you every hour”

“Oh well then go lock the door” I say in a sultry voice and he runs to the door in an instant.

He takes long strides towards me his eyes gazing at me like I’m his favorite feast that he’s about to devour hungrily. There’s something thrilling about being the reason for the lust in his eyes

and that nice bulge already visible on his pants. He pushes me to the bed and I fall on it with my back bouncing a bit. He takes off my thong and spreads my legs wide then dives his head between my thighs.

I squeal as his tongue flicks inside my labia tasting my wetness. He runs his tongue from the bottom to the top until he reaches my throbbing bean devours it with the tip of his tongue. I probe myself up with my elbows and the sight of his tongue lapping up on me drives mad. His tongue is magic I can't control my moans. He gets up between my thighs and licks my juices all over his lips then takes off his clothes.

The fire of desire erupts into an inferno as he slides his rod up and down my wet folds. I buck my hips for more friction. Get in already big boy! He pushes my legs to my chest and drives his meat deep into my cunt. See he can read my mind and body he knows when Mamoo wants him inside of her. His strokes are deep and measured sending an electrical pleasure racing over me. The sound of our flesh hitting against each other and our muffled screams of pleasure fills my bedroom. He spreads my legs wide open each hand on each leg and fucks me hard.

“Ohhh Lakhe”

Gosh he's reaching every nook of my pussy. I never thought a young dick is this good but after all this thing is a dick maan young, old enough, circumcised or uncircumcised it's tickles so good! He crawls on top of the bed and I straddles him as I take my turn trailing wet kisses along to his chest and flick my tongue on his erect nipples. I love how I'm in control of his body and mind but I make him think he's in control of everything.

I claim his lips and we exchanged saliva with intense passion as I direct his uncut meat right into my cunt and we swallow each

other's moan. Our sweaty bodies slide against each other as I ride his dick. He's making all the right noise and driving me insane. I pull back resting my hands on his chest then buck my hips in circle.

“Ohhh ahhh Mamoo!”

I alternate between riding him like a wave and rotating my hips and that makes him cries real tears. He's close so am I

“I want you to cum with me big boy!”

“Yesss Mamooo!”

I throw my head back and our body goes rigid as we reach our high. I collapse on top of him panting like a dog and roll over after catching my breath:

“Fuck that was amazing Mamoo!”

He kisses my cheek then I get up but he holds me.

“Where are you going now?”

“To take a shower you also need to get dressed and go check the kids”

“Can't we cuddle a little bit”

“Cuddle for what Lakhe”

“Isn't what couples do”

I look at him with a raise brow



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“Yes couples do that but you and I are not a couple Zwelakhe we are just fucking don’t get confused okay?”

“I thought...”

“You thought nothing get up and get dressed”

He looks at me sadly and slides out of the bed.

“And stop undressing me in the class while I’m teaching. You need to focus when I’m teaching”

I get up and walk to the bathroom leaving him getting dressed. I take a long well deserved shower and once I’m done I go back to my bedroom to dry myself and get dressed into the shirt dress. I join the girls in the lounge. They are watching TV. Who can tell me why they haven’t changed their school uniform? I will let them be because it’s Friday.

“Where’s Lakhe?”

“He didn’t say where he’s going” - Zo

“Where’s my phone let’s call your dad Ndiwe”

“I called him mama KJ was sleeping but I saw him. Babazi said he’s getting better”

“That’s good baby”

“You received a voice note in WhatsApp from Uncle Senzo”

“Where’s your tablet? Yaz I thought you will stop using my phone since now you have your table?”

“It’s in the charger mommy.”

“Now you want to finish my battery”

“You will charge it moss it’s not a big deal mommy.”

“Give me back my phone”

She shakes her head while giggling.

“Uthandiwe I want my phone”

I try to snatch it from her but she runs away. I get up from the couch and run after her as she giggles none stop. She hides behind the couch and when I come for her on the other side she goes to the other side and when I go to the other side she goes to that side again. Zo is laughing her little ass out definitely enjoying that her friend is making me her fool. Now I’m panting like a dog and tired of her chasing after her.

“Oh my Goodness what is that!” I scream and look on top of the roof and they both look up as I walk to the other side of the couch and snatch my phone from Ndiwe.

“Gotcha!”

She screams in defeat as I laugh and Zo joins me. I settle on the couch catching my breath. Shuuu I’m getting old! We eat supper at 7:30pm without Lakhe. This is new if he’s throwing a tantrum because of what I said to him then we seriously have a problem. He can’t be catching feelings already wiyboo we have been fucking for like what 3 days?

The girls go to bed while I wait for this boy over a few glasses of wine. It’s going for midnight now and I’m starting to get worried.

Where is he? He doesn't have friends around here. His phone is ringing unanswered. I have been calling him for hours now.

“Waiting for me?”

I jump up from the couch and squeeze him in my arms.

“Where are you coming from I was worried about you”

“I'm fine Mamoo”

He reeks of alcohol and his eyes are barely open.

“You are drunk”

“Nah I'm not drunk goodnight”

He staggers to his bedroom. I go lock the door and turn off the lights then retire to bed. Saturday morning I drive straight to Msinga. It's been hour now I'm also most there and the music has been great distraction surprisingly. 23 minutes later I arrive to this deserted house on top of the mountain. This place is so real I wouldn't survive staying here. I take a huge breathe and head towards the old door and knock. No is attending me and the thought of leaving here without anything tangible breaks my heart.

I decide to walk to the next door and meet a woman outside tossing beans for the chickens that are scattered all over the yard and clucking noisily. I have never seen so many chickens in my whole life. My mother in law had them but they were not as many as these. When she sees me she stops tossing the beans and stares at me with her hand on her forehead in attempt to protect her eyes from the sun.

“Sawbona mama” (Greetings mama)

“Yebo Ntombi kunjani?” (Hello lady how are you)

“Ngiyaphila ninjani nina” (I’m good and yourselves?)

“Ngiyaphila...Noma awulethe ibentshi!” (I’m as well...Noma bring the bench!) She shouts the last sentence and few seconds later a teenage girl with long dry legs that has sticky look-alike map stains brings the bench and places it under the shade of the tree then greets me.

“Woza sihlale phansi sisi” (Come let’s sit down sis)

We settle down on the bench.

“Ungubani igama futhi ubekwa yini la” (Who are you and why are you)

“Igama lami uCebisile ngakwa Sibiya isibongo. Ngiphuma eNewcastle kahle kahle ngize la kaChonco kodwa angificanga muntu ngabe umama uyazi ukuthi bayephi mhlawumbe?” (My names is Cebisile and my surname is Sibiya I’m from Newcastle. Actually the reason I’m here I was at the Chonco household but I couldn’t find anyone. Does mama perhaps know where they are?)

Don’t be surprised Sibiya is my maiden surname.

“Aw sis kade bathutha sekuyiminyaka nje impela. Kwamangaza wonke umuntu ukuthutha kwabo ngoba kwaba isigubudukwane. Sathi sisamangwe ukuzwa ngesifo za Zakhele nanka ama truck alayisha izimpahla ahamba azange ngisho ancatshwele la” (Aw sis they relocated it’s been years now. We were all surprised as they left so suddenly. As we were still shocked by Zakhele’s death we

saw trucks loading then they were gone. He wasn't even buried here)

“Zakhele sewashona?” (Zakhele is dead?) It's comes out as a whisper.

“Yebo sisi ubumazi?” (Yes sis did you knew him?)

“Ehh mama besingabangani” (Yes mama we were friends)

“Aw phephisa sisi” (I'm sorry sis)

“Ngabe uyazi ukuthi bathutha bayakuphi?” (Do you know where did they relocated to?)

“Cha ntombi ngabe nginamanga” (No lady I'd be lying)

“Bathi yini imbangela yokushona kwakhe?” (Did they say what was the cause of his death?)

“Angsazi kahle ngathi ingozi yemoto” (I can't really remember but I think it's a car accident)

“Oh”

“Ah sisi phephisa musa ukukhala” (I'm sorry sis don't cry)

I quickly wipe the lone tear that couldn't be kept at bay.

“Uhm nisale kahle mama” (Goodbye mama)

“Awusaphuzi no jusi” (You are not going to drink juice)

“Cha mama ngisuthi. Ngibongile usale kahle” (No mama I'm full. Thank you goodbye)

I feel my knees getting weak with each step as I walk away. God he's really dead a part of me was hoping that Betty's gut made a mistake. Oh Gambushe may your soul rest in peace. I guess this is it closure or no closure I have to move on.

* * *

I thought I know how much Apple Butter means to me but after the proposal issue I realized that how much she means to me is actually beyond comprehension. In my whole life I have never been afraid to lose a woman. This woman makes me feel things that I actually thought existed decades ago. In this day and age I thought I will never find the love as close to unconditional love that flows freely without any restrictions nor demands. No one is perfect but Phiwe is perfect to me with her imperfections.

Ever since the proposal I can feel this barrier between us and that scares the shit out of me. I felt like I was losing my mind when we could not reach her on Monday. What exacerbated the situation is that when I went to Jayson's apartment I could not find her and he claimed to not know where she disappeared to. I trust her with everything in me and I know that she will never hurt me intentionally but after our fight I swear I could feel that she was with one of the bastards that want her badly. The more hours went by and she was not making her way inside the hospital the images of another man on top of her was driving me insane. I wanted to crush the hospital into a tiny ball but I had to keep it cool for my sister and my boy.

On Tuesday morning she came to the hospital and seeing her in that sexy gold dress aroused my anger. She was looking so sexy for another fucking man?

The rage inside of me was erupting like a volcano. She explained to me what happened and where she slept I believe her but not completely because of the barrier she created between us after the proposal issue. I feel like she's doubting my love for her and starting to have second thoughts about us. Not that I blame her I should have been honest with her. She stirs and blinks her eyes open then her lips curve sweetly as she sees me. I love staring at her when she's sleeping so does she.

“Hey my papito” She says groggily staring at me with a smile on her face as I'm the most precious thing she always wants to see when she wakes up. It's her words not mine I guess it's worked!

“Morning apple butter how did you sleep?”

“I slept like a baby, last night was amazing”

She bites her bottom lip. It's definitely worked. Last night I fucked the seed of doubt about my love for her out of her. I claimed back not only her body but her mind, soul and heart. I made love to every nook of her being and she gurgled my praises in gratitude. The way she smiled and looked at me when she woke up I just knew that the seed of doubt is no more so is the barrier between us. I own her soul once again.

“Im glad you enjoyed last night. Come closer please”

She snuggles closer with her head nestled on my chest and my arm wrapped around her waist.

“Ngiyakuthanda MaNdlela kakhula futhi” (I love you so much MaNdlela)

“Nami ngiyakuthanda Dlomo” (I love you too Dlomo)

I kiss her forehead and tighten her grip around her waist. The warmth of her body spreads throughout my whole body and gives me a courage to talk.

“Phiwe before I met you I didn’t think true love still exist because of how people portray love in nowadays. Little did I know that I will meet you and you will show me exactly that kind of love I did not know that I was yearning for until I met you. This kind of love we share is very rare I would never do anything to jeopardize it and I absolutely have no intention of walking away from it instead I want it to grow more and more. I swear baby our children are going to love our love story. I’m sorry for making you think you are only good enough to me for sex and making babies only. You are more than just that baby you’re an every breath I take. You will always embedded in my heart until I take my last breath. I didn’t agree to marry you because marriage is an union not only between the couple but the families as well. I have never imagined myself getting married without the people that are close to my heart. Dad is gone so is Kwanza. I have only my mom who doesn’t want to give me her blessings to be with the woman I love. Tell me how do I rejoice and be merry when the woman that brought me in this world is not happy for me and not celebrating with me?”

By the time I finish talking my chest is wet with her tears.

“Im sorry I have been selfish it’s even my fault that you are not getting along with your mother the least I could do is to stop being selfish. Ngiyaxolisa kakhulu sthandwa sami. ” (I’m really sorry my love) She chokes between sobs

“No you were not selfish Aphiwe I was supposed to be honest with you. At the end of the day it is what it is life shouldn't be on standstill just because my mom and I are at loggerheads.”

“That's true baby but your happiness is my happiness. I understand how you feel and I feel your pain. I want us to be both happy on our wedding day. How about we go to home affairs and get married no big wedding and whatsoever”

“It will be unfair of me to deny you a wedding of your dreams. Heck it's unfair to deny myself a chance to make it official for the whole world to see that you are mine. I want to fuck you in your white dress for 3 rounds then explore your naked sexy ass until dawn”

She moans as I imagine our wedding day where its ends with me fucking her in her white dress. My dick twinge at the thought how.

“Phiwe?”

“Mhh?”

“Can you please wait for me just for one year I promise after that I will marry you whether mom gave me her blessings or not”

She pulls up her head and looks at me. I can't decipher her facial expression and it's quite frustrating. What if she says no? I'm sure she can hear my racing heartbeat.

“I know that it's been so long already...”

She shuts me up with a breath taking kiss

“Of course I will wait for you sthandwa sami”

“Really?”

“Yes baby”

“Thank you so much my love”

I capture her lips on mine then we go to the bathroom where we have a steamy session under the shower spray. Once we’re done we go back to the bedroom.

“You will prepare Kj while I make the bed”

“Prepare him for what?”

“The autism assessment diagnosis is starting today remember”

“Ehy my son is not going anywhere”

“Come on baby you and I know that Kj is not like other kids it’s time we face it”

“Theres nothing wrong with Kj this assessment is a waste of time”

“The sooner we do this the better we find out what’s wrong with our son”

“There’s nothing wrong with our son!”

“Don’t you dare raise your voice at me! I’m the man of this house I’m going with Kj finish and klaar!”

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I understand that coming to terms to accept that our son is not like other kids is not easy for Aphiwe but not allowing our son to go through this assessment so that we can get to the bottom of this is annoying. I lotion my body and get dressed then go to the

nanny's bedroom. We keep the door open when the nanny is not here. Since KJ has been hospitalized she's been off. He was discharged yesterday and today it's a Friday. I walk towards his bunk bed and sit on it. He's awake just staring blankly.

"Hey boy"

He doesn't look at me but continues staring the space blankly. I get him up and prepare for his bath. Half an hour later I'm done bathing him and dressing him up.

We are in matching outfits black jeans, yellow timberlands boots and white v neck simple tees.

I pick him up and go to the kitchen where I place him on the counter then make a cereal for him.

"I wish to hear your voice just once my boy but don't worry daddy is going to be with you every step of the way okay"

I kiss his forehead and sit before him then begin to feed him.

"This is the reason he's not used to do things by himself we spoil him too much. Let him feed himself"

Aphiwe says as she emerges wearing my t-shirt only which just sits a bit below her butt.

"He's only four years old give my boy a break"

"But it's true"

"I'm glad that you're including yourself in that 'we' as you're still breastfeeding him at his age"

"That's about to stop from today. What do you want for breakfast?"

“Ngihalela amagwinya yaz” (I’m craving for vetkoeks)

“Ehh I don’t know how to make those”

“You should learn I love them”

“Ye Nkosinathi tell me when you will also learn to help me in the kitchen? I have done my part now it’s time to do yours.”

“My part in the kitchen? Wothi uyadlala baby” (...say you’re kidding baby)

“Yes Inathi what’s wrong with helping me in the kitchen?”

“I didn’t say its wrong but baby let’s leave women duties to women okay.”

“You are unbelievable!”

“You left before you did my laundry and I forgot to bring it because I decided to come here on the last minute I didn’t even go to our house.”

“You can’t even use washing machine, your laundry always have to wait for me. You are such a disappointment yaz. I wonder what would you be without me”

“I will definitely be nothing”

I get up and put the bowl in the sink then go fetch my car keys and my wallet upstairs. I run back and take my boy.

“You’re not going to eat breakfast?”

“No I will eat when I come back”

I kiss her cheek then head out. I buckle my boy and drive to the hospital. When I arrive I’m ushered Dr Mofokeng’s office she’s a pediatrician.

“Morning Dr”

“Morning Mr Dlomo how are you?”

“I’m well and yourself?”

“I’m also okay. Hello big boy”

She tickles KJ cheeks who frowns and pushes her hand rather roughly.

“Take a seat Mr Dlomo”

I do as she says pulling KJ to my lap.

“Where’s his mother is she not joining us?”

“No is that a problem”

“I prefer to work with both parents. Who stays with the boy?”

“He stays with his mother”

“She’s the one that stays with him which means she knows more about him more than you do”

“I’m sorry about that she’s not feeling well but on our next appointment she will be here”

“It’s understandable. How often are you with the boy”

“Often as I can be. I come to see them every chance I get. A week never pass”

“Well that’s good. Tell me Mr Dlomo did he smile by the age of six months”

“Not really”

“Did he mimic sounds and facial expressions by 9 months?”

“No he was just an expressionless baby boy”

“Does he have trouble making eye contact?”

“Yes sometimes”

“Does he tend to get annoyed or angry?”

“Yes especially when we are in a crowded noisy place with a lot of people or when he’s mother doesn’t want to breastfeed him”

“He’s still feeding?”

I can’t miss the shock in her eyes but she quickly mask it with a faint smile.

“Yes but he’s mom is trying to wean him off”

“Does he ever talks?”

“No”

“How does he interact with his peers?”

“He likes to isolate himself and he never plays with other kids”

She keeps jotting down everything I say as she continues to ask me questions of which I answer correctly. After that she tries to interact with KJ who’s not interested at all. This woman is actually annoying him.

“Okay Mr Dlomo that’s it for today I’m going to refer you to our ASD team which includes a child psychologist, speech-language pathologist and occupational therapist. Your next appointment is next week Monday.”

“Thank you doctor. Can I ask?”

“Yes of course”

“How long will this assessment take?”

“It will depend but usually it’s take a month to two months”

My heart drops to my stomach that’s too long!

“I know sir it’s seems long but diagnosis usually involves many specialists and professionals testing and assessing your child as I have said. This is called a multidisciplinary assessment. When lots of specialists work with your child, it gives your child the best chance of an accurate diagnosis. It also helps to develop the best treatment plan.”

“I hear you doc thank you”

“Don’t be discouraged already Mr Dlomo this is a long journey”

“I’m not discouraged doc I just wish this can be fast so that my son can get the treatment already.”

“Understandable but don’t worry everything will be okay”

“Thank you doc”

After the session with the doctor we leave. I long for meaningless father-son conversation with my son. The “I love you daddy” I get from my daughter I yearn to hear from my son as well. Hopefully this journey I’m taking with him will yield fruitful results. Thula and Phiwe are watching TV in the lounge. We join them and KJ crawls to his mother and pushes her tee up.

“No no my boy you are not getting this anymore”

KJ continues to push up the vest like he didn’t hear his mom when she gently pushes him away from her breast he lets out a piercing scream.

“Feed him Aphiwe the next thing he will do is bang his head that what he did on that day I tried to play with him”

“No I want him to stop breastfeeding”

“You can’t just stop him abruptly apple butter take it step by step”

She heaves a sigh and pulls KJ to her lap taking out her boob. KJ attacks his mom nipple in an instant.

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I park my car at the parking lot and take the brown envelope in the glove box then step out of my car. I slide the envelope in the pocket that is inside my blazer then locks my car. It’s packed since it’s Saturday and the place is still new so people love it. The world

is so tiny the bouncer turns out to be some guy who use to stay in the hood. Though we were not friends but we talked and got along well. We share pleasantries and he lets me in without having to cue.

“Ngena mkhaya” (Get in home boy)

“Ta mkhaya” (Thank you home boy)

I head upstairs to the VIP section and go straight to the owner’s office. I knock on the door and a deep voice shouts “come in” from the other side of the room. I push the door open and make my way in.

“Sure Bigga”

Now I get why they call him Bigga he’s really huge with a bald head he just reminds me of Bra Mos.

“And you who are you? Do we have an appointment”

“I’m Nkosinathi Dlomo”

“How can I help you?”

He looks at me from my shoes as if he’s counting the money I’m wearing. Today I decide to rock Fabiani from the head to the toes.

“Uyasishaya isdwadla saan. You must be surely here for business sit down and let’s get on it.” (You dress nice...)

I chuckle and grab the seat before him then take out the envelope throwing it on the his oak desk. He looks at it then averts his eyes to me expectantly.

“I want to see Monday night VIP section footage”

“Why?”

“My girlfriend was here with her gay friend”

“Did someone harassed them?”

“No”

He looks at me as if he’s studying me then he chuckles.

“Oh you want to see if she was really here or she’s lying?”

“You can put it like that”

He takes the envelope and counts the notes.

“I would never say no to 5k”

He takes his laptop and tap on the keyboard for a second then pushes it towards me the screen facing me. I look at the footage and see nothing suspicious though there’s this couple standing before them blocking my view from them then a few seconds later I see them walking to the toilet. They take longer in there not that I’m surprised this gender never make it quick especially when they go to the restrooms. They come back and dance for a couple of songs before leaving. Aphiwe seems very drunk and the lady is supporting her with her arm as they walk out. I sigh in relief and push the laptop back to him.

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“Are you satisfied?”

“Yes thank you”

I get up from the chair

“It was nice meeting you Bigga”

“Sure man”

I walk out and bid farewell to mkhaya then drive back to Phiwe’s place. My phone rings.

“Senzo”

“Hey man kuhambani”

“Eh ntwana Aphiwe is finding it hard to deal with the fact that’s KJ might has autism”

“Maybe she doesn’t understand what is autism just like me. You know it’s hard to deal with something you don’t understand”

“I hear you bra it’s not like I also understand everything about it but I’m willing to learn more about it and find ways to support my son not refusing any help and act like KJ is a normal child when he’s not ”

“Eish that’s true. I’m sorry that you guys are going through this but I believe in you guys. Be strong for them”

“Ta man it’s seems like I will be this side for a while”

“Don’t worry bro I got you. Cebisile asked me about Zac kanti didn’t she move on from this dude?”

“I never know what’s going in that woman’s head after so many years why now?”

“I don’t know man I gave her the location to go find him herself. I’m sure she’s on her way to Msinga as we speak”

“I will call her and find out what happened. You have never heard from him since then?”

“No and his mom never said anything to me or my mom after Cebisile received the text. I bet he communicated with his mother as well”

“I’m sorry to say this bra I know he’s your cousin but I don’t give a damn about him in fact I don’t want to be reminded of his betrayal. I don’t fucking understand why Cebisile would bring this up again the bastard dumped her for fucking sake!”

“You know man I don’t fucking care about him either. I’m also confused why Cebisile wants him can’t she stay without a dick for once nje?”

“That’s the mother of my daughter you are talking about boy”

“I’m sorry boy but be careful this soft spot you have for her one day will kill you”

“It’s not that deep Senzo relax”

“Whatever. I have to go”

“Sharp”

I hang up and reach for the remote to open the gate then maneuver my car inside the yard. I park next to Thula’s car and skip inside the house. Phiwe is screaming her lungs out.

“Eat! Take this spoon and shove it in your mouth!”

She slaps KJ's tiny hands and forces him to eat by himself but he cries

“What the fuck are you doing Aphiwe!”

I walk towards her and get her away from my son.

“I'm teaching him how to eat he has to learn how to feed himself”

“Do you have to be aggressive though!”

“I have been too soft on him that's why he's lazy we can't prove these doctors right they have to see that they're making a mistake!”

“Dammit Aphiwe just accept our son is autistic the sooner you accept the better we can both give him the support needs!”

“I won't accept shit I'm not gullible like you! You heard the doctor there's no blood test for the autism disorder it's all lies! Get that through your thick skull!”

“For someone who's educated you surprise me! Or that's four years you spend in New York was for nothing and your degree is fake?”

She slaps me so hard on my face and as I'm still shocked by that she punches me countless times while cursing.

“Oh my god what's going on! Aphiwe stop it!” Screams Thula as she tries to get me away from an angry Aphiwe who's on a mission to leave me blue and swollen with all the punches and kicks she's throwing at me mercilessly.

Chapter Forty Six

The weight of his gaze on me forces me to open my eyes and I realize that I'm in bed in my bedroom but I don't remember when did I get here. I stare into his gaze and notice sadness flashing in his eyes. My heart skips a beat at the nail scratches on his face.

“Baby what's wrong” The hoarseness in my voice surprises me. I don't remember crying or screaming and my throat is definitely not sore. I frame his nails scratched face in my palms.

“You don't remember what's happened?”

Why would I ask if I knew what happened but I know that he wouldn't ask that if he knew I have no clue what's he's on about. I hark back to today's events but I vaguely remember anything.

“No baby”

He looks at me intently and I'm unable to decipher his facial expression.

“Nothing. Thula is done with supper let's go eat”

I start rinsing my mouth in the bathroom first and wash my hands then we go downstairs. Thula is already eating in the lounge while watching TV. I settle down on the couch as Inathi fetches our food in the kitchen.

“Where's Kj”

“Why do you want him?”

I'm taken by her response. Now I have to explain myself for wanting to know where my son is?

"He's sleeping baby" Inathi say's sitting down next to me and gives me my food.

"Thank you. Why is he sleeping so early?"

"You're seriously going to act like nothing happened?" Thula spits once again and her voice is infused with anger and annoyance.

"Thula stop it"

"But buti..."

"Shut up Thula!"

Thula huffs and gets up with her food walking away. What's the fuck is going on?

"What's wrong with her?"

"Can you stop this Aphiwe!"

I look at him confused.

"Pretending like you don't know what happened its irking the hell out of me! I understand I truly do that you are under a lot of stress but what you did is so wrong the least you could do is show remorse not act like you have amnesia!"

What have I done wrong? Could it be possible that while I was floating into this unknown world I did something I cannot remember?

“I’m sorry Nkosinathi”

It’s only way to find out what I did because the more I show him that I have no clue what he’s on about is going to make him more curious.

“I’m so sorry sthandwa sami I don’t know what’s got into me please forgive me”

Isn’t it a famous line for everyone who have done something they truly never meant to do. I’m pulling my acting skills in use right now however I can’t miss the anxiety that travel through every cell of my body in this moment. He heaves a sigh and runs his hand through his haircut.

“Phiwe I have never seen you like this you were completely a mad woman. How do you expect Kj to learn to feed himself if you beat him up huh? He’s four years old for crying out loud! Look at these scratches on my face you had no right to attack me! It’s a pity if I did the same thing to you I will be sleeping in the cell today!”

Oh my God nothing at all could have prepared me for this. I let out a gut wrenching sob. He takes my plate on my thighs and puts it on the glass table along with his then embraces me in his warmth. How could I let this happen?

“Shhhh it’s okay. I know baby we are going through a difficult time right now but please try to control your emotions.”

“I’m sorry Bhelesi”

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“I know sthandwa sami”

He kisses my forehead as he rocks me back and forth like a baby. While later when I have poured all my tears he forces me to eat but I have lost my appetite.

“Just 5 spoons only my love I’m begging you”

I force down 10 spoons just to make him happy and when we finish eating we retire to bed but I start at my boy’s bedroom first and kiss his forehead. Remember how it use to hurt you that he never smiled back at you when he was a baby somehow as he grew older you noticed that there’s something about him you couldn’t fathom out. Oh please he’s not like other kids because he’s unique why his uniqueness should be regard as a disorder? A gush of unwanted thoughts attacks me the moment I wake up from my sleep. I stretch over to take my phone on the bedside table and check the time. It’s 6 o’clock in the morning.

I close my eyes trying to sleep again but I can’t, not when my mind is raging with thoughts. I want them to stop and I know something that can make them stop but when I look at a slightly snoring Nkosinathi next to me with the scratches on his face that are so visible and red now I feel a sharp pang of guilty. What kind of a child that will bang his head on the floor until he bleeds huh clearly there’s lose screw in his head. Shut the fuck up! That’s it! I roll of out bed making sure that I don’t wake Inathi up and pull my robe and slippers then take my handbag heading to the bathroom.

I rummage through my bag and my hand comes back with an empty small plastic packet. Fuck! I curse under my breath and shove the plastic back before going to my bedroom. I put the bag on the bedside table and go downstairs to make the call. Her sleepy voice comes through on the other side of the line.

“Pudding”

“Hey can we meet?”

“When?”

“Now if it’s possible”

There’s a bit of silence for a second

“Did you see what time is now pudding”

“Yes I’m very much aware of the time Kam-Kam”

“Not even restaurants are open now where will we meet”

“I will send you the location”

“Okay is everything okay though pudding”

“Yes Kam-Kam I just have a potential buyer bring plenty of that stuff neh”

“I hope you’re not going to get me arrested”

“Come on why will you think of that?”

“I’m just saying”

“Let me send you the address”

I hang up and send her the address then freshen up quickly. Today’s weather is cold and looks like it’s going to be that drizzling kind of weather that continues for days even weeks. I wear my black nike tracksuits matching beanie and sneakers then leave.

I find her already waiting for me she's punctual I see. After pulling my car next to her red Porche I step out of the car and run to her car. She opens the door for from the inside and I jump in.

“Hey”

“Hey”

She looks at me suspiciously.

“What?”

“Where's the potential buyer and how did he or she know that I sell”

“Come what's with the 21 questions. I got you a client you should be thanking me not questioning me”

“Sorry I just...”

She heaves a sigh

“What?”

“I thought you want this for yourself”

“What don't be silly!”

“I know how addictive this stuff is Aphie it's not your typical coke there are a lot of drugs mixed in here. It's addictive and dangerous the last thing I want is for you do this shit”

“Come on why would I use”

“They’ll start like tasting and within weeks they are addictive. I hope I won’t regret giving you a taste that day”

“I even drained the left remains you gave me Kam-Kam come on what do you take me for huh? Fine you know what let’s just forget about it. I was trying to help you. The more people buy the less this stuff gets and soon you will be free of this man”

She looks at me sadly and apologizes for being ungrateful.

“For how much does the potential buyer wants?”

“2k”

“Huh?”

Her hazel eyes pops out in shock

“Like I said he doesn’t want people to know that he’s using so he doesn’t want to buy every now and then rather he has enough to last him for a while”

“Okay but I only brought for R500”

“Give me that it’s fine I will collect the rest later”

I take out money from my pocket and give it to her. She doesn’t count it but shoves it in her glove box then gives me 10 small plastic packets. R100 each packet these drugs dealers make a lot of money hey!

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“Thank you”

“No thank you pudding”

“It’s no biggie. How did you get involved with that man and why don’t you tell your parents about him I’m sure they can help you Kam-Kam”

“Don’t say that please they could be hearing us the last thing I want is for you to get into trouble”

She looks around as if she’s searching if whoever ‘they’ is staring at us

“But...”

“These are dangerous people Aphiwe okay just drop this!”

“I’m sorry”

“No I’m sorry I care about you and I don’t want anything bad to happen to you. They could hear us and come for you if you are talking like this. The best thing is that I don’t sell this to your person...”

“No! I’m sorry I will back off”

“How’s your son”

“He’s okay and was discharged Thursday”

I found myself parked before her parents house on Wednesday evening trying to run away from the raging thoughts but I find something even better. Something that is able to drift me far away from all these raging thoughts.

The more the days passes by the more I lose touch with my real world and enjoy the feeling of floating in an unknown world where I don’t get to feel anything and listen to my raging

thoughts. It's peaceful in there and it's funny how peaceful it is yet when the reality kicks back I'm told I have been acting out of character. I was even given some time off from work because it's has come to their attention that I was dealing with a lot and I don't know who the fuck told them!

A pang of guilt engulfs me as I look at him apply ointment on his burn and wrap a bandage around his hand. I'm responsible for that burn on his hand apparently I burnt him with hot coffee. I walk to him and offer to help him but he just looks at me coldly. He's getting annoyed of my unending sorries that I say to him the moment I learn what I have done to to him for the past two weeks now.

"I'm sorry Bhelesi" I whisper as tears make their way out of my eyes. I wish all of this can stop its getting worse with each passing day but I can't stop it now.

"You are starting to sound like you are singing now and it's annoying."

"I didn't mean to"

"Yeah right"

"Tell me what I should do to make everything right please"

He gazes on me and heaves a sigh.

"Join us today for KJ's appointment with the speech-language pathologist"

Oh God.

"But I'm working Papito"

“Come on Aphiwe can’t you ask for a leave huh? I also have work in KZN but I have been here for more then two weeks now I’m sure they will understand that you need some time for your family. KJ needs you, I need you. It’s also not easy for me to be attending all these sessions alone without your support we should be in these together. This is our son and he needs us both”

“You brought this on us Nkosinathi. You decided to take our son to these doctors who regard our son’s uniqueness as disorder now that you can’t handle it you need me? Andizi buti”

I take my handbag and car keys and head downstairs where I find Thula sipping coffee while going through some notes. I think she’s writing a test today.

“Good morning and bye” I say as I walk straight to the door.

“Even doctors take leaves you know sengisho abantu abalapha izimpilo zabanye abantu wena you are just an actor why can’t you ask for a leave ? My brother needs you so is KJ.” (...Im talking about people who heal other people’s lives...)

“Leave me alone Thula”

“Now I’m starting to see why mama says you’re not a good woman for buti. Ndiwe’s mom will make a great woman to buti”

Now that stings and knowing that I have been off for a week now but I have been spending my whole days at Jay’s apartment pretending that I’m going to work. I couldn’t be here when these doctors come here to assess my son’s behavior in the comfort of his home

and another thing is when I’m away from them they won’t be subjected to my aggressive behavior. I’m doing this for them.

* * *

“I’m leaving buti I left your breakfast and Kj’s in the microwave”

“Thank you baby girl”

“Bye”

“Good luck for your test”

“Thank you so much bro you will be okay right?”

She looks at me deeply in my eyes. I hate the look of pity displayed in her eyes. I wish she is not here to witness Aphiwe’s behavior lately.

“Yes I will be alright”

“How’s your hand?”

“It’s fine”

“You do know that even women are capable of abusing their men it’s not the other way around only?”

“Come on baby girl Aphiwe is not abusing me that’s a extreme way to put it”

“She’s lashing on you every chance she gets she beats you up and say sorry the next day. That’s definitely abuse don’t sugarcoat it because you are the man who’s at the receiving end of a woman’s physical abuse”

“Go you are getting late”

She kisses my cheek and dashes out. I heave a sigh when she's out of my sight. How did we get here? Usual when woman tell their story about their abusive husbands and men they say it all started with a slap and then a punch before I know it I woke up in the hospital. As a man who's been at the receiving end of an emotional and physical abuse of my woman I must say that it's all happened at once. She even hits me with objects she sees around us. The day before yesterday she beat me up with a pot on my elbow and yesterday morning she poured hot coffee on my hand. It's only a matter of time she takes a knife and stab the living shit out of me.

I don't know if all this anger is coming from her denial that our son might have autism or it's because I made her to wait for another year to marry her? I thought she understood though and I saw that she was genuinely happy that we talked and she's willing to wait. I make sure that I keep her away from our son because the last she beat him up it didn't sit well with me. I don't want my kids to be beaten up you can teach children discipline without having to raise your hand at them. Since that day he stopped feeding and he doesn't get near her ever since then not that she's around more often though.

It's been a quite a difficult two weeks of my life trying to get around Kj's sessions with the ASD team and dealing with Aphiwe's anger. The specialists have been monitoring, screening and assessing Kj's behavior. Some of the sessions were here in the comfort of his home and we also visited a crèche they wanted to see how he interacts with his peers. It's been a process that's needs patience and commitment. I have accepted already that Kj has autism I'm just waiting for the confirmation results.

I won't lie and say there haven't been moments where I blame myself as his father but with the information I have been receiving about autism I now know that parents are not at fault. The causes of autism are not known. Being nonverbal at age 4 does not mean children with autism spectrum disorder will never speak. Most children learn to use words and nearly half learn to speak fluently so I believe that my son will speak fluently as times goes on. Autism is treatable, it's not a hopeless condition and children with autism do progress. Early intervention is the key. Whenever I try to share this information with Aphiwe we end up fighting. That's how most of our fights start and end up with her beating me up.

I don't condone abuse and I won't lie and say I don't judge people who stay in abusive relationships but here the irony is, now that I'm walking a mile in their shoes I have no plans of walking out of this relationship. I can't leave her when she needs me the most I love her so much and I believe that once she accept this she will be back to be my sweet darling apple butter. Don't roll your eyes at me ukugwebeka.

Today Kj have an appointment with the speech-language pathologist. She's a lovely woman and she loves kids it's so unfortunate that she can't have them.

The appointment is at 10am I still have time to prepare Kj. I find him in his bedroom playing with his cars the same way he always does everyday and every time lining them up in a long stream line. I take out his clothes for him and prepare to bath him.

"Come my to let's go bath my boy come to daddy"

"Dadadaaaa"

My heart skips a beat as I look around the room. It's only the two of us here.

“Kj did you just talked?”

He doesn't look at me nor does he gives me his attention but continues playing his car. No man I heard him! I crouch before him and place my hands on his shoulders.

“What did you say my boy?”

The frown on his face tells me that he's not comfortable with this so I let him be and prepare him. Once I'm done we go to the kitchen to eat our breakfast Thula made for us. As much as I wish she's not here to see what's happening around here I'm very grateful for her support.

“Dada”

Yeeees! Now I heard him clearly and my heart is leaping with joy. My boy said his first word!!!

“Yes my boy I'm your dada”

“Dadahhh”

I can't stop smiling as he keeps saying that as if he's singing. I take my phone to take video of him. This deserves to be captured. Just as I save the video my phone rings it's Dr Mofokeng.

“Dr good morning!”

“Good morning Mr Dlomo you sound like you are in a good mood”

“Yes my son said his first word doctor! Can you hear him?”

I bring the phone closer to KJ as he choruses 'Dadada' then put it on my ear again.

"That's wonderful Mr Dlomo"

"I'm so happy. I have an appointment with Dr Langa today I'm about to drive there to the hospital."

"I'm calling about that Mr Dlomo. Dr Langa was involved in a car accident this morning as she was coming to work"

My heart drops to my knees.

"Is she okay?"

"She's in a critical condition Mr Dlomo I'm sorry to inform you that another speech pathologist will have to over and we reschedule today's appointment for tomorrow."

"But I like Dr Langa she's good with my son"

"I'm sorry sir it's the only way we don't know when will Dr Langa come out of the coma and when she does she will have to recover first before she comes back to work"

"I hear you doctor I wish Dr Langa a speed recovery. Thank you for letting me know"

"Have nice day"

"Thank you. Have nice day as well Dr"

I hang up and sigh heavily now that's bad news for the day. I like Dr Langa she's patient with my son and look today KJ said his first word. I decide to go to Aphiwe's work to show her the video of our

boy saying his first word. I can't wait for her to come back home it's too far. I start her favorite restaurant to buy her lunch. When I arrive at her work I'm told that she's been given time off for a week now which doesn't make sense to me as she has been going to work everyday. I call Jayson.

"Mudrayiseni"

"Where's Aphiwe Jayson and don't even think of lying to me"

"Uhm she said you guys are fighting she needed space so she's been chilling in my apartment for a week now"

Wow!

"Okay"

"Don't tell her I told you mudrayseni..."

I hang up as burning rage surges through my body like a deadly poison. So she's been running away from us on purpose! Why am I surprised she made it clear from the word go that she has been she's not involving herself in our son's wellbeing. The drive to Jayson's house seems so long and when I get there I leave Kj in the car as he has dozed off.

"Inathi what are you doing here!"

She's not surprised to see me Jayson told him I'm coming.

"Wow so this is work?"

"I came back early from work..."

“Don’t fucking lie to me! I’m coming from your workplace and they said you have been off for a week! So this is where you have been hiding for the whole week when you should be with your son attending the doctor’s sessions with him! What kind of a mother are you huh?”

“What kind of a mother? You have no right to ask me that shit! You are the one who made a decision about our son and never included me in your decision making!”

“So you say I was supposed to wait for you until you snap out of your denial?”

“I’m not in denial KJ is okay!”

“I don’t know if you are stupid or...”

I don’t finish my sentence as she takes the glass table and launches it in my direction. Where she gets this energy and strength is a mystery to me. I try to run away but I’m already late and the table hits my leg then falls on the floor breaking into pieces. I scream in agony as I collapse on the floor on top of the broken glasses.



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Chapter Forty Seven

I feel someone shaking me roughly and when I open my eyes they meet Thula's eyes that are filled with rage. What have I done now? I sit on my butt and look around. I'm in Jayson's lounge and the glass table is broken into pieces on the floor. My heart beats so loudly that it's wants to escape my chest when I see the blood on the floor.

"Where's KJ?"

"KJ?" I ask, confusion fogging my brain

"What the fuck is wrong with you Aphiwe huh? You want to kill my brother?"

"I would never do that Thula"

"That's a lie! I swear if he dies Aphiwe I'm going to deal with you! I'm sick and tired of watching you abusing my brother! You are taking an advantage of him because he loves you!"

She walks away leaving me fidgeting with fear and anxiety. If he dies? Oh no this means whatever I did to him it's terrible! This must be his blood. She comes back carrying a sleeping KJ in her arms.

"Where is he? Nkosinathi where is he?" I cannot miss the tremor in my voice.

"You want to finish him at the hospital huh?"

Hospital? I have to go see him.

“Please tell me which hospital”

She doesn't say anything but walk away leaving me in despair and confusion. I don't see us making it through after this. What have I done? I get up and clean the glasses on the floor. If I'm the one who broke this glass table Jayson is going to kill me he loves his glass table. It was the only thing he got that remind him of his late mother.

Jayson was born and bred at Eshowe. His mom got married to a Zimbabwean man. She fall pregnant and gave birth 9 months later to a baby girl. They were a happy family until 6 years back Jayson's mom died to unknown sickness. The step father took everything including Jayson's little sister and went to Zimbabwe. Jayson was left alone with an empty 3 room house and the glass table.

He sold the house and came this side to make a living. Jayson is a famous fashion designer and makeup artist but he didn't go to school for these professions. Remember that I met him when I was doing a photo shoot for drama magazine. His work is phenomenal. I'm so proud of him looking back where he is coming from.

Just as I finish cleaning up the broken glasses he walks in with blood on his white t-shirt. Our eyes meet and the mixture of emotions displayed in his eyes sends chills down my spine. I have never seen him like this. He walks towards me and settles down on the couch next to me. The somber silence is pervading the living room.

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“I'm sorry Jay” I whisper as warm lone tear trails down my face.

I don't know what am I sorry for but I'm really sorry.

He turns his head facing me I shiver under his scrutiny.

“What are you sorry for exactly”

“Everything”

“What’s everything Aphiwe?”

I look down twiddling my fingers.

“I thought we were friends Aphiwe”

“We are friends Jay”

“If we were friends you would have told me the truth why you have been spending your days here in my place.”

“I was afraid”

“Of what?”

“That you won’t understand and judge me”

“Have I ever judged you?”

“Not really but you are one blunt person Jay”

“So let’s me get this straight you were afraid I was going to tell you the truth that you didn’t want to hear?”

“Yes” I confess shamefully and burst into a loud sob.

“Oh nana”

He pulls me to his chest and embraces me.

“Let it all out”

Just as he said I let it all out as emotional pain flows out of my every pore. Everything is out of control and I don't know what to do.

“How's Nkosinathi”

I ask after a while wiping my tears with the back of my palms.

“You almost killed the poor guy Aphiwe. Thula told me that you have been physically abusing Nkosinathi. This is unlike you tell me that girl is lying”

“I'm afraid she's right Jay. I have been a mess ever since I discovered that KJ might be autistic. I'm battling to accept that my son has this disorder. A huge part of me have been suspecting that there's something about him since he was a baby and now that the doctor said he might be autistic I have been in denial and I'm scared Jay. I feel like this is all my fault my pregnancy was never smooth because of my incompetent cervix maybe it's contributed to his condition. Maybe the stress I had when I was pregnant with him is also the reason behind this. I feel so helpless Jay. Nkosinathi have been up and down attending our son's sessions with ASD team but I couldn't bring myself to attend with him hence I have been here. What kind of a mother I am huh? I know that it's also not easy for him but I have been adding more stress and pain on him by attacking him every chance I get”

Im ashamed to tell him that I have been using and that's the real reason I have been aggressive lately. The worst part of it is that I don't remember anything I have been doing when the drug wears off.

“Nana it’s not your fault do you hear me? It’s no one’s fault. I may not know much about autism but I know that the causes of it are unknown so please stop blaming yourself for things you have no control over. I can’t begin to imagine how you are feeling and I don’t know what to say to you. I feel like if I tell you I’m sorry it’s sounds wrong because there are many people out there who are autistic and they don’t want to be pitied. On the other side If I say stop overthinking it’s just autism he’s not dying there are many people out there who are autistic and are doing just fine I may sound insensitive”

He heaves a sigh and takes my hands into his.

“I want you to know though that this is not the end of the world. Everything is possible we will get through this together and another thing is it’s okay to feel the way you feel you are a human being. Now that you have reflected on your feelings and behavior it’s time to correct where you went wrong”

“I messed up big time Jay I don’t see Nkosinathi forgiving me after this.”

“You almost killed him Aphiwe I still can’t get over what I saw when I walked in here”

“You were also here?” I ask and he looks at me confused.

“The thing is when my anger takes over everything around me becomes invisible. Tell me what happened and what did you see?”

I need to know what did I do and how bad my man is. God I hope he’s not in a critical condition.

“I called you to tell you Nkosinathi is on the way but you weren’t answering the phone luckily enough my client had some crisis to

attend to at home. So I came here and find you two screaming at each other the next thing you throw the glass table on him. He tried to run away but the table hit him on his leg. If he didn't run away it would've hit his head. He groaned and fell on the broken pieces of the glass table. You stood there not showing any remorse or any emotion for that matter which just surprised me. Before I took him to the hospital I put KJ in my bed who was sleeping in his father's car. Aphiwe you really scared me"

I can hear the shock in his voice. Tears stream down my face as it dawn on me what have I done.

"How..how is he" I choke between my sobs

"They removed the glasses on his arm but his leg is broken I left before they could put on a cast on his leg."

"Oh my god ngenzeni Jay!"

I quickly wipe my tears and get up

"I need to go see him. I'm sorry about your glass table I know how special it is to you. I will replace it I promise you."

"You don't have to replace it"

"But I want to Jay please to show how sorry I am"

"Replacing it won't make it mama's glass table because it will be new and with no memories at all"

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My heart breaks into millions shards.

"Ngiyaxolisa Jay" (I'm sorry Jay)

“Go Aphiwe”

I walk out with my bleeding heart and get into my car then drive to the hospital. When I get to the hospital I enquire and I'm told that I can't go in. I explain who am I and how am I related to the patient but they say they were strictly told to not let me see Nkosinathi. I chuckle in disbelief as I take in all of this then it hit me hard. I deserve it he probably doesn't feel safe around me anymore I almost killed him.

I walk to the restrooms and splash water on my face then look at myself in the mirror but I don't recognize the woman staring back at me. What have you done to yourself huh? What kind of a monster have you turned yourself into? Is this what you wanted from the beginning when you started using? Absolutely not you only wanted an escape but look where we are now? Every time you learned what that “escape” of yours was doing to your love ones you didn't stop why? My conscience shouts at me. I move away from the mirror and sit on the floor letting out a gut wrenching sob. The waves of sadness and anxiety hit me hard and flow like a river, so cold and unending. Aphiwe wenzeni?

* * *

My chest tightens into a knot and a quiet rage forms inside of me as I think of the man I have become in over these two weeks. The man who's has been beaten up by a woman and do nothing at all. Why does she find it easy to raise her hand on me? Is because I love her too much and she knows I can never hit her back or is it because I have lost my manhood and all she sees in me is a weakling man?

I have been very patient with her hoping that she will come to her senses but yesterday I realised that she's too far from coming to

her senses. She literally hit me with a coffee glass table who does that huh? I'm starting to think this is not about the possibility of KJ being autistic. No man a person can't have so much anger in a short space of time. She has drastically changed and when she gets angry I don't recognise the crazy woman she becomes to. It's like there's something that is pushing her to behave aggressively.

The Phiwe I know will never do the things she has done to me over the past two weeks. What happened to my sweet apple butter? I'm more worried than angry though. Yes I'm angry, I'm angry at how soft I have become, I'm angry for letting her behaviour of hers to get this far. I have to remind her that I'm her man not her punching bag. She must not dare take my love for her as weakness! I was expecting her yesterday but she didn't come to see me.

The familiar sweet scent hits my nostrils and for a moment my heart stops beating as I think maybe it's because I miss her so much that I can smell her floral scent but when I open my eyes here she is by the door. Our eyes meet, she literally jogs towards my hospital bed and sits on the little space on the bed facing me then squeezes me in her arms. I revel in her warm embrace I didn't realize how much I have missed her warmth embrace until now. When she pulls back I get to see her beautiful face of which I missed as well. In fact I missed her whole being.

I catch her tears with my thumbs and wipe them away. I don't know why I'm surprised to see the look she's giving me right now, you know that look that is full of love and care. I guess somehow I was convinced that she hates me.

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“Mfana wami” (My boy)

“Ndlovukazi yami” (My Queen)

She smiles and another set of teardrops stream down her gorgeous face. I see someone missed being called that.

“We came as fast as we could”

It's only now I notice Gatsheni standing on the other side of the bed. I have been so engrossed in the moment with the Queen that he became invisible.

“How are you feeling son?”

“Im okay baba and yourself”

“We were worried about you when your sister called”

Thula of course is the one that told them. I hope she didn't tell them more than they should know

“What happened Nkosinathi?”

“I fall on the staircase mama”

“I just knew that something is going to happen judging the dreams I have been having lately” Says mama wiping off her tears on her beautiful face.

I have to say that ubaba walishaya ikhanda la no wonder Gastheni couldn't help himself but take his friend's leftovers.

“What dreams?” I ask

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“You and I are in this foggy place when I try to reach you, you keep disappearing through the fog. Your father appears out of nowhere and shouts at me for letting you go. Other days I dream

about Kwanele she seems sad and disappointed at what I did but I always wake up before I can ask her what did I do.”

“That’s kinda deep maOledi”

“I’m not a dream interpreter but I think these dreams are simple and straightforward. Your father and your sister are not happy of what is happening between the two of you” Dad says

Could it be possible that dad heard me and he’s trying to fix this hence mama is here?

“They should be haunting this boy here not me he’s the one that disowned me his own mother”

“You know why I had to do that mama”

“You have lost so much weight it’s must be that girl’s love potion it’s eating you mele uyophalaza wena”

Or maybe not she still believes Aphiwe used love position on me which means her being here does not mean she’s willing to accept Aphiwe.

“Why are you here mama”

“You are my son Nkosinathi I have a right to be here”

“If your presence in my life is not going to give me peace then you better stay away”

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“Hayi Nkosinathi I have thought about this long and hard. You have no right to ship me out of your life as if I’m nobody I’m your damn mother I gave birth to you I’m a permanent resident in your life boy fire by force tshini!”

I can't help but laugh. The way she said that it's so funny and I see that I have no say over this. I'm glad though that she's forcing herself back into my life I have missed her so much but one thing I won't tolerate is her spitting shit to Aphiwe.

Thula walks in with KJ in her arms she didn't have a class today so I asked her to take KJ to the speech pathologist. She hugs the folks and mama takes KJ.

"Thank you my baby for letting us know we know that he wouldn't have bothered" - Dad

"I'm glad you came he needs you guys but he can never admit it"

I throw her a look ukuphapha okwani enganeni? But she's right though I could do with the folks support in difficult time. I miss my mom so much and I have been angry at dad for a long time now I think it's time to let it go now. I want us to be a family again that was once happy and got each other's back. Kwanele's passing tattered the bond we had as a family and I know that she wouldn't have wanted that. Maybe that's why she's sad and disappointed in mama's dream. It's about time we pick up the pieces and become one happy family once again.

"Hello mfana ka gogo you still don't talk"

"He said his first word yesterday"

"Ay uphuzile kodwa" (He's late)

"He has autism mama hence the delay and the way he behaves" I say and sadness flashes across her eyes but she's tries to mask it with a smile.

“We will get through this together my boy”

“Can anyone explain to me what is autism” - Dad

“Its a serious developmental disorder that impairs the ability to communicate and interact daddy” - Thula

“Oh can it be cured?”

“It’s can’t be cured but it can be treatable”

“I can imagine how this must make you feel son but you have our support all the way”

“Thank you baba”

I enjoy the conversation and laughter with my family it’s been ages we had such moment. Mom complains about being tired and need some rest has they had a long drive. They walk out and leave me with Thula.

“Did you tell them what happened?” I ask her

“No I didn’t tell them I just said it’s an accident”

“I don’t want them to know about everything that have been going on I hope you booked them a hotel because the last thing I want is them witnessing Aphiwe’s behavior”

“Mom insisted that they will stay with us buti”

“No Thula that’s not a good idea you have to do something”

“Uhm It’s seems like Aphiwe left buti”

“What do mean she left”

“Most of her clothes are not in her closet. Here she left a letter for you”

She takes out the envelope from her handbag and gives it to me. I rip the envelope and take out the letter.

‘Papito

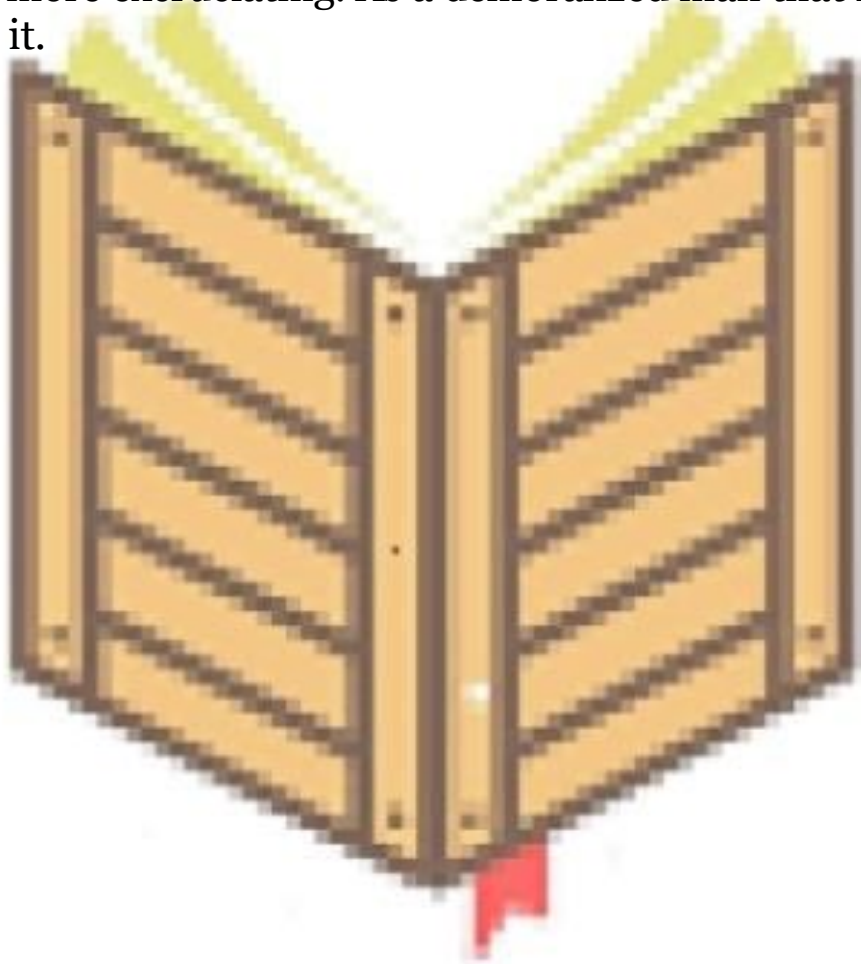
I have so much to say to you but I can't seem to find the right word to say. I'm sorry Bhelesi for everything I have put you through you don't deserve it. No one does honestly. I know that right now you are questioning your manhood and you think you are a weakling man but that's not true my love. The way I have been behaving got nothing to do with you it's totally on me and I know that nothing could've stopped you to hit back if you wanted to. Lord knows I never meant to hurt you nhliziyo yami.

Discovering that KJ might be autistic hit me hard but I don't want to make it as an excuse because it also hit you hard but you didn't take all your frustrations on me to the point of raising your hand on me. I want to tell you that I'm sorry from the bottom of my heart I hope one day you will forgive me.

I can't keep on doing this to you and our son. I need some space away from you guys before I end up killing you. Trust me I'm not doing this to hurt you or to leave you alone to handle KJ's condition as I have been doing. I need to work on myself all alone and I promise I will come back for you guys. Please don't look for me I'm begging you just give me space I hope when I come back we will be able to fix things between us. I love you so much my Papito.

Love Phiwe'

My terribly shaking hands hold the letter close to my face as I read once again trying to understand everything that has been written here but nothing is making any sense. How can she put me through so much pain and just leave me like this? Space away from us my left paralyzed foot! This is her running away from us just as she's been doing for the passed two weeks! The pain in my heart slowly dissipates as it being replaced by an emptiness that is so much more excruciating. As a demoralized man that I am I embrace it.



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Chapter Forty Eight

He falls on top of me panting and get his sweaty body off me. We both lie on the bed skyward trying to catch our breathing after an amazing morning glory.

“I’m so addicted to you”

He kisses my cheek before caressing it.

“Im always here to feed your addiction boy”

“Yaz ubuseza kahle wayilahla ekugcinen ave uyiwisa induku kodwa Mamoo” (You were going just okay until you messed it up at the end you are such a cockblocker Mamoo)

I giggle and hold him as he rolls out of bed.

“Okay askies ke” (Okay I’m sorry)

“Hayi leave me alone”

He tries to get out of bed but I hold him in place and get on top of him claiming his lips. They’re always soft and welcoming.

“I have to go to work Mamoo”

He mumbles against my lips and I intensify the kiss as I stroke his rod. It’s doesn’t take long to be hard again and when it’s hard enough to do the dance. I direct it to my opening and impale myself then begin twerking on his dick. This round is fast and quick I don’t want him to be late at work even though I’m against him working during his final exams.

“You are insatiable one would swear you are pregnant” He says and I choke on my spit at his sentence.

“Are you okay?”

“Yes”

“You look pale”

“I said I’m fine!” I snap it wasn’t my intention at all my mind is still stuck on what he said about pregnancy. The boy’s dick got me hypnotized and I forgot about contraception. God how can I be so reckless! It’s one thing to fuck a boy that is 15 years younger than me but falling pregnant is a big NO. The boy is a child himself how will he father a baby?

“There was no need to raise your voice at me especially when I did nothing wrong. I don’t give a fuck that you are way older than me. You might treat me like your sex toy but I’m human and I have feelings”

He rolls out of the bed leaving me feeling awful. I drag myself up from the bed and make it then go take a shower. I need to go see my GP now. The thought of having another baby spreads warmth through my heart but I cannot have a baby with a 23 year old boy. He wouldn’t know where to begin to play a role of a father. The last thing he needs right now is a distraction.

We are in the last week of October and the Grade 12 final examinations started last week. I want him to focus on his examinations but Lakhe is stubborn he doesn’t want to finish his exams first before he continues with his job Nkosinathi offered him at his pub and grill. Speaking of Nkosinathi he hasn’t come back to KZN ever since he left when KJ was sick 3 weeks back.

Mr Ndlovu told me that the reason Nkosinathi hasn't returned his son was diagnosed with autism and he also had an accident and broke his leg. He has a cast on his leg and he's using crutches. Mama I mean Betty has been that side to take care of him. It came as a surprise to me well until Mr Ndlovu mentioned that Aphiwe went to Cape Town to shoot a movie. I wonder how she does it, to go away to Cape Town for work purposes while you just discovered that your son is autistic. I know for a fact that I wouldn't be able to concentrate on my work if it was other way around but hey she's not me.

I finish showering and go back to my bedroom to get dressed. I look myself on the mirror turning this side and that side. This pair of jeans is a bit tight and my ass is popping out in an unattractive way. I decide to wear an olive green long top to cover up my ass. I don't look pregnant but judging the way this jeans is a bit tight now I have gained a bit of weight. I won't comment much on my libido because as far as I remember it's always been high. Once I'm satisfied with myself I take my phone, handbag and car keys and head out. The girls are making breakfast in the kitchen. It's Saturday so no school for them.

"Morning girls"

"Morning mommy!" They both chorus.

"I'm going out please behave yourselves"

"But we made breakfast enough for everyone mommy" Zo complains

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"I'm sorry baby girl but I have to go."

“I guess we are going to have all this food to ourselves Zo since buti Zwe left as well”

“Im sorry kids”

“Its okay mommy where are you going?”

“Im meeting up with my friend Zee for breakfast”

“Can we join you ladies?” - Zo

“That’s a bad idea Zobuhle, mama and aunt Zee always talk about sex!”

My brain stutters for a moment as I absorb what this 6 year old daughter of mine just said and I cannot will my lips to move. I find myself walking out without saying a word to them. What should say you when your six year old tells you that you always talk about sex? How does she even know sex?

The drive to the doctor feels short as my mind is occupied with the possibility of being pregnant and Ndiwe. Isn’t it too early though I mean she’s 6 years old and I thought I still have a few more years before she reaches that stage where I should give her the sex and boys talk. Now it’s seems like she knows more then I thought she knows and it’s quite perturbing.

I did not make an appointment but he squeezes me in. I’m freaking out as we wait for the results and I don’t want to lie I’m going to abort it if I turn out to be pregnant.

“You seem nervous”

“You have no idea I’m praying for negative results.”

“Uthandiwe needs a baby sister or brother now”

“The timing is not right Doc”

“If you say so then I understand”

He takes the tests on his table and looks at them then looks at me.
My heart thuds harder against my chest.

“You are not pregnant”

I release a huge breath of relief.

“Thank God! Now can we get down to contraceptive”

“Which one do you prefer”

“The Contraceptive Injection”

“You know the side effects of it?”

“Yes”

“Okay”

He gets up and prepare for my injection then he calls me to the bed to inject me on my buttock. Once he's done I thank him profusely as if he's the one that made me to be not pregnant. I make a call as I drive out of my GP's premises.

“Sile”

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“Hey Zee where are you?”

“Just arrived in town and yourself?”

“Driving out of my doctor’s office. Where should we meet”

“Let’s have breakfast first I’m starving meet me at Wimpy”

“At Newcastle or Amajuba Mall”

“Amajuba”

“Okay see you now”

We haven’t seen each other for a while so today we decided to spend some time together and do shopping. Well she will do the shopping because I don’t want to spend any more money than I have already spent over the passed couple of weeks. Lakhe’s grandma’s funeral almost took a quarter of my savings then my salary paid for Zo and Lakhe’s clothes. I had to add grocery since we’re family of 4 now and pay for the transport that fetches them after school. How can I forget their pockets money. If I didn’t have a baby daddy who gives me more than enough money for our daughter’s needs I swear I’d be broke now. I spot Zee and go to her table. She grins as she stands up opening her arms for me. I walk into her arms and we share a warm hug.

“Heeey babes it’s been a minute!”

“Tell me about it. I missed you so much darling”

“I miss you too”

We break the embrace and sit down.

“Have you made your order?”

“No I was waiting for you”

We decide what are going to eat and call the waiter to take our order.

“You are glowing!”

“Really? I didn’t realize”

“Out with it woman!”

“I don’t live in your head madam you better be specific”

“I know a glow dick Sile so tell me who’s it”

“It’s no one”

She looks at me curiously.

“Oh no please don’t tell me it’s your baby daddy’s dick” She says dramatically.

“There’s no dick Zibuyile”

“You are lying Cebisile. You got your groove back I can tell.”

“Jesus woman I thought you missed spending time with me not prying my business”

“Oh so it like that now?”

She sulks and I giggle. Zee is such a nosy woman! I don’t know though that I’m uncomfortable enough to share this with her. The waiter brings our food and we indulge in our breakfast in silence.

“Yaz I would have ate the breakfast my kids made for me then sit here with your sulking ass”

“Vele maan ngabe awuzanga!” (Yes you shouldn’t have came!)

She crosses her arms against her chest like a child who has been denied a candy. I can’t help but laugh.

“Shuuu sis unedrama yaz sungaze uqumbe kangaka nje impela uqumbela ipipi elibhebha mina, nawe unalo nje elikaDingani ay awuphume kimi wena” (You are dramatic sis are you seriously mad for a dick that fucks me? You also have Dingani’s dick just leave me alone)

We look at each other for a second and a gust of laughter fills the entire restaurant. Everyone looks at us but we don’t give a fuck.

“How it has been living with the genius boy with his sister”

“They’re good children yaz I enjoy living with them”

“And Ndiwe how does she feels about this”

“She loves having an older sister they’re very close. You won’t believe what she said Zee”

“Oh no I don’t want to hear it!”

Zee knows what a runny mouth my daughter has.

“Well I will tell you either way. Zo wanted to join us and Uthandiwe said it’s a bad idea because you and I always talk about sex!”

She chokes on her drink and coughs hard. I call the waiter to bring us water. A few seconds later the waiter comes back and gives Zee a glass of water who drinks it.

“Thank you”

The waiter takes the glass and walks away. I take the tissue in my handbag and give her to wipe her tears.

“See I told you I don’t want to hear it your child is going to kill me.”

“I didn’t know what to say Zee I just walked out”

“How old is Ndiwe again?”

“6 years old”

“Ay maan isn’t she too young? What does she know about sex?”

“I also don’t know Zee and she seems to know more then I think that’s what worries me”

“You should talk to her Sile and find out how much more she knows maybe you are just worried for nothing”

“You’re right” I sip on my soft drink

“If that’s how parenthood is then I’m aborting this baby”

“You are pregnant?”

“Yes”

“Congratulations baby why are you not happy?”

“How can I be happy when Uthandiwe is freaking me out like this. I’m asking myself if I’m ready to be a mother.”

“You can never be ready enough to be a mother sthandwa sami but I promise you motherhood is amazing.”

“You are just saying this to make me happy”

“No I’m being real Zee but if saying this make you feel better then I’m happy. Gosh I can’t wait to spoil my godson”

“Who said it’s a son and you’re the godmother”

“Me of course!”

“I also want a son because Ndiwe showed me how handful girls are as for you being a Godmother na.ah I’m not making you my son’s godmother without knowing whose dick you have been riding”

I laugh she won’t let it go!

“Jesus you are such a nuisance!”

“I’m begging you Sile please”

“See why Ndiwe says we always talk about sex!”

We burst into laughter.

“Haisuka your child must leave us alone sex is life! It’s not Nkosinathi’s right”

“No it’s not his”

“Good the last thing I want is for you to get hurt darling”

“I know Zee and I appreciate it but I won’t get hurt it’s just fucking”

“Is he single?”

“Yes”

“You are also single then why not date”

“That’s never happening Zee”

“Kanti what’s wrong with him?”

“There’s nothing wrong with him it’s just that he’s younger than me”

“How young?”

“15 years”

“Whaaaat you fucking a 15 year old?” She screams and everyone turns to look at us.

“Come on keep your voice down people are watching us”

“15 years pho Cebisile that’s rape moss!” She whispers.

“Ay wena he’s fifteen years younger than me. He’s 23 years old”

“Oh why didn’t say so!”

I roll my eyes the drama in this woman.

“What’s his name and where did you meet?”

“It’s Zwelakhe”

“Wait the genius boy?”

I nod as I bite my lip waiting for it because I can see it right through her face that she’s about to judge me but she doesn’t say anything.

“I know he’s young Zee and all but who cares it’s not like we are going to get married”

“I don’t care that he’s young Sile if you prefer to fuck them younger so what the thing is you were supposed to mother the boy not fuck him. I feel like you are taking an advantage of him”

“Im not taking advantage of him Zee the boy is the one that has been undressing me with his eyes I couldn’t help myself you know I haven’t had sex for almost five years”

“I know but you were supposed to be an elder here and reprimand the boy for having dirty thoughts about you not entertain him. Cebisile you can get any man to take care of your itch not this. I can’t help but feel like this will backfire”

I groan in frustration I love how blunt Zee can be at times but right now I don’t want to hear this. It’s makes me feel so horrible. It’s like I took the boy for my sexual benefits not that I wanted to help from the goodness of my heart.

“The boy is old he can make decisions for himself. He wanted this” I say after swallowing a painful lump in my throat.

“What if he felt obligated because you are taking care of him and his sister”

“He is the one that started all of this and you are right I was supposed to stop him but having a young boy looking at me like that it made me feel attractive and young especially after the kind of men that have been hitting on me over the years. It’s like I forgot I’m a woman and Lakhe is here to remind me.”

“There’s nothing wrong with the men that have been hitting on you Cebisile you just couldn’t see them because you are stuck on Nkosinathi who made it clear to you that he doesn’t want you. You are looking for a Nkosinathi in these men that’s the problem”

“That’s not true I’m way over Nkosinathi”

“You are lying Sile”

“Oho phuma kimi wena” (Leave me alone)

“Okay tell me since you told me that Nkosinathi just found out that his son is autistic and the New York girl is in Cape Town so basically he’s alone. If can come to you for a shoulder to cry on you know when we are emotional we let our emotions get the better of us will you allow him to fuck you?”

“No” I say laughing

“Unamanga Cebisile!” (You are lying Cebisile!)

“If fucking him will make him feel better then why not” I look at her through the rim of the glass as I sip on my drink.

“See you are not over him!”

“I love him and I will never stop loving him but I have accepted that I will never be with him. I’m over him Zee”

“Yet you’d fuck him”

“Ay phela she won his heart I also have to get a bit of him and that is his dick.”

“I give up on you shame!” She claps her hands dramatically making me to laugh.

“Yaz mina I find it disrespectful that you took that boy in your house and his sister and all he wants is to fuck you? You are old enough to be his mother for crying out loud how can he undress his mom”

“You won’t know the feeling until you also meet a young boy that is interested in you. It’s makes you feel young and hot you know. I swear you’d cheat on Dingani just to get the taste of that young dick”

She looks at me incredulously and laughs out loudly

“God you are possessed. Let’s go to church tomorrow you need prayers”

“I’m sorry my friend me and church don’t mix”

The sins I have will literally make the church collapse.

“What if the boy catch feelings”

“He knows it’s just fucking I made it clear to him”

“Sile there’s no way that your matured pussy is not driving that little boy crazy obvious he will catch feelings”

I giggle

“Can you let me enjoy the young dick with peace tu”

“He’s that good?”

“He’s tickling me so good and you wouldn’t think he started tasting pussy with me”

“You lie a 23 year old? That’s impossible Cebesile”

“Im telling you the thing is he’s uncircumcised so the girls have been running away from him the moment they see his uncut meat”

“Jesus you are worse then I thought he’s not only young but uncut too. How do you allow an uncut meat to enter into your vagina eww!” She says says with a grimace on her face.

“Awusemdala for lento oyishoyo uyangiphoxa yaz” (You are way too old for what you’re saying. I’m so disappointed)

“Ouch you’re hurting me”

“I’m sorry but this thing of women criticizing uncut penis annoys me. The difference between a cut and an uncut dick is the foreskin, just a mere centimeter of skin.”

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“Of course but it’s gross Sile”

“If a foreskin is such as disgusting as y’all say it wouldn’t be there to begin with. The foreskin is actually homologous to a clitoral

hood, and is intended to protect the penis from nasty things like abrasions and friction. They're also found to be quite beneficial during intercourse, as the foreskin allows for easier gliding and reduces pain and unwanted friction in the vagina. Beyond that, the foreskin makes sex more enjoyable for him, as it contains thousands of sensitive nerve endings. Again, like the clitoris."

"Whatever but I will never fuck a man with an uncircumcised dick sies!"

"That's fine Zibuyile it's your choice but there's no need to criticize uncircumcised men. How do you think they feel that the most private part of their body is deemed ugly and unacceptable? We all have different looking private parts and honestly to me a vagina is the ugliest private part ever but you never hear men criticizing us. I don't understand why y'all say it's gross because it's just an extra skin and when it's erect it's looks circumcised. The hood recoils and the head pushes its way through. Just like we women know how to keep our vaginas clean they also know how to keep their uncut meat clean. This needs to stop really it's disgusting and if you prefer a cut meat it's fine but don't make those who have uncut meat feel bad about it. It's their choice if they want to cut or not. Overall the sex is still the same"

"Okay let's change the topic it's getting intense now" She says after swallowing spit.

"So how far are you?"

"3 weeks"

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"You still have a long way to go hey. I'm sure Dingani is fussing over you"

"I haven't told him"

“Why?”

“He doesn’t want kids”

“Huh?”

“Yep”

She wipes her mouth with a serviette and sips on her drink.

“But why kids are adorable Zee and they make the marriage union complete. I thought every man wants children”

“Well not mine he says once we have children I will divert all my attention to the children and forget about him. He can’t bare the thought of sharing me even with his kids”

“Dingani is clingy, wants all your attention to himself and doesn’t want you to leave his sight. He seriously has issues babe maybe you guys need a third professional person to intervene don’t you think”

“Yeah you are right”

Our chat goes on until we are finish our breakfast then we leave for the mall for our shopping. She insists on buying for me as well when I tell her that I have spent a lot this month. Her husband is monied after all. We cut our shopping short when she starts getting sick. She still has a long way to go morning sickness are sickening.

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I park on my driveway and skip inside the house with my shopping bags. A mouthwatering smells hits my nostrils as I make my way in the kitchen. There’s a lady in a bum short and sport bra

in my kitchen. Not only is she making herself comfortable in my kitchen but she's wearing my slippers as well. Ngiyalingwa Smakade!

“Mmmh” I clear my throat and she turns around with a huge smile on her face and runs to me. When she gets to me she attacks me with a hug that I drop my shopping bags and handbag on the floor. The familiarity of her scent makes me emotional. I gently push her away from me.

“Who the are you?”

“That's not a welcome I was expecting”

WTF why her voice is like my sister's voice?

“It's me sis Zanothando, your baby sis”

I stand like a statue my mind desperately scrambling to make sense of what's happening.

“ I know you are shock and it's understandable. The reason I stopped contacting you guys is that I was going through the process of fixing my face and I wanted to surprise you. Tadaaa!”

The more she talks I can hear that it's her but her face is totally different from what it was before. My little sis was beautiful before she got burnt but this lady before me is exotic. I should be happy for her but how when her disappearance caused me nothing but anxiety.

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“No you are not my sister!”

She moves closer as I walk backward until my back is pressed against the wall and she's standing close to me filling her scent in my nostrils.

"I am sis"

She envelopes me in her arms as I try to wiggle myself but she holds me tightly in her arms that I give in and let out a sob. The nerve she has to just waltz into my house after she disappeared on us for almost 4 years! I have been worried sick about her and she comes back and say Tadaaa! Tadaaa ukunuka!

"Fuck you! Fuck you Zanothando!"

"I deserve that I know sis"

"Aunty Zah why is mommy crying?"

I wipe my tears quickly and look at my daughter who looks worried.

"Uhm mommy is happy to see aunt Zah baby it's been long."

Ndiwe doesn't remember how Thando looked like before she was a baby but she knows that there's aunt Zanothando who lives in UK.

"Okay don't cry mommy please you make me want to cry too"

"I'm sorry sweetheart. Can you please go to your bedroom with Zo. I need to talk to Aunty Zah"

She nods and disappears. I look at Thando who looks at me sadly.

“I’m sorry it was totally wrong of me to just disappear on you guys. I was supposed to tell you”

Bitch even got an accent now. I walk to the lounge and she follows me. We settle down on the couch.

“I’m sorry sis Cebisile”

“The rents were worried sick about you. I was worried sick about you”

“I know and I’m sorry”

“The least you could have done was to tell us Thando”

“I know sis I know.”

We fall into silence for a moment as we look at each other. She completely looks different but she’s so beautiful. Our lips curve in sync and we both break into huge smiles and squeeze each other.

“I bet I’m forgiven!”

“Bitch you have an accent now!”

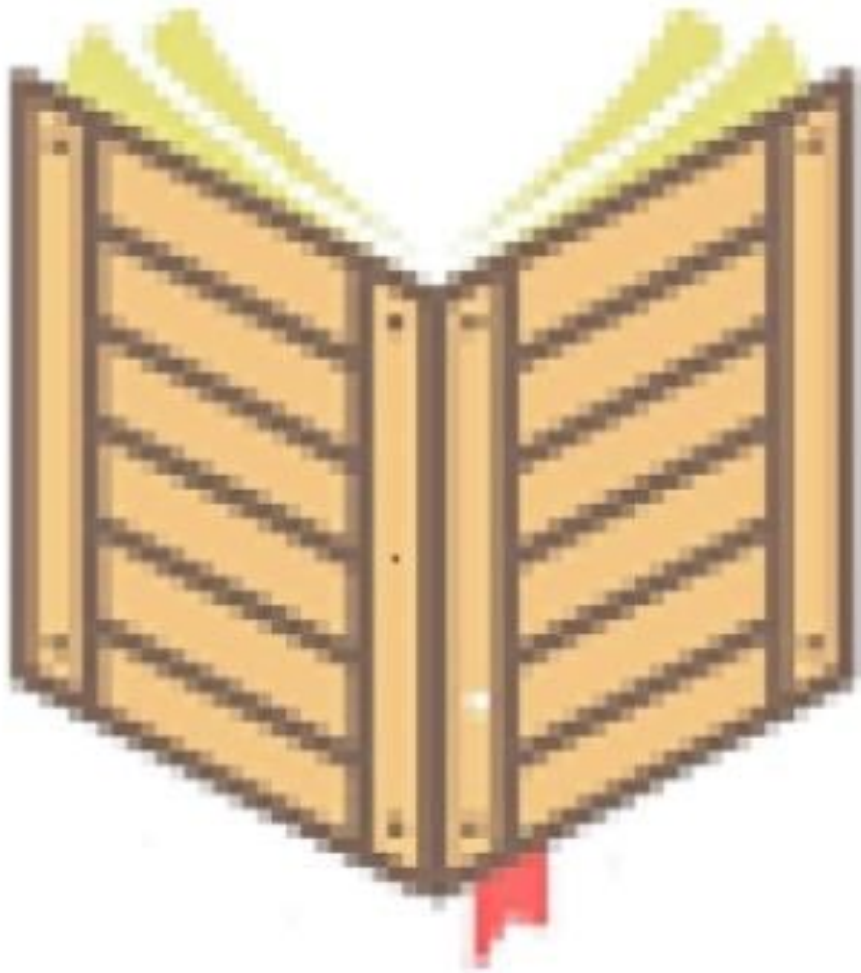
She laughs as we break the embrace and look at each other again.

“And you still are beautiful”

“Thank you baby sis. Damn don’t get me wrong I’m not saying you were ugly before but now you’re extra hot!”

“I know ” She says flapping her artificial eyelashes dramatically and we laugh.

I go get my shopping bags and put them in my bedroom then go back to the kitchen to put plenty of wine in the fridge. I need to catch up with my baby sis it's been long and I'm so happy!



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Chapter Forty Nine

The agonizing pain spreads through my body like icy liquid as her phone sends me straight to voicemail for the umpteenth time. I promised myself that I won't call her ever again but I can't seem to stop myself. It's been a week since she left but I can't reach her. This feels like a *deja vu*. I remember the time she disappeared on me after we spend a great time together in the hospital the next day we started dating. At least then I went to her house and found her unlike now I don't know where she is and she asked me to give her space but I don't know how long I can respect her wish.

I don't know how many times I have stopped myself from paying someone to can track her down. She left her car it's like she knew that it has a tracker. I'm losing my mind without her as much as I don't want to admit it. Each day it's a struggle to breathe without her and not knowing her whereabouts. I scroll to our pictures on my phone and watch our videos. Oh my apple butter I hope you are okay wherever you are.

There's someone on the door then it swings open. Mom, my little sister and my son walk in. Thula and Kj are carrying balloons and mama is carrying a big yellow taxi shaped cake with a candle written 39. Fuck it's my birthday today! They start singing a happy birthday song. Aw man this is beyond sweet.

“Happy birthday my son”

“Thank you so much mama”

“Happy birthday big bro we love you so much”

“Thank you baby girl I love you guys too”

“Kj say happy birthday to daddy” Thula says nudging Kj

“Dadah”

I smile and pick him to sit next to me on the bed.

“Blow the candle and make a wish buti”

I blow the candle and they cheer for me then I make a wish within myself. I wish Aphiwe can come back so that we can fix everything between us.

“Thank you so much mom and you sis. You guys know how to make a man feel special”

“Because you are special my son. You are turning 39 today usuyaguga uyazibona” (..You are getting old can you see) Says mama and we laugh.

“Getting old and me in one sentence that doesn’t make sense don’t you see I’ve got sauce”

“Oh you mean vinegar right”

We burst into laughter. Wow this mother of mine is something else.

“Really mama?”

“Serious as if it’s not enough that you have an ugly bushy beard and haircut you have been sour the whole week. You dont need to be ugly just because that girl is in Cape Town”

“That girl her name is Aphiwe mama”

“I don’t understand why she should be away in Cape Town shooting a movie while she’s supposed to be here with you and your son”

Of course I lied to the folks and said Aphiwe is in Cape Town to shoot a movie. I don’t want them to know the truth and if mama can know about this she will have a field day. She insisted to stay until I recover and I’m so grateful for that even though she’s fussing one would swear that I’m dying. I just broke a leg I will be fine. Dad had to go back to KZN so that Ndiwe can have someone who can fetch her from school while her mom is yet to fetch her from my parents house when she knocks out.

“You will have breakfast first before we eat the cake. Now go freshen up and please shave or trim that beard umubi maan!” (...you are ugly!)

They walk out leaving me huffing. I wasn’t planning to touch water today. It’s exhausting to bath with this cement on my leg. I miss taking showers. My phone rings it’s a video call from Mamakhe but my daughter’s face appears when I answer the video call. She starts singing a happy birthday song. Aw my heart melts into liquid gold. Imagine that I have to listen to her to count from 1 to 39 when she sings ‘unangaki’ song and she’s not even skipping numbers. Whoever is behind this ‘una 1 ehhe song’ we need to have a serious meeting.

“Una 39? Yaaaaay!” She screams excitedly.

“Happy birthday babazi I love you so much”

“Thank you so much my angel I love you too”

“When are you coming back I have a present for you”

“Soon my love very soon”

“When is soon babazi I miss you so much”

“I miss you too baby girl but don’t worry I will be there before you know it”

“But you said Kj is okay now why are you still there?”

“He’s not fully okay we are still visiting doctors”

“Then I should come and see him”

“Okay let me talk to your mother”

“Okay...mommy!”

She screams and there’s some shuffling as she walks to her mother.

“What?” Cepsile asks on the other side

“Babazi wants to talk to you”

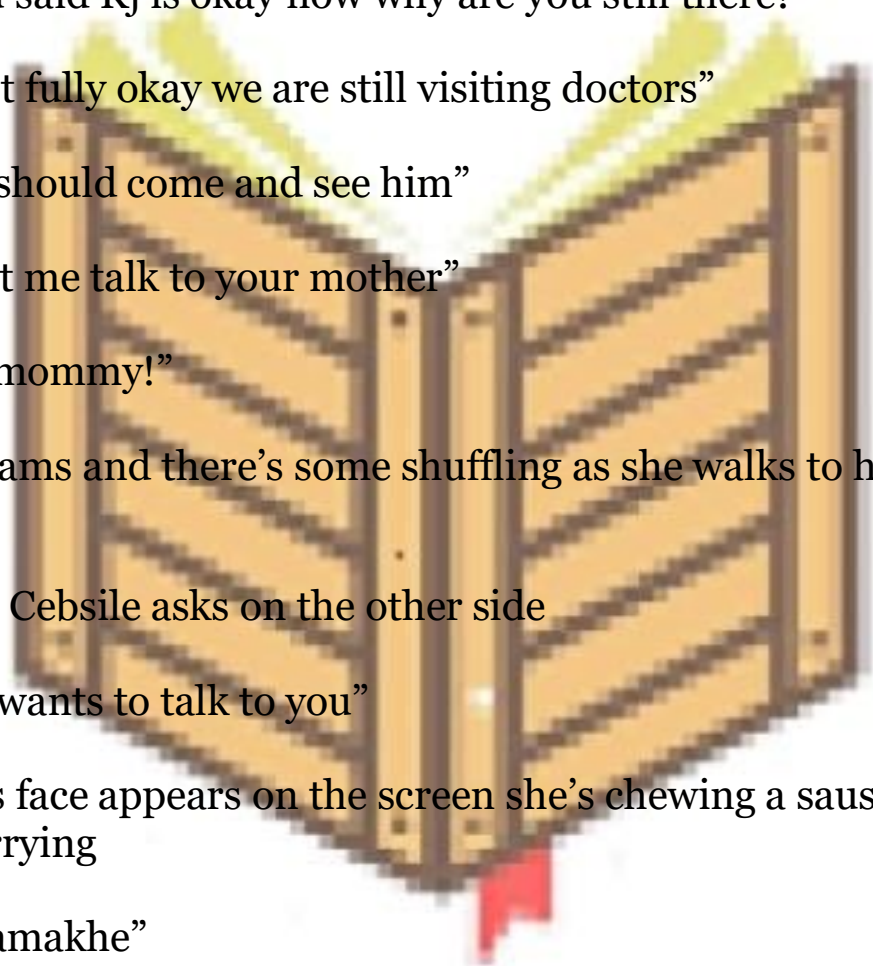
Cepsile’s face appears on the screen she’s chewing a sausage that she’s carrying

“Hey Mamakhe”

“Hey birthday boy are you good”

“Yes I’m good and yourself?”

“I’m also good”



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“Happy birthday baby daddy”

“Thank you baby mama”

“It’s doesn’t sound right when you say it in English stick to Mamakhe neh”

I giggle

“I was coping you njena”

“Stop being a copy cat ke. How’s your leg”

“It’s okay thanks for asking. Can I have Ndiwe next weekend”

“Oh okay you will fetch her?”

“No I will talk to one of the drivers who will be coming this side. Thula is going to fetch her station.”

“No my daughter is not going to travel a long distance with some driver that I don’t know.”

“Come on Cebisile I know she will be safe. I trust my drivers”

“I’m not risking like that with my baby”

“Okay how about Senzo swap with the driver that will be coming here”

“Ndiwe has never travel a long distance in a taxi with passengers what if she pukes or gets sick”

“Yhoo Cebisile why are you being difficult!”

“I’m not being difficult I’m being real you are the one who’s grumpy. I understand though that miss New York is away but you can just ask me to drive our daughter there then maybe we can take care of that grumpiness” She runs her tongue on the sausage causing my dick to stir inside my boxer.

“Uyalithanda ipipi Cebisile. Senzo is coming with my daughter and that’s that. Give me my daughter the phone” (You love the dick Cebisile...)

She laughs

“Oho it’s your lose”

My baby girl comes on the screen after some shuffling.

“Babazi”

“Yes baby girl I talked yo your mom next weekend you are going to come with Uncle Senzo”

“Thank you so much Babazi!”

“Ngiyakuthanda yezwa” (I love you)

“How much?”

Oh here goes that sly smile of hers.

“What’s do you want Uthandiwe”

“Hawu Babazi I was just asking how much do you love me”

“I love you sky size”

She smiles widely. I have a beautiful daughter bafethu. Her beautiful smile tugs at my heartstrings and I find myself giving in to her every ask.

“Can I come with Zo?”

“I knew it you want something”

“Pretty please Babazi she never went to Johannesburg we will take her to gold reef city and have fun!”

“Of course you can come with her”

“You are the coolest daddy in whole world! I love you so much and enjoy your birthday!”

“Ngiyabonga sthandwa sami. Mbaaa” (Thank you my love. Kiss Kiss)

She nears her pursed lips on the screen and I do the same as we both chorus “Mbaaa”

I toss my phone away and grab my crutches next to the beside table before heading to the bathroom. I start by trimming by beard first. I’m not shaving it does this woman knows how much it’s took me to grow this beard and take care of it. It’s a lot of work like growing hair. Once I’m done I take a bath. It’s always takes longer to bath with the cast on my leg and every time when I finish bathing I feel like I will never bath as long as I still have this thing on my leg.

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I wear a blue adidas satin shorts and a white adidas tee then make my snail walk to downstairs. I never get use to crutches but it’s seems like they love me. The moment mama sees me she rushes to

me and holds me. See what I said but I miss being babied by her. She helps me sit down on the chair by the dining table and gives me full English breakfast. They also join me and we eat over chatter and laughter.

After breakfast I attend to the phone calls and messages wishing me a happy birthday. Everyone who's important in my life have wished me a happy birthday except this one person who owns my heart. The more hours keep going by without receiving her call nor a text different emotions washes over me like waves. Couldn't she at least call me just to wish me a happy birthday? She never forgot my birthday and sometimes she'd be the one to remind me if it's my birthday.

Let me not spoil my day by thinking about someone who left me willingly my mom and sister are doing their best to make this day of mine memorable and beautiful. They have prepared a feast for us and bought plenty of wine as well as beers. I have been sipping on my beers while waiting for them to finish cooking. Finally the moment I have been waiting for arrive we eat our delectable feast. This woman never cease to amaze me when it's comes to her cooking. I still owe her a restaurant. Once we are done eating we sip on our drinks while playing cards. Mom and Thula are drinking wine. I'm drinking my beer then my boy is drinking juice.

“Mom you are cheating!” Thula says laughing.

“Accept loss Thula don't call me a cheater”

And she's really cheating!

“Hayi mama something is fishy here” I complain as well.

“Niluzile!” (Y’all lost!) She mimics Somgaga voice and we can’t help but laugh.

“Get up mama” I say

“What for now?”

“There are cards you are hiding behind you”

“Hayi that’s a lie! That’s a lie!”

“Search behind her Thula”

“Heeeey if you dare touch me I will tell your father”

“We are not scared of dad”

Thula searches mama and find 4 cards on her behind her. Cheater! We are playing isgungu.

“I knew it!” - Thula

“I don’t know where does this cards comes from maybe there’s a tikoloshe in this house”

We shriek into laughter. This is nice I’m enjoying every single second of it. I haven’t spent my birthdays with my mom for 4 years. The drunk Betty is fun and refreshing. My birthday is not that bad after all even without Aphiwe. Thula gets up to attend the intercom. A few seconds late she comes back and says I have delivery.

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“Sign whatever that is and bring it Thula he doesn’t have to strain his leg”

“He has to see this mama.”

I wonder what that is and Thula’s expression is blank. I grab my crutches and get up before heading to the kitchen door.

“Sure man”

“You are must be Mr Nkosinathi Dlomo”

“Yebo ndoda ngikusize ngani” (Yes man how can I help you)

“I have a delivery for you please sign here”

He hands me the board and the pen. I sign and hand everything back to him. He gives me a big box wrapped nicely and has a ribbon.

“What is this? Who send you?”

“Mr Dlomo can you please open the gate wide for my colleagues to get inside the yard so they can also drop off your other parcel”

“Okay”

I place the box on the counter and press the remote.

“Done”

The guy makes the call telling whoever on the other line to get in then he asks me to follow him outside. I look at him hesitatingly one can’t trust a stranger. This could be just an act so that they can get inside and hurt my family.

“Dont worry sir come”

I follow him and stand by the wall as the breakdown manuevers inside the yard. On top there's a thunder grey car with a red ribbon. I watch in awe as they offload it on the driveway. My heart leaps when see it clearly. WTF!

“Here's your car keys sir. The Volvo team wish you a happy birthday”

No this is a dream someone is going to wake me up.

“No ways man this can't be mine! Are you sure you are at the right address?”

“Yes sir oh I almost forgot here's the card”

I take the card and read it. 'IM SORRY THAT IM NOT THERE TO CELEBRATE YOUR 39th BIRTHDAY WITH YOU BUT NEVR DOUBT THE LOVE I HAVE FOR YOU. THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR RESPECTING MY WISH. I HOPE YOU WILL ENJOY YOUR NEW RIDE AND REMEMBER SPEED KILLS. HAPPY BIRTHDAY MY PAPITO ENJOY YOUR DAY'

No ways what is this woman doing to me? A whole XC90! She's trying to softening me up this one! She's definitely bribing me! Thula and mom walk out.

“Okabani umshini?” (Who's machine is this) Mom asks with a slurring voice.

“It's mine” I say prideful. This is my favorite car.

“You finally bought your favorite car buti? It's sooo beautiful!”

“No Aphiwe bought it for me”

“You are lying Nkosinathi!”

“Serious mama”

“Heee kushuthi liyamhlanyisa lontombazane ipipi lakho. Imoto yonke phooo!” (Heee your dick is surely driving that girl crazy. A whole car!!)

Trust mama to say that. Thula and I laugh as I open my car. Damn the interior is like a little heaven. I inhale taking in it's brand new scent and bring the engine to life.

“And mama this is not just any car it's Volvo XC90 the cost price is around 1m upwards”

“Unamanga wena!” (You are lying!)

“I'm telling you mama!” - Thula

“Hayi shuthi umnandi umtanami impela nkosi” (Hayi my son must be really good in bed)

“Oh so in other words daddy is not nice hence you have never bought him a car” Thula teases and mom's cheeks flush.

“Haaa phela your father deserves a private jet but I bought him a bicycle”

Thula and I crack up with laughter. Mom though!

“A bicycle really mama” Thula says laughing and mom purses her lips sulking.

“At least it got wheels wena mama!”

“Exactly my boy!”

“Let’s test drive it” - Thula

“No that’s not happening we are all under influence who’s going to drive”

I try to protest but mama doesn’t wanna hear it. Damn can it be tomorrow already! I want to drive my new ride. After admiring my car we walk inside the house and find Kj sleeping on the couch. I unwrap the big box and read the card first ‘YOU CAN NEVER FULLY RELY ON A PHONE TO KEEP YOUR FAVORITE PICTURES BECAUSE IT CAN GET LOST, STOLEN OR IT CAN FORMAT EVERYTHING. WHY NOT HAVE SOMETHING THAT WILL LAST YOU FOREVER? HAPPY BIRTHDAY ONCE AGAIN MY PAPITO I LOVE YOU TO THE MOON AND BACK’

Aww my baby is so sweet. It’s a big painted picture of her breastfeeding Kj. He was a week or few days old here. It’s my favorite pic out of them all. This pic is an embodiment of how special women are for the ability to give birth and nurture their children. The fact that I’m the one who took this picture and I have been here from day one my son was born till now gives me that warmth and joy in my heart. Its so unfortunate that she’s not here so that I can show her how grateful I am for these gifts.

I take a huge breathe in and out then step out of my new ride. This is the least of the place I expected to find her in. She has to forgive me that I didn’t respect her wish which is to give her space. I’m dying I don’t even know how did I survive all these weeks without my source of oxygen. The door is open and I can hear music playing inside which is the reason she’s not hearing my knock.

I make my way in and follow the music where it's coming. I stand rooted at the entrance of the lounge not believing what I'm seeing right now. My mind is unable to comprehend the image of this bastard ramming into my woman from her behind and her screaming with pleasure to every stroke as she grips hard on the head of the couch. I close my eyes hoping that when I open them it's will all be just a trick much to my dismay it's not a trick and they're not even aware of my presence.

I feel my heart shattering like a glass and spreads it's pieces throughout my body. I pull out my gun from behind and shoots the radio to get their attention. The music stops playing and finally I get their attention.

“Inathi!” The shock in her eyes is visible.

“Is this the reason you said I must give you space so that you are going to cheat on me without distraction?” I ask calmly which surprises me.

“No baby I..I.” She stutters and burst into tears mind you I haven't done anything to her.

“Baby? Who the fuck is this?” The guy asks fueling my anger. I aim straight to her manhood and shoots him. Aphiwe screams in shock as the guy groans in pain going down to the floor.

“Ngiyaxolisa sthandwa sami” (I'm sorry my love)

“No I'm sorry Aphiwe. Im sorry for being a fool and believe what we have was real, unique and beautiful. You left me alone to deal with our son's condition so that you can fuck around?” Once again I say calmly but the burning rage inside of me wants me to squash this house into a tiny ball. I pull the trigger once again aiming at the groaning guy on the floor.

“Inathi nooo please stop it! I’m sorry!”

She fall on her knees and begs me as tears fall relentlessly on her face.

“Unondindwa kamama wena I can’t believe of how highly I thought of you. Kj doesn’t deserves the kind of the mother you are who leaves him when he needs you the most and go fuck around!”

I shoot the guy again and this time around he stops groaning. I walk to him and crouch before him feeling his pulse.

“See what you have done? He’s gone are you happy?”

“Noooo!” She let out a loud cry and try to wake the guy up.

“Nkosinathi what have you done! You killed him!”

“Dont worry you two will have a happy ever after in the afterlife”

“What does that mean? No my papito don’t do that please!”

How I wish her tears are hurting me like they use to but they are just making me more angry. All this time I have been a fool! I point the gun to her and she screams in fear.

“Baby please don’t do this I’m begging you! What will you say to Kj?”

“I will tell him what a whore his mom is!”

“I love you Nkosinathi I swear...”

“I love you too Aphiwe but you stabbed my heart with a knife and twisted it over and over until I couldn’t feel my heartbeat anymore.”

I quickly wipe a lone tear on my left cheek.

“I’m sorry...”

“No I’m the one who’s sorry my love”

I pull the trigger on her forehead and watch her as she collapses on the floor blood oozing out and tainting the floor. Tears fill my eyes I drop down to my knees and pull her to my arms allowing my tears to fall.

I always knew that death is the only thing that will do us apart but I never thought things will play out like this.

“Nkosinathi! Nkosinathi!!”

Oh shit what is she doing here? How did she know I’m here or she was following me? I don’t want her to see this!

“Nkosinathi!!!”

“Maaaaa!!”

“Vuka!” (Wake up!)

I jump up panting and dripping wet with sweat and tears.

“These nightmares of yours are starting to worry me now”

She wipes my tears with the back of her palms and pulls me to her bosom stroking my back.

“You still don’t want to tell me what’s happening in these dreams?”

“I don’t remember mama”

It’s a lie of course. If I tell her this she will say this dream it’s a sign or a warning kanti it’s just a dream right? Yeah Aphiwe will never do me dirty like that or would she? Honestly at this moment I don’t know what to think. The more weeks goes by its the more I lose hope that she will ever come back for us and this dream is not helping at all. It always feels so real!

“Senzo is here” She says freeing me from her arms

“Why?”

“To see you of course”

“What time is it now?”

“Its around 7pm”

“Okay I’m coming”

“When is she coming back kanti as much as I hate to admit it but you are really miserable without her and it’s really not a nice sight to see”

“She’s coming back soon mama”

“We are in the middle of December now Nkosinathi and I don’t want to spend Xmas here. I miss my husband”

“You can go mama I will be fine.”

“I won’t leave you alone”

“I will ask what can be done if I want to leave with Kj to another province because I was advised to keep his routine steady for better improvement.”

Mom didn’t left she’s been very supportive and I couldn’t be happier to have her by my side. Kj’s autism report came back positive and he has started treatment 3 weeks back which is behavior therapy, speech-language therapy, play-based therapy, physical therapy, occupational therapy, and nutritional therapy. Thula went to KZN after she finished her exams.

“We will go together then ” She gets up and walks out. I get up as well and go to the bathroom to splash water on my face and wipe it with a towel then go downstairs. Senzo puts down Kj who was on his lap and gets up to his feet with a wild smile. I see someone is happy to see me it’s been a while though. I last saw him when he brought Ndiwe and Zobuhle.

She’s a lovely kid, Zobuhle that is and I love the relationship they have. I had to sit down and explain to Ndiwe about her brother’s condition because I already knew that the results were going to come back positive. I was so surprised when she said she already knew. Apparently her white friend from school also has a brother who’s autistic and she enlightened her about autism. I guess now it’s explains why Ndiwe always understood her brother more then us.

When I asked her why she never told us she said her friend always complains about her parents giving the little brother more love and attention and she feels like her parents doesn’t love her anymore. She didn’t tell us because she was scared that we will stop loving her too and love Kj more. My heart broke at that and I assured her that we will never stop loving her no matter what.

“Awe awe”

We share a brotherly hug.

“Sure boy are you good?”

“Im fine man ubekwa yini la” (...what’s are you doing here?)

“Ngikukhumbule ndoda” (I miss you man)

“Aww I miss you too man”

“Let’s go get some drinks”

I take KJ and walk to bedroom to inform mama that Im going out.

“Oh thanks to Senzo you really need a night out you can even hook up with some girl and blow off some steam”

“Mom!”

“What moss she’s not here. Indoda awuyishiyi isikhathi eside kangaka Nkosinathi” (You dont leave a man for such a long time Nkosinathi)

“But you have been here for weeks as well and left your husband in KZN”

“That’s the reason I don’t want to spend Xmas here and your father and I are okay. Unlike you I can sense that there’s something going on between the two of you”

I give her KJ and head out before she starts prying on my business.

“I’m leaving my car I want to test drive your machine”

“Sure boy”

I take the keys on the glass table and throw them at him. He catches them then we head out. We get into my car and he drives off.

“Damn bra this is a beast! Aphiwe loves you hey”

“Yeah”

He looks at me for a second then focus on the road again.

“I know you miss her but she’s going to come back”

“Or maybe not”

“What do you mean bra?”

“I haven’t been honest with you man.”

I tell him everything at some point I have talk to someone and if there’s anyone I can trust it’s him.

“Shit bra I can’t believe that you have been going through this alone! I thought we’re brothers Mnesh!”

“Of course we are brothers Senzo but it was not easy okay. Bengizokutshela kanjani ukuthi ngishaywa umfazi?” (How was I supposed to tell that my woman is beating me up?)

“I’m your brother for fuck sake not just anybody! You should never be ashamed to tell me anything!”

“Stop shouting!”

“I’m sorry Im just mad that you went through all this shit alone. Aphiwe could’ve killed you and I wouldn’t have even known the real reason. What’s got into her huh?”

“I wish I can tell you man. A part of me doesn’t believe that this is all about Kj’s condition. She had so much anger bra the anger I couldn’t understand where it was coming from so suddenly”

“Maybe she blames you for Kj’s condition”

“But why? What did I do?”

“I don’t know man I’m trying to understand where does her anger comes from”

“I feel like she’s slipping right through my fingers and this dream I have been having is not making it easy”

“What dream”

I explain to him what’s happening in my dream.

“Ah man Aphiwe loves you she will never do you like that. You do know that sometimes we dream about the things that we always think about in that moment”

“If you say so man”

“I’m sorry for everything you are going through”

We arrive to this club and it’s so packed. It’s festive season and people are having fun. The moment we walk in the DJ welcomes me and everyone cheers.

“What the fuck is going on?” I ask Senzo who just ignores me and sing along with the crowd. They’re actually singing a happy birthday song. WTF my birthday was on October it’s December now.

“Yippee Yippee Hurray!”

I spot Sabza next to DJ who gives him the mic.

“Thank you everyone for helping us wish our best friend a happy birthday. Oh well it’s a belated happy birthday actually because his birthday was on the 28th of October but due to some unforeseen circumstances we couldn’t celebrate his birthday together. Tonight we are here though to celebrate the birth of this man over there. He has been nothing but a true friend to all of us. True friends are very scarce in nowadays. Mnesh mfethu we have been friends way tuka and we have been through a lot together but we’re still standing together. Happy birthday boy we love!”

Wow this is...I don’t even know the word to say. I’m so overwhelmed I’d be crying if I was a woman. Some lady brings the cake and I blow the candles as the club erupt into cheers.

“Why you didn’t tell me you mother fucker!” I punch Senzo playfully who laughs out loudly.

“It was a surprise man”

We join Khaya and Sabza on their table.

“Thank you so much guys this means a lot to me”

“Don’t mention it bro” - Khaya

The drinks keeps coming, the conversations is flowing and music is at full blast. It's a ncaa vibe I'm enjoying myself and it feels like it's been ages. Some ladies join us. The guys are enjoying the ladies company except me and Khaya. This Miranda chick is boring me. It's so strange that Khaya is not interested in these ladies motherfucker loves women more then anything or is it pussy he loves more? They suggest that we dance. As we are dancing I spot this familiar girl but I can't put a name on her face. I find myself walking to her.

"Where are you going?" Asks Miranda

"I'm coming back now I'm going to greet my cousin"

She nods then I walk to the lady and slide to the seat next to her.

"Hello thonono"

"Hi"

She looks at me and bites her bottom lip. I scrutinize her and notice that she seems scared of me.

"I'm sorry to just sit down without asking I hope you don't mind"

"Uhm..I..I..don't mind" She stutters

"I'm Nkosinathi. Mnesh is me. Me is Nathi"

"I know you"

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah you are Aphiwe's boyfriend"

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I look at her then I remember her from the footage.

“Oh yes and you are one of her big fans . Don’t be scared relax I bite just a little”

She chuckles nervously. She’s such a goddess. I love her eyes.

“What’s your name big fan of my woman”

“Kamaria”

“Kamaria...what does your name mean?”

“Bright as a moonlight”

“What a beautiful name you’re indeed bright as a moonlight. Ubuhle bakho buvele bangikhanyisa nje ngilapha ebumnyameni I couldn’t help but found myself here.”

She giggles softly and looks at me with her alluring hazel eyes.

“Thank you. You are not bad yourself”

“Come on just say it I know I’m hot”

“You are full of yourself”

“You smell nice”

I’m tempted to lean closer to her and take in her intoxicating scent.

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“Ngiyabonga you smell nice as well” (Thank you..)

“Thank you. Uwakabani isibongo thonono” (...What is your surname babe)

“Dlamini”

“Oh Sibal’khulu”

“Yeah. I haven’t seen Aphiwe in a while I tried to call her but her phone send me straight to voicemail and she doesn’t reply my DMs”

“Aphiwe is in Cape Town for a movie shoot”

“Oh that’s great I was worried about her”

“Why would you be worried”

“Nothing really I was just saying”

She clamps the straw between her enticing lips as she takes a sip of her cocktail. I imagine how it would feel to have those lips around my cock. No Nkosinathi don’t even dare think about it! My heart berates me but my mind objects. Why Aphiwe left you what if she’s cheating wherever she is gweba lengane ntanga!

“What?” She asks as she catches me gawking at her.

“You’re so beautiful”

“I think you’ve said that”

“The thing is I have never seen such beauty are you sure you are not a fallen angel from heaven”

She blushes and quickly masks it with a straight look.

“I hope you are not flirting with me”

“No I’m not Im just complementing you but let’s say I am is it a problem?”

“Yes”

“Why if I may ask?”

“You will be wasting your time because I don’t do men”

I look at her with a raised brow

“Huh?”

“I don’t fuck men”

“Really?”

“Yes”

“Have you ever fuck one before?”

“No”

“You are lying!”

“I’m serious”

“How old are you?”

“29 years old”



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I study her face and somehow I believe her. Wait if she doesn't fuck men that's means she...

“Are you really a big fan of my woman or you're interested in her?”

“You seriously want the truth?”

“Yes”

“I like her a lot”

My heart skips a beat. Fuck I don't want to hear this!

“That night you were together what happened?”

She leans closer to my face and her strawberry cocktail breathe caresses my face.

“I don't kiss and tell excuse me”

She gets up and walks away. I don't know how does the thought of Aphuwe cheating on me with another woman makes me feel but cheating is cheating right? No man actually it's even worse to cheat with another woman! Kushuthi my dick doesn't satisfy her she wants a pussy! I get up angrily and follow her. I see her getting in one of the restrooms and barge in. She looks at me shocked with her hazel eyes wide open as they will pop out of their sockets and fall on the floor.

“WTF!”

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“What did you do with my woman!”

“Are you crazy I want to pee!”

“I’m not going here without you telling me!”

“I’m going to scream!”

“I dare you to scream”

I give her a warning stare and fear flashes across her face.

“We didn’t do anything I swear she kept on whining about you the whole night it was annoying. Uyidlisile ingane yabantu!”

I chuckle as I grab her towards me by the back of her neck and claim her lips with mine. They’re so soft and welcoming. I’m expecting her to push me away but when she doesn’t I slide my tongue in her mouth and she massages hers against mine sending a bolts of arousal through me. I cup the back of her head ravishing her mouth as she responds with the same fervor while scraping my nape with her nails sending a jolt of electricity through my body. For someone who doesn’t do men I’m stunned by the effect I have on her body in this moment.

My hands find their way down to her not so big nor small but grabable firm butt squeezing and stroking it causing her to moan in my mouth then pin her against the wall wrenching my lips from hers and attack her neck with gently bites and wet kisses. She moans loudly I guess her neck is her pleasure zone. I slide my hand between her thighs anticipating the feel of her panties only to feel her smooth bald pussy. Oh boy does that not fuel my desire but I have to focus on the end goal. I stroke the bud of her clit that is protruding out of her wet folds before running my fingers between her dripping wet folds exploring her cunt.

Her moans are music to my ears. I slide my finger inside of her fuck she’s so tight I’m even afraid that my finger will hurt her.

Slowly I thrust my finger over and over as she grips hard on my biceps that I feel her nails sinking on my skin. Now it's time to stretch this little cunt I enter a second finger and twist my fingers inside of her searching her g-spot and when I feel it I stroke it strenuously.

“Ohhh my goodness!!”

I feel her muscles clenching hard on my fingers, without a doubt she's close but I'm not going to let her cum. I pull out my fingers and tear off her dress. She gaps in shock and I smash my lips on hers before she says anything while undoing my belt and take out my dick. Boy hasn't done a dance for a while now and he's throbbing furiously. I pick her up and she clamps her legs around my waist. Fuck I can feel a bit of pain in my leg. It didn't recover completely, sometimes I can feel pain especially when it's cold or when I'm balancing hard on it like I am right now. I direct my stiff painful rod into her opening and enters the tip then pull out. She groans in frustration as I keep on teasing her with tip of my dick before entering half of my dick.

“Ohhh yesss fuck!”

I buck my hips thrusting for a few seconds then pull out again. Now she wants to cry. So much for 'I don't fuck men' I put her down and take the toilet paper then wipe my dick.

“Dude what are you doing”

“Wiping my dick”

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“Why? Please don't do this man”

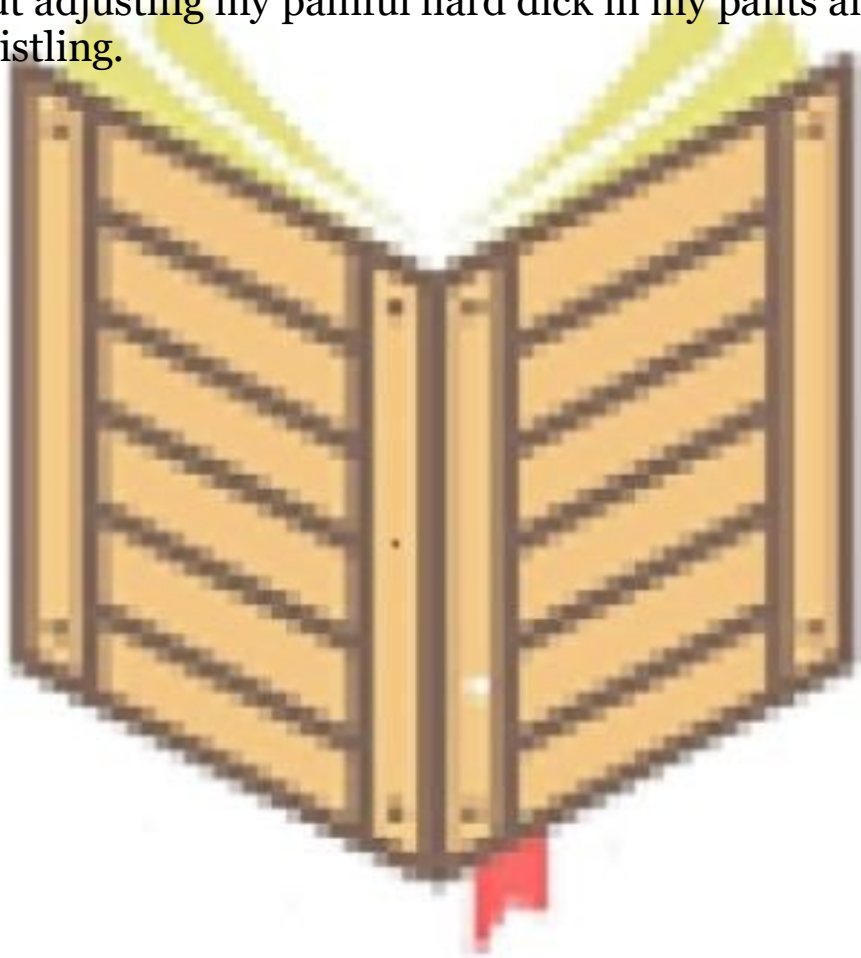
“I have just remembered that you don't fuck men”

I wink at her and she looks at me in disbelief. I throw the tissues inside and flush the toilet.

“You can’t leave me like this and you tore my dress how can I walk in public with a torn dress like this!”

“Bye Miss I don’t fuck men”

I walk out adjusting my painful hard dick in my pants and walk away whistling.



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Chapter Fifty

I feel the weight of his gaze behind me as I stir chakalaka once I'm done I put the spoon on the counter and turn around to face him. His hands are tucked in his jeans and he's leaning on the door frame. He's such a handsome boy I could imagine how many girls are throwing themselves at him especially now that his handsomeness is visible enough for everyone to see. It shows now that life is treating him better than before and I couldn't be more prouder of myself.

“Hey you are back early today”

It's going for 1pm now and he usually comes back from the pub and grill around 5pm.

“I'm not feeling well”

“What's wrong come here”

He walks towards me and stands before me. I touch his forehead to feel his temperature.

“But your temperature is okay”

“I'm not feeling well emotionally not physically”

“You wanna talk about it”

“No I will be fine”

I wrap my arms around his neck and look at him trying to read him but I'm unable to penetrate through his cute pair of hooded eyes.

“Well I know something that can make you feel better”

I lean closer as I slightly lift off my heels to reach his lips and kiss him but he doesn't kiss me back so I pull back and look at him.

“Kanti yini ngawe these days?” (What's wrong with you...) I say not masking the annoyance in my voice. He has been acting snax nje.

“Nothing Mamoo”

“Then why are depriving me?”

He opens his mouth to say something but words doesn't roll off his tongue. I notice a glint of intense emotion in his half hooded eyes of which unsettles me.

“I need to take a nap”

“It's 16th of December Lakhe come on. Zee with her husband and my sister's fiancé with his friend are joining us”

He heaves a sigh as he momentarily closes his eyes.

“Okay I won't nap but let me go take a shower maybe I will feel better after that”

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I entangle my arms around his neck and watch him as he walks away. I don't understand what's wrong with him these days. He's moody and not giving it to me. The burning smell hits my nostrils my chakalaka is burning! I quickly attend my pot switching off the

stove and taste it. It's not as good as Mazet's but its taste nice. I'm done with cooking now I'm waiting for my sister who went to town with Ndiwe and Zo to buy booze and wors.

I decide to freshen up while I wait for them I'm reeking of seshebo. I can't afford to smell like this in the presence of my brother in law and his friend. So Thando's fiancé I met him last month. He's a handsome British guy with blue eyes. I can imagine how cute their babies will be if they can inherit their fathers eyes. They met in UK obviously because that where he was born and bred. He's a plastic surgeon as well as a cosmetic surgeon. Yes he's the one that reconstructed my sister's face. I applaud him for his job shame jealous down and I'm so happy for my sister. No one can bring Zanothando down I admire her strength and resilience.

Thando hasn't told the rents that she's engaged they're yet to meet Mr blue eyes on the Xmas eve. Mom invited us so we are all going to Durban on Xmas eve. I'm done showering and I don't know what I'm going to wear. I rummage through my closet and take out a sleeveless dark blue denim crisscross lace up front jumpsuit. I'm going to wear this with my black Gucci strap flat sandals. It's a just a backyard BBQ after all. Zo is going to style my braids she's very good at that for now I will just tie them into a ponytail. Once I'm done getting dressed I spritz my perfume and look at myself in the mirror. I'm not bad at all and I like how enticingly my cleavage looks through the crisscross lace up.

“Mommy!” Uthandiwe screams as she barges in my bedroom.

“What's the noise about”

“Oops sorry! We are back!”

I look at her curiously why is she making noise?

“I’m here and I can hear you Uthandiwe you don’t need to scream”

She giggles and runs away. I shake my head and follow her behind. I find Thando loading ciders and wine into the cooler boxes while Zo and Ndiwe are giggling none stop.

“What’s with these two?”

Thando looks at me sheepishly.

“No Thando you didn’t!”

“I just gave them one cider each sis”

“They’re kids Zanothando!”

“Let’s the kids have fun Cebisile it’s festive”

“Yes ke December boss!” Zo says and walks away with Ndiwe behind her.

“Nkosinathi is going to kill you uphuzisa umtanakhe” (...You are giving his child alcohol)

She sips on her half bottle of brutal fruit and looks at me with a smug on her face.

“I’m not scared of him this time I will make sure that I kill him” She says and laughs.

“Udlala kabi yaz” (You are not playing nice)

“Askies ke” (I’m sorry)

“You bought the wors?”

“Yes.”

“I think we should just braai the meat”

“No they will braai the meat. I called him and he said they are at shell garage now”

“Okay let me ask Zee how far are they now”

I take my phone from the counter and call Zee.

“Baby boo!”

“Are you supposed to be drinking?”

“Remember our lecture that had a funny bluetooth I saw her yesterday”

I laugh. She’s tipping me that I shouldn’t say anything about the pregnancy because her phone is connected to the bluetooth and Dingani is with her.

“Really? Can you guys get here already so that you can tell me what did that crazy woman said to you”

“Come open the gate for us”

I ask Thando if the gate is locked and she says no

“Its open wozani”

I hang up and within few minutes I see her X5 parking in the drive way and wait for them at the door as they step out of the car.

Dingani holds Zee's hand as they walk towards me. If I didn't know how clingy and annoying he is I will find this cute.

“Heey!”

She's really drunk and I don't understand why because she's pregnant. We share a hug then she passes me to Dingani.

“Gog'bovu”

“Mude nude sbhamu sezinyoni”

We both laugh as we hug.

“Thank you for the invite Gog'bovu”

“Its a pleasure sbhamu sezinyoni”

Zee is already inside we also walk in and find Thando and Zee talking as if they've known each other for years. Dingani greets Thando who offers him a hug.

“Baby sis this is my friend Zibuyile and her husband Dingani. Guys this is Zanothando my baby sis”

“Its nice to meet you Zanothando. We brought whiskey and wine it's in the car” Says Dingani.

“Thank you but you shouldn't have”

Just then we hear a knock on the door. Thando literally springs up to welcome her fiancé and his friend. She hugs the friend first then hugs her fiancé before planting a peck on his lips.

“You look beautiful my love” - Scott

Thando blushes and turns to look at us.

“Thank you babe. Uhm guys this is Scott my fiancé and this is his friend Alex”

Hugs are shared and I'm the last one to be at the receiving end of Alex's warm embrace. His scent invades my nostrils and I find myself sinking in his embrace as I take in his intense yet smooth masculine scent. When he pulls back I miss his arms around me. I swear he was drawn before he was born there's no way a white guy can look this devilishly handsome. He has a well defined face with a sharp jaw and thick eyelashes that compliments his gold amber eyes. His lips...God his lips are pink it really would be a sin to have those lips kissing me down there. I clear my throat when I realise I'm staring too much.

“Uhm guys can you please braai the meat. It's marinated already. Let me tell Lakhe to get started with the fire”

I walk to Lakhe's bedroom as I release a breathe I didn't realize I was holding.

“The guests are here can you please make the fire so that the guys can braai the meat”

“Why it should be me who's making a fire ngishunqiselwe intuthu?”

I'm taken aback by his response.

“Yekela” (Leave it)

I walk out and go to the garage to get the braai stand and woods then prepare the fire a short distance away from the gazebo that we have erected in the back yard.

“You a want hand”

I look up at him and nods. Honestly I didn't know what I was doing. I have never made fire before.

“You have a beautiful daughter”

I watch him he prepares to make the fire like it's a skill.

“You met her already?”

“Yes she's beautiful like her mom”

“Thank you but she doesn't look like me”

“I noticed. Does she look like her father?”

“She only took her father's complexion but she looks like her late aunt, her father's sister”

“It's must have sucked carrying a child for 9 months and she turns out to look nothing like you”

“You have no idea”

“The lighter please”

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Our hands touch as I give him the lighter and a jolt of electricity travels through my whole body. I look into his intense gaze wondering if he felt it too or ubufebe nje budlala ngami. He clears his throat and continues with the task at hand. As the woods

burns the smoke builds up hovering over me. I moan in pain as I cover my stinging eyes with my hands.

“Oh I’m sorry move away from the smoke”

I feel his arms pulling me away. I can’t see my eyes are stinging and tearing.

“Fuck! Im really sorry!”

He cuts my face and blows air on my eyes trying to ease the pain but his breathe is caressing my face and sending chills down my spine. I open my eyes and looks at me

“How does it feel now”

“Better” It’s comes out as a whisper suddenly my voice is gone. His thumbs wiped my tears and caress my cheekbones.

“The woods must be wet hence they’re creating too much smoke. Don’t you have charcoals?”

“I do”

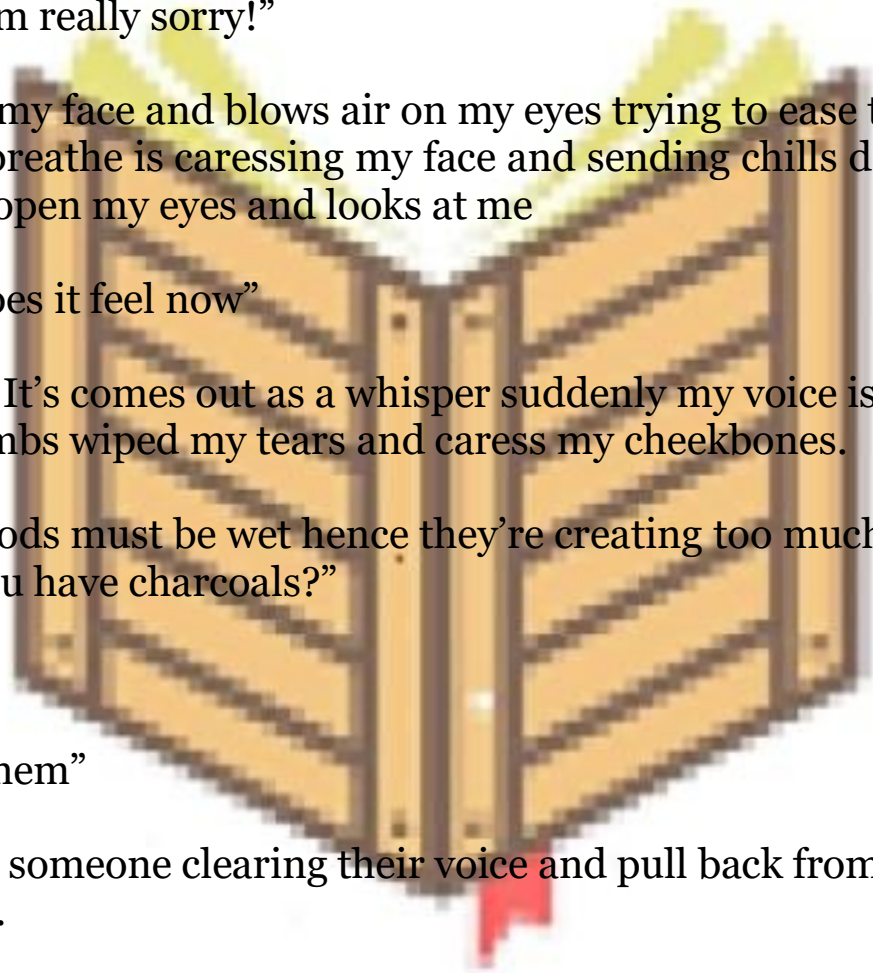
“Bring them”

We hear someone clearing their voice and pull back from our cosy position.

“Mamoo”

“Yes”

“Can we talk”



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“Greet Alex first”

“Ya mlungu” (Hey white man)

What is wrong with this child I’m getting annoyed by his stinking attitude!

“Sure mfethu” (Sure bro)

I turn to Alex surprised that he can speak isiZulu. Isn’t he from UK kanti?

“I will go get the meat and charcoals” Says Alex and walks away.

“Talk”

“I’m sorry I didn’t mean to say what I said”

“Look Zwelakhe I don’t know what’s going on with you and you don’t want to talk about it but please behave yourself around my guests do you hear me?”

“Yes ma’am”

I walk to the front and meet the guys at the door carrying charcoals and trays of the marinated pork stake and wors. Zee and Thando are sitting on high chairs talking loudly while drinking wine.

“Hayi Thando why does it seems like you are going to steal my friend now”

They both laugh

“Don’t worry my friend I’m not the kind of friend that can be stolen”

“You want me to pour you some wine sis”

“Nah I want to eat first. You know I never drink without eating”

I grab a chair and sit down too.

“When are you going to tell Dingani?”

“Don’t spoil my day please”

“I’m seriously worried about you Zibuyile you are not even supposed to be drinking”

“He knows I like my alcohol if I don’t drink he will be suspicious”

“That’s why you have to tell him. Drinking alcohol while pregnant is so wrong.”

“I know okay I know!”

“Don’t shout at me”

“You are annoying me I thought I’m going to have fun here and enjoy myself not listen to you whining. I will tell Dingani on my own time”

I raise my hands in surrender.

“Ngiyaxolisa ukuphapha” (I’m sorry for being forward)

You know what maybe I just need that glass of wine now. I ask Thando to pour me wine.

“I thought you said you will eat first”

“Uzongithelela noma?” (Will you pour me some wine or not?)

“Geee don’t take out your frustration on me.”

Zee and Lakhe are spoiling my day to think I woke up in jovial mood today argh. I go check on the kids in their bedroom. They’re both dancing to music that is playing in Zo’s phone of which was a reward for passing her grade 7 from me. Despite that she had a rough year she passed all her subjects with good marks. She deserved the reward and I’m so proud of her. When they see me they both rush to the vanity table to hide their half bottles of brutal fruit.

“Seniyizidakwa manje nina?” (You two are drunkards now?)

They look at each then me and burst into laughter as if what I said is funny. I wait for them to stop laughing but they don’t which is annoying me more. Argh let me leave them before I spank their tiny buttocks.

“Thando stop giving those two ciders they’re laughing none stop”

“I only gave them two cider each. I promised them a six pack which means they have one each left”

“Thando no don’t you hear what I’m saying?”

She cackles throwing her head on her back.

“Relax will you?”

“Where’s Zee”

“She went to the loo”

I heave a sigh. Now I regret hosting a braai I want to go to my bed and sleep.

“Hey Zee didn’t mean what she said”

“She’s right I should butt out of her business in fact I should butt out of everyone’s business because I have realized that when you are caring so much for people you become a nuisance to them”

“That’s not true Sile I’m sorry” Zee says as she makes her entrance in the kitchen.

“It’s fine Zee I get it there’s no need to say sorry”

“No Sile I was a jerk I know you mean well. I’m really sorry” She breaks down and I walk to her and pull her to my arms.

“I’m sorry Sile”

“It’s okay babe. Don’t cry”

I stroke her back until she calms down then help her to sit down on chair and give her water.

“I have been hinting for him and he made it clear that he doesn’t want kids and I will have to abort. I don’t want to terminate my babies Sile. I will wait until it’s risky to do the termination then tell him”

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“Oh Zee askies. Dingani mara naye. You don’t need all this stress yaz.”

“You said babies?” - Thando

“Yes I’m carrying twins”

“Wow that’s wonderful!”

I squeal excitedly and that makes her cry even more. Ah Dingani is unfair they should be celebrating this pregnancy. I comfort her once again and when she’s calm we go to the gazebo outside and settle down on the champing chairs enjoying wine. I can’t stop my eyes from staring at Alex. Everything about this white guy is sexy the way he laughs, talks and even the way he’s holding his glass of whiskey. For the first time in my life I’m looking at the white guy and I find him very sexual appealing phela it’s not that easy to just forget what these people put us through as black people kodwa ke angikho lapho ngila ku Alex. It’s not even about how wet he makes me feel just by looking at him it’s deeper then that but I can’t figure it out yet.

“Cebisile!” Zee screams on my face snapping me out of my trance.

“What?”

“Stop undressing the poor guy you have a young dick wena!” She says laughing.

“Kahle ukuphapha.” (Stop being forward)

“What young dick” Thando asks

“Don’t mind she talks nonsense when she’s drunk” I say to Thando who doesn’t look convinced.

“Come on sis”

“She’s fucking Zwelakhe”

Jesus Zee with her big mouth! Thando looks at me with wide open eyes.

“Cebisile!”

“What?” I roll my eyes

“You naughty woman!” Thando says and bursts into laughter as expected Zee joins her. Their personalities are almost similar hence they just clicked.

“Why you didn’t tell me? He’s hot yena but how old is he 18 years?”

“He’s 23 years”

“Not that bad at all how big is he?”

“I’m not discussing this with you Zanothando”

“Come on sis tell me does he gives it good?”

I nod my head and she squeals.

“Tell me more I want details!”

“No no no I’m not discussing my sex life with my baby sis futhi you’re disturbing me I can’t ogle Alex when you are busy filling my mind with dirty things Lakhe does to me”

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“Alex is not into relationships you are wasting your time. Tell me about Zwelakhe I have noticed though they way he looks at you and I thought nah it can’t be kanti heehh you dirty woman!”

“She’s driving the poor boy crazy I tell you. Look at how he can’t stop looking at his Mamoo” Zee mimics Lakhe’s voice on the her last word and we laugh.

“When we fuck he’s like a cow mooing Mamoooooo”

We break into a loud laughter and the guys looks at us. I’m getting tipsy and it’s feels good.

“Isn’t Mamoo means grandma in Indiana?” Zee asks laughing and Thando joins her.

“No ways I know I’m older then him but to be called a grandma I refuse. He mention Texas or something like that”

“Oh that’s so sweet of him. In Texas Mamoo means my love. Wait why will he call you his love if you too are just fucking?”

“It’s just a pet name Zanothando it’s no big deal”

“Why will you call someone you’re fucking with my love?” - Zee

“Hayi maan Zee stop over analyzing things”

Lakhe walks to us and tells us that the meat is ready. We get up and go to the kitchen to dish up for everyone. We join the guys under the gazebo and eat while chatting. Zee is sitting next to her husband, Thando next to her fiance and I’m in between my Ben 15 and my white sexy man with amber... I mean Alex.

“You are the one who cooked?”

“Yes”

“You are a great cook”

“Thank you. So you know Zulu”

“Yes I’m a South African white guy.”

“I thought you are a British guy”

“No I was born here. I relocated to UK years ago”

“Okay I see”

“How are your eyes”

“They are fine thank you for asking”

“You are welcome”

He smiles and continues eating. I swear angikaze ngimbone umuntu ohlafuna kamnandi kanje.

“So are you still together with your baby daddy If you don’t mind me asking of course”

“No I’m not”

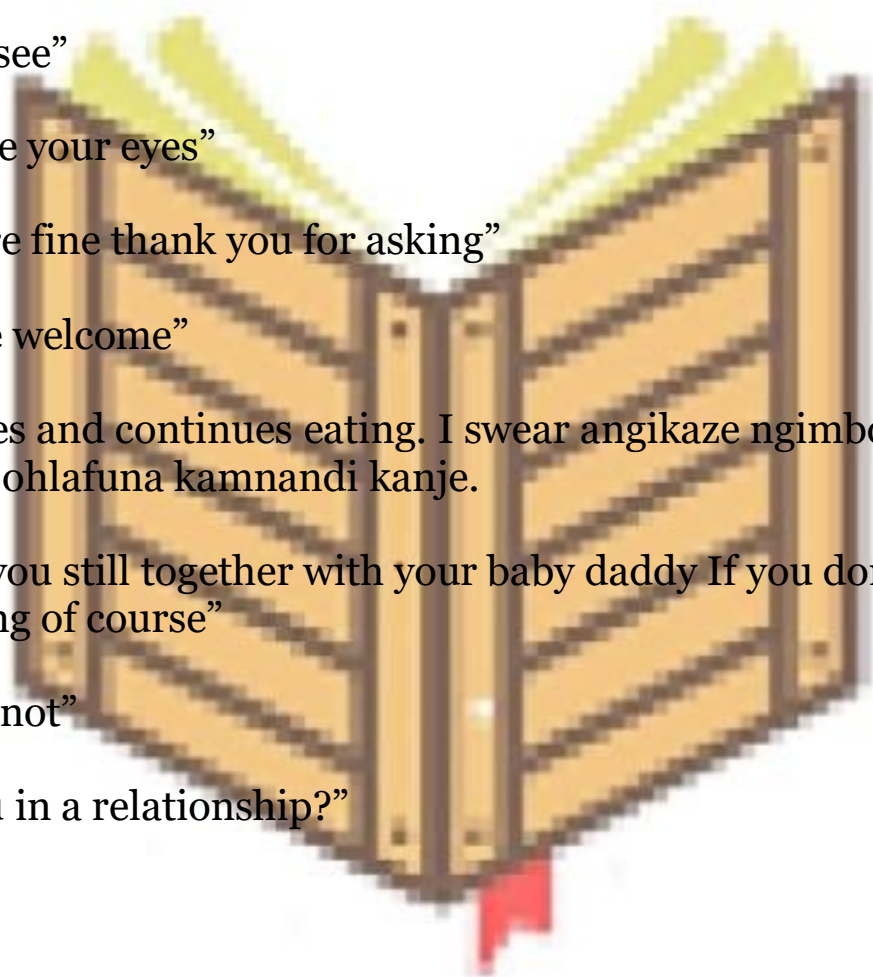
“Are you in a relationship?”

“No”

“So you are single”

“Yes and you are you in relationship?”

“No I’m not into relationships but I just met this woman that makes me wanna stop hooking up and try the relationship route”



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Why does that sting argh Cebisile pull yourself together.

“Why her if I may ask?”

“She’s beautiful and intriguing I can’t help but want to know more about her.”

“Oh lucky her”

“No it’s other way around actually if only she could let me know her better”

I nod my head disappointedly and get up to get to collect the dirty dishes then go to the kitchen to put them in the sink. These kids must come and wash these dishes. I walk to their bedroom and find them sleeping. Budala! I walk back to the garden and settle down on my camp chair.

“Can I refill your glass” Asks Alex with a smile that makes me weak in the knees.

“Yes please”

He refills my glass and gives it to me. Once again I feel the electric spark and we both look at each other sharing this moment that is disturbed by Lakhe asking me what are the girls doing inside.

“Is he your son?”

“No I’m not her son what’s with the 21 questions leave her the fuck alone!”

“Zwelakhe!”

I give him a warning look. He gulps down his whiskey and get up walking away.

“I’m sorry about that”

Zee and Thando looks at me knowingly. I get up angrily and follow Zwelakhe. I find him in the kitchen gulping down the brutal fruit.

“I told you to behave yourself! Go and apologize to Alex!”

“I’m not going to apologize”

“What the fuck is wrong with you huh?”

“You are what is wrong with me Mamoo! I don’t want to be your sex toy no more!”

“You are not my sex you Lakhe!”

“Yes I am Mamoo I’m only good enough for you for sexual pleasure only! I’m sick and tired of that”

“Then you should have told me and stop throwing tantrums like a kid!”

“You don’t get it do you?”

“I get it you don’t want us to fuck no more it’s cool there’s no need for drama and being rude to my guest!”

“I love you dammit! I tried believe me you I tried to fight the feelings I have for you but I failed. I’m sorry for causing a drama I just got jealous. He wants you and I can’t stand it Mamoo it’s killing me”

He walks towards me and places his arms on my shoulders looking at me deeply with his eyes that are full of love. Oh God how did we get here?

“Lakhe...”

“I know the age gap seems like it’s a big factor but it’s really isn’t. I can be the man you want Mamoo”

“Lakhe...”

He cuts me off once again with a kiss and don’t ask me why am I reciprocating the kiss.

* * *

I thought I’m not going to drink today because of the hangover I woke up with this morning. Thanks to mama who made me some yuck concoction she was taught by Mamakhe. I can sense something going on between the two of them and I have been meaning to ask Mamakhe but I forget. It’s the reconciliation day today and we are having beers by the pool, me and that gents.

“What happened to you why you weren’t interested in those ladies last night” I ask Khaya

“They were boring me”

“Really you say no to girls literally throwing themselves at you?”

“Our boy met someone but he doesn’t want us to know her” - Sabza

“Aw really who is she?”

“It’s no one”

“Why are you hiding her we are not you we are not going to fuck her” I say and swig on my beer

“Thats a low blow Mnesh” - Khaya

“Hade ntwana”

I won’t just forget what he did to me though we are cool now. I don’t think I can ever trust him again.

“Tell us who is she?” - Senzo

“I will tell you guys when I’m ready” - Khaya

“I have something that I need to ask you guys”

We all look at Senzo

“I want to ask you guys to go to Mazet’s home and ask her hand in marriage on my behalf”

“Are you serious man?” I ask unable to hide my shock

“Yes bra”

We all cheers for him and congratulate him.

“I told you that you will pop the question and you laughed at me”

He laughs out loud throwing his head back.

“Trust me I’m not marrying her for her pussy”

“Then what are you marrying her for that woman is ugly!” - Khaya

We break into a loud laughter.

“Hey that’s my future wife!” Senzo retorts

“Okusalayo mubi and just so you know we won’t stop calling her ugly just because you have married her” - Khaya

“Wena shut up you don’t get to call my woman ugly until I meet yours who knows maybe she looks like a baboon that’s a reason you don’t want to show her us”

We laugh once again.

“You wish my woman is beautiful she definitely looks like an angel nah scratch that she’s an angel. For the first time in my life I see myself settling down” - Khaya

“He must be a lucky lady moss” - Sabza

True she’s really a lucky lady. Khaya and settling down that’s water and oil.

“A baboon lucky lady!” Senzo says making us to laugh even more.

Having gents around somehow makes me forget about so many things and it feels good to laugh out loudly that my lungs hurt. I can’t believe when was the last time I laughed so hard. I feel my phone vibrating and get up to take it out from my pants then move away from the gents’ laughter.

“Mrs Ndlela”

“Nkosinathi”

My heart thuds at the sound of her crying voice.

“Mama what’s wrong?”

“I have just received a call from The Bay Hospital Aphiwe has been admitted”

I sober up in an instant as my heart thuds harder than before. I can feel every single pound in my chest.

“Is she okay? What happened?” The tremor in my voice cannot be missed.

“They didn’t tell me what happened”

“Where is The Bay Hospital?”

“In Richard Bay we are already on our way there”

Oh Isiah so far! Richard Bay is the least of the place I could have thought she would go to.

“I will meet you guys there thank you for letting me know”

I hang up and go to the gents to inform them what’s happening. Senzo insists on coming with me. I rush inside the house and find mama in the lounge on a video call with her husband.

“Mama I have to go I just received a call from Aphiwe’s mom. Aphiwe has been admitted to the hospital”

“What happened is she okay?”

If I didn't know better I'd say she's worried.

“I don't know mama I will find out when I get there”

“You are going to Cape Town?”

“No she's in Richard Bay”

“You are going to drive such a long hours while you are under influence Nkosinathi? Why don't you take a flight? How did she even ended up there wasn't she at Cape Town?”

“Mama that's going to be a lot of process I don't have time I have to go.”

I run upstairs to take my phone, wallet and car keys then run back to downstairs.

“Don't speed please my son”

“Don't worry I'm going with Senzo we will take turns. Where's KJ?”

“He's sleeping. I love you son”

“I love you too Oledi”

I kiss her cheek and dash out. Senzo is already waiting next to my car with the gents.

“Travel gents and let us know when you arrive” Sabelo says and gives me a hug.

“Thank you we will do that”

“We will keep Aphiwe on our prayers”

“Ta man”

I bump fist with Khaya and give Senzo the car keys as his reason for coming with me is to drive me. We get into the car and Senzo doesn't wait anymore time but drive off. I wish I have wings I'd fly to think we have to drive 6 to 7 hours before arrive makes me lose my mind. I wonder what happened to her I hope it's not that bad. I don't even want to entertain the thought of the unthinkable happening to her. I feel a squeeze on my shoulder and cock my head to look at him.

“Don't worry she's going to be okay”

“You don't know that Senzo”

“But what's important is that she's alive man and she's at the hospital not mortuary”

I feel a cold sensation shooting straight into my stomach at the word mortuary. Time reads 45 minutes to 2. We are going to be there around 8pm but my wish is to make it at least at 7pm.

“Nyathela baba nyathela” (Drive faster)

He doesn't need me to tell him twice. The drive feels like the longest drive of my life. We make one stop to buy enough energy drinks. Right at 8pm on the dot we arrive. Aphiwe's mom and Vuyi are sitting by the waiting area we make our way to them. Greetings are exchanged as we settle down.

“Has anyone said anything?” I ask Vuyi who seems stronger than Aphiwe’s mom is weeping.

“No we just arrived also”

“Nkosinathi what is my daughter doing here in Richard Bay alone while you were in Johannesburg?”

So I’m not the only one who didn’t know about her whereabouts.

“She had some movie to shoot this side mama”

Just as she’s about to respond to me the doctor approaches us and asks if we are Aphiwe Ndlela’s family and we agree.

“How is she doctor and what happened?” I ask

“Miss Ndlela was found in her hotel room unconscious by one of the cleaners and she was brought here this afternoon not breathing. She’s on life support which is a result of drug overdose”

“Drug overdose? Are you sure doctor. My daughter is not using”

“I didn’t say she’s using Mrs Ndlela it could be possible that she was drugged by someone continuously without her will because the amount of illicit drugs we found in her system is quite shocking. Lucky she was brought here on time we could have lost her. We have to wait for her to wake up and tell us what happened.”

Whoever that bastard is I’m going to kill him!

“Can we see her”

“I’m unfortunately visiting hours are already over please come back tomorrow morning at 10:30am.”

“Just one minute please doctor”

“I’m sorry sir I can’t allow that.”

“Thank you for the update doctor.” Vuyi said then the doctor walks away.

“I think we should go sis”

“I’m not going anywhere without seeing my daughter!”

“But they said we must come tomorrow we need to rest from all that long drive.”

“If you want to leave then leave Vuyisile but I’m not leaving my daughter here. Drug overdose? Wewe will never touch drugs someone tried to kill my daughter”

“That’s true mama I also don’t think that Aphiwe is using. I will find whoever is behind this”

“I’m glad you also don’t believe this my son”

“You don’t want come with me gentlemen. I booked a bnb close by enough rooms for us”

“Mrs Ndlela I’m afraid we all need to rest. Let’s go we will come back tomorrow morning”

She nods and we all leave. I need some smoke. I reach for the cigarette and lighter and begin to smoke.

“Do you think there’s someone who drugged her?”

“Yes”

“What if...ah never mind”

“Talk Senzo”

“Maybe that’s a reason she’s been violent I heard drugs tends to make people angry”

“Hayi my Phiwe will never touch drugs. If they said it’s alcohol poisoning I’d understand not drugs”

The following day after breakfast we drive together to the hospital to see Aphiwe. I didn’t sleep though my heart was at the hospital. I couldn’t wait to be today already. Vuyi and Aphiwe’s mom are the first to see Aphiwe. I study their face when they walk out and their glum faces are making me nervous.

Vuyi gives me a nod then I make my way inside. I clench my fists as I walks towards her hospital bed. The sight of her hooked in all these machines slices my heart into thousands shards. She’s so frail and even lost weight. It’s feels like a dream to finally see her it’s just a pity that I’m only seeing her now that she’s fighting for her life.

I squeeze myself next to her on the bed carefully to not hurt her and wrap my arm around her. Damn I miss her scent. I revel in the warmth of her body next to mine taking in her scent. This is what I do for days as they keep moving by without any change. The fear of losing her is crippling me but I’m not losing hope not yet. She can’t die on me she has to wake up she promised that we will grow grey old together. Our love story is not over yet.

Chapter Fifty One

I feel a caress on my face as I'm sleeping and when I open my eyes his lips form a cute smile.

“Good Morning Mamoo”

Oh God I don't like the way he's looking at me like I'm the only beautiful thing in the world. This wasn't supposed to end like this. It was supposed to be a pure fuck nothing more nothing less. Yesterday I couldn't bring myself to tell him that hence I'm waking up next to him under my sheets.

“Morning Lakhe”

“How did you sleep”

“I slept well thanks and yourself?”

“I also slept well”

“We need to talk Lakhe”

“We will talk after this”

He gets on top of me and kisses me. His minty fresh breath makes me feel self-conscious about my morning breath. I push him gently

“Im tired Lakhe you drained me last night”

I'm not lying he really drained me last night it was like he was making a mark. He did me so good that I squirted. He looks at me with a smirk on his face and plants a peck on my lips before getting his body off me. He probes his head up with his elbow while his head rests on his palm.

“Let's talk then Mamoo”

“There's no way that I can say this better than just saying it as it is. I love this, me and you fucking but we can never be more than this”

His smile dissolves as hurt takes over and glints in his eyes.

“I don't understand Mamoo”

“Zwelakhe you are still young we can't be couple”

“Why is it because you are scared people will judge you?”

“See in the 38 years that I have lived in this world I have learnt that no matter what you do people will always judge you. I'm sure you know that my late husband was 20 years older than me and people judged me but I didn't care. I don't suffer from what people are going to say syndrome anymore. I do me always”

“Then what's wrong? Why can't we be a couple”

“You are still young and you going to meet beautiful girls out there...” He cuts me off

“I don't want young girls I want a matured woman and that is you. I love you Mamoo please give us a chance”

“What you are feeling for me is not love my boy it’s infatuation. Soon you will release that especially the day you meet a girl your age that is going to sweep you off your feet.”

“Maybe you are right but at this moment I want no one else but you Mamoo. I’m young but I can be the man you deserve trust me.”

“Zwelakhe I’m not getting any younger. Im already in a stage where I want to settle down and build my family while you on the other side you are still young. You deserve to go out there study your medicine, achieve your goals and have fun like your peers.”

“I can do that with you by my side Mamoo. My happiness and fun lies with you”

Oh Lord he doesn’t get it!

“Lakhe next year you are going to Stellenbosch University we will be thousands kilometers away from each other. I’m running out of time I can not wait for you until you finish studying. I’d be in my late forties by the time you finish studying and the chances of me falling pregnant will be slim. I want to build my own family with someone who’s going to be by my side everyday. Someone who’s going to help me raise our children together. You are a child yourself you won’t even know where to begin to raise children. I want to be in a relationship with someone I know that will be emotionally, physically and mentally invested in our relationship and family.”

“I hear you Mamoo but technically I raised Zobuhle. Not that I’m underestimating the role of being a father but I know that given the opportunity to play a role of a father I’d do a better job because I know how it’s like to grow up without a father. I made a vow to myself that no child of mine will ever grow up without me

in their lives. I don't need to go Stellenbosch University I can find work here or maybe do a business course at Boston College and Bra Mneshe can help me start my business. Please Mamoo we can make this work."

God this child is not backing down! What more should I say now and he's making me feel horrible for rejecting him.

"Please"

He snuggles closer and pecks my lips

"Please Mamoo we can even get married right at this moment"

Nooo! God please help me!

"Zwelakhe it will be unfair of me to rob you of the opportunity to go to Stellenbosch University and study medicine just to give you so much responsibility at your age. Why do you want to waste this great opportunity to fulfill your dreams. I want you to live your life like your peers. I don't want you to jump any stages of your life. I want you to enjoy life and live like other 23 year olds.

Marriage is not something you can just decide based on infatuation.

In a week from now a lot can change. You don't make such a hasty decision in life."

"Mamoo no don't do this please you invade my thoughts every now and then and leave a smile on my face. You have an unmistakable magical effect on me. I have never felt the way I feel before. I know that what I feel for you is real and everlasting. So tell me what am I supposed to do with that love I have for you huh?"

“Lakhe I made it clear to you that we are just fucking how did you catch feelings huh? You are ruining this now”

“I don’t know okay and I didn’t plan it. Don’t hurt me like this please you are hurting me right now and I can’t stand it”

He caresses my cheek as he looks at me deeply with his eyes glistening with tears. My phone rings on the bedside table. I stretch over and take it. It’s a number that I don’t know.

“Hello”

“Hey Cebisile”

My heart leaps when I recognise his voice. I gave him my number last night.

“Hey Alex”

Lakhe looks at me sadly

“How are you?”

“Im okay and yourself”

”Im also okay can I take you out for breakfast today”

My heart does flip back. Did you hear that he’s asking me out. Hold it right there Cebisile it’s just breakfast!

“Okay when and where”

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“In a hour or so I will send you all the details”

“Okay.”

”Bye”

We hang up. I turn to face Lakhe.

“It’s him neh?”

“Huh?”

”He’s the reason you don’t want me?”

“Zwelakhe stop this now don’t make me regret ever you giving you my cookie.”

“You love him or you want to use him for your sexual benefits as well that what you do best, using men to feed your sexual cravings.”

“Im done discussing this with you and I think it’s better we stop fucking”

“Now that there’s Alex on the picture you are ditching me like a used condom. How I wish I didn’t allow you to force yourself into my life look at me now my heart is broken into million shards but it’s okay Mamoo. I hope he will treat you better then I would have.”

The hurt in his voice is slicing my heart into teensy pieces and his tears are flowing down his face. He rolls out of bed and slips into his boxer then pick his clothes before making his way out of my bedroom. I groan in frustration and bury myself with a pillow. God what have I done! I was supposed to protect him not break his heart.

My phone pings it's a text from Alex. I read it first then slide out of bed. I go to the bathroom to take a shower after making my bed. I hate to say this but Zee was right now I have ruined the relationship I have with him. What if he decides to take Zo and leave? Thinking with a pussy never yield good results. Heavy Sigh.

I get dressed and take my car keys and phone then leave after checking on the kids. I spot him by the corner and go to his table. He gets to his feet with a smile on his face, he really looks dapper in all black. The last three buttons of his slim fit shirt are unbuttoned showing a bit of his hairy chest and his sleeves are rolled up to his elbows exposing those manly hairy forearms. His thighs looks like a feast in his slim pair of jeans. I can't help but imagine how big is he looking at the size of his suede shoes.

“Hello”

“Hey”

He pulls me to his embrace and I revel in the warmth of his body against mine. When we break the hug I'm intoxicated with his intense masculine scent. He opens the chair for me to sit down then he sits before me.

“You look amazing”

I'm wearing a maroon v neck long sleeve crop top, matching wide leg pants and black heels.

“Thank you so much you are not bad yourself”

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We take the menus and decide what we are going to eat then he calls the waitress to take our order.

“So who's Cebile”

I explain who I am and wait for him do the same.

“Im Alexander Booysen I was born and bred here. I’m a business man yeah that’s all”

I look at him intently why does he sounds shady nje about who he is.

“What about your parents? Do they live here or in UK?”

“My parents are dead to me”

Oh I wonder what’s happened.

“How many siblings do you have?”

“I had a twin brother but he passed on years ago”

“Im sorry to hear that”

“Dont be he got what he deserved”

I notice that he did mean to blurt it all out.

“Why what did he do?”

He heaves a sigh I can see that he doesn’t want to go on and I won’t probe any further. Let’s hope as we get to know each other he will let me in he seems to have a deep past.

“How old are you?”

“36 years old and you”

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“Im two years older then you”

“Reallly?”

“Yes why do you look surprised”

“You can’t be older then me I refuse”

I laugh and sip on my juice.

“Well I am older then you”

“You look younger though.”

“How long are you going to be in South Africa”

“Actually I wasn’t planning to stay long but.....” has

He places his elbows on the table and leans closer. Our faces are few inches away from each other.

“You are intriguing and a breath of fresh air Cebile I want to stay little longer just for you.”

Yaay did you hear that he said he wants to linger just for me. Oh A-man! His tongue creeps out to wet his lips and I find myself doing the same. I can hear every pound of my heart beat and an undeniable urge to kiss his lips overwhelms me. Subconsciously I close the space between our faces now we are forehead to forehead, nose to nose, mouth to mouth.

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The waitress announces her presence and we pull back giving her a chance to serve us. Once she’s gone we eat our breakfast over a conversation getting to know each other. He’s a refreshing company and I’m glad that he’s reconsidering to not leave early

because of me which means we still have more time to spend together. He pays the bills when we finish our breakfast and takes my hand in his as we walk out.

“Zwelakhe what is his story”

“What do you mean?”

“The boy doesn’t want me near you. Is it me that he doesn’t like or there’s something that’s going on between the two of you.”

“Im the only person he has so he’s over protective of me”

Don’t ask why am I lying because I also don’t know? Starting a relationship on lies already Cebile ncncnc.

“Oh well the boy have nothing to worry about my intentions about you are not malicious at all.”

With a move that surprises me he pins me against my car and captures my lips into his. Our tongues meet in a duel as our bodies smash together and become one. The feel of his rod expanding against my tummy sends shivers through my body.

“It’s official you are mine now”

He plants a peck on my forehead and walks away leaving me melting like ice.

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This tunnel is way different then the tunnels I have ever seen in my life. Usually tunnels are dark but this one it’s bright like

daylight. Maybe the white painted walls has an effect of this brightness. I have been waiting here for a while but I can't seem to remember what am I waiting for. Maybe what I'm waiting for has passed me but I would have seen it or maybe it's not coming anymore or maybe it's still coming but it's late let me meet it halfway.

I hesitantly take my steps towards the end of the tunnel. The light shine bright hurting my eyes and when I open my them I scrutinize my surroundings. I'm in the hospital bed. What happened? I try to hark back to the events that led me here in the hospital but I can't remember anything.

I can feel the weight on my thighs I remove the oxygen mask and look down to my thighs. Here he is sitting on the chair with his head resting on my thighs. I can't help the smile that involuntarily breaks on my face when I see him. He's snoring lightly I wonder how long I have been here. I reach for his thick eyebrows and strengthen them. He flutters his eyelids and opens his eyes. His lips form a faint smile as he pulls up his head.

“Apple butter you are is awake!”

He springs to his feet and sits on the bed facing me before attacking me with a hug. Oh how I miss the warmth of his embrace, my sanctuary, my safe heaven. He pulls back and looks at me as if he's trying to make sure that it's really me then hugs me once again.

“Thank you so much for waking up I missed you so much”

I cannot help but burst into tears.

“Shhh it’s okay baby and I’m never allowing you to leave my sight ever again! Just calm down my love and tell me who fed you drugs so that I will deal with him accordingly.”

He knows! I cry even louder. How do I begin to explain this? He strokes my back whispering sweet nothing words and kissing my forehead in between. A while later I finally calms down. He wipes my tears with his palms and plants a peck on my lips.

“Ungakhali yezwa kuzophola” (Don’t cry it’s going to be okay)

“What happened?” I ask with hoarse voice.

“You don’t remember?”

“Yes”

“You were found unconscious in your hotel room due drug overdose. It’s been 3 days now since you have been here. Tell me something you remember my love please I need to find whoever is behind this.”

I swallow a thick lump in my throat and look down. I can’t bring myself to look at him.

“No one is behind this Inathi. I’m the one who put myself through this”

I explain to him everything and look at him as multiple of emotions glints in his eyes.

“Who hook you up with drugs Aphiwe?”

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The sound of his stern voice sends shivers down my spine. I don't want to involve Kamaria in this. I know how Inathi is he will blow this out of proportion.

“No one”

“No one? Aphiwe who hook you up with drugs?” He raises his voice and I jump at bit.

“It's...its Kamaria the fan I told you about”

He chuckles bitterly and shakes his head

“What the fuck does this girl want from me huh? Ungifunani ngempela!”

“She didn't know that I wanted it for myself Inathi please don't confront her. She's not selling those drugs by choice. There's someone she owes. I swear she didn't want me to do this she even warned me how dangerous that stuff is. She genuinely cares about me”

“Oh you care about her like she does huh?”

“What does that supposed to mean she's my fan...”

“Bullshit! Why you didn't tell me she's into woman?”

I swallow hard. God how did he know?

“I didn't think it was important baby”

“Stop lying and tell me the damn truth!” He roars in anger

“Okay I’m sorry for not telling you that she tried to make a move on me but I refused baby.”

“Why did you leave with her then huh? You wanted her to finger fuck you? Is my dick not enough for you Aphiwe?”

“No baby it’s more than enough you know I can never survive without your dick. As drunk as I was but I didn’t allow anything happen between us you can even ask her for yourself. I will never do you dirty like that baby. I love you so much and Kamaria knows that. Nothing happened I swear sthandwa sami”

I can’t stop my tears from falling. I’m not going to admit that she muffed me he will go crazy.

“As for the drugs I’m so disappointed in you Aphiwe. You always preach about leaning on each other and carry each other’s burden but when it was time for you to do that you pushed me away and turned into drugs. Drugs pho Aphiwe? No wonder you couldn’t remember what had happened but I thought you were making me a fool. Tell me what did you after you realized how violent those drugs made you? Did you stop?”

I look down as I twiddle my fingers.

“Look at me when I’m talking to you Aphiwe did you stop nah when you realize that you beat me up and our son?”

I look up at him through my glossy eyes.

“I didn’t stop I’m sorry”

“You took the drugs continuously Aphiwe and never stopped even though you knew how violent you become when you are high”

“That’s a reason I was hiding at Jayson’s house baby. I didn’t want to hurt you guys no more.”

“We needed you dammit! You should’ve told me the truth not neglect us! Maybe we could have found you help sooner look at you now you almost died Aphiwe! Have I ever give you the reason not to trust me? Am I not emotionally available enough for you?”

The pain in his voice cannot be missed and it’s breaking my heart even more.

“You are always emotionally available for me baby and you have never given me a reason to not trust you. This is not about you but me. I was in denial I couldn’t accept that our son is autistic. I’m really sorry for everything I have put you through. I thought if I can be away from you guys and rehabilitate myself it would work but here I am and I’m so sorry”

He gets up but I grab his wrist and look at him with pleading eyes

“I’m sorry please forgive me”

“Let me go Aphiwe”

“Where are you going”

“I’m going home my children need me”

“Baby please don’t give up on me I’m begging you. I will do whatever it’s take to get help just don’t give up on me”

“You gave up on us first Aphiwe by allowing drugs to come between us. Up to this date my leg still gives me problems. Ngizobona ngawe mhla ubuya” (.... I will see you the day you come back)

He gently removes my hand around his wrist and walks out leaving me crying hysterically as pain flows out of my every pore. I swear I did not mean for things to turn out this way. The biggest mistake I did was to befriend denial. Denial is a toxic friend and once you entertain her she takes control over your life. I'm done entertaining her now it's time I claim back my life from her. I'm not going to give up on my little family. The doctor walks in I cease my crying and wipe tears quickly.

“Welcome back Miss Ndlela”

“Thank you doc”

He asks me a few questions of which I respond truthfully and updates me about my health as well as rehabilitation. I take note of everything he says and when he leaves I start crying all over again until I doze off.

I'm woken up by the nurses who move me to another ward. Once they are done fussing over me they leave. I don't know if it's the perks of being an actress or they genuinely care about their patients. Mom and Aunt Vuyi walks in. They both squeeze me in their arms. I'm so happy to see them especially mom because when I went to KZN I left before I could spend time with her.

“How are you my baby”

“I'm fine mama”

“You scared me Wewe”

“I'm sorry mom but I'm okay”

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“We bought you some food Nkosinathi told us you are awake”
Says Aunt Vuyi placing a paper bag and plastic bag on the bedside table.

“Thank you Aunty”

They both settle down on each sides of my bed. I take the paper bag and peep inside. It’s a burger and a can of coke. It’s like they knew I will wake up starving. I munch on my burger and wash it down with coke.

“What’s happened?” Aunt Vuyi asks after a while watching me eating.

I heave a sigh and tell them everything not leaving details. The shock in their faces is so evident

“God Aphiwe why you didn’t tell us!”

“I’m sorry aunt Vuyi my mind was all over the place.”

“Drugs pho Aphiwe are you crazy!”

“I’m sorry mama”

“Nyory you could have died dammit!”

“I know mama and I’m sorry”

“You are lucky for having a guy like Nkosinathi if it was someone else he would have hit you back unye nyi” - Mom

“I really admire him shame no man can tolerate abuse. Let’s not forget that he’s a taxi owner and violence is their language but he didn’t hit you back. I have never doubted what a best father he is

to his children I'm not surprised how he handled KJ's situation. Did you tell him everything?" - Aunt Vuyi

He really is a best father and a best partner too.

"Yes I told him he's angry and hurt. I messed up big time Aunt Vuyi I don't think he will ever take me back. I saw it right in his eyes that he's fed up with me not that I blame him." I cry

"Haisuka maan uzenzile wena musa ulokhu ubihlika la" (You did this to yourself stop crying)

I cry louder why is mom so mean I know that I messed up can she at least comfort me

"Hayi Hloniphile you should know better because when things went south in your marriage you resorted to alcohol."

Mom heaves a sigh and takes my hand into hers.

"I'm sorry my baby I'm just disappointed in you. Drugs are the least of the things I thought you can get yourself into. You are a public figure for crying out loud what if they found out about this? It will ruin your reputation and I don't want that. You should've let us in Wewe we are here to support you baby every step of the way. KJ needs you running away from him is not going to cure his condition at some point you have to back and face your life"

"Your mom is right baby we are all here to support you. It's not your fault that KJ is autistic and there are many programs or ways that can help you understand and accept that it's just a condition that can be managed as long as you have the right information and support. We love you so much we don't want to lose you."

"Shhh don't cry sis"

Aunt gets up to hug me then she sits down after wiping my tears.

“Everything is going to be okay”

“But Inathi...”

“He’s just disappointed in you and angry at the same time that it’s the drugs you have been consuming that made you to abuse him like that. He will come around that guy loves you I have no doubt about that.”

Mom words gives me hope that things will work out between Inathi and I.

“How’s Uncle bae Aunty?” I lean over to take Lays chips in the plastic bag and dig in after tearing the packet open.

“Shuuu you don’t want to know sis. They’re all over each other like kids it’s annoying” Mom says

Aunt and I laugh.

“You just need to get laid Hloni you will be okay”

We laugh once again and mom sulks folding her arms against her chest.

“It’s been for how many years vele? 5, 6?” I ask mom and we cackle annoying her more.

“I’m way too old for sex ningangijwayeli kabi”

“Stop lying your age has nothing to do with this and I know you some dick. Get a ben ten nyana to scratch the itch”

“Ngizokukhahlela Vuyisile!” (I will kick you Vuyisile!)

We can't stop laughing and the more she gets annoyed it's the more we laugh at her.

“Okay askies ke sis wami but I can hook you up with my man's brother”

“I don't want a man I'm fine what's with you two!”

“Bathi itswayi libanga ulaka” (They say salt causes anger) I say laughing and my Aunt joins me.

The nurse walks in just as Nkosinathi present us with his presence. Our eyes meet and I can't read him he's blank but I'm so happy to see him I thought he's on the way back to Johannesburg or Newcastle now. He walks towards us and greets.

“We will see you at 7pm baby” - Mom

“No mama you don't have to go on my account. I'm not staying” - Nathi

My heart sinks to the pit of my stomach. He looks around the room as if he's searching for something then he takes my lays. He goes to the dirty bin and empties the packet of lays into the bin.

“Hey I was enjoying that!” I say but he just ignores me as if I'm not talking to him.

We all look at him as he tears the packet of chips making two small pieces then folds them. Thereafter I don't see what he's doing as his hands keep moving and twitching quickly.

“Suyahlanya yini Nkosinathi?” (Are you mad Nkosinathi?) Aunty asks laughing.

“Yeah your niece is driving me crazy”

I don't know if that was a sarcastic response or a genuine answer. It's only when he finishes do I realize that he was making a ring. He goes down to his knees holding his self made plastic ring with his forefinger and thumb.

“MaNdlela I know that I asked you to wait for a year until I make you mine officially but after seeing you lying helplessly in this bed for days I realized we don't have much time as much as we think in this world. Tomorrow is uncertain I could wake up dead the next day and the thought of dying without the honor of being your husband brings so much pain. I was drawn to you the moment you bullied me and wanted to take my trolley at the Shoprite. Oh boy your attitude almost made me vomit but I couldn't stay away from you”

He chuckles as I giggle with tears streaming down my face. The room now it's filled with nurses, doctors and patients taking pictures and videos of us.

“I have never been so in love with someone as much as I am with you. You live in the folds of my skin and you flow in my blood. I'm stuck with you baby you and are I were paired in heaven mina nawe siyizinqa nesitulo. Ngivumele juba lami ngikwenze unkosikazi wami” (Allow me to make you my wife)

Oh Jesus! My face is literally wet with my tears and snort. Everyone is screaming for me to say yes.

“I will be honoured to be your wife Dinangwe yes I will marry you!”

The cheers fills the ward. I give him my hand as he breaks into a huge smile. He slides the plastic ring on my finger. Oh Nkosinathi Dlomo you never ceases to amaze me!



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Chapter Fifty Two

The passed few days Alex and I have been getting to know each other. He's an interesting man I enjoy his company he's a breath of fresh air. The bonus about spending time with him is that I don't have to speak English right through he understand and speaks fluent isiZulu. What? You thought since I'm a teacher I don't get tired of speaking English? Oh well I do. I speak English enough at work I don't have to come back home and speak English again whuuu ngeke. I guess Im a typical Zulu. If he didn't know isiZulu I would have to teach him serious. I feel his gaze on me and look up at him. I swear his gold amber eyes will be the death of me.

“What?”

“You are so beautiful”

I can't help but blush I'm sure my face is red.

“Thank you Mr Booysen”

He feeds me a chocolate covered strawberry and leans closer. Our mouths meet in a hot sweet passionate kiss. We are in his hotel room enjoying the company of each other as he prepared an indoor picnic. These kinds of things I only watch them on TV or read about them. The only thing Mphemba knew was throwing money on me or buying me things I asked him to but picnics, dinner dates etc dololo. I didn't care though. As for Gambushe his speciality were breakfasts in bed and I loved that. A-man seems to be the kind of a romantic man and I can tell that I'm about to be

pampered left, right and centre. He bought me a diamonds bracelet yesterday and today we are having an indoor picnic.

“So what are your plans for Xmas”

“I will be just here watching a movie or something”

“On Xmas day”

“I don’t have a choice my love my parents are in UK and you are going to Durban with Scott the man I usually spend my Xmas with when we’re in UK.”

Now I feel bad that he will be lonely on a Xmas day.

“How about you come with us”

“You mean I have ticked all the boxes and you are ready to introduce me to your parents”

He smirks and I laugh

“No man we can just say you are Alex’s friend. I don’t want you to spend Xmas alone”

“Ouch so I’m not there yet”

“No babe come on we are still getting to know each other”

“Im kidding my love”

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I giggle he really got me. It’s too early to introduce him to my parents. We are still on the first phase of our relationship where we are getting to know one another. We haven’t even had sex and surprisingly enough Im not in a hurry to fuck him contrary to how

wet he makes me feel just by looking at him. I did say though that it's more than just the desire to have him locked between my thighs. I don't want to rush things. Who knows maybe our relationship can blossom into something so magical and beautiful.

"I will ask Scott if he doesn't have a problem with that?"

"I will also ask my sister"

"You are guys are leaving what time tomorrow?"

"I don't like driving a long distance late with the kids so it have be early as it can"

"Alright"

My phone rings. He takes it on the bed and passes it to me.

"Zee"

"Hey are you good?"

"Yes I'm okay and yourself?"

"Just morning sickness. Your baby daddy is crazy did you see that he proposed to Miss New York with a plastic ring that he actually made with a plastic packet of lays"

"Lays as in chips?"

"Yes can you imagine!"

She laughs out loudly.

"Where did you see that?"

“Their video is trending on social media.”

“I haven’t been on social media for a while now”

“Check it out now”

I hang up and log in on my Facebook. I refresh my feeds and watch the video shared by one of my Facebook friends. I can’t help a sharp pain of jealousy that shoots straight to my heart but I brush it off. I don’t need anything that will spoil my day I’m having a good time with my A- man.

“What are you watching?”

“It’s just a proposal video”

“Let’s me see maybe I can take tips” He says with a smile on his face of which I return with a forced one though.

If I didn’t believe it before that he really loves her now it’s time to believe it and make peace with it.

“Don’t even think of taking tips that’s my baby daddy”

He looks at the video then me with a look I can’t decipher.

“That’s your baby daddy?”

“Yes and his bitch”

“Are you jealous?”

“No I’m not why would I be jealous”

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“Then why are you calling her a bitch? Is she’s a bitch because she won his heart and you didn’t?”

“And why it’s an issue to you”

“You sound bitter and still holding on to your baby daddy. Cebisile do you still love your baby daddy?”

“No I’m way over him and I’m not bitter Alex but I won’t lie to you and say I like her because I don’t.”

“You don’t like her because?”

“Why does it matter to you?”

“I want to know where do I stand with you. I don’t want to invest my feelings to someone who’s still holding on to her baby daddy”

“I’ve just told you nje that I’m over Nkosinathi what do you want me to say huh!”

“You don’t have to raise your voice we are just talking”

“I’m leaving”

“Just like that you are just going to leave while we are still talking”

“I’m done talking ke!”

I attempt to get up from the rug but he holds me down and kisses me. The kiss is hot and heavy in a split second I’m lying with my back and he’s on top of me. I can feel his hardness pressed against my mound. When he breaks the kiss we are both breathing heavily. He looks at me deep in my eyes.

“You don’t walk out on me while angry do you hear me”

“Im not angry I just don’t like that you want make me to feel bad that I don’t like Aphiwe. Just because I don’t like her doesn’t mean I’m still hanging on to Nathi. If disliking a woman that robbed my daughter a chance to grow up in a proper family makes me bitter then I don’t give a fuck.”

He gets off his weight from me and pulls me up making me to sit on my butt.

“Im sorry that I made you feel like that. I just don’t understand the hate you women have for each other when you guys are supposed to hate your baby daddies. He’s the one that owed you loyalty not the other woman.”

“I don’t know about other women but I can personally speak for myself. There was a time I wish Nkosinathi could be hit by a train and die for the pain he caused me. The matter of fact is we have a child together at some point I had to let it go for the sake of my child. It’s painful Alex to have a child with someone who broke your heart. Having to tolerate his ass just for the sake of the child is emotionally exhausting. I mean you don’t owe this bastard a thing why should you share something so precious to you with him but at the end of the day he contributed in creating this precious thing so he also deserves a role to play as a father. See I never had a choice since we have a child together I had to accept that he will always be part of my life but if I was given a chance to make a choice I wouldn’t want him near my daughter. I’d raise my daughter alone. Not that he’s a bad father believe me he is the best father but when people hurt us and stab us on our backs we have a choice to eliminate them in our lives but not when you share a whole human being with that person. It’s not easy as y’all think it is but such is life we just learn to live with such predicaments”

He looks at me intently and heaves a sigh

“I can hear that he hurt you badly. I’m sorry babe”

“Its okay but maybe I deserved it”

“Why do you say that no one deserves to be hurt”

“Well not if I have hurt someone as well”

“Who did you hurt?”

“My late husband”

He looks at me expectantly. I know that after this he will change the way he looks at me but better now then at the later stage when I have already fallen hard for him.

“I cheated on my husband”

I tell him everything that happened. He was going to find out either way so I might as well tell him myself. I can’t decipher the emotion displayed on his face when I’m done narrating my story.

“Wow this sound like a movie”

“So do you still want to be with me after you have learnt that I’m capable of cheating?”

“Are you going to cheat on me?”

“I lost everything Alex due to cheating even the man I cheated with so no I won’t cheat on you.”

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“That’s all I need to hear my love. We are all humans and we are not perfect. I have my share of mistakes too that I wish I can take it back but it is what is”

“Whenever you are ready to share I’m here”

“Thank you for being patient with me”

“We are still getting to know one another there’s no rush Alex. I told you more about myself because I wanted you to make a choice if you still want to be with me or not.”

He pushes my braids behind my ear and looks at me deeply in my eyes as if he’s searching something deep in my soul.

“I’m falling for you hard Cebesile. In these few days I have met you I realize you have become something that I don’t want to let go”

My heart does a tango dance at those words. I’m glad I’m not the only one who feels like this.

“I also feel the same Alex and I’m so scared.”

“Why are you scared?”

“You live in UK and I live here in South Africa...”

I shrug and look down.

“Let’s not worry about that. Enjoy me while I’m still here other things will work themselves out okay”

He lifts up my chin and makes me look at him before claiming my lips. I check the time on my wrist when we break the kiss. It’s

going for 4pm now. I have been here since 12 o'clock but it feels like I've just got here.

“I have to go baby it's getting late now”

“You are not spending the night with me?”

“No I can't I have to go fetch the kids at their grandparents house and pack for tomorrow”

“You are irresistible but I promise to behave myself and not fuck you, not until we go for blood testing because I want to feel, explore and enjoy your pussy without any barrier”

My cheeks flush with heat, now that he's mentioning it I can't wait.

“I love spending time with you but I have to go now”

He gets up and pulls me up to my feet. I put on my shoes and take my phone.

“Thank you for the lovely day. I will call you to let you know what my sister said”

“Alright my love”

He walks me out of the hotel and buckles me up like a kid.

“Drive safely”

“Will do”

I hoot once and drive out of the hotel heading straight to Ndiwe's grandparent's house. Betty came back from Johannesburg with KJ

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few days back so yesterday Ndiwe went to her grandmother's house to see her brother. Of course she wouldn't leave Zo behind they are so close you wouldn't tell there's 6 years difference between them. I'm so not in the mood to see Betty so I call Zo and let her know that I'm on my way they must get ready. Once I'm there I hit the horn and they come out with Mr Ndlovu. They get inside with their backpack as Mr Ndlovu greets me.

"My wife missed you Cebile"

"I have to go Mr Ndlovu it was nice to see you"

"I understand your anger towards her you have every right but don't forget that you also know something that she doesn't know"

Wow I can't believe he just said that!

"You asked me to not tell her I can go tell her now"

"What I'm trying to say is don't be too hard on her you'd want her to forgive you too if she were to learn that you know about that something and you never told her"

"You are so unbelievable and selfish nx!"

I hit the accelerator and drive off. The audacity of this man! He's the one that forced me to not tell his wife about his secret now he has a nerve to blackmail me to forgive his wife.

"Mommy what did you brought for us?"

"Nothing baby but we can pass by the mall and get anything want"

"Where were you kant?"

“I was with my friend”

“Aunty Zee?”

“Not Aunty Zee.”

“You were with Uncle Alex?”

“What with the questions Uthandiwe?”

“I want to know if he’s going to be my step daddy”

God this child. Konje I forgot to ask her about sex.

“Where does that come from Uthandiwe”

“I saw him kissing you yesterday like how daddy kiss Cita. He’s your boyfriend mama just say it”

Yehheni we bantu now I have to explain myself to my 6 year old daughter. I look at Zo on the rear view mirror on the back seat. She seems engrossed on her phone and not hearing our conversation. Ndiwe is sitting right next to me.

“Uthandiwe what is a boyfriend?”

“Its a male friend that kisses you like this”

She kisses her palms making kissing sounds while her head is twitches.

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“And you have sex with”

Thixo onefefe!

“What is sex?”

“Its when a boy and girl join their private part together and make a baby”

Oh my goodness! I shouldn't have started this conversation while driving. This child is going to make me cause an accident.

“Are you going to make a baby with uncle Alex?”

“Uthandiwe who told you about sex?”

“Kate”

Kate is her best friend from school. This white kid is corrupting my child!

“Uthandiwe sex it's for adults and children are not supposed to talk about it at all. I don't want you to ever hear you say the word sex do you hear me?”

“I'm sorry mommy I didn't know”

“Now you know baby. How's your brother?”

“He's fine he can talk now but he only knows the word dada”

“Really?”

“Yes”

“That's good”



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We arrive at my house and Zobuhle doesn't even notice that we have arrived. I wonder what's keeping her glued to her phone. I open the back door and snatch her phone from her.

“What's got you so glued in your phone”

“It's Facebook mommy” She says with a sheepish smile.

I look at the screen she's reading some Facebook story. I read the two paragraphs of the chapter. The explicit sexual language makes me dizzy. I was reprimanding the other one about sex here's another one reading sexual explicit stories on Facebook. Ngenziwani bakithi! I look at her and she bites her bottom lip nervously.

“It's a nice read mama I didn't know it will be that explicit.”

“But still you are still reading it. Deactivate this account I don't want you to ever see you on Facebook”

“But mom I love reading”

“I will buy you books that you should read at your age not Facebook stories they're way too explicit for you”

“Those books are boring!”

“I'm taking this phone ke...”

“No I'm kidding mommy I will deactivate the account”

“Deactive now”

I give her the phone and she does as I told her then get out of the car. We walk inside the house and find Lakhe tickling Ndiwe on

the couch who's wiggling and giggling none stop. I didn't see him this morning. I hate the tension between us.

"Hello Lakhe"

"Hi Ma'am Mbhele"

He stops tickling Ndiwe and gets up from the couch.

"Where are you going?"

"To my bedroom"

"Have you packed your clothes?"

"I'm not going"

"Why buti? Aunty Zah said she will take us to the beach. We have never been there before I'm so excited!" - Zo

"I'm sorry baby sis but Im working"

"On a Xmas day?" - Ndiwe

"Yes"

He walks away and I follow him behind. We get inside of his bedroom and he looks at me expectantly.

"Please come with us it will be fun"

"As I said I'm working"

I heave a sigh

“I’m sorry for everything I wish we never started this from the beginning because look where it got us now”

“It’s cool”

“No it’s not cool tell me what should I do to make it up to you?”

“You should stay away from me as I’m doing the same to you. If it wasn’t for Zobuhle I’d leave your house but she’s happy here and I don’t want to take this away from her. Now can you please get out I want to take a nap”

A wave of sadness and guilt washes over me as I walk out of his bedroom.

* * *

‘Aww he’s so romantic 😍😍😍’

‘This is beautiful he’s so creative. Congratulations love birds. 🐦🍷🍷🍷’

‘Oh God can I have my own Mageza 😍❤️’

‘Congratulations I wish you guys the best you are my favorite couple 😊’

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‘Aphiwe I’m your biggest fan please invite me on your wedding pretty please 🙏’

‘🤔🤔🤔 Haibo kahleni I don’t see anything romantic here he proposed with a plastic ring! 🤔🤔’

‘Ngisayothungisa umthuphisi engizowigqoka emshadweni 🤔🤔🤔’

‘This proposal is a joke shame 🤔🤔🤔’

‘What was she thinking though falling in love with a taxi driver these people don’t have money! They are broke as fuck I’m sure she’s going to buy the ring for herself 🤔🤔🤔🤔’

I view the 100 replies on this comment.

‘She will even pay for the wedding! 🤔🤔🤔’

‘This is just a proof of how broke South African men are! 🤔🤔’

‘Tell me about it and they call us gold diggers when we say they’re broke 🤔🤔’

‘You don’t have to spend thousands to be romantic. Use what you have and make it special and beside It’s not like this guy can’t afford a ring. He is a taxi owner, he has two buses that transport school children and he owns a pub and grill. I love his proposal it’s so unique, creative and beautiful. Congratulations my lovely couple I wish you all the best 😍😍❤️’

‘Dankie bafo I couldn’t have said it better! It’s clear that these people who are commenting here doesn’t know Nkosinathi. I don’t understand why don’t they just keep their opinion to themselves because they’re talking rubbish! Vele maan South African women are gold diggers!’

‘Mncedisi Xaba drink water baba 🍷🍷🍷’

‘You are including all of us now when you say South African women 😏’

‘If the shoe fits why don’t you wear it? 😏’

Shuuu the comments keep pilling up I will never read them all even if I wanted to. The video of Nkosinathi proposing me went viral and people can’t stop talking about it. There are those who are congratulating us, there are those who are laughing at the proposal calling it a joke and there are those who are saying my man is broke. See how my man can shake the social media world without even being part of it. This is one of the many reasons I fall in love with him. He has his own way of doing things and you can’t help but love him for that.

I love his proposal it was extraordinarily funny and spontaneous. I swear our children are going to love our love story. I thought he has given up on me. I was discharged yesterday and today it’s Xmas eve. We are going to KZN. Nkosinathi’s mom invited us for Xmas lunch tomorrow I cannot believe it. He told me that she was here with him for the weeks I was away. I’m grateful that during my absence they were together my worry is that what will happen now that’s I’m back. KJ left with Nkosinathi’s mom a few days ago. I miss him so much.

I’m glad that I’m back but I will have to go away again this time it will be beneficial for me. I have to do it for myself, my children and my fiancé. Hee nina why didn’t you tell me how nice it sounds to say MY FIANCÉ. Nisile yazini! My fiancé walks in he’s rocking Gucci from head to toes. The slim fit white golf tee fits snugly on his well built body and his ripped denim shorts hugs the muscles of his thighs and accentuate his hairy bow legs. See when

there's one thing he does so perfectly is to wash sneakers. The way his sneakers are so white and clean you will swear they're still new. He's the one that washes all our sneakers and I do the laundry.

Damn he looks like a snack I could eat him right now. When he notice that I'm gawking at me he takes slow strides and pauses like a model turning that side and this side as he flashes a side sexy smile that doesn't last long as his 'don't mess with me' look takes over. Then he continues with his slow strides walking towards me. That's my man for you when you gawk at him he gives you a show to watch. If confidence was a person it would definitely be my Papito. I whistle as I clap my hands. He laughs out loudly as he places his hands on my waist pulling me closer to him

"You should be a model"

"Neh"

"Yaas"

I wrap my arms around his neck looking at him.

"Thank you so much Bhelesi for never giving up on me. It's brings me so much pleasure that you always fight the world for me and go to the ends of the world to be with me. Thank you so much for accepting me as flawed and imperfect as I am."

"I didn't have a choice how was I going to give up on your beautiful ass after you bought me a whole XC60"

I giggle

"You materialistic gold digger of a man!"

He laughs out loudly throwing his head on the back. I love seeing him laughing out loudly and happy it's brings me so much joy.

“And you love my materialistic gold digger ass!”

“Oh please Mr I love your dick not you learn to know the difference”

He laughs and I join him.

“Thank you so much my love for the gifts though I wish you were with me to celebrate my birthday”

“Im sorry”

“I know sthandwa sami I'm glad you are here with me now. I wish you don't have to leave again”

“But this time it will be different my love. You will know where am I and I'm sure they allow visitors”

I was supposed go straight to rehab after I got discharged but Nkosinathi asked me to at least go after Xmas as his mama invited us for Xmas lunch.

“When you get out of that place I'm wifing you”

“I can't wait”

I laugh as I think of the comments on Facebook

“What's funny”

“They say you are broke and your proposal is a joke”

He giggles

“Sazini lezilima ngeromance. I’m a king of romance!” (What does these idiots know about romance)

“Chisa wena a whole king of romance proposing with lays plastic ring!”

“Leave me alone you carrot head!”

We laugh out loudly before sharing a passionate kiss.

“I love you Mrs Dlomo”

See now that sounds nicer than My Fiance

“I love you more Mr Dlomo”

“Let’s leave”

He takes our bag and my hand bag and walks out as I follow behind with our phones. I set the alarm and lock the doors then go to his car. I find him already waiting for me once I’m done buckling up we hit the road. I check the time to see what time we will arrive at. It’s 4pm now by 7pm we will be in Newcastle phela samba ngomshini. He turns on the music.

“This was my everyday song when you were away”

I listen to the song it’s really nice.

“It’s nice who’s song is this?”

“Cici ft Blaq Diamond”

He sings along and I listen to the lyrics carefully then join him.

Ngzobhalel' iKhumbul'ekhaya
Sekuphel' inyanga dali, ngingakubonanga
Sekuphel' inyanga dali aaah
Sekuphel' inyanga dali, ngingakubonanga
Sekuphel' inyanga dali aaah
Wesoka lami, wedali sthandwa sami
Akeh' omunye ofana nawe
Wesoka lami, wedali sthandwa sami
Akeh' omunye ofana nawe
Ngzobhalel' iKhumbul'ekhaya
Inhliziy' ishay'uzamcolo
Kodw'ungenzani wedali?
Ngzobhalel' iKhumbul'ekhaya
Inhliziy' ishay'uzamcolo
Kodw'ungenzani wedali?

We keep singing from one song to another until we get tired and converse about anything and everything. At 7pm we arrive at Newcastle and drive to McDonald's drive thru for supper then we head home. We retire to bed right after eating our burgers as the long drive exhausted us.

Today I woke up with cravings it was so bad that I drank 3 glasses of wine it's kinda helped. Please don't look at me like that I couldn't help myself. Nkosinathi doesn't know of course he was sleeping.

“Hey relax”

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He squeezes my thigh. I give him a faint smile as I nod. It's Xmas day and we've just arrive in his parents house. I'm so nervous as my mind hark back to the day she hit me with Ndiwe's shoe on my

forehead. I wonder if she's was carrying a serious weapon what would have happened to me.

"Baby"

Nkosinathi snaps me out of my reverie. I didn't see him getting out of the car and opening the door for me. I step out of the car and he closes the door then looks at me framing my face with his palms.

"If you don't feel comfortable to be here just say it sthandwa sami and we will leave"

"You sure she invited us?"

"Yes she invited me"

"You only?"

"She knows you and I comes as a package"

"Nkosinathi you said she invited us not you only. Let me go have Xmas lunch with my family and you do the same with yours"

"Im coming with you then"

"No go I will fetch you later"

"Im not spending my Xmas without you Aphiwe wherever you wanna be I will be right next to you."

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I see his dad looking at us as he's standing by the door. Nkosinathi cannot see him because he has his back on him.

“Are you two going to get in or what we are starving!” Shouts his dad.

“So what do you say”

“If your mom beat me up I’m leaving Nkosinathi”

“I won’t allow her to do to that. You know what? How about we spend few hours here and then go to your aunt house as well it’s only fair that we spend Xmas with both our families”

“I like that”

He takes my hand and we walk towards the door. His father smiles widely as we greet him. He’s aging gracefully.

“Greetings my children. Merry Xmas”

“Merry Xmas baba” Nkosinathi and I say in unison.

We get inside the house and we’re welcomed by a mouthwatering aroma. Thula runs to me and gives me a hug. Okay last time I checked she wanted to kick my ass for hurting her brother but now she’s welcoming me nicely and she’s genuinely happy to see me.

“Hey you look beautiful” She says but I don’t feel beautiful. I have lost so much weight and look really bad.

“Thank you” I say awkwardly.

“Come on don’t be awkward regardless of everything I still care and love you okay. I missed you when you were away”

“Aww that’s so sweet. I miss you too. Where are my children”

“Uthandiwe is in Durban remember that she’s spending this Xmas with her mom”

I forgot that last year she was spending Xmas with us. I thought there’s only Nkosinathi’s mom and my son in the dining room but I see 3 set of unfamiliar eyes staring at us as we make our way in. We greet everyone and KJ comes to his father who scoops him up and kiss his forehead.

“Hello boy”

“Dadah”

My heart skips a beat. Did I hear that right? I look at KJ shocked then Inathi who just gives me a faint smile. OMG he can talk and I didn’t know this. I feel a wave of sadness engulfs me. I thought what I was doing was right but now I’ve just realized that I abandoned my boys when they needed me the most. Inathi introduces me to the three unfamiliar faces. it’s Mr Ndlovu’s brother with his wife and daughter.

“It’s nice to meet you MaNdlela”

“Thank you Mr Ndlovu”

Nkosinathi’s mom appears from the kitchen and walks to her son then shower him with hugs and kisses.

“Are you good my boy”

“Yes I’m okay mama and yourself?”

“I’m fine now that you are here”

“Merry Xmas”

“Merry Xmas to you too my boy”

I stand awkwardly not knowing what to do as these two share their moment. Don't get me wrong I'm happy they're getting along now but I feel like I'm still not welcomed here. It's like this woman is saying I won't stay out of my son's life because of this bitch I'm staying by fire by force. This is going to be the worst Xmas ever I should have just went to spend my Xmas day with my family. The sweet smell of her perfume hits my nostrils. She's standing right next to me and my is thudding heart. I swear she can hear it too.

“Hello Aphiwe”

“Hi Mama” I say with a rather shaky voice.

“Can I see your left hand?”

I reluctantly give her my left hand. She takes it and looks at it before bursting into laughter.

“You are seriously wearing this plastic ring are you crazy” She says laughing and everyone joins her except Inathi.

“Leave my wife alone mama this ring is beautiful!”

“You know I have been convinced that you used love potion on my son but now I see it's the other way around actually. You bought him a car worth 1,3m and he proposed you with a plastic ring nawe uyayigqoka nje impela” (...and you are wearing it)

The dining room erupts with laughter. Of course I'm wearing it I know to other people it's sounds crazy but I love it even when he buys me a real one I will place it among my valuable jewellery. He

opens the chair for me and I sit down then he sits next to me with KJ on his other lap.

“Mama stop feeding my wife poison. I didn’t know I was going to propose until I walked through that hospital door which reminded me how lucky I was that I was walking through that door. That hospital door could’ve been a mortuary door. I realize that we don’t have as much time as we think why not make her my wife while I still can because tomorrow is uncertain. I had to use what I see in front of me to propose to her”

Aww those words tugs at my heartstrings and spread a smile across my face.

“And that was so creative of you my boy. I hope people took some notes that they don’t have to put themselves into debts trying to impress their partners. The engagement ring money could contribute to the wedding. I personally don’t think an engagement ring is that necessary. If your partner truly loves you he or she will love and appreciate your gesture no matter how less you spent.”

“Exactly daddy! My brother is goals!” - Thula

“Aww thank you baby girl” - Inathi

“You are welcome mtaka mah”

“Thula bless the food” Says Inathi’s mom .

We hold each other’s hands and Thula says a short prayer and when she finish we dig in. They prepared a feast. I can’t remember when was the last time I had home cooked meal. The past weeks I hardly ate real food. I was snacking waya waya.

“So Nkosinathi you decided to continue and date her even though you guys are somehow related” Asks the uncle’s wife.

Nkosinathi’s Adam’s app bobs as he swallows quickly to respond and I just know what he’s going to say is going to be somehow rude. I squeeze his thigh under the table but he doesn’t look at me.

“What is relation kanti aunt B”

“Ubuhlobo” (It’s a relation)

“So explain to me how am I related to Aphiwe”

“You two share a brother.”

“Exactly we share a brother not a mother or a father. She’s a Ndlela I’m Dlomo. I’m not blood related to her but to her brother. Don’t get confused Aunt B”

The iciness in his voice cannot be missed and tension is thick in the air. I pour myself a glass of juice and drink it to get rid of the lump clogging my throat.

“Do you think it’s a good idea though to marry someone who’s their family member killed your sister?”

“You mean the family member that is in jail paying for his sins? Why should everyone pay for Zenzele’s sins? Is that how it’s work where you worship? Innocent people get punishment too?”

“No that’s not what I’m saying Nathi”

“Then what are you saying Aunt B?” I can hear in his voice that he’s getting angry now.

“Son calm down” Says his dad.

As he about to reply I pinch his thigh. He looks at me and his face softens up. Nkosinathi’s mom throws in a different topic breaking the awkward silence. Thank goodness I hate awkward moments especially when they involve me. After dessert they go to sit in the balcony and enjoy their intoxicating drinks while Thula and I wash the dishes.

Kj doesn’t want to get down from his father’s arms it’s like the only person he knows now is his father and I’m just a stranger. It’s breaks my heart I don’t want to lie and to think I still have to go to rehab for a month or so he will completely forget about me.

“Don’t mind my aunt”

“I have forgotten about her yaz.”

“Then what’s bothering you”

“My son has forgotten me I’m like a stranger now to him I even try to give him the boob. He looked at me uninterested.”

“He had a lot of changes to adapt over the passed weeks just give him a chance but one thing I can promise you is that he will never forget you Aphiwe you are his mom”

“Thank you Thula.”

“Here have some drink you will be fine”

I look at the glass of wine hesitantly

“Come on”

Since I'm going to rehab I might as well enjoy my Xmas and drink. I take the glass and take a gulp. Once we finish doing the dishes we join Mpume the uncle's daughter by the pool with our wine. She's the introvert type of a girl and 25 years of age.

'I hope you are not drinking' It's a text from my fiancé. I turn around and look up at the balcony. Oh God he can see me!

'It's just one glass papito please'

'Hayi Aphiwe you are not supposed to be touching anything intoxicating'

'Okay I won't drink'

'I'm watching you'

'I know'

I gulp down the wine and give the glass to Thula.

"You want refill?"

"No I'm not supposed to be drinking Im on medication and your brother is watching me like a hawk."

"Ah shame sorry. How are you now?"

"I'm fine"

We continue and chat I feel bored though that I'm not drinking while everyone around me is drinking kodwa ngizenzile. Sigh. I excuse myself when I feel the urge to pee and go inside the house. I bump into mama as I rush to the bathroom.

“I’m sorry mama”

“It’s okay I was putting Kj into bed he’s sleeping now”

“I need to pee”

“Oh let me not keep you waiting”

I watch her as she walks away then she stops on her tracks and looks at me.

“Aphiwe”

“Mama”

“I’m glad you came”

She’s out of my sight as I’m digesting what she just said. That was awkward! I get inside the bathroom and release my bladder. Just as I flush the toilet after wiping myself clean Nkosinathi walks in. I look at him he’s drunk.

“What are you doing here”

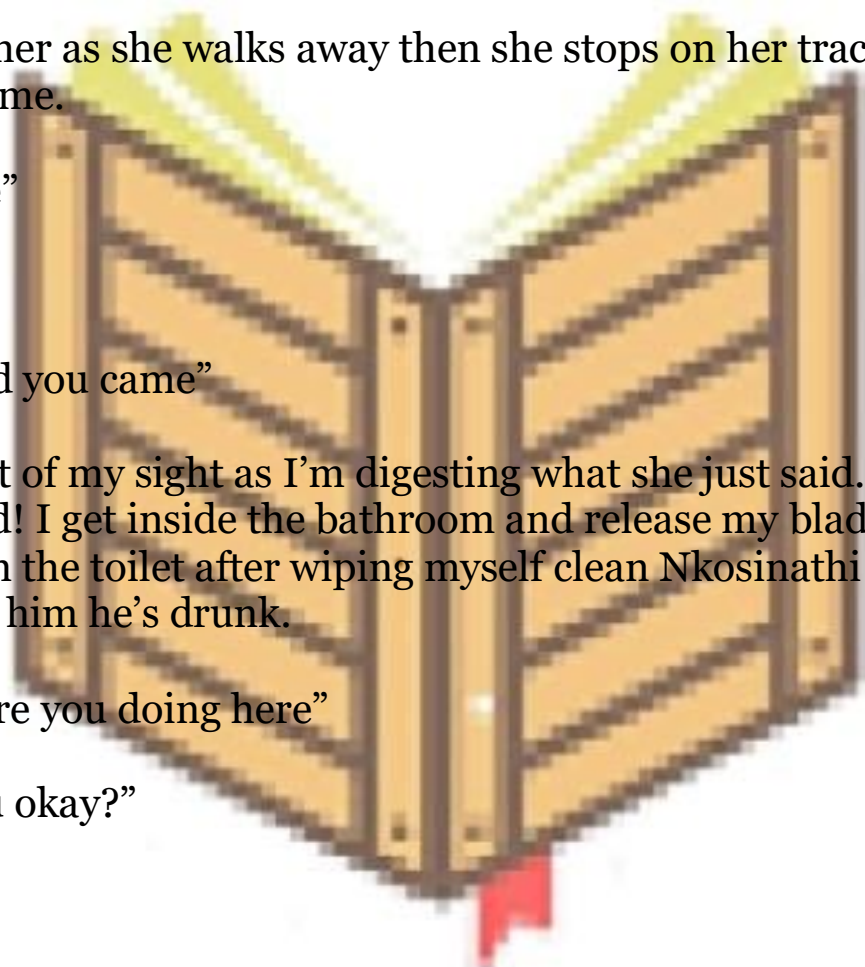
“Are you okay?”

“Yes”

“Mom didn’t do anything to you?”

“No”

“Are you sure?”



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“Of course thanks for checking on me though sthandwa sami”

He bites his bottom lip and I know what he’s going to say is crazy.

“What?”

“Awuthi inquza phela” (Give me some pussy)

I giggle okay this is not the kind of crazy I was expecting. Who says such? My Zulu man of course! Funny enough it’s turning me on.

“Tempting but this is your parents house”

“I will be quick baby”

He pulls me close to himself and claim my lips in a bruising kiss.

“Baby ha.ah I will give you later” I mumble against his lips.

“I miss you so much it’s been so long”

I don’t get a chance to protest as he turns me around and pins me against the wall, my cheek plastered against the cold wall, my back arched and my dress bunched up around my waist. He kicks my foot apart stretching my legs wider and slides my panties aside. The anticipation fuels my arousal as he fiddles with his jeans. Finally I feel his rod rubbing on my dripping wet slit and moan at the sensation zinging through my body. I suck in my breath as he glides inside of me filling me with is thick hard length.

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“Fuck!” He rasps against my ear sending goosebumps through my body.

“Thank you for not inviting anyone in my palace it’s still as snugly and warm as I left it”

He grasps hard on my hips, his fingers digging into my flesh as he thrusts in and out of me. Oh how I’ve missed the thicknesses of his cock inside of me. I can’t control my moans they are getting louder with each stroke.

“Baby don’t be loud” His gruff whisper against my ear sends me over the edge.

He covers my mouth with his hand to block my screams as he pumps and rams into me harder. Each stroke sends sharp jolts of ecstasy. I feel the muscles of my stomach tense and my knees begins to shake. It’s coming he can feel it too. All it’s takes is five hard and deep powerful strokes for us to reach our climax. As we ride our wave we feel cold water splattering on us. The shock forces us to turn around and here’s Nkosinathi’s mom with an empty 20 litres of bucket.

“Mama what the fuck!”

“Niyabhebhana emzini wami niyangeyisa maan!” (You are fucking in my house that’s disrespectful!)

I hear Thuli and Mpume’s laughter on the other side of the bathroom. Oh God can the earth open up and swallow me now ! Just when she’s warming up to me I mess things up! You’re stupid Aphiwe!

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Chapter Fifty Three

“Come in” One of the teacher I share the stuff room shouts as we hear a knock on the door. We all look at the door in anticipation and a white teenage boy walks in carrying a picnic basket.

“Good day ladies”

We greet him back but you cannot miss how curious we are to see a white teenage boy in our stuff room. He walks towards me with a smile and places the basket on my table.

“Its your delivery ma’am”

“From who?”

“Mr Booysen”

I can't help the smile that breaks across my face.

“He said I must kiss you for him” He says pouting his pale pink lips and the room erupt in laughter.

“Tell him I will kiss him myself when I see him”

“Okay. I hope you ladies have a good rest of the day bye”

“Bye!” The ladies says as they watch him walks out.

“What's in there?”

“Booyesen is he a white man?”

“Is that is his son?”

“How it’s like dating a white man I heard they’ve have so much love and they’re faithful?”

The teachers bombard me with questions and I’m not going to answer them they’re so snoopy! I laugh at them and search through my basket. My mouth waters at the sight of Spur's famous pork spare ribs, grilled BBQ chicken breasts, chicken, avo & bacon salad and chocolate brownie full. As if this is not too much already there’s a packet of grapes, Romeo delight biscuits, 2 liter of 100% mango juice and my favorite Lindt chocolates. This food is enough for the whole school, Alex though.

I take the card and read it. ‘Hello Beautiful you didn’t have breakfast this morning so I brought lunch to you. Don’t forget that you are loved my sunshine. Love AB’ Oh Alex! The way this man is spoiling me it’s overwhelming honestly. I have never felt so special the way he makes me feel. It’s been almost two months since we started dating. 7 weeks to be precisely and I’m head over heels in love with him.

The man is making it easy for me to love him. He left behind when Scott and Thando went back to UK on the first week of January. In these weeks we have been getting to know each other even more. He’s not gifted down there but he has a skill of fucking a woman until she writhes in ecstasy. I won’t lie I’m also one of those women who preferred a dick that is average or bigger but Alex taught me that the size really doesn’t matter it’s the skill, the flexibility and the stamina that’s matters. I’m more then satisfied!

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“These smells so divine share with us please!”

“No what if he put love potion on this food and you ladies end up falling for him.” I joke and they shriek with laughter.

“Sharing is caring”

“Kuyanyiwa sisi!” (Hell will break lose!)

“Haisuka what does white people know about love potion letha sidle thina!” (...give it here we want to eat!)

We laugh once again. I didn't even know what I was going to eat I wasn't in an appetite for anything that is sold here in the school. I take my food and share with the ladies but not my chocolate brownie and chocolates angidlaleli impela ngalapho. We indulge in our yummy meal as we converse about general things. I have a good relationship with my colleagues here unlike when I was teaching at Osizwen High I was a loner in that school.

The sirens goes off indicating the end of the break. We all pack our things and go the classrooms. The 3 left periods goes by really fast and before I know it the school is out. I find my man already waiting for me at the gate. He drove me here in the morning. I open the back door of my car and put my things on the back seat then close the door before going to the front. I lean closer for a brief kiss when I get inside of my car.

“Hello my sunshine”

“Hey baby”

I buckle up and then he drives off.

“How was your day?”

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“It was okay baby and yours”

“It was okay except that I missed you”

Isn't he such a sweet darling.

“Thank you so much for the lunch wangishinisa ke nawe” (...you made me shine)

He laughs

“It was just a lunch baby”

“No one delivers lunch for the teachers let alone by a white teenage boy. Thanks babe the lunch was nice”

“Im glad you enjoyed it.”

“You make it easy for me to love you Mr Booysen”

“Oh I'm the lucky one Miss Sibiya”

He refuses to acknowledge my marital surname not that I have a problem with that. Honestly I always feel somehow when people address me with my marital surname after my shenanigans. I no longer deserves that surname. I turn on the radio and connect my phone via Bluetooth mode then play make it easy by Lloyd Cele. I sing for him and his face turns red as he blushes profusely.

☞ I used to think that i was so ice cool
That i could make my hearts own rule
Nothing could get to me
And you made it easy
And now, my head, my heart, and my reason
They say the same and now i believe them
You own a piece of me and i gave it willingly

Loving you, is like breathing air to me

Its what my body does so naturally
Don't matter if my life gets hard
Coz you make it easy for me to love you

You make it easy for me to love you
You make it easy for me to love you
You make it easy for me to love you
You make it easy 🎵

“Let’s sing sthandwa sami”

He shakes his laughing. He’s a bad singer that’s why he doesn’t want to sing and I always tease him about it.

“You’ve passed Newcastle High my love”

“We are not fetching Zo she will use the public transport as always”

I decided to register Zobuhle at Newcastle High School then at my school. Zama High School is the best school in the township but it would have looked somehow to register Zobuhle in my school while Uthandiwe is schooling at Hutten Heights Primary School. I have to trust my parenting skills that she won’t astray. She’s at the crucial age and I fear for her. At this moment I’m even questioning my parenting skills I mean I failed Lakhe I ruined the mother and son relationship we could’ve had by sleeping with him. He did his utmost to avoid me even though we live in one house and he couldn’t wait to leave when the Stellenbosch University started with orientations. I doubt that he will come back for Easter Holidays. Sigh.

“Kanti where are we going?”

“You will see”

Now I'm curious where we are going when we take R34 and drive about 1 minute then turn to Impala Dr and drive another one minute before taking left onto Fountain Ave driving straight to Nagtegaal St. We turn right onto Canary St and drive for few meters then turn left on Mossie St continuing with our drive until we are at Aviary Hill.

This place is beautiful I'm not going to die before I live in this suburb mark my words. I look at the beautiful mansions on the window as we drive along. We make one short left and park before this opulent double story. He steps out of the car and goes around to open my door. I step out and he closes the door as I observe the peaceful ambience of this place. Now that's I'm outside the double story looks familiar.

“What are we doing here Alexander”

“Let's get inside”

He takes my hand and to tell you I'm surprised when he opens the gate with the remote would be an understatement. How did he get access of the remote of this house. The last time I check it was on sale. This is the house I have been saving for. It's more beautiful then in pictures I saw on property 24. He takes out the keys and open the door.

“Alex are you the owner of this house? Why you didn't tell me you are selling it when I told you I want to buy it”

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“Im not the owner you are the owner sunshine”

“What does that supposed to mean Alex?”

“I bought it for you my sunshine”

“Alex nooo!”

“Yesss!”

I cover my mouth with my hands as shock washes over me. No he didn't!

“OMG” I gasp

“Its yours baby you deserve it”

“Your shouldn't have Alex this is too much. I love the house and you know it but I can't accept it”

“I'm not accepting that. This house is yours I bought it for you”

“But Alex...”

“There's no but you have nothing to worry about it's in your name should anything happen between us no one will kick you out but I know that nothing is going to happen between us. We are stuck with each other forever”

“Alex it's too much it's cost a lot of fortune...”

“What is the use of having so much money if I can't spend it especially on my special lady that I love so much. I love spending on you please allow me to spend on you my sunshine. You deserve all the finer things in life.”

Oh God now I'm in tears. He wraps his arms around me and comforts me.

”Don’t cry baby you deserve this and more”

I literally wail like a baby. He’s too good for me and it’s so fucking scary. Once I’m calm we take a tour. The entry hall welcomes you with a beautiful view of the patio and swimming area behind it. Near the entrance hall is a spacious lounge area. There’s a fireplace to keep the room warm and on the other side of the entry hall is the family den. This leads you into the dining room and near the dining room there’s a well compartmented kitchen with a wide counter.

The other access door from the scullery leads to an integrated garage that can fit two vehicles and still has enough room for extra storage. The guest bedroom is located beside the kitchen wall. It has a built in closet and a self contained bathroom. The beautiful wide patio envelopes the lounge area. This area can be accessed either from the entry hall, the lounge area or from the family den.

A staircase near the entry porch leads to the bedrooms upstairs. A passage upstairs leads to the bedrooms and other functional spaces on the second level. The two extra bedrooms are spacious and both have built-in closets installed in them. These rooms share a common bathroom which is conveniently positioned. There’s a study room near the master bedroom. The master bedroom is fitted with a walk in closet, spacious and beautiful bathroom and a private balcony that has a great view. God it’s perfect and beautiful I love it.

“Oh Alex thank you so much. I don’t know what to say. You are the best”

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I wrap my arms around his neck and give him a breath taking kiss that makes him moan in my mouth as his hands go down to my buttocks which gives me an idea.

* * *

I've had my share of mistakes in my life but they are nothing compared to resorting to drugs when I couldn't accept my son's condition of which is the result of the abuse I inflicted on my fiancé. I'm not proud of what I did but I'm proud that I have learned from my mistakes and I'm in love with the lessons. It's a second week of February and today I'm going home to my fiancé and my children. My stay in rehab has been difficult but worth it. I'm getting out of this place with full determination that I'm never coming back here again and I will never touch drugs ever again.

Drugs are dangerous they can quickly take over your life. Not only can they affect your life they also affect the people around you. I didn't know I will find myself into this situation when Kamaria offered me a taste. I thought it's not a big deal I mean I was only going to try it just once but look where that "once" got me. Say no to drugs once is too many they are addictive. It's not too late for those who need help but it's must begin with oneself.

I knew I need help when I woke up from the overdose at the hospital. The people in my life, especially my son gave me a reason to fight the addiction. I'm so grateful for the support I have been receiving from my family and my fiancé. They came to visit me and if it wasn't for them I wouldn't have made it. What are we without our families? Absolutely nothing I'm not lucky but I'm blessed for the family I have and the fiancé I have. I'm glad that we were able to keep this from the media.

So today not only am I going home but it's also my birthday. Yes it's 10th of February and I'm turning 30 years old. I'm so lucky

that I'm going to celebrate my birthday at home with the people I love. Today it's a reminder of how lucky I am that I'm still alive especially looking back where I come from. I can't help but hark back to the deaths I dodged in my life.

The first death I dodged in my life was when my ex boyfriend beat me up and hold me into hostage then had his way with me for countless times. He could have killed me he was a sick in the head but by the grace of God I was rescued before he killed me. The second death was when I was hit by the car after seeing a video of my aunt and Inathi fucking. Oh that day I have never felt so much betrayal in my entire life it was hard to get over it even after I learned that it's happened before Nkosinathi and I were an item. Then last year when I overdose drugs and God spared my life once again. Not everyone get thousand second chances in life I'm the luckiest in the universe.

The moment I see him I couldn't help myself but run to his arms. He catches me and twirls making me to giggle none stop. Its feels like I haven't seen him in ages. He finally puts me now and our lips meet in a soul stirring kiss.

“You made it! I'm proud of you apple butter” I cannot miss the pride in voice and it's makes feel so proud of myself as well but I wouldn't have done it without his support.

“Having you by my sight gave me strength and for that thank you so much my Papito. I don't think there's ever a man that would have keep up with me after the way I treated you. I'm sorry that your leg still gives you problems up to this date. I'm sorry that I made you feel like a less of a man or a weakling man. I'm sorry that you had to deal with Kj's condition alone and you handled it so perfectly. Our children are so lucky to have a father like you. I'm lucky to have a fiancé and a future husband like you. I love you with so much intensity and passion.”

He stops my tears from falling with his thumbs and wipes them away before pulling me to his chest. I relive in his embrace. When he breaks the embrace he takes my bag on the ground of which I dropped the moment I saw him and run to him then we walk to the car. He opens the door for me and I get inside then he closes it before going to his side.

“Where are my kids?”

“Mom is fetching them from their schools”

“I can’t wait to see them. I miss them so much”

“They miss you too baby”

Kj is goes to Esperanza special needs school. They provide a remedial educational facility for the community in and around Newcastle by means of a self-funded special needs academy for children aged from 3 years with daycare facilities and full therapeutic services including Occupational Therapy, Speech and Language Therapy, Physiotherapy, Psychology and Dietetics. It’s a non government organization. Nkosinathi is speaking highly of their service so far and he can already see the improvement on our son but he’s only been schooling there for a month. I want to offer my help I’m sure the school could do with some amount of money to pay salaries and other expenditure.

“Are we going to fetch them at your parents house?”

“No we have to go somewhere first mom will bring them to our house. My sheets have never been so colder without you by side sthandwa sami”

“Im here now and I promise they will never get colder”

He holds out his hand for me, I take it and squeeze at as we look at each other with so much love. We have been through so much together but we are still standing tall and strong to fight against all odds. We arrive in this beautiful resort.

“What are we doing here?”

“Woza” (come)

He takes my hand and we walk inside. He brought me here for my birthday last year and I couldn't stop whining about the beauty and their hospitality. It's set next to the river and offers an outdoors pool with water slides and spa baths. The rooms are spacious with an elegant decor and each room has a private bath and a TV. Tea and coffee making facilities are provided as well. There's a large dining room with a terrace overlooking the garden and pool areas.

The available activities for guests include quad biking, squash, tennis, hiking, mountain biking and fishing. Indoors guests can play snooker, table tennis or darts. The spa facilities include a sauna, a plunge pool, steam rooms, a hydrobath and a fully equipped fitness centre. I had fun it was a beautiful weekend of my life I guess we are spending my birthday here once again not that I'm complaining I love this place but it wouldn't have hurt to do something different from last year.

“We are spending my birthday here again”

“When we came here for your birthday last year you could not stop whining about the beauty of this place so I bought it for you baby. You are the owner of this resort now”

I stop on my tracks and look at him incredulously

“No ways!”

“Yes ways!”

He says with a wild grin on his face.

“Oh my goodness baby!”

“Happy birthday sthandwa sami”

Papito! I cover my face with my hands as I sob. His scent fills my nostrils as I feel his arms enveloping me.

“Shh don’t cry”

“I truly don’t deserve you”

“There’s no such thing baby you and I were perfectly made for each other. Shhh don’t cry my darling”

He whispers in my ear and holds me for dear life. Once I’m calm he wipes my tears and plants tears on my forehead going down to the the space between my eyes, my eyes, my nose and lastly my mouth.

“Thank you so much Bhelesi. This is the best gift I ever have received from you after Kj”

”You deserves more sweetheart. We can come back tommorow I can see that you are overwhelmed”

Do you blame me I truly didn’t expect this. This is not just a gift but it’s the legacy for my children. Dlomo wami bakithi I’m sure

he had to cancel all his other business plans he has and bought this resort for me.

“24 of September” I say as we drive away and he looks at confused.

“That’s our wedding date”

“Why so far?” He whines

“What date did you have in mind?”

“Even Tommorow”

I laugh this man can’t he serious.

”I don’t want a last minute wedding baby”

“But in September pho? That’s six months away”

“Exactly which gives us enough time to plan our wedding. I want my big day to be in spring so that the pictures will be beautiful. Winter has the melancholic weather and everything is just dull in winter.”

“Well then if you say so I understand sthandwa sami. How are you?”

“Im fine baby”

“No I mean like how are you”

I heave a sigh and look at him with a smile on my face

“Im happy and content. Thank you for holding my hand through this journey of fighting my addiction. I couldn't have done it without you by my side.”

“I've got you baby no matter what.”

He takes my hand and kisses we continue talking about our wedding. I can't wait to be Mrs Dlomo can it be September already! I don't know what we are doing at the pup and grill now I thought we are going home.

“Baby what we are doing here I want to go home to my kids please”

“Im just going to get something then we leave baby come”

“Do I have to go?”

“Yes”

I heave a sigh and take his hands as I step out of the cast. He closes the door then we make our way inside the pub.

“Surpriseeeeeee!” Everyone scream and I shriek in shock holding on my fiance Jesus Christ! They want to kill me! They start singing a happy birthday song. I scan my eyes around and see that everyone is here including here. Now I'm a sobbing mess I didn't expect this. Once they are done singing a happy birthday song for me they give me hugs. One by one can you imagine but I wouldn't trade this moment for the world. I go to Nkosinathi's mom who's carrying my son.

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“Sawbona ma”

The last time I saw this woman was when she caught us fucking in her house. It's been almost to months but I'm mortified.

“Hey sis how are you?”

“Im okay mama and yourself?”

“Im fine too you look great. I’m proud of the decision you too made.”

Nkosinathi told his mom? Oh Jesus!

“Thank you mama. Can I?”

I take KJ he doesn’t look okay

“Is he okay”

“He’s coming with flu but I gave him his medication before we came here”

I can tell that he’s not right. I feel his temperature shame my boy he’s so hot. He buries his head on my neck as I brush his back. It’s packed and everyone is enjoying finger food and drinks that are served by waitress and waiters. Zonke and Stacey comes to me. I didn’t expect to see them here especially Zonke after the way I talked to her last time. They both seem happy though to see me. We share hugs and kisses and they wish me a happy birthday.

“Thank you girls”

Zonke looks at Stacey in anticipation who clears her throat and looks at me.

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“Im sorry Wewe for everything I said to you. I was out of the line and I had no right to talk to you like that. I keep messing our

relationship with my big mouth. Can you please forgive me for the last time”

“Its okay Stacey”

Zonke is doing whatever she can to keep this friendship alive and strong but honestly Stacey has a vile mouth shame she doesn't think before she talks then she says sorry it's doesn't work like that in life but I don't have energy to prolong this tension between us.

“I'm also sorry Zonke for what I said to you I was angry and hurt however it's doesn't justify my behavior. I'm sorry babe”

“I understand babe where have you been?”

“I have been around I took some time away from everything to think things through after I discovered that KJ is autistic”

“Oh babe how you feeling now”

“I'm okay and I'm back”

“I'm glad you're back the wedding can go on now”

“You waited for me?”

“Of course how was I going to get married without you Wewe”

“Oh Zonke that's so sweet of you I'm sure Sthembiso is angry”

“He will be strong!”

We share a giggle.

“Are you really engaged or it was just a joke” - Stacey

“That was a real proposal”

I show her my hand that still has my plastic ring and we laugh.

“Your man is crazy!” - Zonke

“Hello Hello Hello Everyone!”

We turn around and face Jay who’s talking with the mic next to the DJ.

“Welcome everyone to Aphiwe’s 30th birthday party and thank you for availing yourselves. Let’s just celebrate and have fun. If you have a present for the birthday girl here’s Thula over there she will attend you. If you didn’t bring a prezzie no problem dali faka imali! No coins, R20 or 10 notes we want R100 upwards!”

Everyone shriek with laughter. That’s Jay for you.

“If you don’t have a prezzie nor money you won’t get food and booze habeee ucathi uzodla mahala akusikini la!” (...you think you will eat for free this is not your home!)

Laughter fills the whole pub Jay though!

“I’m sure y’all are asking yourselves who’s this talkative guy. I’m sorry I didn’t introduce myself I’m Jayson Cele I’m from Eshowe. Aphiwe is like my little sister. We met 3 years ago when she was doing her photo shoot for drama magazine. I was her makeup artist and from the We just clicked. Nana I want to tell you that you are a strong woman you have been through a lot but you survived every obstacle that came your way. I’m so proud of the

woman you growing into every single day. Happy birthday my friend my God bless you with his choicest blessings. I love you”

Awww now I’m feeling emotional. Everyone clap hands as Jay gives my fiancé the mic.

“Hi everyone thank you so much for joining us to celebrate the big day of my woman. I love this day because I get to celebrate the birth of my woman. I would like to thank Mrs Ndlela for giving birth to this beautiful woman of mine.”

He walks to me and kneel before me after flipping a box of a ring.

“I have already asked you to marry me and you said yes but now let’s me ask you again in front of this people. Aphiwe Ndlela will you make me the happiest man in this universe and marry me”

“Yes I will marry you!”

I give him my hand, he takes out he plastic one and slides the white gold trilogy three stone diamond ring. Tears spill down my face as everyone cheers. He gets up and kisses me.

“Nizwile lapho emuva she said yes once again!” (Did y’all hear at the back...) Inathi says and everyone burst into laughter

It’s one of those lazy Saturday I was doing laundry now I’m hanging the clothes on the line. Ndiwe is playing outside the gate with her peers. KJ left with his father they have grown so close as the months passes by and I love it. It’s the middle of May and my wedding planner has already started with the planing so far I’m happy. We still have 3 months to go and the more the big day gets closer I’m getting nervous.

I walk back inside the house with the basket after hanging the clothes on the line and make something to eat. I eat my food in front of the tea and wash down everything with juice. I must have fall asleep on afte eating because I'm woken up by tiny hands fiddling on my face and when I open them it's Kj.

“Hey boy”

He gives me cheese curls

“Thank you my boy”

He smiles faintly. I'm so impressed by his improvement.

“Where's Ndiwe?” Inathi says as he appears in the lounge.

“Is she not playing in the street with other kids?”

“No there's no one the street”

“She was playing there. Maybe she's in their bedroom”

“She's not there baby I checked every room”

I get up and go look for her in back room but she's not there so I walked out of the gate and scream for her name but the street is empty. My heartbeat races as fear and anxiety attack me.

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Chapter Fifty Four

“I want you so bad baby please ravish me. I want to feel your cock inside of me”

“Fuck baby you are driving me crazy. I bend you over the kitchen counter and spank your buttocks before sliding my dick into your wet cunt”

“I moan softly as my pussy grips hard on your rod”

I spread my moistness between my folds with my fingers and rub my clit.

“The slapping sounds together with our moans fills our kitchen as I pound you harder and deep. Can you feel my dick fucking you from behind baby?”

“Ohhh yess my love harder please!”

My phone indicates an incoming call when I look at the screen Aphiwe’s name flashes on it. God talking about bad timing ever!

“Baby let me call you back Aphiwe is calling me and she hardly calls me whatever it is must be serious”

“Okay my sunshine”

He hangs up and I accept Aphiwe’s call.

“Miss New York”

“Hey Cebisile did you fetch Ndiwe?”

“Fetch her where?”

“Here in her father’s house”

“No why would I do that it’s Saturday morning and weekends are yours with your fiancé”

“She’s not here Cebisile we have searched her but she’s not here!”

The panic in her voice forces me to sit in on my butt.

“What does that supposed to mean she’s not there Aphiwe?”

“She was playing with other kids in the street but I can’t find her now”

My heartbeat races as my brain begins to fire out negative thoughts. God please I’m begging you don’t let anything happen to my daughter. I quickly roll out of bed and slip into jeans and slippers then put on a cardigan over my vest. Where are my car keys? I turn my bedroom upside down as I look for my car keys but I can’t find them. I sprint to Zo’s bedroom with my phone in my hand and find her lying on the bed with her stomach and writing.

“Zobuhle where are my car keys! Ndiwe is missing I have to go!”

I’m speaking so fast I’m not even hearing myself.

“Oh no! I saw the on the counter in the kitchen mommy. I’m also coming with you!”

“Come”

She follows me behind as I rush to the kitchen and grab the keys then head out. Yesterday when I came back from work I was lazy to drive my car in the garage so it's parked in the driveway. Once we are inside my car I speed off.

“Mama your phone is ringing”

I look at Zo and take my phone from her.

“Baby”

I couldn't help but cry at the sound of his voice. I so need him right now just to hold me and tell me that she's okay but he's in UK.

“My sunshine what's wrong”

“They can't find Uthandiwe Alex. I'm on my way to her father's house”

“Baby calm down okay maybe she's somewhere nearby”

“What if someone took her and...”

“Don't think about negative things maybe by the time you arrive there she will be found. I love you”

“I love you too”

“I will call you”

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I hang up and give my phone to Zo as I continue to drive with a little bit of hope. He always knows how to make me feel better. I park my car at the gate and step out of the car. Aphiwe is standing on the gate with Kj.

“Where’s my baby Aphiwe?” The tremor in my voice cannot be missed.

“Nkosinathi is asking door to door they were playing here in the street”

“Since when now does she plays on the street with other kids”

“Since on the Easter holidays Cebisile. Ask Zobuhle they were all playing with the group of girls and boys here on the Easter holidays”

I look at Zo who nods her head. They were spending Easter holidays here.

“Why I was never told about this huh?”

“Seriously now Cebisile we have to tell you that Uthandiwe is playing in the street with other kids?”

“Yes look now she’s missing! I buy her enough toys because I don’t want her to play outside it’s not safe!”

“She’s growing up and she enjoys playing with other kids then being cooped up in the house and playing with toys!”

We see Nkosinathi approaching and I can’t help myself but meet him half.

“Uphi umtanami Nkosinathi?” (Where’s my baby Nkosinathi?)

“I can’t find her Mamamkhe all the girls she was playing with they said they went back to their homes to eat and left her with the boys playing”

“Where does the boys stay?”

“On the other street” Says Zobuhle

“Let’s go right now”

I don’t waste anytime but walk away and Nathi follows me.

“Zo please look after KJ I will go with them”

“No problem sis Aphiwe. KJ come”

We split as we get to the other street and knock door to door but we don’t find her so are the boys which means wherever they are they are together. Their parents don’t even care they say the boys always come back when it’s dark from playing mind you these boys are said to be from 7 years to 14 years. Some parents are reckless seriously. How can you be comfortable with the fact that your child comes back home from playing when it’s dark. The more time passes by the more negative thoughts keep coming by like waves and my heart feels like it’s going to explode.

“Hey stop crying we will find her” Nkosinathi says taking my hand into his. He’s trying to be calm but I can see that he’s also panicking.

“How do you know that Nkosinathi huh?”

We see some boys walking to our directions. Aphiwe asks them if they didn’t see some boys with a chubby dark skinned little girl.

“No we didn’t see them but there’s an old abandoned house where Zola and his friends play hide and seek”

A hint of hope washes over me. I swear if we find her there playing hide and seek while we are stressed out here she will know who I am. I don't care that her father doesn't condone corporal punishment.

“You mean that old house with no roof on that secluded area when you go straight and turn left”

“Eh malume” (Yes Uncle)

“Okay thank you boys”

Nkosinathi takes out a R50 note and gives the boys. They squeal excitedly thanking him then we make our way to that house. As we approach the house I can feel my feet picking up their pace as anxiety consumes every cell in my body. We can hear voices as we get nearer the house.

“It's my turn now Zola give us a chance hawu!”

“Ohhh ahhhhh!”

I didn't prepare myself for what I see before my eyes when we get inside of the house. How does a mother prepare herself for such outrageousness and monstrosity? The sight of my daughter lying helplessly naked and gagged with her pink t-shirt, four boys holding her arms and legs while the other one is between her thighs thrusting in and out of her crushes my soul. As if they haven't broke my baby into million shards already he pulls out and thrust in the corncob in her little vagina. Everything after that becomes blurry as Nkosinathi punches and kicks the boys.

I run to my baby and pull out the corncob out her bleeding vagina as Aphiwe removes the gag from her mouth. The sound of her raw painful cry feels like a sword penetrating deep in my heart. I take

off my cardigan and wrap it around her then cradle her in my arms like an infant as tears stream down my face. What kind of monsters are these children? How could they hurt my daughter like this?

“Give me your car keys I will go fetch the car” Aphiwe says with a shaky voice and I give her the car keys then she disappears.

“Im sorry my baby I’m so sorry” I say to my baby rocking her back and forth.

Nkosinathi comes back dragging some boy who was the youngest of them all and black slaps him. The boy flies to the wall and falls down on floor. I thought I have seen Nkosinathi angry before but clearly he wasn’t this angry. He’s shaking and looks so scary. I’m so scared that he will kill the boy. I want to stop him but other part of me says this boy deserves it! He’s a danger to the community he might as well just die!

“I’m sorry malume please forgive me!”

The boy cries and pleads for his life but Nkosinathi doesn’t want to hear it. He grabs the boy with his clothes and raises his huge fist to punch the boy but he stops himself just as his fists is few inches away from the boy’s face. He lets go of him and groan in frustration punching the wall. I hear his knuckle cracking and wince on his on behalf. The Nkosinathi I know would have snapped that boy’s neck and he would be lying here lifelessly. I guess he’s not that cruel as much as I thought. Aphiwe runs in help me up with my daughter.

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“Aphiwe drive them to hospital I will follow you guys behind”

“Inathi...”

“Aphiwe do as I say and stop questioning me!!”

Aphiwe walks out and I follow behind her. I get in the back with my daughter while she gets in the front. Without a waste of time she speeds off.

“Your phone have been ringing”

“Can you please pass it to me”

Just as she passes my phone it’s rings. I take it and answer it.

“Hey Alex”

“Baby what’s going on did you find our daughter?”

“Yes but she..she. uhm”

I bite my lip hard as tears roll down my face.

“Talk to me please Cebisile is she okay?”

“No she...we found her with some boys forcing themselves on her”

There goes silence for a moment but I can hear his heavy breathing.

“Where are those boys?”

“They ran away but Nkosinathi managed to get the youngest one. He’s the one that’s going to mention the others.”

“Youngest how old are these boys?”

“7 to 14 years”

“They are so fucking young! Where do they learn such things? I’m sorry my sunshine just hang in there baby I’m coming okay”

“Okay” I hang up.

Aphiwe is driving like a maniac I will be thankful if we get to the hospital in one piece. I look at my daughter who has stopped crying but her eyes are closed.

“Ndiwe”

I shake her lightly and she looks at me. The pain in her eyes will be always embedded in my mind and torment me for as long as I breathe.

“I’m so sorry my angel I should’ve been there to protect you”

She starts crying all over again breaking my heart even more. I wish I can take the pain away from her. God please make it stop! I know I have sinned so many times but my baby shouldn’t be punished for my sins. We are attended the moment we arrive at Mediclinic. Since she hasn’t started her periods yet and in a traumatic state they say they will examine her under sedation. When they rush away with her my knees give in I fall on the floor as I let out a gut wrenching sob. Aphiwe helps me up and we settle on the couch then she holds me tightly against her chest as we both cry.

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* * *

It's funny how it's always on my mind that one day the Mbheles will avenge Bra Mos and when we couldn't find Uthandiwe I thought it's time and I was ready to die while saving my daughter only to find little boys holding my daughter's arms and legs while the other one is busy thrusting in and out of her. What killed me beyond repair is seeing that boy shoving a corncob in my daughter's vagina. What kind of cruelty is that! A whole corncob! That thing's size is almost as big as my erect dick! It's brings me so much pain that I warned her about anything dangerous in this world but not about the other kids. These boys are not kids they're little monsters!

I swear I wanted so bad to beat the boy up until he poop on himself but I couldn't do it. He's just a little boy and I can't fathom out how can such little boys be capable of something so monstrous and atrocious? Will my princess ever be the same again? Will we ever get through this? I feel my chest closing in as the pain comes in waves and consume me. Senzo walks in and looks at the boy weeping boy then me. I can't help but feel like I know the boy but I can't pinpoint his familiarity.

“I came as fast as I could what's wrong man?”

“Can you please keep this boy for me I will come and get him when I come back from the hospital”

Once again he looks at me then the boy.

“What's going on Mnesh?”

“My daughter was laying there Senzo four boys holding her arms legs while the other one was having his way with her and thrusting a corncob in her vagina! This boy and his friends did that to my daughter!!”

I feel tears burning in my eyes and momentarily close them.

“Yho man where are the other boys?”

”They ran away”

“Im sorry Mnesh”

“Whay kind of kids are these Senzo how could they hurt my daughter like this?” It’s comes as a defeated whisper.

“How old are the boys?”

“This one is the youngest they from 7 years to 14 years.”

“They are so young where do they learn such cruelty?”

“I don’t know man I really don’t know. I have to go to the hospital please make sure that he doesn’t run away I will deal with him when I come from the hospital.”

“Sure boy anything else you going to need just let me know”

“Ta man”

He pulls me and gives me a tight squeeze.

“I'm sorry boy I can't Imagine the pain you are feeling.”

He breaks the hug and gives me the taxi keys.

“Take the taxi and go to the hospital I will see how do I get home with the boy”

“Sure”

I walk out and get into the taxi then speeds to the Mediclinic. When I arrive to the hospital I find Phiwe and Cepsile still waiting in the waiting area.

“Have anyone give you any update?”

“No we are still waiting” - Aphiwe

We sit there in silence as we wait impatiently. The wait feels like for eternity after what feels like forever the doctor comes to update us. Fortunately they didn't infect her with any diseases but my baby sustained vaginal injuries not that I'm surprised. I can still see that boy thrusting a dry big corncob into her. Oh the immense pain my baby felt when those little animals violated I feel it too. After the doctor is done addressing us with our daughter's condition she leads us to the Ndiwe's ward.

We find her sleeping she looks so peaceful I wish she doesn't have to wake up so that she won't have to face the pain and trauma she went through. I should have left with her too. I shouldn't have listen to her when she said she want to stay behind. If I left with her nothing could have happened to her. Cepsile breaks down and her cry pierces through my heart like shards of glass. I walk to her on the other side and holds her tightly in my arms. I don't know what to say to her? What one should say in such situation?

“How did all of this happend on your watch Nathi?”

“Im sorry. ...”

“Nyory? Nyory will not change any thing! It will not erase the pain my baby suffered! I trusted both of you with my daughter but you failed her!! You failed our daughter Nkosinathi!! This is your fault!! I hate you!! so fucking hate you!! I regret ever having a

child with you!! I hope you will sleep at night knowing that it's your fault our daughter got raped!"

Every word cuts deep in my heart and a wave of sorrow engulfs my whole being. I walk out and go to the restroom. I can feel my knees weakening and when I get in one of the restrooms my back slides against the wall as I sink to the floor and muffled sobs escape my mouth.



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Chapter Fifty Five

Cebisile's cry is one of those raw painful cry of a person who's consumed by agonizing pain. I couldn't help but cry too. The images of my daughter being violated by other kids are plastered on my mind, taunting me and replaying like an echo. I always knew the world we live in is so cruel but I never thought to this extent. Who would've thought kids are capable of such cruelty? Where do they learn such inhumanity? The world has come to an end Jesu sala usubuya!

Our children are not only unsafe from male strangers but from their peers and friends as well. How do we send our children to school if such things happen? How do we let our kids be and enjoy their childhood if such things happen? The parents of these kids have failed their kids. A kid is not supposed to have such evil thoughts in their little minds. I blame the parents of these boys for the pain my daughter suffered and the should be consequences!

“You know that Nkosinathi would've done anything to protect Uthandiwe from this. He's also hurting like you Cebisile and you blaming him you are making it worse. He doesn't need all of this right now. We are all hurting Uthandiwe is my daughter too”

“Well he failed to protect our daughter! I made this child with him not you so I don't expect you to protect her but him! My baby has been raped and is lying on this bed because of his failure to protect her!”

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“Cebisile stop it please your words are cutting deep...” She cuts me off.

“Do you think I care Aphiwe? I don’t and I’m sure what I’m saying hurt better than the pain my baby went through. They were holding her like a criminal and shoving a corn cob in her little pussy, a whole corn cob!” She burst into tears once again. I go to her side to comfort her but she pushes me away.

“Leave me alone! Stop pretending to care because you don’t”

“Of course I care Cebile”

“Why did you guys allow her to go play on the street huh?”

“How were we going to know this would happen Cebile. She’s been playing with these children since Easter holidays we never thought these children are capable of such”

“Don’t you think I was supposed to know that? Why you two never told me? I would have refused children are cruel out there! I don’t even allow her to go to her best friend’s place!”

“It’s unfair to blame us Cebile this could have happened on your watch too”

“That’s not true I will never ever allow my baby near you two ever again!”

“That’s so wrong and you know it!”

I heave a sigh and walk out. I go to the parking lot to find Papito but I don’t find him in the taxi. I go back inside and make my way to the restrooms. I can hear muffled sobs as I approach one of the restrooms. My heart sinks to the pit of my stomach. It takes so much for him to cry and I wish I can take the pain away from him.

“Baby open the door please”

He doesn't respond and his sobs has ceased”

“Let me in please I know you are in there”

“Go home Aphiwe the kids are alone”

“Please don't push me away baby I can feel your pain too please let me be there for you”

“I said go Aphiwe!” He snaps and I heave a sigh.

“Give me the taxi keys ke”

There's a bit of silence then he pushes the keys in the space under the door. I bend to take them.

“I want you to know that it's not your fault Bhelesi. You could have done anything to protect Uthandiwe don't mind Cebisile she will realize that she's wrong and apologize to you she's just hurting at the moment.”

No response. Sigh.

“I love you so much”

I walk out heading straight to the parking lot where I unlock the taxi and get in then drive off after starting the engine. I search for money to buy something for supper since I have nothing on me. There's two hundred note plastered on the sun visor cover. I start at KFC first to buy something to eat with the kids before driving home.

“Sis Aphiwe you are back. Did you find Ndiwe and where's mommy?”

I sigh and sit down next to her.

“They are both in the hospital. We find Ndiwe”

I explain to her what happened.

“Nooo!”

“Im sorry sis”

She burst into tears. I envelope her in my arms and rock her back and forth as she cries painfully. They are so close with Uthandiwe she’s like a little sister to her.

“I want to see her”

“You will see her tomorrow”

She nods sadly. I dish up for her and KJ then go to the bathroom to take a bath. I curl myself in a bath tub and let out a gut wrenching sob. I have been violated before and I know the pain. It’s too much for an old person to handle I can’t imagine what its like for a child as young as Ndiwe. These boys deserves to be punished they can’t just get away with this because they’re kids.

When the water is cold I step out of the bathtub and dry myself as the water drains. Once I’m done I rinse the bathtub and head to my bedroom where I slip into a robe then go to the lounge to force myself to eat. I don’t have any appetite.

“Sis Aphiwe can I sleep with you tonight?”

“Yeah sure baby girl”

After I finish eating we retire to bed. I try to sleep but it's a mission impossible all I see is my daughter laying there so helplessly those boys holding her arms and legs while the other is having his way with her. God I want this to stop please! Time is around 3am in the morning and Inathi didn't come back home not that I expected him to I know that he will be Ndiwe's side until she's discharged at the hospital.

I wonder what he's going to do with the boy. Part of me want the boys to be punished but I'm also scared of what my man could do to those boys. Nkosinathi never lets people get away with hurting him or his loves ones not that I will blame him in this situation if he did anything to those boys.

I don't know when do I end up dozing off but I'm woken up by the urge to pee. I get up between these two and go to the bathroom to release my bladder after that I go to the kids bedroom and the guest bedroom just incase Nkosinathi came back and slept there. I hear voices when I approach the lounge.

“Dont say that Nkosinathi”

“It's the fucking truth mama!”

“How was Aphiwe supposed to know that those boys will do this?”

“She would have noticed something if she did not sleep! It's her fucking fault that my daughter got raped!”

My heart crashes into pieces I swallow a thick saliva and make my presence acknowledgeable. He walks away limping a bit. I bet his leg is acting due to this cold weather.

“He didnt mean that baby he's just hurt and angry you know when we are hurting we tend to look for someone to blame”

I quickly wipe a tear that escapes my eye and give mama a faint smile.

“Can I make you tea mama”

“Come here”

She pats the couch next to her. I make my way next to her and sit down.

“Please don’t take what he said into your heart he’s just battling with his emotions”

“Uthandiwe is my daughter mama I will never put her life at risk. I didn’t know those boys were planning to do something so inhuman like this. She has been playing with these boys since Easter holidays. I thought she’s safe around them I mean they’re just kids little did I know they’re little animals”

I wipe my tears but they are relentlessly falling on my face

“I know sis I know he will realise that he’s wrong for blaming you and apologise okay just don’t let this affect you. He needs you more than ever right now please be there for him”

She envelopes me in her arms and I weep silently.

“Musa ukukhala sis” (Don’t cry sis)

Things between this woman and I are getting better each passing day but I wish she can at least apologize for all the derogatory remarks. We can’t just go on like nothing happened between us but that’s the least of my worries now. There’s someone in the door. I get up and wipe my tears as I walk to the door. When I

open it here stands 4 women and one girl who looks so familiar.
The four boys are behind them shivering in fear

* * *

The next morning I'm woken up by the vibration of my phone against my thigh. I pull my head up from the bed and slide it out of my jeans. It's Lakhe I haven't heard from him ever since he left and he didn't come back home for Easter holidays. That killed me I won't lie I just wish this tension between us could stop. I like the boy so much.

"Lakhe" I say with a groggy hoarse voice.

"Mamoo how are you?"

"I'm okay"

"That was a stupid question I'm sorry. I received a message from Zo. I'm so sorry Mamoo. I'm coming home and I will deal with those boys myself!" The anger in his voice is evident.

"Nah I'm sure you guys are busy at school. It's okay the police will deal with this matter"

"I want to come Mamoo you need me right now"

I can't help a little smile that embraces my face. He still cares I thought he hates me. I really want him to come home since I haven't seen him for months but I don't want anything that will make him lose focus. I'd say it's okay Alex is going to be here for me but I don't want to hurt his feelings.

“My parents are coming today Lakhe just stay there and focus on your schoolwork . I will keep updating you what’s happening”

“Okay Mamoo if you say so. I’m really sorry you are going through this I can imagine how you are feeling”

A lone tear rolls down my left cheek.

“I will be fine”

It’s a lie I will never be fine. How can I ever be fine after this? I’m beyond broken.

“I’m with you spiritually Mamoo and I’m sure right now you are blaming yourself but it’s not your fault. You are the best mom ever to Uthandiwe and Zobuhle. They are so lucky to have you as their mother.”

Of course I’m not blaming myself but Nkosinathi and his partner. The audacity Aphiwe has to say this would’ve happened under my watch? Like hell it would have! Uthandiwe asked me so many times to go to Kate’s house even Kate’s mom once called when it was Kate’s birthday party to invite Ndiwe. I made a story because I don’t like my baby to go other people’s house without me except when she’s going to her father’s place or grandparents house. I bought her many toys because I don’t want her to play on the street with other kids I don’t even know. Some kids are coming from broken homes out there and they are cruel. I don’t want my baby to be subjected to such evilness or any kind of bullysim.

“Thank you so much Zwelakhe it’s really means a lot to me to hear that coming from you. Thank you for calling I missed you so much”

“I missed you too Mamoo, all of you but on a recess I will be there”

“Alright I have to go”

“Mamoo”

“Lakhe”

“I love you”

I heave a sigh

“Bye Lakhe”

I hang up and call my mother informing her about the sad situation at hand. She sympathizes with me and tells me that they are coming today with her husband. I look at my daughter who's still sleeping. The doctor said she's heavily tranquilized hence she hasn't woken up. I decide to go to my house so long and pack everything we are going to need because I'm not going to leave the hospital until she's out.

When I arrive at home I take a shower first. The pictures of what happened yesterday doesn't want to leave my mind, they are like needles piercing my skin and all I have to do is to just endure the pain as they flash through my mind. I have experienced pain before but nothing amount to this. What my daughter has done to deserve this? She's just an innocent child. After my long crying session in the shower I lotion my body and get dressed. Just as I'm packing I receive a call from Nkosinathi but I ignore it. I don't know where did he disappeared to last night and I don't care. He calls again I groan and answer his call.

“What?”

“The mothers of the boys are here in my house I thought you would also like to be here”

“Im coming”

I finish packing and drive straight to Nkosinathi’s house. I don’t understand what do they want they didn’t show any interest when we told them that my daughter disappeared with their sons. I park my car next to the gate and get inside heading straight to the door. Zo opens the door for me and squeezes me in her arms.

“Mommy did you leave Ndiwe at the hospital?”

“Yes baby”

“Sis Aphiwe told me what happened I’m sorry mommy I also want to go see Ndiwe at the hospital”

“Don’t worry baby girl we will go together once I’m done with this meeting”

“I don’t understand why they should be a meeting these boys should be in jail already mommy!”

“That’s true sthandwa sami. Continue to eat while I go in there”

She untangles her arms around my waist and sits down on a high chair next to KJ then continues to eat with him. I drag my feet to the lounge and greet everyone as my eyes look at the boys. The rage inside of me erupts into an inferno. In a second I’m beating up the boy that was on top of my daughter and shoving a corncob in her pussy.

“You little swine!! That’s my daughter! I didn’t birthed her for you to satisfy your evil desires!! What kind of an animal are you huh!!” I bellow angrily as kick the boy who’s screaming loudly and hiding behind his mom. Nkosinathi pulls me away.

“Mamakhe calm down please!”

“Don’t you fucking dare to tell me to calm down! Wozani la nina mgodoyi!!!” (Come here you dogs!!)

“Hey woman you won’t beat up our children in front of us!” Then other woman says.

“You call these assholes children? These boys are not children they are monsters! A danger to the community they deserve to be burnt into ashes!!”

“Cebisile look at me”

“I don’t want to look at you Nkosinathi leave me alone I want to kill these little asswipes!!!”

I don’t understand why these boys are crying I haven’t even done something to them nx! Where’s the little one?

“I know it hurts baby and I understand your anger but please calm down. The kids are looking at you right now and you are scaring them” Says Betty

I look at the Zo and Kj by the entrance and heave a sigh as tears stream down my face. She makes me to sit down and holds me close to her chest as I burst into a loud sob. God please take the pain away I’m begging you. Aphiwe gives me a glass of water and I gulp half of it then give it to her.

She puts the glass on the coffee table and settles down next to Nkosinathi. I scan my eyes around the room, there are four women and the 5th one is the young lady. Haaay maan I know her! Omuhle what is she doing here? I haven't seen her for years she has grown so much and she still as beautiful as ever but she looks like she didn't sleep at all.

“Dlomo family we are sorry to come unannounced. We came as fast as we could when the boys told us this morning what they have done to the little girl and that Nkosinathi is the one that took my grandson. Last night we didn't sleep looking for him and these boys didn't say anything until this morning. We are very sorry from the deepest of our hearts for the heartache these boys have brought in this family and for their gruesome behavior towards Uthandiwe.” The elder woman out of them all says.

“So the reason you are here is because you want your grandson?” I ask wondering where did Nkosinathi hid the boy. I hope he didn't kill him, I want them to be punished but I don't want them to die.

“Yes but most importantly we are here to apologize.” The old woman replies.

“Will your apology change anything that happened to my daughter?” - Aphiwe

“Of course not we wish there was something we can do to change all this sad situation” - The elder woman

“There's nothing that can be done so coming here was just a waste of time! We don't want your apology we want justice these boys deserves punishment!” - Betty

“I know that these boys deserves punishment but please can I at least know that my son is still alive please” - Omuhle

“Your son?” Nkosinathi and I ask at the same time

“Yes the little boy you guys have is my son.”

“I didn’t know you have a son Omuhle” - Nathi

“Where is he? Is he okay?” Omuhle asks impatiently

“Your son is okay I will go fetch him”

Nkosinathi gets up and walks out. A few minutes later he comes back with the timid little boy. I bet he was keeping him at his back room. Omuhle runs to the boy and hugs her as the boy burst into tears.

“Oh my baby I’m sorry”

“No I’m sorry mama I shouldn’t have listened to them”

I can’t move my eyes away from him and the more I stare at him I can see the resemblance but my mind is refusing to believe it.

“Who’s the father of this boy Omuhle?” I ask still not taking my eyes from him.

“She doesn’t know who’s the father angisho uhambe evula amathanga yonke indawo le.” (... she opens her legs everywhere) Says the old woman.

“Gogo that wasn’t necessary!” - Omhile

Oh so the elder woman is her grandmother.

“Now it’s makes sense why I felt like I know the boy somewhere. I know very well who’s the father of this child” - Nkosinathi

“So I was right all this time you are the father Nkosinathi?” - Omuhle’s gogo

“What?” - Aphiwe.

“This boy is not a Dlomo.” - Betty

“We are not here to discuss the paternity of my son can we leave it alone please!”

“No your grandmother thinks I’m the father Omuhle tell her who’s the father of this child?”

“No one!”

“Hehake nangu uMaria!” (Here’s Maria!) - Omuhle’s gogo

“He’s Moses son, my late husband but I don’t understand how I mean he was infertile” I say trying to understand how but nothing makes sense.

Zondo said my husband is infertile but here is this little boy before me who’s just has my husband’s resemblance. This doesn’t make sense. Omuhle looks down ashamedly as her grandmother asks her if it’s true and she nods.

“You slept with a married man Omuhle!” - Grandmother

“Ey gogo this is not the time nor a place to shout your granddaughter. All I care about at this moment is the pain my daughter is going through. I want to punish the boys myself but I

know that I will kill them if I were to punish them myself so I will let the law takes it course.” - Nathi

“Nkosinathi please don’t do this please rather you whip them. My son is so young to go to Juvenile” - Omuhle

“No he’s not young if he’s capable of raping!” I say

The women pleads for their sons as well and I’m so disgusted and infuriated by this so my daughter should be violated and these just boys get whipping only never!

“Its doesn’t work like that these boys can’t get away with crime just like that. They have to know what they did is wrong and the only way they can learn a lesson is go to juvenile jail. Honestly you women are the reason to be blamed here. Ya’ll failed your children how are they capable of doing this at such a tender age?” - Betty

“I raised my son well Zola is the one who’s the bad influence. He’s the one that manipulated our children to do this. He’s older then them!” The woman that said I won’t beat their children in front them earlier says

“You are right MaDlomo I failed my son by leaving him at home with my parents when I got married. He learnt all of this from my brother. He use to forced him to molest girls he used to play with. One of the girls told her mother and that’s when we discovered that my brother was mentally ill. He died few days late after we discovered that. No one knows what happened to him but we assumed that the father of the girl did something to him. I brought my son to my house this year he’s now leaving with me. I shouldn’t have left him from the beginning. I’m so sorry” She burst into tears.

Now I feel sorry for her but she was wrong for leaving her child behind. I never understand mothers who leave their children at home with their parents when they get married. I will never do that if you love me love me with my kid. I will rather stay single for the rest of my life. Alex so far has shown nothing but love to my daughter but if he changes I swear I will leave him.

“Have you ever took your son to someone who can help him get over this?” - Aphiwe

“Yes but I guess it didn't help”

“It's so unfortunate this had to happen sis but the bottom line is he is guilty. He committed crime and he has to face the consequences of his behavior.” - Aphiwe

The boy cries louder and kneels on the floor begging us to not report him. The other boys join him. It's such a sad scene but my daughter deserves justice and these 3 boys are old enough to go juvenile jail.

“Cebisile, Nkosinathi please don't do this I'm begging you guys. My boy is still young he won't survive being away from me.” Cries Omuhle

“How old is your son?” - Aphiwe

“He's turning 7 on June 25”

“Children under the age of 10 years are not criminally liable and children aged 10 to 14 years are presumed to not criminally unless proven otherwise. Since he's good as a 6 year old it's high likely that he will not be locked up.” Aphiwe clarifies.

I'm actually glad that there's juvenile jail because many kids would've got away with crime. They have to learn that actions have consequences.

“This is a serious crime what if they lock my son up since he's guilty. Let's not involve the police please. Cebisile think of the pain you put your husband through. You owe it to him to not tallow anything that will destroy his son's future.”

I can't believe this girl is emotionally blackmailing me! I'd give anything to ease my conscience after what I did to my late husband but definitely not on my daughter's expense.



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Chapter Fifty Six

This life thing is such a mystery. Moses and I tried to have a baby for two fucking years without success but he fucked Omuhle just once and impregnated her. It took only one fuck for her to fell pregnant that's so unfair! That's boy should have been my son. Maybe just maybe I wouldn't have cheated on my husband because I would have we been busy taking care of our son. It's hurt I won't lie and I still don't understand how all of this happened Moses was infertile or could it be possible that Zondo lied? But what he would've gained for lying he has been my GP for years or maybe he made a mistake. Doctor do make mistakes right? This has been driving me crazy for the whole week now and left me with more questions than answers.

“That will be all for today”

I swear every time she says this I feel like pulling my hair out. How can that “be all for today” when my daughter hasn't open up. It's been a week now since she started having sessions with a child psychologist and there's no progress at all.

“Are sure you know what you are doing?”

I couldn't help myself but ask it's feels like I'm wasting my time and money here.

“What does that supposed to mean Mrs Mbhele”

“It's been a week now but my daughter hasn't open up. I'm tired of coming here just to watch you ask three stupid questions then

say that's all for the day. I'm paying you a lot of money. If you are not going to do this just tell me"

"Mrs Mbhele I'm the child psychologist I know how to deal with children. They just don't open up to strangers first you need to make them trust you. I understand your anguish, you're going through the most devastating situation right now and I'd suggest you to see a therapist that will help you deal with the situation at hand"

I heave a sigh and look down. I guess I want quick results and it kills me immensely that my baby is no longer her bubbly self.

"Im sorry I understand what you're saying I guess I'm desperate for quick results"

"Be patient it's a difficult process some children take time to finally open up about what was done to them and how do they feel about it"

"I hear you and I'm sorry for what I said"

"Don't worry about it I understand. Think about what I said. There's a group of mothers who went through the same situation as well. Take this card and call that number they might be very helpful."

I take the card and put it in my handbag.

"Thank you we should get going now. Let's go Ndiwe"

"Goodbye Uthandiwe" says Dr Zuma

"Bye" Ndiwe says rather dismissively.

I hold her hand as we walk to my car. I open the door for her and make sure that she's buckled up then go to the driver's side.

“What do you want my baby”

“Nothing”

She has lost so much weight and I have always wanted her to lose some weight but seeing her like this is breaking my heart to the core. She doesn't eat, she's always jumpy and has nightmares.

“Are you sure? Chocolate? Milshake?”

“I'm fine mommy”

“Baby please you have to eat something”

”I said I'm fine mom stop forcing me okay!”

“Don't raise your voice at me I'm still your mother!”

“Im sorry but I'm not hungry mommy”

“I will let you be for now but at home I won't watch you starve yourself so if I have to force you to eat I will do that.”

I had to take a leave so that I can fully focus on my baby but next week I'm going back to work. Honestly I wish I could just stay the rest of the year at home. I'm so exhausted emotionally, physically and mentally. Upon arrival at my GP we exchange greetings then settle down.

“How is she?”

“She’s not the bubbly Ndiwe we all know and the nightmares are getting worse. Can you give her something to stop them please and something for appetite she doesn’t want to eat”

He jots down everything as he nods his head slightly.

“I have been meaning to ask you something. Last week I found out that my late husband has a 7 years old son and I’m wondering how that’s possible because you said to me he’s infertile”

“What was the cause again for his infertility?”

“Genetic disorder he was born with an extra X chromosome”

“Oh Klinefelter Syndrome”

“Yes you said most men who has Klinefelter Syndrome can’t have babies”

“I said most but not all Mrs Mbhele. Most men with KS don’t produce much sperms or any sperms so a lack of sperms makes conception very hard but that doesn’t mean it’s impossible. Normal semen contains 40 million to 300 million sperm per milliliter. A low sperm count is considered to be anything between 10 and 20 million sperm per milliliter. Twenty million sperm per milliliter may be adequate for pregnancy”

“I hear you”

I’m torn apart so that 20 million sperm couldn’t impregnate me but her mxm!

“I’m sorry you discovered that he has a child after you two tried for two years to have one with no positive results”

“I guess we were never meant to have a child together.”

“True some things were never meant to happen. Get these at the pharmacy. How is the therapy going”

He hands me my daughter’s prescription.

“I haven’t seen any progress but I think it’s too early to tell”

“You’re right just give it time and I hope you are also having some sessions”

“Im fine Zondo but thank you”

“You are one hell of a stubborn woman!”

I giggle and say my goodbye then we go to the pharmacy before driving home. I park in my driveway just as Alex does so next to Nkosinathi’s XC60. What is he doing here? Alex steps out of his car and comes to open the doors for us. He picks Ndiwe up and tickles her. She giggles how I miss those sweet giggles.

“Stop it uncle Alex!!”

Alex stops tickling her and walks towards me.

“Hey sunshine”

“Hello”

He kisses my forehead and wraps his other arm around my waist as we make our way inside the house. We walk to the lounge where Nkosinathi and Mama are sitting and chatting. Dlamini went back to Durban 3 days back but mama left behind. She’s been very supportive and I couldn’t be happier.

“Babaz!”

My daughter screams as she wiggles herself from Alex’s arms who put her down then she runs to her father. Alex and I sit on an empty couch and greet them.

“Hello Ndoniyamazi ka Babazi”

“Hello Babazi I missed you so much”

“I miss you too my angel”

He kisses her forehead and cuddles her like a baby.

“What are you doing here Nkosinathi?” I ask not masking my annoyance.

“Who’s this white man now that is allowed to hold my daughter while I’m deprived even a minute to spend with my daughter” Nkosinathi asks staring at Alex who’s stares right back at him without flinching. Good! Nkosinathi is used to the fact that most people find him intimidating I’m glad my man is not.

“This man is my boyfriend”

“You have a white boyfriend now?”

“His name is Alex not white boyfriend”

“Haisuka umlungu nje vele” (He is a white man)

He flips his toothpick to the other corner of his mouth and looks at me intently.

“I came to fetch my daughter Cepsile”

“What no ways! That’s not happening!”

“You have kept her away from me for a week Cepsile. I’m going with her today whether you like it or not. This is my child too you don’t get to keep her away from me for something I had no control over! I love our daughter and I will never put her life at risk on purpose!”

“Hey don’t raise your voice at my woman!”

“Ey wena mlungu I’m not talking to you! I won’t allow you to play happy family with my daughter make your own!”

“Oh please stop it you never wanted this child Nkosinathi you wanted me to kill her. You are not going to take her by force never!”

“How dare you say such things in front of my daughter!”
Nkosinathi roars in anger

“She has to know that her father didn’t want her!” I scream right back at him.

“Enough both of you! The audacity you two have to argue and say such things in front of a child!” Mama shouts and tells Ndiwe to go to Zo upstairs. Once she’s out of our sight Nkosinathi starts talking.

“I’m sorry mama but Cepsile is keeping me away from my daughter that is so wrong”

“Do you blame her though?”

“That’s so unfair mama. I’m not the one who hurt her why should she keep her away from me?”

“She’s not keeping your daughter away from you Nkosinathi but away from that place that destroyed Uthandiwe” - Mama

“If you want to see your daughter you should come visit her here not go with her. We don’t want the repeat of what happened” I say looking at him straight in his eyes.

“This is so unfair so my daughter will never ever visit me in her own home?”

“Your neighborhood is dangerous Nkosinathi maybe if you can move from there I can reconsider”

“I won’t say that my neighborhood is the most safe place ever but something like this has never happened before. They are just kids who were influenced by a damaged boy who needs help and they’re in juvenile now”

Three boys are in Juvenile, Moses’ son and the other boy who’s 8 year old got the whipping from their mothers and their punishment was to pick up dirt in a community hall. I won’t say I’m happy with their punishment but they’re only guilty for being accomplices.

“I’m not giving you my daughter Nkosinathi forget about that”

He chuckles in disbelief before getting up and walks out without saying goodbye. He’s angry but he will have to be strong.

“Can we talk?” Says Alex looking at me

Mama gives us the space. My parents know that we are dating. Mr couldn't hide that when we went to Durban for Xmas.

“I understand your anguish and fear but what you and mama are doing to Nkosinathi is wrong. Uthandiwe loves her father and she misses him did you two think about that before you made this decision?”

“Uthandiwe is a child Alex she doesn't know what good for her hence as her mother I make good decisions for her”

“Good decisions by keeping her from her father? How is that good for her? Did you see that bright smile she had when she saw her father? I don't think this is a good idea no parent wants their children to be harmed. He wasn't even there when Uthandiwe disappeared. You are being unfair to him and this will hurt Uthandiwe as well”

“Alex what do you know about parenting you have no child so shut the fuck up”

His jaw tightens as he gets up from the couch then walks out. Mama joins me with a tray few seconds later.

“Alex seemed angry”

“Hayi forget about him”

“Here eat”

“Im not hungry” **NOVELSGURU.COM**

“You have to eat Cebesile especially in your condition”

“What condition?”

Just as she about to reply my phone rings. I get up and walk upstairs to my bedroom as I talk to my baby sis.

* * *

“Your brother asked me when are you going to forgive him?”

“I long forgave him mama it’s just that I don’t want Nkosinathi to feel somehow if I go see him”

I shove a handful of lays in my mouth.

“Is he making you choose him over your brother?”

“No mama we have never talked about this. It’s just me who feels like I will be betraying him if I go visit Zenzele after what happened”

“It’s a difficult situation but at the end of the day Zenzele is paying for his sins and he’s remorseful. Nkosinathi has to forgive his brother at some point. You and Nkosinathi need to sit down and talk about this. He misses you so much Wewe”

“I miss him too mama you are right I will talk to Nkosinathi”

“How’s everything?”

“It’s fine mama”

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Of course I’m lying everything is just a mess. Inathi is never home he comes only at night to sleep in the guest bedroom. I have tried so many times to apologize to him for what happened to

Uthandiwe but he doesn't want to hear it and it's not helping that Cebisile is keeping him away from his daughter. I'm not coping at all I'm not even sure that I should stop my wedding planner or not. That's how intense things are between us.

“Talk to me baby”

One thing I have learnt is that never tell your friends or parents everything you go through with your partner because when you forgive they will still be holding grudges for your partner.

“Cebisile doesn't want Uthandiwe near us anymore. We haven't seen her for a week now”

“This woman is fighting her battles with a child. This is not about the safety of the child she wanted to get back at Nkosinathi for choosing you over him”

“Its so wrong mama keeping her child away from her father”

“Are you surprised she did it once and ran away while she was pregnant to get back at Nkosinathi. She like to use the child to fight her battles. She's a bitter baby mama. Just be there for your man and support him in this”

If only he can let me.

“Yeah”

I check the time on my phone and it's half past one in the afternoon.

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“I have to go fetch KJ at his school”

“Alright baby thank you for coming by”

We get up and she walks me out. She hugs me and kisses my cheek then I get in the car and reserve out as she watches me. I hoot once and drive to Kj's school. His teachers are nice and welcoming. I'm glad that I can see improvement on my son. One of the teachers brings him to me and gives me his bag. We share pleasantries then I take my baby boy and walk to my car. He has a paper in his hand that he gives me when I buckle him up. I look at the paper it's a some gibberish colourful drawing.

“Wow baby you drew this?”

He nods his head

“Oh my baby boy this is beautiful mommy loves it so much!”

He gives me a wild smile that I never knew can be bright as this much and I have fallen in love with it.

“Mommy is going to buy you a big car”

He nods his head once again with a smile on his face. I have joined this group of mothers on Facebook who have autistic children and it's has been very helpful. Every time Kj's has done something good or made improvement I reward him. I kiss his lips before going to my side and drive to Newcastle Mall.

The moment we get to car toys section at Game he lets go of my hand and go to this Ferrari car. He loves cars that is something I have always noticed with him. I call the shop assistant to help me out the car looks heavy. Kj screams when the shop assistant takes the car. I try to calm him down but he doesn't listen to me and everyone is looking at us now.

“Baby calm down please I’m going to pay and you will have your car”

He’s not hearing anything I’m saying and my tears now are running down my face. Nkosinathi knows how to calm him down. This white lady comes to us.

“What is his favorite food?”

“He likes yoghurt”

The white lady takes a yoghurt in her trolley and gives him trying to calm him down as she tells him that he will get his car after I have paid for it. I’m surprised that she can speak fluent Zulu. My son calms down.

“Thank you so much.”

“It’s okay I understand that it’s not easy to calm down a child with ASD”

“How did you know that my son...”

“My six year old son has ASD too I know their tantrums and meltdowns can be overwhelming”

“Thank you so much”

“Don’t mention it. What’s his name?”

“Kj”

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“He’s such a handsome boy if I had a daughter he’d be my son in law”

I giggle and thank her once again. She says her goodbye to KJ and walks away pushing her trolley. I pick KJ up and wipe his tears then go to the till. I gasp at the price of the car R3499 no way this is ridiculous! It's just a toy bathong! I'd buy a nice handbag with this money and heels on top. Once I'm done I put him into the trolley and push it as I make my way out.

I put the car in the boot then close it before buckling my son up. I take the spoon in the glove box and open the yogurt then give him even though I know that half of this yoghurt will be all over his clothes and my seats.

By the time I arrive at home he's sleeping and just as usual the yogurt is all over his clothes and seats. Nkosinathi's XC60 is parked in the driveway. I take my son as dirty as he is and go to their bedroom where I change him in his pjs and tuck him in. I kiss his forehead and go change my clothes. I'm welcomed by a huge smoke in our bedroom.

He's sitting on the edge of the bed smoking. He smokes like a chimney when he's stressed out. I have been throwing empty packets of Stuyvesant every day from the guest room. I worry about him when he does this how can you smoke the whole 20 of Stuyvesant in a day. I walk to him and kneel down before him. He's trembling and the burning rage in his eyes makes me gulp nervously.

"Baby what's wrong" The tremor in my voice cannot be missed

"Are you going to ask me that?"

I release a shaky breath.

"They don't want me close to my daughter because of you!"

“Nkosinathi that’s unfair how was I supposed to know...”

“Vele you wouldn’t have known because you are a bad mother! You chose drugs over our son and neglected him when he needed you the most. You are a horrible mother you don’t deserve to be a mother!”

Now that hurt I never thought he will ever use that against me. I get up from the floor and walk to the closet to look for something to wear. I feel his presence behind me and turn around only to be met by his mouth attacking mine like an animal attacking its prey. I can taste blood in my mouth. His hands are groping my hips hard that it’s hurts. When he breaks the kiss my lips are burning and swollen. He looks at me his eyes are flashing with lust and indignance.

“Im sorry Ndiwe got raped because of me. I’m sorry that Cebesile is keeping you away from Ndiwe. I’m sorry that I neglected our son and chose drugs. I’m that I’m a horrible mother. If it will make you feel better punish me. Fuck me hard until my pussy feels numb and painful whenever I pee. Fuck me hard until my anus feels painful and unbearable to release human waste. If it’s going to make you feel better punish me, pull my hair, choke me and whip me until I have bruises all over my body. If it’s going to make you feel better do it because I can’t take this anymore. I miss you so much and I want to be here for you hold your hand through this difficult time. Punish me hard take all your anger and pain on me”

He looks at me intently, a lone tear runs down his cheek. He quickly brushes it off with his bent forefinger then walks away. I wasn’t expecting him to walk away I release a huge breath I was holding and change into leggings, sweater and push ins. I hear muffled sobs as I pass the main bathroom. I want to go in there and comfort him but he won’t let me in.

Tears spill down my face as I drive off aimlessly. Today it was the first time he said it in my face that he blames me and boy it's cut deep into my heart. An ear splitting sound snaps me out of my reverie. My heart stops beating as I hit the brake causing the car to jerk then stop. Shit what have I done? I see the driver walking out of the other car and walks towards me. I unlock the doors then he gets in. Our eyes meet my heart stops beating as my mind tries to comprehend what's happening. My whole body shakes violently. No this is not happening!

“No no no I'm dreaming! It's a dream!”

I close my eyes and open them but here he is sitting on my passenger seat.

“Wewe calm down please”

He tries to touch me but I push him away.

“Don't you dare touch me you spook! You are dead! I buried you!!”

“Wewe please calm down and hear me out”

“Fire! Fire! Hamba moya omubi!”

I open the door and run away but it's a struggle as I feel my knees wobble. He's right behind me and the road is so empty.

“Wewe wait up!”

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He catches up with me and engulfs me in his arms. I scream wiggling as he walks to his car then he shoves me in the back seat and gets in too. I try to open the door but it's locked.

“Please don’t hurt me I’m begging you!” I cry

“Im not going to hurt you Wewe. I know I have a lot of explanation to do. Let’s go to a public place and I will explain everything to you”

“You are dead!”

“Im not dead let’s go to any nearby restaurant and talk. Please don’t run away I won’t hurt you I’m not a monster”

“Say that to someone who doesn’t know you!”

“I will explain everything Wewe. Let’s go please”

I’m curious to know what happened I mean we buried him. I agree and go to my car then we both drive to the nearest restaurant. He orders whiskey for him and wine for me.

“You are still thee most beautiful woman I have ever seen”

“Bob what’s going on how are you alive when you’re supposed to be dead?”

“I know that this won’t make sense but I will try to explain to you everything and I hope you will forgive me for what I’m about to tell you. First of all I need you to relax I’m not my twin brother I don’t have a chronic mental disorder”

“Twin brother so you are not Bob?”

“I am Bob my twin brother was Billy”

Huh? Now I’m lost what is this man saying to me?

“I had an identical twin brother who had a chronic mental disorder. Every girl he was interested in ended up dead and we knew he was responsible for that. He was getting out of hand and our parents didn’t want people to know that he was mentally ill and he had killed so they got rid of the evidence and sent him to Stikland Psychiatric Hospital in Cape Town. My father got this tender that was worth millions to build a mall and hired your father’s construction company. This one night my father told me your father invited him for dinner and asked me to accompany him. I remember you were wearing a blue dress that moulded your every curve. I was instantly drawn to you and when you agreed to go out with me it was like I won lottery I was so happy. We started dating after a few dates and our parents approving our relationship was a cherry on top. We were so in love and happy Wewe”

He smiles and pauses for a moment as if he’s reliving the beautiful moments we had together. Indeed we were so happy and in love. He was my first but not literally. What I’m trying to say is it was only then I felt the real experience of dating. He made me feel what ‘umjolo’ is all about well until....

“Until months later we received a call that my brother escaped the mental hospital. That got us so worried but the following day he was right on our doorstep. He was angry that my parents took him to the mental institution far away from home and visited him twice a year. His anger was justified we never showed him love and care that he deserved. I think somehow my parents were ashamed of having a child that had a mental disorder and if there was a bin for throwing humans who are unwanted they would’ve definitely thrown him.”

He gulps down his whiskey and I look at him as his gold amber eyes sparkle with tears.

“This other day he saw you with me and when he told me that you are so beautiful I knew you were not safe and I couldn’t let anything bad happen to you. I told him to stay the fuck away from you but he threatened us. My father and I were involved in some shady businesses that I cannot reveal to you. Billy had every incriminating evidence that was going to bring us down. It was either I let him be with you or we were going down. I didn’t want to Wewe I swear I didn’t care that we were going to lose everything and go to jail as long as I had you by my side baby but mom and dad convinced me otherwise and promised me that it will only be for a short time until they find a way to send Bill back to the mental hospital.”

No please let it be not what I’m thinking right now. I take a huge gulp to remove a painful lump in my throat.

“He knew that if he was going to approach you as him Billy you wouldn’t have wanted him because you were dating me so he pretended to be me to you. It was heartbreaking to watch you two together knowing that you think it’s me and it was so fucking scary knowing that your life was in danger. Everything you did together he would come back to me and brag about it, how he fucked you so hard and all that oh boy I was losing my mind.”

“Wait so you are telling me that the person I thought was you was your crazy brother?”

“We were so identical hence you couldn’t tell the difference except our personalities and I never told you I had a twin brother”

“I thought you have changed Bob but I was already in love with you that’s why I stayed. Oh lord I can’t believe that I was fucking your brother thinking it was you! How could you Bob you made me fuck twin brothers?”

“I’m really sorry Wewe I wish I didn’t agree from the first place.”

I still can’t believe this and my whole body is shaking. I hark back to that time he completely changed and became someone I didn’t know.

“I remember this one time your cologne smelt different and when I asked you about it you said maybe the cologne expired and produced a different smell. We laughed but the following day you smelt exactly the same way I always knew.”

“He told me about that and took my cologne.”

“This other day you came wearing shorts and I know you don’t like shorts because you have skinny legs. I asked you about that and you said you had a bet with your colleagues and you lost so you had to wear something you are not comfortable with and I believed you”

“He told me about that too he actually told me everything that you two did together to rub it in.”

“No I still don’t believe it Bob. How could I have not noticed. That room you never wanted me to open what about it?”

“That room had illegal weapons and firearms. I didn’t want you to know that I was involved in some illegal businesses .You were the only thing that was pure to me and I didn’t want anything to taint you but when he took over he forced me to take everything and used it as his room to do his crazy shit!”

God this sounds like a movie or some series.

“No you are lying to me you are Billy not Bob! What about the girl I met and the texts I received?”

“My parents were taking slow to come up with a plan to send Billy back to the mental hospital and I couldn't stand watching you with another man let alone my psycho brother! Im the one who sent those texts. That girl you met it was one of his girls I think he loved that one because she's the only one that he didn't kill well until I paid her to go talk to you. I thought I was going to be able to protect her but I couldn't. He got to her before I did and killed her. I wanted to warn you so that you would leave him but it was not working and when your father cried to my father that you were missing. I decided to end all this shit by telling your father the truth but my father couldn't let me not that I listened to him though. He organized people to beat me up before I could reach to your father and they left me unconscious. I was in coma for 3 months. The information your brother found about 'me' was Billy's but dad changed it here and there. He made sure that your brother find the information he only wanted to know not everything”

The more he explains it's the more he makes sense but still I find it hard to believe it. Now I'm crying and he's kissing my hands none stop and apologizing.

“You never loved me Bob you chose your wealth over me! You sent me straight to the lion's den! If you truly loved me you would have protected me”

“I tried baby...”

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“You shouldn't have agreed from the first place!”

“Im sorry Wewe and yes you are right I shouldn't have agreed. I have never found peace in my life ever since everything that

happened. You are all I think about it's even hard to have another woman in my life"

"You sold me to your psycho brother who left me beyond broken! Why you didn't come to me and tell me truth its been years"

"I came and I found out that you have already moved on with Nkosinathi"

Oh my god I remember at Rocomamas the day Cebisile slapped me and poured juice on Nkosinathi's face.

"At Rocomamas years back it was you?"

"Yes it was me I never thought you would ever date a taxi driver"

I thought I was hallucinating!

"Neither do I"

"Im sorry Wewe for everything please forgot me"

"No I'm not going to forgive you Bob you are egocentric. I don't want to see you ever again. Go back to the hole you are coming from!!"

I get up and take my car keys from the table then storm out of the restaurant. God this is so unbelievable!

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Chapter Fifty Seven

She looks at me with that look of hers when she's about to give me attitude and folds her arms against her chest.

“Im not going today”

“We have to go baby”

“I don't like going to that woman mommy she's ugly and she annoys me!”

“Uthandiwe that's mean! You never say elders are ugly!”

“But she is ugly mommy. I want Babazi”

“Let's go to Dr Zuma first then I will call him to come and see you”

“No I want to go to his house”

“That's not going to happen Uthandiwe that place is not safe at all”

“But you said abo Zola are in Juvenile prison mama”

“No baby I'm not leaving your sight. I don't want you to go there ever again.”

“I miss my daddy, Cita and my baby brother mommy”

“Uthandiwe no!!” I bellow angrily this child is making me angry now.

“Get up from the bed and let’s go take a bath”

“Im not going anywhere without my daddy! Call him and tell him to take me to that annoying ugly woman!”

“Uthandiwe stop raising your voice at me! I’m your mother and I’m telling you right now that you are not going to your father’s place. It’s not safe or you want to get raped again!”

“Don’t talk like that to a child Cebisile” Alex says as he walks in my bedroom.

“Im talking to my daughter not you and who invited you inside my bedroom”

He ignores me and walks towards the bed then sits next to Ndiwe

“Hello baby girl”

“Hi uncle Alex”

“How are you?”

“I’m not okay, mommy doesn’t want me to see babazi and I don’t like it uncle Alex”

“Im sorry baby I’m sure mommy is not trying to do that she just cares about you and doesn’t want anything bad to happen to you”

“Babazi will never hurt me uncle Alex and today I don’t want to go to that annoying woman”

“But it’s important that you go baby girl so that she can help you”

“Help me how I don’t understand uncle Alex talking to her will not change anything those boys did to me and I’m happy they are in jail. I wish they don’t come back ever again”

“That woman will help you heal from what happened. You do want nightmares to stop right?”

“Yes”

“Today you won’t go it’s fine but tomorrow you will have to go and promise me you will go please?”

“Okay I will”

“Now go downstairs gogo made you a nice breakfast. Uncle Alex wants to talk to mommy”

“Okay”

I watch her as she rolls out of bed. Her pjs are bigger then her now and it’s such a heartbreaking sight to watch. She slips into her bunny slippers and walks out.

“Now you get to decide when my daughter is going to see her psychologist or not? Who gave you that right?”

“I understand that you are dealing with a very difficult situation right now but talking to me as if I’m your child is starting to tick me off now. I’m here for you but you keep pushing me away and talking to me like I don’t have feelings. I don’t understand how can you speak to a child like that asking her if she wants to be raped again. That’s not a nice thing to say especially to a child who didn’t brought it to herself to be raped. You don’t choose what words you say in front of her and it’s so wrong. You shouldn’t have

said it in front of her that her father wanted you to kill her. What do you want the child to think about her father huh?”

“Why can’t you let me raise my child the way I want Alex? Stop interfering please and stick to be a boyfriend because that’s what you are. Yaz I don’t know if I should be worried the way you are defending Nkosinathi. Are you gay?”

He chuckles and shakes his head in disbelief.

“I called you last night why you didn’t answer my calls?”

“I didn’t want to talk to you because I was angry at you for the way you talked to me. Even now when I walked in here you just talked to me like I’m a piece of shit in front of a child. Just because I don’t have a child doesn’t mean I don’t know right from wrong when a child is involved”

“What do you want me to say Alex when you are questioning my parenting skills? I don’t want my daughter to go to that place as my partner you should support me not tell me I’m wrong.”

“I won’t support you to do something that is wrong but I will tell you the truth. This makes me wonder if this is how you will treat me when something happens to our children and I couldn’t protect them because it was beyond my control? Are you going to keep me away from my children?”

“Are we seriously having this conversation right now?”

”Yes I want to know Cebisile if I still have to search for the mother of my kids or not because I seriously won’t keep up with such treatment when it’s comes to my children”

Wow he’s so unbelievable!

“You know what go find the mother of your children and leave me the fuck alone. I don’t want to have your children nx!”

“I also don’t want you to bear my children you are bad mother!”

He walks out banging my door. I crawl on top of my bed and cry my lungs out. Everything is falling apart. I hear my door opening and closing before feeling my bed moving. Mom’s scent fills my nostrils as she envelopes me in her arms.

“What’s wrong sweetheart?”

“Everything is falling apart mama”

“You had a fight with Alex again?”

“Yes he’s not happy that I don’t want Ndiwe to visit her father he said he doesn’t want to have children with me because I’m a bad mother. Am I bad mother mama?”

“Of course not sis I understand why you don’t want Ndiwe to visit her father but after I talked to her I realized that we are going about this the wrong way. Nkosinathi is also hurting and it’s not his fault. He also wants to be there for his daughter during this difficult time. We shouldn’t keep him away from his daughter. That boy loves his daughter so much and he will never allow anything to happen to her especially now that this happened. He will be very cautious around Ndiwe”

“I will never be comfortable with Ndiwe going there mama.”

“I know baby it’s a such difficult situation but the world is cruel all over you can’t truly say here it’s safer. What important is to trust that your child is safe and protected with her father”

“I did mama but look where that’s got me? I don’t know if I can ever trust that Ndiwe is safe with him again”

“Give it time as for Alex uyadlala ke ngoba sekulate ukuthi angathi akafuni ukuba nezingane nawe” (...as for Alex he gotta be kidding when he says he doesn’t want to have children with you because it’s already late)

“What does that supposed to mean?”

“You are pregnant baby”

“I’m not pregnant mom I’d know if I’m pregnant”

“Well I wouldn’t be surprised if you didn’t notice you are going through the worst right now and besides pregnancies differs”

I get up from her chest and look at her God she’s damn serious. I touch my belly I can’t be carrying a baby of someone who doesn’t want to have a child with me!

* * *

“Bazalwane I hope we all read the notice. Taxi fare has increased from R15 to R17”

“Aw ay niyasibulala kodwa mfana wami” (You are killing us my boy) Complains the old lady with a walking stick on her hand.

“Since the petrol has increased we also have to increase the taxi fare Gogo”

“Anisakhuphuki ngesihlanu nje kuphela” (Why don't you increase with a 50cent only)

I laugh as I open the front passenger door for her.

“50 cent won't make any difference ntombi endala even this R2 increase is not much but we have to be reasonable to our commuters. Come and sit here on the front seat with me”

“I don't how to count the money my boy”

“Don't worry I will do the counting myself. You can't sit on the back with that leg of yours”

“Thank you my boy”

I help her get in front and close the front passenger door before closing the main door after checking that it's full. I go to my side and hop in then drive to 17 as I converse with the old woman after giving everyone their changes. Old people are nice company and they way they are butchering even simple words it's funny.

It's the 25th a pay day which means there are more people on the road. A man has to use all the skills he has to he gets as many passengers as he can. For the first time since Ndiwe's horrible incident I actually feel hungry so when I return to town I go straight to Mazet's question.

“Hello Mrs Dube” I say and she blushes.

They are not married yet but Senzo paid lobola for her so they are traditionally married. Yeses her uncles made us stand for two hours at the gate can imagine!

“Mkhongi hello. Come on in”

I chuckle as I sit down on the bench.

“Can I have the R40 beef and wors plate and please put extra meat just for the hours we spent at your parent’s gate”

She laughs and starts dishing up for me.

“Once again I’m sorry Nathi for what my family did to you guys”

“Yangibona ukuthi ngimnyama vele kodwa ngabuye ngiyilahla le kini” (You see I’m dark in complexion but I came back looking like a charcoal from your home)

She laughs once again just then Senzo walks in. He goes to his wife and kisses her before greeting me.

“Mxm ungidlule ngathi awungiboni la” (You passed me as if you can’t see)

He chortles and his wife joins him.

“Now you see how it feels”

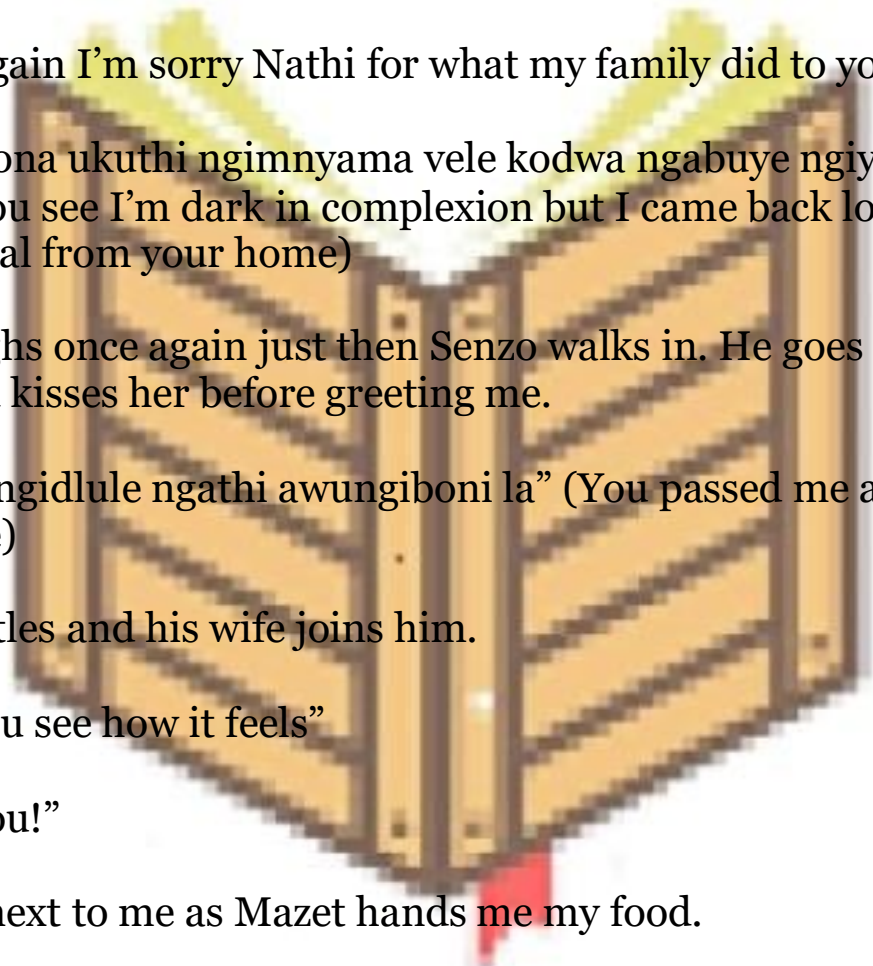
“Fuck you!”

He sits next to me as Mazet hands me my food.

“Please dish up for me as well baby”

“Okay”

“How are you holding up man?”



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“Im fine”

“Try again. Is Cebisile still keeping you away from Ndiwe”

“Mfethu I went to her house yesterday and she walked in with her white boyfriend and my daughter playing happy family! I was so pissed off and what makes me more angry is that instead of her mother reprimanding her daughter she supports her. Now I have to visit my daughter at Cebisile house but not leave with her because my ‘hood is not safe’. Hee since Cebisile moved to the burbs now my hood is not safe but she use to drive to my hood when she wanted my dick!”

“That’s woman is piece of shit! See why I don’t like her!”

“Hayi Senzo you are my friend and I love you but you have no right to insult the mother of my child in front of me I’m the only one who has a right to do that not you”

“Hade man but honestly I don’t get why she should be not insulted when she’s keeping you away from your princess and blaming you for things you have no control over while the woman that loves you so much with her heart and not to be blamed is the one receiving insults from you” (Sorry man...)

“All of this mess is because of her Senzo!”

“What makes you different from Cebisile then? You also blaming Aphiwe who also had no control over this. These kids have been playing together since Easter I’m sure none of you guys thought they will do this. You are wrong Mnesha for blaming Aphiwe, just like you she would have done anything to protect Ndiwe. You know very well how much she loves your daughter like her own. It’s seems like you are forgetting that she had a choice to not love your daughter and abuse her like all the step mothers do but she

chose to love your daughter like hers. See how much that woman loves you? She accepted your child and gave her love because she loves you idiot! That woman is not faking her love for you because if she was faking it she wouldn't love Uthandiwe. I don't believe in loving a man with a child but hates his child that is not love to me. When you love someone you love him or her wholeheartedly and his or her children become yours as well. That's what Aphiwe did here. Udlala ngengane yabantu ngoba ikuthanda and she has to endure your mistreatment and brutality. One day she will get tired of this and you will lose her maybe that should happen so that you can realise how lucky you were to have her by your side"

Now that stings like hell. Sometimes I do think that I don't deserve her just like yesterday when I almost did what I promised her that I will never do it again. The words she said reminded me of the promise I made to her to never ever inflict such pain on her. The human waste part killed me the most I can't believe that there was a time she couldn't bear to release human waste because of me. It's a miracle she's still by my side and fuck I feel like shit right now.

"You need to apologize to her Nkosinathi"

"What if she doesn't forgive me? I have been very unfair towards her and it's only now I realize how unfairly I have been. What if I have already lost her Senzo?"

The fear of losing her travel through my veins and my heart pounds harder at that thought.

"There's no way that she wouldn't forgive you man you two love each other so much. You both have been through a lot which makes your love stronger. Never lose that woman she made you a man among men. Not every man can get a woman of Aphiwe's

status and make her fall in love with him for the person who he really is”

True nowadays status and money is what seems so important in relationships. Our relationship should teach anyone there that we are all people. Just because you earn more money than me and you drive nice cars doesn't mean I'm nobody. It should teach people that true love knows no status. Your wealth doesn't make you but it's your character that does.

“Thank you so much man for opening my eyes I have been consumed in my pain and Aphie was that person I can blame to make myself feel better but the truth is I haven't felt any better man. I failed my daughter”

“No you didn't Mnesh this was out of your control. Please don't be hard on yourself. I'm always here for you anytime”

“Ta man” (Thank you man)

He gets up and takes his food on the table then sits down and eat. It's only now I notice that Mazet is no longer here.

“Where's Mazet I want a glass of soup”

I want to prepare a nice dinner for my woman and ask for forgiveness from her then make sweet love to her all night long.

“I don't know”

He shrugs and I can't help but pick up some tension between them.

“Is everything okay between the two of you?”

“She doesn’t love my son Mnesi I guess what I said to you got to her but it’s true. How can she loves me but not love my son? I’m having second thoughts about this marriage”

“But why she doesn’t like your son I mean she dated you knowing very well you have a son”

“Exactly man!”

“Im sorry boy but I don’t think I can ever be with someone who doesn’t like my kids. I rather die single my kids comes first”

Mazet comes in she has red eyes I can tell that she’s been crying.

“Senzo can we talk”

F“Im eating”

“I will bring the plate later”

I get up with my food and go my taxi. Once I finish eating I drive to the folks house. I have my own remote so when I get there I drive in and pull over in the driveway before skipping inside the house. Oh shit! I can hear their moans coming from the lounge. Ain’t they too old for having sex now ?

I take the milk from the fridge and pour it in the glass then take out my ntazinga from my wallet. I pour it into the glass of milk and stir before gulping it all down. I rinse the glass and put it then leave. ‘Can you please prepare a nice cook meal for me Ndlovukazi. I want to prepare a nice dinner for my wife. I will come and collect it later. Oh you guys should stop fucking now you are two old!’

At what age a couple should stop fucking? I really think mom and dad have reached that age but funny enough I won't stop fucking Phiwe. I will fuck her until she has grey hair all over her head. I'd caress her wrinkled thighs, spank and grab her creased ass, kiss her toothless mouth and fuck her hard just worshiping her body. The body that she gave to me wholly and without reservations would still be attractive to me as it is now and would deserve to be worshipped more for carrying my beautiful children.

I don't understand old men who stop finding their wives or women their age attractive and want young virgins girls. Xhegu ndini namasende ashwabane kade ugudla! Yeses ilanga lingashona emini ngeyami ingane. I will rather my baby be played by boys her age then allow an old wrinkled man with a big saggy tummy marrying her!

* * *

I'm so pissed off I don't understand why he didn't tell me that he will fetch KJ. I drove all the way from home only to find out that his father fetched him. He didn't tell me deliberately God I hate it when things are like this between us. I'm also hurting here my baby got raped and I haven't seen her for a week now because Cebile doesn't trust her with us as if that makes any sense.

I understand we are all in pain trying to deal with the situation the only way we think work for us but I also need a shoulder to cry on. I need someone to hold me tightly and tell me that it's not my fault Ndiwe got raped. That I shouldn't be hard on myself and my mistakes doesn't make me a bad mother. I need to offload everything about the bomb Bob dropped on me and cry in the comfort of that someone's arms until I feel better.

A knock of my window snaps me out of my pain of sadness and when I pull my head from the steering wheel I see Bob. I wipe my tears and unlock the car. He opens the door and gets it inside. His musk scent fills my nostrils.

“Hey I recognised your car and thought let come and greet you. Are you okay?”

“Im fine”

“You were crying Wewe talk to me please”

See that... that opens taps I have been longing to hear these words from someone but definitely not from a man I thought is dead.

“Oh Wewe”

He inches closer to me and pulls me to his chest. I cry for a long time releasing the pain deep within my soul.

“Shhh it’s going to be okay don’t cry”

Those are another words I have been longing to hear from someone who really cares. I calm dow after a while and free myself from his embrace. He looks at me as I wipe my tears feeling embarrassed for breaking down like that.

“Im sorry about that”

“Don’t be sorry. Let’s go to my hotel room it’s close from here.”

“Go to your hotel room and so what?”

“You are not okay we are just going to chill until you feel better then you can drive home”

“No I’m fine”

“Please Wewe we are both going through some shit and I think we are going to be good company to each other”

“Im angry at you wena!”

“I know give me another chance to apologize please”

“I won’t change my mind but it’s fine we can go.”

“Thank you just follow me okay”

He gets out of my car and I follow behind him as we drive to Garden Court Blackrock. Once we are in his hotel room we settle on the bed then he calls for room service.

“You said you going through some shit?”

“I rather not talk about it and you why were you crying”

He switches on the TV and places the remote on the bedside table.

“Me too I rather not talk about it”

“Im sorry Aphiwe for everything I have done I wish I could take back the hands of time”

“I still can’t believe you did that to me I thought you loved me Bob”

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I seriously thought he loved me? He was supposed to protect me!

“Of course I do Aphiwe. I know I don’t deserve your forgiveness but I want you know that I’m sorry from the deepest of my heart.”

The sincerity in his voice cannot be missed and dwelling on to this will take me back to that dark hole I was in once.

“I won’t allow you to take me back to that dark hole again. I healed from the pain you I mean your brother put me through I can’t afford to go back there”

“Im sorry”

He takes my hands and kisses them

“You are a brave strong and resilience woman Aphiwe never allow anyone to tell you otherwise”

There’s a hear the knock on the door it’s the room service. We both indulge in barbecue buffet and wash it down with wine. I didn’t realize I was that this hungry.

“I see you finally made it to the screens”

“Yeah”

“Im so proud of you”

“Thank you. How’s everything have been on your side”

“Well I after lost you and my parents I relocated to UK”

“Lost your parents what do you mean?”

“After what dad did to me when I tried to save you I cut ties with them”

“No Bob it’s been years now you need to let it go”

“I lost the love of my life Aphiwe I cant just let it go”

“It’s not entirely their fault dont forget that you agreed at first willingly”

“Yes but they stopped me from saving you when I still had time to save you. Maybe you would have forgiven me by now and we would be happily married and your son will be mine now”

I can’t miss the pain in voice but hey it is what it is now.

“Maybe if you didn’t agree to all of this from the first place Bob.”

He gulps down his wine and looks at me sadly. His gold amber eyes still turn dark red when he sad.

“You need to let it go. It happened and there’s nothing we can change dwelling on the past will do you no good. Instead it will steal your happiness. The only thing you can do is to accept it, learn from it and move on.

“It’s not easy as you say Wewe”

“Just try okay for your inner peace. Life is too short Bob you can’t stay mad at your parents forever. You know when my dad passed on we were not talking and that still haunts me. Forgiveness is important for your own mental health”

He looks at me with his amber eyes and smiles faintly

“You have grown to be an amazing woman. I’m proud of you”

“The truth is my fiancé is the man behind all this growth you see. That man taught me a lot and I don’t think if I didn’t meet him I’d be the woman that I am today. I have been living in my own bubble for so long then he came along and make see life in a different perspective”

“Wow I’m so jealous of him but it is what it is”

I ask him to pour me another glass of wine and we continue with our chat, reminiscing and laughing. I like that for a moment I’m not thinking about everything that is going on in my life.

“You remember when you stole your mom’s cookies that were still hot from the stove and you were farting none stop” I say and we burst into laughter

“Really now did you have to remind me that!”

“No seriously Bob who doesn’t know that eating hot cakes causes indigestion”

“I didn’t know okay stop laughing at me!”

I burst into laughter. He sulks and tickles me.

“Bob stop it!”

I’m a giggling mess.

“Apologize first!”

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“You are a domkop” I say between my breathless giggles and that fuels him. Gosh I’m dying I can’t breath.

“Okay I’m sorry!”

He stops tickling me and looks at me pressing his weight on top of me. He momentarily closes his eyes and inhales deeply then he opens his eyes looking at me.

“You smell heavenly”

“You smell nice as well”

He runs his bent finger on my cheek not taking away his eyes on me before taking my lips in his mouth. Damn his lips are soft and cold. I reciprocate the kiss with the same intensity, delving my tongue into his mouth which causes him to release a groan in my mouth. I want to put a stop to this but my body is betraying me, it's yearning for this, it's desperately want this and more.

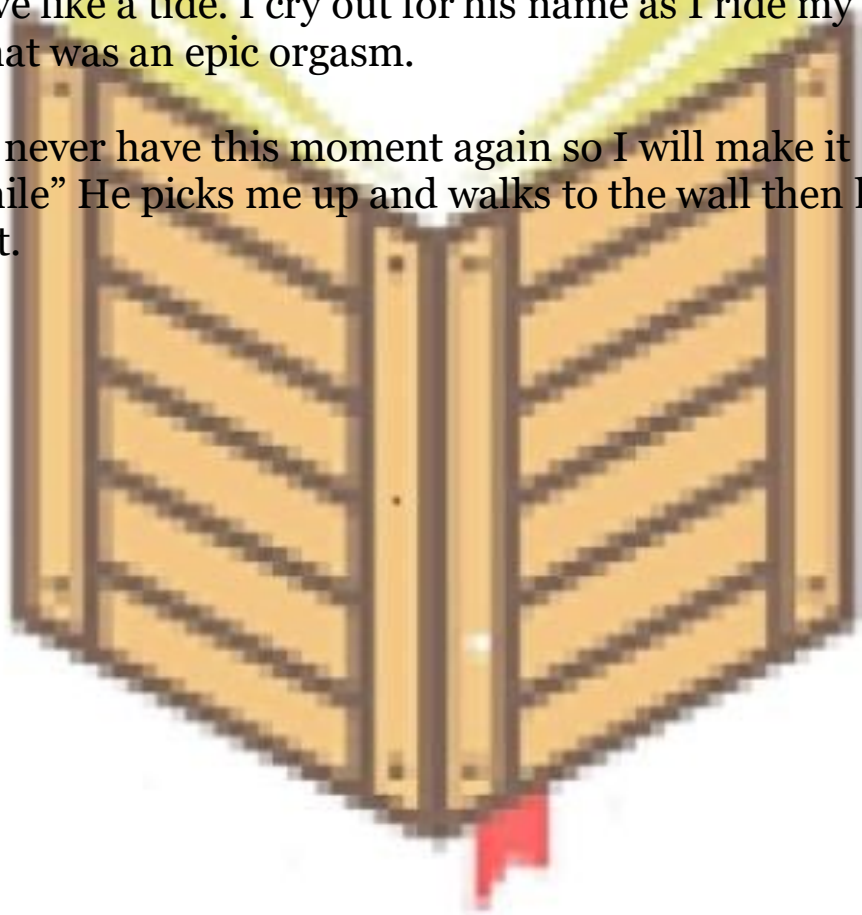
In a second our clothes are on the floor and we are both naked. The sight of his small dick turns me off a bit but I tell myself that it's because I'm use to a big dick now I mean this dick use to make me speak Chinese even though I don't know not a single Chinese word. He rubs his dick between my wet fold. What if I won't feel him when he enters me? It like he read my mind because I can feel him filling me with his hard rod.

“Fuck!”

He throws his head on the back as he groans then he begins to pump into me hard. I lose the control of my moans when I feel his mouth attacking my nipple creating a mind blowing sensation. With each thrust I open my legs wider taking him deep. Fuck am I wrong that I'm enjoying this moment? The pleasure ripples through my body as he thrusts harder, smacking into me. Damn he's feasting on me like he has been dreaming about this day.

He pulls out and flips me over to my all four then presses my chest down to the bed. I squirm when he spanks my butt and the feel of his tongue running from my opening to my asshole sends me over the edge. Gosh his tongue is doing magical things, alternating between my pussy and my asshole making me to cry. He slides into me once again sinking deeper into me then pounds on me. I clutch on the bed covers for balance as he rams into me harder. The sound of flesh hitting against flesh drives me insane. My body shakes violently as bliss races through my veins in wave after wave like a tide. I cry out for his name as I ride my wave. Damn that was an epic orgasm.

“I might never have this moment again so I will make it worthwhile” He picks me up and walks to the wall then he pins me against it.



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Chapter Fifty Eight

The urge to pee wakes me up from my sleep. I blink my eyes open only to be met by the TV flickering through the darkness. Oh flip what time is now? Bob is still sleeping next to me snoring softly. We went all afternoon long until we passed out. A pang of guilt washes over me as I relive the events of today. God what have I done? I wish I could go back and rectify the worst mistake I have ever done but it's impossible.

I quickly roll out of bed and run to the bathroom to pee then go come back to get dressed. Once I'm done I take my phone on the bedside table. Oh shit it's going for 8pm and there are 10 missed calls from my fiancé and 5 from mama. I'm in trouble! Big trouble! I grab my car keys and leave.

I messed up big time where will I say I'm coming from to my fiancé? I'm reeking of Bob's cologne I can't show up at home smelling like this. What was I thinking God I'm so fucking dead Inathi is going to kill me! I can smell umsinsila already! What am I going to do? He can't find out about this. This has to be the secret I will take to the grave. Come on Wewe think! I call Stacey I know that my fiancé doesn't have her numbers because they don't get along and Zonke is in Mauritius for her honeymoon and she's unreachable.

“Baby”

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“Hey love how are you”

“I'm good and yourself?”

“I’m also good”

“I need a favour darling”

“Okay shoot”

“So I met up with this ex of mine we had drinks and lost track of time. Now I’m going home and my fiancé has been calling me. My phone was in the car and he couldn’t reach me. I will tell him I was with you okay”

She lets out a laugh.

“Okay no problem. Who is that ex?”

“I will tell you when we meet”

“You guys didn’t do anything nasty right?”

“Stacey what do you take me for!” I retort

“Just kidding babe I know you will never cheat on your Mageza”
She laughs and hangs up.

Mageza unyoko sfebe! I arrive at my mom’s house

“Where the fuck have you been your fiancé has been calling he’s worried about you so was I” Mom says as I walk inside of the house and attacks me with a hug.

“I’m alright mom”

“Uphumaphi Wewe?” (Where are you coming from Wewe?)

She grimaces as she breaks the hug.

“I was with Stacey mama we had drinks and lost track of time”

“Stacey smells like a man now?”

“No but her husband smells like a man we hugged obviously”

“I don’t like this thing of y’all hugging each other’s men”

“You are always suspicious mom” I say rolling my eyes.

“Why are you here when you are supposed to be home with your fiancé and son?”

“I saw your missed call and I thought I should come by”

“I’m glad you are okay baby you can go home, your fiancé is worried about you”

“Yesterday I left my spare keys in my bedroom can I go search them”

“You don’t have to ask baby”

I walk to the staircase heading straight to my bedroom and when I get inside I lock the door then go to my en-suite bathroom to take a quick shower. I also keep my toiletries here and my clothes as well so that when I do sleepovers here I don’t have to pack an overnight bag. Once I’m done I go back to my bedroom and look for something to wear then get dressed before going downstairs.

“Did you find your spare...why have you changed your clothes now?”

“No I didn’t find them maybe I missed placed them somewhere. I decided to take a quick shower after I discovered that I have just started my period and I messed myself up”

I don’t even know where did that come from and she’s buying it I can see.

“Oh alright baby I will look for your keys”

She gets up from the couch and kisses my forehead then walks me out.

“I love you mom”

“I love you too baby”

We share a hug then I get into my car and drive home. I’m so nervous but I need to pull myself together. I walk inside and I’m welcomed by rose petals on the floor making a pathway to the dining room where there’s a romantic candlelight dinner set up. Wow this is beautiful and I didn’t expect it. He walks towards me and squeezes me in his arms.

“Thanks God for coming back I thought you are not coming home today.”

“Why would you think of that?” I ask as he breaks the hug and looks at me intently. I shift my gaze from his I feel like he will see through me.

“I have been a jerk lately and I wouldn’t have blame you if you wanted to spend a night at Blackrock”

My heart thuds harder against my chest and I swallow a big lump clogging in my throat.

“How did you know I was at Blackrock”

“Uhm”

He clears his throat and I look at right into his eyes searching if he knows about what I have been up to but I don't see anything except that sheepish look plastered on his face.

“Uhm it doesn't matter”

“Are you keeping tabs on me Nkosinathi?”

“No it's not like that baby I put a tracking device on your car for safety reasons not that I'm keeping tabs on you”

I chuckle in disbelief no wonder he always knew where I was. Dammit!

“Why you didn't tell me?”

“I knew you wouldn't agree baby”

“Unamanga Nkosinathi!” (You are lying Nkosinathi!)

“Don't shout okay but it's true. It's for your safety I will never keep tabs on my woman I'm not that insecure and I trust you apple butter I know you will never do me dirty.”

Guilt nibbles on me like a worm at the core of a peach. I feel tears burning in my eyes but I blink them back.

“I hear you and I wasn't planning to spend a night away from you I was with Stacey. She organized a spa treatment for us at the

hotel and after that we had some drinks and lost track of time. I'm sorry I missed your missed calls"

"Come sits down"

He takes my hand and leads me to the candlelight dinner table.

"This is beautiful baby" I say as he helps me to sit down then he goes to his chair before me and sits down as well.

"This is nothing baby no dinner could ever make the way I have treated you any less. I have been a jerk baby and for that I apologize from my heart. I'm sorry for blaming you for something you had no control over. I don't know why when we're hurting we tend to look for someone to blame because it's never ease the pain at all. I know that you would have done anything to protect our daughter. I'm really sorry sthandwa sami please forgive me"

"You hurt me Nkosinathi you made me feel like I'm a bad irresponsible mother. No in fact you told me that I'm a bad mother and used my past against me. How would you have felt if I were to tell you that I lost our first baby because you manhandled me"

His Adam's apple bobs as he swallows hard and his eyes sparkle with tears.

"Im sorry..."

"No tell me how it would have made you feel baby"

"Awful and sad"

A lone tear escapes his left eye. I catch it with my thumb and brush it off.

“I’m so in disappointed in you Papito I never thought you will use my past against me especially something I’m not proud of. This gave me another side of you that I never thought you have and it’s really not a nice side to learn about you”

“I know baby and I’m very sorry. I shouldn’t have said that I spoke out of anger and pain however that doesn’t justify what I have said. I promise to take ownership of my feelings and reactions not only towards you but to everyone. I have come to realize that I can’t control my feelings and emotions when I’m hurting then you have to be at the receiving end of my anger and pain. I’m sorry my sweetheart and I know that you don’t have to endure all of this shit I keep throwing at you but you do because you love me so much. I can’t imagine how it’s like having to deal with me when I’m an asshole. I’m so sorry my love and I want you to know that you are the best mom. I’m not saying this because I want you to forgive me or because I’m remorseful about the way I have treated you but it’s the truth. I can never thank you enough for being the good mother that you are to my children especially to Uthandiwe. You had a choice babe to not love her as yours and treat her unfairly like how most women do to their step children but you never did that not even once. I’m so lucky to have you in my life and sometimes I think I don’t deserve you. Once again I’m sorry MaNdlela I promise to never ever treat you like shit again.”

Aww my baby! I’m glad that he acknowledges his behavior whenever he’s hurting and he’s willing to change it. What about me will I ever change what I have done? The waves of regret hit me like a rock eroded by the sea.

“I understand sthandwa sami and I believe that you won’t do it again. We all learn by our mistakes and I’m glad you acknowledge what you have done and you are willing to change your behavior. Thank you so much for this dinner it’s really beautiful”

He smiles as he leans over the table and we share a brief kiss.

“I love you so much”

“I love you too. Who cooked?”

“Me”

I laugh

“You are lying”

I open the serving dishes and mouthwatering aroma hits my nostrils. There's no way that my man cooked he can't even cook an egg.

“Serious”

“If that's so then I'm not eating Im getting married in 3 months I don't want to die yet”

He giggles oh how I miss his giggles. Damn I love him so much and I cannot risk to lose him or even worse him to kill me. I don't doubt that my man can kill me if he were to find out about my infidelity.

“Mom cooked baby”

I knew it! I dish up for both of us as he pours wine for me and beer for him.

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“Where's KJ?”

“He’s sleeping over at the folks house today. I wanted us to have the whole house to ourselves. ”

Oh no I can’t have sex with him at least not today what if he feels that someone has been there? That would be the death of me. We eat over a nice chat and laughter. I miss this, us but the guilt is making it hard for me to enjoy this moment fully. There’s this part of me that wants to confess but I know that it’s a bad idea.

Once we finish our dinner he scoops me up and walks to our bedroom with me. He throws me on the bed and gets on top of me then kisses me causing my heart to beat harder. I feel his hand unbuttoning my jeans and hold it just as it about to slide into my panties. He breaks the kiss and looks at me

“Don’t be nervous I will be gently trust me”

“I think I’m going to start my periods baby”

“These periods have no timing at all. I miss you so much”

He buries his head on the crook of my neck and groans causing my body to break into goosebumps.

“I’m sorry”

“It’s okay baby”

He kisses my forehead and gets off me.

“Let me take care if you”

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I crawl on to of him and undo his jeans before sliding them down together with his briefs. Dzang he’s so hard and looks painful. I palm his rod and spread his pre cum all over his head before

giving him slow strokes. He moans softly looking at me with almost closed eyes as I run my tongue on his balls before taking each one of them in my mouth and gently sucking him. Anus and balls are his most pleasure zones. I gently nibble up on the ridge of his dick from the base up to the head then nibble along the rim of the head.

“Ohhh Phiweee!”

I take the head into my mouth and suck it flicking my tongue over his tip while my other hand is massaging his balls. He growls while his hand is fisting on my weave. The taste of his pre juices drives me insane. I take all his rod into my mouth and suck him hard. He releases animalistic sounds as I finger fuck his ass to the rhythm of my sucking. It's doesn't take long before he spills his thick salty juices down my throat.

“Oh shit!”

I swallow all his delicious juices and crawl on top of him to give him a kiss.

“Thank you so much”

“It's my pleasure my love”

I get up and change into pjs then get into bed snuggling closer to his chest. It's doesn't take me that long to fall asleep.

The next morning I'm woken up by my phone ringing. I fiddle for it on the bedside table and answer it without opening my eyes.

“Hello”

“Morning beautiful”

My heart skips a beat. I turn around to look at Inathi next to me who's he's sleeping. I roll out of bed and slip into my slippers then go to the guest bedroom.

“What the fuck Bob where did you get my number!”

“When you were sleeping yesterday I called myself with your phone. How are you?”

“You shouldn't be calling me! What is wrong with you Bob!”

“ I know sweetheart but I woke up thinking about you. Yesterday was amazing”

“It was a big mistake okay! Delete my number!”

Jesus what the fuck? This man can't mess things up for me. I walk back to the bedroom and look at my fiancé sleeping peacefully. This one counts days after 4 days he will want to fuck me and I hope by that time it won't be suspicious.

I walk to the kitchen to boil water. While the water is boiling I chop an onion and garlic and once the water is boiled I take everything I'm going to use then walk to the bathroom. I take off my pj pants together with my panties and mix my hot water into a basin with 1 tablespoon of salt, chopped onions and garlic. I wrap a towel around my waste to prevent the steam from escaping and squat over the basin.

Yoni steaming always does wonders I know it's wont let me down. 20 minutes later I'm done now and I'm preparing breakfast for my fiancé while drinking milk and cinnamon. When I finish I put his breakfast on the tray and take it to him to our bedroom. I'm

sure he haven't been sleeping lately hence he's still sleeping. Now I feel bad for waking up but his breakfast will get cold.

“Good morning sthandwa sami” He says sitting on his butt.

“Morning MaNdlela”

I sit next to him after putting a tray on his thighs

“Thank you so much for breakfast.”

“You are welcome”

He wipes his hands and we eat together while talking.

“I have to go back to Johannesburg next week and I don't want to go without seeing Ndiwe”

“Cebile said I have to come to her place if I want to see Ndiwe not bring her here”

“I know that Ndiwe misses us though, Cebile is wrong honestly”

“She's pissing me off!”

“How about we have weekend away just me, you and the kids. We really need this especially after what happened”

“True I doubt Cebile will agree though. Now that's that she's dating a white man and lives in the burbs she thinks she's better. Her attitude is thinking yes! Can you believe she said I wanted her to abort Ndiwe in front of her? Who says such thing in front of a child”

“She’s trying everything to keep you away from your daughter that she wants to destroy the relationship you two have but she won’t succeed that girl loves you so much. She cried for you for the first time she saw you”

He smiles as if he’s reliving that day but his smile doesn’t last long.

“Do you think I’m a bad father?”

“Of course not my love you are the best father ever. Uthandiwe and Kwanele Junior are lucky to have you as their father”

“You still don’t want us to try for another baby?” He asks with this huge charming smile that is making it hard for me to say yes.

“Of course not but after the wedding we can try. I don’t want to have morning sickness on my wedding day”

“Yes!”

He plants kisses all over my face making me to giggle none stop. The next days we spend them in doors just the two of us enjoying each other’s company and bonding more. Today it’s Friday and we are going to Durban with the kids. Cebisile agreed to let us go with Ndiwe but I had to lick her booty for her to agree. That woman is really a mystery to me honestly she should be blaming me because I’m the one who was with Ndiwe but she’s mad at my fiancé. Now I see why mom says it’s her way of getting back at Nkosinathi but I thought she’s over that.

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This weekend away is going to make us bond more as a family and I think it will cheer up Ndiwe a bit. I know it will take time to get over what happened to her. I just want her to know that we are here for her as her family and we love her so much. The past days

I have been steaming my v-jay and eating pineapples. I did say that my man is counting days and I want him to find his pussy as nice as it was before Bob fucked it.

“You ready?”

“Yes my love”

We start at Aviary Hill first to fetch Ndiwe then we will go to Hutten Heights to fetch Kj at his grandparents house. The gate slides open then we drive through and park in the driveway. Jealous down Cebisile’s house is beautiful. Inathi opens my door and I step out then he takes my hand as we make our to the entrance. We are welcomed by Cebisile’s mom who leads us to the lounge. That voiceUthandiwe runs to us, her father scoops her up and kisses her. His gold amber eyes meet mine causing my heart to skip a beat. What the fuck is he doing here? He looks so comfortable as if this is his home. We settle down as we greet. Nkosinathi has Ndiwe on his lap.

“We are here to fetch Ndiwe”

“I changed my mind”

“Cebi...”

“Ngiyadlala Nkosinathi ungaze ungidle ngihlaza!” (I’m kidding Nkosinathi don’t eat me alive!)

We all break into laughter.

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“Baby can you please help me with Ndiwe’s bags”

Baby? Huh?

“Sure” Says Bob then they both walk upstairs.

Oh no don't tell me that Bob is the white boyfriend Nkosinathi was talking about?

“Do you want something to drink” Asks Cebisile's mom.

“Juice please”

I wanted to say wine I seriously need it right now but I have to behave myself. Mrs Dlamini looks at Nkosinathi.

“Juice is fine to me as well”

She nods and walks away.

“Are you okay baby?” Inathi asks me.

“Yes baby I'm fine” I fake a huge smile. Angikho right I feel like I will pee on myself. What the hell is this? The universe doesn't like me at all!!

“Babaz why don't we go with Zo?”

Ay kabi neh I like Zo there's absolutely no way that you wouldn't love her too but this weekend is a family weekend just me ,my husband and my kids.

“We will go with her next time baby. Where is she?”

“She has netball practice at her school”

Mrs Dlamini walks in with a tray and serves us just then the pair comes back with Ndiwe's luggage giggling at only them know what.

“I packed enough warm clothes for her since it’s winter” - Cebi

“Thanks” - Inathi

”You have a beautiful house Cebile” I say and sip on my juice.

“Thank you” She smiles proudly.

“It must have costed you lot of money Im sure you are going to pay for it for the rest of your life” I say and bite my cookie.

“Oh no dear my man bought it cash”

She takes Bob’s hand and looks at him who’s looking at me that I couldn’t hold my stare and look down.

“Oh I see”

We talk about general things until we finish our juice and biscuits. I take the dishes to the kitchen and put them in the sink. His vanilla scent fills my nostrils as I feel his presence behind me. I hear his footsteps getting closer until I feel him pressed against my back and his warm breath fanning the back of my neck.

“You smell lovely”

“Get away from me Bob!” I whisper

He turns me around and closes a little space between us. My heart races as I look at the door. What the fuck is this man doing?

“I can’t stop thinking about you Wewe”

“Bob I’m engage that day was a mistake! Why you didn’t tell me that you are Cepsile’s boyfriend?”

“I didn’t think it was important”

“You should have told me dammit!”

He nears his lips on mine but I push him away. Oh God Nkosinathi is going to walk in here.

“Ufuna ukufa yini wena my husband will kill you! Get away from me!” (You want to die...)

“I’m not scared of him”

“Bob please don’t mess things up for me okay. You had your chance and blew it please don’t do this”

“I’m trying okay but you are constantly on my mind. I can’t help these feelings that I have for you Wewe”

“Feelings okunuka! I’m engaged okay and you have Cepsile. Our partners love us Bob please let’s not mess this up”

“But we love each other”

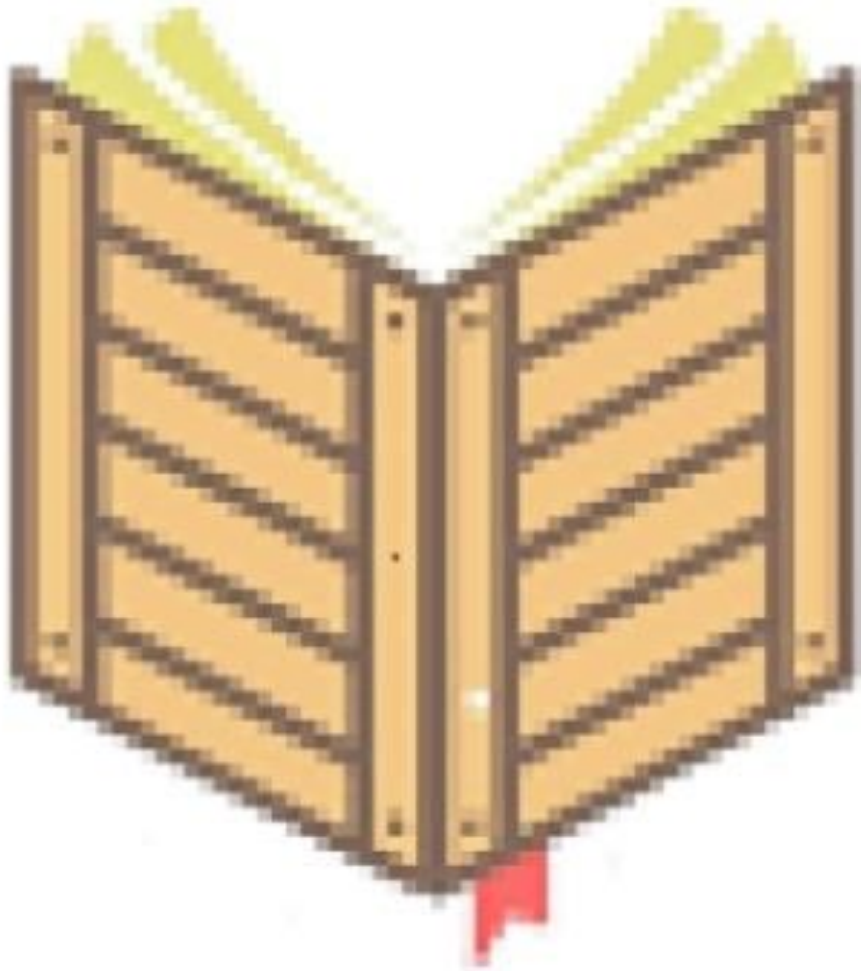
“No I don’t love you Bob don’t get confused just because we shagged doesn’t meant I want you back and love you. I was going through a lot and you happen to be there. One thing lead to another please man I don’t want trouble.”

“Okay kiss me for the last time”

He cages me in his arms. I wiggle myself out of his embrace and push him away.

”What going on here?”

We hear Cepsile voice and turn to look at her. The anger flashing in her eyes has me wondering how long she’s been standing there and how much did she hear.



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Chapter Fifty Nine

This bitch better not try me! Hheyi she better not try me again because I swear I will strangle her to death! First time I let it slide but this time I won't play with her I swear on my father's grave.

"I asked a question what's going on here!"

"Nothing is going on babe"

He walks towards me and tries to kiss me but I push him away.

"Alex don't you dare make me your fool! Bitch what are you doing with my man huh? You want to take him as well like you took Nkosinathi?"

"I don't know what you are talking about Cebisile and don't you dare call me a bitch!"

She walks away leaving me with Alex who looks at me with an accusatory look.

"What do you think is going on Cebisile?"

"I don't know you tell me Alex"

"So you think something happened but you don't know what that doesn't make sense"

"I'm not a child Alex I saw the tension and you two were so close to each other"

“I was drinking water then I put the glass into the sink which she happened to be standing next to. If that was wrong I’m sorry. I didn’t know that I don’t have to put the glass in the sink while she’s standing next to it”

I grab his arm as he walks away.

“Alex I’m sorry”

“It’s cool now I know that you think so low of me”

He removes my hand on his and walks to the lounge. Now I feel horrible. Did I overreact? I heave a sigh and follow him. Nkosinathi and Aphiwe are saying goodbye to mama. I walk them out and hug my daughter then watch them as they drive out of my yard.

“Im leaving” Alex says behind me. I turn around and look at him

“Baby I’m sorry it’s not that I don’t trust you it’s her that I don’t trust. I’m sorry for everything including the way I have been talking to you the passed few days. You were right sthandwa sami hence I allowed Ndiwe to go with them. It’s been a difficult week of my life and my emotions are all over the place. I’m so so sorry please forgive me”

He pulls me to his arms as I cry and holds me tightly. I revel in his embrace. God I love him so much. This man walked into my life when I have completely lost hope that I will ever find someone who can love me and change all of that. His love lights up my life and gives peace to my soul. I never thought I will be able to love someone else who is not Nkosinathi nor Mphemba. He had filled my life with brightness all over again.

“Its okay I understand baby I’m also sorry for what I said you are not a bad mother and there’s absolutely no woman that I’d want to carry my children other then you my sunshine”

He kisses my head and tightens his hold around me. I miss this, we have been fighting a lot lately.

“I have something to show you” I say pulling away from his arms.

“What is it?”

“Come”

I take his hand and we make our way upstairs to my bedroom. He sits on the bed as I search on my drawer and take out the stick.

“Here”

He takes it and looks at it then me.

“Is this what I think it is?”

I nod my head as I bite my lips nervously watching his reaction. In a second he is on his feet scooping me up and twirling with me. I giggle none stop. Okay I didn’t expect him to be this happy. He said he doesn’t want to have kids with me I know he just apologized but sometimes the things we say when we are angry we really mean them.

“Thank you! Thank you! Thank you so much! Wow I’m going to be a father!”

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He kisses me as he walks to the bed with me and gently puts me on it like I’m a precious cargo then gets on top of me. Our lips fuse together once again and we share a deep sensual kiss. We haven’t

been intimate lately and it's only now I realize I have missed him so much. His lips escapes my lips and slither down to my neck while he takes off my dress. In a second my bra and panties are out of me as well. My whole body shudders under his lustful gaze as he takes his clothes off.

“I can't believe that this beautiful body of yours is carrying my daughter”

I don't get to reply to that as he captures my lips into his. His strong yet soft hands squeeze my breast before his mouth attacks my nipples that I feel them swell in his mouth. I'm squirming uncontrollably at the feel of a mind blowing sensation going through my body. Damn I'm going to cum before even touch my yoni let alone entering me.

The feel of his warmth breathe against my nun sends goosebumps all over my body. He spreads my thighs wider and eats me up, lapping up at my moist folds. I scream his name over and over like it's a chorus. Jesus he's going to kill me with ecstasy. I feel his fingers sliding inside of me and jerk up but he holds me in place then sucks on my clit greedily. He has a skill the things he's doing are driving me crazy. He crawls on top of me pressing his body on top of mine and kisses me his tounge dueling with mine. I feel his cock rubbing on my mound and gasp as he enters me. He moves flexing his hips. I clench on his biceps as I wrap my legs around his butt pulling him deeper into me. His strokes are sending inexplainable things to my body and making it hard for me to control my moans. I can't be that loud my mom will hear me. He flips me over and pushes up my butt making me kneel on the bed while my chest is lying on the bed.

“I love your booty baby!”

I squirm as he inserts himself into me with one hard thrust then begins to fuck my brains out while spanking my buttocks. Each thrust ignites the pleasure that no words can describe. We both lie on the bed spooning. He rubs on my clit as he deepens his thrusts and whispering sweet nothing words. Before I expect my orgasms it hit me hard like a wave and I spurt all over his dick. It's doesn't take long for him to follow me.

* * *

Happy would be an understatement word to describe how I feel right now. I don't know what apple butter said to Cebile that made her agree to give me my daughter. See how lucky I am to have her in my life she doesn't stop loving me even when sometimes I least deserve it. I'm lost without her and everyday she gives me the reason to love her even more.

I'm driving to Durban with my wife and kids and just chatting. This is Phiwe's idea to go away for a weekend and spend some quality time just the 4 of us. I can't wait for us to have a little one. Yes my baby agreed that we will try for another baby but after the wedding and I'm so excited man.

"Babazi and Cita I'm sorry that I went to that house with the boys without telling Cita."

"It's okay baby but never do that again it's not right and it's dangerous" Phiwe says looking at her the back seat

"Babazi is it true that you wanted mom to kill me?"

My heart sinks to the pit of my stomach. See the things Cebile says in front of a child. Yeses! She always uses this against me and

it's fucking annoying. I knew that this question is coming from my daughter. How do I explain to her in way that she can understand better?

“No baby it's not true a father will never want the mother of his child to kill their child.”

“But mom said...”

“She said that because she wanted to hurt me baby. She feels horrible about what happened to you...” She cuts me off

“And she blames you but it's not your fault babazi you guys always tell me to not go somewhere without letting you guys know. It's my fault those boys hurt me”

I grip hard on the steering wheel as pain washes over me like a long slow wave in beach.

“No it's not your fault baby girl. Yes you did wrong by not telling me you were going with those boys but those boys had no right to hurt you hence they're in jail now. Never ever blame yourself for this no has a right to hurt another person sthandwa sami do you hear me” Phiwe says

“I hear you Cita”

“We love you so much baby girl and we are sorry we got there when those boys already hurt you but I promise you my angel no one will ever put their dirty hands on you.”

“Why didn't you break their bones babazi”

I chuckle

“ I wanted them to go to jail for what they did to you”

“I love you babazi, I love you Cita and I love you Kj”

“We love you too baby”

I listen to Phiwe and Ndiwe singing all the way and laugh when Ndiwe is butchering most of the lyrics. I love the bond my woman has with my daughter. I don't know what I was thinking blaming her for what happened. Argh I can be a stupid asshole at times and this woman keeps forgiving my ass. How did I get so luck? No man it can't be a luck it's definitely a blessing! The kids are both sleeping now it's starting to get dark. I find a perfect spot and park my car then go open the door for Phiwe

“Come”

“Where are we going?”

“Come fast before the kids wake up baby”

She takes my hand as she steps out of the car. I close it and lead her to the tree.

“Inathi...” I shut her up with a kiss briefly then take her chin between my thumb and forefinger looking deep in her eyes.

“I can't wait anymore until we arrive I need you so bad”

It's been a long and my dick is throbbing furiously I won't survive this distance I will burst before I get there and this short dress she's wearing is not helping at all. Her creamy thighs are all out I can't fight the desire anymore to fuck her hard. I turn her around and she holds the stem of the tree. I kiss her neck, she

tilts her head giving me an access to savour the sweetnesses of her neck while my hands find their way to her dress pulling it up a bit. It's sitting right on her wet exposing her ass. Fuck! I wonder if she knows how crazy her ass drives me. I spank her booty hard which earns me a mewl then slide down her g-string.

“Baby are you ready for my dick?”

“Yes daddy please fuck me hard!”

She's ready! I undo my pants and release my painful rod then slides my dick between her wet folds. Shit! I can't help a groan of pleasure that reverberates up from my chest as I thrust into her deep.

“Ohhh my Goodness!”

The way her pussy grips hard on my dick is going to make me release fast. I hold her waist steady as I buck my hips fucking her hard. Damn she's so fucking sweet! I sink deeper into her tight cunt making her to scream even louder. The slurping sound of our joined groins as I thrust in and out of her blends with our screams of pleasure and drives me over the edge.

“What did you put in there huh! I can't hold myself baby ohh fuck!!”

Without warning I release my seed deep into her cunt. I always make sure that she cums first then me but today I couldn't help myself. I badly needed that release but I'm going to make it up to her.

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Chapter Sixty

I have no complaints about the passed two months. My angel is slowly but surely recovering from that trauma and I must say that she's such a strong and resilient little girl. I don't mean to blow my own horn but that my daughter right there she took after me. Kj I love that little boy and I'm so grateful that after I discovered about his condition we have built this bond that I have always wanted to have with him.

Now I understand him better and he's such a great kid and so special in his own way. I love that my wife is also doing everything she can to learn more and more about our son and his condition. She has come up with this idea of rewarding Kj whenever he has done something good or made an improvement and I love it.

Can anyone tell me why my wife chose this man to design our traditional attire for the wedding? I don't like the way he's touching me none stop. He makes my skin crawl.

“Stop touching me!”

The gents laugh. What are these assholes laughing at?

“I need to see what alterations I have to make mudrayiseni relax will you”

He runs his hands all over my chest going down to my waist making me more uncomfortable.

“Apple butter!”

“Yes Papito!” She shouts back from the kitchen then appears to the lounge

“Do we have to do this though?”

“Yes we have to do it man” Senzo says stifling a laugh

“Fuck you I’m not talking to you Im talking to my wife”

Their laughter fills the lounge. They’re enjoying this fuck these motherfuckers!

“Yes my love we have to do it and Jay is doing us a favor for coming here in house we should be at his workspace”

“And tell him that his dick is too big for my ass!”

I frown and move away from Jay. The guys and Phiwe laughs out loudly.

“Hayi Phiwe angimfuni uJayson eduze kwami uyangiphuphuleza” (Phiwe I don’t want Jayson near me he’s caressing me)

“Oh mudray-dray you’d feel it if I’m caressing you” He says waking closer to me. I run away and hide behind Aphiwe.

“Baby get this man away from me please!”

The gents can’t stop laughing at me.

“But baby...”

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“Please Aphiwe I don’t want him near me he’s traumatizing me!”

“Gee mudrayseni you are not my type stop being dramatic”

“Mu dray-dray we don’t have the all day man just let Jay do his job” Khaya says laughing

“Come on Mudray-dray” Senzo adds and they all burst into laughter including Phiwe.

I look at her and she stops laughing and presses her lips tightly together.

“I’m not laughing baby, Jay is not going to touch you anymore”

“Nana I have to put safe pins where I need to do some alteration how will I do that without touching him”

“I will do it myself Jay. You will tell me where to put the safe pin. Are you fine with that baby”

“Yes that’s better”

Jay gives Phiwe the safe pins and tells her where to impale them on my traditional top. Once we are done I take it off and wear my t-shirt then go to the kitchen. I take my beer from the fridge and open it then takes a swig of it.

“You such a big baby yaz. Jay is doing this to you on purpose because you are homophobic” Says Phiwe as she walks towards me and wraps her arms around my waist.

“Anginankinga nezitabane mazizithandanela zodwa le hayi eduze kwami” (I don’t have a problem when gays do their things away from me)

She laughs and stands up with her toes to meet my lips then we share a kiss.

“I can’t wait to fuck you in your white wedding dress”

She blushes profusely

“We are counting weeks now soon I’d be Mrs Dlomo”

Traditionally she’s already Mrs Dlomo. Last month I paid lobola for her and we had our uMembeso ceremony which was so beautiful. It was like we were getting married. I can only imagine how beautiful and big our wedding will be.

“Let’s me prepare something for y’all to eat”

“Alright sthandwa sami”

I peck her lips and go to the lounge then settle down next to Khaya. All my friends are going to be my groomsmen. Senzo is the best man, that goes without saying of course. I had to add four of my drivers because my woman wants at least 7 bridesmaids and 7 groomsmen. I sip on my beer as I look at Sabza who seems to be enjoying Jayson’s hands all over him.

Looking at them right now is reminding me of that one time Sabza fucked Bongi’s gay cousin and what Aphiwe have been telling me over the years that Jayson says he can smell a gay man miles away and Sabza is gay. I don’t want to believe it but man that smile Sabza has now and the way he’s looking at Jay. We can’t hear what they’re talking about why are they suddenly having a conversation of their own? No man Sabza can’t do this to Bongi.

“Is everything okay there Sabza?” I couldn’t help myself but ask.

He looks at me sheepishly and nods. Fucker! He’s really checking out Jayson oh shit Bongi doesn’t deserve this! We have to do

something our boy wants to make a mistake a big one for that matter.

“Uphuza wedwa” (You are drinking alone?) Senzo says snatching my beer from me and drinks it.

“Do you see what I’m seeing?”

I say to both of them. Senzo looks up at Sabza and Jay. Khaya is engrossed on his phone and he didn’t even hear me. I look on his screen and...wtf? I snatch his phone and looks at the screen. He’s chatting with my sister and she just sent him her nudes.

“What the fuck is this Khaya?”

“Uhm give me my phone Mnesh”

“I asked you a damn question Khaya. Why are you chatting with my sister and why is she sending you her nudes?”

“What let me see?” Says Sabza

“You want to see my sister naked Sabelo?”

“Of course not I just..”

“Did you know anything about this Sabelo?”

“Of course not Mnesh I’m also surprised as you”

I look at Senzo and he shrugs his shoulder then I look at Khaya.

“I’m sorry man I wanted to tell you but I don’t know how. I love her we have been dating for 3 years now”

The anger surges through my body like an inferno demanding a release. I hurl his phone through the wall and punch him hard.

“I’m sorry Mnesh”

“What happened to my sister is your sister Khayakethu huh! For 3 fucking years who have been fucking my sister behind my back!!!”

“I’m sorry man it just happened. I love her so much and”

“The audacity to tell me that you love her you bastard!!”

I punch him countless times until he bleeds on his nose and mouth.

“Nkosinathi what are you doing!”

“Go back to the kitchen Aphiwe!”

“I’m sorry Mnesh I love Thula with all my heart I want to marry her”

“Uyanya ngeke uzukubone lokho!!!” (You are shitting that won’t happen!!!)

I punch him once again and Phiwe screams pulling me away from Khaya.

“Come on Senzo, Sabelo, Mbuso help me stop this fight why are you just watching!”

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“Khaya messed up MaNdlela he knows our code that we don’t date each other’s sisters. His sister is my sister” Says Senzo.

“Baby please calm down okay”

“Aphiwe I said go to the kitchen”

“No I’m not going you are hurting him. He says he’s sorry okay beating him up won’t change anything please baby”

She pulls me away from Senzo.

“I’m sorry Mneshe but I love her so much” The nerve of this bastard!

“And Thula loves him too baby”

I turn and look at Aphiwe

“Wait you knew about this?”

“Oh shit!” She says and runs to kitchen. I follow her and grab her arm.

“Aphiwe you knew about this but you didn’t tell me?”

“It wasn’t my place to tell baby”

“Your place? You are my woman dammit! You were supposed to tell me!!”

“I’m sorry but I promised Thula that I won’t tell you because she wanted to tell you herself”

“I don’t give a fuck you should have told me Aphiwe but you didn’t! I want that motherfucker out of my house and you have to know that we have 6 groomsmen now!”

I take my car keys on the kitchen counter.

“Where are you going?”

“I need some air!”

I walk out and drive off aimlessly. I’m boiling Khaya always betrays me. He’s been fucking my baby sister for 3 fucking years! I’m done with this asshole for good this time and there’s no way I’m going to allow to allow him force himself into my life.

* * *

It’s always feels like it’s the first time whenever I hear his heartbeat. No I don’t know yet that it’s boy but I want a boy since I have daughter and Alex wants a girl. We agreed that we won’t ask my gynecologist about the gender of the baby until I give birth.

“The baby is growing”

“Is it a boy or a girl doctor?” Alex asks

“It’s still early to tell the sex of the baby Mr Booysen”

“I thought we agreed baby that the sex of the baby will be a surprise”

“ I don’t think I can wait for that long my sunshine. When can we know the sex?”

“When she’s at least 18 weeks”

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I'm 13 weeks pregnant and I can feel that this is going to be a long pregnancy. I don't have appetite for anything but I'm always throwing up and feeling sick.

Once we have seen the baby Alex wipes the gel on my tummy and pulls down my sweater then helps me up.

He's treating me my like an egg I'm not complaining but I like it. It's feel good to have a my baby daddy supporting me throughout my pregnancy unlike it was with Ndiwe. Nkosinathi was only there for me for a short period of time then Gambushe took over but it's not the same as having the man who made you pregnant by your side throughout the pregnancy.

"What do you want to eat?" He asks as he drives out of the doctor's premises.

"I'm not hungry"

"Baby come on you have to eat"

"Let's try Nando's"

"Cebisile"

"Alex"

"I love you"

I can't a smile that break across my face.

"I love you too baby"

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"Thank you so much for this gift you are carrying"

"Thank you for being here baby it's means a lot to me"

He takes my hand and kisses it. We arrive at Nandos he go make our order while I find us a table. I take my handbag and search for my phone then call Zo. They're spending the weekend at Betty's house. I'm not comfortable when they're not by my side. I check on them every now and then. They have to excuse me for my overprotectiveness.

"Mommy"

"Baby how are you?"

"We are still okay mommy"

I'm sure she's rolling her eyes right now.

"Can I talk to Ndiwe"

"Okay...Ndiwe!"

I hear some shuffling

"Mom wants to talk to you"

"Again?"

"Yes!"

"Yhoo umama naye uyahlupha" (Yhoo mom though she's annoying)

This child is going to grow up and have a child of her own that's when she will know how I'm feeling right now. I rather be an annoying mom.

“Mommy”

“I heard what you said wena!”

She giggles, her giggles still tugs at my heartstrings.

“I’m sorry but you call every second mom we are okay. There’s grandma, grandpa, Aunt Thula and daddy just parked his car now. We are safe okay”

“Okay baby. I miss you”

“I miss you too mommy”

Alex sits down before me.

“I have to go I love you”

“I love you too mommy”

I hang up and put my phone into my handbag before hanging it on the top rail of the chair.

“That was Ndiwe?”

“Yes”

“Babe you just called them 30 minutes ago”

“Not you too please”

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He raises his hands in surrender.

“Baby I have been meaning to ask you something”

“Okay I’m listening”

“What’s happened between you and your parents?”

He tightens his jaw as he looks at me. I can read his facial expression.

“Why are you asking me this?”

“I was just thinking Alex. You know everything about me now but I know nothing about you.”

“What do you mean you know nothing about me. I told you everything you need to know about me. My parents are dead to me which means they’re dead to you as well. The Booyens are coming next month for Thando’s lobola you will meet my mom and dad”

“You mean Scott parents?”

“They’re my parents as well my sunshine. That couple accepted me as I am and treated me like their son.”

“Why do I get the feeling that you are hiding something from me?”

“There’s nothing I’m hiding baby I’m just not ready to talk about the shit my real parents put me through okay. It’s the subject I don’t want to talk about and I would really appreciate it if you also don’t mention it”

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I heave a sigh and nod. The waitress brings our food. We thank her and dig in as we talk about something else. This bothers me I feel like there’s a lot he’s keeping from me. He won’t even tell me what his real surname. It’s really unsettling seriously. I know

nothing about this man but already I'm carrying his child. What was I thinking? I can stupid at times where the dick is concerned. I swear bangithunqisela ngepipi ngisemncane!

"My sunshine!" He snaps me out of my reverie.

"Hey are you okay"

"I don't feel good can we go home"

"But you said we will buy the baby's clothes today"

"We will buy them some other time my love"

He sighs and calls the waitress to give us a doggy bag. When he finishes we leave. I feel his hand caressing my thigh and look at him.

"Babe you are so awfully quiet"

"I'm just not well Alex"

"Is this about my biological parents?"

"What do you want me to think Alex when you are not telling me anything about yourself except your names and that you are businessman. I'm sure you have a past man let me in. I want to know more about yourself. Now I'm wondering if I'm not dating a serial killer or a drug dealer. I'm carrying your child for Christ sake which means I'm stuck with you forever. Give me something man!"

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He doesn't say anything but steps out of the car and open the door for me. When he helps me out I yank his hands of me and step out of the car then skip inside my house heading straight to my

bedroom. I take off my heels and crawl into bed. A few seconds later I feel his arms wrapping around me.

“Im sorry my sunshine it’s only fair I tell you more about myself so here it goes....”

He tells me everything and I’m left gobsmacked.

“Wow babe I’m sorry you had to go through that so where’s the lady now? Does she know that you are alive and it’s your brother that died”

“No she doesn’t know and I don’t want her to know”

“Do you still love her?”

“Uhm no”

“Then forgive your parents Alex they were trying to protect their riches”

“By sending people to beat me up Cebisile when I wanted to save her. I was in coma for months I could’ve died!”

“I understand your anger my love but what the use of dwelling on the past. You have to move on at some point. I want our baby to know his grandparents”

“Our baby will know his grandparents and those are the Booyens”

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“Thank you for telling me this. I was really worried”

He laughs

“You really think a handsome man like me could be a serious killer”

“You can never know!”

He giggles and kisses me then gets up heading to the bathroom. His phone vibrates on the bedside table. A message pops up on the top of the screen. My heart skips a beat as I hesitate to take it. I'm sure a little peek won't hurt. I unlock the phone and go through the conversation.

‘I don't like what you did Cebisile almost caught us Bob’

‘I'm sorry I just couldn't help myself when I saw you I wanted to bury myself deep into your cunt right there and then’

‘Bob what happened was a mistake can we get over it already man. These smses you are sending are going to get us into trouble. Stop this man please’

‘But i love you Wewe’

‘I love my fiancé get that straight into your head it was just one fuck nothing more nothing less. Delete my number and our conversation before Cebisile sees them’

‘She's pregnant and I want to focus on her and the baby so I will try to stay away from you’

‘Congratulations’

‘Thank you’

‘It's been two months now but I can't stop thinking about you.’

‘Stop texting me Bob you are going to get me into trouble. Focus on your baby mama and leave me alone. I'm engaged and next month I'm getting married!’

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Chapter Sixty One

It's been a very busy two months and so far I'm impressed with my wedding planner. I can't wait to be officially Mrs Dlomo. Traditionally I am Mrs Dlomo. Last month my Papito paid lobola for me and we had our ceremony. It was so beautiful people thought we were getting married that how big and beautiful it was.

Everything is ready well except our traditional outfits. I didn't like the first ones Jay made they were so simple. I want something elegant yet traditional and this time he gave me what I wanted. I know that he never disappoints me. The groomsmen outfits are perfect he only needs to do some alteration on my Papito's top it's a bit bigger than him but time is still on our side. I'm worried about my man who stormed out angry after finding out that Khaya is dating Thula. I hope he will forgive me. It really wasn't my place to tell him and besides I made a promise to Thula.

“Thank you so much Jay”

“Im just doing my job nana and you are paying me good. Tommorrow it's the bridesmaids fitting day I want to find all your bridesmaids here. I have to go”

“What's the rush it's not like there's anything you going to do at the hotel. Let's chill and watch some move or something”

“I'd like to but Sabza invited me for drinks.”

I give him a look

“Jayson please behave yourself I’m begging you. Bongi is a good woman I don’t want her to get hurt”

“I can’t promise you anything nana If the chance present itself I won’t lie I would bend for him without hesitation”

“Jay!”

I punch him on his chest and laughs out loudly.

“What it’s truth”

“Sabelo is married!”

“I know nana”

“But you want to fuck him”

“Ngiyamghalela oe angikhoni nokuzibamba” (I’m craving for him and I can’t help myself)

“Jayson I don’t like this at all”

“You wanted me to prove to you that Sabza is gay njena”

“I never said I want you to prove me I just told you that he’s straight”

“I have to go now. See you tomorrow neh”

“Sure please behave”

“You know the one ‘behave’ and me in one sentence doesn’t make sense”

He kisses my cheek and hops into his car. I watch him as he drives out then get inside the house. My phone is ringing.

“Thula”

“Are you home?”

“Yes”

“I’m coming”

“Your brother knows”

“I know I ran away from home and left him there. He’s so angry Wewe. Why did you tell him?”

“I didn’t tell...”

The line cuts off before I could finish. My heart skips a beat when I see that I left my phone on my exchange of messages with Bob. I thought I deleted them something must have distracted me. The last time we exchanged messages was the day Cebisile almost caught us when he was trying to kiss me. I told him that I didn’t like what he did. He apologized and told me that Cebisile is pregnant he wants to focus on her and the baby. I don’t know now what changed because he sent me a message today telling me that he can’t stop thinking about me wiyboo inja ngiyayzama iyazumula. This man is going to be a trouble serious. I delete the messages then block his number. I want no mistake you can never be too careful. Papito and I have no thing called invasion of privacy when it’s comes to our cell phones. I use his phone as much he uses mine.

“Why did you tell him Aphiwe?” Is the first thing she says when she walks in. So no greetings nothing.

“Hello Thula I’m fine thank you. No I didn’t tell him he saw the nudes you were sending your boyfriend. They were all here to fit their traditional outfits for the wedding”

“Oh my God Aphiwe and I’m sure he beat Khaya up”

She’s freaking out pacing up and down.

“Of course you know your brother. I tried to pull him away. The gents were just looking at him beating up Khaya apparently it’s their bro code that they don’t date each other’s sisters and Khaya broke that code”

“Oh no how bad is he?”

“He will be fine he’s a man”

“Why are you so chilled about this? My man just got beaten up!”

“Haibo sis what should I do huh? Go nurse him? Khaya knew what he was doing when he broke the bro code. Inathi is angry at me and he feels betrayed. I’m the only one who knew about this imagine. You better pray that he forgives me for this Thula I won’t lose my man because you couldn’t come clean to him.”

“Im so scared Aphiwe what am I going to do?”

“Tell him how you feel about Khaya try to reason with him maybe he will hear you. Your brother loves you Thula and he can do anything to make you happy”

“But I will never ever allow her to date my friend”

“Bhuti!” Thula jumps up with fright

“Babe please.....”

“Shut the fuck up there’s nothing you can say to me now. You didn’t tell me when you found out now close that pap hole right now!”

Yhooo angaswaba sana.

“Wena what were you thinking dating Khayaletu?”

“I... I love him buti” Thula replies with a shaky voice.

“Love?”

He laughs and walks closer towards her but she walks backwards

“Khaya doesn’t know the meaning of the word love. He fucks around Thula he will break your heart and leave you broken!”

“He told about the life he used to live before he met me buti and he has changed”

“Change? Khayaletu will never change! He’s bluffing! I don’t understand why out of all the guys in this world you chose him Thula? Why do you always have to go for the guys that are wrong for you huh? First you started with Kwanele’s boyfriend now it’s Khaya? Can’t you have your own boyfriend that is not attached to anyone huhh! He’s 15 years older than you dammit!”

“Aphiwe is ten years younger than you! Omuhle was 15 years younger than you! At least Khayaletu loves me and he’s treating me like an egg unlike you buti you broke Omu’s heart and you left her broken after you took her virginity! You are also not a saint buti in fact you a philanderer...”

She doesn't get to finish that as a huge slap falls on her face. I gasp in shock just as Thula screams in agony.

“Dont you fucking dare talk to me like that! I'm not your friend! Not that I owe any explanation but I didn't want to break Omuhle's virginity she's the one that kept begging me none stop that I gave in. What should I do when these girls literally throw themselves at me huh? Of course I will be tempted and fuck them I'm a man after all! Girls go around throwing themselves at us acting so cheap and when we fuck them hard and treat them like cheap sluts we are bad guys bla bla bla. Girls should stop acting like victims when you are they are the ones who provoke us. A pussy is every man's weakness and no one doesn't know that. I won't lie to you and say we don't don't enjoy it when girls throw themselves at us. We do that boosts our our egos but there are few guys who end up marrying those girls. Asks me why? Because there's nothing as turn off as a girl who literally throw herself on you. You should ask yourself why I chose Aphiwe over Cebile. It's because she's special and different from any other woman I ever met in my life. I have never claimed to be perfect and you know what it's fine continue with your boyfriend but just know that as from today you don't have a brother”

With that said he walks to our bedroom and leaves me with a crying Thula. I get up and make her sit down then comfort her.

“I can't lose my brother Aphiwe and I also love Khaya so much”

“I'm sorry Thula I don't know what you should do honestly”

“Talk him please you are the only one who can make him understand”

“Im sorry Thula but I’m afraid this time I don’t think I can make him understand. He’s so stubborn. Khaya knew what he was doing when broke the bro code I think now he’s the only one who can prove to Nkosinathi that he’s the right man for you.”

She pulls back and wipes her tears. I look at her cheek and see Nkosinathi’s big hands on it. He must have been very angry for him to lay his hand on Thula.

“I should get going. I’m sorry for causing a fight between you and buti.”

“Its okay don’t worry about it”

We both get to up and share a hug then she leaves. I heave a sigh and go to our bedroom. He’s lying on the bed skyward his head resting under his arm and his eyes are closed. I can’t stand him when he’s mad at me. Let me use my naked weapon to soften him. I undress and crawl on top of him then kiss him. He doesn’t reply but I don’t give in. I take his other free and and put it on my buttocks as I intensify the kiss It’s doesn’t take that long before he moans and kisses me back.

* * *

Not believing what I have just read a few seconds ago I read again hoping that the second time I read these texts they will have a different meaning but the second time I read each word is like a knife digging deeper into my heart.

“Baby what’s are you doing with my phone?”

I look up at him through my glassy eyes as my whole body shakes.

“Who’s Wewe?”

“You don’t get to ask me that. What were you doing wit my phone”

“Alex who the fuck is Wewe?”

“I don’t know!”

I hit him with his phone but he ducks and it falls down on the floor.

“What the fuck Cebisile!”

“Who’s Wewe”

“I don’t know”

This man is going to know who I am. I roll out of my bed and look for my leather belt in my chest of drawers. I find it and roll it twice around my hand.

“Who the fuck is Wewe Alex?”

“Babe what are you going to do with that belt?”

I go to the door and lock it then puts the keys into my bra.

“You are cheating on me Alex!”

“No baby I don’t know what you think you saw in my phone...”

That line makes my blood boil. It’s the same line he said when I saw them in my kitchen that something happened between them. He made me feel guilty about it and for a moment there I thought

I was insecure and I overreacted. I beat him with my belt on his arms and he groans in pain.

“Cebisile please calm down and let me explain!”

“What do you want explain huh? You want to lie to my face just like you did when I walked into you and Aphiwe? I knew that something happened between the two of you Alex but you made me feel guilty about it!”

“I’m sorry my love...”

“Nyory? You say nyory Alex? Will your nyory unbreak my heart huh??”

I beat him again, four times this times.

“Calm the fuck down Cebisile please!!”

“I told you Alex about the pain Nkosinathi put me through. You went to the same person that he hurt me with and cheat on. How could you Alex huh? Is Alex even you name?” I scream in anger as tears stream down my face.

I’m shaking in anger and pain. How could he do this to me? I don’t know what hurts the most between the betrayal itself and the fact that who did he cheat with. I beat him up hard taking all my anger and pain into him. He keeps ducking and trying to hold the belt until he succeed at holding it.

“Stop it baby please. I’m sorry okay I’m really. I never meant to hurt you especially not with the same person that Nkosinathi hurts you with. The world we live in is so fucking small. Wewe is the lady that I was telling you about the one that I had to watch my brother date pretending to me”

No this is not true! It can't be possible!

“What?”

“I'm so sorry my love. I love you and our baby...”

“That's a fucking lie! You don't love me Alex or it Bob? You still love her you are only with me because I'm carrying your child and want to do the right thing!”

“That's not true Cebisile...”

“If you loved me Bob you would've told me the truth from the beginning”

“I was scared of losing you...”

“Lose me how? That doesn't make sense!”

“My sunshine the hate you have for Aphiwe is deep. I was scared if I tell you my history with her you will lose interest in me. I love you MaSibiya ...”

“Don't fucking lie to me maan! God I can't believe I have been fool once again! When did you fuck her?”

“Sunshine..”

“I asked you a question Alex you owe me at least the truth!”

“Two months back. The first time I saw her was that day you and I fought about you keeping Uthandiwe away from her father. We almost bumped into each other's cars. She was spooked obviously because she thought I was a spook. We went to the restaurant and

I explained everything to her. She was angry at me as expected but the next day after our fight again I saw her car parked on the side of the road and went to her. She was crying and I comforted her. We went to my hotel room and chill. We were both going through some things and we happened to be there for each other and allowed weakness to get the better of us. I'm so sorry my love I swear If I could undo..."

"Stop lying maan undo yamasimba! You sent her an sms today telling her that you can't stop thinking about her! Did you use protection?"

"No I'm sorry..."

"How many rounds did you have?"

"Baby is this necessary."

"How many rounds Alex!!!"

I snatch the belt from his hand but he holds it tightly.

"Okay! Okay! We had 4"

Tears fall on my face relentlessly as the pain scorches through my heart and leaves me feeling so empty and dead in the inside.

"Wow you had 4 fucking rounds and during those rounds you didn't think about me! You kept fucking her over and over and didn't feel guilty about it then you say love me and you are sorry? Nah Alex yo are sorry because you got caught. I fucking hate you right now and I don't wish to see your face it's such a pity that I'm carrying your child."

I take out the key on my bra and throw it on him.

“Leave my house Alex!”

“Babe...”

“Go!!!!”

He heaves a sigh as he picks up the key and his phone on the floor then goes to the door. He opens it and looks at me.

“I’m sorry my sunshine”

The moment he’s out of my sight I crawl on my bed and cry my lungs out. Once again a man broke my heart. What is it this girl has that makes men wants her badly? I thought I have found the one but that was just stupid of me. I mean I hardly know a shit about this man but I gave him all of myself to him. Yah sure I did leave a room for disappointment but the way the man treated me. He healed my heart with his tender love and gave back its beat.

Now what complicates things even more is this baby that I’m carrying. Nkosinathi broke my heart but Alex took a cup. I don’t think I will ever heal from this. Love broke me once again and leaves me with a permanent reminder which is my unborn baby. It’s okay I will raise him with so much love just like I did with Ndiwe. I bet this is my fate. I feel liquid pouring out of me down there and slide my hand between my thighs. My heart stops beating when it’s comes back with blood.

“My baby! No no no!”

I sit on my butt and looks between my thighs. Oh no I’m bleeding. Umtanami! I roll out of bed and reach for my phone into my handbag then call the ambulance. As I wait for the ambulance I pray asking God to save my baby. I don’t want anything that got to

do with Alex but I love my baby wholeheartedly. By the time the ambulance arrives my duvet is covered with blood and I feel so weak.

“Please save my baby please!” I cry

They ask me a few questions of which I don't finish answering as I pass out. When I wake up I look at my surroundings and realize that I'm in the hospital room. One hand is connected to the IV line. The other one involuntarily goes to my stomach.

“My baby”

I press the emergency button and a few seconds later a nurse walks in

“Hi Mrs Mbhele”

“How's my baby”

“The doctor is coming to update you. How are you feeling?”

“Please tell me my baby is okay please” I whisper as tears fill my eyes. She looks at me with so much pity just then the doctor walks in.

“Doc how's my baby?”

“I'm sorry Mrs Mbhele you lost the baby”

The sorrow comes in waves and consume me entirely leaving me dead inside. A scream of wretchedness escape my lips. God couldn't at least save my baby.

The doctor expresses his condolences then leaves me with the nurse to comforts me.

“I know what you are going through. I had three miscarriages in my life and I thought it was the end of the world and God hates but I healed. My therapist really helped me to get through this. What I like about her is that she also went through the same thing. I can give you her numbers so that you can talk to her”

“I want no therapist I just want my baby!”

Haven't I went through pain enough in just one day? God did you have to take my baby away from me?

“Can you please borrow my your phone I have to call someone”

“Sure”

She slides out her phone from her pockets and gives it to me. I dial Betty's number.

“Hello”

“Hi it's Cebisile”

“Oh hey baby how are you”

That question opens the taps. I burst into tears.

“Cebisile what's wrong?”

“Can you please look after my kids until I'm out of the hospital. I don't know when I will be discharged. Please send Thula with the kids to go to my house and fetch their school uniform. Maybe the doctor will discharge me Monday or Tuesday. I'm sorry to bother you with my problems”

“Which hospital are at?”

“Mediclinic”

She hangs up right after I said that. The nerve of this woman to hand up while I’m the one who called. She didn’t even say that she agrees or not.

“Thank you so much”

“You are welcome. I will come check up on you later”

I nod my head then she walks out. It’s hurts so much I wish all of this pain can just stop. I can’t bear it. I find myself crying all over again.

“Cebisile”

I raise my head from the bed and look at her. What is she doing here?

“What’s wrong baby why are you here”

There’s a painful lump in my throat that is making it hard for me to utter a single word. I just let my tears do the talking. She envelopes me in her arms and I cry even more.

“It’s going to be okay sis don’t cry”

She sits on the chair once I’m calm and holds my hands into hers.

“Talk to me baby” Her voice is laced with concern and worry.

“I’ve just lost my baby”

“Your baby? Were you pregnant?”

I nod with my head as tears fill my eyes once again. There’s a lot that she doesn’t know about my life now.

“Oh baby I’m so sorry”

I explain to her what happened but I don’t mention Aphiwe’s name because I know that she will go confront her or tell her son. I will deal with Aphiwe and she won’t see me coming. If I can’t be happy with any of these men then she also can’t.

“I feel like I’m cursed mama my relationships never work out and they leave me broken beyond. Do you think Moses is punishing me? Or maybe it’s because I didn’t wear inzila for him hence all these bad lucks when it comes to my relationships”

“You are not cursed some things were just never meant to be. Ukugqoka inzila uma ushonelwe akusilo usiko sthandwa sami kodwa kuwumkhuba nje so I don’t think all of this is happening to you because of that. I don’t believe the dead have so much power over the lives of the ones who are still alive. The only person who has so much power over our lives is our creator and if he himself forgives our sins as long as we don’t deny them then no else can say or do anything about that. I believe that our creator has forgiven you for what you did to your late husband. He can see through your heart that you are remorseful about what you did to your husband. No one is perfect baby you can’t be punished for the rest of your life.” (...wearing black clothes as a symbol of mourning our love ones is not our culture but it’s just a thing that everyone does...)

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“I hear you mama”

“Im sorry for your loss sweetheart. I don’t mean to be insensitive but maybe this it’s for the best. You don’t have to deal with his cheating ass. It’s clear that this man still loves his ex girlfriend. I don’t think you want to be the second best for the rest of your life. You soul mate is yet coming to you sweetheart and he’s going to make you realise why it’s never worked out with all these stupid men you have dated”

“Don’t forget that your son is also included”

“He’s the idiot of them all”

I chuckle

“I thought you worked things our with your daughter in law?”

“Im saying he’s stupid for hurting you but not for following his heart. One thing those two taught me is that true love conquers it all. I’d be happy to have you as my daughter in law but what will make me more happy is you having the man that will love you so much and make you his centre of world. A man that will respect you and give you feeling of knowing that your heart with him for the rest of your life. If Nkosinathi was that man for you he’d be marrying you. I’m not saying this to hurt you but it’s the truth”

I smile and wipe my tears. This is one of the things I always love about her.

“Im not hurting what you are saying it’s true. I have long realize that and I guess that’s why it’s pains more because Alex became that man for me who healed my broken heart and made me believe my heart is safe with him”

“You do know that we meet people for only for a reason. Maybe Alex was brought to your life just to help you realize that you can

actually love another man that is not my son and be happy. Alex may be not your soulmate but he was in your life to prepare you for your soulmate”

“I’m done with men mama I cannot do this anymore. I have accepted my fate I will die alone”

“There’s no such thing you are just hurting and I understand why are you talking like this but all shall be okay my baby you will look back and realise that one and two happened because of this reason and that reason. Everything will make sense one day”

“Thank you for coming”

“Have you told him about the baby”

“No”

“You have to tell him”

“I don’t want to talk him”

“But he deserves to know”

“I will tell him tomorrow not today I don’t want to see him because I know the first thing he will do is to bring his white ass here”

“Understandable you need to rest now. You look drained”

“I don’t know if I will ever fall asleep”

She gets up from the bed and sits on the little space next to me then holds me close to her chest running her fingers through head.

“Close your eyes and think about anything that makes you happy.”

I close my eyes thinking about my daughters oh I love those two I'd lay my life low for them. They make me happy even though they say I'm annoying. Then There's Lakhe, I don't love that boy as a mother should love her son but I'm unable to decipher how do I feel about him. He also makes me happy. Then there's my little sister that one is my cheerleader. I love her so much. The feel of her fingers through my scalp is soothing I can feel my myself succumbing to sleep.

“I brought you toiletries and your pjs”

It's the next morning I called him using the nurse's cellphone to inform him about our baby. He looks so horrible like he never slept at all.

“Thank you”

I don't have energy to fight with him I just want to take a bath and rest. I'm so exhausted physically and emotionally. I take the sport bag and to the bathroom to take a bath. When I come back he's still here sitting on top of the bed.

“You are still here”

He looks at me with eyes filled with pain and sorrow

“This is all my fault I'm sorry”

I put the sport bag into my bedside table and get into bed.

“Say something please”

“What do you want me to say Alex huh? You want me to tell you how much it’s pains to see you right now because it’s reminds me that you are the reason I lost my baby?”

He tries to touch me but I slap his hands

“I’m sorry my sunshine”

“Leave Alex...Bob whatever your name is”

“I need you baby I was looking forward to be a father. It’s hurt so bad please don’t make me to leave I need you to hold me. Let comfort each other and mourn our baby together please”

Tears spill down his red face. I almost give in but my aching heart is the reminder of what this man did to me.

“I’m so hurt that I lost my baby but I’m glad that I will be rid of you for good. I don’t ever want to see your face Bobby take your shit and go back to UK”

“Baby...”

“Go Alex!!”

“You heard her mlungu azishe!” Lakhe says walking in with a McDonald paper bag. When did he arrived and why he didn’t tell me he’s coming. Alex looks at him then me and wipes his tears before waking out.

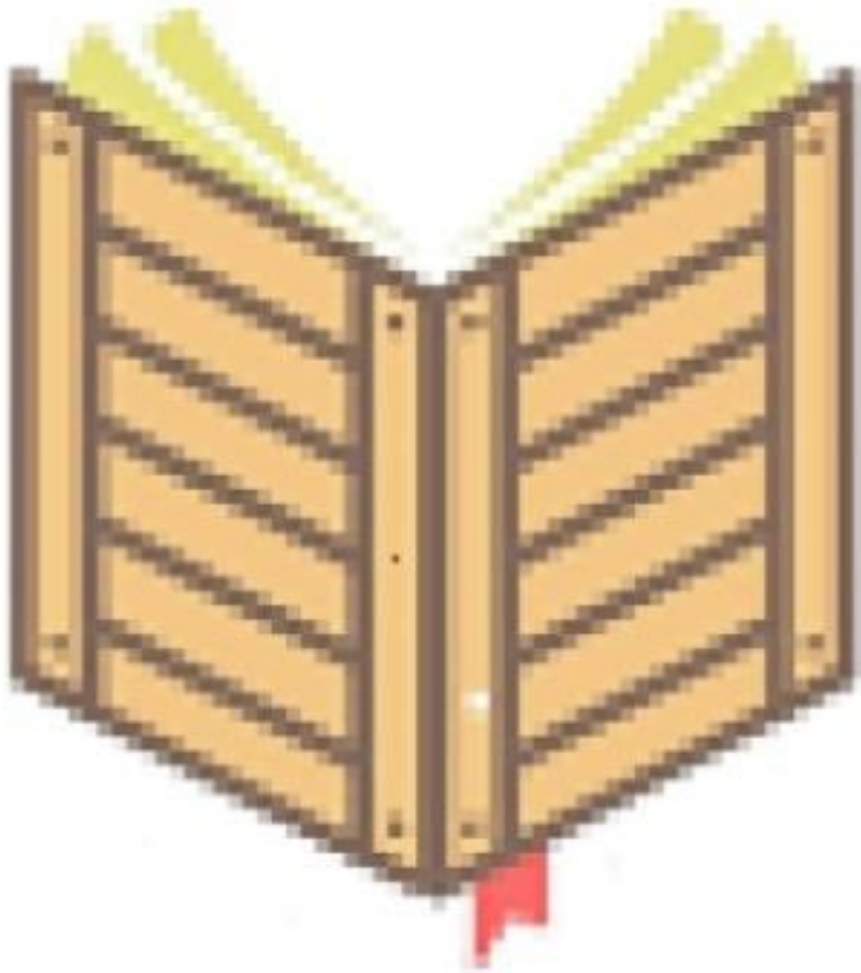
“Lakhe”

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“Mamoo”

He puts the paper bag on the bedside table and pulls me to his arms. I couldn't help myself but bawl my eyes out.

“Im so so sorry... Let it all out I'm here now Mamoo. I'm here” He says between kissing the top of my head while holding me tightly in his arms.



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Chapter Sixty Two

People fall in love in mysterious ways who would've thought that the man who humiliated me at Shoprite in front of customers and workers years back is going to be the man that I'm preparing myself to get married to today? I can't believe that there was this time I thought he's not worthy of my love because I believed that he's way too low for my standard since he was a taxi driver. Meeting that man taught me that true love knows no standards. Love has no rules or regulations. It's has no manuscript how it should be you just allow your heart to lead you and mine led me to this big day. I can't a help a smile that breaks across my face as I look at the screen of my phone.

"Mrs Me"

"Mr Me"

"Are you good?"

"Yes but I'm nervous"

"Me too I guess it's normal. Today it's our big day, we're going to begin a new chapter of our lives as a wife and husband. I can't wait to be your officially your husband Mamacita"

I smile as my heart does a tango at the sound of that.

"I can't wait to be your officially wife Mr Dlomo."

"I was thinking about the day we met"

I giggle

“Me too I’d be lying if I say I knew that one day I’m going to marry you mkhulu” (...grandpa)

He laughs

“Same goes to me, your attitude was sickening Miss Trolley”

We both laugh and there’s a moment of silence as both of us hark back to the day we meet till this day. Our love has been tested so many times and we overcame every obstacles that came our way. It’s has grown stronger over the years and will live on till eternity.

“I love you MaNdlela”

“I love you too Bhelesi”

“See you soon”

“Sharp”

I hang up and sigh blissfully. I have just finished taking a bath. My bridesmaids are scattered around my mom’s house showering. Jay is on his way to do our makeup. Mom walks in with a tray in her hands.

“Good morning makoti!”

I giggle

“Morning mommy”

“I brought you breakfast”

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“I don’t think I can stomach anything I’m so excited and nervous at the same time”

“We don’t want you to faint baby eat something please”

She gives me the tray and I take it then she settles next to me. I start eating but I can feel her gaze on me.

“What?”

“I’m so proud of you my baby. I can’t believe that just yesterday I was changing you diapers and today are getting married. Thank you so much for making me a proud mother. I love you my baby”

“Oh mama I love you too”

God I’m overly emotional today and tears are already spilling down my face. She wipes my tears and kisses my forehead. We continue to chat as I eat when I finish she takes the tray to the kitchen and comes back with my grandmother and all my aunts. I just knew that it’s time for the ‘talk’ they all settle down.

“You are glowing baby!” Aunt Vuyi says and blush.

“Ah well baby girl don’t be nervous we just going to talk to you about marriage and how to be a good wife to your husband” - Aunt Nhlanhla

“First of all are you happy with Nkosinathi?” Gogo asks and I can’t help but breaks into a huge.

“Yes gogo I am happy”

“You don’t have second thoughts?” - Mom

“No I don’t”

They all nod with smiles and continue with the talk. I listen attentively and ask a few questions. Once they’re done they call the bridesmaids to get started with dressing. Mom and aunty Vuyi helps me. I have two white dresses the other one I’m going to wear it at the grooms home. I’m starting to get worried about Jay now.

“Jay hasn’t arrive yet?”

“I’m here darling! I’m here!”

He walks in carrying a make up artist bag. I sigh in relief. It’s so not like him to be late I wonder what delayed him. He greets everyone giving them kisses on their cheeks. He’s so hyper today and something tells me that it’s more than just the fact that it’s my big day today.

“Who will I start with?” - Jay

“Start with the bride we are done dressing her up” Aunt Vuyi says then she and mom walks out to get prepared. The room fills with laughter as Jay throws his silly jokes and I have to admit that his jokes are easing my nerves. Once he’s done with me I get up from my bed and go to the mirror to look at myself. I can’t recognize the angel that is starring back at me. I look stunning in a white sweetheart neckline floor length lace tulle dress that has long lace sleeves with romantic illusion detail. It’s moulds my upper body and flares from my waist. The make is so point and my updo hairstyle with well defined curls, side sweep and pearl comb suits me perfectly. I try to keep my tears at bay but they fall relentlessly.

“Nana ha.ah you are messing up your makeup”

“You look stunningly beautiful babe” Zonke says and hugs me. I bawl my eyes out as she holds me tightly in her arms.

“Shhh don’t cry Wewe”

“I can’t believe it’s finally happening”

“You better believe it my love”

I calm down after a while and wear my white stiletto heels with lace, pearls and rhinestones embellishment.

The theme of our wedding is cinnamon rose and dusty rose. My bridesmaids looks breathtaking in dusty rose off shoulder appliqués full length mermaid dresses and dusty rose heels.

“Let me take a picture of you guys” Jay says and we all gather up.

“Say safe sex!” - Jay

“Safe sex!” We all chorus as Jay takes a picture of us.

“You look stunning girls”

Mom walks and smiles brightly at us.

“Wow girls you look beautiful!”

“Thank you mama” We all say unison.

Mom walks to me and looks at me with so much pride in her eyes.

“I have something for you” She gives me a small box. When I open it there’s a crystal diamond necklace with matching earrings inside.

“These are beautiful!”

“When your dad and I got married I was wearing this necklace and earrings. You will also pass these to your daughter the day she gets married.”

“Thank you so much mama. Please help me wear my necklace and earrings”

I turn around then she helps me wear the necklace and earrings then I look myself in the mirror. I’m so beautiful. I hug her then Jay do my makeup once again.

“Wow Cita you are so beautiful!” I don’t even know when did she got in

“Thank you so my much gummy bear. You are also beautiful.”

My baby is so stunning in a white cinderella tulle dress with dusty rose ribbon on the waist and dusty rose heels. Her hair is tied nicely into a bun and her edges are slaying. She’s the flower girl and KJ is the peach boy. Their partners are Zonke’s cousins children.

“Thank you Cita”

I bend down and kiss her tiny lips.

“It’s time to go girls ayishe ingoma!”

Jay burst into a chorus

📖 Azange
Zange kube nje
Laph’ khaya

Zange kube nje
Laph' khaya 🏠

The bridesmaids join him. Mom hooks her arm around mine and we walk out as my bridesmaids sing following behind me. Everyone join us downstairs and then whole yard break into ululations. It's sinks in that finally I'm marrying the love of my life. The weather is so beautiful you could tell that it's going to be a beautiful day. The nerves are starting to kick in once and I feel so emotional.

“Wewe stop crying please you are messing up your make up.”

“I'm so nervous what if something goes wrong Zonke”

“Nothing will go wrong okay”

“Don't cry Cita, daddy loves you”

I smile as I look at Ndiwe.

“Tell her baby girl”

We arrive at Vulintaba Country Hotel. My makeup is messed up and Jay needs to do some touch ups so we are ushered to one of the rooms.

“Uyangisebenzisa kodwa nana”

“I'm just overwhelmed okay bear with me”

“Haisuka!”

We are alone which gives me time to ask him.

“Why were you late?”

“I overslept”

I look at him through the mirror before us.

“You are lying Jay”

“Sabza kept me the whole night and we overslept”

I gasp in shock

“Jay no what you have you done!”

“Now do you believe me that Sabza is gay”

“Bongi doesnt deserves this”

We hear a knock on the door. Jay shouts comes in. Cebisile walks in she looks so gorgeous in boat neckline mermaid burgundy dress with long sleeves.

She greets us and asks to talk with me in private.

“Well don't cry again I'm not doing this again”

“Thank you babe”

He walks away leaving me with Cebisile. She looks at me intently.

“You are so beautiful”

“So are you”

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For someone who's pregnant she has lost so much and this not healthy at all. I wonder how far she is cause she's really not showing.

"I lost him" She says when she notices that I'm staring her tummy.

"Excuse me" I ask not sure what does she mean.

"My baby I lost him last month."

My heart aches for her. I know losing a baby is disheartening

"Oh I'm so sorry Cebisile"

She laughs really hard that tears roll down her face.

"As if you care"

"No one deserves to lose a baby Cebisile."

"Well I lost him because of you!"

"Me?" I ask not hiding my bewilderment

"Yes you Aphiwe! Ungifunani kahle kahle" (...what do you want from me)

My heart skips a beat what is she on about?

"Don't you fucking dare act confused you know very well what I'm talking about!"

"Cebisile you have to be more specific and make it snappy because I'm about to get married and I don't have the whole day"

“First you took Nkosinathi from me and I did nothing now not only did you destroy my relationship with Alex you caused my miscarriage”

Oh no she knows! I swallow hard not knowing what to say

“You can’t talk now?”

“I didn’t know that you two were dating Cebisile I swear. I’m so sorry”

“As if sorry will ever change anything and bring back my baby. I loved Nkosinathi so much then you came along and took him away from me. I was left broken and I had to go away because I wasn’t going to be able to see him everyday after the pain he caused me. It took me time to finally accept that him and I will never be together again then Alex walked into my life and made me realize that I’m capable of loving another man that is not Nkosinathi. He treated me so good and made me felt like a woman again. We were expecting and he was so happy then once again you came and fucked him. I wonder what is it that I have done to you that you always snatch my happiness away from me. That message you sent last month I’m the one who saw it first and that’s when I found out that I wasn’t imagining things when I saw you two in my kitchen something really happened between the two of you. That very same day I lost my baby. Maybe it was a blessing in disguise but I can’t allow this wedding to go on while I’m miserable alone and mourning my baby”

The pain in her voice is so loud and raw. I think underestimate the pain she went through the first time but now I can feel every bit of it through her voice. I don’t understand though why am I the only one who is blamed. Both these men contributed towards the pain she’s feeling.

“I’m so sorry Cebisile...”

“I don’t want your sorries I want you to feel the pain you put me through twice! You’re not going to marry Nkosinathi as long as I live and if he decides to marry you he will marry you knowing that you fucked your ex! Knowing that kind of the man that he is hahaha sis I don’t see that happening”

“Don’t do this to me I’m begging you I have been waiting for this day for years”

Never thought I would kneel down before my fiancé’s baby mama in my white wedding gown and beg her with tears streaming down my face.

“Why should I feel sorry for you Aphiwe you took him them both away from me”

“That’s not true Cebi Nkosinathi is the one that walked away from you I didn’t force him at all as for Bob, he didn’t tell me about you even though he knew. He’s the one that owed you his loyalty.”

“It’s up to you whether you tell him the truth or not but just know that this wedding is not going to happen not unless if he will marries you knowing the truth.”

She walks out leaving me sobbing. God what’s happening. I can’t lose my husband. I have been waiting for this day for years and now it’s finally happening she wants to take that away from. I never thought this will come back to haunt me on my wedding day. There’s a knock on the door. I get up from the floor quickly and wipe my tears.

“Wewe!” It’s Zonke

“Yes” I say opening the door for her

“Are you okay?”

“Can you please get me a glass of water just to calm my nerves down”

“Okay”

She disappears as I wait for her then a few seconds later she comes back with a glass of water.

“Thank you so much”

“Let’s go now they’re all waiting for you”

“I’m coming just give me a minute”

“Okay”

She doesn’t walk out though.

“I mean some minute alone Zonke”

“Okay a minute only Aphiwe. Time is not waiting for you”

I give her a faint smile then she walks out. I lock the door and sit on the bed not knowing what to do. God what have done? How I wish I can undo everything I did that day. One day is about to mess up my whole life. I hear mama shouting my name on the door after a while.

“Please give me five minutes mama” I shout on the other side of the bedroom.

“Ha.ha Wewe it’s almost half an hour now since you have been there Nkosinathi is getting worried open the door please”

I sigh heavily as I look up to the roof tears running on the sides of my face. Nkosinathi and I have been dreaming of this day. The wait of years to finally be Mrs Dlomo has been one hell of wait at some point I wanted to give up but my love for him couldn’t allow me. This is supposed to be our happiest day.

“I will break this door if you don’t open the door Wewe!”

I know that she means it so I wipe my tears quickly making sure that I don’t mess up my makeup then go open the door. Mom walks in and looks at me worriedly

“Baby what’s going on”

“I’m fine mama”

She places her palm on my cheek and studies me.

“You have been crying what’s going on”

“I’m just scared mama I didn’t realize how big this step I’m taking in my life until now. Do you think I’m ready for this?”

“Oh sweetheart yaz I have no doubt that you are ready for this my baby. Being nervous is normal but I know that you got this and I will always be here to guide you whenever you need me to. Please don’t cry you are ruining your makeup”

I smile faintly and wipe my tears

“Ngiyakuthanda mama” (I love you mama)

“Nami ngiyakuthanda sthandwa sami” (I love you too my love)

We share a warm hug

“Come let’s go get you married before Nkosinathi comes here to get you phela loyamfana ubuye abe nekhandela elimtshela okwakhe” (...that boy can be rude)

We laugh

“Just give me a few seconds to recollect myself”

“Okay baby”

I watch her as she walks out and look myself in the mirror. I have never seen an angel before but I would like to think I look like one today.

“You’re not going to marry Nkosinathi as long as I live and if he decides to marry you he will marry you knowing that you fucked your ex! Knowing that kind of the man that he is hahaha sis I don’t see that happening” Her words echoes in my ears and I scream in agony as I hit the mirror with a glass I was using to drink water earlier. It’s cracked and some of the pieces fall on the dresser.

I’m stuck in limbo but whatever decision I make I will still lose him and that thought cuts my heart into two. I take the piece of a broken mirror and look at it as tears cloud my vision. If I can’t marry him today clearly I will never marry him as long as Cebisile is living. I shut my eyes closed as I cut my wrist with a broken mirror.

“What the hell are you doing Aphiwe!!” Mom yells at mw. I try to hide my wrist from her but she’s already seen me. She comes to me and takes me to the bed”

“You want to kill yourself Aphiwe!” The pain and shock in her eyes cannot be missed.

“Im sorry mama”

“Baby why are you doing this huh? What’s wrong please talk to me”

“I don’t want to live anymore”

“I don’t understand Aphiwe you said you love Nkosinathi and you are happy with him then why don’t you want to live . Is there anything you are not telling me?”

“I messed up big time mama”

“Khuluma nami sthandwa sami” (Talk to me my love)

“You remember that day Nkosinath called you looking for me and I came to your house to see you”

She nods and I narrate everything not leaving a single detail. She cannot hide how shock she is by this.

“Aphiwe why you didn’t tell me about this? So all this time Bob is alive?”

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“Yes mama”

“Oh my goodness this is unbelievable! Did you have to sleep with him though Wewe!”

“I was stressed out mama. Nkosinath and I were fighting he was kinda blaming me for Ndiwe getting raped and I had no one”

“That’s bullshit you had no one how when I have been here for you huh!”

“I didn’t want to be that kind of woman who always runs to her mom’s when the going gets tough. I wanted to handle my own family affairs.”

“How do you sleep with someone who sold you to his psychotic brother? You almost died Wewe because of what they did to you I could have lost you! Then go and sleep with that man huh!”

“I’m sorry mama my weakness got the better of me”

“I still don’t understand why you want to kill yourself for ubufebe bakho!”

“It turned out that Bob was dating Cepsile and she found out month back about us and lost their baby. Now she’s blackmailing me.”

“Oh Jesus Wewe what have you done!”

“What should I do mama I don’t want lose Nkosinath. I have waited for this day for so long. If I tell him I’m going to lose him and If I don’t tell him but continue with the wedding Cepsile will tell him. I will lose him either way mama and it’s hurt so bad I rather die if I’m not marrying him today”

“And leave your son behind?”

“He will be okay he has Nkosinathi and he understands him better than me”

“Nonsense! You are not dying on me Aphiwe do you hear me!”

“How will I get out of this mess and still get married to my man”

She heaves a sigh and looks at me sadly

“Im afraid you have to call of the wedding baby”

“No mama! Maybe I should just tell him the truth who knows maybe he can forgive me”

“That’s a bad move sis. If you still love Nkosinathi don’t confess. Men never forgive cheating I’m talking from experience. Your father died when he was still angry at me and I think it’s the stress that made him lose control of his car. He can say he forgives you because he loves you but he will never trust you ever again and he will even cheat on you every time he thinks of this. Men are not forgiving they are not us women and it’s so ironic how they are the ones who are cheats and expect to be forgiven. The way he looks at you will never be the same Aphiwe you won’t be happy in your marriage.”

“Then what’s am I going to do mama”

“Call off the wedding find another reason to tell him why you are calling off the wedding but don’t confess”

“Still mama he will be angry and I will lose him. I love him I don’t want to lose him”

“All in good time my love all in good time”

She pulls me to her arms and kisses my forehead.

“Sshh don't cry sthandwa sami if you and him were meant to be together you will find a way to each other's arms. ”

She makes it seems but it's not that easy. That man is my everything. How do I go on with life without him?

“I will go call him then you tell him okay”

I nod my head then she gets up and leave. I'm fidgeting and so not ready to break my Papito's heart. He doesn't deserve this at all. The door opens and he walks in. Oh wow he looks gorgeous in a burgundy 3 piece suit with a black shirt that matches his black Magnanni black leather shoes. He breaks into a wild smile as strides towards me then dissolves the moment he's standing next to me. This man knows me to well he can tell that I'm not okay and the question is well he believe me?

* * *

The birds are chirping you can tell that the sun is out and it's going to be a beautiful day. The day I have been waiting for is finally happening but I feel so sad. I woke up with a heavy heart and missing my little sister. I put on my tracksuits and take my car keys then head outside. People are already up and down busy with whatever they are busy with. The yard is buzzing. I sneak into my car and bring the engine to life then drive off.

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I breath out of relief when I'm away from home. Mom has been watching me like a hawk I don't understand what's wrong with her but she's uneasy. The nerves are getting better of her. I pull

over and step out of the car then walk towards my nana's grave. I crouch before her tombstone and heave a sigh.

“Good morning nana. I can't believe that it's been 6 years since you have passed on but it's still feels like yesterday. I woke up missing you so bad nana. Aphiwe and I are getting married today.”

I release a breathe as I blink back my tears

“Today is my big day and I don't want to cry, No I won't cry nana. I wish you were here to celebrate with me but I know that spiritually you are here. Continue to rest in peace my dynamite until we meet again. I love you so much”

I get up and go to my car then drive home. Now I feel better and I can enjoy my big day. I find myself chuckling when I think of the day I met Aphiwe. Mama charges for me the moment she sees me stepping out of the car.

“Nkosinathi where are you coming from!”

“From the gravesite mom and please don't shout”

“You should have told me though”

“Stop worrying too much”

“I can't help it baby I feel like something bad is going to happen”

I place my hands on her shoulders and look at her deep in the eyes.

“Nothing bad is going to happen, you worry too much”

She heaves a sigh and wraps her arms around my waist holding me tightly.

“Why did you go to the graveyard?” She asks breaking the embrace.

“I woke up missing Kwanza today”

“She’s here with us and your father too. I can feel their presence”

I smile and nod

“Let me go take a shower”

“Okay”

I make my way to the back room going straight to the bedroom. I take my phone and call my wife to be.

“Mr Me”

“Mrs Me are you good”

“Yes but I’m nervous”

“Me too but I guess it’s normal. Today it’s our big day we are going to start a new chapter of our lives as a wife and husband. I can’t wait to be officially your husband Mrs Dlomo”

“I also can’t wait to be your wife Mr Dlomo”

I can hear a smile in her voice.

“I was thinking about the day we met”

“Me too and I’d be lying if I say I knew that one day I would be marrying you mkhulu”

She laughs

“Same applies to me. Your attitude was sickening Ms Trolley”

We both laugh and for a moment there’s silence as we relive to that day. We really have been through a lot I can’t believe we made it this far.

“I love you MaNdlela”

“I love you too Bhelesi”

“See you just now”

“Bye”

I hang up with a stupid smile on my face. Damn I love her! I throw my phone on the bed and skip to the bathroom to take a long ass shower thinking about the day ahead. Once I’m done I go to the bedroom and lotion my body then get dressed. I spritz my cologne and brush my cut then comb my grey beard. I can’t help a smile that breaks across my face when I look myself on the mirror. Phiwe will be stupid to leave me at the alter I look dashing man! This grey beard looks great on me I must say and it’s accentuates my dark complexion. There’s a someone on the door.

“Come in” I shout and the door swings open. My beautiful mom walks in looking so elegant in a A line v neck blush pink dress and matching heels.

“God for a moment I thought I’m staring at my late husband”

“But the young and hot version one”

I give her one of my smirking smile and she giggles

“Bakuzama ngama looks manje sewubona ukuthi you are shit and all wuuuh awukahle nje!”

I can't help but burst into laughter and she joins me.

“You look dashing my son”

“Thank you mama”

We share a hug then she looks at me deeply in my eyes with her palm caressing my cheek.

“I'm sorry for being a thorn in your relationship and I'm sorry that it took me years to finally accept your relationship with her. I hope you understand that I would never hurt you intentionally and I like to think that I was allowed to react that way considering to everything that happened. I love you so much and I'm so proud of you”

This woman is making me all emo right now and my nerves are not helping at all.

“Thank you so much mama and I love you too”

“I hope you take good care of her, she loves you Nkosinathi and she has proven to me countless times please don't do her like your father did to me stay faithful to her.”

I chuckle

“I will mama trust me”

“Come the groomsmen are here it’s time to go now”

She takes my hand and we make our way out. I meet up with the gents and greet them. Everyone gets into the car and we all leave. Despite the nerves I’m so ecstatic that today I’m getting married to the love of my life. Damn I’m blown away when I see the decor of the chapel. The theme of our wedding is cinnamon rose and dusty rose. Of course my wife to be is the one that chose the theme in fact she’s the one that planned this wedding with the help of her wedding planner. I know nothing about the glitz and glamour. The only thing I did was to choose my tuxedos. Tomorrow I will be wearing a different one. That’s per my wife to be demand because she would also be wearing another wedding dress tomorrow.

People are already inside the chapel and some are arriving. Everyone is here to celebrate with us. Almost the taxi rank is here and I can spot Aphiwe’s colleagues as well. Thula is the maid of honor. She starts with the flower girls and peach boys leading them inside the chapel with a song. The groomsmen and bridesmaid follows after them. Thula fetches me as well and the ululations fills the chapel as we make our way in with a step. We get to the front and wait for my baby to make her grand entrance. Minutes keep passing by but she doesn’t make her way in. I don’t see her mother who’s supposed to walk her down the aisle.

“Relax man she’s coming” Senzo whispers and pats my shoulder. I don’t know how did he see that I’m starting to get worried. Her mom walks in alone making her towards me.

“She wants to talk to you”

“As in now?”

She nods I can't decipher the look in her face. I sigh and follow her

"She's in that room"

I walk inside the room and here she is looking like an angel in her white wedding dress. I can't help a smile that breaks across my face when I see her. Wow she's stunning. The closer I get to her I notice that she's been crying and she doesn't look good at all.

"Hey baby you look breathtaking!" I hold her waist and look at her teary eyes.

"I'm sorry Nkosinathi" She whispers and tears fall down her already tears stained face.

"Baby what's wrong?"

"I never meant to do this to you but I can't marry you"

I look at her not sure if I heard her right or my ears are playing tricks with me.

"I'm calling off the wedding Nkosinathi"

"Babe I know what's talking right now are the nerves I also have them it's normal. Let's go out there and get married I will be holding your hand throughout the day and I promise you to never let you go"

"You don't get me Nkosinathi"

She's pulls away from my arms and walks towards the broken mirror.

“I’m not calling off the wedding because I’m scared but I’d be lying if I say I want this marriage anymore”

Is she serious? I look at her through the mirror and my heart skips a beat at the sight of her glum face on the mirror.

“Uthini kimi Aphiwe?” (What are you saying to me Aphiwe?)

“Angisakuthandi Nkosinathi” (I don’t love you anymore Nkosinathi)

What? I don’t understand. I’m so fucking confused. Am I dreaming or what?

“Babe you are you joking right?” I say walking towards her and hold her hands but she doesn’t allow me to hold her

“How I wish I am joking. You don’t deserve me baby you deserve someone who would love you and be loyal to you”

My heartbeat races as I realize that this is getting serious by each second.

“This doesn’t make sense Aphiwe stop talking like this and let’s go get married okay. The prank is over now”

“Nkosinathi listen to me it’s a not a prank okay. I don’t want to do this anymore. I have been fooling myself, marriage is a lifetime commitment. I can’t keep on lying to myself I have fallen out of love”

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Every word stings to the the core. I swallow a painful lump in my throat and chuckle in disbelief.

“When did you discovered that huh?”

I feel my body beginning to shake as my mind take in what she just said.

“It’s been a while....” I cut her off as anger and pain engulf me like a ferocious wave.

“When dammit!! Tell me the exact date!! Is it the day after you propose to me and I refused? It it the day I asked you to wait for me and you agreed? Is it the day I asked you at hospital to marry me and you said yes knowing very well that you don’t love me anymore? When huh? Is it the day I asked you to marry me again at your birthday party and you said yes again! Is it during the five months you spent up and down planning for our wedding? When Aphiwe tell me the fucking date you discovered that you don’t love me no more!”

“Baby please calm down .. ”

“Don’t you fucking dare say calm down right now do you hear me!!!” I roar in anger and she jumps up with fright.

“You did all of this Aphiwe knowing very well that you don’t love me but you never said anything and now you tell me to calm down? Hell no I’m not going to calm down!! People are waiting for us! Everyone is there the whole rank is there! Your colleagues are there! Our friends and family are there waiting for our wedding to go on and you only tell me now that you have fallen out of love with me?”

”I’m sorry Papito but it would be unfair to go on with the wedding...”

“You had time to tell me that before our wedding day!!! What I’m going to say to these people huh? How will they look at me after

this? Do you realise the mortification you have brought upon me right now? Do you realise how you have dragged down my dignity? Why are you giving my enemies a reason to laugh at me?”

“Ngiyaxolisa Papito I was scared to tell you...”

“Aphiwe look at me in the eyes and tell me you mean this?”

She covers her face with her hands and bawl her eyes out. I hold her shoulders and shake her a bit.

“Look at me dammit and tell me you sure about this!”

“Angisakuthandi Nkosinathi!” She says looking at me with her teary eyes but why do these eyes betray her words. Or I’m seeing what I want to see?

“Aphiwe this doesn’t make sense. Baby you love me I know you know do. Your eyes says otherwise. What’s going on did I do something to you? Is the someone who put you up to this? Blackmailing you maybe”

She shakes her head vigorously as tears run down her face.

“Ngiyakucela MaNdlela ungayenzi lento please”

I go down to my knees and hug her thighs resting my head against her tummy.

“I know I’m not the perfect person but baby I try to be the best man that you deserve. I’m sorry okay I’m sorry for everything I have ever done to you that hurt you so bad. I want to spend my life showing you how remorseful I am for everything I have done to you please just don’t give up on me, on us baby.”

“I’m sorry baby I wish there was other way to do this. I hope you find it in your heart to forgive me for this. I never meant for things to turn out this way.” She says choking between her sobs. I get up from the floor and walk to the door then look at her.

“I never thought the will come a day where I regret giving you my heart because I have always known that it’s safe in your hands. You always took care of it and treated it like it’s yours. Uyiphulile nhliziyo yami MaNdlela futhi angiboni iyophinde ibuyele esimeni. Ngikthandile kakhulu futhi kodwa ke mawukuthi ilokhu okufunayo angeke ngiphoke.” (You broke my heart MaNdlela and I don’t think it will ever be the same again. I love you so much but if this is what you want I won’t force you)

I walk out with my bleeding heart and go into the chapel each step I take feels heavy. Everyone look at me as I make my way in. I focus my eyes to the front and when I get there I ask for the mic.

“Hi everyone thank you so much for availing yourselves today. The wedding is off..”

Everyone is shocked and concerned once their noise calms down I continue.

“I’m sorry that you had to cancel your other plans to be here and some of are you coming from another provinces. I apologize for the time, energy, petrol and diesel that have been wasted. The maid of honor will show you guys the venue where y’all are going to sit down and enjoy your meal. Thank you”

I hear Senzo calling out my name as I walk out.

“Mnesh wait up!”

“What do you want Senzo!!!”

“What’s going on”

“The wedding off that’s what’s going on!”

“But why?”

“She doesn’t love me no more”

“That’s a lie”

“Well that what she said”

I see my mom approaching us and run to my car. I don’t want to be out of here already. I get in my car and drive off as she calls out for me banging on my window. I have no answers for them they should go ask Aphiwe. I can’t believe she did this to me I thought such things happen only in TV! Fuck it’s hurt!

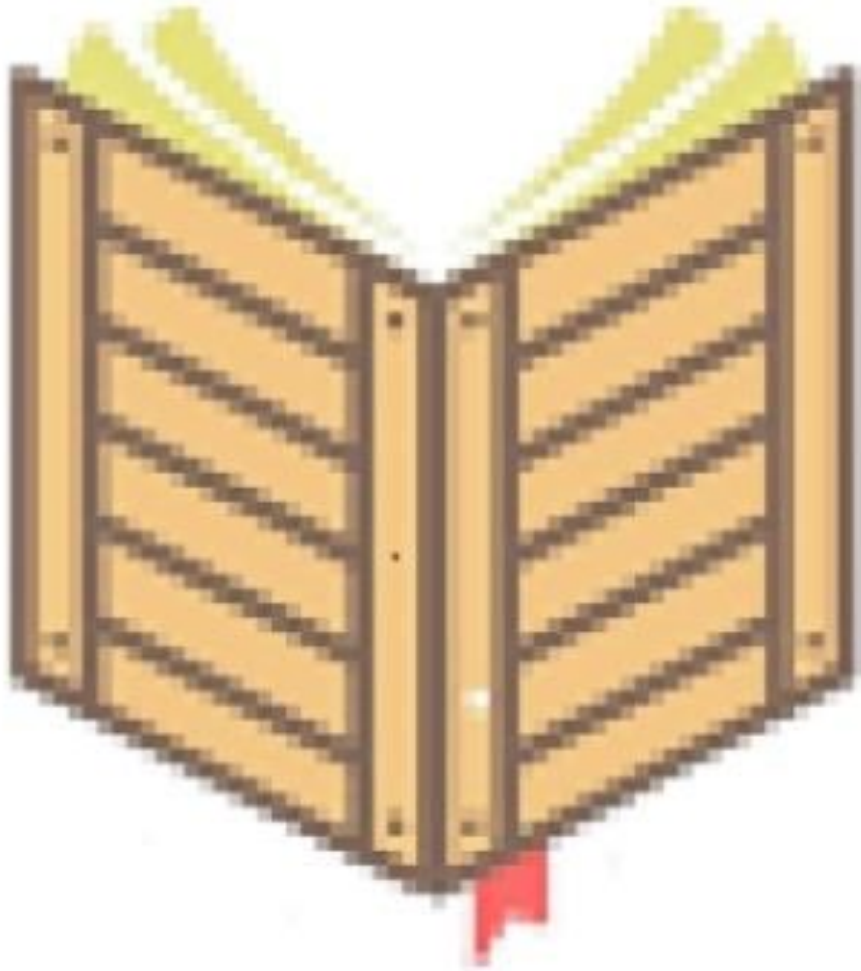
“Angisakthandi Nkosinathi” Her words echoes in my ears as I press the accelerator harder “Angisakthandi Nkosinathi... Angisakthandi Nkosinathi” I need them to stop please! I don’t have a phone with me to play music and distract myself but I need anything to stop these painful words. I switch to uKhozi FM and Imibuzo by Nathi is playing. I feel my cheeks getting wet and wipe my face vigorously.

☞ Uyenza b'hlung' intliziyo yam
Udenza ndizibuz' imibuzo

Ngeliny' ixesha sthandwa sam
Kuba ngathi awulbon' uthando lwam
Ngeliny' ixesha sthandwa sam
Ndiba ngazama, awubon' umzamo wam

Kodwa xa ndingekho phambi kwakho
Uyayazi kuba njani na
Kuba xa ungekho phambi kwam
Ndiyayazi kuba njani kum

Uyenza b'hlung' intliziyo yam
Udenza ndizibuz' imibuzo
Uyenza b'hlung' intliziyo yam



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Chapter Sixty Three

“Uyiphulile Inhliziyo yami MaNdlela” The intense pain those words carried couldn’t be missed. My knees give in and crumble on the floor as I bawl my eyes out. The smell of her perfume make my stomach turns and I can feel the urge to vomit.

“What are you doing here! You got what you wanted or you are here to gloat?”

“It’s only fair baby girl you cost me two of my men that I loved so much. You can’t get married while I lost them both. It’s feels good to see you crumbling like this and by the way don’t worry I will be there to comfort our baby daddy” She winks at me and shakes her big ass out leaving her scent lingering in the air.

How will I face the world after this? I’m sure the social media is going crazy already about this. I will be getting calls left right and centre wanting to know what happened. This is one of the bad effect of being famous.

“Aphiwe what’s going on? Nkosinathi just said the wedding is off” Nkosinathi’s mom says walking towards me. I don’t know what to say to her. I let my tears to do the talking.

“Sis what’s wrong talk to me please” She helps me up from the floor and makes my sit on the bed.

“What has he done?”

Oh mama it’s not him

“Aphiwe your cry is painful. Just talk to me maybe we can sort this out”

How I wish mama but it's all messed up. She rocks me back and forth and looks at my wrist that is covered with dry blood then looks at the broken mirror.

“Khuluma nami ngiyakcela sthandwa sami” (Talk to me please my love)

“Ay ay mfazi awuyeke mtanami it's not like you care. You are happy this is happening!” (Ay ay woman leave my baby...)

“Fusegi Hloniphile yezwa? Fusegi!” (Fuck you Hloniphile do you hear me? Fuck you!)

God these two are always like this. We can't have peace when they are together. I don't want to talk about the drama that transpired between these two on the day of my umembeso ceremony. Mom was extra she wanted to get back at the Dlomos or should I say at Nkosinath's mom that Nkosinath's uncles wanted to discuss the lobola negotiation with my uncle's not my aunts. I'm sure y'all have noticed that I'm coming from a family of women and since Zenzele is in jail who's the only male in my family. My aunts and grandmother had to hold the lobola negotiation.

“Fuck you too Betty!”

“God would you two stop it please!”

“Your mom is rude Aphiwe...”

“Oh please just say it you are still sore that I fucked your late husband!”

“Mom stop it please!”

“So I’m the one who’s at fault?”

“You slept with her husband mama and fall pregnant it doesn’t end there your son shot her daughter and you never ever said sorry to her. It won’t change anything but the least you could do is to humble yourself. God I just lost my husband I have no energy of dealing with you two”

I drag myself out of the room and bump into Jay at the door.

“Nana ”

“Please get me out of here”

“Okay wait here I’m going to get the car okay”

This is what I like about Jay he knows when to ask questions and when to just ask no questions but be here for me. Zonke and Stacey makes their way to me and I wish I can just be invisible.

“Baby are you okay”

I nod my head and we share a group hug

“What has that low life uneducated taxi owner done now?” - Stacey

I pull away from the hug and slap her hard on her face

“Let’s that time you call him that nx!”

Jay comes to fetch me then we both make our way out. He drives off without saying a word. I love this man he has no drama.

Female friends can be exhausting at times. We arrive at his hotel room,

“Please help me out of this dress”

He unzips the dress on my back and help me out of it the gives me his gown. I wear it and go lie on the bed. He takes of his shoes and lie next to me pulling me to his chest. I let out a gut wrenching sob.

“Im so sorry whatever it is nana”

He strokes my back trying to calm me down as I release the pain in my heart. By time I calm down my nose is blocked and my head is painful.

“I don’t know what happened but it’s must be huge for the wedding to go off. I want you to know that I’m here for you”

I trust Jay and I know I won’t regret telling him this.

“I messed up big time Jay”

“What have you done babe”

“I cheated on Nkosinathi”

I explain to hin everything that happened.

“Wow Cebisile so she waited for this day”

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“Yes that woman never liked me Jay and she got me where she want me”

“Don’t get me wrong neh I understand her pain as much as I understand yours. She lost her late husband because of Nkosinathi who ended up choosing another woman over her. Now she thought had found the one but you slept with him. Every man she gets somehow is going to cheat on her with you. This time she did not only lose the man she lost her baby as well. She didn’t do this so that she can have Nkosinathi to herself. She knows very well that she can never be with him and she had made peace with that but she did this to get back at you. Her pain is justified nana and I’m so sorry that all of this had to come back to you like this. I know how you have always longed for this day but now it is what it is”

“I also understand where she’s coming from Jay and I can feel her pain but she shouldn’t make it my fault that these both men cheated on her with me.”

“That what pain does to you baby. Both these men did her wrong and all this hate she should be pouring it to them not you. So you chose to lie to Nkosinathi instead of telling him truth?”

“Mom said if I still want to be with him I shouldn’t confess because he will never look at me the same”

“I don’t think there’s a chance that Cepsile will ever let you two to be together again you should have just told him the truth because either way you are still going to lose him. Don’t dance to Cepsile’s tune mulaye and tell Nkosinathi the truth maybe just maybe he might forgive you ay futhi I don’t see it happening in fact I see him killing you and himself. Telling him might not be a good idea either. Ey angaz nana this situation is tricky”

If Jay doesn’t know what I should do then I also don’t know. He always knows what to do or what to say. I don’t know how but I end up falling asleep.

I'm woken up by Jay shaking me lightly. I look at him my eyes are sore and swollen I can barely see. My heart is still sore that sleep didn't help me at all.

"Your mom is on the phone"

He gives me his phone

"Mama"

"Hey baby how are you feeling"

"I'm still breathing and each breath is a struggle I'm good as dead nje mama without him. How will I lead a life without him?"

"Baby please stop entertaining suicide thoughts I'm begging you"

"I will try"

"Don't try do it you don't live for yourself only Aphiwe. We still need you okay"

"Maybe if I tell him he will forgive me mama"

"You are delusional sthandwa sami no man will forgive cheating"

"But still mama I lost him rather tell him the truth."

"Listen to me Wewe don't you dare tell him do you hear me. Don't baby I'm begging you"

"But mama it's a lose either way Cepsile won't let us be together ever again"

“What if you tell him and he kills you? I don’t trust that boy to handle this situation better. His love for you gives him reason to live, kill and die Aphiwe just trust mommy okay. I will never mislead you baby and please don’t tell anyone about this even Jay.”

“I won’t mama”

“I know its hurts baby and it’s going to take a while to get better but be strong for your boy okay”

“I will try mama”

“When are you coming home?”

“Once everyone has left there. I can’t face anyone there”

“Okay sis I love you so much”

“I love you more mommy”

“Bye”

I hang up and sigh heavily. Jay appears from the bathroom.

“Can we drink some wine I just want to get drunk until I don’t remember my name.”

“No problem nana”

He takes his phone and calls the room service.

* * *

I roll over and drape my arm around her waist but her side of the bed is empty. I blink my eyes open and she's indeed not by my side. The events of yesterday starts playing in my head and leaves my heart in smashed disarray of pieces. You know what is insane about this is that I don't know where does all of this comes from. I should've known and feel it that she's falling out of love with me. This doesn't make any sense and it's driving me insane. I feel like there's more to this than meets the eye.

I reach for my phone and open it. Tons of messages from my family and friends comes through. They are worried about me I haven't talked to anyone since yesterday. I was losing my mind I kept driving not knowing where I was going and when I was tired I drove to Newcastle Inn hotel. I can't face the people I want to be alone. I decide to call my mother because I know she's the most worried person right now.

"My boy!" The relief in her voice cannot be missed

"Mama"

"Where are you my boy please come home we are worried about you"

"I'm fine mom I just need to be away from everyone's eyes but once they have left I will come"

"Okay my son please don't do something stupid"

"Trust me if I survived Kwanza's death I will also survive this but I won't lie to you mama it's hurts so bad"

I swallow a lump in my throat

“What happened mfana wami” (..my boy)

“I wish I can tell you all she said is that she doesn’t love me anymore”

“It’s doesn’t make sense I know that girl loves you Nkosinathi”

“Exactly mama she can’t just wake up and decide that she doesn’t love me anymore”

“What’s her reason for not loving you anymore?”

“She didn’t say”

“No baby something smells fishy don’t give up on her”

“I won’t I’m going to her right now”

“Okay my boy I love you son”

“I love you too mama”

I hang up and sigh. It’s truly doesn’t make sense. I call Vuyi.

“Hey Nkosinathi!”

“Hey Vuyi are you good”

“I should be asking you that. I’m sorry worried about you two and no one tells me what’s going on”

“I also don’t know what’s going on. She just told me that she doesn’t love me which doesn’t make sense. Where is she I need to talk to her”

“She’s with Jay at Blackrock”

“Okay thank you”

“Be okay neh”

“Thank you”

I hang up and call Jay to ask him his room number and when he tells me I hang up then go hit the shower. Once I’m done I get dressed into my suit pants and shirt only. I take my car keys, wallet and phone then leave. Jay opens the door only wrapped in a towel around his waist. I notice that his upper body is moist. I have never understood their friendship honestly but because I trust Phiwe I let them be. However at this moment I’m not sure what to think.

“Mudrayiseni hey come in”

I walk in and find Phiwe sitting on the bed wearing Jay’s gown only. I look at her then Jay my heart thuds harder I conclude what these two have been up to.

“What the fuck is going on here?”

“Inathi hello”

“Im going to continue with my shower” Jays says going to the bathroom but I grab him by his towel.

“Not fast! Are you the reason she’s leaving Mr Jay?”

“Nkosinathi please...”

“Shut the fuck up Aphiwe! I’m not talking to you! Jayson are you the reason my wife is leaving me?”

“No no Nkosinathi I’m not”

“Don’t you fucking dare lie to me Jay okay. You have been fucking my wife all this time and you made me a fool!!”

I punch him on his face. Aphiwe gets up to her feet and pulls me away

“Baby please calm down Jay and I are friends”

“That’s a lie! Fuck I can’t believe that you two have been making me a fool. I trusted you Aphiwe!!! ”

I push her away and throw another punch on Jay who punches me back.

“I’m not fucking your wife Nkosinathi! How many times do I have to explain myself to you that I don’t fuck pussy huh!!”

He throws a punch but I grab his wrist and twist it. He groans as I jerk him and strangle him.

“Im going to kill you bastard!”

Aphiwe begs me as tears stream down her face.

“Mkhabela,
Dinangwe,
Bhelesi, Khweba,
Malala nomunwe endunu,
Avuke ancinde akhwife eMpumalanga,
Abuye ancinde akhwife eNtshonalanga,

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Sikhaba esingangenkomo!

I'm begging you please you got it all wrong please let him go. Jay didn't do anything he's not the reason I'm leaving you. He's been nothing but a good friend to me and he doesn't deserve what you are doing to him right now. Look at me Dinangwe do seriously think I will ever cheat on you especially with Jayson? Let him go please"

I sigh and let go of Jay go who coughs hard holding his neck then go to the bathroom.

"I don't know what to think Aphiwe I'm losing my mind nothing makes sense. You can't just wake up and not love me baby. What do you expect me to think when you just called off out wedding then today I find you in another man's hotel room. He's half naked and you are wearing his gown. I need answers Phiwe please"

I take her hand and sit down pulling her to my lap

"What did I do huh?"

"You did nothing"

"Then why are you hurting me like this huh?"

I caress her cheek making her to look at me.

"I never meant to hurt you sthandwa sami"

"We can still go on with the wedding my love."

"Inathi..."

I shut her up with a kiss and when she reciprocate the kiss with the matched passion I delve my tongue into her mouth. The sound of our heavy breathing fills the room as the kiss intensifies. In a twinkling eye we are both make and our bodies pressed together as our hands explore to each other's body. She gasps as I enter my rod into her sweet cunt. Fuck that first thrust it's always mind blowing. I begin to thrust in an out of her.

“Jesus you two why don't you fucking get your own room!!!”

We ignore him like he's not talking to us and continue with our love making. I grip hard on her hips as I sink deep into her. Our bodies moves in sync as she meets me thrust for thrust. I never get use to how sweet and nice her pussy is. You cannot deny the connection and chemistry between us. I was born for her and she was born for me. Our bodies convulse and we hold on each other like the world is ending as we both reach our high.

“That was amazing”

“You know that this doesn't change anything”

“Aphiwe please”

She gets up from me

“You have to go Nkosinathi”

“Why are you doing this”

“I don't want to but I have to be true to myself Nkosinathi.”

“Do you know the only time you were true to yourself it was just a moment ago when you were moaning and allowing me to worship

your body. That was you being true to yourself not this nonsense you are telling me right now!”

“You are in denial Nkosinathi face it okay like man you and I are done!”

I look at her and the anger in her eyes grates my heart into a mince meat.

“You know that I had time to think about a lot of things and I came to realisation that I don’t want to be forever blamed by you everytime something horrible happens in our lives. I don’t want to endure your mistreatment and brutality whenever you can’t deal with your emotions. I don’t want to be reminded of the mistakes I did and being called a bad mother. I’m tired of never being enough for you. Just go Nkosinathi go to Cebesile. She’s the right woman your parents want for you.”

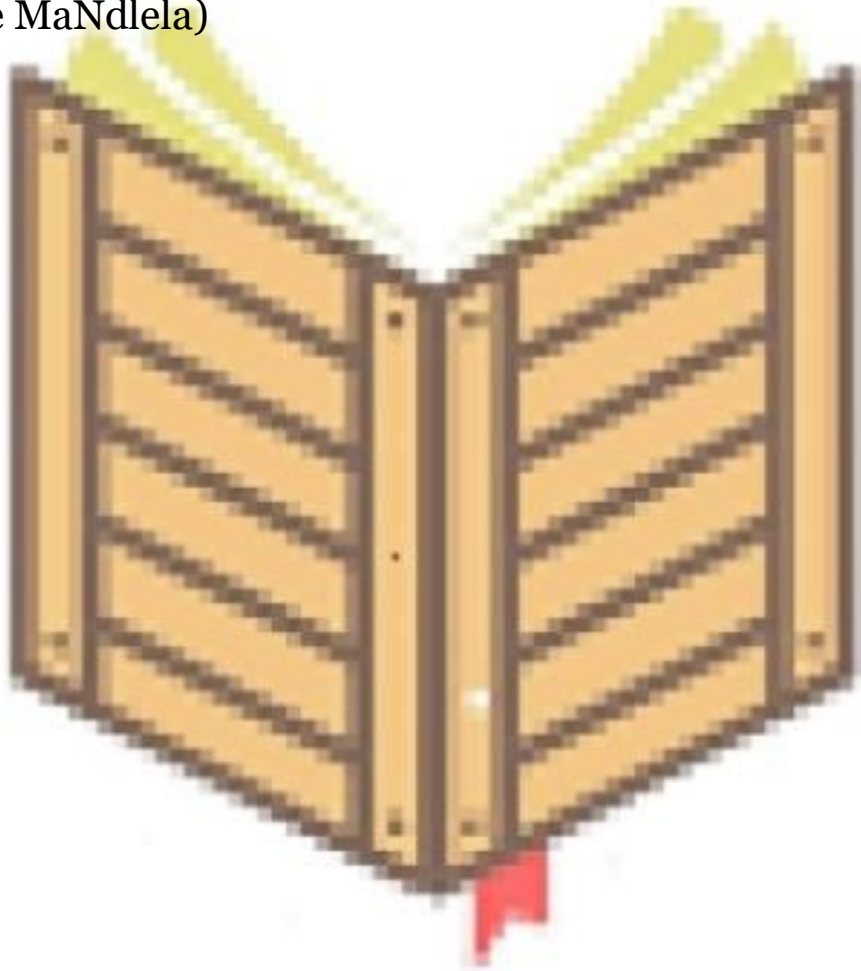
“I thought we talked about all of this and we are over..”

“It’s easy for you to just assume are are over because I’m the was who was at the receiving end of your mistreatment, brutality and your mom’s insult. I’m done Nkosinathi you’re a toxic man. I need someone who’s going to treat me like an egg. You don’t deserve me and you bore me right now. That big dick of yours makes you think you are shit and all well buti a big dick is not everything.”

Her words feel like a sword penetrating deep through my heart. I don’t think I have anything more to say I’m defeated. I get out of bed and get dressed then walk to the door. When I get there I sigh and turn to look at her

“I wish you told me all of this before we spent money on the wedding that you knew will never going to happen but it’s fine. I thought I have tried my best to show you how sorry I am for

everything I have done to you I guess I didn't try harder enough but I will live. Thank you for the perfect life we shared together well it was for me pity for you it was bad. I apologize for wasting your time I hope you find someone who's going to treat an egg. Losing you feels like an unstoppable fire that is burning out all the oxygen in my body and leaving me lifeless. Kodwa akunandaba ngelinye ilanga luyophela uthando enginalo ngawe. salekahle MaNdlela" (...One day I will run out of the love I have for you. Goodbye MaNdlela)



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Chapter Sixty Four

Now I know why they say revenge is a dish best served cold. I have never been so happy to cause pain to someone as much as I am right now. Call me bitter but it is what is. She can't have it all while I lost it all nah life doesn't work like that. I don't have time to wait for karma to visit her what if it's forgets her address? One can't be too sure. It's a pity Nkosinathi is also hurting but I don't feel bad about that he's a man he will be strong.

It's been two weeks since the wedding have been called off and social media is still going crazy about that. People want to know the reason why the wedding was called off. It will be really interesting to hear what the people will say about Miss New York cheating on her fiancé with a her ex boyfriend who rose from the dead but because I have a good heart I will let things be the way they are.

“No mommy you don't stay with the ball in your hands for too long. When you get the ball you pass it” Zo says and I roll my eyes as I pass the ball to Ndiwe who raises her arms to catch it but her eyes are shut. I can't help but laugh. How is she going to catch the ball when she closes her eyes. As expected the ball falls on the pool. I'm playing netball with my girls in the pool.

“Mina angisadlali!” (I don't want to play anymore) Ndiwe sulks.

“Hawu why Ndiwe?” Zo asks stifling a laugh

“Mommy is laughing at me!”

“Okay I won’t laugh at you anymore my love”

“Mhh-mh angisadlali nje” (Mh-Mmh I’m not playing anymore)

Remember in our days a girl that use to own the things we used to play with like a ball for instead, whenever she threatened to stop playing we would all tell her she can continue to play even though we knew that she cheated. Hayi yayidlala ngathi legenge eyayinezinto. Now we have to beg Ndiwe because the ball is hers.

“Mommy will stop laughing Ndiwe come on don’t spoil the fun!” - Zo

Ndiwe doesn’t say anything but walks out of the pool with her ball. The drama in this girl bathong. Lakhe appears and crouches before Ndiwe.

“What are they doing to you baby girl”

“Mom is laughing at me and they don’t pass the ball to me buti Zwe”

“You know let’s show them who we are”

He takes off his clothes and leaves his boxers only. I can see that he has been working out a lot. Maybe he has joined a gym. All these abs can’t be a result of push ups only. They both jump into the water.

“Mom don’t stay with ball for too long okay”

“Okay Zo I heard you” I say rolling my eyes

“We are a team okay”

“Yes Zo”

“Good now let’s show them what we’re made of”

We high five then we swim closer to the two. Ndiwe throws the ball to Lakhe but Zo catches it. We both squeal excitedly as we swim together while throwing and catching the ball between each other. They try to defend us but I have the best Netball player. Lakhe swims towards me and block me from passing the ball to Zo.

“I’m this side mama pass!” - Zo

“Take it buti Zwe she’s not supposed to have the call for too long!”
- Ndiwe

Lakhe tried to take the ball from me but I give him my back keeping the ball away from him.

“Buti Zwe you are cheating you can’t take the ball from her! Wait for her to pass it first!” - Zo

“Hayi mommy is not passing the ball what does buti Zwe supposed to do? Go buti Zwe! Go buti Zwe! Get that ball!” - Ndiwe

“Give me the ball Mamoo”

“Hayi Lakhe you can’t take the ball in my hands that’s cheating!”

“But you don’t pass the ball”

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He snakes his arms around my waist trying to get the ball from me and I feel his manhood pressed on my butt. He tickles me and I giggle as I let go of the ball. Ndiwe takes it and swims away with a wild victorious smile on her face.

“Haisuka this is cheating!” Zo says

I hear my phone ringing on top of a wavy pool chair and get out of the pool then wipe my hands with the towel.

“Mama”

“Hey sis how are you”

“Im good and yourself”

“Im trying have you heard from Nkosinathi?”

“No mama”

“I’m worried with him and KJ wants him. He doesn’t want to open the door it’s been two weeks now since he locked himself inside his house”

“He’s hurting it’s not like him to do that and Uthandiwe have been asking me about him. She also misses her father”

“Senzo and my husband wants to breakdown the door. He won’t like that can you please go check on him sis please. He can listen to you”

“You know mama there’s only one person that he can listen and that’s the same person that broke his heart”

“He has a soft spot for you and if you tell him that something happened to Ndiwe or what he will open for you baby please”

“Okay mama I will try but I’m not promising you anything.”

I walk inside the house going upstairs and head to my bedroom.

“Thank you sis. I’m sure umtanami akadlile please pass here before you go to him. I want dish up something for him” (..my child hasn’t eaten..)

“Okay mama”

I hang up and throw my phone on the bed. Then take off my wet swim wear before going to the ensuite bathroom to take a quick shower. Once I’m done I get dressed and look myself in the mirror. I have lost so much weight over the months not it’s quite evident that I have been through a lot of. I never catch break now do I? One thing after the other and I think I have been punished enough now. It’s enough now father God have mercy on me please. I take my car keys and phone walk out. Lakhe’s door closes just as I pass by. I stop on my tracks and knock on the door once then get in just as he takes off his wet boxer.

“Oh sorry I should have waited...”

“Don’t worry about it it’s not like you haven’t seen me naked Mamoo”

I look at his dick dangling between his thighs and notice something different.

“How can I help you Mamoo I want to go hit a shower”

“I wanted to tell you that I’m going out please look out for the kids.”

“No problem nothing is going to happen to them while I’m here”

“You did circumcision?”

“Yes”

“When?”

“Talking to you made me realize that this thing was making have low self esteem so I thought why not just remove it”

I look at him studying his eyes

“Really?”

“Yeah why are you looking at me like that?”

He wraps a towel around his waist.

“Are you sure no girls made you to do it? It has to be your choice Lakhe no one has a right to tell you what to do with your privates part?”

He smiles and rubs his thumb and forefinger on his moustache as he walks towards. He places his hands on my shoulders and looks down on me.

“No one forced me Mamoo it was my choice I took after talking to you and for that thank you so much.”

“Oh okay then I don't want any girl forcing you to do anything with your body. Your body is yours no one has to tell you what to do with it”

“I have realized my worth Mamoo no girl is going to get to me and make me feel bad about myself”

“Im glad then”

“All thanks to this one beautiful woman who made me realise that I worth so more.”

“She must be a wise woman”

“Oh yes very wise I wish she can also see herself through my eyes so that she will know that she also worth so much more and I may not have millions to offer her but I have so much more to give her only if she could give me a chance”

“Lakhe...”

“Shhhh I know that you are still hurting and the last thing I want is to be a rebound. Take your time heal and when you do just remember kunomalambane oyimi okuncanywa blind”

He drops his head and places a wet kiss on my lips the walks out leaving me stunned. I heave a sigh and walk out as well. I hop into o my car and drive to Hutten Heights.

Mama looks like she’s the one who was left at the alter. What with the drama maan such things happen life should go on.

“Are you eating? I’m not impressed with your weight”

“Of course I’m eating mama”

After that day in the hospital we talked and she apologized to me. We just can’t get away from each other.

“Let me dish up for you”

“I’m okay just give me Nkosinathi’s food so that I will go”

She looks at me as she runs her palms on my arms. The worry is evident in her eyes she even has eye bags.

“Stop worrying about me and worry about yourself. Those eye bags tells me you haven’t been sleeping for a while now”

“Kj is showing me flames and Nkosinathi is not reachable who’s the only one that understands him.”

“Kanti where’s his mother why can’t she fetch him?”

“Aphiwe is not in a state to take care of my grandson. She’s sinking into depression I don’t understand why she call of the wedding from the first place.”

That’s music to my ears.

“Haisuka maan depression for what when she’s the one that called off the wedding”

“I don’t understand Cebisile something is going on but I don’t know what. She’s suicidal”

“Why don’t she kill herself once and spare us the drama”

“Cebisile don’t say that”

“You such a hypocrite mama you wanted her to die when she was in coma remember?”

“That’s was then when I was consumed with pain and hatred. I have made peace with everything that happened especially with my daughter’s passing. Aphiwe didn’t deserve the way I treated her and apologizing to her have brought so much peace in my heart. It was about time I let my daughter Rest In Peace and stop

holding on to her. Aphiwe is the mother of my grandson and someone who my son loves so dearly despite everything that is happening. I know that they will get back together. The truth is there's no strong reason to hate her baby. It was so unfair to paint her with the same brush while she knew nothing about everything her parents and brother did."

"Now she's best daughter in the whole world huh" I say rolling my eyes.

"No one will ever replace you in my heart okay?"

She tickles my cheek like I'm a kid that I couldn't help but giggle.

"I'm glad you have reached that stage some of us it's going to take a while to reach there in fact I doubt we will ever reach there"

"Healing is your decision baby dwelling on the past makes the healing process difficult. You will find someone who will love you one day"

"Can I ask you something?"

"Sure what is it?"

"Do you think age difference matters between two people who love one each other"

"Not really why have you found yourself a man that will give you some sugar?" She asks with an amusing smile

"Actually I'm the one who gives sugar"

She stops dishing up she looks at me. I scratch my chin and look everywhere but her. She continues to dish up and closes the Tupperware lunchbox then comes to sit next to me.

“Heeee wena ngane uthini kimi” (Hey you child what are you saying to me?)

“Nothing forget I said anything. I have to go”

She holds my hand stopping me from going. I heave a sigh and look at her.

“How old is he?”

“24 years old” I say and bite my lower lip.

“Haaa Cebisile awusasho nokuthi 30 years ingane moss leyo” (I thought you say 30 years at least. That’s a child)

“I know mama”

“You do realize that you are almost 40? This mean you will be dating a boy half your age”

“What if he loves me mama? What if he can gives me more then the men I ever dated in my life?”

“He’s a child my baby and every now and then that will show”

“Just like I was to Moses but I was good to him well until..”

“Exactly”

“I don’t like your bluntness right now. Let me leave”

“Cebisile have you even healed from Alex you can’t be jumping from one guy to another”

“The thing is this boy has been there before Alex. I chose Alex over him but look what Alex did to me what if he’s the one for me mama and besides there’s no time frame from moving on. I don’t put my life on hold for assholes. Life must go on.”

“ I think you need some time alone baby. Don’t rush take your time. I know you are scared that you are not getting any younger. Your age mates are married with kids but life begins at 40. Look at me I found love again at age of 48 years.”

“I hear you. I have to go”

“I’m annoying you I see that”

“I don’t understand why I have to put my life on hold for bastards who never deserved me?”

“It’s not about them but you finding your inner peace first before moving to someone else”

“Whatever mama”

I get up and go to the cupboard to take the Tupperware lunchbox.

“I will call and let you know how is he”

I don’t wait for her to say anything but walk out. I get inside of my car and place the lunchbox on the passenger seat then start my car before driving off. I don’t know if he will hear me there’s a song playing inside and it’s very loud. I try to knock but it’s in vain. I go back to my car to take my phone then call him. His phone rings unanswered. ‘Please open the door I’m outside it’s about our

daughter she's dying I need you so much!' I tap the send option and wait for him. It's doesn't take that long before the door opens. He's top less wearing only sweatpants.

"Cebisile what happened to Ndiwe where is she?" It's the first thing he says when he sees me.

"Let me in please"

He makes the space for me to make my way in. The house is so flipping filthy takeaways papers and bottles of beers are all over the kitchen on the floor.

"I brought you something to eat. I see you have been living with takeaways too much" I say placing the lunchbox on the counter.

"Uthandiwe..."

"She's okay I know you wouldn't have let me in."

"Fuck Cebisile you almost gave me a heart attack!!"

"I'm sorry we are worried about you. KJ needs you and Ndiwe as well"

"I'm okay as you can see now you can go"

He's not okay at all he looks so lonely a sad person.

"I know that it's not easy but hiding in here won't do you good at some point you have to face the world"

"Cebisile I'm not a good company okay just leave!"

This is affecting him more than I thought it will and seeing him like this is breaking my heart.

“I’m sorry Nkosinathi”

“Why are you sorry you should be happy Cebisile.”

“Why should I be happy?”

“I broke your heart nje I deserve this. Go celebrate and leave me alone”

I sigh and walk towards him then stands before him. He’s reeking of alcohol and his eyes are red.

“I will never celebrate on your misery Nathi even if I want to I just can’t.”

“You are the better person than I am then”

“No I don’t think I’m a better person you just happened to be that asshole that I can’t hate even when if I want to”

He smiles for the first time I got here.

“I’m the lucky asshole ain’t I”

“Yeah you truly are a lucky asshole”

“Thank you for coming to check up on me but I’m okay you as you can see. I’m alive and breathing.”

“I’m sorry for the pain you are feeling”

I give him a hug and he squeeze me tightly as if he needed that hug so much and doesn't want to let go.

“Thank you now you can leave”

“Why are throwing me out”

“I'm just... I want you to be alone Cebisile just go please”

“I won't leave you in a filthy like this you will get sick. Let me just clean up”

“Cebisile no dammit hamba angikfuni la!”

“Okay you don't have to shout I'm leaving ungrateful asshole nx!”

I walk to the door and with a move that surprised me he grabs my arm and pulls me to his arms before smashing my lips into his. The kiss is bruising I can even taste blood. He picks me up and go to the bedroom with me where he rips my dress off. Everything is happening so fast and aggressively. In a second my wrists are tied and he's fucking me hard mind you I'm barely wet. This side of couldn't turn me on instead it's shocked me to core. He's choking me and pulling me with my hair. I scream in agony when I feel him penetrating my asshole and tell him to stop but it's he's in own world he doesn't hear me. My screams of pain are not moving him at all. He's taking all his pain and anger into my asshole. Why am I punished for Aphiwe's sins?

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* * *

The more the days pass by the gloomier and lonelier they get. The pain I saw in his eyes that day he came to me at Jayson's hotel still haunts me even in my sleep. He knows me too well he was going to see me through and I would have found myself confessing everything. I had to pull on my acting skills and make him believe that I'm leaving him because of him. I miss him so much and it's hurts so bad that we are through. The passed two weeks without him I'm barely breathing I feel so lifeless without him.

I hear my bedroom door opening and closing. I don't have energy to look who that is between mama and gogo. They're so worried about me gogo couldn't even go to her house. The last thing I want to is to worry them but I can't help myself. The social media has been going on and on about this and I had to switch my phone off because of the calls that were going through wanting to know why the wedding was called off. I can imagine how it would have been like if Cebile stopped the wedding and aired out my dirty laundry in front of everyone. That would've been a disaster not that this hurt any better though. Inathi's mom came here for three times to me.

"Baby"

"Mama" I say under my blankets but she removes them from my head.

"Sis someone is here to see you"

"I don't want to see anyone mama"

"She drove all the way from Johannesburg to see you sis she said she's your friend"

“Jay is my only friend from Johannesburg mama others are my colleagues. Maybe whoever it is wants to trick you it’s some journalist fishing for information”

“She said she’s Karia”

“Kamaria?”

“Yes whatever her name is”

What is she doing here?

“Bring her in”

She gets up and walks away a few minutes later I hear a knock on the door. I sit on my butt and look at the door expectantly.

“Come in” I shout and door swings open then she walks in. God this woman is effortlessly gorgeous.

“Hi”

“Hello”

She walks towards the bed and sits next to me looking at me deeply in the eyes.

“What are you doing here Kamaria and how did you find my home”

“I couldn’t help myself I had to find you. How are you holding up?”

“Im alive”

“I'm sorry”

She pulls me to her embrace and tears make their way down my face. She holds me tightly in her arms shushing me. We hear a knock in the door then mom gets in with a tray.

“I brought you guys juice and cake. Please Karia make sure that she eats this cake she hasn't down anything today”

I roll my eyes as Kamaria giggles

“It's Kamaria mama”

“Thats what I said moss”

“No mama you said Karia”

“Haisuka wena ungenza dom”

Kamaria laughs

“It's okay mama I will make sure that she eats”

Mom looks at Kamaria intently.

“Mom go”

“You look like a daughter of this actor but I haven't seen him on a screen for a while. I'm sure his daughter too is around your age now because that time when she uses to post her she was a little girl”

“What is his name”

“Lwandlelenkosi Nkosi”

“I am his daughter” Kamaria says smiling

“Wow! Really where is he now? My late husband stopped me having from social media accounts because of him. I had this silly crush on him”

They both giggle. Why is it my first time hearing this?

“Is he married now?”

“Yes mama she’s married to Kamaria’s mom!” I say

“I was just asking hawu.” - Mama

“Well he is married and he loves his wife so much!”

Mom is capable of anything. I don’t trust her at all. She giggles and walks out.

“Your mom is cool”

“When she wants to”

She places the tray on top of her thighs and begins to feed me

“I’m not hungry”

“Pretty please”

She pouts her lips and squints her eyes. How can I not give in to such cuteness. We chat as we ate the cake together.

“You just disappeared on me but your man told me you went to shoot a movie in Cape Town and when you came back I was expecting to hear from you”

“I’m sorry I just had a lot going on Kamaria”

“Oh I understand I was kinda worried that maybe you are mad at me”

“Why would I be mad”

“Uhm nje”

“You are sick I can’t be just be mad for you for no reason”

“What happened between the two of you”

“ I would rather not talk about that”

“ I understand”

We end up getting some snacks and watch movies on my laptop. She’s really a nice company and for moment I forgot about the shit I’m going through. I feel her gaze on me and look at her as I chew chips

“What’s wrong?”

She caresses my cheek and leans over capturing my lips into hers then kisses me. I push her and sigh.

“Kamaria is this why you are here?”

“What do you mean”

“Since you know the wedding was called off now you thought it’s your chance to make your move again”

“No Aphiwe you got it all wrong. I came here because I care about you. I’m sorry about that I couldn’t control myself but now that nothing is standing on our way we can finally be together”

I chuckle

“Finally be together? You talk as if I ever wanted you”

“You are hurting at the moment I understand and I will wait for you pudding”

“Kamaria I love Nkosinathi...”

“Then why did you call of the wedding if you love him?”

“It’s none of your business”

“You realized what an arrogant homophobic asshole he is!”

“Don’t you fucking dare call my man an asshole!”

“He is an asshole he wanted to fuck me just to prove a point!”

“That’s not true”

She chuckles bitterly

“I bet he didn’t tell you right?”

“I’m not going to listen to you bad mouth my husband. Leave Kamaria Dlamini and never ever come here. Meeting you messed up my life! I don’t have that close bond with my son and my

husband has a permanent injury in his leg. Every now and then it's gives him a problem and that is constantly a reminder of what I put my boys through because of you! Leave!"

She gets up and walks out slamming my door. Nx how dare she! I put the laptop and bowl of snacks away from me and switch on my phone. As always sms comes through. I switch it off once a day just to see if Nkosinathi didn't call me or sent an sms I always get disappointed when I don't get anything from me. "Kodwa ngelinye ilanga luyophela uthando enginalo for wena" Those words cut deep in my heart am I selfish that I don't want his love for me to fade?

I go through my WhatsApp to see if he posted something but it's nothing except pictures from Cebisile. 'See I'm taking care of our baby daddy' I tap her contact and see pictures of her and Inathi on our bed naked. Me heart shatters into pieces and melancholy hangs over my me like a black cloud. Tears fall down wetting my screen. I call Jayson

"Nana"

"It's hurts Jay"

I explain to him what just happened choking between my sobs.

"Oh sthandwa sami I'm sorry"

"Couldn't he keep his pants closed? It's been two weeks already he's fucking his baby mama!"

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"What do you expect though nana you broke up with him"

"Jay!"

“Okay I’m sorry you know what instead of crying and locking yourself up in your home I think since you are not going for honeymoon you can call your school and tell them you are coming for that movie they are shooting. It will do good you to be away baby and focus on something else.”

“Maybe this is what I need just to be away from South Africa you know and not breathe the same air Cebisile is breathing. I hate that woman with everything I have got!”

“Go nana and shine bright like the diamond that you are”

I smile through my tears

“Jay thank you so much for always being here when I need you”

“You are my little sis I got you always”

“I love you”

“I love you too nana”

I hang up and wipe my tears. The Jullard school wants to feature me in their movie as their former student but I turned down the offer since I was going to go to my honeymoon but now I’m not going. Jay is right I need to focus on something else rather than crying here and feeling sorry for myself. I might end up doing something stupid.

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Chapter Sixty Five

ONE YEAR LATER...

I open the boot of my car and take out the Woolies plastic bags. God they're so many! There's nothing is cute as babies clothes. I couldn't help myself but take every matching outfits for my God daughters.

“Jesus Sile can stop spoiling these kids they have enough clothes already and soon these clothes won't fit them because they are getting chubbier by the day”

“Help me carry these plastic bags and let me spend my money on my God daughters”

Zee gave birth to beautiful twin girls. They are so cute maan and chubby and heavy!

“Mara wena ay!”

She helps me carry the bags. I close the boot then we go inside the house going straight to the girls nursery room. As always Dingani is watching them sleeping. The way he's obsessed with his daughters you wouldn't think he never wanted kids. The moment they were born he loved them even though when Zee was pregnant he was finding it hard to accept it.

“Mude mude!”

“Shhh you are going to wake up my girls Gogbovu” He whispers and I roll my eyes.

These two sleep like they’re dead. I put the plastic bags on top of the chest of drawers and go to the girls cots. They are so cute and every time I look at them I think of my boy. He would be 4 months old right now.

“They are so chubby”

I bent to kiss their pouty tiny lips

“You will turn my kids to liars”

“Haisuka that just a myth”

“Are you sure you are going to be okay baby.” Zee asks her husband.

“Don’t worry I got this”

“Sure sure?”

“Yes go have fun my love you deserve it”

Zee kisses her husband.

“Gogbovu bring my wife in one piece”

“She’s a grown ass woman Dingani if she hook up with some hunk and go with him I won’t stop her”

I look at him as he clenches his jaw and laugh.

“I will never do that to you my love” Zee says and kisses her husband.

I kiss the girls once more then we leave. I’m the one who’s driving, my colleague is having a birthday party and she invited me. I invited Zee as well it’s been a while she had fun. The girls are one year old now she also need some time to unwind.

“You seem stressed”

“It’s Lakhe he was supposed to be here for Easter holidays but I haven’t been able to reach him since yesterday Zee I’m so worried”

“Maybe he wants to surprise you”

“But at least he must switch on his phone. I’m losing my mind here. What if something happened to him?”

“I’m sure they would have called you at the university if something happened to him”

“Maybe something happened when he was on the way here and university knows nothing or maybe...”

“Sile stop overthinking this. Zwelakhe is okay I’m sure he can’t wait to see his Mamoo” She mimics Lakhe’s voice on the last word then we both laugh.

“That’s boy is so obsessed with you!”

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Oh Lakhe! It’s been a year since we have been together but we haven’t told the girls. That boy kisses the ground I walk on and I’m so happy and content. I thought the distance between us will be a problem but it’s not. Of course we do fight as a couple but the

boy is so mature for his age. Life forced him to grow up after all. The international number it's calling me and my phone is connected to the Bluetooth so I answer it.

“Hello”

“Hey mommy!”

Oh that voice I have missed so much.

“Hello my baby how are you”

“I'm okay and you?”

“I'm also okay my love. I can't wait to see you guys I wish it's next week already”

“Uhm about that mama”

“Don't tell me you guys are not coming. It's your birthday Ndiwe and I want you here with me”

“Mommy can Cita wants to take me to Disneyland mama for my birthday”

“No Ndiwe I have plans for your birthday Cita can't take you to Disneyland”

“You always throw me a party mama this year I want something different”

“Give Cita the phone”

“Mommy please don't cause drama okay”

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“Uthandiwe give Cita the phone!”

I hear some shuffling then Aphiwe’s voice comes through

“Cebisile”

“Don’t make me regret agreeing to take my girls Ndiwe loves birthday parties”

“Of course she does but she wants something different for a change. They just had Zo’s birthday party in January now you want to throw another party”

“You are turning my daughters against me...”

“No that’s not what I’m doing Cebisile. I will never do that the girls love you and appreciate everything you do for them including the birthday parties you throw for them. Uthandiwe is the one that asked me to take her to Disneyland but since you do not agree it’s okay we won’t go.”

“Give my daughter the phone”

“Mommy please I’m begging you please say yes”

I heave a sigh

“But that means you guys won’t be here on your birthday Uthandiwe. How can I not be with you on your birthday”

“I know and I’m sorry but please this will be my best birthday present ever from you”

“How can it be from me when she’s the one who’s taking you there. Why you never asked me to take Disneyland Ndiwe? I would have took you there myself if this means so much to you”

“You can still take me next year on my 10th birthday”

I heave a sigh. I have never missed any of her birthdays but if this is what she then I have to let her be. It’s about making her happy on her special day right.

“Okay you can go with Cita to Disneyland”

“But you sound sad mama I won’t go if it’s makes you sad”

“No I’m not sad baby girl. Take pictures for me okay”

“Thank you mommy! I will”

“Where’s Zo give her the phone please”

I hear Ndiwe telling Zo I want to talk to her then she comes through on the line.

“Mommy”

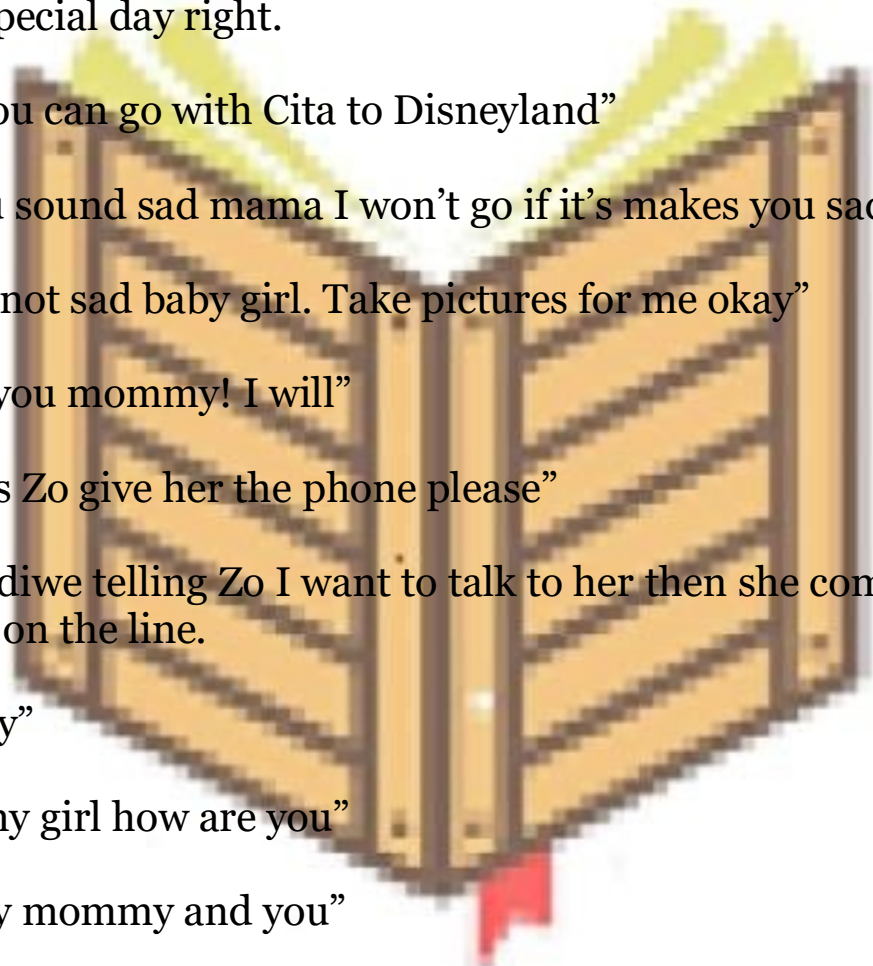
“Hello my girl how are you”

“Im okay mommy and you”

“Im also okay I just miss you”

“I miss you too mommy”

“What do you want me to do for you on your next birthday”



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“I haven’t decided but I loved the party so much mama. It was so special for me no one has ever done that for me. Thank you once again for allowing us to visit sis Aphiwe. Going to overseas was one of the things I never dreamt about because it seemed far-fetched to a poor little girl like me. I love you so much mommy you are the best mom ever thank you so much for taking us in your home and making us your own.”

Aww this girl is so wise she picked it up that somehow this is making me feel sad. I thought they love parties I would have took them Disneyland if they asked.

“You are a rare gem. One thing I want to tell you my love is that your dreams can never be far-fetched or too big for you. Only the sky is the limit sthandwa sami nothing will ever stop you from reaching your dreams uyakuthanda umama yezwa?” (...mom loves you okay)

“Ngiyakuthanda nami mama and I will make you proud one day” (I love you too mama...)

“I know you will. Enjoy your stay there okay”

“I will send you pictures on your WhatsApp”

“Okay love give your little sis the phone”

“Mama” Ndiwe says on the other side of the line.

“Ngiyakuthanda yezwa” (I love you okay)

“I know mommy and I love you so much more”

“I have to go now keep well”

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“Bye mommy”

“Bye baby”

She hangs up and I sigh heavily.

“Motherhood neh”

“Tell me about it now I feel like Aphiwe is going to be the best mom to them and I will forever be the annoying overprotective mom”

“You overthinking now those girls love you so much don’t you dare compare yourself with Aphiwe because they also don’t. You are their mother you will always comes first to them.”

Last week when the schools closed for the Easter holidays Aphiwe’s mom took the girls and Kj to Aphiwe in New York. It’s took so much of me to agree to this. The thought of being away from them for thousand miles was unsettling but they begged me until I agreed. There’s just no way to keep Uthandiwe away from her Cita even when she’s no longer together with her father. They were supposed to come back next week for Ndiwe’s birthday. My baby is growing up on 28 of March she’s turning 9 years old. Sengikhulisile yazin and it’s feels like it was just yesterday when I found out I was pregnant with her.

Khaya Lounge is the venue of the party and that’s where we are right now. It’s seems like we are late because already there speeches has started .There are waiters who are serving drinks with trays. Zee takes a glass of wine and gulp it all down then takes another one. The waiter looks at her and chuckles

“Kade ngomile!” (I have been thirsty!)

I shake my head and take my glass of wine then we make our way to the table where colleagues are seated. This part seems like those parties you see in TV for business people, there's absolutely nothing that screams birthday party. I introduce my friend to my colleagues and they welcome her as expected. They are welcoming. Funani comes to sit on my other side. He's been asking me out for months and the man doesn't want to get a hint.

“Hey gorgeous”

“Ufunani Funani” (What do you want Funani)

He laughs

“I'm just greeting you hawu” He speaks so close on my face and the smell of alcohol fills my nostrils.

“You are drunk how much you have had so far? Isn't the night still early?”

“It's a party no one is counting gorgeous. You are so beautiful”

“You always say that but thank you”

The speeches go on for a long time I'm even starting to get sleepy. Educated people parties and long speeches *eyes roll* This is a 35 year old birthday not some charity event or business party. We should be getting down and getting drunk. After the long speeches the party starts feeling like a party. I go greet the birthday girl and give her gift. She thanks me profusely and gives me a hug then I go back to our table.

“Now this is a party I was starting to regret coming here” Zee whispers in my ear and we both laugh. Hours goes by the party is

going well and people are dancing and mingling. Zee is also dancing

“Don’t you want is to dance too” Funani asks

“No I’m fine”

I’m not drinking much because I can see that I’m the one who will be driving again since Zee is drunk now. I’m not complaining though I want her to have fun and enjoy herself she deserves this. I wonder if I can still dance it’s been so long and I don’t even feel like it.

“Kodwa mama when will you give us a chance” He asks putting his hand on my thigh under the table.

“Take your hands off my thigh Funani”

“Tell me what should I do to prove that I love you huh?”

“Nothing susa isandla...” He cuts me off by pressing his lips on mine and kisses me. Just in that moment I hear his voice and my heart stops beating.

“Mamoo”

I turn to look at him and the anger burning in his eyes sends chills down my spine. I know how impulsive he can be and I’m praying that he doesn’t cause a scene.

“Lakhe it’s not what you think it is...”

“Think? I’m not thinking I saw you kissing him!” He roars in anger attracting attention. I get up and hold his hand but wrest it away

“Please calm down you are causing a scene”

“Hey boy long time no see you have grown. I didn’t know former students were invited in this part...” Funani doesn’t get to finish that sentence as Lakhe’s fists lands on his jaw. It took him by surprise because he falls down with his chair and everyone scream.

“Zwelakhe ehlisa umoya. ”

“Cebisile don’t you dare say that! How long have you been cheating on me huh?”

“I fucked her countless times you are just a boy you can’t satisfy a woman!” Funani says getting up from the floor

“Lakhe he is lying please just calm the fuck down people are watching us!”

He charges for Funani and grab him before I know it fists are flying on the air. God this is so embarrassing! They security pulls them away from each other and Lakhe is wiggling as they grab him away

“Is this how you do me Mamoo?”

“He’s lying Madida I swear...”

“Stop lying dammit! I saw you kissing him! You are mine Mamoo!! No one can have you without me! If I can’t have you no one will! Do you fucking hear me!! No one will have you!! Rather we all lose you!!!” He screams as the security drags him out. God what just happened? Can this floor open up and swallow me I can’t stand these judging stares.

Chapter Sixty Six

The smell of sausages invades my nostrils as I walk to the kitchen. I stand on the door and look at her preparing breakfast for me. I feel sorry for my shirt she really raped it and it looks like it will tears. She's a chubby woman oh how I love grabbing and holding on her folds and rolls and for the mere fact that she's confident with her body that's what make me love it more.

“Hey you breakfast will be ready in a minute”

“Good morning Dee”

I walk towards her and she turns around from the stove to give me a kiss before fixing my tie.

“You said what meeting do you have today?”

“I don't know, the chairman of the taxi association called a short notice meeting”

“Okay sit down”

I grab a chair and sit down placing my car keys and phone on the counter. She dishes up for me and places my food before me then joins me.

“Babe”

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I look up from my plate and look at her as I chew.

“Why don't we merge Ndiwe and my son's birthday?”

I swallow and look at her with a raised brow. Now she's stretching it.

“Uthandiwe is going to spend her birthday in overseas”

“Oh why?”

“Because she wants to go to Disneyland”

“Mmmmh”

“I'm not coming home today you have to go back home and spend some time with your son”

“Why you are not coming back?”

“Kanti why do I have to explain myself to you?”

“Because we are in a relationship Nkosinathi”

Do you remember Dikeledi the woman I once met in Shoprite at Theku Plaza. The one I told that if she wants her son for my daughter she must buy giraffes. Yes that one we bump into each other 4 months back and hit off.

“In a relationship?”

“I thought you love me?”

“I thought I was upfront with you Dee that I'm not looking for a relationship”

“You did but I have fallen in love with you Nathi I just...”

She heaves a sigh. Now that she's catching feelings this is going to be a problem.

"I think the best thing to do this it's to just end our fuckingship because now you are catching feelings"

"Nathi please don't do this. What do you want me to do for you to start seeing me as someone you can have a relationship with? I cook for you, do laundry for you, submit myself to you what is it that you want from me that I'm not doing"

Tears gush down her face. Why do women do this mara heh? Now I have to feel bad for something that we both agreed to do then tomorrow I will be called names. Women who does no string attached things only exists in TV? Maybe I should have just bought a prostitute once.

"It's not what you do or shouldn't do Dikeledi I'm not looking for someone to be in a relationship with. I'm done with relationships they have never worked out for me"

"I will never hurt you Nkosinathi you can't paint all of with one brush"

This conversation is making me lose my appetite. I get up from chair and take my car keys as well as my phone.

"We are still talking Nathi"

"We are done talking Dee don't make things difficult unecerrarily. Put the key under bloom pot outside when you leave"

I walk out and get into my car then drive off. I wonder what is the meeting about. Am I late everyone is already here. I greet and sit down as we share pleasantries.

“Well I’m sorry to summoned you all in a short notice. I know that ya’ll had other things to do thank you for coming” Malinga , the chairperson says.

“Without a waste of time let me get straight to the point. I’m resigning as a chairman of this taxi association. I promised my wife that one day we are going to travel the world together so it’s about time I fulfill that promise”

“That’s a wonderful thing to do for your wife man”

“So who’s going to be the chairperson since you are going”

“That’s goes without asking I will be the chairperson” Says Mkhize who’s the treasurer

“As a chairman I have a right to appoint a chairman and that man is Dlomo”

“What?” Mkhize and Ntshangase say in unison.

Okay now that took me by surprise. Why me out of all these men and they have been in this taxi association and industry for a long time.

“Dlomo is going to be a good chairman I trust him do this job better”

“Dlomo has been in this taxi industry for few seconds he cannot be our chairman!” - Mkhize

“I also agree with you Mkhize we have been in this taxi association for more then a decade it’s should be me or Mkhize who should takeover the chairman chair” - Ntshangase

“I have decided and that’s final” - Malinga

“Amasimba lawo!” Mkhize bellows angrily

“They Mkhize don’t you dare talk to me like that!!” Malinga spits

“What are you going to do Malinga?”

Malinga pulls out his gun as he stands just as Mkhize does so. They aim their at guns at each other. This is getting out of hand now.

“Gentlemen please calm down I don’t want to be a chairman there’s no need to disrespect each other and raise weapons on each other.”

They look at each other angrily and low their guns down before tucking them on their behinds.

“I think the best thing to do is to vote” Nzimande says and they all support his idea but honestly I don’t think it’s necessary. I don’t want to be a chairman.

“All those who are in favor of Mkhize being a chairman please raise your hands up” - Malinga

Only four hands raise up.

“Those who in favor of Dlomo being a chairman raise your hands up”

6 hands raise up making my heart to skip a beat. I look at Mkhize who stares right at me with so much anger.

“Seriously are you voting for this boy?”

“Mkhize uyangeyisa ke masungibiza ngomfana” (Mkhize you are disrespecting me when you call me a boy) I say sternly looking at him. He huffs and leans back on his chair looking at me angrily

“We have voted and nothing is going to change. Nkosinathi Dlomo is the new chairman.”

They all claps hands for me except Mkhize and Ntshngase.

“This is nonsense!” Mkhize says and walks out. His friend follows him.

“Don’t worry about them we voted for you” Nzimande says giving my shoulder a squeeze.

They congratulate me shaking my hand. I thank Malinga for believing in me and set up another meeting with him so that he brief me up after that we part ways. This is overwhelming I’m not even sure if I should celebrate or what. I take my phone to call Phiwe but stop myself. It’s still hard to get used to the fact the we are no longer together. She used to be the first person I share things with but now... Sigh. The passed year without her have been hell and what made it worse is that she moved back to New York and I haven’t see her for a year and months. We do talk on the phone though but about anything concerning the kids.

They went to visit her in New York. Uthandiwe and Zo it’s their first time visiting her. Kj has been visiting her on holidays and my boy seems to be getting used to this routine. I was so worried that he won’t cope to but he surprised me. The boy has improved so

much over the months now I can even hold a conversation with him. I don't regret each cent I spent on his school they are doing a perfect job.

Aphiwe do I miss her? Of course I do every single day. When the year passed I lost hope that we will ever be together so I had to force myself to accept that I have lost her for good. I won't say I'm there yet but hopefully I will accept and move on with life. I decide to call Senzo.

“Mnesh”

“Sure man how are you?”

“I'm good boy and yourself”

“I don't how I feel man I'm now the chairman”

“Wow man really?”

“Yes”

“That's amazing congratulations we should celebrate tonight!”

“Not tonight mom has been whining that I don't spend time with them anymore so tonight she's preparing a feast and Thula is also coming today”

“Alright man we will celebrate tomorrow then. I will tell the boys. Congratulations once again.”

“Ta man.”

“Sharp”

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I pull over and step out of the car then walk straight to my office. The first thing I always see when I walk in is the painted picture of Phiwe and my son on the wall. The one she bought for my birthday. It's so beautiful. I settle down and call one of the waiter to get me some whiskey. I scroll to our pictures together and videos on my phone and mark everything then press delete. Maybe this is the start of letting her go.

At 8pm I drive to my house and breathe with relief when I see that Dikiledi left. The last I want is to waste her time honestly because clearly she was looking someone to love her while on the other side I just wanted to give my hand a break. I wanted the pussy maybe I can leave without a woman but not without a pussy. Pussy is life. I drive to my parents' house after attending the drivers.

“Buti!” Screams Thula as she throws herself into my arms. I catch her and whisk off the floor causing her to giggle.

“Hello baby girl”

“Hey buti”

I put her down and look at her. She's beautiful I haven't seen her for months she still live in Johannesburg. Last year she completed her degree and graduated. I'm so proud of her so are the folks. Looking back where she's coming from this girl has been through a lot but she made it.

“You are beautiful”

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“Thank you so much buti. You are also hot I see you listened to me when I told you that you should not don't dye your beard black the grey one suits you.”

“I’m a brother that listens” I wink at her

“Come the parents are in the dining room. We were waiting for you” She says hooking her arm on mine then walk to the dining room. I greet the parents who are already seated down but mom gets up to give me a hug.

“How are you my boy”

“Do you think it’s appropriate to call a 41 year old turning 42 this year a boy?”

“You will always be my boy even when you grow grey hair and grey beard not this fake grey beard” She says stroking my beard.

“Mxm you such a bore”

I got to dad and bump his fist

“You good old man”

“Ey wena Im not an old man”

“Yeah right!”

We laugh and settle down. The food looks delectable and knowing mom its definitely taste nice. Thula dishes up for me while mom dishes up for her husband then mom graces the food after that we eat.

“Uhm I have news to share with you family”

They all look up from their eyes from their plates giving me their attention.

“Relax it’s nothing bad your faces wow!”

They laugh.

“So y’all are looking at the new chairman of the Skhova taxi association”

“Wow really?” Asks Dad

“Yes baba”

“That’s wonderful news my boy.”

“Yeah congratulations buti”

“Thank you guys”

“Congrats my boy. What happened to the chairman?”

“He’s resigned. He wants to travel the world with his wife”

“Wow ey abanye bafazi banenhlanhla yaz” (..some women are lucky) Mom says and I know that tone of hers.

“Don’t worry wena mama I will hook you you with some blesser that will take you to Paris, New York you name all countries!”
Adds Thula

“Ah yabona wena my baby you are a blessing”

“Ngicela kungasukelwa emzinin wami” (Can I please be not provoked in my house) Dad says and we laugh.

“So Nkosinathi everyone is happy that you are a chairman now?”

“Of course not baba you know how it goes but I got most votes”

“Be careful my son if it was for my I’d say don’t take these position knowing the conspiracy and violence in the taxi industry but what kind of a father would I be to tell his son to fear big positions. All industries have cons. There’s always gonna be those people who are going to be against us and we have to show them that we were born only for good and big things in life. I’m so proud of you son”

“Thank you baba. I’m very much aware of that but let’s hope it won’t get that far”

“I thought you are going to come with Dikeledi” - Mom

I choke on my food. How does she know her?

“I knew there’s someone the moment you lied to me and said you did your laundry when I came to do it for you 3 months back.”

“I don’t know what you are talking about mom” I say and sip on my juice

“It’s a good thing to move on my son” - Dad

“I’m not moving on dad. There’s nothing going on between Dee and I”

“Take your time there’s no rush”

“I’m done with women mom I will die a bachelor and I’m happy with this decision no one will make me feel bad about it”

“I understand where you are coming from but it’s hurts to break up with someone your hearts only beat for” Thula says sadly.

She broke up with Khaya after I said she will be dead to me if she continues with her relationship with him. This broke her and Khaya as well I have never seen Khaya breaking down for a woman but I'm still not convinced that he's the right man for my little sister.

“Honestly Nkosinathi you are unfair on your sister. No one stopped you and Aphiwe to be together even if you two are traditionally siblings but now you made your sister broke up with your friend”

“Mama I know Khaya and he doesn't deserve my sister”

“You know sometimes when people finally meet the one they were meant for they change. Even though Thula never told me that he was dating Khaya but we talked about this boy in her life and I could see that my baby was happy”

“Hayi that boy is too old for Thula how can you encourage their relationship butternut”

“Aw what is 15 years difference when two people love each other”

“Mom can we talk about something else? Thula will find someone her age that will love her not Khayaletu”

“Exactly my son”

“Goodnight family” Thula says with a shaky voice as she gets up then walks away.

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“It's funny that we had to understand that you and Aphiwe love each other and you were already expecting so we dismissed the fact that your father and her mother made you siblings but you can't just let your sister be the man she loves. Haisuka you are

selfish nx!” With that said she walks away leaving me feeling all sorts of emotions.

* * *

How could Lakhe humiliate me like that in front of my colleagues? I’m trembling with anger. I don’t want to even mention Funani what the fuck is wrong with him? God how will I face those people again and I’m sure Jane is mad at me for ruining her birthday party.

“You need to calm down you are driving remember” Zee says with a slurry speech.

“He humiliated me Zee in front of my colleagues!”

“I understand Sile but he was angry you know when we are angry we react before we think. How you would’ve reacted of you if you are the one who saw him kissing another girl?”

“Of course I would be angry but not fight in public because that creates bad publicity! What if people took a video and already we are trending on social media?”

“Are you sure this about how he reacted or you are just ashamed of how will your colleagues look at you that you are fucking the boy you were claiming to help?”

“I don’t give a fuck about that Zibuyile who I fuck is none of their business. What I don’t like is how everything transpired. He should have controlled his anger and Funani oh fuck that asshole nxa!!”

The car hoots as it drives pass mine. I don't even know what wrong I did.

“Jesus Cebisile don't kill us my kids are still young!!”

I breathe in and out trying to calm myself down. I need to focus, mine are still young as well and they need me. Zee breathes out of relief when we get to her house still in one piece.

“I'm sorry about what happened and please try to calm down okay.”

“Alright”

“I love you drive safely”

“I love you too honey”

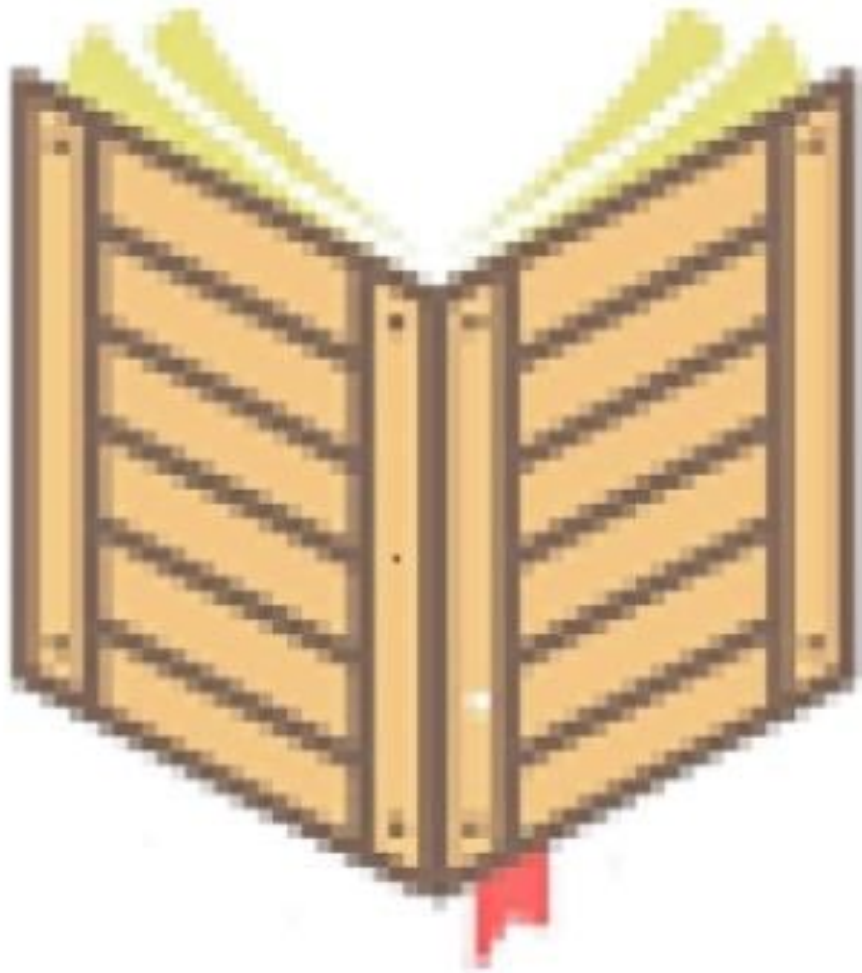
She kisses my cheek and steps out of the car almost falling on ground. We both crack up, bitch is really drunk.

“Bye”

She closes the door. I wait for her to get inside her house then drive to my house. I thought I will find Lakhe in my house but he's not here. I take a shower to calm myself down then decide to wait for him in the lounge over a bottle of wine. Hours keep passing by but still he hasn't return home. He must come back home we have to talk. I end up falling asleep on the couch.

The heavy weight on my chest wakes me up and when I open my eyes I'm met by a cushion on my face. I push it away from my face but it's proves to be a mission impossible. It's covers my face and suffocates me. I wiggle trying to suck the air out but it's in vain. My body is trying so hard to stay alive but the pillow is pressing

hard on my face. I can't breathe I'm dying. Nooo! God please spare me my life for my kids please. It's happening so fast my body is shutting down. I'm fighting a losing battle. Tears fill my eyes as my life flashes before my eyes. I feel my soul departing from my body. In a twinkling of an eye I'm gone...



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Chapter Sixty Seven

I feel like shit remind me why did I allow dad to force me drink his vodka last night because I know that shit doesn't go well with my system. It's always makes me sick. I roll out of bed groaning as my head throbs. If you see me drinking vodka again kobe amaloyo. I drag myself to the bathroom and pee. Fuck my head fills like it will split into two. I spit sour saliva into the toilet and shake my dick my dick before tucking it back into my box.

I take a cold shower hoping it will help me be rid of this hangover. By the time I finish I feel a bit better but I'm so thirsty. I get dressed first then walk downstairs. The family is gathered around the counter looking morose. If their mood is because of Khaya then I should go back to my house. I can't deal with such drama early in the morning. Khaya is not the only man in this world.

“Morning”

Dad and Thula greets me back but mom's eyes are glued to the phone she's carrying, she didn't even hear me.

“No this can't be true!” - Mom

“Do you think Newcastle Advertiser can post lies?” Asks Thula

“What's going on?” I asks walking to the fridge and take out bottled water.

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“Umh this”

I gulp down half of the water and take the phone from mom's shaking hand. I look at her in the eyes they're glistening with tears and now I'm scared to see what's on the phone.

"Read the post buti" Thula a shaky voice which makes me scared even more. I look on Thula's phone and read the Newcastle Advertisers post.

'THE STELLENBOSCH UNIVERSITY MEDICINE STUDENT, ZWELAKHE MADIDA (26) IS ARRESTED FOR KILLING HIS LOVER CEBSILE MBHELE (41) AFTER FINDING HER KISSING A COLLEAGUE IN A BIRTHDAY PARTY LAST NIGHT THAT WAS HOSTED AT KHAYA LOUNGE. THE VIDEO OF THE ALLEGED YOUNG MAN IS TRENDING ON SOCIAL MEDIA WHERE HE WAS TELLING HIS LOVER THAT IF HE CAN'T HAVE HER NO ONE WILL.'

I play the video Zwelakhe is fighting with this guy I don't know then the security pulls him away from the other guy. He screams in anger as they grab him

"Stop lying dammit! I saw you kissing him! You are mine Mamoo!! No one can have you without me! If I can't have you no one will! Do you fucking hear me!! No one will have you!! Rather we all lose you!!"

No! This is not true? Cepsile didn't tell me that they were dating she only told me that she broke up with her white man.

"This..this...is...not true right?" The tremor in my voice cannot be missed.

"We don't know son but I think the Newcastle Advertisers doesn't post something without making sure that their information is accurate"

“Mamakhe is dead?” I whisper as my mind tries to comprehend this but it’s battling.

”I hope it’s not true” Mom says with tears already running down her face.

“I need to find out if this is true or not. Where are my car keys?”

Just then then we hear the intercom rings. Dad attends it. A few minutes late we hear a knock on the door. My heart literally stop beating when I see a police officer with a man that is wearing casual clothes.

“Greetings I’m detective Xaba and this is my colleague Magwaza.”

“Hi gentlemen please come in”

Its absolutely clear why are they here but I’m still hopeful. We lead them to the lounge and settle down. After they have introduced themselves they tell us the reason why they are here which confirms what we just saw on Facebook. Mom and Thula burst into tears but my mind is still battling to believe this.

“Can I go see her please”

“Of course Mr Dlomo”

“I want to come as well”

With that said we don’t waste time but follow behind the police car. We are ushered to the morgue once we arrive. Please God let it be not her. I feel my knees buckling as we walk towards the bed and my heart is galloping hard against my chest. At first glance after the sheet is removed my who body begins to shakes as grief comes in waves and engulfs me. Mom and Thula let out gut

wrenching sobs. I comfort mom while dad comfort Thula as we make our way out.

“I can’t believe she’s really dead I wonder why she didn’t tell me that she was dating Zwelakhe.”

“She told me I knew that they were dating. At first I didn’t like it because this boy is younger than her but she was happy with him Nkosinathi. I don’t think I have ever seen Cebile that happy before. Who am I to judge their huge age difference? They loved each other even though sometimes I thought the boy’s love is more of an obsession than love.”

“Why you didn’t tell me mama?”

“Why was I supposed to tell you Nkosinathi it’s none of your business who Cebile was involved with”

“But look what happened? What am I going to say to Uthandiwe?”

“Even she told you Nkosinathi you wouldn’t have choose for her who to date. It was her choice.”

That bastard really killed her and knowing that he’s locked up in jail does not make it better. What about my daughter? How am I going to tell her that mommy is no more? What about Zo? That little girl found mother’s ku Cebile then her brother takes all of that from her. I thought he’s a great kid. When we arrive at home I leave dad to comfort his wife and daughter and go to my bedroom. I lie on my bed and call her mom but her phone sends me to voicemail. I call her step father.

“Mr Dlamini how are you”

“Im good and yourself?”

“Kuzophola baba”

I heave a sigh not knowing what to say this to him.

“What pleasure do I owe to receive your call”

“UCebisile baba akasekho emhlabeni” (Cebisile passed away)

There’s a silence I’m not sure if she heard me or not.

“Mr Dlamini are you still there?”

“Uhm yes I’m just...elaborate Nkosinathi”

I tell him what I know and you cannot miss how pained and defeated he is. He thanks me for letting him know before hanging up. I call Phiwe and hearing the sound of the voice almost has me tearing up. Ever since I lost Kwanele I have become the man that cries when he’s in pain and I’m sure dad is disappointed in me.

“Papi... uhm Inathi are you there?”

I clear a lump in my throat and sigh

“Yes I’m here Phiwe. Are you with the kids?”

“Yes you want to talk to them?”

“No I want you to move away from a bit there’s something I have to tell you”

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There’s bit of silence then I hear her say she’s away now from the kids.

“Cebisile passed on”

“Nkosinathi noooo! When?” You cannot miss how shocked she is.

“Last night apparently she was dating with Zwelakhe and he caught him kissing her colleague and strangle her to death. These news are trending on social media please make sure that Zo doesn't found our about this without hearing it from us. Don't tell them yet I will tell them when they get here”

“Oh my God I can't believe this. Papito do you realize that this means on Uthandiwe's birthday she will be burying her mother”

I didn't think that far and now that she saying it my heart is bleeding.

“How could this bastard do this Phiwe! Cebisile took him and his sister and gave them better life. Is this how he pays her? By killing her? Oh I wish he's not in jail I was going to...” I heave a sigh

“Im sorry Papito”

“Please stop calling me that you are hurting me even more”

“Im sorry”

I hear a little crying in the background

“Who's crying?”

“No one I have to go mom will fetch Uthandiwe and Zo”

“Okay” I say disappointedly I thought she's going to come as well if not for me for Ndiwe.

“Bye”

She hangs up and I sigh heavy. The days moves rather fast but it's still hard to believe that she's really gone.

Every time I walk into her house it's like she would appear and say “Babakhe”. Today it's one of the days I have been dreading.

Uthandiwe and Zo are on their way as we speak and I don't know how will I bring myself to tell them that their mom is no more.

“Cebisile was a Mbhele she should be buried at the Mbhele household” Says Mr Dlamini's aunt.

“Those people threw her out like a dog why should she buried there?”

“I agree with you Nkosinathi” Thando supports me

“Eh mfana you have no right to say your opinion here you are just the father of Cebisile's daughter not her husband!”

Where is this aunt coming from? Cebisile never told me anything about her step father's side of the family.

“I understand magriza and I'm very much aware of that but we are the ones who know Cebisile more then you. We have been with her for years we know very well what she would have wanted” I say calmly but sternly

“Dont call me magriza I'm not magriza!”

“Dad I don't think the Mbheles will agree to bury Cebisile after what happened please talk to your aunt” - Thando

“Aunt the children are right I don’t understand why we should complicate things for us. They chased her out of her house when she was alive why would they accept her when she’s dead?”

“They chased her out because she committed adultery but the truth is she’s their bride they have to bury her”

“I know I have no say as I’m not family but Cebisile was like my daughter and I love her so much. I know almost everything about that child . I don’t think you are right MaDlamini when you say Cebisile should be buried at the Mbheles because when they got married they didn’t follow our customs due to the fact that she had no side of her family. Ngokosiko uCebisile kwakumele akhishwe kubo kaSibiya mhla eshada bese ayamukelwa kaMbhele njengomakoti wabo. Azange bakwenze lokho kuyamangaza ngoba the Mbheles are known as 'traditional' people. Moses took an advantage of Cebisile because she had no one and married her without even paying lobola. The least they could have done was to ask any Sibiya to represent Cebisile’s family. I’m sure even the ancestors don’t recognize their marriage.” Mom says.

I look at the aunt her jaws drop. She knows nothing Cebisile yet she’s talking too much. She’s not even Cebisile’s mom’s aunt but Mr Dlamini’s aunt who was a step father to Cebisile. Ay lo gogo I guess she’s one of those aunts who want to cause drama in funerals for no reason.

“Well then Cebisile will be buried here” - Dlamini.

I excuse myself as my mom’s church members fill the master bedroom. I don’t know all these people that are helping out in the kitchen except Zee who seems far away with thoughts. I pat her shoulder and beckon her to follow me. We head outside of the house.

“I haven’t got time to say I’m sorry for your loss” I say and she heaves a sigh.

“How could he do this Nkosinathi? Cebile loved him she didn’t cheated on him. That Funani guy is the one that kissed her and I think he saw Zwelakhe coming in and kissed her. Even if she was cheating she didn’t deserve to be killed. You know she wasn't going to that party but because I haven’t been out since the twins were born we went there together. She was doing this for me if we didn’t go to that party none of this would have happened” She burst into tears and I pull her in for a tight squeeze.

“Askies I’m really sorry”

“It’s hurts Nkosinathi so bad”

”I know and I’m sorry”

I see Thula’s car pulling next one of the church taxis. She’s coming Aphiwe’s place to fetch the girls.

“Uthandiwe and Zo here”

“Oh God they don’t know yet”

“Yes”

She frees herself from my embrace and wipe her tears.

“Let me go help out inside”

”Sure”

She walks away as I walk to Thula’s car. Ndiwe runs to me when she sees me. I pick her up and kiss her

“Hello Ndoniyamanzi kaBabaz”

“Hello babazi how are you?”

“Im okay and yyou my baby?”

“Im okay babazi. Why there are so many car is it a party?”

“No baby it’s not”

“Hello Malume Nathi” Says Zo

“Hello sthandwa sami come here”

I open my arm for her and she gets in then squeeze her tightly. Thula and I look at each other sadly.

“Thank you sis for fetching them. Where’s Kj?”

“He was sleeping and his grandma thoughts it’s better I leave him”

“Okay”

We walk inside Ndiwe in my arm while the other hand is holding Zo’s hand. We go upstairs to their bedroom and I pull them both to my thighs. Thula sits next to us.

“Where’s mama we bought her something” Zo says excitedly.

“We left the bags into aunt Thula’s car. Babazi please help us with our bags we want to give mommy her gifts. I’m sure she will love them!” Ndiwe adds beaming.

I look at Thula who gives me a squeeze on my shoulder. I don't think I have strength to do this.

“Okay baby I will help you but there's something I need to tell you two”

“What is it?”

“Uhm uh uh” I heave a sigh. Thula brushes my back encouraging me.

“Uhm your mom is... is.. your mom passed away”

“Don't joke like that Malume Nathi”

“Im not joking baby girl. I'm so sorry but mom loves you both so much she will...”

Ndiwe gets up from me and runs out calling her mom as Zo burst into tears. I give her Thula to comfort her and run after my daughter. She's screaming for her mom while searching her in all the rooms.

“Baby mom is no more”

“No you are lying Mama!”

She pushes her way inside the master bedroom just as they are praying.

“What are y'all doing into my mom's bedroom. Gogo where's mama”

“Come here sthandwa sami” - Mama

“No I want my money please tell me where is my mommy”

I pick her up and go out with her as she wiggles herself crying.

”I want mommy daddy please! I want to tell her that I didn’t go to Disneyland she’s the one that’s going to take me there”

“Im sorry my angel mommy is no more”

“Nooo! Mommy!!! Please come back!!!”

Her cries pierce right through my heart. I go to their bedroom and sit down squeezing her tightly in my arms while Thula comforts Zo as well. Oh Mamakhe kodwa ungenzani!

“I’m so sorry my love daddy is here okay. He will forever be here for you. I know it’s hurts because it’s hurts to me as well but we have to let her go because God wanted her. She will be our guardian angel”

“My heart is sore Babazi please stop the pain. It’s hurts more then what those boys did to me”

“Uhm Aunt Thula what’s happened to mommy?” Zo asks with a crying voice. Shit I didn’t think of that? How can I tell them who’s behind their mom’s death.

“It was an accident sis” Replies Thula.

“Can we see her?” Thats Zo once again

“We will see her on Saturday”

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Thula and Zo leaves me with Ndiwe who cries until she falls asleep. I don't want to imagine how it's like to lose a mother. Mothers are special not everyone get a chance to grow as old as I am while their mothers are still alive. I kiss her forehead and walk out. I need some air to breath while Ndiwe is sleeping. I hear an altercation in the master bedroom and make my way in there. The church members have left and is now the family members only in Cebisile's bedroom.

“Don't do that MaDlamini please ” Mom begs

“Hey you child pack your bags and leave! No don't pack anything you had nothing when you came here my daughter bought everything just leave as you are!”

Zo looks at Mrs Dlamini confused what's going on. This is really unnecessary. I know she's hurting but she's directing her pain and anger on a wrong person.

“What have I don't gogo?”

“You didn't do anything sweetheart please give us a space to talk as adults” - Mama

“I don't want to talk I want this girl gone! My daughter gave her and her brother a home and better life and this is what that brother of her thank her? By killing her?”

“Oh darling please calm down the child didn't do anything”

“Zo come baby” I say to Zo say holding out my hand for her

“Wait you said my brother killed mommy? No that's impossible”

“He killed her! My daughter is dead because of your brother!” Mrs Dlamini burst into tears

“Zobuhle come to uncle”

I take her hand and we walk out heading to the balcony. I sit down and pull her to my lap. She looks at me with her red eyes confused.

“What’s gogo is saying malume? Where’s my brother? I have been trying to call him for days but I couldn’t reach him”

“Don’t worry about it baby girl”

“Uncle please tell me what’s going on why gogo is so angry at me and accusing my brother of killing mommy”

“It’s adult things baby girl...”

“I’m 15 years old malume stop treating me like a child!”

“Ngizokushaya phela mina you don’t talk to me like that” (I will spank you..)

“I’m sorry malume please tell me what’s going on I think I deserve to know what’s going on”

I sigh as much as I can hide this to her clearly she will find out especially after MaDlamini’s outburst.

“Look sthandwa sami your mom and your brother had an argument. Then your brother got angry and killed her. I don’t think he wanted to kill her though it was an accident”

“What were they fighting about?”

“I don’t know”

“My brother will never kill especially not mommy he loves her. They love each other so much and my brother was planing to propose to her”

I look at her shocked so she always knew about this.

“Yes I know they were dating. I’m not a child I once saw them kissing and I heard buti Zwe talking to his friend that he wants to propose to mom. I don’t believe that he killed her maybe it was an accident as you said”

I catch her tears with my thumbs and brush them off then press her on my chest. She weeps silently against my chest.

“Where’s buti pho”

“He was arrested”

She burst into a loud cry. I squeeze her tightly in my arms.

“I’m really sorry baby girl. I know you are just a child you don’t deserve all of this. It’s just too much for you but I promise you that uncle will always be here for you okay. You are Ndiwe’s older sister there’s no way that I can abandon you. Now that mommy’s gone and your bother is in jail you **will** live with me and Ndiwe or if you want to live with grandma Betty that’s also okay.”

“Grandma Betty is nice but she shouts a lot and pinches us. It’s better to visit her then stay with her”

I laugh and she joins me.

“Then it’s going to be me, you and your little sis. We are going to be okay neh”

She nods her head then I kiss her forehead. The days goes by faster. Today it’s Mamakhe’s burial. It’s still feels like a horrible nightmare. Ndiwe is not taking it better so is Zo. Someone who I didn’t expect to be this strong is Zanothando. I hold my daughter’s hand as we walk to her mom’s casket. I didn’t want her to see her mom in her coffin but mom said I must let her be since she wants to see her. Teardrops spill down her face as she looks at her mother for the last time. I can’t believe that I will never see her again.

“Mommy wake up please! I’m sorry I hurt feelings Mommy I didn’t go with Cita to Dinesyland I want to go with you please wake up mommy” Ndiwe cries trying to touch her mom but I pick her up and wake up and walk out with her. I go to their bedroom to calm her down.

“Kubuhlungu Babazi” (It’s hurts Babazi)

“Ngiyazi sthandwa sami nakubabazi kubuhlungu but mommy won’t be happy if we cry for her we should let her go and Rest In Peace okay” (I know my love it’s also hurts to Babazi too...)

“This is my worst birthday ever”

Life is unfair my baby doesn’t deserve this. We organized a mini party after the funeral just to cheer her up I hope it will help.

“I’m sorry my baby”

Once she’s calm we go outside and go to the backyard where the huge tent it’s erected. I didn’t expect so many people. I see Aphiwe

with KJ on her lap sitting at the back as I walk to the front with Ndiwe. Damn she's so beautiful.

🔒Thatha uqobo lwami
Nakho konke kwami
Ngiyavuma 🔒

The step father is the first to pay his tribute to his step daughter. I like that he keeps it sweet short and simple then he retires to his seat. Mom tries to talk about Cebisile but she literally fails as she breaks down. Zanothando follows and say goodbye to her sister. Khehla's speech it's heartbreaking he expresses on how he spent years angry at his sister now she's gone and he feels so bad about it. He hopes that she will forgive her and he apologize that he wasn't there to protect her.

🔒Umangisuka kulomhlaba
Ngiqonde ekhaya
Ngiqonde ekhaya
Sengiyawushiya lomhlaba
Ngiqonde ekhaya
Ngiqonde ekhaya 🔒

“Mngani wami khuluma ngami: Zibuyile Khoza” says the MC

Zee walks to the front and takes the mic from the MC

“Greetings everyone. Uhm I'm Zibuyile Khoza, Cebisile was my best friend. We met at Unisa we were both doing our honors degree in education. You know one of the things I love about Cebisile is that she didn't care about what people say about her. She lived her life by her own rules and principles. She always said Zee you know people will always have a word to say even when you have done something good don't deprive yourself happiness

because of what people are going to say Syndrome. Just do you and be happy. And she was damn right people are so judgmental. They still judge her even her death. Social media has made people so comfortable to be rude to other people. They're hiding behind keyboards talking shit without accurate facts."

Tell them Zee people are annoying. I look around and see people shifting uncomfortable on their seats.

"Not that is anyone's business but Cebisile didn't cheat on Zwelakhe. It's that Funani guy that kissed Cebisile not other way around and he was drunk not that we dismissed his behavior because it's behavior like his that make men think women are subjects and they can do anything they want with them. It's behavior like this made Zwelakhe thinks he's God and took my best friend's life. People should stop having double standards if it's okay for old men to date young girls son it is for women. If they love each other who are we to judge? People should stop being over opinionated and focus on their lives. Not everything around you need your opinion people should learn that most of the time the things we see and read about in social media doesn't have facts."

This woman is a good friend. If there's a friend who can fight and defend me in on my coffins that's Senzo. There's no one who knows us more then our friends I believe even our parents doesn't know us as much as our friends does and having good friends like Zee who wouldn't be afraid to tell the world about you it's a blessing.

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"Cebisile died because of a man who couldn't control himself and sexually harassed her. She died because of a young man who couldn't deal with his emotions and killed her. This woman lying in this coffin didn't deserve to die no matter what happened. Her

life mattered just like everyone's else! This woman was a mother, a friend, a daughter, a teacher and a sister. Everyone in her life she touched has lost a beautiful soul. We have lost a very strong good hearted woman who was so loving. Cebisile loved her children so much it's brings so much pain that all the plans she had for her children are just cut off like that. Cebisile I feel like I have never thank you enough for being the best friend that you were to me. Who's going to mock my husband and call him mude mude sbhamu sezinyoni?"

The laughter fills the tent.

"Thank you so my friend for not being the best friend to me but for being a good God mother to my daughters as well. It's so sad that you passed on before they have grown that much to know you but I will always remind them that there was their mommy Cebisile who spoiled them rotten. Lala ngoxolo qhawekazi uyibekile induku ebandla"

She gives the MC a mic and walks to her seat while crying. I admire how strong she was though during her tribute.

"Oh such friends are rare, friend who wouldn't be afraid to tell the world about you. Mrs Khoza is true a definition of a good friend. Judging a person does not define who they are, it defines who you are. In life there is always two sides to a coin and a situation. Don't judge" - MC

🔊 Ngonyama ka Judah
Wanqoba usathane
Masimi ngakuwe sonqotshwa ubani🔊

"Thank you so much for a beautiful chorus. I love the song. Mtanami khuluma ngami: Zobuhle Madida" - MC

Zobuhle makes her to the front next to the coffin. She takes the mic with her shaking hand and looks at the coffin tears streaming down her face.

“Greetings”

We greet her back as she heaves a sigh.

“Mommy I still remember the first day I met you years back and I can never thank God enough for that day. You were not the first person who came to us and saw the situation we were living under but you were the first that offered to help us. Many looked away and pretended like they couldn't see that grandma was sick and as a 12 year old that I was I had to take care of her while my brother went to hustle for us. I think everything happens according to a God's plan because the following day my grandma passed on. I don't know how we would have buried grandma if you weren't there. You covered all the burial expenses of someone you barely known. Such is a rare mommy you were a rare gem. I don't care what people say about you because I know the real you. My mom died when I was 4 years I can fully say I didn't know what mothers love is until you walked in my life. Never was the time I felt like you love Uthandiwe more because she's your biological daughter. You treated me like your own and woman who does that in nowadays are very rare and for that I thank you mommy. It's brings me so much pain that you left this world in the hands of someone I love, someone we both love and someone I was looking up to. What will it become of me without you mommy? You were my only home and now that you are gone I'm scared...”

She pauses as she tries to hold her tears but they keep flowing.

“I'm scared that I will always be the reminder of the pain my brother put your family through. I will be punished for my brother's sins it's doesn't matter that I knew nothing about this

but he's my blood so I'm also guilty as he is. I wish you could wake up and end all this horrible nightmare." She burst into tears and I hear everyone say 'mhm shame' Thula walks towards her and brushes her back trying to calm her so that she can finish.

"Thank you for being the best mom in the world and thank you for the blissful years I spend you with you. I'm sorry that we used to think you are annoying with your overprotectiveness and we want you to know that we know that you did it out of love. We love you and will always miss you. Rest mama until we meet again"

Thula takes her out as she cries hysterically and that triggers Uthandiwe's tears. I pull her to my lap and comfort her. The Zama High School choir sing a few songs for Cebisile. Their songs are heartfelt. After the reading of her obituary we drive to the cemetery. It's only now it's hit me that she's really gone. Ndiwe break into a heartbreaking cry and almost fall inside the hole as she throws the soil into the grave but I catch her.

"Mlethe la Nkosinathi" Mom says and I take Ndiwe to her who cries painfully.

With each spade of soil that is thrown into her grave shatters my heart into pieces. It's a final realization that she's really gone. It's so crazy how things can turn upside down. Just yesterday Cebisile was okay but now she's gone. As I walk away I feel someone grabbing my wrist and when I turn around she pulls me in her arms. I release the pain I have been holding all this week as I hold her tightly.

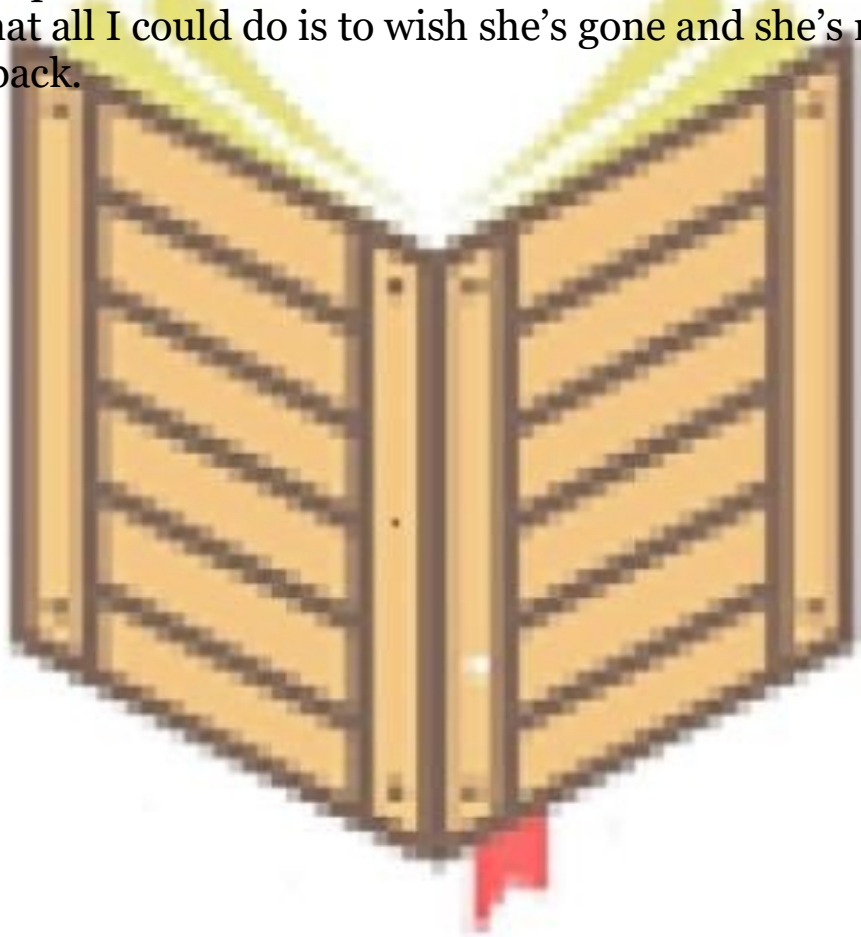
"Ngiyaxolisa Bhelesi I'm really sorry"

We stand far away from everyone holding each other for dear life. After a while she breaks the hug and looks at me

“Thank you for coming”

“Don’t mention it” She says wiping my tears with her palms and planting a peck on my lips.

I guess it’s time to accept that she’s gone and she’s never coming back. I feel so awful that I never appreciated her enough I wish I respected her. I wish I made her feel special. I wish I did more. I wish I reciprocated her love I wish...I wish...I wish...The hardest part is that all I could do is to wish she’s gone and she’s never coming back.



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Chapter Sixty Eight

I remember a year ago when I asked Cebisile that who else knew about my shenanigans and her reply was “If I tell anyone then there’s a possibility that Nkosinathi might found out which is not what I want. I want him to find out from his ‘Apple butter’. That’s where the fun is, you confessing your infidelity to him and look at him as he watches you with disgust and pain but ke you are a coward you chose to lie to him instead of telling him the truth which is also fine by me as long as you two are not together.” After that she laughed so hard she enjoyed torturing me.

I didn’t like her at first when she was seducing my man but after she blackmailed me and fucked my Papito I hated her with passion not that I wanted her to die though. Instead of celebrating that she’s finally gone I can be with my man I’m hurt. I’m hurt because her death is breaking my daughter apart. I’m hurt because her death is affecting my Papito. I know that she meant something to him. I have always noticed the soft spot he had for her.

“Kuzophola yezwa” (It’s going to get better)

He nods his head as new fresh tears roll down his face. God he’s so beautiful even when he’s crying and his grey beard accentuates his dark complexion. I wipe his tears with the back of my palms and envelope him in my arms once again. He holds me tightly sniffing. I miss having his arms around me. It’s been over a year since I saw him and my life immensely changed after breaking up with him but my love for him hasn’t changed. It’s still the same no actually the more it hit me that I have lost him for good it’s was the more my love for him grew and that hurts deeply.

I see a car parked a bit far from the cemetery and that figure leaning against it I know it very well. I can never mistake it for anything in this world. I'm sure the family told him to not come to the funeral. It's the only reason why he's standing so far from everyone. I still can't believe that she's dead. It's so sad honestly because her life was untimely cut short by someone who claimed to love her. I don't know what goes on a mind of a man that kills his woman after finding out she's cheating on him and I know that Inathi is also capable of that. It's a good thing I listened to my mom and not tell him maybe I'd be dead too.

I believe Cebisile died with my secret and it's safe not unless if Bob tells him. I need to talk to him and ensure that he doesn't tell Nkosinathi. People are now going to their cars I guess they are done. We walk back to others and people are looking at our intertwined hands. He lets go of my hand when KJ comes to us and picks him up.

"Hello my boy daddy missed you so much"

He roughs up KJ's hair causing him to groan. He doesn't like it when his father to do that to him but he always does it anyway to tease him.

"Stop it daddy!"

"Okay I'm sorry who's daddy's favorite boy"

"No one" KJ says sulking

"Come on"

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He tickles him and KJ tries to stifle a laugh but fails dismally and break into laughter.

“Who’s daddy’s favorite boy?”

“Kj!” Kj says giggling uncontrollably

“Yes!”

He stops tickling him and they do their handshake sequence. I look at them and smile proudly. I can’t believe we have come this far regarding Kj’s condition.

“I’m leaving now”

“I will drive with him”

“Okay”

I kiss Kj’s cheek and make my way to Bob. He’s still standing outside a Range Rover and looks dapper in black tuxedo and white shirt. He takes off his shades and smiles at me.

“Hey”

“Hello you look so beautiful”

“Thank you Bob you don’t look bad yourself.”

“I’m not even going to get a hug” He asks with a smirk

“Why are you standing here alone?”

“Zanothando warned me to not come to her funeral” He says sadly

“She knows what happened between you and her sister?”

“Not all the details but she knows that I cheated on her sister”

“Why you didn’t tell me that Cebisile found out about this?”

“I was mourning my child Aphiwe telling you was the last thing on my mind”

“She waited the whole month for my wedding so that she can blackmail me”

“Is that a reason you called off the wedding?”

“Yes”

“I knew something was going on. I’m sorry things got this messy”

“Is there anyone who knows about this?”

“I told Scott, Zanothando’s husband”

“Jesus Bob why did you do that?”

“I needed someone to talk to Aphiwe and Scott is my brother”

“I don’t want Nkosinathi to find out about this I’m not even going to tell him that you are alive and your brother is the one that hurt me. I don’t know you and you don’t know me”

“Of course that what you are worrying about. Now that Cebisile is dead you want fix your relationship with Nkosinathi”

“Yes the satan that was standing on our way is dead now”

“Satan really? You are happy that she’s dead”

“Of course not Bob but I won’t lie and say that I’m not happy I’m finally going to be with my man”

“You don’t have to call her Satan we caused her so much pain Aphewe that she lost our baby. I was looking forward to be a father you know”

“I didn’t owe her loyalty Bob you did not that I don’t regret what I did. If there was a way to undo what we did I would”

“She’s the first woman I actually fell in love with after years of thinking about you Wewe. I love her so much and I saw a future with her it’s just that I couldn’t resist you and knowing that I could never have you back I had to fuck you just for the last time”

“If you knew you can never have me back then why did you text me? If you didn’t do that Bob she wouldn’t have found out. We fucked Bob and it shouldn’t have happened it was a big mistake. You messed things up by texting me telling me that you love me.”

“I know and feel horrible about that. If she didn’t find out we would be together and she would still be alive. I will never forgive myself for what I did to her”

He tries to blink back his tears but they fall shame he really loves her.

“I’m sorry Bob for how everything turned out at some point you will have to forgive yourself and let it go”

He wipes his tears.

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“Don’t worry I won’t tell Nkosinathi about this and I trust Scott to not tell anyone as well. So you can relax and go fix your

relationship with your ex fiancé because that's the only thing you care about”

He gets in the car leaving me feeling bad but at least he won't tell Nkosinathi and I have to trust that. I go to my car and follow behind the other cars as we drive to Cebile's house. When we arrive I dish up for kids and Inathi then give him his food after serving the kids.

“Thank you MaNdlela”

“Nathi silambile yaz MaNdlela” (We are also hungry) Senzo says

“Hayi MaNdlela is not your wife gents” - Inathi

“She's not your wife either Mnesh” - Sabelo

Nkosinathi looks at me sadly and continues to eat without saying word as awkward silence lingers in the air.

“Uhm lets me go dish up for you guys”

I don't wait for them to respond but walk inside the house. I dish up for Nkosinathi's friends and serve them.

“Sibonge MaNdlela” - Senzo

“Its my pleasure”

I walk to my car to take Ndiwe's gift and go inside the house heading straight to their bedroom. KJ and Zo are the ones who are eating. Ndiwe is not eating she's just staring into space.

“Baby”

I sit next to her and pull her to my arms.

“Im sorry my gummy bear. I want you know that I’m here for you okay. I can never replace your mom but I’m here for both of you and Zo. I love you girls so much”

“Thank you aunty Aphiwe I really appreciate that”

“Mommy why..why.. is Ndiwe sad?” Kj asks

“Her mother is late baby”

“Late from where?”

“She went to heaven and she will never see her again”

“Why did she leave her mommy call her and tell her to come back I don’t like it when Ndiwe is sad”

“People who go to heaven doesn’t come back my love. God is the one that took her..”

“God didn’t take her Cita. Zo’s brother killed her!”

“Killed..what is killed mommy?” - Kj

I heave a sigh and wipe Ndiwe’s tears.

“Don’t cry my love. I brought you something”

I give her the gift bag

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“Happy birthday sthandwa sami. I love you so much”

“Thank you Cita I love you too”

We share a hug just then Nkosinathi walks in.

“Are you all good?”

“Yes we are okay” I say

“There’s something I want to show y’all wozani”

We all get up and follow him as we walk to the dinning room the moment we walk in everyone sings a happy birthday song for Ndiwe. The room is decorated with Winx Club theme.

“Thank you so much guys”

“Come blow the candles my baby girl” - Thando

Ndiwe walks to the table and blows the candle we all cheers for her then she cuts the cake. I’m happy to see her smiling and laughing.

“Im going to Vuyi with Skylar”

“Alright mom I’m also going to see Nkosinathi just to check on him”

I haven’t seen him since we buried Cepsile a week ago.

“When are you going to tell him?”

“I’m scared mama”

“You don’t listen Aphiwe you were supposed to tell him the moment you found out that you...”

“I know mama gee you always tell me that”

“This will ruin the chance of you two ever getting back together”

“Mom I know that too. I’m leaving bye”

I walk out and hop into my car then drive to Nkosinathi’s place. There’s a red KIA parked in the driveway next to his. He has visitors but since I’m already here let me just say hi and leave. I knock on the door and a chubby lady opens the door for me.

“Hi”

“Hello”

“Is Nkosinathi here?”

“Yes follow me”

I follow behind her she’s wearing Nathi’s push ins.

“Babe Aphiwe is here to see you”

My heart sinks to my feet at the word ‘babe’ so he has moved on but what was I expecting? Nkosinathi tilts his head and looks at me.

“Phiwe hey”

“Uhm I was around so I thought I should come and say hi”

“Do you need anything to drink Aphiwe?”

“No I’m leaving. Goodbye”

I don't wait for him to say anything but walk out. The realization that he has moved on burns like fire. My phone rings.

“Mama”

I hear her crying on the other side of the line but I can't grasp what she's saying.

“I can't hear you mama”

“Skykar...some men with guns.. took her ..and ran off with her”

I manage to hear what she's saying between her sobs. My heart literally stop beating as my brain conjures up horrifying scenarios.



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Chapter Sixty Nine

The wrath consumes me the moment I see him. I feel my hands itching to beat the shit out of him. Bloody idiot has lost so much weight within two weeks he has been locked up. How will he survive the years that he's going to spend behind bars after being sentenced? He settles down before me and greets me.

“Ya nja ndini”

“I didn't do it grootman I swear”

“I thought you are a good young man Zwelakhe but I have seen that I was wrong about you. I can't believe that this is how you thank Cebisile after everything she has done for you and your sister!”

“Exactly grootman why would I kill her after everything she has done for me and my sister. They got the wrong person and the person who did this is roaming in the street. It's not me I swear on my grandma's grave. It's hurt deep in my heart that she's gone”

I chuckle in disbelief damn this boy is good.

“I didn't know you are an actor as well. Damn you are so good you deserve an Oscar”

“I'm not acting I didn't kill her I love her dammit why can't y'all believe me huh? I was angry when I said no one can't have her if I can't have her. I didn't even know what was I saying. It's the anger that was talking there I didn't mean I was going to kill her. I don't

even think I'm that brave enough to take someone's life. I believe that my name will be cleared in court."

"You disgust me you know that!"

"How's Zo and Ndiwe"

"How do you think they are you took their mother away from them!"

"I'm sure they hate me and my sister is being punished for something I didn't do but I hope the investigation will reveal that she was already dead when I arrived in the house"

"The police found you trying to carry her lifeless body Zwelakhe if you really didn't kill her then why you didn't call the police"

"I thought she was sleeping and I didn't want to disturb her. The police found me trying to carry her because I was going to tuck her in."

"See what you are saying doesn't make sense how can you not see that she was dead huh?"

"Come on grootman I was drunk and not thinking straight. I saw her sleeping and carried her then boom the police walked in right in that moment. I don't understand how did the police knew that something was happening. Please grootman think about it. Why would I take something so precious from my little sister? I'm not that selfish and Mamoo was everything to me no matter what she did I would never ever take her life. I love her so much and it's hurts so bad that I didn't even get a chance to say goodbye"

Tears stream down his face. He's wasting my time with his crocodile tears.

“Ngathi zingakubhebha iziboshwa strong uze uvuvuke umdidi ungakwazi nokuhlala nx!” (I want the inmates to fuck you so hard that you couldn’t sit down)

I get up and walk out fuming with anger. What he’s saying doesn’t make sense at all he’s acting. I drive to the graveyard and find the Alex guy crying there.

“What are you doing here?”

He quickly wipes his tears and looks at me.

“How are you Nkosinathi”

“I asked you a damn question!”

“Isn’t it obvious I came to see my love”

“I don’t know what you did to her but whatever it is broke her heart to the core. You don’t deserve to be here leave”

He chuckles bitterly and looks at me.

“You and I are the same man. We both broke her to the core and I think both of us don’t deserve to be here. The only mistake she ever did was trusting you and me. Maybe if you or I treated her better she wouldn’t be lying here on this grave. Cebisile died for love, the love that she wasn’t afraid to pour out there no matter how many times she’s been hurt but what did she get in return? We both failed her man”

He pats my shoulder and walks away leaving me feeling like shit. I heave a sigh and crouch before her grave

“I’m so so sorry Mamakhe. I wish I could turn the clock and reciprocate your love. I wish I treated you better and gave you the respect you deserved. Life will never be the same without you. Our daughter is not coping at all and Zwelakhe claims he didn’t kill you but I don’t believe him. If what he’s saying is true then fight mami reveal your murderer because Zwelakhe can’t be punished for something he didn’t do. I’m sorry once again for everything I did to you. I’m sorry for not being there when you needed me to protect you. I promise to try my best to be the best father to Zo and Ndiwe. Please guide them, watch over them and give them strength to accept your passing. Rest in power Mamakhe you will always remain in our hearts”

I get up and walk to my car with a heavy heart. Life is really short as cliché as that sounds. There’s nothing that hurt as to keeping burying the people that are so close your heart. Now I’m wondering who’s next? I start my car and drive off as I call my mom.

“Nkosinathi”

“Hello mama how are you?”

“I’m well my boy and yourself”

“Kuzophola. How are the kids”

“Ndiwe didn’t go to school. I think she must start seeing her psychologist again. It really helped her the last time”

“I still have her contact I will call her and make an appointment.”

“Alright how are you holding up?”

“I will get used to it as time goes on”

“Where’s Aphiwe you need someone by your side my son during this trying time”

“I haven’t seen her ever since we buried Cebisile maybe she went back to New York”

“I don’t think she will go without saying goodbye to her kids.”

“You are right but don’t worry about me I’m okay”

“You two need to fix things”

“You know I’m starting to accept that we will never be together maybe she has even moved on who knows”

“I hear you...someone is at the door I have to go”

“Alright bye”

“Bye my boy”

I hang up and pull over next to Dee’s car. She came here last night to apologize for catching feelings and asked me to continue with our fuckingship. I didn’t have energy to chase her out so I just let her be even though I know that there’s no way that we can just continue to fuck without her falling more deeper in love with me. I find her cooking in the kitchen. It’s one of the things I like about her she really knows how to take care of a man.

“Hey baby you’re back”

“Yes and I’m hungry what are you cooking here. It’s smells so divine”

“It’s a lamb stew”

“Mhmm I can’t wait to eat”

I open the fridge and take out a beer before opening it.

“Just give me an hour or so then everything will be ready”

“Okay I will be in the lounge”

She nods then I walk to the lounge and settle down on the couch. I slide out my phone and call Dr Zuma. The receptionist tells me that she’s out of the country but she will come back next week. She will let her know when she comes back. I drink my beer while flipping through the channels.

“Babe Aphiwe is here to see you” Dee says and I look at Aphiwe. What a surprise.

“Phiwe hey”

“Uhm I was around so I thought I should come and say hi”

“Do you need anything to drink Aphiwe?” - Dee

“No I’m leaving. Goodbye”

With that said she walks out just like that. Ok-ay.

“Why you didn’t tell me that she’s back”

“Why should I tell you that Dee how it any of your business?”

She looks at me intently and heaves a sigh

“You can be so rude when you want to”

“Rude how I mean I don’t understand why was I suppose to tell you that she’s back”

“Are you going to go back to her?”

“No I won’t”

“Do you still love her?”

“I’m not sure you really want to hear that Dikeledi. Your pots are burning go”

She heaves a sigh and walks away. Aphiwe doesn’t have friends this side I think she was here to see me but when she saw Dee she got jealous or maybe not arg whatever but damn she’s so beautiful. I wonder if she found her man that ‘treats her like an egg’. As much as I’m accepting that we will never be together but the thought of her with someone else feels like a knife twisting in my spine and leaves me paralyzed.

Dee brings a bowl for me to wash my hands and a dry dish cloth to dry my hands then she fetches my food.

“Mmh this smells nice Dee”

“Wait until you eat”

She settles down next to me and we dig in.

“Yalishaya bhodo ntokazi”

“Thank you baby” She says with a bright smile on her face. Dee is a beautiful chubby dark skinned woman. I love her birth mark on the side of her face.

“So babe why is Aphiwe back”

“Hayi Dee please let’s not talk about the mother of my child okay”

I don’t understand why she constantly talks about Aphiwe. We eat over comfortable silence and as we are half way through we hear a knock on the door. I get up to attend it. Coming twice a day? She throws herself in my arms and cries hysterically.

“Phiwe what’s going on?”

She tries to talk but I don’t hear what she’s saying and she’s shaking. I take her to the lounge and make her sit down on the couch.

“Dee please get water for her”

Dee drags herself to the kitchen and comes back with a glass of water. I help Phiwe drinks the water.

“Can’t she hold the glass herself” Dee says rolling her eyes.

I put the glass on the coffee table and sit down next to Aphiwe holding her hands.

“Calm down and talk to me please”

“Mom was visiting Auntie Vuyi and on their way there 3 men with guns asked her to pull over then they took Skylar and drove off with her”

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“Who’s Skylar?”

“Uhm I’m sorry Nkosinathi” She burst into tears

“Phiwe you are not making sense please stop crying and talk to me”

“She’s just want your attention Nkosinathi it’s absolutely clear”

“Dee awuthule tu!” (Dee shut up please!)

“Phiwe khuluma nami please” (Phiwe talk to me)

“I wanted to tell you I swear but I was scared that you won’t allow me to stay in New York”

“What are you talking about? I’m so lost?”

“Those men took our 9 months old daughter”

I let go of her hands and look at her as my mind tries to register what she just said.

“What?”

“She’s lying babe” - Dee

“Bitch I’m talking to the father of my children not you butt your huge ass out of my business!” - Phiwe

“Aphiwe you don’t get to come here and speak in riddles then insult my guest.”

“Tell her baby...” I cut Dee off

“Nawe thula Dikeledi!” (You also shut up Dikeledi!)

My head is spinning what did Aphiwe said?

“I’m sorry Nkosinathi for not telling you about our daughter. I found out I was pregnant when I was already in New York and already started with shooting the movie. I knew if I told you that I was pregnant you were going to ask me to come back and I couldn’t...”

“Is this the best reason you could come up with for keeping my child away from me Aphiwe!!” I roar in anger as I get up from the couch.

“I’m sorry I know it’s a lousy excuse please forgive me. Our daughter is out there with some men we don’t know Nkosinathi and I need your help”

I chuckle in disbelief

“No she’s not my child! You are pinning her paternity on me because you want me to help you find your daughter! I can see through Aphiwe. Well sis forgot about it I won’t help you. Go to the police station and leave me alone!”

“They warned me to not tell the police. I’m scared I don’t know what to do. See here’s the text and a picture of her”

I take her phone and my eyes fall on the picture little cute face. Once again I have a young version of mine but she took her mom’s complexion unlike KJ who took my dark complexion. Fear washes over me, twisting my gut as I think of the possible things that are happening to my baby right at this moment.

“Dammit maan Aphiwe you kept my child as a secret for months now you come to me and tell me that she’s been kidnapped? Fuck you!! Do you hear me fuck you!!!”

I scream in anger as I take the coffee table and hurl it through the wall.

“I’m sorry Bhelesi” She cries loudly

“Fuck you maan!”

I take my phone and try to call the number that send the picture but it doesn’t go through.

“Where’s your mom?”

“She drove back to her house”

“Did she manage to get the number plate of the car or anything that could help?”

“I don’t know she didn’t tell me”

“Let’s go to your mom’s house she needs to explain to us what happened and how”

I walk out and go to my car to get my gun then go to hers. I know that she won’t be able to drive in the state she’s in. It’s a miracle she made it to my house.

“I will drive”

She gives me her car keys and go to the the front passenger seat. I get in as well and drive off. I call my father but mom is the one that answers the call.

“Mom where’s dad?”

“He’s sleeping. Is everything okay”

“Please wake him up I need him”

“Nkosinathi you are worrying me”

“Mom wake your husband up okay!”

“Don’t shout at me!”

“I’m sorry just listen for once mom”

I hear her waking up her husband then his voice come through.

“My son”

“Baba I need your help”

“Anything my boy”

“Some men took my daughter and they warned us to not tell the police. I don’t know what do baba I’m so confused”

“Where did you get that? Ndiwe is okay son”

“Not Ndiwe baba it’s a long story but I’m going to send you the number please use one of your contacts to help me them to find the location of the number. I need to find my little girl”

“I don’t understand Nkosinathi which daughter are you talking about?”

“Dad please do as I say the rest I will tell you later”

“Okay I hear you son”

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“Thank you”

I hang up and call Senzo

“My man”

“Where are you?”

“I’m at the rank what’s up”

“It’s a mess bra a fucking mess! Aphiwe just dropped a bomb on me that we have a 9 months old daughter and you know what funny is that I’m only finding about her now because she’s been kidnapped!”

“You are lying man!”

“I’m telling you Senzo and these people warned us not to tell the police. I dont know what to do boy. What if the police can help? Or maybe not oh fuck! Tell me what to do boy tell me what to do!”

“Wait the kidnapping happened here or in New York?”

“Here half an hour ago or so. Aphiwe’s mom was visiting Vuyi but she didn’t arrive there because these men appeared and forced her to pull over then took my baby. They sent a text to warn us that we must call the police”

“Okay. I’m coming I think it’s a good thing they are communicating with us”

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“I’m driving to Aphiwe’s mom place to talk to her. You can come there so that we can gather our thoughts there”

“Alright sure”

“Awuthule umsindo!” (Stop making noise!)

She covers her mouth with her hand trying to stifle her sobs. Aphiwe is so selfish she thought about her career only what about me huh? The fear of losing my child while I have never seen her nor hold her in my arms.

“If something happened to her Aphiwe I swear I will never forgive you for this.”

“Ngiyaxolisa Nkosinathi” she cries

“Ngithe thula!” (I said shut up!)

She holds her cry and covers her mouth with her hand once again. Senzo arrives just as we arrive. He greets Aphiwe then we make our way in. The moment we get in Aphiwe runs to her mother who catches her in her arms as her daughter cries hysterically.

“I’m sorry my baby I tried to fight them but I couldn’t”

Senzo and I greets her then we all sits down.

“Mama Aphiwe told me what happen but I need to know every details from you so that we can work around this together and find out who took my baby”

“I was driving to Danhausr there was nothing suspicious until this car drove in front of me and signal for me to stop. When I look behind there was also another car. I thought you it’s a random hijacking so I pulled over and took my granddaughter but they wanted her instead of a car. I tried to fight they slapped me and took Skylar. They had guns with them I was scared” She cries out loudly.

“Did you see their number plates perhaps”

“No but their cars were fancy”

“So they wanted the baby not the car or money?” - Senzo

“Yes”

Senzo and I look at each other

“Does everyone know about the baby?” I ask

“I don’t understand what do you mean everyone knows?” Aphiwe

“What I’m trying to understand here if am I the only one who wasn’t told that I have baby or what?”

“My family knows and Jay too. Other people doesn’t know I haven’t been here for a year and months.”

“If it’s someone who want to gets to you I think they would’ve took Ndiwe or Kj. No one knows that you two have a small baby so I think this is just a random highjack boy so when they saw the baby they thought they should make more cash hence they took her.” - Senzo

“If you put it like that then it’s makes sense. I hope they get back to us soon because I’m losing my mind here!” I say getting up.

Sitting in one place is making me lose my mind.

“Let’s tell the police...” - Mrs Ndlela

“No mama and risk my daughter’s life?” - Aphiwe

“How will they know? I have a detective friend...”

“Mom please let Nkosinathi handle this. I don’t want to lose my baby.”

My phone vibrates I slide it out of my pocket. It’s the message from the same number that sent the pic from Aphiwe’s phone. I tap the video open and see my baby girl giggling as someone is tickles her with a gun.

“That’s Skylar giggles let me see!”

I give her my phone

“Oh my Goddess!”

Just then my phone rings. She gives me the phone.

“Hello”

“She cute isn’t she? Poor little girl doesn’t know that a gun is not a toy it’s kills”

“Who the fuck you! If you dare hurt my child I will fry your ass and feed you to the dogs!”

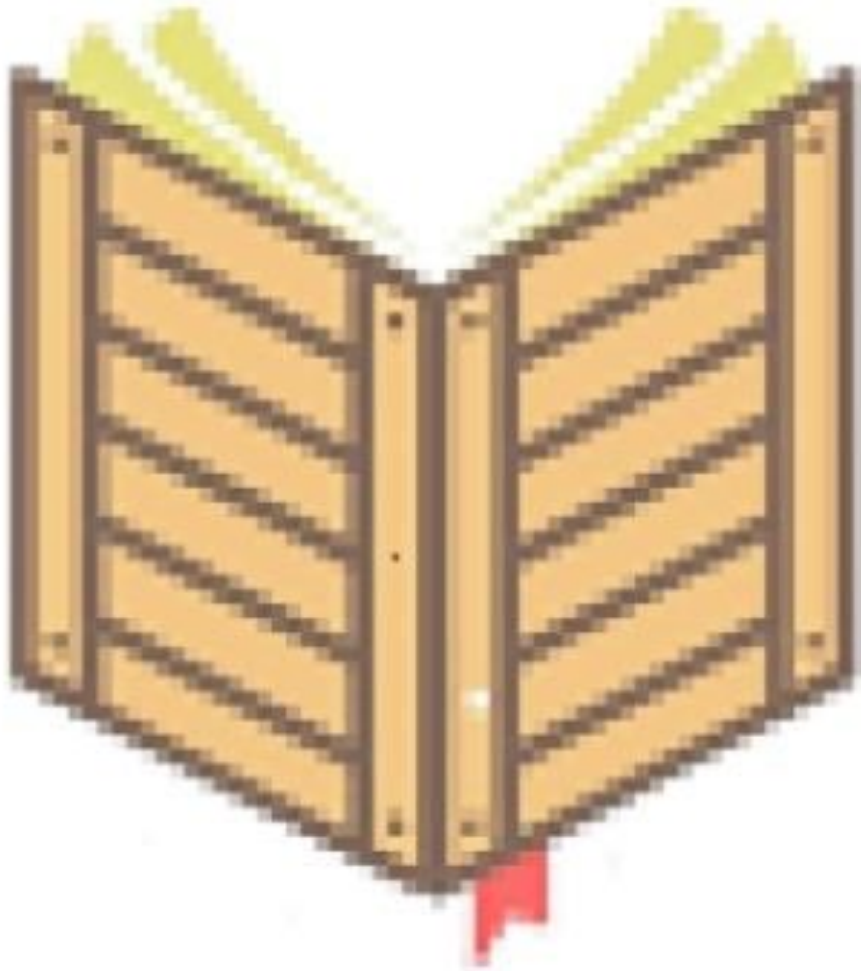
He laughs out loudly

“Careful what you say Nkosinathi I have your little girl here. Imagine meeting your daughter for the first time in a little coffin”

“Okay I’m sorry please don’t hurt her I’m begging you just tell me what do you want I will give you anything you want” I beg desperately

“Be patient my man be patient. Patience is a virtue. I don’t have to tell you what will happen if you dare involve the police ”

The line drops. It’s comes to my realization that this is not a random highjack whoever took her knows she’s my daughter. I’m fucked up and the wait is frustrating.



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Chapter Seventy

I know okay I know that I was selfish. I don't even have a strong reason why I did what I did because there's no enough reason to keep a child away from her father. You know the funny thing in all of this is that now I understand why Cebesile ran away with Ndiwe after Nkosinathi broke her heart. I know if I told him I was pregnant he was going to make me come back to SA kanti I needed to be away from him you know. I was going to go crazy if I stayed here.

Being away from his sexy ass somehow did me good. I was able to even focus on myself and my children.

I wasn't going to keep our daughter from him forever I just needed to be a little selfish with her you know. Nothing can justify what I did and I wouldn't blame him if he doesn't forgive me especially if...no stay positive Phiwe. I don't want to think anything negative my baby is going to come back home unharmed.

“Stop crying”

“I can't help it mom my baby is out there. What are they feeding her it's been hours now”

Nkosinathi and Senzo left hours ago. Every hour that passes by Im going crazy. My breasts are sore I want to breastfeed my baby girl.

“Shh don't cry let's be hopeful. Don't you want me to make something for you to eat?”

“How can I eat without knowing that my baby has eaten and she's okay mama!”

“Don’t raise your voice at me”

”Im sorry I’m just stressed out. It’s her first time in SA and this what happens we should have stayed in New York. I regret coming here SA have bad lucks nje”

“Hayi baby don’t talk like that”

“But it is true mommy”

“You came here to support Ndiwe and Nkosinathi during this difficult time”

“They don’t need me. Nkosinathi has moved on”

“I don’t blame him but one thing I know though he still loves you. Now that bitch is dead it’s time to fight for your man.”

“What if he doesn’t want me anymore and he’s happy with her fatty boom boom”

She giggles

“She’s fat?”

“She’s a very beautiful chubby woman mom. I’m just calling her fatty boom boom because I’m jealous”

“Oh well she’s going to lose weight within a week now that you are back.”

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We laugh.

“Can I at least get you yoghurt?”

“Mom...”

“Please my baby”

I heave a sigh

“Okay”

She rolls out of bed and walks away. I take my phone to check for anything from the kidnapers but there's nothing. Skylar hardly cries but I'm sure now she's starting to wonder where's mommy with her food. I receive a video call from Jay.

“Jay”

“Nana I'm sorry I just read your message now. I have been busy the whole day. Who took Skylar what are the police saying?”

“I don't know Jay but they warned us to not call the police”

“What do they want?”

“They haven't said anything we are still waiting for them. The wait is killing me Jay”

“Askies nana be hopeful. How did Nkosinathi took the news about Skylar”

“He super angry Jay he even said 'fuck you' to me”

“I understand where's she's coming from. You should have told her”

“Not you please”

“It’s the truth though”

We continue to chat about one thing to another after a while we hang up. Mom gives me a tub of yoghurt and a spoon. I eat while she talks trying to take my mind from thinking. By the time I finish it I’m sleepy.

“Mom what did you put in here?”

”You need to rest my baby”

She strokes my hair until I succumb to my sleep. The next morning I’m woken up by pee but the first thing I check is my phone. Anxiety grows within me when I don’t see any call nor messages from the kidnappers. I call Nkosinathi.

“Hey”

“Uhm hey they haven’t called yet?”

“Don’t ou think if they did I would have called you?”

“Im sorry Nkosinathi...”

“I don’t want to hear it Aphiwe”

He hangs up and I heave a sigh then go to the bathroom. I pee after that I take a quick shower. Once I’m dressed I go to downstairs and find mom on the phone.

“No you can’t come ... I know you can never disappoint me... I miss you too...” She sees me ”Uhm I have to go...me too bye”

“Who was that?”

“Morning my baby”

“You have a man now?”

”How did you sleep”

I giggle

“Come on mom tell me”

“No I don’t have a man Aphiwe Jesus!”

“Mmhhh”

I have no doubts that was a man I’m glad that she's moving on. I hope when she’s ready she will introduce him us. I want to meet this man and study him. Phela my mom is monied any man out there can pretend to love her only to find out that he wants my mom’s riches that dad left for her.

The wait is killing me and the sad part is that I can’t contact these people. The only thing I can do is just wait for them which is frustrating. I wouldn’t have slept if mom didn’t put something in the yoghurt that made fall asleep. Aunty Vuyi and Nhlanhla have arrived and they’re trying to keep me calm but I’m going crazy. I just want my baby.

“You need to calm sthandwa sami”

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“Sitting here and waiting is driving me crazy Aunty Vuyi”

“I know sthandwa sami but let’s have faith”

“I cannot spend another night without my daughter” I cry

“I know sis I know” Aunty Vuyi says as she comforts me.

At 4pm Nkosinathi arrives carrying a black Adidas sport bag. He looks like he didn't sleep at all but he's still gorgeous and he's wearing sweatpant. His dick print is out on display oh how I miss that dick. Why is he wearing a sweatpant vele? He settles down and greets us.

“They contacted me” I get up from Aunt Vuyi's thighs and looks at him.

“How's my baby?”

He just looks at me coldly then looks at my mom

“They want 2,5 million. Here it is in this bag. I have been trying to get access to my money the whole day. I don't usually keep money lying around my house luckily my father is the kind of the man that doesn't bank all his money so he borrowed me half”

“You should have asked me also Nkosinathi” - Mom

“So how are they going to get the money?”

“That's the problem they want Aphiwe to drop it off”

“Why me?”

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“I also don't know and I'm unsettled about that”

“So after dropping off the money will I come back with my baby?”

“No you will drop off the money then they will send another address where our daughter is. I will then go fetch her”

“Okay I can do it”

“They haven’t sent the drop off address so we will have to wait”

“Jesus this waiting is killing me!”

An hour later they send an address. I’m so anxious. My mom and aunts hugs me then Nkosinathi walks me out.

“You ready”

“Yes but I’m scared”

“I know but you got this”

He opens the door for me. I sigh disappointedly I was expecting a hug you know just to give me strength. Sigh. I get inside my car and brings the engine to life then drive to the location. I’m so scared I hope they’re going to keep their end of the bargain. It’s starting to get dark now. Once I’m at the deserted burnt house I look around hoping to see anyone but I was told to just drop the bag and go. Someone pushes me against the wall.

“Please don’t hurt me”

“I wasn’t planning to bitch but you guys involved the police!”

“That’s not true!” **NOVELSGURU.COM**

My heart is thudding hard against my chest and tears are threatening to come out.

”Hey sfebe so you saying I’m lying?”

“Ye...” I didn’t even finish the word yes a huge slap lands on my face. He takes out his gun and points at me. My whole body is shaking terribly. I have never been so terrified in my life.

“Please don’t shoot. I’m sorry for involving the police”

“Take off your clothes I wanna have taste of a celebrity”w

“No no no please” I cry

“Ehy wena sfebe khumula!!!” (Ehy you bitch take off your clothes!!!)

He back slaps me I reel backwards and fall on floor screaming in agony. He attempts to takes off my leggings but I kick him and that makes him angry. He punches me and reach for my leggings once again trying to take it off together with my panties as I fight him but he’s too strong. I cry painfully as he gets between my thighs and fiddles on his pants. There’s no energy left in me to fight. I lay there on the cold floor and steel myself for the pain. I feel his penis on my entrance and close my eyes. Suddenly I feel his weight off me and when I open my eyes Nkosinathi is strangling him.

“You bastard I knew you are up to something when you said you want Phiwe to drop off the money”

He let go of him and punches him on the face.

“I warned you to know involve the police but you didn’t listen now you will rue the consequences of not listening!”

“We didn’t tell the police dammit!”

“Don’t you fucking dare lie to me!”

“I swear why would I risk my daughter’s life?”

“Oh well you did”

Nkosinathi pulls out his gun as I pull up my panties and leggings.

“If you kill me you will never know where your daughter is”

Nkosinathi groans with anger.

“Where’s my daughter?”

“I tried to be civil with y’all but you took me for a fool and involved the police.”

“How many times do I have to tell you we didn’t!”

“You signed your daughter’s death warrant by involving the police.”

He takes the bag and looks at us with a smug.

“Prepare for a funeral don’t buy the coffin I will send her with it”

I burst into tears

“Man come on let’s talk like man to man. I’m begging you”

He looks at him intently and laughs out loudly

“Awungikhothe izinqana kuqala maybe I may hear your plea”
(Lick my butt first...)

“Man please don’t do this I’m begging you”

“Oho”

Hw walks away whistling 'amagugu alelizwe’

“Okay fine come I can do anything you want me to do even licking your butt”

My heart breaks at how defeated Inathi sounds at this moment. He goes down to his knees placing his gun down and start to undo the guys belt.

“Ngifuna ungikhothe emseleni phakathi” The guy says turning around to show Nkosinath’s his bare ass. I break down as I see Nkosinathi opening the guy’s butt crack with grimace on his face. Just as he’s about to lick him he turns around laughing.

“It’s your lucky day today next time you will suck my ball for real.”

He pulls up his pants and walks away leaving us not sure what next to do. Does that mean we are going to get our daughter back? Nkosinathi gets up from the floor and tucks his gun into his pants.

“Did..he..did.,he..”

His Adam’s apple moves up and down as he swallows hard

“Almost”

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He pulls me to his arms and holds me tightly. I couldn’t help myself but break down all over again,

“I’m so so sorry”

He breaks the embrace and wipes my tears before calling someone to come. He picks me up and walks out of the burned house with me walking to his car where he buckles me up.

“What about my car”

“Senzo is coming with Sabelo give me your car keys”

I take out my car keys from my hood pocket and give him. About 15 minutes later Senzo and Sabelo arrives to fetch my car then we all leave. The drive is silence he’s clenching his jaw tightly and I’m just thinking about what would’ve happened to me if he didn’t come into my rescue. I’m so grateful to him for saving me.

“Where’s Skylar?” Is the first thing they say when we walk in.

“We have been played. He wanted to rape Aphiwe”

“Oh no my baby are you okay?” Mom gives me a hug

“I’m okay Nkosinathi got there before he did it”

“Thank you so much Nkosinathi”

“I don’t understand why they say we involved the police it’s the reason they played us. Now we are not even sure if we are going to get out baby or not” I cry

“Uhm I did” - Mom

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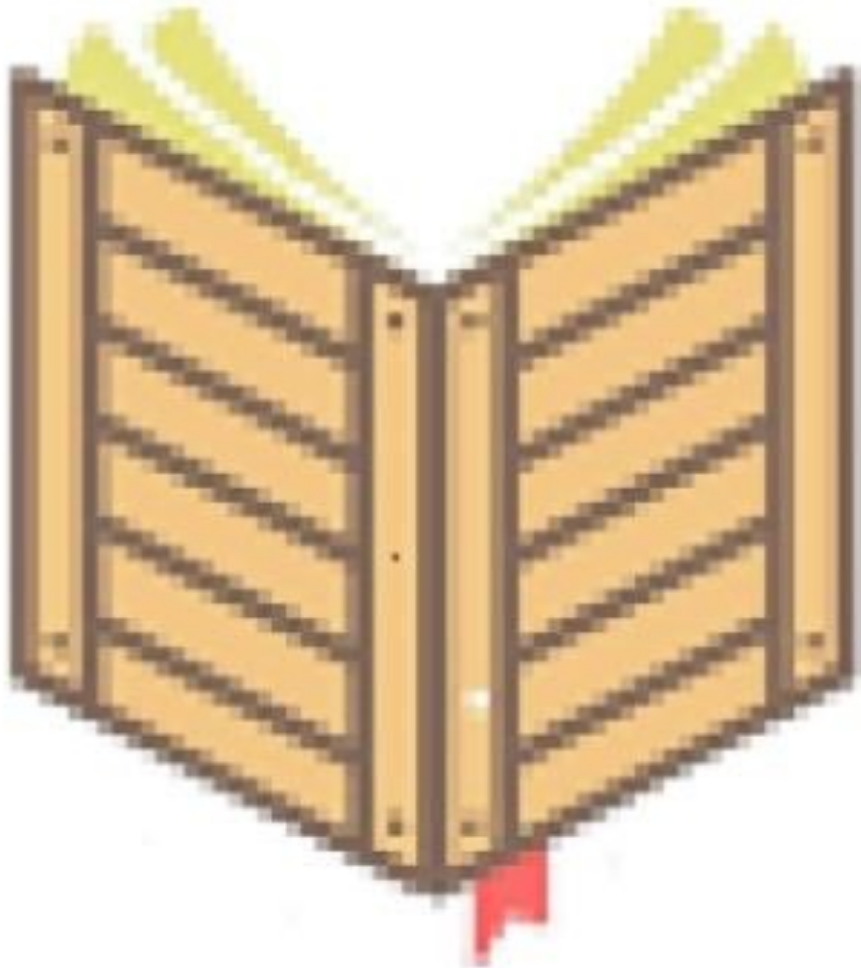
“What?” - Nkosinathi

“I didn’t tell the police like the police but my detective friend...”

“God mama I told you to not do that why don’t you listen huh! It’s all your fault that I almost got raped and Skylar is not home!”

“I was trying to help...”

I can’t believe she did this. I almost got raped because she doesn’t want to listen! Will I ever see my baby again?



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Chapter Seventy One

Just when I thought we have made progress to finally bring my daughter back home now we are back to square one! I don't where to from here we have to wait for them to communicate with us and man nothing is frustrating as that.

“You need to tell that police friend of yours to stop whatever they are doing because it's upsetting the kidnappers we can handle this. The least y'all can do after keeping my daughter from me is to allow me handle this on my own”

“I'm sorry Nkosinathi I was just trying to help. I told him that the kidnappers said they don't want us to involve them and he promised me that he will be careful”

“Oh well we are back to square one because of you! We don't even know if my baby is still alive!” Aphiwe shouts angrily.

“I'm sorry my baby”

I can see that she was really trying to help but her help backfired.

“Mrs Ndlela please inform your police friend”

“Let me call him now”

“We are leaving now. If they contact you Aphiwe let me know I will also do that”

“Okay thank you for saving me Nkosinathi”

“I still got you”

I knew that there was something fishy when they asked for her to bring the money and I trusted my instinct hence I followed her. We say our goodbye and walk out. I'm driving with Sabelo and Senzo is following behind us.

“Don't stress man they will bring him back. If they wanted to kill her they would've done that the moment they got their hands on her. All we have to do is to listen to them and succumb to their demands”

“That was the plan man until that woman messed things up!”

“She was trying to help bra. The baby is her granddaughter”

“I also get that Sabelo but her help is going to get my baby killed. Aphiwe almost got raped!”

I almost sucked another man's butt! Thinking about that makes my blood boils. I won't lie I was going to do it as long as if they spare my baby's life. Being a parent is such a mystery I have never met my daughter but already I love her so much and I will do any to save her even licking another man's stinky butt.

“I know man and I'm sorry”

“Ta man for being here for me”

“Anytime bro anytime”

I drop him off at his place then Senzo and I part ways as he drives to his place while I drive to mine. My phone is ringing I take it and answer it.

“Baba”

“How did it go”

“We are back to square one”

“What does that supposed to mean?”

I explain to him what happened.

“Dammit she messed everything up now. Did they even show you my granddaughter that she’s still alive at least?”

“No baba he took the money and left now we have to wait for them contact us again”

“The boy can’t trace the location of this number we would go straight to them and get my granddaughter.”

“True with the help of my taxi drivers. Those men would die for me and my family.”

“Exactly. Your mom wants to talk to you”

“Okay give her the phone”

“My boy did you get my granddaughter?”

“No mama Aphiwe’s mom messed things up by informing her police friend so they took the money and left without my daughter”

“Uyaphapha uHloniphile yeses!!” (Hloniphile is forward yeses!)

“She was trying to help mom”

“The kidnappers emphasized that no police should be involved. She wanted to show us that she’s connected nx! If something happens to my granddaughter I don’t know what I will do Nkosinathi but the will be consequences to face. Is it not enough that they kept her away from us now that old bitch messed things up and risked with her life even more!”

“Mom calm down please don’t be too personal about this please. I’m also angry like you but I want to think positive right now. I can’t lose my baby when I have just learnt about her existence”

“I’m sorry my son come home you don’t have to be alone in this time”

“I have someone waiting for me in the house I’m not alone”

“When are you introducing this Dikeledi lady. She seems nice”

“I’m not going to introduce her mom and bye”

Mom is forcing a makoti down my throat. Dee is the last person I would take her as my makoti even if I wanted to. I don’t feel her that way we are just fucking. If you have noticed I don’t even call her with a pet name. She’s Dee from her full name Dikeledi. I tried to call her ‘baby’ but it felt like I was eating a dough. It was distasteful but her pussy mmmh its tasteful.

I haven’t figured it out yet who are these people and these minds games they are blaming are just making it hard for me to get my head around this. I’m not sure if it’s really money they want from me or they just want to see me crumble. I’m glad I got there before he hurt Aphiwe but the picture of him on top of her trying to force himself on her is still fresh in my mind and it’s keeps flashing every second. Then the smell of his butt is still lingering in my nostrils I feel like I will puke.

I attack Dee with a kiss the moment I walk inside the house. She tries to talk against my lips but I don't give her a chance. I pin her against the wall as I rip off her leggings.

“Nathi wait”

“Why? I want to you so bad”

“Let's talk first did you guys get the baby?”

“No we didn't but we will talk later for now I just want to be buried deep inside of you”

I smash my lips on her but she pushes me.

“What now Dee!”

“So what's going to happen?”

“Hayi maan I said we will talk once we are done! I want to fuck you now isn't why you are here for?”

“That doesn't give you a right to demand sex from me”

“Yazini hamba!” (You know what go!)

“Are you seriously chasing me out just because I don't want to fuck you?”

“If you don't want to fuck me that why should you be here? You are useless ngifuna nginguza manje ungibalela izitori hamba ke the next thing you will be crying rape.” (...I want pussy and you complaining go then...)

“Wow so I’m useless now? You know what fuck you Nkosinathi! I’m done dancing to your tune hawu! I’m not desperate I just happened to love you because I thought you are a good man but I was wrong. You are an asshole that doesn’t have respect for women it’s a good thing that you have daughters and you will feel how it like when you see boys disrespecting them!”

“Go and never come back this was never going to work because you have caught feelings which is not something we agreed on!”

“I gave you all myself to you, I was bound to fall for you but one thing I won’t do is to allow you to make me feel bad for falling for you as if it’s wrong. I’m not a stone I’m human and it’s not my fault that I fall for an idiot like you who doesn’t appreciate to be loved. I value my self and I won’t stick around for bullshit not even for that good dick of yours. Good luck at getting your daughter back!”

She grabs her car keys on the coffee table and leaves. I run to the bathroom and throw up. I can still smell that dog’s butt I feel like the smell is all over the house now. I take my car keys and drive to my parents house. I find the family in the lounge watching generations.

“Daddy!” KJ runs to me. I pick him up and rough up his head.

“How many times do I have to tell you that I don’t like that. You are not my daddy anymore” He says wiggling himself down my arms but I hold him tightly.

“There’s no way that I’m not your daddy anymore you are daddy’s favorite boy!”

“No I’m Khulu’s favorite boy”

“Yes my boy you are mine. We disown your father he’s a bad father”

I laugh and settle down next to Ndiwe pulling KJ on my lap. I greet everyone but Ndiwe doesn’t greet me back.

“Ndiwe daddy is greeting you” Mom says

“Hi babazi”

“What’s with your attitude Uthandiwe?”

“I just don’t understand why are you guys keeping this girl in here while her brother killed my mother. I don’t want to see her ever again. If mom didn’t take them in give them a home she would be alive. Ungrateful assholes!”

“Uthandiwe!” Mom exclaims. I’m utterly shocked as well.

“It’s fine gogo maybe I should just go back to my granny’s house”

Cebisile told me that Zo’s aunt chased them out. There’s no way that I’m going to let her go to that house. That woman is not right she might take her in only to abuse her. Cebisile loved this kid and I’d fail her if I were to neglect this child now that she’s gone. It’s the only thing I could do for her since I failed to treat her the way she deserved when she was still alive.

“Zo you are not going anywhere. This is your home. Ndiwe I know you are hurting my baby but you shouldn’t punish Zo for her brother’s mistake. Tell me if KJ can steal sugar and gogo spank both of you will that be fair?”

“You can’t compare my mom’s life with sugar Babazi. If Zo continues to stay here then I’m going to leave with my aunt in UK

or with Cita in New York” with that said she gets up and walks away.

“I can’t allow her to leave her grandmother’s house because of me. I’m going to leave it’s fine. I think I’d also feel the same way if it was other way around.”

The pain in her voice is tearing my heart into pieces. This child doesn’t deserve this she has no one except us but I won’t allow my child to go to UK or New York. I don’t mind when they visit but staying there soze.

“Goodnight” She says and walks away leaving the atmosphere somber.

“This is one difficult situation” - Dad

“At the end of the day Uthandiwe is our blood...”

I cut her off

“Mom what are you trying to say?”

“I’m not saying we should chase her out Nkosinathi but my granddaughter’s pain and anger is justified. We just need to find a way to deal with this.”

“Zo has no one but us mom. I owe it to Cebisile to give this child the love, support and care that she needs. I think Uthandiwe and Kj should live with me then Zo will remain here until Uthandiwe has healed. If you two want to see your grandchildren they will swap. Zo will come to me and these two will come here. I will do my best to be here for Zo as much as I can.”

“Hayi what if Uthandiwe feels like we chose Zo over her?” - Mom

“Then what do you suggest we do butternut?” - Dad

“I don’t know okay but I don’t want my granddaughter to hate me. Why don’t you take Zo and leave these two with us”

“No mom I can’t do that it will look bad to Uthandiwe”

“Exactly my point”

“She doesn’t have to know that Zo stays here. We can just lie to her and say we took her back home. We have to make sure that they don’t meet. Nkosinathi will have to find the nanny that will help him take care of the kids.” - Dad

“That’s idea might work but I don’t feel comfortable with strangers around my children. I will rather commit my whole self to my children and give them undivided attention. I will stop working and focus on them.”

“You have been promoted as a chairman you can’t drop your work” - Dad

“Your life doesn’t have to stop my son. See the reason why I say you need a woman in your life. These kids need a mother figure”

“They have you mama, Aphiwe and Thula. Aphiwe will always be a mother to Uthandiwe”

“Thula doesn’t stay here and Aphiwe lives in New York, thousands miles away from these kids. It doesn’t work like that kids needs consistency”

“Other children grow up well with their single fathers mom I don’t want to complicate things for my children. Aphiwe is the only

woman I trust with my children, when she's not around it's okay we will be fine. Let's not make a fuss about this please. I will take care of my kids and support you guys while you raise Zo. I feel like Zo need you more then these two does. She's a teenager and you know at their age they are dealing with a lot. She needs a warm and loving home that you two can provide for her. I will still play my part as her father."

"If you say so. Let me go dish up for you so"

Kj has fallen asleep in my arms. He like to sleep with me this one so I take her to my bedroom and tuck him in then go back to the lounge to eat. The following day I'm woken up by a call from the kidnappers.

"Hello"

I hear my daughter crying on the other side and my hear races.

"Tell me do what you want?"

"I think she miss her mom's tities now she's making noise I will feed her bullets once and for all"

"Ngiyakucela bra she's just an innocent baby don't do that. I can give you another money."

"I don't want your money"

"What do you want?"

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"I want your taxis all of them"

Oh fuck I can't lose my taxis. My taxi business is my first born. I can't just...

“Are you still there?”

“I can give you 5 million on top of that money I gave you yesterday please”

“I want something so close to your heart”

“What about the pub and grill?”

“No it’s not close to your heart as this baby. I will send you the address where I want to find my taxis don’t forget Mellow Yellow”

That ‘my’ boils my anger. I hang up and groan in anger. Those are my taxis not his!

“What’s wrong?” Mama asks barging in my bedroom without knocking.

“They want my taxis mama! I worked hard to start my taxi business I can’t just let it go”

“Oh my son I’m sorry I know how you love your taxi business but this is your daughter’s life”

“My taxi business is my first born mom. I spent years not enjoying my money because I wanted to start this business. I was not even able to buy myself a jean or t-shirt trying to save now they just to want take it away from me. It’s hurts mama so bad”

“Oh boy” She sits on my bed and pulls me to her chest

“I’m sorry you can buy new taxis”

“It won’t be the same, my sweat and tears will still be gone”

“I know my boy and I’m so sorry”

I receive an sms. It’s an address.

“Who do you think is behind this though?”

“These people who know me mama, how did they know she’s my baby? Aphiwe has been into New York ever since she called off the wedding. I didn’t know we have a child together until the day before yesterday. They know that my taxi business is my first born. I love my other businesses but I can never compare them to my taxi business because it’s so close to my heart. Its my passion and love my sweat and tears”

“Do you think it’s the Mbheles?”

“I don’t know it could be possible”

“Or maybe the family of that little girl...”

“Mom please we agreed to never talk about that”

“I know but when people are attacking you like this you can’t help but think of the past baby that it’s has come to haunt you”

“I doubt it’s them how did they found out and I think they would’ve demand to know where she is”

“True. Just give them what they want my boy”

I heave a sigh. It’s not like I have a choice. My daughter’s life is more important but it won’t be different from losing a baby as well. I call my drivers and tell them to bring all my taxis to my house.

“Let’s me take a shower mom”

“Sure my boy I will go make you breakfast”

“I’m fine don’t worry”

I roll out of bed and walk to the bathroom. I pee first before taking a quick shower when I finish I get dressed. Mom has already made my bed so I make my way downstairs.

“Where’s your husband?”

“He took the kids to school but he said he will pass by his wholesaler. How are you going to get those taxis on your own to wherever they want”

“Senzo and Mbuso will have to help me.”

“Why don’t you just tell the drivers to drive them to the location?”

“It will look like we are going to attack them. I don’t want to mess this up. The location is not that far”

“Okay please update me what’s happening.”

“Okay I’m off”

I kiss her cheek and leave. I find Mbuso and Senzo already waiting for me. Senzo has keys to my house and these mothersfuckers are drinking my beers.

“Who gave you my beers”

“What’s up man?” - Senzo

I settle down

“They want my taxis”

“No ways man!”

“Who want your taxis Bra Mnesh?”

“The people that kidnapped my daughter”

“Oh shit Ndiwe has been kidnaped?”

“Not Ndiwe Mbuso but my last born. She’s 9 months old”

“So you are going to give them?” - Mbuso

“I don’t want to but I have to”

“What about the drivers Mnesh this means they will lose their jobs. You can’t lose your taxis like this what if we come up with a plan. How are they going to get these taxis?”

“Here’s the location that’s where I’m going to drive them.”

“Okay here’s the plan we will take the taxis there and once they give you the baby you drive off then we as your drivers are going to attack right at the moment”

“Senzo if we do that we have to make sure that no one survive because without a doubt they are going to come back for round two. The last thing we want is that these people to hurt our families. I don’t even know if they are going to bring the baby there or not that’s what frustrates me the most. I don’t know their

plans I have to play along man for the safety of my daughter's life.”

“What about the drivers? What are you going to tell them about their jobs?”

“I will deal with them once I'm done with this”

“You just going to give up just like that without fighting? Give away all your hard work? Remember I have been here with you boy watching you working hard to put up the business where it is now. I refuse to just give”

“We don't have to fight all the battles in life let's just let it go I'm begging you. I'm going to need you and Mbuso to drive the taxis there. The location is not that far”

“I'm not happy with this but I respect you man”

We have beers while we wait for the other taxi drivers who are driving for the long distance. I don't tell my drivers yet about everything I need to deal with this first before addressing them. The kidnappers have been calling me and with every call my baby is crying . Around 3pm I have all my taxis are parked inside and outside of my yard. My heart breaks as I walk around looking at my taxis for the last time.

“I'm sorry boy” Senzo says squeezing my shoulder. Just then my phone rings.

“I'm coming”

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“Change of plans I'm outside to collect my taxis”

I hang up and look at Senzo.

“He’s outside”

“They like to play mind games”

“I think they knew from the beginning that they will fetch these taxi here it was just their plan to mess up our plans just in case we had them”

I walk out and I’m welcomed by almost 30 men surrounding my taxis. The guy from yesterday walks towards feeling like starring in a movie.

“We meet again”

“I don’t like this at all why bring all these men into my home, my place of comfort and security!”

“You don’t get to make rules I do and I did you a favour how were going to get all these taxis to me”

“Or it your way of ruining my plans because you can never know what a man can do when he’s about to lose something so precious to him”

He laughs out loudly

“You wouldn’t have made a stupid move now would you. That daughter of yours has been crying all day I tried to give her whiskey but she didn’t want it then I remember that her father loves flying fish. Guess what she drank it like a fish. Uzele isdakwa esincane” He laughs out loudly antagonizing me further.

“You gave a 9 months old alcohol you bastard!”

I grab him with his collar and his men pull out their guns pointing them right at me.

“Lower your guns gentlemen he won’t hurt me”

“I want my taxis”

“The ignition keys are inside of each taxi. Where’s my daughter?”

“You have no patience in your DNA Dlomo”

The men gets in my taxis and drive out one by one they’re all gone.

“Where is my niece! You are alone now your hitmen are gone!”
Senzo says pointing a gun at him

“That’s not a nice move bro trust me”

“Senzo calm down please”

“No this bastard is playing us nx!”

Just then a car pulls over next to us. The guy opens the back seat and takes out the baby.

“Nasi isdakwa esincane” (Here’s the little drunkard)

He gives me my baby and I look at her she gives me a wild smile. Holding her for the first time sends warmth in my heart. I smile back at her and kiss her tiny lips. She’s reeking of flying fish. This bastard really gave my baby alcohol!

“Sharp gents”

He jumps into the car and they reserved out and drive off.

“Heloo my baby”

“Damn she looks like you man. Hello mshana ka Lume”

She giggles none stop.

“I think this child is drunk Senzo. We have to take her to the hospital.”

“I will go fetch the car keys”

I slide out my phone and call Phiwe.

“Papi...Inathi”

“Hey let’s meet at Mediclinic these bastard gave her flying fish”

“Oh my good is that her? I can hear her giggling Inathi you are with her?”

“Yes she’s in my arms as we are speaking”

“Oh thank you so much Bhelesi I knew I can always count on you. Is she okay?”

“She’s giggling none stop and reeking of flying fish”

“Okay we will meet there”

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I hang up and look at my daughter who starts giggling again when our eyes meet. Without a waste of time we drive to the hospital. Aphiwe runs to us the moment we arrive at the hospital.

“My baby girl!”

She takes her from me and kisses her as she giggles louder. At least she’s not crying. That is comforting.

“Im going to take a walk” I say and walk out.

I’m glad my baby is fine but my heart is sore that my taxis are gone. I take my wallet in my car and a take walk. I keep walking until I find myself at Bob’s place. I buy beer and find a seat for myself. I don’t regret what I did and I would do it over and over to save my baby’s life but it doesn’t hurt any less. Once my beer is finish I buy myself a cigarette and lighter then smoke.

“Saludos Señor” (Greetings Mr) Says this goddess before me. I swear for a moment I think I’m in heaven. Such beauty must exists only in heaven. She grabs a chair and sits down.

“Makuyi nhlamba lokho nawe” (If that an insult same goes to you)

She laughs. Her laugh is like a beautiful song I’m not exaggerating.

“Typical Zulu”

We both laugh.

“You good?”

“Yes and yourself?”

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“You are such a liar. I saw you sitting over there that something is eating you up”

“I just lost my baby to save my baby”

She looks at me confused as she takes my cigarette and starts smoking. Why is she smoking? She's ruining her beauty. Anyway I explain to her what happened.

“You did anything a father would have done you should be proud of my yourself”

“They came into my home and took my taxis in front of me so much disrespect and cruelty. I still feel like I lost my first born.”

“My condolences”

I chuckle

“Thank you. I'm Nkosinathi Dlomo and you beautiful lady?”

“You have no shame you should be mourning your first born not hitting on women you naughty man!”

I laugh and look at her muhle umtwana bantu madoda!

“Kanti lutho yaz angibathandi abantu besifazane ababhemayo” (Not really I don't like women who smokes) They are a turn off to me honestly.

“Kanti nami ke angilali notayaya” (I also don't sleep with softies)

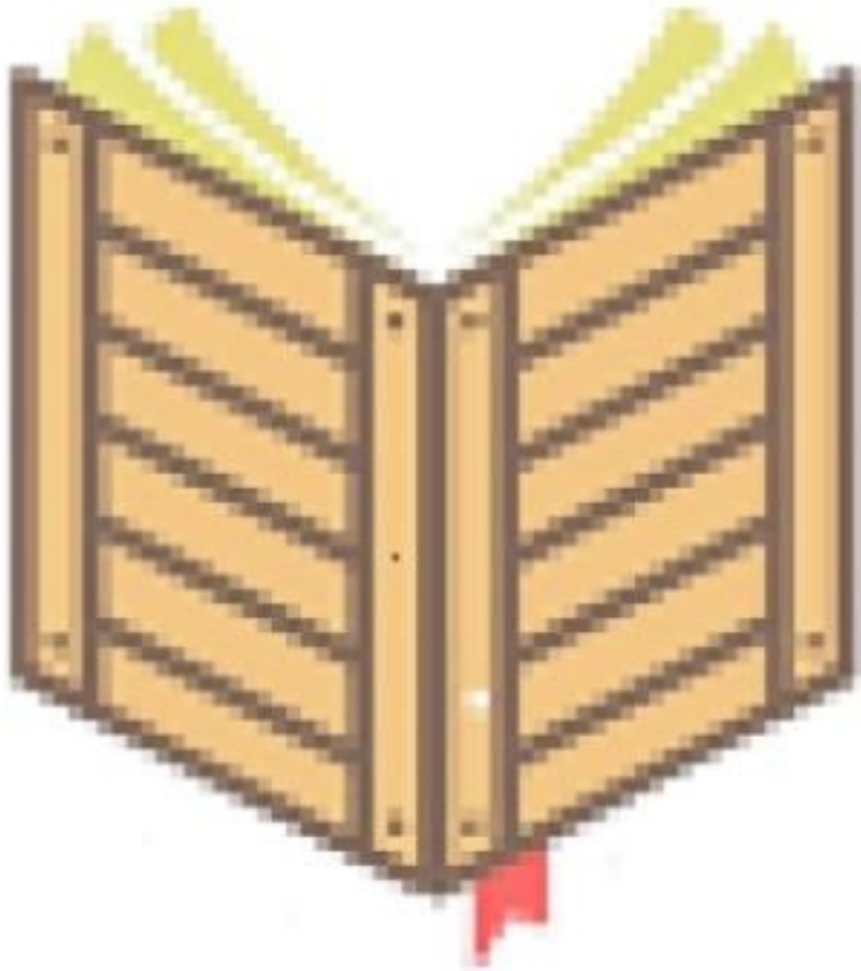
She blows the smoke on my face.

“Angisiye utayaya mina” (I'm not a softie)

“You wouldn't be here drinking your sorrows away but planning how to get back your taxis manje ke uyinquza nje” (...you are a pussy)

“Angisiye nquza!” (I’m not a pussy!)

She laughs out loudly as she gets up and walks away leaving me fuming with anger. The audacity!



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Chapter Seventy Two

I don't know if I should be worried that she's giggling none stop because she likes giggling but since they gave her alcohol I'm unsettled. I knew that Nkosinathi would do everything in his power to bring back our daughter. I'm so happy that our baby is back and I need to thank him but I see his behind disappearing into the exit. I follow him but Senzo stops me.

“Just give him a space he's taking a walk”

“Is he okay? What happened?”

“In exchange of them to bring back your baby they wanted all his taxis”

Oh no!

“And he gave them?”

“Obvious”

My heart sinks to the pit of my stomach. Now I feel horrible that he sacrificed his taxi business to save our daughter. His taxi business is so close to his heart. It's no different that he lost his baby. I feel teardrops running down my face and settle down next to mama as we wait for the doctor. My heart is spilt into two at this moment. One half is with my daughter and the other half is with Nkosinathi wherever he is.

The doctor comes to address about my daughter's condition. Thanks God she consumed small amount of alcohol so she's fine but the doctor warns us about the danger of alcohol. Babies minds

and brains are still developing and they're more easily affected. After addressing us she leads us to the my baby's ward. We find her sleeping but the doctor says once she's awake we can take her home. I wish she can wake up already so that I can breastfeed her. I'm sure they didn't give her something solid to eat.

“How did Nkosinathi get her back?” - Aunty Vuyi

“They wanted all his taxis and he gave them all”

“Oh that's bad” Mom says

“He has money he will buy other taxis. His baby's life matters the most” - Aunty Nhlanhla

“Those taxis are his everything Aunty Nhlanhla. They are his sweat and tears. He worked hard to get his taxi business where it is right now and it wasn't easy at all”

“I have never seen someone passionate about taxi industry like Nkosinathi is. I feel sad for him. His taxi business was his pride and joy” - Aunty Vuyi

“I also feel horrible Aunty and I want to do something for him. Mom why don't you give him your taxis”

“No she can't do that. Nkosinathi will survive bo”

“Aunt Nhlanhla what's your problem?”

“I don't have a problem my child but Nkosinathi made his choice and it is was a right choice. He will buy other taxis why should my sister give your boyfriend her taxi business?”

“That business is good as his Aunt Nhlanhla. Honestly speaking mom should give Nkosinathi a share in everything that she owns because it was made out of his father’s gold the mom and dad stole. We shouldn’t forget that”

“Hayi that’s too extreme Aphiwe. His father only had a gold Hloni and your father turned that gold into this. These are their brains, hard work and sweat.”

“The point is they wouldn’t have anything if they didn’t steal from Nkosinathi’s father Aunt Nhlanhla. My man deserves every share. He was struggling trying to provide for his family while he had a chance of living a better life. Now the business that he worked hard for it to be successful has been taken away from him”

“It’s not our fault they took his taxis Wewe. He did what he had to save his child why he should be rewarded for doing anything a father would have done to save his child. Haibo I drama Aphiwe!”

Aunty Nhlanhla is annoying me really.

“Mama is the one that should make a decision not you Aunt Nhlanhla. We all know that you sucking your little sister’s money. You are not a good example to your kids. Aunt Vuyi has a degree, mom got herself a man who had brains they hustled together. What about you? Everything that you have is because of my mom’s money without her you’d be nothing!”

“Aphiwe how dare you talk to my sister like that! She’s your aunt show some fucking respect!”

“But mama she’s. ..”

“Shut up!!”

I huff

“Apologize to your aunt”

“Mom...”

“Aphiwe!”

I groan

“Sorry Aunty Nhlanhla”

“I understand what you are saying but at the end of the day your father and I made our legacy. The gold helped us that undeniable but we put so much effort, dedication and hard work building our legacy. Nkosinathi can have the taxis it’s fine but he will not have every share of what I own”

“Thanks for the offer Mrs Ndlela but I can’t accept it.” Nkosinathi says as he walks in. His hands tucked in his jeans.

“Aw but why Nkosimathi?”

“As you said it’s your hard work and dedication. I don’t want to take that from you and besides it’s not like I have no other way of buying other taxis.”

“But Inathi you don’t have to buy them. You deserve more”

“I’m my own man I build my own legacy for my children. I won’t accept handouts from your mom”

“It’s no handouts Nkosinathi it’s your father’s gold I’m sure he would have wanted you to have a piece of it”

“I don’t think I would’ve worked hard to build my legacy for my children if I had a piece of it. Not having it yielded fruitful results. This is not my downfall it’s just a passing phase. I did what I had to do to save my daughter and I will do it over and over again.”

That’s my man for you he believes that he has to work hard for himself to have anything he wants kanti accepting help doesn’t make you a failure and in this case it’s not accepting help but getting a piece of his father’s gold.

“Well if you change your mind you know where to find me. Should we leave or wait for you?”

“Uhm I’m sure Nkosinathi wants to spend some time with his daughter right Papito”

“Of course”

“Well you guys can go”

They all kiss Skylar’s forehead and walk out. Nkosinathi walks towards us and sits on the bed looking Skylar. I walk to his side and stand between his legs.

“Senzo told me I’m sorry Bhelesi I know your taxi business means so much to you. That’s why I wanted mama to give you the taxis. I’m sorry for keeping you away from our daughter and thank you so much for bringing her back home”

“How is she?”

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“She’s fine when she wakes up we will take her home”

He shifts his eyes from her and looks at me. An intense emotion reflecting in eyes breaks my heart.

“Ngiyaxolisa Dinangwe...”

“Why did you do this to me?”

“I was selfish and I’m really sorry”

“And I should just forgive you like that”

“Of course not you can stay mad at me as much as you want but don’t be cold towards me I can’t stand it when you are cold towards me.”

He closes his eyes and breathes out loudly. I caress his face. I’m so tempted to kiss it better then I remember that he has a girlfriend. The word girlfriend leaves a bitter taste in my mouth.

“Uhm won’t your woman have a problem when you show up with us”

He opens his eyes and looks at me with a raised brow.

“I don’t want to cause trouble. If Skylar is not feeding I’d let you take her but I have to feed her especially now that she’s been deprived her milk for two days”

“You two are spending the night in my house”

My heart does tango a dance at the sound of that! Yebooo.

“But I don’t want to ...”

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“Okay cut off your boobs Phiwe and give them to me” He says sliding out his pocket knife. I look at him and laugh. Skylar wakes up and looks around. I walk to her and pick her up.

“Hello sthandwa samama day hi to daddy” She yawns and rubs her eyes. I give him to Nkosinathi.

“Hello my angel....I’m your daddy” Skylar smiles wild and touches her father’s beard

“What is her name?”

“Skylar”

“Hawu Aphiwe isbhakabhaka pho besekuphele amagama yini?” (A Sky? Have we run out of the names in the world)

I couldn’t help but laugh out loudly

“No it’s not Skylar as in the Sky but as in eternal life and strength”

“Uyakuvuma lokho sthandwa sam mm isibhakabhaka pho mmh” (Do you agree my love mmm a sky really?) He says tickling Skylar who’s giggling and wiggling.

“Awuvumi angithi...uyala wena mabhebeza” (Don’t agree right...)

I can’t help but smile as I look at them. If I had a phone with me I’d take video of them. This is so cute.

“Tshela umama ukuthi wena uyuYandisokuhle. maYandi Yandi kababakhe nzeee” (Tell your mom that you are Yandisokuhle. Daddy’s Yandi Yandi)

Skylar’s giggles fill the entire room. Yandisokuhle I love it. It’s means increase all the good things.

“I love it it”

I sign out our daughter and we find Senzo and Mbuso still waiting for us

“Thank you gents we can leave now”

They get up and we all walk out. Nkosinathi and I sit at the back. Mbuso is at the front with Senzo who's driving. The drive is filled with Yandi's giggles and her father's baby talking. It's such a great sight to see. You can never separate Nkosinathi with his kids they just melt at the first sight of him.

Mbuso is the first to be dropped off and when we get to Senzo's place Nkosinathi gives me Yandi while she speaks to Senzo outside. I decide to breastfeed her and my baby suckle on my nipple like the world is ending. Shame my poor baby. Nkosinathi gets in the driver's seat and looks at us.

“Are you girls good”

“Yes we are good”

He looks at Yandi who's humming a song as she enjoys her food and holding her foot into the air. She always does this when she's feeding and enjoying her milk. He takes out his phone and takes a picture of us. This is going to be his second favourite pic. He starts the car and drive off.

“Do you need anything?”

“Yes can we fetch her diapers, wipes and clothes at my mom's place”

“Let's go to the mall and buy everything you girls are going to need. The shops are not closed yet”

“Okay”

At the mall he takes Yandi while I push the trolley. Woolies is our first shop then we go to checkers to buy other necessities. I don't know if I can buy something to eat or his woman cooked. I'm even scared to ask but what if she cooked enough for her and him only. What will I eat? Am I seriously going to spend a night in his house while his girlfriend is there? Won't it hurt me when I hear them fucking? I didn't think of this.

“Phiwe” He snaps me out of my trance

“Yes”

“What's wrong? What are you thinking about?”

“Uhm I don't think it's a good idea to sleep in your house.”

“If you are worried about Dee. She's not there so relax”

I sigh out of relief and look at Yandi. Jesus this child!

“Nkosinarhi why did you give her chocolates!”

“I asked you nje and you were just miles away”

“I wanted to feed her when we get home she won't eat and she's going to keep us the whole night brace yourself daddy”

The chocolate is all over her chubby cheeks and she's smearing it on her father's sweater who doesn't seem to have a problem with that.

“So what will you want to eat for dinner?”

“I missed your cooking”

I knew he will say that. Typical of him. Nkosinathi can never choose takeaway over a home cooked meal.

“Beef? Chicken? Lamb? Liver?”

“Surprise me”

We go to the refrigerators and I take beef meat and chicken. I will decide at home what to cook for him. I get few things that I’m going to use when I cook then we go to the till.

“Take out my wallet in my jeans and pay apple butter”

I slide out his wallet from his jeans take out his card. I give the cashier the card and punch the pin after she has asked me to. Once I have paid we leave. It’s funny that after all these months his house still feels like my home. Nothing has changed everything is still the same way I left it. I prepare supper while they bond in the lounge. I choose chicken stew over a beef stew and rice because I want to finish quickly. I’m not in a cooking mood honestly. I also make potato mash for Ndiwe. One hour and half later I’m done. I dish up for three of us.

“Dinner is ready”

“Thank you so much I haven’t eaten the whole day and it’s only now I realize that I’m starving”

“I know you”

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I give him a bowl to wash his hands and a dry dish cloth to dry his hands then settle next to him.

“I will feed her” He says taking the little bowl

“I doubt she will eat after eating chocolate”

“Kanti my charms can amaze you yaz”

“Okay Mr charms we will see”

“Yandi Yandi kababakhe say aaaaa” He says swinging a spoonful of mash towards Yandi’s mouth This little rabbit! She always gives me trouble when she ate something sweet but look at how wild open her mouth is now.

“See”

“Haisuka usile lo!”

We eat together while he feeds his daughter in between. Yandi falls asleep in her father’s arms before I even bath her.

“Ngiyabonga” (Thank you) He says randomly looking at his daughter

“For what?”

“For her, thank you for giving me such a precious gift once again”

“I’m sorry for keeping her from you”

“I don’t understand why did you keep her from me”

“I know how stubborn you can be Nkosinathi you were going to tell me to come back from New York and I wasn’t ready”

“Ready for what actually?”

“I needed space to learn to live without you”

He chuckles bitterly shaking his head.

“Are you not the one who called off the wedding and broke up with me? Learn to live without me for what now? It’s not like you were affected by what you did”

There’s an intense emotion flashing in his eyes and his voice is laced with pain or anger. I can’t figure it out.

“I never stopped loving you Nkosinathi”

He chuckles and gets up with our daughter then walks away. I heave a sigh and get up from the couch then walk to the bathroom to pee but I find him in the bathroom peeing.

“I’m sorry to disturb you”

“Why are you back vele?”

“I’m not here to mess up things between you and Dee...”

“Why are you back Aphiwe?”

“I came for the funeral Nkosinathi...”

“Okay the funeral is over now you can go back to New York but leave my daughter and son. Kj has been visiting you but he never told me about Yandi”

“I told him not to because I wanted to tell you myself”

“Wow you told my son to lie to me about my daughter?”

I watch him as he shakes his dick and spit into the toilet before flushing.

“Ngiyaxolisa Nkosinathi” (I’m sorry Nkosinathi)

He goes to the sink and washes his hand. I walk towards him and wrap my arms around his waist then rest my head on his back sniffing his scent

“I’m sorry from the bottom of my heart for the pain I have put you through...”

“What happened to your man in New York? Did he break your heart now you thought you can come back to me?”

“There was no man in New York...”

“Don’t fucking lie to me!!!” He roars angrily as he turns around yanking my hands off him.

“I swear baby there was no man in New York. I was alone you can even ask KJ.”

“What you are telling me right now doesn’t make sense! You never stopped loving me but you broke up with me because I am a toxic man. I haven’t changed I’m still that toxic man so leave me alone!”

He walks away but I grab his wrist and kiss him. He pushes me away but I tighten my grip around his neck intensifying the kiss while stroking his dick over his jeans. He groans in my mouth and responds to the kiss. We have our first round in the bathroom and the other three we take them to the bathroom. Damn the wait of a year and months was worth it.

* * *

I have lost count of how I yearned this moment right now, waking up to her beautiful self sleeping peacefully next to me. Now that this moment has come true I wish I can say I'm happy but I'm not. Fuck! I'm so angry at myself for giving in so easily! She fucking knows that she's my weakness and she thinks she's just gonna come in and walk out of my life as she pleases. I won't allow her to do this to me. How will I know that she won't leave me again?

I roll out of bed and go hit a shower. How is it possible that she has never stopped loving me when she's actually the one that ended our marriage before it began? Phiwe thinks I'm her doll that has to dance to her tune. Now that she's back and loves me I just have to accept her back and be happy? Hell no that's not going to happen. If I let her to do this to me then it will mean I'm a softie just like that beautiful lady said. The nerve she has though to smoke my cigarette and finish it then tells me I'm a pussy. She has liver for days but funny enough she keep popping in my mind every now and then.

Maybe I have been told before that I'm a pussy I don't remember but it's has never bothered me as much as it does right now? Uthi mina ngiyinquza usho kubani kimo lokho? I didn't even get her name. Damn she's so beautiful. After showering I lotion my body and get dressed into black ripped raw jeans, grey long sleeves simple t-shirt and white Nike pair of sneakers.

Phiwe is still sleeping she's exhausted, last night we had a helluva sex. This woman knows where to touch me. I can fuck another woman but the moment I'm done it will feel like I didn't had sex at all but with Phiwe sex is fullfilling it's like my dick is only meant

for her pussy only. I take our daughter from a cot that used to be Kij's. We had to move it in my bedroom because we couldn't sleep with her on the bed for obvious reasons. I kiss her tiny pouted lips and tuck her in next to her mother.

This little girl makes me warm in the inside. I love her so much and I'm so happy that I have met her. She's such a happy child that likes giggling. I take my phone and car keys then drive to the pub and grill. I called a meeting I need to address them with the situation at hand. I chose the pub and grill because it's spacious and we open at 9am now it's 7:00. They all arrive in time.

"Greetings gentlemen I'm sorry I called a short notice meeting. I'm bearing bad news bafethu"

They are looking at me worried now.

"So as I asked y'all to bring the taxis yesterday. I had a crisis of which I cannot disclose but what I want to tell you is that at the moment there are no jobs for you guys"

"What?"

"Kanjani manje?"

"Why are you firing us?"

"I'm not firing anyone there are no jobs because there are no taxis to drive"

"What does that supposed to mean Bra Mneshe? I can't lose my job. I'm the bread winner at home"

"Me too I'm all my siblings have"

“You know very well Bra Mnesh that without our jobs we are nothing”

“You can’t just tell us there are no jobs without noticing us you were supposed to let us know what’s going on and give us a chance to look other jobs”

“Guys let’s wait for him to finish please” - Senzo

They all look at me and keep quite

“I understand how ya’ll are feeling right now. The situation was behind my control. I lost all my taxis but I’m going to pay y’all while I sort this out. I will never treat you guys unfairly. I’m not the a taxi owner who robs his taxi drivers and doesn’t care about his taxi drivers. I’m sure all of you can testify to that. Even now I understand that I can’t just dismiss y’all you have families that you guys have to provide for. I’m going to pay you all and your jobs will be available as soon as I have sorted everything out. Another think that you guys have to know is that we won’t all have taxis at the same time. We are going to take shifts so that all of us can have jobs. I promise though that in 6 to 7 months things would be back to normal. I just need you guys to be patient with me. I’m not stopping anyone though to find another job. If the opportunity presents itself don’t waste it”

“What do you mean you lost your taxis Bra Mnesh?”

“Yes tell us who stole them and we go deal with them right now”

“No one stole them gents. Let’s not worry about that please. Does anyone have a problem with what I have said maybe or a question”

“Bra Mnesh you took me when I had nothing and gave me a job. Now I’m able to provide for my family. I have never thank you enough for what you have done for me. Today I want you to know that I can die and kill for you.”

“Tell us Bra Mnesh what happened? We are here for you anytime you want and anything that is threatening our jobs we deal with it”

“I’m not an expert but I don’t think there’s someone who stole his taxis. You asked all of us to bring taxis because someone was threatening you so it was either that is or you give him your taxis?”

“I don’t want gents okay I want peace”

“Who took your taxis? Ubani lo osiphuca isinkwa semindeni yethu?” (...Who’s taking our families bread from us?)

“Whoever that is wants a war moss”

I look at them as they all go crazy about this. They are so angry and ready for a war. Senzo is looking at me he enjoys what is happening. Have I become so soft? Everyone wants a war and ready for it but I don’t. Am I a pussy just like that beauty said? But I have never been a person who likes violence from the word go. I lost my father due to these taxi wars. All I want is peace does that makes me a pussy?

“They took his daughter gents and threatened to kill her if he doesn’t give them his taxis.” Mbuso says

“Who are they? Ziyanya lezinja!”

“He had to watch them take his sweat and tears!” - Senzo

“These people are looking for a war. They took our jobs we can’t just let them be. Akunyiwe once!”

“Do you know them Bra Mnesh?”

“No I don’t”

“But for them to take your taxis and leave other things tells that this has to do with taxi industry. Remember that not everyone is happy that you are progressing Bra Mnesh.”

“Another thing is now he’s the chairman of Skhova association and there are members who are not happy about that”

Senzo is infuriating them even more.

“Gents let’s calm down”

“How can we be calm we need to go get those taxis”

“Bra Mnesh we got you and we are going to get those taxis back just give us the go ahead”

“Okay give me a chance to think okay. If we do this we going to need a plan that’s not going to backfire and we need to find out who is behind this”

They agree and say their goodbyes then left. Senzo and Mbuso remain behind.

“Fuck you two! You planned this!”

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“We want to show you that you have support Mnesh you don’t have to let another man take your hard work. Now that your daughter is with you we can act”

“Senzo how many times do I have to say that I don’t want war! Without a doubt people are going to die and I don’t want anymore blood in my hands!”

“Mnesh when have you become a coward”

“I’m not a coward I have a family I can not always be there to protect them! I hate wars!”

“These people are the ones that provoked you man! Come on don’t be a pussy!”

I lose it and throw a punch. He reels backwards and almost fall but Mbuso catches him. Senzo wipes his blood with his thumb on his mouth and sucks it then walks out with Mbuso

“Dammit!!!”

I groan in anger and go to my office. This is the only place I can think. I relax on the couch and think. It’s must have been an hour or two later when I see her standing at the door. How did she know where to find me.

“Can I come in”

She’s wearing a black leather pants and black leather jacket with black suede shoes. Her curly hair is tied into ponytail.

“Sure”

She makes her way in and takes my cigarettes on the desk with a lighter then lights the cigarette.

“You have a beautiful office”

“How did you know I’m here”

“I have my ways Mr Dlomo”

She settles down next to me and smokes.

“What’s were you thinking about when I walked in here?”

“Nothing”

“Liar I know that you have been thinking about what I said to you. You didn’t even sleep a wink thinking about getting your taxis back isn’t it”

“What do you want from me”

“Nquzana you seem grumpy today”

“Don’t call me that!”

She laughs

“Let’s go I have something to show you”

“Go where?”

“You will see”



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“I can’t just leave with you when I don’t even know where you are taking me. You have tell me what do you want to show me and where you are going to”

“Are you scared?”

She looks at me in the eyes intently. Of course I’m not scared I’m just not in the mood but if I refuse to go with her she’s going to call me a pussy.

“I hope you are not going to waste my time”

We get up then I take my car keys on couch.

“You won’t need that come” She says squashing the half of cigarettes in my ashtray then I follow behind her as we walk out watching ass.

“Don’t look at my butt Dlomo”

“A butt? You call this plank a butt?” I tease her she has a huge ass and my hands are itching to just grab and spank it

“Fuck you!”

I laugh. She leads me to the parking area and takes one helmet.

“Have you ever ride a bike before?”

“No”

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“Well this is going to be your first experience take”

“Is this yours?”

“Sure”

This woman is so fucking intriguing. I can't help but want to know more about her. We both wear our helmets and gets on top of it. I'm sitting her behind.

“Hold me so that you won't fall”

She starts the bike and it roars giving me that adrenaline rush.

“Like this”

I hold her breast from behind , they're perfect size she's definitely my kind of woman big booty and big enough boobs.

“You pervert hold my waist not my boobs!” She says pinching my hands.

“Ouch remember I have never ridden a bike before so I don't know what to do and what not to do”

“Usile wena! Just hold my waist okay”

“Okay ke”

I hold her waist and leans closer to her back as drives off. She smells so nice and her body feels so warm. I notice a tattoo of stars on her nape. The thrill of riding a bike leaves me in awe.

“What's your name!” I scream and she just laughs.

Why doesn't she want to tell me her name? It's about 15 to 20 minutes later when we arrive to the warehouse.

“Why are we here?”

“You don’t know my name but you agreed to come with me I like risk takers.”

She winks at me and walks away. I follow her as I look around and my heartbeat is starting to race. I didn’t even bring my gun. We enter inside the warehouse and we walk through.

“I have a present for you”

She leads me to this guy tied in chair and when I take second look at him I recognize him.

“Why is he here?”

“Don’t you want to know who is he working for?”

I see a smile on her face as she looks at me and when I look down and realize that she’s looking at my hands that are subconsciously stretching and popping.

“Shona khona mtinyele!”

Who is this woman and why is she doing this? We will deal with that later for now let’s tinyela this bastard.

“Ya masendakho!” I say removing the gag on his mouth.

“Please don’t hurt me I have a daughter like you Nkosinathi. She’s 1 year old”

“Yet you gave my baby alcohol?”

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“She didn’t want to stop crying what was I supposed to...” He doesn’t finish his sentence as I throw a mean punch on his face that makes him growl.

“Ooh shit! Im sorry okay but I fed her and changed her diapers the least you could say is thank you”

I punch him again and again

“Who are you working for? Where are my taxis?”

“You mean my taxis?”

I punch him harder this time and he screams in agony

“Oh fuck you throw mean punches yeses!”

I give him another countless punches until he bleeds.

“Who the fuck are you!!”

“He doesn’t want to talk? Alright let’s see if he still won’t talk”

She walks to us with a big piler

“Take his pants off together with her undies”

I do as she says.

“What are you going to do? Please don’t hurt me!”

“Ucabanga ukuthi sidlala umrwabarwaba wena nja!” (You think we are playing Morabaraba you dog!)

She pinches his dick with a piler making him to groans in agony. I swear I felt that in my dick.

“Who the fuck are you working for!” She yells at him and pinches his dick again. Weirdly enough I find her so fucking sexy damn at this moment.

“I’m working for Mkhize and Ntshangase!”

I’m not surprised at all it’s them.

“Now you’re talking, why are they not facing me like men and stop hiding behind you?”

“They’re scared of you Nkosinathi they think if they reveal themselves you will come for their families and they have tried killing you for countless time but they failed”

“They tried to kill me for countless times? Is this still about chairman position?”

“No they believe you are involved in their friend, Ndela’s accident. You were avenging your little sister. You being a chairman just exercerbated their hate towards you”

“They have no idea how much I wish I killed Ndlela with my bare hands. That’s accident was nothing. If it was me they would’ve found him a mincemeat. I hate that bastard even in his grave. He turned my brother into a monster and killed my little sister!”

“How is possible that every time a gun is fired on you it doesn’t go off but when you aim it on another direction it does? I thought they’re lying but it happened to me as well. How do you fucking do that huh!”

I burst into laughter. Dlala khubalo lami!!

“So since they’ve failed to kill me they decided to take my taxis?
Wow”

I laugh once again and she joins me then shoots him right on his forehead.

“Why did you do that I wanted to ask him where are my taxis”

“Don’t worry about that I got it covered.”

She whistles, a few seconds later two guys walks in.

“Zero get rid of this body”

“Sure boss lady”

Boss lady huh? I watch them as they took the guy’s body I didn’t even get his name. Once they are out I look at this beautiful woman before me.

“Who are you?”

“Xitlalli”

“What?”

I look at her with a raised brow and she laughs out loudly

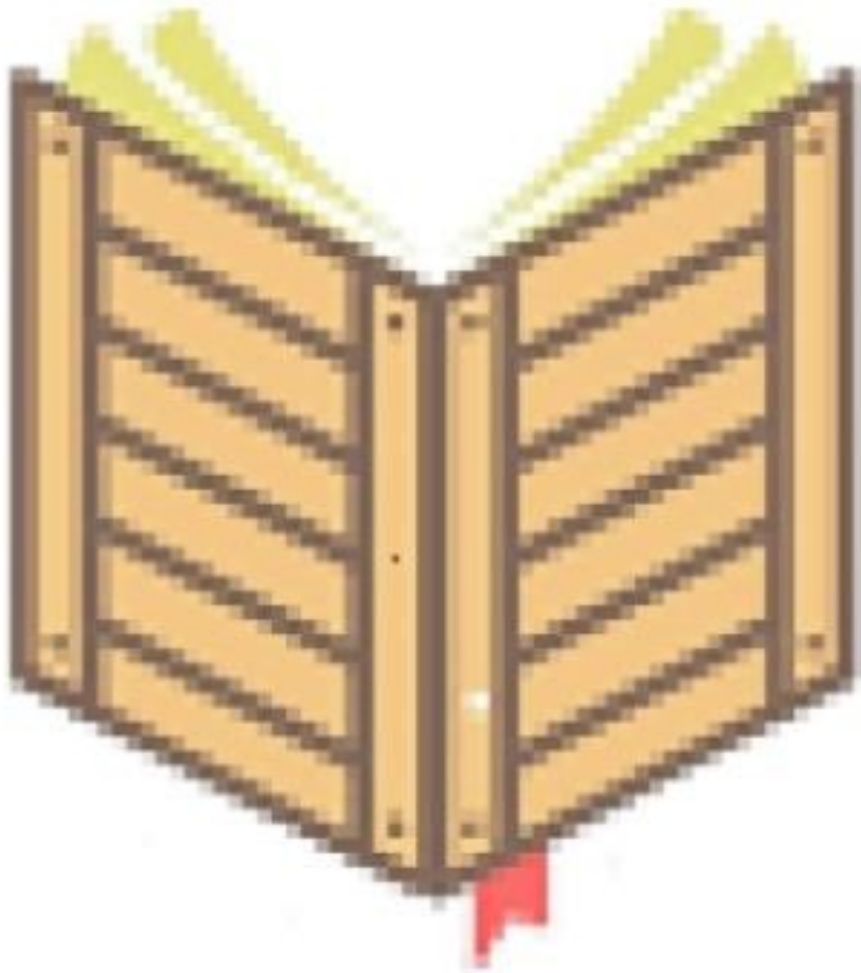
“That’s the reason I didn’t want to tell you my name”

“What you said is a name?”



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She laughs even louder and I'm so confused. Silali? What the fuck is that?



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Chapter Seventy Three

I'm staring at her as she laughs so hard and tears are streaming down her now red face. I can't help but notice how her laugh tugs at my heartstrings. She has a beautiful laugh just like herself. In fact everything about her is so perfectly beautiful. How can one defy all odds and looks so stunningly beautiful. Finally she stops laughing and wipes her tears.

"Come let's go Nkosy"

Nkosy huh? I think I love the sound of that. She hooks her arm around mine and we make our way out. We wear our helmets and leave. I still haven't got her name but it's fine. We arrive to this beautiful mansion.

"You have a beautiful house"

"It's my parents actually"

"Very beautiful"

"Aunty Glad!" She shouts and a middle aged woman appears. She greets me then looks at Star.

"Can you please bring me and my guest something to eat and drink we will be in my dad's office"

"Okay sis"

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The woman disappears.

"Come"

Her dad's office? We walk upstairs and walk inside her dad's office as she said. It nice and has extravagant furniture.

“You can have seat”

She points at the gigantic couch. I settle down on the couch. She takes off her leather jacket leaving a white vest that shows her cleavage. I notice another tattoo on the left boob it's a beautiful heart.

“Do you know how to play chess?” She asks hanging the jacket on the rail of the chair.

“No”

“I will teach you first let me introduce myself”

She sits next to me and looks at me with a beautiful smile I have ever seen in my life. I inhale taking in her lovely scent.

“I'm Xitlalli Lopez.”

“What's kind of name is that”

“Xitlalli is from Nahuatl language. It's mean Star”

“So awusuye umuntu?” (So you are not human)

She laughs

“Typical Zulu! Why do Zulu tribe act like you are the only people in the world”

“Yithi abantu vele” (We are humans)

“And what about us are we animals?”

“I didn’t say that you did” I say laughing

“You Zulus are mean!”

“Leave us alone!”

“I’m a Zunish”

“Huh?”

She giggles softly.

“I’m half Zulu and half Spanish. My mom is Zulu and my daddy is Spanish.”

“Wow the more you open that cute mouth of yours you leave me wanting to know more about you. Go on pretty lady I’m listening”

“Don’t flirt with me angilali notayaya” (I don’t sleep with softies)

“Nami angilali nezilwane” (I also don’t sleep with animals)

She punches me hard on my stomach. I growl in pain.

“Fuck! You punch like a man!”

“It’s serves you right!”

The woman walks in with a tray and gives it to Star.

“Thank you Aunty Glad”

“It’s my pleasure”

Aunty Glad walks out

“Let’s eat”

I look at the food and sigh in relief

“What?”

“At least you eat normal food”

“Uyadelela yaz wena!” (You are rude!)

I laugh and dig in.

“What’s your name again?”

She cracks up

“Hayi uyisidomu nawe” (You are dumb)

“Fuseg silwane ndini!” (Voetsek you animal)

“Nawe fuseg nquza ndini!” (Voetsek you pussy!)

“Ngizokushaya Star!” (I will Spank you Star)

“You wish!” She challenges me.

We wrestle with each other. I underestimated her she’s so fucking strong. I manage to take slide off her leather pants with her panties to her knees and pin her down on my lap then spanks her booty. The more I spank her it’s the louder her moans are. I feel

my rod expanding in my pants as I spank her harder until her butt is red. The opens and the Aunty walks in.

“Oh I’m sorry” She says and rushes out.

Star curses as she wears her panties and leather pants then runs after her aunt. I fix my throbbing dick in my pants giving it an angle that is not that too painful. A few minutes later Star comes back and looks at me. I can’t pinpoint if she’s angry or what and that causes my heart to race. What if she feels sexually harrassed and I have messed up our relationship before it even begin? It’s no secret that I’m attracted to her.

“You don’t get to do to me like that in my parents’ house. I will get you for this”

I sigh in relief when I realised that she’s not angry. She comes to sit next to then we continue eating.

“MaAntiza is okay?”

“Yes”

“Next time she should knock hey”

“You are so forward!”

I laugh out loudly. We eat over a general chat. She’s an interesting woman and her company is refreshing. Once we finish eating she takes the tray to the kitchen and comes back with a chess board.

“Okay I’m going to teach you how to play chess”

“Alright”

We spend two hours, her teaching me how to play chess. Damn I underestimated this thing it's so difficult.

“I'm tired now this thing is difficult”

“Just one more time”

We play again together and she explains everything.

“This is how we are going to get your first born.”

I gasp in awe how does she do this? How she use a game of chess to plot our attack is a mystery to me. She's such a rare breed.

“Wow you are amazing”

“I know”

“I want my taxi drivers to be included though”

“Worry not the more the merrier”

“How did you get all of this information? What are you Star?”

I'm sensing a gangster lady here.

“I'm an animal”

We both laugh and we stare at each other. Our eyes are having their own conversation and her breath is a caress against my skin. I lean closer and capture her lips with mine. I have never tasted something so soft as her lips. The kiss intensifies, tongues dueling and teeth clashing. In a blink of an eye we are both naked. I break the kiss for a moment just to take a good look of her exotic body. She's so perfect in every sense of perfection.

“You will admire me later I need you badly”

I could barely recognize her voice and I must say her aroused voice is so damn sexy. I get up and carry her to an oak desk where I put her gently on it before spreading her legs apart. Her glistening pink pussy gazes at me. I waste no time and devour her sweetness, slurping her overflowing juices with my mouth and tongue.

“Oh yess baby right there!”

I dip my tongue deeper into her and drink her juices. She’s so nice I could eat her all day but my member can’t take the wait anymore. She’s appetizing. I enter her moist sweet world and we both moan loudly. Have you ever entered a pussy and feel like saying a little prayer of gratitude. Involuntarily my hips begin to move as I lean over to claim her lips. The pleasure intensifies as I increase my pace, slamming into her hard.

“Oh Dios mío! No pares! Awww!” (Oh my God! Don’t stop! Awww!)

I can’t hear what she’s saying but whatever that is urging me to fuck her harder. The sound of our groans and flesh against flesh fill the rooms. Damn she’s a scrumptious buffet ever. I push her back so that she lies with it on the desk and raise her legs up then starts bucking my hips. Her moans turns into cries as I cross her legs like scissors, opening them and closing them while thrusting in and out of her hard. I feel her walls gripping hard on my dick hard. She let out a high pitch cry as she convulses violently squirting all over my dick and the desk. Oh she’s a squirter? Stop it like it! It’s doesn’t take that long before I fill her with my seed. Now that was a mind blowing sex!

I'm woken up by a tiny but stingy slap on my face. Now this is not how I expected to be waken up. I was expecting to be waken up by a dick inside of me or kisses on my face or that gaze that you can feel in your sleep and when you open your eyes only to be met by a sexy man. See that...that makes a woman's day kodwa ke if you have a child like Yandi you can only dream of that. I open my eyes and she flashes her beautiful smile that warms my heart.

"Hello baby"

She beams throwing her hands on the air before giving me a kiss splattering her saliva on my face. This little girl gave me a whole new experience of having a child you know. KJ is a special child so is Yandi. I guess with every child the experience is different but the love is the same.

"Where's daddy?"

She giggles that what she does nje giggling none stop. As I get up I'm reminded of what a night it was last night. Oh Papito it's seems like the more he grows it's the more his stamina increase. I tried my best to match his energy but I ended up giving up and allowed him to do anything he wanted with my body. I had to show him how much I have missed him. He still loves me I can see that it's just that he's angry which is understandable. My phone rings and I lean over and take it on the bedside table.

"Mama"

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"Hey baby how are you"

"I'm good and yourself?"

“Im also good how did it go?”

“What are you talking about?”

“Come on don’t tell me that you spent a night with the man you love and you didn’t even make a move on him”

I giggle

“We talked. I told him I still love him. He doesn’t believe that and he thinks I had a man in New York that broke my heart now I want him back. He’s so angry mom”

“You need to give him a reason why you broke up with him. I also wouldn’t understand someone who would break up with me then come back after a year and months later telling me that he never stopped loving me. Clearly the person that he left me for broke his heart. It’s a logical explanation and remember you didn’t just broke up with him Wewe you called off the wedding. The humiliation, pain, the answered questions you left him with. On top of that you didn’t tell him the day you two fucked in the hotel conceived a baby. You will have to try harder my love he needs to believe you why you had to break up with him. You have to give him more then a pussy to make him forgive you my baby”

I heave a sigh she’s right but what reason?

“What will I say mama?”

“I don’t know Wewe think use your mind. You are lucky that you even got a chance to fix your relationship with him don’t waste it.”

“I hear you mama”

“Good I have to go. Is Skylar okay?”

“Yes she’s okay”

“Okay baby have a nice day”

“Thank you mama. Have a nice day as well. I love you”

“I love you too baby”

I roll out of bed and pick up Yandi then put her into the cot. I pull the robe and make the bed before preparing to bath my baby. One I’m done I go look for her father to take her while I bath but he’s not in the house. I wonder where he is? I have to put Yandi back into the cot because I don’t trust her if I allow her to walk around. She’s very naughty and since she started walking last month she’s very handful.

I use the basin to bath and when I’m done I lotion and get dressed into Inathi’s sweatpants and simple tee then go to the kitchen to prepare something to eat for myself. I place Yandi on the counter and feed her purity while I eat. I hear the sound of the car outside, that’s must be Inathi. A few minutes later there’s a knock on the door. I get up with Yandi and go open the door. It’s Nkosinathi’s mom. God I’m so not ready for her. She’s here to whine about me keeping Yandi a secret. I’m so not in the mood.

“Mama come in” I say with a huge forced smile making a space for her to get in.

“Hello sis”

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“Hi mama”

She looks at Yandi and tickles her chubby cheeks.

“Hello nunuza ka gogo awuse muhle nzee”

Yandi smiles wildly and spreads her arms for her grandma. It's takes so much for me to not roll my eyes. She doesn't even know her? It's understandable when it's her father, she's the creation of his sperms.

“Oh come my nunu!”

I let her go to her grandma.

“Do you want a tea mama?”

“Yes please”

I boil the water and prepare her tea while she feeds Yandi

“What's her name?”

“I named her Skylar but her father doesn't like it. He says his daughter is not a sky”

We both laugh

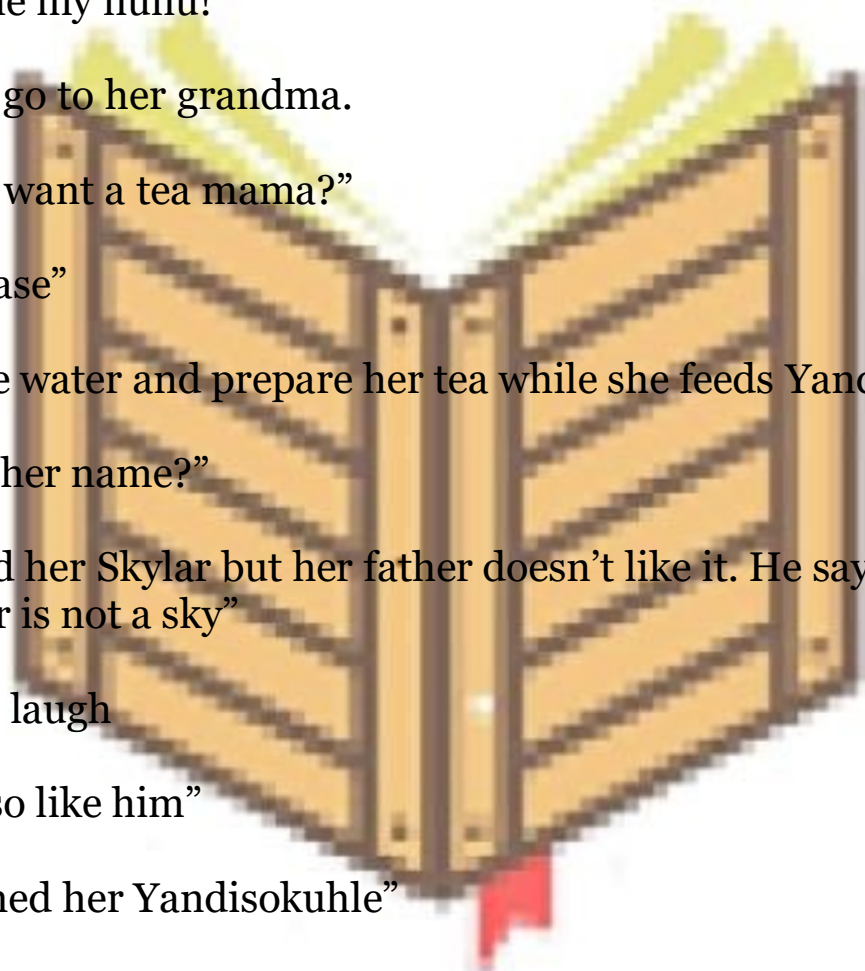
“That's so like him”

“He named her Yandisokuhle”

“It's a beautiful name. I love it”

“Me too”

I pour the water into the cup of coffee and serve mama before sitting down before her. I take my brekkie and eat



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“Thank you”

There’s a bit of silence but I can feel her gaze on me.

“Aphiwe have you ever loved my son?” She breaks it eventually

“Yes mama and I still do love him”

“Then why did you end your marriage before it’s even begin I don’t understand Aphiwe and now that you are back I’m worried about my son. I know that he loves you so much and he will take you back but what guarantee that you won’t ditch him again?”

I heave a sigh and look at her

“Mama I understand how you are feeling. Every concerned mother would feel like that. I love your son and I never stopped loving him but I had to end our relationship because I didn’t have a choice”

“What do you mean?”

“I will rather discuss this with him first”

She looks at me intently

“So you are saying you didn’t want to call off the wedding?”

“Yes mama”

“Whatever it is why you never told him? He was so broken Aphiwe I have never seen my son like that”

“I know mama and I was also broken. Ngiyamthanda umtanakho mama ngenhliziyo yami yonke soze ngamuzwisa ubuhlungu ngamabomu” (I love your child mama with all my heart and I will never hurt him deliberately)

She releases a breath

“Ngiyakuzwa sis” (I hear you sis)

She sips on her tea and looks at me.

“I’m glad you still love him and you want to fix things because he really loves you and another thing is the children need a mother who’s going to be here for them 24/7. He needs you to help him take care of the children Aphiwe. Staying overseas while he’s here with the kids I don’t see it working. I think it’s time you get your priorities straight. This is thing of KJ crossing borders to visit you I don’t think it’s good for him. Children needs a warm loving home and stability with a father and a mother. Since Uthandiwe just lost her mother she’s going to need you not only emotionally but physically as well. Don’t get me wrong I’m not trying to tell you that you should quit your career but the have to be a way to make it work especially for the sake of the children”

Wow I needed to hear that.

“I hear you mama and I promise I will work on it. I will make sure the kids have a secure, loving and safe home whether Nkosinathi takes me back or not.”

“Ngiyabonga sthandwa sami so vele angeke nje unghlebele kancane kwenzekani?” (Thank you my love. So you won’t tell me what happened)

I giggle she’s so nosy

“I have to tell him first mama”

“Haisuka!” I laugh.

We spend the whole day together catching up over wine. She tells me about Ndiwe and my heart is bleeding for her. I also feel for Zo. At 4pm she leaves after putting Yandi to sleep. I decide to get down with supper. Nkosinathi has been out the whole day so much for someone who wanted to spend time with his daughter. At 7pm he arrives whistling a song.

“Hey Mamacita”

I’m mad at him for leaving us the whole day but hearing my pet name makes me smile.

“Where have you been the whole day?”

He settles next to me and I catch a whiff of a woman’s perfume on him.

“I was busy”

“Busy with what?”

“Haibo you lost the right to ask me that the day you decided to end our wedding”

“I’m sorry Nkosinathi.”

“Aphiwe you don’t get to humiliate me and broke my heart like that then come to tell me that you are sorry? Sorry? Do you know the pain I have been through? You left me feeling like shit! I thought I was doing everything I can to show you how sorry I am

for the things I gave done to you and how much I love you but clearly you didn't see my efforts. Couldn't you have dumped me before we began planning our wedding? Tell me when you proposed to me you already knew that I was a toxic man and you were looking for someone to treat you like an egg?"

"You are not a toxic man Nkosinathi I said all of that to make you to stop begging me. I know I said harsh things to you and did you wrong but baby I didn't have a choice"

"You didn't have a choice?"

I hope this won't backfire. I have to come up with a plan to back it up later.

"Yes when I was in that room getting ready to walk down the aisle. This guy came to me and I didn't know him but he looked so familiar. He introduced himself as Omuhle's half brother. They share the father but Omuhle's family doesn't know him. He was so angry that you played his sister and there was no way that he was going to let the wedding go on. He wanted to hurt you and make you feel the pain you caused his little sister he told me to stop the wedding or he was going to tell the police about that little girl. I'm sorry I didn't want to end the wedding baby." I burst into tears

"What? How did he know? Who's that fucker? Why you didn't tell me Aphiwe?"

"He was threatening me Inathi. I was scared I didn't want you to go to jail. I didn't want our kids to grow up without you and I know that your friends are also involved. They were trying to help you and it was going to be unfair to let them suffer for this. How was Bonggi going to copy with the newborn baby while her husband is in jail? A lot was going to be a mess my love I'm really sorry from the bottom of my heart."

He gets up and paces up and down

“How did he found out I mean we made sure that we left no evidence hence we burnt her body”

“I don’t know baby but I panicked when he told me this. Maybe if you didn’t tell me about it I would’ve asked you about it.”

“I think he didn’t have the evidence hence he came to you instead of me. He knows that women panic fast but you were supposed to tell me still Apple butter. I would’ve found a way to deal with him. Where is he now?”

“They stabbed him few months back and he died.”

He settles down next to me and envelopes me in his arms as I sob.

“I’m sorry for the pain I put you through sthandwa sami. Everything I said to you I didn’t mean them. I love you so much and the past year and months was hell without you. He’s also the reason I couldn’t bring Yandi. He didn’t want me near you and he was enjoying seeing you broken.”

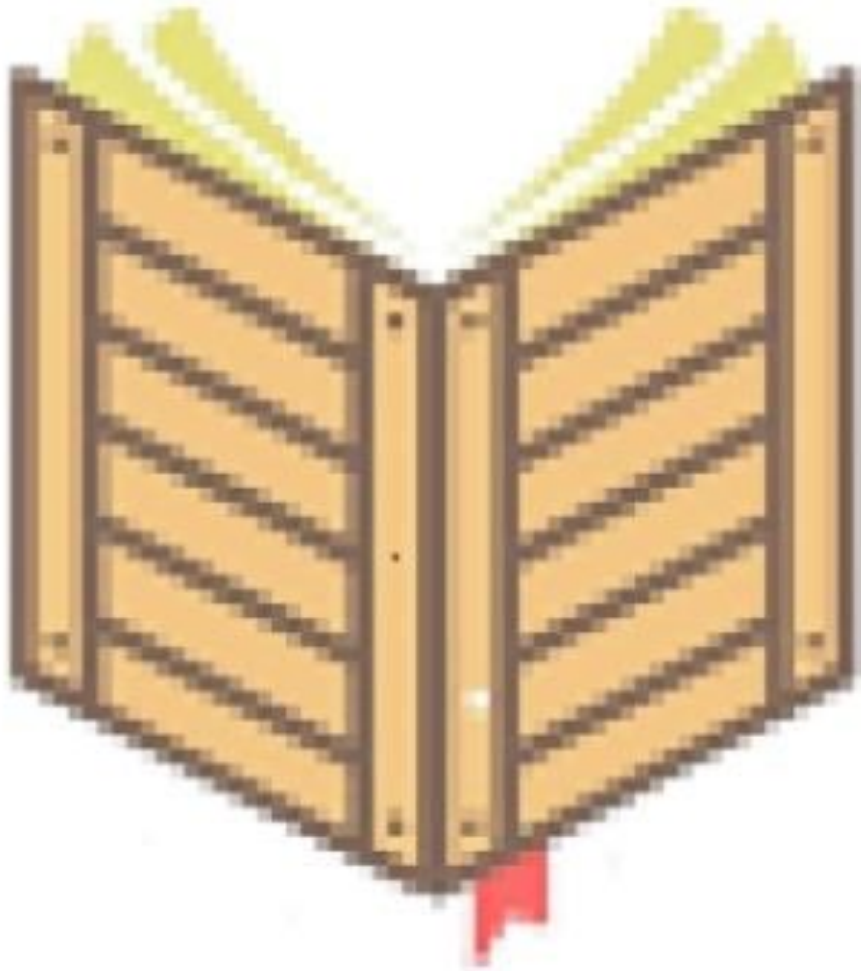
“That bastard I wish you told me I would’ve dealt with him myself. I’m sorry you had to go through to this”

I pull back and look at him in his eyes

“You believe me?”

“Of course baby I know you can never lie to me especially with something huge like this. He died it’s explains why you’re telling me now. I’m sorry that my past is the cause of this and it ruined our big day.”

He kisses my forehead and holds me tightly in his arms. God why do I feel so horrible about this and not happy that he believes me?



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Chapter Seventy Four

When they say your sins catch up with you one day they don't lie but Nokukhanya is the least of the sin I expected to come back to haunt me except the guilt I'm living with because I'm so sure that there's no evidence even Zenzele couldn't find it. We made sure to get rid of it. I don't know how that half brother of Omuhle found out about this but I'm not that worried because I know that there's no concrete evidence. That asshole came to Aphiwe because he knew that she was going to panic and believe him. If she told me I would've dealt with him.

I can't believe that our marriage ended for something that I could've dealt with, all that humiliation and pain for this akusenani. Phiwe and I were paired up in heaven I don't know when will people get that. No matter what can happen between us we always find our way to each other arms again. I have never stopped loving her but I was starting to accept that we will never be together. You know that couple that love each other but somehow they end up with other people because the universe is against their union. That's me and Aphiwe but we have proved the universe that we can never be separated. It's might as well let's us be.

It's the next morning and I'm driving to Senzo's house. I want to apologize to him for punching him. I know that he has my best interest at heart. He just made me angry for calling me a pussy while just yesterday I was told the exact same thing by Star. The effect that woman has over me within a few hours we have met her is such a mystery to me. I spend the whole day with her yesterday and I really enjoyed it. I fucked her hard until she went all Spanish on me damn that was so fucking sexy even though I

couldn't hear what she was saying but it sounded like music in my ears.

“Nkosinathi” It's the first thing he says when opens the door for me. He's wearing only his boxer.

“Can I get in man”

“Sure”

He makes a space for me to get in and when I'm in he closes it.

“You can sit down”

We both settle down on the couch. I rub my hands together.

“Where's your wife?”

“Are you here for my wife?”

“Uhm look I'm sorry man for what happened yesterday. I took all my anger on you I know that you have my best heart at interest man. You know me I have never been the person that loves violence but you are right, everyone is right. I can't let them get away with this and after finding out who are they I have every reason to deal with them”

“Okay you are done?” He ask coldly

“I'm sorry Dube please forgive me. I can have the world angry at me but not you”

He gets up from the couch and stretches his hand. I reach for it then he pulls me up from the couch. Without a warning he

punches me on my mouth. I groan and touch my lip then look at my finger. I'm not bleeding.

“Now I forgive you”

We both laugh and share a hug then settle down.

“So who are they?”

“Ntshangase and Mkhize”

I explain to him what happened.

“Wait so you agreed to do this because that woman said you are pussy and that's a reason you punched me” He asks laughing

“Fuck you!”

“Who's this woman she sounds intriguing”

“Bra she is intriguing!” I brush my beard as I think of her. I miss her already and I can't wait to see her.

“No ways you fucked her?”

“I couldn't resist her man!”

“Don't tell me you are pussy whipped already!”

“That's the thing man its more then just her pussy which is so fucking good! She's different Senzo I love her personality, she's challenging, sexy, alluring and very brilliant she's...damn I can go all day”

“Why does it’s sounds like this woman is going to replace Aphiwe. I mean you were just like this when you first met her”

“She can never replace Aphiwe man. Speaking of Aphiwe...” I tell to him what Aphiwe told me.

“Now it’s makes sense! I couldn’t understand why Aphiwe can call of the wedding suddenly.”

“I wish Aphiwe told me. It’s worries me how did he find out but I know there’s no evidence”

“Did you know that Sabelo is seeing a shrink maybe he said something to his shrink. You know Sabza he’s soft and self righteous. I don’t know man but since you are so sure that there’s no evidence then you have to asks the gents. We can’t afford this to be known by someone else again and come to turn our lives upside down again”

“True man but for now we have to focus on getting my taxis. We have meeting with the taxi drivers go freshen up quickly”

“Okay but give me a good luck man”

“What’s up?”

“Wifey is in her moods lately she might throw a tantrum.”

“Maybe she’s pregnant”

He looks at me and smiles widely

“That’s could be possible oh boy that would make me the happiest husband in the world!”

He married with Mazet last year. Their wedding was so beautiful. I'm sure you are wondering when I climbed up the ladder of success I left my friend behind? Well the answer is no we climbed together. There's no way that I would've left him behind. He has a car wash, 10 Ivecos that transport school children only and a supermarket.

“Let's go you will come back with pregnant tests and give her.”

“Good idea”

He gets up and disappears. Half an hour later he comes back and we drive to the pub and grill.

We find the drivers waiting for us. Just as we share pleasantries Star walks in and sashays towards me. Damn she look beautiful in a royal blue jumpsuit. Her curly hair falling on her shoulders. The whistles fill the room.

“Musani ukuphapha!” (Stop being forward!) I say looking at them. They stop whistling.

“You good?”

“Yes and yourself?”

“Im also good”

Four guys walks in carrying a huge trunk and place it down then greet everyone.

“Thanks everyone for coming. The reason we are here is that I want to let you guys know that we're going on a war and tonight but before we begin are we all sure that we want to be part of this? We don't want people who are going have stories us on last minute”

Everyone is interested the moment we establish that the whistles and cheers fills the room.

“This is Star. She’s going to explain to you everyone how we are going to make our attack”

“Hayi hayi ayikho into ezolunga la senza izinto nabafazi” (Nothing is going to work out if we are involving women)

“Sipho do you know who took my taxis?”

“No Bra Mnesh”

“This woman knows you are too forward for my liking get the fuck out of here.”

“I’m sorry Bra Mnesh ..”

“I said out!”

He walks away with a tail between his legs.

“Anyone who to follow him?” I say scanning my eyes around the room. They all remain standing. Okay let’s get down to business.

“Well we are going to do things the way she says and we all have to listen carefully.”

They nod as Zero spread a chart and hold it for Star.

“Morning Gents”

“Morning” They all say in unison.

“So here have drawn our plan down. These people are not idiots and they armed. Don’t understatement them. So this how it’s going to happen”

She explains in details using the illustrations on the chart and they all listen attentively until she’s done.

“Any questions?”

They all understand and seem satisfied.

“Good. Zero open the trunk”

Zero does as he’s told and everyone stare inside of the trunk in awe. The trunk is filled with guns

“I know y’all have your guns but I believe that we only use our special toys only in special occasions. The reason we have to go tonight. They’re planning to strip most of the taxis and use the parts to part their old taxis.”

They won’t know what will hit them. Star wraps up the meeting after telling them what time we are we going to fetch them.

“Good guys there’s a 22 seat outside. It’s going to take each of you to your homes. Zero wants to know where do you guys leave so that he won’t have a problem when he fetches ya’ll tonight” I say and they all nod then walk out.

“You guys can go as well”

“Sure boss lady”

Star’s guys walk out as well leaving me with Star and Senzo. I know that he’s waiting for me to introduce him.

“Star this is my brother, Senzo..Man this is the woman I told you about”

“Hello Senzo”

“Greetings Miss Lopez. He wasn’t exaggerating you are truly beautiful”

“Thank you” Star says blushing

“It was nice meeting you”

“Likewise”

“Boy I will call you”

“Sure bro”

We bump fits then he walks out. I couldn’t wait for them to go so that I can have all her attention to myself. I hold her waist, pulling her closer to me.

“You are so fucking sexy when you are doing your shit!”

“I also love how in control you are around you drivers it’s supper sexy”

She pulls her bottom lip between her teeth. I drop my head and kiss her lips.

“I miss you” I mumble against her lips

“Are we alone?”

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“Yes we open at 9am”

“Oh well...”

Damn she's going to be the death of me! I take her hand and lead her to my office. Once we are inside my office I devour her lips. I can taste nicotine in her mouth. I'm going to make her stop smoking I won't have a smoking woman. We swallow each other's moans as our hands frantically strip each other's clothes off. I pin her against the wall and lift up her one leg putting it on my shoulder. She moans loudly as I slide into wet slit, pure bliss! I thrust in and out of her, increasing my pace with each thrust. Fuck she's too nice I won't last that long. She complains about her leg, it's can't keep up so we take our fucking to the couch. We are at it for a while, our intertwined bodies writhing in pleasure, grunts and moans of pleasure filling my office until we both release.

“God I can't believe that I fucked you again!”

“Why are you speaking as if that's a bad”

“It is a bad thing Nkosy”

“Why?”

“I don't sleep with men more then once”

I make her to look at me

“Men as in plurals?”

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“Yes I don't do relationships Nkosinathi but that doesn't mean I don't get horny.”

“So you are telling me that I’m the only one who you have fucked more than once”

“Yes and I don’t like it one bit”

“Why sidlana kamnandi nje”

“I broke my rule and that’s a sign of something wrong looming”

“What could be so wrong though MaLopez even if we fuck thousands times honestly I don’t want us to stop. This...us..I love it”

She gets up from my body and gets dressed.

“I have to go now”

“Come on please don’t go. I enjoy your company MaLopez”

“See you tonight”

She walks away. I wonder why she doesn’t do relationships? Maybe some asshole broke her heart but I’m not going to give up on her. It’s a good sign that she has broke her rule right?

The day moves by very fast before I know it time is 22:00pm and we have just arrived to the house they have kept my taxis. We are ready and armed. These motherfuckers we will know who I am.

“I love you man” I say to Senzo

“Hayi Mnesh”

“What I’m telling you just in case. You know when you going to war you can never guarantee a comeback”

“We are all coming back alive. No one is going to die”

Star has created this cold wall between us and I don't like it. I make my way to her and kiss her. My heart dances when she doesn't pull away but reply with the same fervor.

“You are ready?” She asks me

“Yes wena?”

“I was born ready. Listen here when you go in there make sure that you don't fucking die on me!”

With that said she walks away leaving me with a smile on my face. We make our entrance and the gunshots goes off for a while. I see my drivers are not playing within minutes most of their guys are on the ground. I need to face these two bastards and get the keys. I manage to make my way inside of the house with my gun on the hand. I walk to what seems like an office and see the bunch of keys on the table. Just as I take them I can feel a presence behind me. I swivel around pointing my gun at him.

“Ya Mkhize”

“I'm going to kill you bastard!”

“What have I done to you to hate me like this?”

“Where is my nephew!”

“Umbeke kimi yini?”

“I know you took him bastard I will kill you!!”

He shoots but the gun refuses to go off. I look at him as he frantically check if the bullets are still there but they are there. I laugh at him and put my gun on the table.

“Okay I will be fair let’s fight with our bare hands and see who’s the man between you and I”

He puts down his guns and walks towards me then he throw a punch. I duck and punch him back. We fight for a while kicking and punching each other. I underestimated him because of his skinny body. He throws mean punches. I reel backwards after a massive punch he threw on my stomach. He comes attempts to kick me I jump on him wrapping arm around his neck and strangle him. He wiggles and gags. This man has been trying to kill if I let him live today he’s going to kill me. I tighten my grib around his neck until he couldn’t move nor gag.

“Are you good?” Senzo says as he walks in.

“Yes what about you?”

I say as I let go of Mkhize and I crouch to feel his pulse.

“Is it still there?”

“No he’s gone”

“Good. Ntshangase is dead too. We are done with these people kulele uyaca”

“Is everyone okay? Star is she alright?”

“Uyayishaya inganono loya sis yeses. Most of the hit men were shot by her but she got shot”

“She’s shot? Fuck why you didn’t you tell me Senzo!”

“I’ve just told you nje...”

“You were supposed to tell me the moment you walked in dammit! Here are the taxi keys on the table”

“Where is she?”

“In her car”

I rush out to Star’s car and get inside the back.

“Star!”

“Hey don’t panic I’m fine”

“You were shot how can you be fine?”

“It’s just one bullet on my thigh. I have been waiting for Zero to take me home.”

She grimaces, she looks in so much pain.

“I can take you home”

“I want Zero...”

“I’m taking you home give me the damn keys Star!”

“Don’t shout at me maan I’m not your chi..ahhh!”

I don’t understand why she’s acting so strong and insist on Zero to take her home while I’m here.

“Please give me the car keys.” She gives me the car keys

“Thank you”

I kiss her forehead and drive to her parents’ house. Once we are at her parents house I pick her up as she groan in pain and walk inside with her.

“You are losing too much blood Star. I don’t want to lose you”

“Just follow my instructions then I won’t die because I’m going to need your help”

“Anything my love just tell me what to do”

”Take me to the basement”

I pick her up from the couch and she directs me to the basement and we get into a mini surgery. I gently put her on the bed.

“You have a mini surgery here”

“Yeah for emergencies like this.”

I take off her pants and get everything she needs. Her screams of agony penetrates through my heart as she removes the bullet on her thigh. I have never seen such a brave woman. After sewing the skin together I bandage her thigh.

“Are you going to be okay?”

“Yes you can take me to my bedroom. Don’t forget to take the pills”

She looks so weak and she worries me. I take the pills and give her then carry to her bedroom. I gently lay her on the bed and go get water for her to drink the pills.

“Thank you Nkosinathi”

She gives me the glass of water and I put it on the bedside table.

“Don’t you want to get under the blanket it’s very cold tonight”

I help her get under blankets then slide next to her after taking off my sneakers.

“How you feeling”

“These painkillers are very strong the pain is wearing off” She says lazily.

I stroke her curly hair as she closes her eyes. I don’t want her to sleep what if she never wakes up.

“How did you learn to do remove the bullet”

”” learnt to do that when I was so young. My dad was short and he showed me how to remove the bullet from him. Then I decide to study medicine after that”

“So you are a doctor”

“Yes by profession but when my dad passed on I resigned and took over his businesses”

“I’m sorry to hear that your father passed on”

I want to ask her a lot but she's has passed out. I let her and call Senzo to find out what's happening and if they have taken my taxis back home.

* * *

I'm pressed I need the loo. I roll out of the bed and scream as I feel the pain on my thigh. I have forgotten that I was shot last night.

"Star are you okay!"

He snaps our of his slumber and looks at me worriedly

"What's wrong?"

"I hurt myself. I forgot that I have a gun wound I wanted to go pee"

"I'm sorry let me help you"

He rolls out of bed and walks to my side if bed. He's in his boxer only and I notice his morning erection. I can't believe that he spent the night with me. He picks me up and go to the toilet with me. It's not that I can't walk but I feel safe in his arms which is a rare feeling. I don't let anyone carry me because I'm scared they might drop me. I'm not a petite woman I have some plumpness which is the reason I don't understand why people think I'm Berta Vázquez whenever they see me. I agree we do look alike but I'm 9 years older then her, she's petite and I have a mole on my left cheek but she doesn't. I jerk down my panties then he helps me sit on the toilet seat. Once I'm done releasing myself and wiping

myself he helps me up again. I pull up my panties up he picks me up once again and takes me back to my bed.

“How are you feeling today?” I can’t miss the worry in his voice.

“Stop worrying about me Nkosy I’m fine”

“I wish I’m the one who got shot not you Star. You were helping me you didn’t deserve to be shot”

“These things happens okay can you stop worrying yourself for nothing.”

We fall into silence as we both stare at each other deep in the eyes.

“You shouldn’t have spent the night here”

“There’s no way I could have left you.”

“Did they manage to get the taxis”

“Yes they did thank you so much for your help MaLopez”

I will pretend like I don’t notice how every time he says ‘MaLopez’ with his deep voice my heart skips a few beats.

“I’m glad I was able to help you now that you have your taxis back I don’t see a reason why we should keep seeing each other.”

“Why not?”

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“Because we are not friends Nkosinathi.”

“Wow”

He chuckles and shakes his head

“Just like that?”

“Yes”

“What if I want us to be ‘friends’ ke?”

“No thanks but no thanks. Please get dressed and leave my house”

He inches closer to me and cups my face making me ti look at him.

“Meeting you wasn’t just a coincidence MaLopez. Last night was a proof of that and I’m not going to walk away and forget about you. Please don’t fight this”

“Fight what? I’m not fighting anything. What got us together is over now leave!”

“Who hurt you and made you think all men are the same”

“Leave psychoanalyzing to psychologists. No one hurt me and please don’t make me regret fucking you it was awesome don’t spoil it by catching feelings. Leave my house”

“Why are you doing this? Is it because you think I’m pussy and I can’t handle a strong willed woman like you but I thought you’ve realized that I ain’t no pussy”

Shame that must have got to him. I was just playing with him. I can spot a strong man a mile away and for him to be a taxi owner is a proof enough that he’s not soft. That industry needs no softie.

“You thought I realized that you ain’t no pussy just by fucking you? No sweetheart you are wrong I was just horny and you happen to be there. Usaseyinquza nje” (You are still a pussy) I say laughing.

He clicks his tongue and get dressed .

“Angazi uzitshela ukuthi uyini...” He pauses and closes his eyes momentarily.

“You know what? Fuck you!”

He walks out and the slam of the door breaks my heart into two. The whole week I spend it on my bed Aunty Glad nursing me and feeding me. My wound is getting better but I feel like shit. I hear a knock on my door.

“Whaat! Go away!”

The door swings open and Zero walks in.

“Boss lady”

“Whatever it is deal with Zero it okay”

He walks towards to me and sits down next to me.

“Talk to me”

“About what?”

“I know you Boss lady”

See Zero and I close he knows me like the back of his hand and vice a versa. Whenever I need him I know that he will always be

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there for me. I trust him with my life. You with your dirty mind! No we are not fucking. He was my dad's right hand man and we had a close relationship from then. He always got my back and I got his as well.

“Argh Zero I'm fine”

He looks at me and I groan in frustration.

“This is about Nkosinathi”

“No it's not”

He laughs

“It is about him don't deny it”

“Okay maybe it about him. God I don't understand why the man is fucking up my emotions like this Zero! I feel so vulnerable right now and I fucking hate that!”

“You love him”

“No I don't”

“Okay let's me put it like this you feel something for him”

“No I don't”

He chuckles and looks at me with that look of his that's says I'm lying.

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“Then how is he fucking up your emotions? The boss lady I know doesn't get frustrated over a man but then again I knew the

moment you said we are helping him to get his taxis back that's he's special"

"He caught my attention the moment he walked in as Bob's place. I scrutinized him I could see that he was troubled more like he lost someone so close in his heart. I found myself going to him and I struck up a conversation with him. That's when he told me about his taxis. I love how passionate he is about his job Zero I have never seen someone who's so passionate and dedicated to taking care of the need of people in terms of transportation. We always have our own perspective about taxi drivers and owners which are negative but he showed me that these people deserve a well recognition just like every career in this world. They don't deserve the name callings and judgement. He's in a taxi industry because he has passion for it and he loves it."

"So you have feelings for him but you are in denial and you did or said something that will make him stay away from you"

No it's not good for someone to know me like this! It's must be a crime, sometimes I even confuse myself but he always get me.

"Just leave me alone Zero"

I reach for my cigarette and lighter and smoke after lightning my cigarette.

"Stop denying yourself love Boss lady"

"I have enough love Zero, you love me, mom loves me, mom's friends love me everyone loves me"

"You know what I'm talking about. You know in life we can have everything but we all need unconditional love, undivided and true love from someone who just belong to you. Someone whom we

can share our secrets with and be ourselves in their presence without the fear of being judged. You weren't looking for someone but the universe brought him to you all you need to do is embrace this love. He seems like a good man"

"Life is not black and white Zero not everyone of us will be in love and what's not. I'm done talking to you now"

"You have to go to the orphanage today remember"

"Oh shit it's totally slipped my mind!"

"Because Nkosinathi is all you think about lately. Nkosinathi and Xitlalli sitting under the tree and kissing" He teases me and I hit him with a pillow. He laughs as he gets up.

"Let me leave you to freshen up then I will take you to the orphanage Mrs Dlomo"

"Fuck you Zero!"

He laughs and walks out. I finish my cigarette and squash the cigarette butt into the ashtray. I took a bath this morning so all I have to do now is to just freshen up. I gingerly get out of bed and limp to the bathroom. I literally forgot that today is dedicated to all those precious souls in the orphanage. They are so loving and full of life. The orphanage was established by my daddy because he never had it easy when he grew up and didn't want children to ever witness what he went through as a child.

His mom died when he gave birth to him. The father apparently he denied the pregnancy to mama. So after my grandma died my dad had to stay with his aunt who was an alcoholic. 18 years later daddy got along with a wrong crowd of boys who were also influenced by an elder. They were working for him. He taught

them every crime from robbery to hijacking. That's how my daddy became a gangster and we all know that the life of gangsterism is risky. One day the other guys got caught and my dad knew that he was also wanted so he ran away and came to South Africa to start a new life.

He met his Mi Esmeralda as he always called my mom. It was love at first sight they say. They got married within a year they started dating and mom's family was very skeptical about their marriage because dad was a foreign and all but he proved them wrong. That man kissed the ground my mom walks on. I use to envy their love until...well that's the story for another day. The only life my dad knew was gangsterism so there was no way that he was going to stop. When he was familiar and comfortable with how things are done this side he started all over again.

“You took all the boxes right?”

There's a staff that is running the orphanage what mom and I do is to just provide them with everything they need just like how my father use to do.

“Yes get in” Zero says opening the door for me and I carefully get in then he closes the door before going to his side.

At the orphanage we share pleasantries with the women who are taking care the kids and give the children gifts. Seeing how happy they are always warms my soul.

“Thank you Nkayezi for continuing where your father left off. He would be so proud of you” Says mom Miriam. Everyone find it hard to pronounce my name so they translate it to the language that suits them.

“Kubonga mina mam Miriam” (I’m the one who’s grateful mom Miriam)

“Awusemuhle” (You are beautiful)

“Ngiyabonga” (Thank you) I say blushing.

“Awusho usunaye umuntu ohlekihlesana naye” (Tell me are you seeing someone)

I giggle

“No mama”

“Yaz umamakho uyakhala ukuthi uzoze afe enganamzukulu” (Your mom is complaining that she will die without seeing her grandchildren)

Mom is forward why is she discussing me? I giggle and tell her I need to go to the restroom. Of course I’m running away. Why do people make life seems like it’s all about getting married and having children?

I stand before the mirror in the restroom and look at myself. All I see is a reflection of my father in a female version the only thing I took from my mom is a mole. I miss my old man so much. He had a tumor in his head and we all thought the operation will help but he didn’t make it. I made a promise to him and I have to keep it I can’t afford to fail him.

I smell his masculine scent before he appears behind me staring right back to me through the mirror. He looks gorgeous as always. He walks closer to me and holds my waist inhaling deeply.

“I miss you so much”

He sniffs me with his eyes closed as if he is savoring the scent of my body. My whole body breaks into goosebumps at the feel of his warm breath against my neck. His hands wander all over my body fondling me and feeling me. I can't resist his touch it feels so good. My eyes close as I lean my back to his body enjoying the feeling of his hand fondling my breast. The only thing I can hear in this moment is our ragged breathing. I feel his dick expanding and press my butt even closer to his crotch. His hands leave my boobs and slide up my dress. I feel his finger sliding my panties aside and run on my wet folds.

“Why are you wet MaLopez?”

Is that a tricky question. I moan as he finger fucks me

“I'm taking to you”

He shoves his finger deep and I moan loudly

“I'm wet because of you”

“Come again”

“I'm wet for you ahhh you make me wet”

“What should I do about that ”

“Fuck me please”

He doesn't need me to tell him twice. I feel his dick slipping into me and gasp. Jesus he's really packed. Damn his strokes are making me weak we both reach out climax and I feel our juices running down my thighs. Why can't I resist him!

Chapter Seventy Five

In my deep sleep I can feel a magical sensation down and when open my eyes I see him between my thighs and eating the life out of me. I moan as I squeeze the sheet. He crawls on to if me pressing his naked body body over mine and kisses me as he fiddle with his rod to enter me. I bite his lip when he enters me with one full trust. Did he perhaps grew some inches? He groans in my mouth and I can taste blood in mouth. He started moving slowly I clench my hands on his biceps.

Damn I missed this, being vulnerable underneath him. Our moans fills the bedroom as we enjoy our passion morning glory. With his slow and deep thrust I can feel our souls , mind, body, reconnecting again and becoming one. We both convulse as we reach our climax. He stays inside of me a while before rolling off and lie with his back pulling me close to his chest.

”I love you MaNdlela” He kisses my forehead and strokes my arm

”I love you too Dinangwe”

We fall into comfortable silence then I eventually break it.

“How is Senzo baby”

“Senzo?”

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“Yes he was not feeling okay and Mazet at her parents house so you had to sleep over his place”

“Oh yes actually I wasn’t honest with you baby”

I tilt my head to face him.

”Ok-ay”

“The reason I didn’t sleep home well it’s because of Senzo not that he wasn’t feeling good but he was shot”

”Oh my God is he okay”

“He’s going to be okay. He was shot on his thigh he will survive. So I had to stay there and nurse him because I was feeling guilty that he was shot because of me. I found out who took my taxis and when I told my drivers. They were so angry because there were going to lose their jobs. Last night we went to get my taxis back”

“Did you get them?”

“Yes they are at Senzo’s place. The drivers are going to take them for service to make sure that’s they are in right conditions to be on the road”

“Who took your taxis?”

“It’s Mkhize and Ntshangase. They were not happy that I’m now the chairman of the Skhova taxi association. ”

“What do you mean were? Why are you using a past tense Nkosinathi?”

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“When rivals fight baby it’s either both of them die or one survive.”

“Nooo! You killed them?”

“Bekumele kufe bani? These men have been trying to kill me for years Apple butter”(Who was supposed to die...)

“Nkosinathi I had to end our marriage because of your ugly past. What if this come back to bite our ass in future? You said they were not happy you are a chairman but they were trying to kill you for years. Years back you weren't a chairman”

“They believe that I'm involved in your father's death. They were his friends”

“But my dad died in a car accident”

“You know baby that sometimes car accident are not really car accidents someone might be behind them, like tempering with breaks and all that. Believe me if it was me who killed your father they would've find him in pieces a car accident is nothing at all”

Wow

“Really Nkosinathi how can you sat that about my father!”

“Your was cruel Phiwe you also know that. If it wasn't for him Kwanza would still be alive! I hate him for that and I also hate how he turned my brother into the person that he is right now. I fucking hate your father noma esefile!”

I also don't like the man I discovered my father was which is the reason I don't want my man to be like him. He killed but he doesn't feel any remorse it's takes only an evil person to not feel remorse for killing. Am I wrong for not wanting my man to be like my father?

This is my first time hearing him referring Zenzele ‘my brother’ and somehow it’s does something to my heart. I know that Zenzele made bad choices but if only he had a good father who never doubted his capabilities and had to prove to him that he was a man by killing he would’ve turned out differently. If only he had a mother who wasn’t selfish to use her son to keep his marriage he would’ve turned out right. I’m not dismissing his actions but our parents failed him.

“Says the man who just killed but he feels no remorse at all.”

He pushes me off his body and sits on his butt looking at me angrily.

“Don’t you fucking dare compare me to your father! I don’t kill for fun! Those two men took my child and forced me to give them my taxis! Their nephew almost raped you and he almost made me lick his butt! One way or the other they were going to find a way to kill me I had to do it first. As for a Nokukhanya you know it was an accident Phiwe. I don’t know what killed her honestly because I don’t believe a person can die because of sex”

I chuckle and sit on my butt as well

“Ye Nkosinathi have you ever seen yourself when you turn into your monster mode? You are scary and you can’t call what you do sex It’s not sex. Sex is not brutal like that. I think you are a low key sadist. She was a child after all maybe you choked her too hard until she died, or maybe she was a virgin hence there was too much blood, or maybe she was pregnant and she had a miscarriage. I also don’t know what killed her but knowing the beast you become, a lot caused her death but we will never know because she’s no more.”

I regret saying that the moment I'm done talking. He lies on the bed with his back and closes his eyes. I heave a sigh and snuggle closer to him caressing his bearded cheeks.

"I'm sorry baby I shouldn't have said that..."

"You're right I'm a monster I know that I just don't need you to remind me that"

"You are not a monster Inathi you just have this dark side of yours of which I have learnt to embrace and love it about you. Don't feel bad about it please and over the years we have been together you have learnt to control yourself. Remember when Thula was missing you controlled yourself even after you found out her boyfriend raped her. You controlled yourself when those boys raped Ndiwe and even now you just lost Cebisile and you are handling it better then I expected. I know that she meant a lot to you. That woman gave you your first child you two shared something so special together. Maybe if you didn't love me more then her you would've been with her. I love you just the way you are what I don't like is you killing without feeling remorse. It's makes me think you're becoming my father and I don't want that baby."

He opens his eyes and looks at me. They're bloodshed red and glistening with tears.

"I'm not perfect I know that but I will never be your father. Thank you for embracing my imperfections and loving me even more sthandwa sami. I'm glad you are back in my life. I love you MaNdlela"

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"I love you even more Bhelesi"

I lean closer and we share a passionate kiss.

“So baby do you think you will ever forgive Zenzele”

“I don’t know but what I know is I’m less angry now. I also understand that your father is responsible for his actions. My dad wasn’t a perfect person but he was a best father. I wish my father wasn’t a coward to face his actions and tell mom about Zenzele things would’ve turned out differently. Zenzele would’ve grew up with a father that loved him and believe in him just like dad did to me. Kwanele would still be alive but hey it is what it is.”

“I hear you baby and I feel you. You know I have meaning to visit him for years now but I was scared that you would feel betrayed.”

He heaves a sigh and looks at me intently.

“I don’t blame you for feeling that way it quite a difficult situation but we can go together”

I get up from his chest and look at him shocked

“Really?”

“Yes baby”

“Oh Inathi thank you so much”

“I’m not doing this for you only baby but for myself as well. If I can understand why he did this I’m sure I can learn to forgive him”

“Awww my Papito you just never cease to amaze me”

We share a kiss again which leads to having sex after that we do the bed together before jumping into the shower which lasts

longer as we fuck again. Don't roll your eyes it's been long and we have missed each other. By the time we're done Yandi is already up and screaming her lungs out. This one likes attention when she sees no one in the room she screams like someone is killing her but she can disappear on you when she wants to get naughty.

I bath her while Papito the bed. Once I'm done we drive to Waterval Prison. Nkosinathi doesn't want his daughter to be exposed to jail so he stays behind with Yandisokuhle and I go in first. Here he comes in his orange uniform and he look older but it's been almost 8 years after all

"You know when they told me it's you I couldn't believe them"

I couldn't help myself but throw myself in his arms and burst into tears.

"Hey don't cry it's okay"

We let go of each other and settle down. I wipe my tears and look at him. God this place is draining my brother he looks so disoriented.

"How are you little sis"

"I'm okay bro and yourself"

"I'm fine damn you have grown so much and you are so beautiful"

"Thank you bro you don't look you bad yourself"

"Come on you have don't have to lie to me. I know I look horrible"

I sigh heavily

“I miss you bro and there’s no day I don’t think about you. I also blame myself for what happened you know...”

“It’s not your fault...”

“But Zenzele I was squandering the rents money, studying overseas and owning a boutique on the other side not even once have ever thought how do you feel about that. I mean I never even knew that you wanted to be doctor I thought you enjoyed shadowing daddy”

“You didn’t know everything that was happening Wewe. You were always in New York.”

“I’m sorry Zenzele”

“It’s okay I’m over that now one thing I hate him for is for making me kill my little sister. How is Nkosinathi and his mom after the pain I put them through”

“I guess it’s true what they say that time heals. At first Nkosinathi’s mom hated me and didn’t approve of our relationship but a year ago she forgave me. Things between us are okay. She has accepted her daughter’s death. Nkosinathi never blamed me for what you did instead he continued to love me more. He has learnt to live and accept his sister’s death as well and he even came here with me.”

“Really? He’s here?” He asks not hiding his bewilderment.

“Yes we came with our 9 months daughter and he doesn’t want her to come in so he stayed behind with her. He will come in after me I should get going before the time runs out”

“Oh okay thank you for coming sis it’s really means a lot to me”

“Don’t mention it and I’m so glad I saw you”

I say my goodbye to him and promise to see him soon then go out. I don’t find the car where we parked it though. Just as I’m about to call him I see him driving towards me the park before me. I open the back door and get in. I’m welcomed by Yandi showing me her chocolate and she got some smeared all over cheeks.

“Kodwa Nkosinathi you can’t keep buying her chocolate. Just before yesterday she was eating one”

“She loves it njena and you fed her on the way here I thought it won’t do any harm”

“You can go only few minutes left”

“How did it go?”

“It went well”

“Okay let’s me get in”

He steps out of the car and walks away. I’m starving we didn’t eat breakfast and he only bought for his daughter chocolate what about me? Mxm! About ten minutes later he comes back and I study him but I’m unable to read his facial expression.

“Are you okay”

“Yes I’m fine”

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He starts the car and drives off. The drive is filled with Yandi’s babbling. Inathi is quiet and I wonder what’s going on in his mind right now. I keep glancing at him on the review mirror but I can’t

read him. He pull over next to the river and steps out of the car and to open the boot. I don't see what he's doing after that because the boot is blocking me. I decide to go check on him and damn my man is full of surprises. He had set up a picnic.

“Baby this is beautiful”

“Come sit down I will go get our daughter”

He pecks my lips and go fetches our daughter I will make myself comfortable on the picnic blanket. He comes back with our daughter sits down with our daughter.

“When did you plan all of this baby?”

“I was planning to take you out on a picnic then when you went inside to see Zenzele I went to get us something.”

“Thank you so much”

“I think we need this you know spending perfect some quality time together away from our house.” He says putting a straw in Yandi's mouth to drink hundred 100% litchi juice.

“That's very thoughtful of you baby. Uhm so how did it go with Zenzele”

I dish up for him and myself then dig in.

“It went well baby”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes stop worrying”

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We enjoy our picnic chatting and laughing while watching ducks in the river. There's something I have been meaning to ask him and this is the chance.

"Baby so what about Dee?"

"Dee was just a booty call and she knew that. I told her the first day we met and she agreed. She started catching feeling I decided to call it quits. You have nothing to worry about my love"

"Okay then"

"What about you? Is there someone maybe in New York"

"No there's no one Papito even if I wanted to it wouldn't have been possible because you are the only man that my heart beats for"

He smiles and leans over to kiss me. I feel a tiny slap on my face and when I ignore it she pushes me away from her father and kisses him herself

"Hey wena this is man nangu muntu engishayela Indoda yami thola eyakho!" (Hey this is my man you can't beat me up for my man. Go get yours!)

We laugh and she joins us with. This moment feels surreal. I'm so happy finally I'm with my man.

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I have never been to a funeral and wish it can be over already not because it's makes me emotional but it's because I'm super bored.

If it was for me I wouldn't be here but as a chairman of Skhova taxi association I had to be here and pay my tribute to Ntshangase and Mkhize. Their families decided to combine their funerals and make it one. Finally their obituaries are read and I can leave this place. We all drive to the cemetery and once I'm sure they are six feet I drive off while calling Zero.

"Heita"

"Sure man are you good?"

"Yes I'm good and yourself"

"Im also good I have just laid these bastards to rest "

"May their assholes rest in hell. Don't worry about the police investigation they have to do their job as usual"

"Ta man uhm Zero"

"Yes"

"How is Star"

"Why don't you come and see her"

"Okay is she at her parent's house?"

"No we are at the orphanage I will send you the location"

"Ta man"

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A few seconds later my phone receives a text message. I told myself that I won't do this but here I am driving to see her. Dammit! I don't understand why can't I get her out of my mind.

I'm constantly thinking about her every single second of the day. This woman is driving me crazy! I tried for the whole week to forget about her and focus on my apple butter and our kids but Star keeps popping in my mind every now and then.

“Who is this Zero?” Asks some woman at the orphanage.

“It's Nkosinathi mom Miriam Nkanyez's friend and he's here to see her”

“Aw sawbona mfana wami” (Greetings my boy)

She extends her hands and we shake hands.

“Sawbona mama unjani” (Greetings mom, how are you?)

“Ngiyaphila unjan wena?” (I'm okay and yourself)

“Ngiyaphila nami ngaze ngajabula ukukbona umphathe kahle uNkanyezi mfana wami” (I'm also okay. I'm so happy to see you. Take care of Nkanyezi my boy)

I look at Zero who chuckles then look at mom Miriam.

“She went to the restrooms she's coming back now. Let's me to check on the kids”

She walks away

“Where's the restroom?”

“Over there just go straight and on your left hand side”

“Ta man” (Thank you man)

I walk to the restrooms and the moment I see her my heart leaps with joy. She's standing before the mirror looking at her beautiful self. The short distance from where I'm standing to her feels so long, that how much I have missed her. I sniff her, taking in her lovely scent as I feel and caress her body. The reaction of her body encourages me to fuck her and when she doesn't protest but instead tells me to fuck her. I don't need to be told twice I make slow but deep thrusts I don't want to hurt her. Her wound is still recovering. I love the grip of her pussy on my dick and her pussy is so sweet and nice. I can't hold myself forever and the moment I feel her walls clenching on my dick which means she's close I fuck her a bit harder and it's doesn't take long for us to reach our high.

“Damn umnandi MaLopez!”

I slip out of her and she takes off her panties to wipe herself before giving me to wipe myself as well.

“How did you know I'm here?”

“I have my ways”

“You can't stay away from me huh?”

“And seems like you can't resist me” I smirk

“Nkosinathi just leave me alone”

“Give me a good reason why I should I? I tried to forget about you Malopez but it's impossible please just let things be don't fight it”

“What do you want from Nkosinathi?”

I walk closer to her and caress her cheek while my other hand is on her waist

“I want you to open your heart for me and let me love you please”

“You are asking too much Nkosy”

“Please Star I’m begging you. I promise you I will treat you like a queen that you are. Just give me a chance and if whatever I offer you doesn’t make you happy then I will leave”

“I can’t Nkosy...”

“Please just look at my in the eyes and tell me you don’t feel anything for me atleast”

“Nkosinathi...”

“Tell me Star”

“I don’t feel anything for you now leave”

“I didn’t say I will leave you. I won’t just give up on you”

I kiss her lips and she responds the matched energy.

“I’m not the right woman for you Nkosinathi. The life I’m leading is not right for you and your family. Within a short space of time I have learnt how much you love your family and the last thing I want is for your family to get hurt because of me. I have so much enemies and anything can happen just forget about me. Go find someone else”

“Don’t you think I haven’t figured it out already that you are a gangster lady but I’m still here. I will protect my family if it’s comes to that I don’t care about what you do. You have become a

part of my life that I don't want to let go. Everything that's comes with you I don't care about it as long as you are mine.”

“Uyakhuluma nje ngoba usadakwe inquza yami. Stop thinking with your dick and use your mind see why I say you are a pussy?”
(You are just saying that because you are still drunk with my pussy...)

“Every time you call me a pussy I wish I hit women so that I can slap your mouth! Star being a gangster lady doesn't make you stronger then me or whatever that you think you are. Don't you ever call me a pussy I'm not your mate and you don't even fucking know me nx!”

I walk out boiling with anger why do I always have to fall for women who are so disrespectful nx!



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Chapter Seventy Six

I keep stealing glances at her while focusing on the road. She's twiddling her fingers and looking down. I don't expect the therapy to work overnight but I didn't expect this. I'm so defeated I feel like my efforts won't make any difference. I pull over at my parents driveway and step out of the car then skip inside. Mom is in the lounge watching TV. Zo greets mom and heads to the staircase.

“Not so fast young lady sit down and explain to mom what you did”

She huffs as she walks towards the empty couch and settles down putting her backpack on her thighs.

“What happened?” Mom asks looking at Zo who's looking down playing with her fingers.

“Zobuhle mom is talking to you”

Instead of telling mom what happened she burst into tears.

“Hey baby don't cry come here.”

Zo gets up from the couch and walks to mama who pulls her to her lap and comforts her.

“What happened Nkosinathi? Why did her school called and wanted to see us”

“She was found smoking weed in the restroom”

“Hayi wena you are lying!”

“Serious mom the principal wanted to suspend her but I begged him not to and promised him that she will never do it again.”

“Zobuhle where did you get weed?”

“Does it matter?”

“Of course it does we want to know who gave you weed Zobuhle!”

“It’s not like you care malume Nathi. You don’t care about me”

“How can you say that of course I care about you Zobuhle”

“That’s a lie. You said to me I’m going to stay with you but you left me here with gogo and took your kids only.”

“I separated you with Uthandiwe for the sake of peace Zobuhle and for you to not hear harsh words from Uthandiwe. I understand that both of you are still in pain but you don’t deserve the way Ndiwe has been lashing out on you. This is not your fault at all”

“I want my life back I can’t live like this. Gogo and Mkhulu are nice but I want my mommy back, I want my brother back and my little sister back. I can’t live like this anymore”

She gets up from mom and runs away crying. I swallow a painful lump in my throat. I don’t know what to do now I’m defeated.

“I don’t know what we should do now. We thought separating them will make things better but honestly it’s not because Zo is

suffering the most. She lost her mommy and her brother is jail now her little sister doesn't want her. It's too much for her bakithi. Too much lost at the same time"

"I'm also confused son how's Uthandiwe?"

"Having Aphiwe is really helping. They've always been close but now I think she's trying her best to fill that void and it's helping."

"I'm glad you two are back together and helping each other to take care of your children. Let's be hopeful that with time Uthandiwe will come around and realize it's not Zo's fault. You and Aphiwe shouldn't forget to make her see that punishing Zo is not right. Don't force her to understand though give her time"

"I hear you mama. I'm starving"

"I didn't cook go make a sandwich for yourself"

"Hawu mama"

"Hayi Nkosinathi I'm not your wife. Go to your wife and leave me alone"

"Please I'm begging you"

"Uyahlupha Nkosinathi!"

She gets up and goes to the kitchen to make food for me. I decide to go check on Zo while mom makes my food but she doesn't want to open the door. I can hear her sniffing. Maybe I should give her space. I walk back to the lounge and find my food waiting for me. I walk to kitchen to wash my hands then come to eat while chatting with my mom.

At 6:30pm I kiss my mom goodbye and leave. I start at the cemetery first. I crouch before Mamakhe's grave. It's been three weeks she passed on but it's still feels surreal that she's gone. I miss her so much.

“Mamakhe it's me a Babakhe. I need you to show me a sign. Tell me how to help the girls through this? Your passing left all us shattered especially them. Ndiwe is pouring all her anger and pain to Zo. I tried to separate them but it's backfired. Zo is smoking weed now. It's just a mess I wish I can just wake up and all of this to turn out to be a dream. I miss you so much please show me a sign.”

I get up and walk to my car just as I open the door someone covers my head with sack. I try to take it off and fight but they carry me and shove my body somewhere then I hear the car boot closing. I remove the sack that is covering my head and look where I am. I'm in my car boot and the car is starting to move. I search my phone in my pants but I can't find it then I remember that it's my car . Oh shit!

I feel like I'm suffocating and it's so hot in here when the car finally stops my heart skips a beat. The boot open and two unfamiliar faces appear. One of them grab the sack and covers my face once again then they carry me.

“What the fuck do you want from me huh! Make sure that you kill me assholes because if you don't I'm going kill you!! I saw your faces!”

Finally their walk ceases then they put me down. Someone removes the sack from my head and here she is before me with a sack in her hand.

“Thanks gents you can go” She throws the sack to one of guys who catches it.

“What the fuck is this...” I stop my sentence mid sentence when I see a romantic set up on floor, the candles, roses all the works and when I look around we are on the roof top. I haven’t seen her for another whole week. She threw me off that day I went to see her at the orphanage I wish I can say I stopped thinking about her though.

“I’m sorry but I knew you wouldn’t have come”

I laugh shaking my head. This is woman is something else.

“You are something else. Are you telling me there was no way that you could have made me come here instead of what you did yaz I was so sure that I’m dying today”

She laughs out loudly and I join her.

“I’m sorry”

“You are really a gangster lady!”

She laughs as she takes my hand and leads me to the romantic set up.

“Wow this is beautiful”

We both settle down. She dishes up for both of us and gives me my food.

“Mm this taste good who cooked”

“I did”

“Really”

“Yes why you look surprised”

“I’m glad you know how to cook African food”

“My mother is a Zulu woman and she taught me how to cook African dishes and besides I was born here. I have never been to Spain”

“So what are you saying madam why am I here?”

“I want to apologize to you from the deepest of my heart the way I spoke to you was uncalled for. I didn’t mean to say that it was just me trying to tick you off so that you can leave me alone.”

“So I’m not a pussy not that I care what you think of me anymore”

“You are not a pussy come on I was just playing with you and I can see that you took it serious”

“It was more of being called by you then actually being called a pussy. I don’t know how I can explain but it’s such mystery how can I care so much about what you think of me while I have just met you”

“You seriously think I would’ve fucked you if you were really a pussy? I might have been joking that you are a pussy but I was serious when I said I don’t fuck pussies. Nothing turns me off like a softie of a man”

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Somehow that put a smile on my face. I sip on my beer and look at her. I never get enough of her beauty.

“How was I supposed to know I also don’t fuck women who smokes but I found myself between your thighs. Nothing turns me off like a woman who smokes”

“Unlike you I stick to my rules I don’t break them”

“Aw really didn’t you tell me that you don’t fuck a man more than once” I smirk

“Okay fine! You got me are you happy now?”

“No I’m not happy until I know why are you pushing me away. Who hurt you”

“I have had my share of heartbreaks but to say they broke me enough that I give up on love I would be lying”

“Then why?”

She sips on her wine and looks at me

“As I have told you that day that the life that I’m leading is dangerous. I don’t want to put your life and your family at risk”

“What do you do vele?”

“Spusha isimokolo nje” (We are just pushing business)

“What kind of smokolo? Drugs?”

“Yes drugs, illegal guns and bank robberies”

“Child trucking?”

She looks at me with a raised brow

“What do you take me for Nkosinathi you think I’d do that to kids”

“I was just asking Star”

“I’m so insulted that you think I’d do that Nkosinathi. I’m not that evil I love kids so much. If you think we use the orphanage to get kids for trafficking then you are wrong. Dad’s intention for building that orphanage was pure nothing malicious”

I reach for her soft hands and kiss them

“I’m sorry I didn’t mean to insult you please forgive me”

“It’s fine”

“You said to me you are a doctor by profession but you resigned. Why and how did you become a gangster lady”

“I’m my parents’ only child so you can imagine that I had to juggle myself between being a daughter that do womanly things and a heir that will have to take over her father’s legacy one day. My dad was a gang leader...” She continues to tell me how her father started being gangster and came to South Africa.

“I was clueless about the life he was leading until I was 20 years old and he came home shot. Mom was spending a night at her friend’s place because her friend had lost her mother. I was so scared that I was going to lose him but he calmed me down and told me that if I don’t help him he will die. He told me what to do to remove the bullet on the back of his thigh. That day he let in about everything. I was old enough to understand and surprisingly I didn’t judge him. I don’t know if it’s because he was my hero and I look up to him. I was a daddy’s girl. That’s when I saw a need to study the profession of doctor because I realize that

my daddy needed someone who was going to help them whenever his squad of gangsters get shot.”

“Wow I think your father might have been influenced when he was young but he had this gangster thing in his DNA just like you”

She giggles and throw in the chocolate dip strawberry in my mouth.

“He started by teaching me how to shoot and fight first before showing me everything. Mom didn’t like it of course but it was thrilling to me. I remember my first heist” She whistle and continues to tell me about her first heist. The way she tells her story it like I’m watching a movie she leaves me in awe. You can tell this is in her blood she lives for this. Is it possible that there are people who are just born to be passionate about crime? Funny enough I’m finding all of this so damn sexy. Everything about her is so fucking sexy the way she talks, smiles, laughs, tugs her curly hair behind her ear every now and then when she talks, the way she chews and swallows. I’m sure even the way she farts is so damn sexy and her farts smell sexy as well.

“I love the relationship you had with your father. He didn’t doubt your capabilities because you are a girl but he groomed you to be what he wanted you to be. Some fathers out there end up neglecting their daughters because they want sons and that is not right. They don’t realize the damage it does to their daughters.”

“I have never looked at it that way and now you have said that you just made me realize how lucky I was indeed to have a father like mine. He had a tumor in his head and he didn’t survive after the operation”

“Oh I’m sorry to hear that”

She heaves a sigh and I see her eyes sparkling with tears but she doesn't let them fall.

“I miss him so much Nkosy”

“I know you do and I'm sorry”

I pull her to my chest and stroke her back.

“Which brings me to the reason why you and I can't be together”

I swallow a thick lump in my throat as I wait in anticipation.

“I made a promise to my dad that I will keep his legacy going”

“How is that going to stand in our way of being together”

“No man will ever allow me to grow my father's legacy while I'm married to him. I will be expected to change my surname. Once a woman gets married she leaves everything behind at her home and join her husband's family. Everything now she would be doing it will be for the benefit of her new family”

I release a sigh.

“That's true though I wouldn't want you to just forget about your father's legacy but I wouldn't expect you to dodge bullets for the rest of your life Star. At some point you will have to quit and focus on us, our family”

She frees herself from my embrace and pours herself wine then gulp it all down.

“See we will never work out”

“So you don’t see yourself quitting maybe?”

“This is the reason I don’t do relationships I don’t like to change how I live my life”

“I also don’t want you to change your life Star I was just asking”

“Wena do see yourself quitting taxi industry?”

“Taxi industry is my life and you can’t compare the two Star. You know what I don’t want us to delve into that so much for now let’s focus on us. I want you Star and I’m serious about you just give us a chance baby”

“We can’t pretend as if....”

“Shhh just go with the flow the rest will work itself out.”

I kiss her and she reciprocate the kiss with the same fevor.

“I’m feeling cold now can get inside” She mumbles against my lips.

“Sure”

We get up and pick up everything then we walk down the stairs and go to the kitchen where we put the dishes in the sink. Her good mood has dampen. I lift her up and press her against the wall then kiss the living shit out of her while humping on her. She moans in my mouth intensifying the kiss.

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“Don’t think too much let’s just enjoy this moment and see where it’s take us okay”

She nods and kisses me hard.

“I have to punish you for calling me a pussy”

“Oh punish me daddy discipline me”

I don't waste anytime but go to her bedroom.

“I have even a better idea daddy”

She wiggles herself down and disappears to her walk-in closet then comes back with a suitcase. She puts it down and opens it. My heart skips a thousand beat at the sight of sex toys inside the suitcase.

“Punish me daddy”

Oh damn where have you been baby?

* * *

His intense hungry gaze sends shivers down my spine. There's no doubt that this man is going to devour me and now I'm a bit scared. He takes one step towards me and cages me in his arms staring deep in my eyes.

“Where have you been baby?”

He drops his head and kisses me hard and deep while his one hand finds its way between my thighs and cups my already throbbing pussy. I whimper under his touch then he pulls back looking at me with lust filled eyes.

“Strip for daddy I want to see you take off your clothes for me”

He sits on the bed. I lock my eyes on his as I slowly take off my clothes for him in a seductive manner. Once I'm butt naked he gets up from the bed and takes the handcuffs in the suitcase then cuffs my wrists together on my behind.

“You are a rude girl and rude girls deserves to be punished.”

“Punish me daddy I...”

“Shut up! I don't want you hear the sound of your voice!”

I swallow hard as I look at his burning eyes. He caresses my breasts before pinching and twisting my nipples. I try to stifle my moans but it's proves to be a mission.

“I said I don't want to hear your voice!”

He squeezes my breast into his strong yet soft hands and takes my hardened nipple between his lips, sucking greedily. The pleasure spreads all over my body. God how does he expects me to not make a sound this is pure torture. When he gives the other nipple the attention, sucking and biting it gently I lose control of my moans.

“I see you don't want to shut up. I have to gag you”

He looks into the suitcase of my sex toys. I want to tell him I don't have a gag but I have been told to keep quiet. Once he realizes that there's no gag he picks my panties on the floor.

“Open your mouth” He commands and I do as I'm told. He stuffs my panties into my mouth and continue with his assault on my breast grabbing, pinching and slapping. My moans and groans are muted as I writhe under his torment. He separates my legs with

his foot and sits down on the floor between my outstretched legs. The first stroke of his tongue sends me straight to heaven. His hands grips hard on my butt as he brings me closer to his mouth, feasting on me and lapping up the wetness that is oozing out of my slit.

I wriggle and muffle-moan as the tension builds up in my vagina. Oh yesss! It's coming...suddenly he stops nooo! I look down on him and he smiles at me satisfied with himself.

“You see what’s happens to rude girls”

This feels like it’s going to be a long night and already I can’t take the torture. He gets up from the floor and takes his clothes off. The sight of his hard and huge cock with a succulent and fat head ignites an urgent needs to feel him inside of me. He takes the whip and bends me over then whip my ass. Oh Dios mío!

“Uyeyisa wena! I’m going to fuck the rudeness out of you today!”

He whips my ass until it’s feels numb. I cant take it anymore I want him to soothe the ache in my core. He slides into me until he’s buried deep as we both let out a groan then holds my arms as he rams into me hard.

The sound of my muffled moans, his grunts and flesh hitting against flesh fills my entire bedroom. My knees can’t keep up with his ruthless and fast thrusts.

It’s a fast and furious sex. I feel my pussy muscles constructing involuntarily. I cry out for his name as I reach a knee wobbling climax. He slides out of me leaving me feeling empty and pulls out my panties in my mouth.

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“Have you learned your lesson or you want me to put it back”

“No no no please don't put it back. I'm sorry baby for being rude to you. I promise I will never ever disrespect you in any kind of way. Ngicela uxolo sthandwa sami.”

“I will un-cuff you now and you going to show me how sorry you are”

He removes the handcuffs from my wrists and I stretch them before pushing him to the bed, he falls on it with his back. I climb on top of him and kiss lips before making my way down south. His dick expands in my hand as I stroke it gently while my other hand massages his balls. He moans when I take his fat tip to my mouth and suck it hard.

“Ahhh”

I run my tongue along his shaft then take his hard length into my mouth. His hand fists on my hair as I suck him hard. I try to take him down my throat but he's too big for me. He's making the right noise and that boosts my confidence.

“Fuck! Ngimunce namasende baby” (...Suck my balls baby)

I give in to his command and suck his balls hard. He groans grows louder as I alternate between sucking his balls and his dick. His body shakes violently and his grip on my hair tightens that it hurt as he shoots his juices in my mouth.

“Fuckkkk!”

I get on top of him and we share his juices as we kiss deeply and intensely. Our hands exploring each other's body. The feel of his rod growing hard against my tummy triggers my arousal. He gets up with me in his arms as I wrap my legs around his waist then slide into me with one push. Once he's inside of me he showy and

carefully bends me backwards towards the floor as he supports me by holding my hips. When my hands are touching the ground he begins to thrust into me gently. Damn this man is going to kill me with pleaser! This upside down position is mind blowing! I can feel him everywhere. It' take long before I feel my orgasm approaching. I feel my blood rushing to my head as I reach an incredible orgasm.

The next morning I wake up and my body tells me that I have been throughly fucked and even my wound that had healed it's a bit sore. I have never met a man that has so much stamina. I begged him to stop last night because I couldn't take it anymore. I look at him while he's sleeping. He's so gorgeous I could eat him all over again. I strengthen his bushy eyebrows with my fingers tips. It's must be a crime to be handsome. He stirs and blink his eyes open.

“Buenos días Azúcar”

“Hawu ngivuka nje sengiyathukwa” (I have just woken up already I'm being insulted)

I can't help but laugh.

“I was good morning Azúcar”

“It's morning!”

He jumps up and sits on his butt

“Yes”

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“I have to go” He says rolling out of bed but I pull him down and sit on top of his tummy .

“Can we have some morning glory before you go”

I bend over to kiss his lips. He squeezes my bare buttocks and moans.

“You have no how I want to fuck you right now but I have to go.”

He flips me over and kisses my lips.

“I will make it up to you okay.”

He gets up and get dressed. I pull my gown and slide in my slippers.

“Here”

I give him his car keys then we walk to the main exit.

“Ungiphe kamnandi izolo ngiyabonga yezwa”

He caresses my cheek as he says that. I’m a blushing mess.

“Ngiyabonga nami”

We share a brief kiss then I open the door for him. He pecks my lips and walks out. I close the door and lean against the door smiling like an idiot. God I feel like a teenager.

“Finalmente mi bebe esta enamorada” (Finally my baby is in love)

I gasp in shock when did she come back? She’s even wearing her morning gown which means she slept here.

“ Mamá, ¿cuándo volviste a casa?” (Mom when did you come back home?)

“Anoche” (Last night)

We meet each other half and she catches me when I throw myself in her arms. She was in New Zealand for a month with her friends. Mom and her friends are the kind of women who can feature perfectly in guga'thandayo show. They are rich widows who are young at heart, traveling the world and throwing money on young men so that they can fuck them. She doesn't know though that I know the last part. I think she thinks I will judge her but dad is gone she can do whatever she wants with her yoni. She kisses my lips and takes my hand.

“Let's go have breakfast Glad is done preparing it. I want you to tell me all about that man that has you smiling like that”

We walk to the dining room and settle down.

“So who's he?” She asks dishing up for both of us.

“It's Nkosinathi mama”

“How did you meet him?”

I tell her everything. I share everything with my mother. I don't have female friends I feel like they have too much dramatic for my liking. Zero and mom are my only friends and I'm happy about that.

“Te dispararon pero no me lo dijiste Xitlalli?” (You shot but you didn't tell me Xitlalli?)

“It was just a minor wound mom. I'm okay ”

She gives me my food then we both indulge in our breakfast.

“You two have just met already you got shot because you were helping him. I don’t think I will like him”

“Mom I’m the one who offered him to help. He didn’t force me. If there’s a person who’s dangerous it’s me”

She looks at me intently as she chews and when she swallows she smiles.

“I can’t believe you are finally in love! I’m so happy when can I meet him.”

“It’s too early for that I’m not even sure I want to be in this relationship”

“Xitlalli you are not getting any younger your peers are married and have children. I don’t think your father would’ve been happy to see you depriving yourself love.”

“But this love thing comes with sacrificing his legacy mama. Nkosinathi and I talked about this and he said it himself that at some point he will expect me call it quit. I can’t dodge bullets for the rest of my life. See we just met but already he’s dictating me. This is my life mama”

“He’s not dictating your life baby I also agree with him. Are you telling me that you going to rob banks until you are 70 years old? When will you have time to nurture your children? You know very well that I have never wanted you to do this but your father was stubborn. July you’re turning 37 years old already you should be focusing on your own family baby. It’s time to let it go we have enough now. The businesses we used as a front are more than enough. The money we have is more than enough let it go my baby.”

I shake my head in disapproval

“I know it took you so much to even consider a relationship with him which means he’s special to you”

“God mama I can’t resist him and when he’s not with me I feel like flying to wherever he is just to be in his arms. I feel safe in his arms and his company is refreshing. He’s different mom I love how raw and genuine he is you know. He’s not like all these men that fakes to impress me. He’s just him and nothing intimidates him about me. God he’s...”

“A beast in bed just like how you like them.” She says looking at my wrists that have red marks.

I hide my wrists underneath the table and she burst into laughter. Okay I don’t share my sex life with my mom this is embarrassing.

“You don’t have to hide I saw everything last night when I walked in here”

“Mama no!”

She laughs even harder

“Why the hell did you not close the door?”

“You didn’t tell me you are coming home!”

“Since when now do I report to you when I’m coming to my house. See it’s time you have your own house where you can do all your Christen Grey things shuuu ay two traumatized me.”

I'm dying with embarrassment. Mom saw me having sex people she saw my man naked! I want to die!

“And no I didn't found out yesterday you are into bondage sex. You are my child there's no way I cannot know that about you”

I can't take this anymore she enjoys embarrassing me. I get up walk upstairs to my bedroom leaving her in stitches. I will get her for this!

The weeks turns into months and I must say I have never been this happy in my life. Nkosal is really keeping his promise which is treating me like a queen. On my birthday we flew to Cape Town and we had a fantastic weekend of my life. He bought me BMW M5 because apparently my Renault Clio 2007 model doesn't suits me. Imagine the nerve of that man! I love my Renault and I wasn't planing to buy another car until it became broken beyond repairs. I couldn't hide my excitement though when.

Not only is he showering me with love but with gifts as well. I'm sure you think I have drama it's not like I can't anything. No sweetie it's not the same, buying something for yourself and having someone who lives just to you pampers you is the best feeling ever. I can't believe I'm in love. He respects me, he's loves me, he's funny, he be stubborn at times which is a toxic thing in our relationship because I can be stubborn as well and no one wants humble himself /herself between us. Otherwise we gel very well and the sex! God yanyobana leyandoda he doesn't play.

I have been calling him today but he's not answering my calls and last night he didn't call me. He knows very well that I don't like it when I don't get hold of him. I don't care that if he's busy or whatever but when I need him I want to get hold of him in that very moment. My phone rings it's him.

“Why the hell are you not answering my calls!”

“Ha.ah MaLopez yazi bona uyangithethisa futhi that’s why I’m not answering your calls ngikhathele ukuthethiswa wuwe” (Ha.ah MaLopez you see you are shouting that’s the reason I’m not answering joke calls. I’m tired of you shouting at me)

“Oh so you were ignoring my calls on purpose it’s okay. It’s fine yezwa” I cry

“Musa ukhula my sugarplum bengizidlalale.” (Don’t cry my sugarplum I was joking)

“Usted está mintiendo Nkosinathi!”

“I only heard my name”

I chuckle as I wipe my tears

“Please come fetch me I miss you and tonight I’m sleeping over ay your house”

“Okay my sugarplum musa ukhala yezwa ngiyakuthanda” (Okay my sugarplum don’t cry I love you)

“I love you too”

I hang up and wipe my tears.

“Hayi Nkosinathi has turned you into a cry baby!”

“He wasn’t answering his phone Zero”

“So that makes you cry?”

He laughs out loudly

“Bakfakele ishikishiki wena suyinquza nje” (You’re under a spell and it’s has turned you a pussy!) He says laughing as walks away. I run after him but I can’t catch up wit him. Who the fuck does he call a pussy?

“I will kill you Zero!”

“Uyinquza!” He saying laughing

I take an apple in the vase and hit him with it but he ducks and it hits mama.

“What the hell is going on!”

“It’s him mama he said I’m pussy” I burst into tears.

“Uyaphapha Zero! Come here my baby” She envelopes me in her arms as I literally wail.

* * *

“That’s it we are done for the day”

Oh how I have been longing to hear these words. Finally we are done for the day and it’s Friday I’m going home to my man and kids. I miss them so much especially my kids I haven’t seen them for a month but Papito has been coming here every weekend to visit us. I feel bad that I haven’t seen my children for a month but I know that they’re safe and okay with their father and grandparents.

It's been a difficult couple of months but at least now Ndiwe and Zo get along. Ndiwe has stopped accusing Zo. I know that I can never replace their mother but I have been trying my best to fill that void. It's not easy on me as well Zo is almost big as I am and going through all of sorts of things as a teenager but I'm trying. She's a good child though and she doesn't make it hard for me.

I couldn't miss this opportunity I have never done a theatre play before. It's always been my dream grow my in this acting industry. I'm so grateful for the support my family gave me when I told them about that.

“He Londz”

“Hi madam”

I roll my eyes I don't know how many times do I have to tell her that she shouldn't call me that. Londz is Yandi's nanny. I couldn't leave her behind since she's still feeding. Breastfeeding is one of the most beautiful thing about motherhood. She turned 1 year old in June and her father went all way out throwing a big party for her as if she can see anything. Everyone wants me to stop breastfeeding her now since she turned 1 yer old. They don't want me to do what I did with Kj but I still think she's still a baby. I'm not ready yet maybe when she turns 10 years old. Just kidding I will stop breat feeding her soon.

“Londz don't call me madam please. Where's Yandi?”

“She fall asleep after I finished bathing her”

“Okay, thank you so much let me freshen up. I will drop you off at your home”

“No problem madam”

I go to the bathroom and hit the shower. Once I’m done with getting dressed I pack a few things that I’m going to need. Monday I’m coming back here. We still have a few weeks to finish our play then we are going to perform it on 24 September on a heritage day. I finish packing and call Londz. She takes a sleeping Yandi while I take the bags then we go to the car. She buckles her on her seat while I load the bags and Yandi’s stroller in the boot then go lock the door. I transfer her salary first then drive Pinetown to drop Londz off.

“Thank you for the bonus madam”

“Its your birthday month you deserve to spoil yourself”

“Ngiyabonga kakhulu” (Thank you so much)

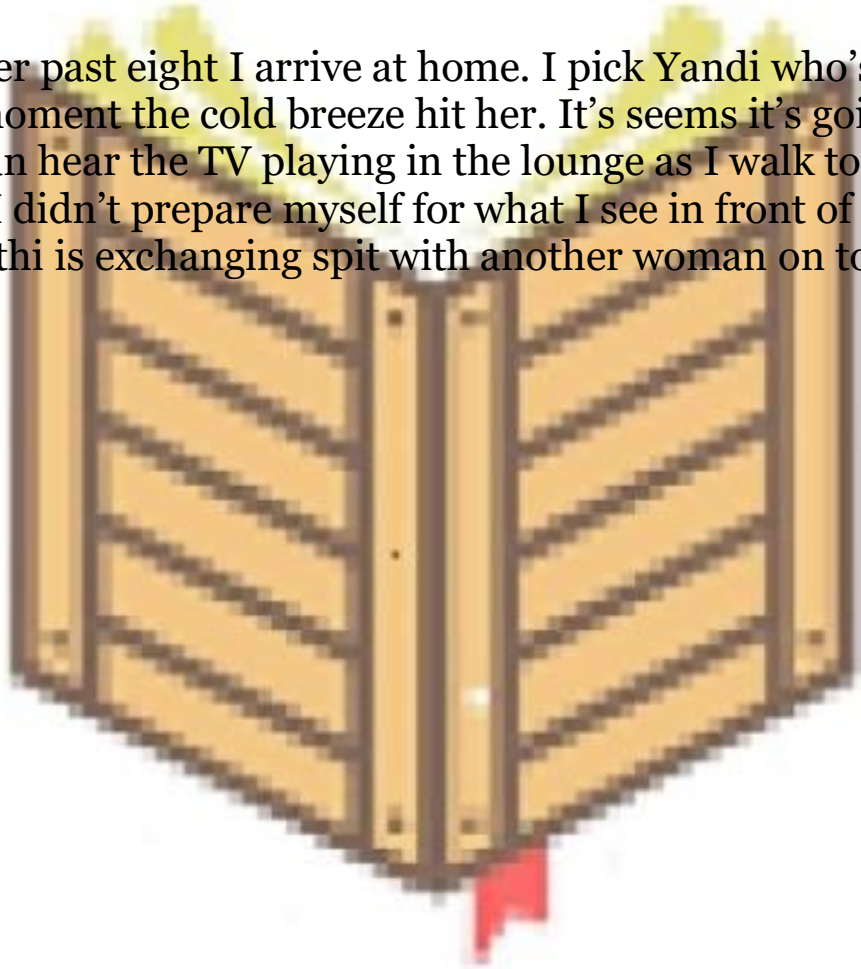
“You are welcome”

I drop off at her then drive to Newcastle. No one knows that I’m coming it’s a surprise but let me sit down first and eat. Time reads 15:00pm bu 20:30pm I will be at home. I turn on the music and sing along You are the one by Elaine

📖 I think it's time we confronted the situation in front of us
And I think it's time we talk it out and forget all the fuss
And if it's not me, I'll have to understand and I'll be out your way
No drama involved
But if you feel it's me, if you feel I'm the one
You're gonna need to make a way for me to see it
But as for me you're the one
And in my heart our time will come
'Til the end I'ma always be right by your side

But as for me you're the one
And in my heart our time will come
'Til the end I'ma always be right by your side
I know you're the one
I know our time will come
I feel you in my heart
I see you in my dreams
I keep you in my prayers 🎵

At quarter past eight I arrive at home. I pick Yandi who's wakes up the moment the cold breeze hit her. It's seems it's going to rain. I can hear the TV playing in the lounge as I walk to the lounge. I didn't prepare myself for what I see in front of me. Nkosinathi is exchanging spit with another woman on top of the couch.



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Chapter Seventy Seven

“Dada!”

My heart skips a beat at the sound of my daughter’s voice. For a moment I think my ears are playing tricks with me but when I pull away Star I see Aphiwe with Yandi on the side of her waist looking at me with eyes filled with pain and anger. In a second I’m on my feet not knowing what to do. Fuck! I knew this day will come but I’m not ready. I doubt that I will ever be ready I guess its time to Face my shit.

“Apple butter why you didn’t tell me you’re coming home?” It’s the first thing that comes out of my mouth.

“Apple butter?” Asks Star but I ignore and look at Aphiwe who’s shaking and crying. What have I done! I’m scared she’s going to drop Yandi.

“Why? So that you can hide your hoe from me?”

“Whore? Bitch who are you calling a whore?” Star says getting up from the couch and charges for Phiwe

“Sugarplum please calm down okay” I say standing in front of her.

“Sugarplum? What the fuck is going on here! Why is this bitch is in my house, sitting on my couches and kissing my man Nkosinathi!” Aphiwe bellows angrily

Yhooo things about yo get out of hand. What am I going to do? How will I explain to them in the way they will understand and not leave me?

“Your man? Nkosinathi what’s going on here? How are you her man when you are mine?” Star asks calmly but her face is already turning red with anger

“Both of you calm down and let’s sit down and talk”

“Don’t you dare tell me to calm down Nkosinathi. I want to know who the fuck is this bitch!” - Phiwe

“Don’t call me a bitch ngizokugwaza sfebe!” - Star

”I will like to see you try msoon!” - Phiwe

Stars attempts to attack Phiwe but I pull her away and look at her angry.

“What the fuck are you doing huh! You want to attack the mother of my children while she’s carrying my daughter? Are you sick in your head!!”

She chuckles and shakes her head in disapproval

“Just because she’s the mother of your children she has right to speak to me however she wants? That’s bullshit Nkosinathi! I won’t let that bitch of yours to insult me!!”

“The nerve you have to call me a bitch in my house you are the one who’s a bitch here busy kissing my man asshole...”

“Aphiwe shut the fuck up you! How dare you speak such language in my front my daughter!”

Thee ladies are driving me crazy! I heave a sigh and look at them both

“Can we please sit down and talk likes adults. I’m sure both of you have questions and want to know that what’s going on”

“I’m leaving I see I’m the one who has been a fool here. You and your baby mama have been together.”

“No I will leave I’m the one who disturbed your good moment with 'your' man.”

The pain in the voices hit me hard like a wave and threatens to engulf me. God knows never meant to hurt them.

“No one is leaving without me explaining. Please hear me out I owe you two that much. Star...Phiwe”

I look at them as respectively as I called their names. Star is the first that sit down first then Phiwe follows pulling Yandi on her lap who’s staring at us confused what is this noise about.

“Thank you ladies”

I settle down as well and clear my throat. I don’t even know where to begin.

“I knew this day will come but it’s just caught me off guard. I wasn’t prepared for it but now that its has arrive it’s time I tell you both everything. I haven’t been honest with the both of you. Aphiwe I love you so much. Star I love you so much”

“You cheated on me Inathi? How could you do this to me?”

“I didn’t cheat on you Aphiwe. You and I got back together the same time I met Star. I dated with ladies at the same time”

“And that supposed to makes it better Nkosy huh? You fucking lied to me! How dare you make me love you while you knew you were also seeing someone?”

“I’m sorry from the bottom of my heart MaLopez but this doesn’t change how I feel about you my Sugarplum same goes to you as well MaNdlela. I’m sorry about this ladies I didn’t mean to break your hearts.”

Tears spill down Phiwe’s face breaking my heart even more.

“Why did you take me back if you knew you are interested in someone else?”

“There was no way that I could have not let you back in my life sthandwa sami because I love you and you know that”

“What about her Nkosinathi?” Phiwe sobs and Yandi looks at her sadly. Eish I screwed up I should’ve told them both.

“Ngiyamthanda naye Aphiwe njengoba ngikthanda nawe” (I love her as much as I love you)

“Whar you trying to say Nkosy?”

“I don’t want to lose both of you. You two are the Queens of my heart. You both bring our the best in me. Without you both of you there’s no me zithandwa zami”

“Oh well you have lost me because I won’t share you. It’s over Nkosinathi” Star says and takes her phone on the coffee table.

“Star please don’t...”

“You want me to sit here and listen to you telling me that you love both of us? You didn’t tell me if this when you asked me to give you a chance. You never told me there’s someone else...Zero please fetch me at Nkosy’s house.” She walks away talk on the phone. I get up and run after her.

“Star wair please.”

I grab her wrist pulling her close to me before kissing her lips. She pushes me away but I intensify the kiss. She gives in and kisses me back. We fee drop of rains pouring on us as we share a passionate kiss.

“I love you Star please don’t end things between us”

“I love you too Nkosy but I can’t do this your baby mama is waiting for you”

She looks at the door and when I turn around I see Piwe standing on the door then she walks away. Fuck what do I fix this!

* * *

I die a thousand deaths as I watch him run after another woman in front of me and leave me with me with his daughter. As if he hasn’t hurt me enough he kisses her in our yard while I’m inside the house. I’m not going to stay here I’m leaving. Just as I’m about to walk out he walks in.

“Where are you going?”

“I’m going to my mom’s house”

“You can’t drive Phiwe please not in your state”

As if he cares! Of course he cares but only about his daughter.

“Get away from the door Nkosinathi I want to go”

“Please Phiwe...”

“Nkosinathi get the fuck off the door!!”

He clenches his jaw and turns around to lock the door then he takes the keys with him.

“You are not going anywhere in your state especially not with my daughter”

All I want is to be out of his sight. I can’t stand looking at me after the breaking my heart into thousand shards I go to the kids bedroom and put Yandi on the bed then takes off my clothes before slipping into blankets next to Yandi. She grips ojbmu boob with her tiny hands and sucks my nipple.

He loves us both what the fuck is that? How can he love two people at the same time. The pain I feel right now feels a knife cutting my heart into pieces with every breath I take. God I want it too stop.

Yandi’s humming ceases when I look at her I realize that she has fallen asleep. I gently put her next to me and bawl my eyes out releasing the pain inside of me. How can he do this me? He shouldn’t have took me back because already he knew that his heart doesn’t belong to me anymore. I hear a soft knock on the

door then it swings open. He walks in and sits on the edge of the bed.

“I’m sorry MaNdlela I never meant to hurt you like”

“But you did Nkosinathi! Why? What do you want that I don’t give you?”

“You give me more then I want baby...”

“How long have you been two together?”

“No I got back together with you the same time I was with her”

“That’s a damn fucking lie! It’s either she’s been there before me or you cheated on me with her!”

“Aphiwe if she was here before you then you would’ve have found Dee here. I didn’t cheat on you..”

“What difference does it make! You were dating both of us and that’s is cheating! How long have you been together?”

“Almost four months now”

Oh God we have been together for almost four months as well.

“Have you been fucking her?”

Of course he’s been fucking I don’t even know why I asked a stupid question like this.

“Baby come on don’t do this please”

“Is she nice then me?”

“Mamacita...”

“Answer the damn ask!”

“You seriously don’t want me to answer that do you?”

“I wouldn’t have asked you if I didn’t want you to tell me!”

“You are nice as her. She’s nice as you”

I shouldn’t have asked that, hearing him saying another woman is nice it’s like twisting a knife in my already bleeding heart.

“Why Nkosinathi? Did you perhaps fall out of love with me when we separated and when you found out the real reason why I called off our wedding you felt guilty hence you took me back?”

“What? No baby” He gets up from the edge of the bed and kneels next to me.

“MaNdlela...”

He take my hands into his

“Yes I feel bad and guilty that you called off our wedding because of my past but I’m not with you because of guilt. I’m with you because I love with every cell of my body. I don’t see purpose of living without you sthandwa sami. Your name is etched on each breath of mine.”

“Then leave her if you truly love me”

“I can’t baby naye ngiyamthanda naye” (I also love her)

“There’s no way you can love both of us!”

“Well I do and I’m sorry...”

“If you knew how much you are hurting me every time you say you love her. I’m the only one you are suppose to love. You have only one queen of your heart and that’s me. I’m the president of your heart, the permanent resident in your heart. You promised me that I will forever be your one Nkosinsthi. That I will never share you with anyone. Remember how we always tell each other that our children are going to love our love story? This is not part of our love story. In our love story you and I live happily ever after. In our love story there’s no Moon or whatever her name is. It’s you, me and our children. Please don’t hurt me like this you and I have been through so much together. You can’t compare the love we share together with a two minutes fling.”

He looks at me sadly tears sparkling in his eyes

“You have no idea how much I wish I’m not doing this to you. The last thing I want is to hurt sthandwa sami and you know that. I didn’t plan to fall for her. It’s not a fling I want her to part of our lives and I don’t think it would be such a bad thing to feature her in our love story”

“Uyanya!”

“I know it’s too much to ask I’m going to give you time to think about this baby...”

“You know what? You can have her I won’t share you! It’s clear that I’m not enough for you!”

“You are more then enough...”

“Stop saying that! If I’m enough that why don’t you leave her huh? You know when they say everything happens for the reason now I see why I had to stop our wedding. God knew that you will hurt me like this imagine if we were married? The pain would’ve been times two”

“One thing I know for sure that if you and I were married there’s no way that I would’ve cheated on you and broke my vows. I wouldn’t disrespect our marriage like that”

“Oh so it’s my fault that you ended up falling for another woman?”

“I didn’t say that Phiwe...”

“Then what are you saying huh? That you don’t respect our relationship hence you cheated? If don’t respect our relationship how will you respect our marriage it’s doesn’t make sense! You know what go to hell Nkosinathi!”

He clenches his jaw and tightens his grip on my hands. I’m making him angry by talking to him like this but he he’s on the wrong side and he won’t reprimand me.

“What I’m saying is my love for you would never change no matter. Loving her doesn’t make me love you any less. I know what I’m asking to you is not an ideal situation but what I can promise you baby is that my love for you is everlasting. Uthando enginalo ngawe olwangunaphakade. Never will the be a time where you would feel less appreciated, loved or respected. Ngizohlezi ngikuphathisa okweqanda futhi inhliziyo yakhe iyohlezi igcwele intokomalo ne ntokozi. I will give you time to think about this” (...I will always treat you like an egg. Your heart will always be filled with warmth and joy...) with that said he walks out leaving me bawling my eyes out.

* * *

“I thought you are sleeping over” Zero says as he drives me home but I don’t reply to him. I’m so fucking stupid! How could I not see this? I can’t believe that he played me! All this fucking time I thought I’m the one while he was also dating his baby mama? He told me that his baby mama called off a wedding a year and few months ago. He didn’t tell me that they’re back together!

I’m so angry but I’m more hurt then angry. I love him God I love him and it’s hurts so bad that what I thought we share is just a sham. He made me love him then he do this to me? I’m going yo kill him! Okay that’s a lie I love him so much to kill him. I can’t believe that within few months I have fallen this hard for him. I can’t imagine life without him how is that even possible? I just met the fucking guy!

“Boss lady we are home” Zero snaps me out of my raging thoughts.

“Thank you for fetching me”

“Anytime Boss Lady. Are you okay”

“Yes I’m fine”

“Should I put a bullet in his head?”

If only that wouldn’t break my heart. I chuckle and shake my head no.

“Goodnight”

“Goodnight Boss lady”

I step out of the car and make my way inside the house. I find mama watching TV in the lounge while sipping coffee.

“Baby you’re back I thought you are sleeping over at Nkosinathi’s...” Before she finishes her sentence I burst into tears. She puts her coffee mug on top of the glass table.

“Oh mi bebé ven a mami” (Oh my baby come to mommy)

I settle down next to her and bury myself in her bosom. She wraps her arms around rocking my back and forth. My previous heartbreaks weren’t this gut wrenching

“No llores está bien” (Don’t cry it okay)

I hardly cry but since I have been dating him I have become a cry baby and I fucking hate that! He walked in my life and turned it upside down now he’s telling me that he loves both of us? What does that even mean!

“What happened Xitlalli?”

I don’t know where to begin I’m not even sure I want to talk about this now. She gets the hint and stop asking questions. I cry until my tears runs out but I still feel the same way. The intercom rings indicating that there’s someone at the gate. I get up from mom then go attends whoever that is.

How did I not see through his lies? My heart is broken and the cruelty of life that it’s still beating even after Nkosy broke it. I hear the voices approaching the lounge and I hate how one of the voices is making my stomach flutters. They get inside the lounge and our eyes meet. My heart skips a beat and this moment I wish I

can rip it out and throw it against a wall how can it skip a beat at the sight of this man that betrayed us!

“Baby Nkosinathi is here to see you. I will be in my room if you need me”

I just nod then she walks away.

“What are you doing here?” Is the first thing I say when my mom is out of sight.

He walks towards me and settles down next to me then takes my hands into his.

“Don’t you fucking dare touch me!”

“I’m sorry Star...”

“What are you sorry for huh?”

“For everything I never meant of this happened sthandwa sami...”

“Don’t lie! You knew very well what you were doing! You persuaded me and begged me to give you a chance while you knew that you still love your baby mama! How could you do that Nkosinathi huh?”

“It was never my intention Star to hurt you nor hurt her. I love both of you and believe me sthandwa sami I didn’t plan all of this. The first time I met you I was drawn to you and she on the other side told me the reason why she had to call off our wedding. Let me just say my past caught up with us and that’s a reason she had to end our relationship. I’m sorry”

“Then why did you persuaded me if you knew you never stopped loving her and you were willing to give your love a chance?”

“I couldn’t stop thinking about you Star and I knew from that moment that it wasn’t infatuation...”

“You are lying to me Nkosy”

“I swear MaLopez...”

“You have been fucking her while fucking me! Did you use protection?”

“No”

“Jesus how can I be so stupid!”

“You are not stupid Star for loving me. I also love you so much...”

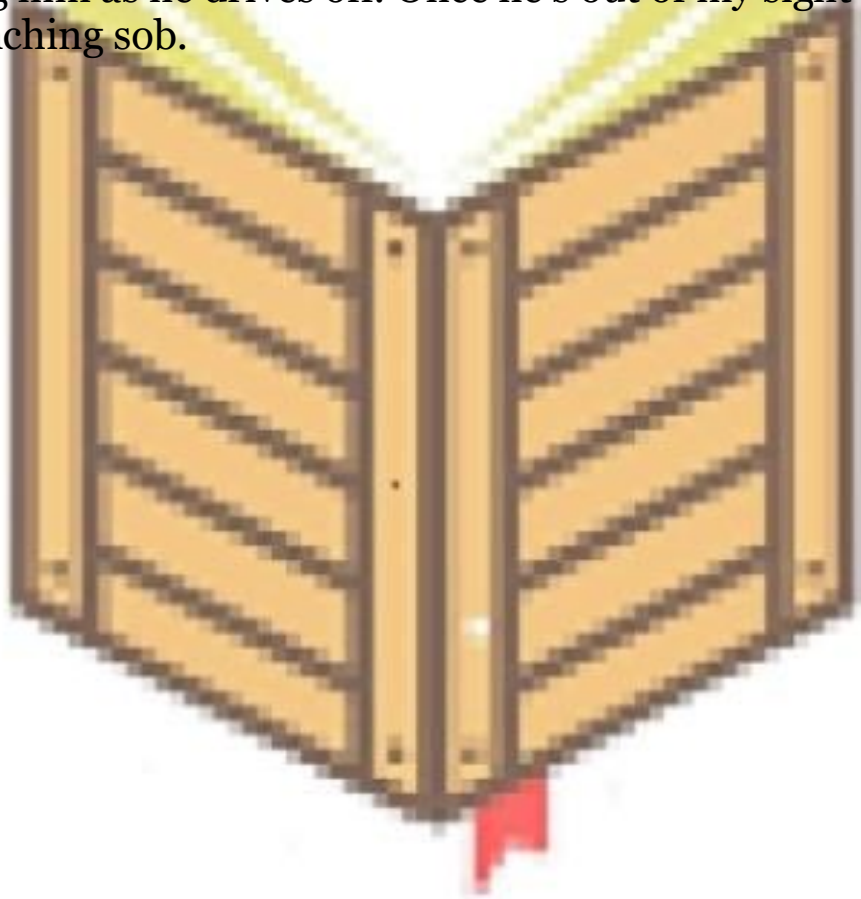
“That’s bullshit if you love me you would’ve told me from the get go that you are still in love with your baby mama! How can I compete with 5 or 6 years relationship and two children on top?”

“It’s not a competition sthandwa sami. I love you just like I love her”

“Stop saying that you are breaking me heart! You said you love me! Only me! I didn’t want to be in a relationship but you forced me and made me love you Nkosinathi now you are telling me that you love both of us? I didn’t sign up for this shit! Just go to her and leave me alone. I’m done with you!”

“I’m sorry MaLopez I didn’t meant to break your heart. Just because Aphiwe and I have been together for years doesn’t mean my relationship with you means nothing to me. Loving her doesn’t

make me love you any less. I know what I'm asking to you not an ideal situation but what I can promise you baby is that my love for you is everlasting. Uthando enginalo ngawe olwangunaphakade. Never will there be a time where you would feel less appreciated, loved or respected. Ngizohlezi ngikuphathisa okweqanda futhi inhliziyo yakhe iyohlezi igcwele intokomalo ne ntokozo. I will give you time to think about this" (...I will always treat you like an egg. Your heart will always be filled with warmth and joy...) He gets up and walks out. I open the gate for him and stand by the door watching him as he drives off. Once he's out of my sight I let out a gut wrenching sob.



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Chapter Seventy Eight

The days keep turning into weeks without hearing from the loves of my life. It's been full 3 weeks now and I don't think I can survive any more days without them. I feel like I'm lonely in my own grave. I never knew that a person can actually love two people at the same time. Don't ask me who do I love more because they are both remarkable beautiful woman which makes it impossible to measure the love I have for each. I know that if I met them both at the same time I met Aphiwe I would've still choose them both.

“Why don't you choose one Mnesh”

“I love them both Senzo”

“There's no way you can love them both equally choose the one you love more” - Sabelo

“They're two different women I love them differently but not more the other.”

“Mina I'm team Aphiwe” - Khaya

“I'm loyal to Aphiwe but man have you seen Star?” Senzo says and whistles

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“We haven't seen her I'm sure she's really special. I never thought Nkosinathi can love another woman as he much as he loves Aphiwe” - Sabelo

I sip on my drink and sigh heavily. I can't choose one I love them both.

“Are you sure though with Star it's not infatuation I mean you just met the woman four months ago and she helped you to get back your taxis. Maybe what you feel for her is more like showing gratitude towards her then actually loving her.” Sabelo says

“I love her man I was drawn to her the moment I met her”

“She speaks Spanish” - Senzo

“You lie!” - Khaya

“I'm telling you usho abo bonjour”

“Isn't that French?” - Khaya

“It's the same difference!” Senzo retorts and we burst into laughter.

“I have to meet this Star woman moss” Says Khaya and I give him a look.

“Soxabana Khayaletu”

“Come on dude when will you get over what happened with Cebisile. I love your sister”

“You stay away from my sister!”

“I apologized for breaking our bro code and I'm still apologizing to you please forgive me. I really love your sister Mnesh if you give me a chance I will never hurt her. My life is miserable without her whenever I try to hook up with some girl I think of her and my

dick refuse to get up. Now I'm a mockery bathi angivukelwa"
(...they say I can't get it up)

The gents burst into laughter. Just then Thula walks in and greets us but her eyes are glued to Khaya's.

"Little sis let's go to my bedroom"

We walk to my bedroom and settle down on my bed.

"So how did it go? Did they agree?"

"It wasn't easy to convince them buti but they both agreed."

"Thank you so much baby girl"

I squeeze her in my arms and kiss her forehead.

"How are they?"

"They are okay considering what happening but you have been through so much with Aphiwe why don't you choose her"

"I agree we have been through so much together but that doesn't devalue my relationship with Star. I feel like I have known her for years. I love her as much as I love Aphiwe"

"Who do you love more"

"I love them equally"

"I feel like this is unfair to Aphiwe even though I don't know the reason she called off the wedding but according what mama told me I know that she was blackmailed. Is this what she gets after being forced to end your relationship with her?"

“Don’t talk like that Thula I also didn’t choose to love them both. Isn’t it fair that I want both of them?”

“I don’t think neither of them want to share you”

“This word ‘share’ doesn’t sound good.”

“But it is the right word to use though”

I heave a sigh and pull her back taking her hands into mine.

“You know I love your right”

“Of course buti and I love you too”

“Yaz life keep proving me how short it is. First it was my dad then Kwanza now it’s Cebisile. Nothing makes me happy then knowing that my loves one are happy. If Khaya is your happiness then I can’t stand on the way of your happiness. I give you my blessings mtaka mah you can date Khaya. I can see that you love him and he also loves you”

“Oh my God really buti”

“Yes baby girl”

“Thank you so much” She cries and I pull her to my chest

“Don’t cry I want all the best for you baby girl. All I want from you two is to respect me. I don’t want see you two all over each other in front of me”

“Of course buti thank you so much! I have been trying to move on but it’s so impossible. You have no idea how much this means to me. I love you buti wami”

“I love you too baby girl”

I kiss her forehead then we get up from my bed and walk to the lounge. I grab Khaya with his clothes and punch him sending him back to the couch.

“Buti nooo!”

“What the fuck Mnesh!”

“If you dare hurt my sister Khaya I will cut your balls off and feed them to dogs.”

“What does that supposed to mean?”

“Both of you get the fuck of here before I changed my mind”

Thula helps Khaya up who’s confused and walks out with him. I settle down and take my beer from the coffee table.

“Wow you just gave them your blessings to be together” - Senzo

“Finally my boy will have some pussy!” - Sabza

“Fuseg Sabelo that’s my sister! You don’t talk about her as if some loosely slut that Khaya is going to fuck and dump”

“Hade bra”

“So you have to punch him first” - Senzo

They both burst into laughter and I join them. We watch football together while swigging on our beers. I don't drink too much though because I don't want to be drunk for this evening. I have to be at least tipsy. When the football is over Senzo and Sabelo leaves giving me time to prepare myself.

I'm so nervous but I'm hopeful that this evening will go just as I planned. Once I'm done showering I get dressed into navy Kurt Geiger chino and formal Kurt Geiger shirt with white dots and Kurt Geiger loafers. I tuck my shirt and leave the two top buttons open. I spritz my cologne and look myself on the mirror. Something is missing..oh a wristwatch. Now I look perfect! I take the small gift bag and my car keys then leave.

“Bra Mnesh”

“Sure Mbuso do you have her”

“Here she's coming”

“Okay sharp”

I call Sipho

“Bra Mnesh”

“I'm still waiting for her but her mom said she's coming”

“Okay sure”

I hang up and heave a sigh. I arrive before them and I'm satisfied with the romantic dinner set up for three. Sipho walks in with Star by his side. I look at her as sashays towards me wow she's looking breathtaking.

“Sure Bra Mnesh I brought your lady”

“Thank you Sipho. I will give you call if I need you”

“No problem. Have great even Miss Lopez”

“Thank you Sipho”

He walks away.

“Thank you for coming you look breathtakingly stunning. This dress was perfectly made for you”

“I didn’t know you know you know my size and that I love black diamonds. Thank you so much you look smashing”

“Thank you”

I steal a kiss then wait for Mbuso and Aphiwe. In a second they both walk in. Wow she looks stunning as well.

“Thank you Mbuso I will call you when I need you”

“Sure Bra Mnesh”

He walks away leaving me with my beautiful queens.

“You look amazingly beautiful. The moment I saw this dress I knew that it was perfectly made for you”

“Thank you Papito you look gorgeous as well but what’s going on here? Ufunani lo la!”

“Ungangibizi ngo lo wena shlama!”

Phiwe raises her hand to slap Star but I hold her hand before it reaches Star's cheek.

“You should have let her hit me bengizo fraifa ngezinga zakhe la phansi!”

“Both of you you stop it! I'm the one who called you both here! This bickering is starting to me annoy me now! I called you both here and you two are going to give me the respect I deserve as your man and listen to me! Siyezwana!” (...Are we clear?...)

They look at me with attitude

“ARE WE CLEAR!”

Their heads nod

“Huh?”

“Yes!” They both chorus.

“Good”

I kneel down before them and take out the boxes of rings. I flip them open and look at them as they look at they look at rings in total shock.

“Phiwe I love you so much you have never doubted that and I beg you to not start now because now I love you even more. I want to tell you that nothing changes sthandwa sami. Ngivumele MaNdlela ngikwenze umfazi wami wanguna phakade engiyohlukaniswa naye ukufa. Let's show our enemies that we didn't end our marriage before it began because we don't love each other but it all about time. It wasn't our time to get married

yet but now it is. Please make me the happiest man in the universe and marry me”

She shakes her head in disapproval as tears stream down her face.

“My Darling Star, I have known you for few months but I feel like I have known you forever. You walked in my life and light up my life just like your name Star. I love you so much and I want to spend the rest of my life with you. Ngivumele sthandwa sami ngikwenze umfazi wamu wangunaphakade engiyohlukanisa naye ukufa. Make me the happiest in the universe and be my wife”

She’s crying as well and shaking her head.

“No Nkosinathi I can’t allow you to do this. You and Aphiwe have been together for years. I know you love me and you also love her but the truth is we can’t compare what you and I share with what you and her share.”

“You are not obliged to take both of us Papito I understand if you don’t love me anymore. A year and months seperated is a long time. You were bound to fall out of love with me. It’s fine you can take her I won’t hold it against you”

See the reason why I love them both they’re so are amazing and with them by my either of my sides I can conquer the world.

“I want both of you because I love you both. Not that I feel obligated to take you two after lying to you and broke your heart. Phiwe I have never fall out of love nor will I ever will. Yes I was angry when you left me but I didn’t stop loving you. Star just because I have been with Phiwe longer then you doesn’t mean what we share is nothing. I love you MaLopez so much”

“I can’t do this Nkosy you are asking too much from me”

“Come on ladies. This is me pouring out my love for both of you. Phiwe.. Star”

“I also can't do this Inathi rather you choose”

“I will agree with her”

“So you both want me to choose?”

They both nod their heads

“Okay I will choose”

I get up from the floor and look at them. This is the hardest decision I have ever had to make in my life. I swallow a pain lump in my throat looking deep in their glistening eyes.

“I'm not choosing If I can't have both of you then I rather be lonely for the rest of my life. You can keep the rings because I have already bought them” I can't miss the tremor in my voice and I can feel tears burning in my eyes. I walk out and get in my car then bury myself in my steering wheel. I feel like my chest is closing in it's so painful. I breath in and out then start my car and drive off as I call Siphos.

“Bra Mneshe I have been trying to call you I wanted to let you know that I have just received a call I have a family crisis. I'm sorry I won't be available when you need me.”

“No problem boy as long as you take back that car to the hiring company”

“That goes without saying. Thank you”

“Sharp”

I hang up and call Mbuso to take Star and Phiwe back to their homes. My mind is racing and my heart is sore. Did I just dump them both? I know I'm asking too much from them it's better this way to lose them both. A loud screeching sound snaps me out of my trance and when I look up there's see a car coming from my right side. I try to run away from it but it's already too late.



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Chapter Seventy Nine

I thought he has come into his senses and he's going to ask forgiveness to me hence he invited me to this dinner little did I know that he's planning to propose both of us. I can't believe he loves her that much to the point of making her his wife. I have nothing against polygamy but not for me. I love Nkosinathi with everything that I have got but polygamy I'm sorry. The thought of sharing him with another woman breaks my heart to the core.

God knows how much it's means to me to be Mrs Dlomo but it's clear that I'm not meant to be a Mrs Dlomo. I want to make peace with this but my aching heart is refusing. We both watch him as he walks out of the door. Did he just dumped both of us? My feet itch to run after him and tell him that I love him so much and it's fine he can have both of us but my heart is so possessive of him. It will never allow me to share him maybe it's for the best that we both lose him.

"Did he just dumped us?" Asks Star

"Yes it's seems so"

I look at my ring. It's so beautiful and it would have looked great in my finger.

"Wow I can't believe this"

"Neither do I"

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"Maye we shouldn't have asked him to choose Aphiwe"

“Then what were we supposed to do Star? Agree to marry him and share him? Never”

“Dont mind me I’m speaking out of heartbreak.”

She takes the bottle of wine and open it then and gulps the wine through the bottle.

“What? We might as well just get sloshed we have been dumped. Here drink”

She puts the bottle of wine on my mouth but I push it away.

“You don’t want to share with me we have been sharing a dick sweetheart and we got dumped on the same day”

She laughs but tears are rolling down her face.

“Oh God this feels like it’s my first heartbreak”

Just then Mbuso walks in.

“Ladies Bra Mnesh asked me to take you both to your homes”

We don’t ask questions but follow him. Star takes the bottle of wine with her. He opens the doors for us and we get in then he jogs to the front seat.

“Miss Lopez please direct me to your house”

“Okay”

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There’s a silence in the car until Star eventually breaks it.

“I can’t believe he bought us dresses to look good for him only to dump us”

“Can you shut the fuck up!” I yell at her

“I won’t shut up this is my mouth lolo and don’t raise your voice at me I will kill you then bury you. Your family will never ever find your remains!”

Just as I’m about to reply to her I’m distracted by the sight of many people, ambulances and police before us. It seems like there’s has been an accident.

“It’s an accident?”

“It seems like” Mbuso says pulling over then we all walk out to see what’s going on. Star asks one of the man from the crowd

“There has been an accident. The the driver of the Volvo xc40 was...” I cut him short

“You said Volvo xc40?”

“Yes”

We all look at each other then walk through the crowd asking for them let us pass. My heart is beating so fast and my knees are buckling. Tears blur my vision as my eyes lands on the car that is barely recognizable because of how wrecked it is. Star cries out for Nkosinathi’s name as she runs to the body on the road that is covered with a black plastic next to Nkosinathi’s car but she collapses before she get there. I can’t seem to move where I’m standing my knees are locked and everything around me is blurry. My whole body is shaking violently. Mbuso rushes to Star who’s lying on the road and the paramedics have surrounded her in

short space of time. No he's not dead I refuse to believe that!
Finally I manage to move my feet and go to the police.

“Ma'am please move away you can't be...”

“I know I'm the fiancée of the Volvo's driver and I want to know how is he?”

“Oh come here”

He leads me to one of ambulances where the paramedics are busy with my Papito. The police explains to them who I am. He has a bandage wrapped around his head and his face has an oxygen mask. He looks deadly but at least he's still alive so there's still hope.

“How is he?”

“It's a luck that he's still alive we quite had a difficult time taking him out of the car. We have to rush him to the hospital before it's too late.

I don't waste time but get into the ambulance. Just as they about to close the door Mbuso runs towards the Ambulance calling out for my name.

“MaNdlela how's Bra Mnesh”

“We are going to the hospital now. How's Star Where's she?”

“They're are taking her to hospital as well. I will follow behind the ambulance”

“Okay I will see you there”

The male paramedic closes the door and without a waste of time we driving to the hospital. The good thing is Mediclinic is in town and it's not far. The moment we arrive they wheel him to the emergency room. God please don't take him away from me please. What am I going to say to our children if the unthinkable happens to him? I can't stop my tears and I'm trembling. I see Star being wheeled away as well as Mbuso walks towards me. He gives me a tight hug.

"I'm scared Mbuso"

"I knows so am I but he's going to be okay. They are both going to be okay" He says squeezing me tightly in his arms

"Have you called his parents?"

"I don't have their numbers but I called Senzo who will inform them"

"Okay"

We both settle down on the couch and wait impatiently. It's feels like they're taking forever.

"We have to inform Star's family"

"Let me go get her phone in my car"

He gets up and walks out. I have never been terrified like this in my life. I don't know what it would become of me if he dies.

"Aphiwe" Nkosnathi's mom says as she walks in with her husband.

"Mama!"

I get up from the couch and throw myself in her arms. She catches me and holds me tightly.

“Where’s my son?”

“They are busy with him, his is beyond damaged mama” I burst into tears.

She makes me sits down and settles down next to me then pulls me to her arms.

“He’s going to be okay don’t cry sweetheart” She says with a crying voice stroking my back. Her husband sits next to her and strokes his wife’s back.

“What happened? Were you all in the car?” Baba asks

“No he was alone he left us and told Mbuso to take us to our homes”

“Where’s Star?” Mama asks and I’m so hurt that she knew about Star but she never told me. This is not the right time though.

“She’s also admitted here she fainted at the accident scene”

Mbuso walks in and greets Nkosinathi’s parents then sits down.

“Zero is coming her mom”

The waiting is getting on my nerves now. Why are they taking so long. A beautiful woman in her late fifties walks in with a very good looking man.

“Greetings everyone” Says the good looking gentlemen. The woman looks like she’s been crying.

“Where’s my daughter?” The woman asks looking all of us. I expected a white woman or a colored woman to be Star’s mom. Her eyes lingers on Mama.

“Betty!”

“Funeka!”

They both say at the same times. The shock in their faces can’t be missed.

“Xitlalli Nkosinathi es tu hijo?” (Xitlalli’s Nkosinathi is your son?)

“Xitlalli...Star. Si, eso parece!” (Xitllali..Star it’s seems so!”

“Como esta mi hija Betty?” (How’s my daughter Betty?)

“Se desmayó después de ver que Nkosinathi había estado involucrado en un accidente automovilístico, pero creo que estará bien siéntate y espera” (She fainted after seeing that Nkosinathi has been involved in a car accident but I think she’s going to be fine sit down and wait)

I didn’t know that Nkosinathi’s mom knows how to speak Spanish but then again she’s the one that gave Ndiwe her second name Pacifica. Can anyone tell me why are they speaking Spanish we also want to hear their conversation. The doctor comes to us. I get up and look at the doctor.

“How’s Nkosinathi doctor?”

“They are still busy with him I’m here regarding the woman that fainted in the accident scene. Star Lopez”

“She’s my daughter doctor is she okay” Stars mom says getting up

“She’s going to be fine It was probably shock. I’m just worried about her high blood pressure especially in her condition”

“What kind condition?” - Stars’s mom

“Yes she’s 13 weeks pregnant”

What? Noooo! I couldn’t help myself but cry my lungs out.

* * *

I open my heavy eyelids and look at my surroundings. I’m in the hospital room. I recall last night’s accident scene and cry hysterically. God why does it’s feel like it’s my fault he’s dead. I should have agreed to marry him now he’s gone and I will never see him again. The door swings open and the doctor walks in.

“Miss Lopez how are you feeling”

How am I feeling my man is dead!

“Hey you need to calm down please”

He strokes my back trying to calm me down. Azúcar is dead. What I would be without him? How will go on with my life without him?

“Miss Lopez please calm down your high blood pressure is already worrying. You need to control your stress level for the sake of the baby”

I push him away from me and look at him

“Did you say a baby?”

“Yes you’re 13 weeks pregnant”

“No!”

I let out a loud cry I can’t be pregnant when I have just lost the father of my baby. My child will grow up without his father? This is heartbreaking.

“Sshhh don’t cry calm down”

“I can’t help it doctor the father of my baby died in car accident last night”

“Nkosinathi is not dead sis” Says this gorgeous thick woman standing by the door.

“He’s not dead?”

“Oh your baby daddy is Nkosinathi?” - Doc

“Yes doctor you know him? How is he?”

The woman walks in. **NOVELSGURU.COM**

“I will get you his doctor that will brief you about him”

“I will tell her myself it’s fine” Says the woman to the doctor who nods and excuses him

I look at the woman before me, she looks like she didn’t sleep at all. She grabs a chair and sits down.

“How are you my baby”

“Put me out of my misery please”

“Nkosinathi is not dead but he’s in coma.”

“Coma? I thought his body...”

“That wasn’t him but the driver of other car. It’s really a miracle that my son survived...” I cut her shot

“You said son?”

“Yes he’s my son”

“Oh my goodness”

No! This is not how I imagined to meet my mother my in law. I wipe my tears and mucus on my face then brush my hair with my hand. She looks at me and laughs

“Why are you doing that”

“First impression last. Look at me I have tears and mucus on my face. I’m sure I even look red and ugly”

“You are still beautiful though and besides look at me I also look like a mess”

“You don’t seem like you slept at all”

“I couldn’t go home without knowing how my son is. We stayed the whole night. The doctors updated us about my son in the wee hours of the morning. He had to undergo head surgery”

“What was the operation for?”

“The doctor said he had bleeding in his brain. Nkosinathi told me you are doctor as well please be honest with me is my son going to wake up?”

I wish I can say yes but only time will tell. I reach for her hand and squeeze it

“Let’s have faith mama”

“He’s not going to make it”

“I can’t say that mama.”

Zero and mom walks in. They greet us.

“Mom this Nnosinathi’ mom...”

“They know each other” Zero interjects

“Oh really?”

I look both of them and I can’t miss the fake smiles they have on their faces.

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“Yes. How are you baby” - Mom

“I’m fine. How do you two know each other?”

“We were friends” - Nkosinathi’s mom

“Really? Wow please tell me about it”

“Some other time I have to go” She gets up and smiles at me

“I will see you sis”

“Thank you mama”

She walks out. Mom sits down on the chair Nkosy’s mom was sitting on.

“How did the dinner go and how did you and Nkosinathi ended up here in the hospital while the other woman is okay?”

I don’t like mom’s tone right now. I explain to them what happened and by the time I finished mom is angry but Zero is impressed.

“Ngiyamvuma uNkosinathi isikhokho. He actually proposed to both of you!”

“Don’t forget that the part that he dumped us”

“Because you wanted him choose”

“Zero stop supporting this nonsense! I’m glad he dumped you baby he doesn’t deserve you. Usile lomfana why he never told you from the first place about the other woman”

“Obviously Xitlall wasn’t going to give him a chance if he told him Boss Lady senior”

“See why I say usile! My baby deserves better. Someone who can love her and respect her not someone who want her to share him. I thought he’s a good man but clearly he’s not”

Ever since I told mom about what Nkosinathi did he’s not he’s favorite person and he wants me to cut ties with him but it’s not that easy. My heart doesn’t want me to let him go. Zero and I listen to mom going on and on about how bad Nkosinathi is.

“Mom you don’t even know him”

“From what you told me I know him. He’s bad for you I don’t even want to see you near him again.”

“That will be impossible I’m carrying his child”

“You should get rid of this baby”

I look at her incredulously. I can’t believe she just said that.

“Mom how can you say that!”

“You want a reminder of the pain he put you through?”

“So I should abort my baby? Wow that’s so cruel of you!”

“You can’t have this baby Xitlallil!”

“Why not what’s wrong with you mama. Are you not the one who said you want grandchildren?”

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“Not this one. That boy is playing you”

“The poor guy is fighting for his life and here you are telling me to abort his baby where’s your humanity? This is my child and I’m

keeping him whether Nkosinath and I are together or not. The baby will still grow without us being together. Nkosinathi loves children this could help him wake up. Zero please take me to the father of my unborn baby”

He helps me out then takes me to ICU. I find Aphiwe there with him crying.

“What are you doing here?”

“I’m here to see the father of my unborn baby”

“You couldn’t wait to brag huh”

I’m not bragging I’m telling you the fact”

“I don’t want you near the father of my children! We are here because of you! This is all your fault!”

“How is any of this my fault? Ungazongdakw!wa wena!”

“You came into our lives and messed up everything! We were happy before you!”

”Happy? Then why did he beg me to be his if you two were happy? You broke his heart lolo by calling off the wedding. He doesn’t love you anymore he just feels sorry for you!”

“Ladies I would ask you both to get out you can’t be screaming at each other like this in front of my patient. Leave please”

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Chapter Eighty

I stare at the three stone engagement ring as I think of my Papito. It's so beautiful and it's definitely a ring I'd choose for myself as well. It's been a month and few weeks now since he's in coma and the doctors thought he will be awake by now but he hasn't woken up. They are very concerned that he hasn't woken up and they suggest that we take him out of life support but I refuse. Money is not a problem we have enough to last him for years in those machines so what's the rush?

If it comes to a point that we run out of everything to sell I will even sell my soul. I'm not giving up on him easy like that and I know that if tables were turned he would've done the same for me. It's been a very draining couple of weeks. The kids are not coping at all. Zo and Ndiwe just lost Cebile few months back and they are scared that they will lose their father as well. KJ is also battling to deal with the situation at hand. Yandi doesn't understand why her father is not around anymore. Everyday she calls out for him. She misses her father, we all do.

I take out the ring out of the box and slide it in my finger. It's looks good on my hand. I have to prepare to go to the hospital so I get up from my bed and stumble. I feel light headed as I walk to the bathroom. I don't know what happens after that but I can hear my mom's voice. When I open my heavy eyelids I'm welcomed by two pair of worried eyes that belong to my mom' and aunty Nhlanhla. I look around my surroundings and realise I'm in my bedroom on my bed. Mom is patting a wet cloth on my forehead.

“Baby how are you feeling”

“What happened?”

“You fainted sis” Aunty Nhlanhla responds taking my hand into hers.

“You are carrying a lot of stress Wewe plus you don’t eat. You have to eat something my baby please”

“I’m not hungry mom”

“Have you seen how much weight you have lost?” Aunt Nlanhka asks

Of course I have seen how much weight I have lost but that’s the least of my worries now.

“I have to go to the hospital”

“Jesus Wewe you had us worrying and now you want to go to the hospital. Please take it easy sweetheart your body needs to be taken care of as well. You have been spending a lot of time in the hospital without resting”

“How can I rest aunty when the father of my children is fighting for his life and the doctors has given up on him already”

“They didn’t give up sis they have nothing to do now. It's all up to Nkosinathi’s to wake up”

I feel like the doctors are not doing enough to help my Papito.

“This is all my fault mama. I should have agreed to marry me. I shouldn’t have asked him to choose. He loves us both right then why can’t he have both of us?”

“You cant blame yourself my ba...”

“How can I not blame myself when it is my fault he’s lying on that hospital bed. Nkosinathi is very cautious when he’s driving mama. He was hurt that we rejected Him hi and got distracted. He can’t die mama his kids need him, .I need him”

I let out a loud cry and mama pulls me to her chest.

“

Hayi sis it’s not your fault how you would’ve known this would be the outcome. Please don’t be hard on yourself. Nkosinathi is a fighter he will come back to you and your children”

“Haibo Hloniphile why does it sounds like you are encouraging her to agree to this polygamous nonsense!”

“I’m not encouraging her Nhlanhla but I’m all for my daughter's happiness and even if Nkosinathi is her happiness I will give her all the support she needs.”

“Happiness? What happiness? She won’t be happy in a polygamous marriage. If you really think she will be happy then you are delusional just like her. Wewe don’t feel bad for refusing. Nkosinathi ubesile he wanted an excuse to cheat on you openly”

Ubesile? He wanted?

“Whey are using a past tense as if he’s no more?”

“If the doctors are saying there’s nothing they can do then...”

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“Stop it right there aunty. Nkosinathi is not dead yet he’s still alive and won’t die on me. He loves me so much to put me through that pain.”

“God you are so delusional. Open your eyes and smell the coffee. He doesn’t love you anymore which is understandable. You broke his heart and humiliated him by calling off the wedding he was bound to move on at some point. He loved the other woman now not you he even made her pregnant. He was marrying you because he felt sorry for you not that he loved you anymore. The sooner you accept that the better”

It’s breaks my heart how she keep using past tense as Nkosinathi is dead now. How could she?

“I don’t want to listen to this anymore. Mom I’m going to the hospital”

“Are you sure you are strong enough to go”

“Yes mom I have to go see him”

“At least eat something I will go make something for you to eat”

“But mama...”

“I won’t allow you to go then”

I heave a sigh

“Okay fine”

She kisses my forehead and get up from the bed then walks out

“You are wearing his ring? God Wewe I can’t believe you are considering to get into a polygamous marriage. I understand that you and Nnosiathu have been together for years and somehow you feel like there’s no life without him but you stayed for a year and months without him. Come on baby you are so young and

beautiful you can still find a good man that will love you the way you deserve.”

“Aunt go to your place now you are nagging and annoying”

“Are you speaking to me like that?”

I roll out of bed and go to the bathroom to take a quick shower. Once I’m done I go back to the bedroom and find mama waiting for me with my food.

“Your sister is gone?”

“Yes”

“Good”

I sit down and take the tray on beside table

“Wewe you can’t talk to your aunt like she’s your peer. She’s concerned about you and we can’t fault her for what she’s saying because truth be told I get what she’s saying.”

“Don’t tell me you believe he doesn’t love me anymore mama”

”You are the one who knows your man Aphiwe more then we do but we all know how polygamous marriage is. I don’t want you to lose yourself in this marriage”

“Mom I haven’t said I will marry him. My concern right now is for him to wake up”

“I hear you sis”

I eat my food over a general chat with mom and when I finish I get dressed then drive to the hospital. Besides being an actress everyone now knows me in this hospital it's has become my second home. Speaking of being an actress On the heritage day we did the play though my mind wasn't there but I tried my best and that best turned out to be phenomenal. Jay was there to support me and my mom too they came with the kids as well to take their mind off from what's happening. I'm sure you are wondering where's Zonke and Stacey I also don't know and at the moment I don't care. I find a nurse checking up Nkosinath.

“Hi sister Ceza”

“Hello Miss Ndlela how are you feeling”

“I'm alive..how is he today?”

She looks at me with pity.

“He's still the same sis let's be hopeful that when the machines are switched off he will wake up”

“What? We are not switching off the machines”

“You didn't know? His parents agreed and the machines will be switched off tomorrow morning”

“Nooo! Why they didn't tell me! Don't I have a right to be told about this?”

How can they not tell me about this? Why are they making this decision without me? I have a right to say he's the father of my children!

“Nxese sisi” (Is sorry sis)

She pats my shoulder and walks out. I reach of Papito's hand.

"Baby don't leave me please I'm begging you. Fight please fight for our children if not for me."

I kiss his hand and look at him with all these tubes and machines hooked on him. Tears fall down my face.

"Papito please don't do this to us. You know KJ is so close to you more than me and Ndiwe just lost her mother he can't lose you too. Yandi have just met you baby she can't lose you. Please wake up sthandwa sami."

To watch such a strong man lying helplessly on this bed it's heartbreaking and it makes it even worse that his parents are giving up on him.

"Nkosinathi vuka! You promised me that we will grow old together! Wake up dammit!!" I cry in agony as I shake him. God please wake him up he can't leave me!

* * *

It's been a full month and few weeks since Azúcar has been into a coma and he hasn't woken up. Usually a person don't stay in a coma for so long since his operation was a success. I was expecting him to wake up within few days but it's almost two months now. I feel like Gods is just watching on the sidelines. Nkosinathi's mom church members have been coming everyday to pray for him but still there's no difference. The thought of him dying on me is like a wild animal devouring my insides and leaves me dead in the inside. He can't die now his children need him. My

baby deserves a chance to feel and experience the love of his father. I need him so much.

“I’m not happy with your weight loss weight Miss Lopez are you not eating?” Dr Yusuf says

“I try but I don’t have appetite”

“That’s not acceptable Mos Lopez you need to eat so that the baby can grow and your high blood pressure is worrying. Are you stressed or anything?”

“I...he..we..” I cover my face with my hands as I burst into tears.

“Oh Miss Lopez I know pregnancy can be overwhelming especially when it’s your first time but don’t cry it’s going be okay”

I feel her hand stroking on my back.

“The thing is I can’t enjoy this pregnancy because the father of my unborn baby has been in a coma for almost two months now and the doctors have suggested that we switch off the machine. I’m so scared doc I don’t want to lose him nor my baby”

“I’m so sorry Miss Lopez to hear that”

She gives me a tissue to bwiipe my tears and blow my nose the she sits down.

“I understand you are going through so much but I need you to manage your stress for the sake of the baby. We don’t want to lose the baby right and baby daddy have to wake up to good news”

I nod with a faint smile. I’m trying believe me I’m really trying to have faith but it’s so hard. I miss him so much and when my baby

moves in my tummy I wish he's here to enjoy my first pregnancy with him. It's even sad that I don't have support except Zero and Nkosinathi's mom. I appreciate them so much but I wish mom could support me as well.

The doctor gives me a pamphlet of my new diet to help me gain some weight, some my vitamins and my prints out of the scan. Once she's done I thank her and walk out. Zero is standing outside his car smoking. The smell of nicotine hit my nostrils and my yearn for a cigarette exacerbates. Since I found out I'm pregnant I had to stop smoking and Zero is making sure that I don't even take two puffs. He doesn't even smoke in front of me.

“Unjani umshana ka lume”

“He's craving that cigarette. Please Zero I'm sure two puffs won't hurt. I need it so badly”

“No Xitllali”

He throws the half of the cigarette on the pavement and step on it with his caterpillar boot. I feel my cheeks getting wet with my tears.

“Ha.ah Xitlalli no don't do that to me! You know your tears are my weakness but I won't allow you to smoke and risk my nephew's life. Get in the car!”

Why is he shouting at me? I burst into a loud sob.

“God can Nkosinathi wake up so that he can deal with your hormones. Yhooo ay uyabihlika nawe!” He says envelopes me in his arms and kisses my head.

“I’m sorry okay I don’t even know what I’m sorry for but I’m sorry”

I chuckle against his chest.

“Stop crying you are upsetting my nephew. Nkosinathi will wake up and come back to you okay”

I nod my head and pull away from his embrace. He wipes my tears and kisses my forehead.

“Let’s leave”

I get in the car and close the door as he goes his side.

“How did your appointment with the doc go today?” He asks as he drives out of the doctor’s premises.

“She’s complaining about my weight and high blood pressure. I might lose my baby if I don’t pick up some weight”

I throw my handbag at the back seat.

“Yooh Boss lady you need to stop stressing too much you have lost too much weight over weeks. So what should happen?”

“She gave me a new diet that will help me gain weight.”

“I will hire a chef for you”

“But Aunty Glad is here don’t be too extra. Thank you though Zero for your support. I don’t know what I’d be without you man. The support you give me means a lot to me”

“Don’t mention it Boss lady I got you anytime”

“It’s really rare to have friends who can support you no matter what even my own mother is not giving me the support I need. I can’t believe that she wants me to abort my baby”

“That was too extreme but I’m sure she doesn’t mean it at all. She’s just concerned about you. Remember you are only her child and she’s trying to protect you”

“Protect me how Zero by telling me to kill my baby?”

“As I have said she went too far about that but she wants you to cut all ties with Nkosinathi but unfortunately the baby will bind you two together for life”

“If I want to cut ties with Nkosinathi or not it’s my choice to make not hers.”

“Put yourself in her shoes Boss lady. Would it be easy for you to support your child who wants to be married into a polygamous marriage?”

“It’s not like polygamous marriage is something new and besides I didn’t say I agree to marry him”

“But you’re considering it”

“I’m not considering it but I love him Zero I just...I don’t know all I know is I love him so much and I don’t want to lose him.”

“I hear you and you have my support with every decision you make”

Aphiwe’s car is parked right next to us.

“Oh God I was hoping not to find her here I don’t have energy to fight with that child” I groan in frustration.

He laughs

“She’s five years younger than you Boss lady you can’t call her child”

“She’s younger maan and annoys me!”

“She’s beautiful though and her ass damn!”

I look at him bastard is literally drooling

“Zero no no don’t even think about it!”

“I’m not thinking anything”

“You are checking her out!”

“Of course not!”

“I know you man please erase her in your mind!”

“Maybe it can work out for you if I make a move on her you can have Nkosinathi for yourself”

“Don’t you hear what I’m saying stay to you stay the fuck away from Aphiwe and besides he rather die lonely if he can’t have us both”

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“Relax okay I won’t make a move on her”

“Call me when you need me”

“Sure”

I take my handbag at the back seat then make our way inside the hospital. I hear Aphiwe screaming in agony as I approach the ICU and my heart skips a beat. Nooo! I pick up my pace and push the door open. I find her shaking Nkosinathi roughly.

“Wake up dammit you can’t leave me!!”

“What the fuck are you doing Aphiwe! You are hurting him!”

I pull her away from Nkosinathi

“Don’t touch me you witch!”

“Aphiwe I don’t have energy to fight with you okay!”

“Why don’t you just go back to where you are coming from huh!”

“Stop acting like I’m a home wrecker and I broke your marriage because you two were not together! You heard him yourself that he started seeing both of us at the same time! You are annoying maan yeses stop being childish!!!”

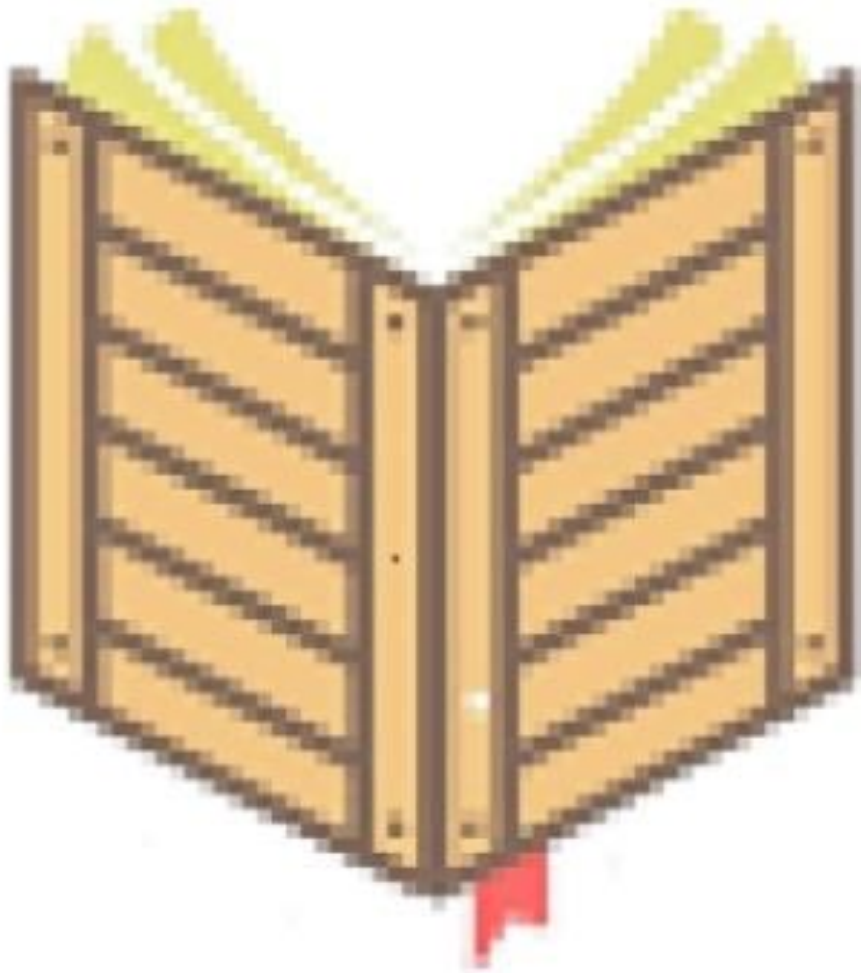
“The nerve you two have!”

We both turn around head and look at Nkosinathi’s mom who’s burning with anger.

“You are busy bickering in front of my son while he’s fighting for his life! I know that there’s something he saw in both of you and I believe If you really love him the way claim you should be standing together and praying for him not fighting! This is not the right time to fight but to hold each other’s hand and pray for the man you claim to love! How are you two going to keep your family

together if you are fighting in this difficult time like this huh? Nkosinathi loves both of you the sooner you accept that the better! How will he come back to us with you two fighting especially in front of him? Yeses niyacika maan!”

With that said she walks out. Tears spill down my face as Aphiwe burst into tears as well.



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Chapter Eighty One

The sweet scent of her perfume invades my nostrils as she makes me sit down on her chair then she sits down next to me before enveloping me in her arms. We both cry in each other arms releasing the pain inside of us. I guess we needed to hear those words from mama because all we have been doing over the weeks is fighting and forget that what's most important at the moment is our man's life. I mean MY MAN.

It's almost an hour later when we both calm down. She takes out scented tissues in her handbag and give me. I thank her and wipe my tears then blow my nose. I see a pamphlet peeking out of her handbag as she blows her nose as well. I take it and skim through it.

“It's my new diet that will help me gain weight” she says.

We have both lost weight but I don't care about mine hers is important because she's pregnant. I know how it will break Nkosinathi if he were to wake up to the news of his child dead. I put it back in her handbag.

“You have to stick by it then we don't want to lose the baby”

“It's not like you care Aphiwe”

“I don't like you no actually I hate you but I don't wish you to lose your baby. I have been there and I don't wish anyone to go through what I went through even my worst enemy”

We look at each other and sadness flashes through her eyes. God she's so beautiful without even trying hard. Her mole just stands out in a good way.

“Oh I'm sorry to hear that I didn't know”

We fall into awkward silence and both listen to the beeping sound of the machine as we look at Nkosinathi.

“You heard that tomorrow his parents are switching off the machine. They didn't tell me but the nurse just told me before you walked in hence you found me hysterical. I didn't mean to hurt him”

She tilts her head to look at me and I can see that she also didn't know.

“No I didn't know when were they going to tell us? Don't they think we deserve to know?”

Why does it makes me smile a little that she said 'us' not 'me' maybe she didn't even notice that she said that.

“I don't know Star I'm so hurt and angry at them. Why are they giving up on him already it's not like we don't have money to keep him here.”

“Maybe they're hoping that he will wake up when they switch off the machines. It's been long Aphiwe he should've woke up long time ago which is the reason I'm also scared.”

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“People stay in coma for years Star”

“In rare cases Aphiwe the truth is we can't be certain at this point. I'm talking to you as a professional doctor”

I look at her surprised

“You are a doctor?”

“Yes by profession but I resigned 5 years back”

“Wow...then you can help him Star please”

“I can't Aphuwe they did everything I would've done”

“No don't say that”

I kneel down before and take her hands into mine.

“I'm begging you Star his life depends on you now. Take out all your knowledge you learn in medical school and use it.

“Aphuwe please get up from the floor”

“If you wake him up I promise I will owe you my life”

“Aphuwe...” She whispers teardrops falling down her face

“Maybe they missed something or misdiagnose him. Re examine him I'm begging you please”

“This is the best hospital that has best doctors ever”

“I know all I'm asking is for you to re examine him and diagnose him yourself. If they're correct it's okay at least we tried. We have a right for a second opinion right?”

“Yes we do but still his parents agreed that they're switching the machines off tomorrow . I would need more time to do this”

I look are her and think what should we do. Oh yesss!

“Where’s your ring”

“It’s here in my handbag I carry it wherever I go”

“Take it out and wear it”

“Why?”

“Just do as I say Star”

She takes out the box of the ring in her handbag and flip the box open before taking out the ring. Hers it’s has a black diamond and it’s so beautiful.

“It’s beautiful” I say

“Neh I love black diamonds” She says sliding it in her finger. So he bought these rings according to our taste.

“Now lets me call mama and find out where she is with her husband.”

“Then after that?”

“We as his fiancées are going to demand that our fiancé is kept a bit longer so that you can do your thing. No one is switching off the machines tomorrow”

She looks at me and the corners of her lips tugs as she smiles

“I underestimated you! You such a smart ass!”

“I know”

We both break into a giggle and when it ceases an awkward moment lingers in the air.

“Uhm let me call Nkosinathi’s mom”

I get up from the floor and take out my phone in my pocket the call Nkosinathi’s mom. She agrees for us to come to her house so after that we both leave.

The drive is awkward I turn on the music just to cover the awkwardness. The good thing is that the drive from Mediclinic to Hutten Heights is 9minutes.

“We are here”

“I’m nervous now that we are here” She says

“Remember we are doing this for Nkosinathi. Would you forgive yourself that there was something you could have done but you didn't”

“Dont play with my feelings Aphiwe you know very well that you don’t care about how I will feel. You just want your Papito to wake up”

“Dont you want your Azucar to wake up?”

“Argh voetsek let’s get over and done with it”

I smile faintly and step out of my car as she does so. I know that she will do her most to save him because she also loves me. The other doctors are just doing their job they don’t care if the patient dies or not. Mama welcomes us and leads us to the lounge where we settle down as we greet them.

“Seniqedile ukulwa? I can go now see my son?” (Are you done fighting...) Mom says looking at us. Star and I look down with embarrassment.

“Uhm siyaxolisa mama” I say looking up at her.

She’s carrying the world with her shoulders and she looks exhausted. I can tell she hasn’t slept for a while now with those eyebags. If Nkosinathi dies I swear we will have two funerals.

“How can we help you ladies?” Mr Ndlovu asks.

“Uhm Mr Ndlovu we heard that tomorrow you are switching off the machine and we were wondering why we haven’t been told?” I say

“Why should we tell you what are you two to Nkosinathi?”

“We are the mothers of his children Mr Ndlovu we also deserve the heads up nyana” Star defends us

“You two lost the right to deserve anything regarding Nkosinathi when you rejected him”

“Boyabenyathi...”

“No butternut they can’t come here and claim to have a right to make decisions about my son while they are the ones who are responsible for the accident. My son was hurt and broken after they rejected him he wasn’t in a good state to drive. They must fuck off!”

“Oh kodwa Boysbenyathi going on about the outcome of what happened won’t change anything nor will it help. Ladies we were

going to tell you about the decision we have made at the hospital but I found you two fighting and left. This is the decision we made this morning as well. The doctors said if we switch off the machine he can breathe on his own or die and we're hoping for the former hence we decided to do this”

“If he doesn't wake up mama?” I ask

“We have to be faithful mtanami but it's also not easy to watch my son lying so helplessly and not knowing what do to help him”

“We as have also made a decision...”

“Who is we?” Asks baba

“We is me and Star Baba”

“Mr Ndlovu we are very much aware that Nkosinathi is your son and you have every right to make a decision about his life but we as his fiances we would also like to say something please”

We show them our hands with our rings

“Nkosinathi proposed to us that makes us his fiances”I add to what Star just said

“You rejected him..”

“Boyanbenyath can you please let them speak please”

Baba huffs as he lean back on the couch. Mama looks at us giving us the go ahead to talk.

“Star is the doctor and we are pleading with you mama and baba to not switch off the machine yet. She will re examine him and

diagnose him herself just to be sure that they didn't misdiagnosed him or missed something. Doctors make mistakes too remember what happened with KJ. Her pediatrician couldn't see that he's autistic. If it turns out that the doctors are correct then at least we tried please mama nawe baba. All we want is just a second opinion and Star will look thoroughly and commit herself "

Mr Ndlovu doesn't approve but he doesn't say anything. Maybe it's not that he doesn't approve but he's hurting and defeated about Nkosinathi's situation.

My eyes travel to mama who has a smile of approval.

"Well if that what you two want we will give you what you want" - Mama

"Thank you so much mama"

"We were also about to go to the hospital. The kids want to see their father. Let's me go get them" Mama says as she gets up and head upstairs.

Star looks at each other then look at Mr Ndlovu who is angry with us. The kids walk in making noise.

"Mommy is daddy awake" She now calls me her mom I don't why but I'm not complaining . Cita, Mommy it's the same thing to me

"Greet us first Ndiwe"

"Oops I'm sorry mommy. Greetings"

We greet her back. Zo with Yandi in her arms are the last to join us.

"I know you." KJ says looking at Star

“Oh you do?” - Star

“Yes I saw you on my daddy’s phone kissing my daddy”

This is awkward. I see Zo and Ndiwe giving Star an eye. I see that they don’t like her already.

“Why were you kissing our daddy? Don’t you know that he kiss mommy only?” - Ndiwe

Oh shit!

* * *

God these children what are they doing to me at this moment I wish the ground can open up and swallow me. Thanks God Nkosinathi’s mom comes through for me and tells them to go to car. We all get up and walk out. Mama insists that I ride with them and I couldn’t be happier. It’s evident to me that these don’t like me.

“Dont mind these kids they talk too much”

I fake a giggle but deep inside I’m not okay. These kids will think I’m responsible for breaking their parents’ relationship. Sigh! At the hospital while Nkosinathi’s parents talk to the doctor I make my to Mr Pillay, the hospital manager office. We have a history.

“Miss Lopez what a lovely surprise!”

He envelopes in his arms. He still gives the best hugs and smell nice too.

“Hey G”

He breaks the hug and looks at me, more like undressing me. This pervert he hasn't changed!

“Still beautiful as ever. Sit down”

We both settle down

“Should I get someone to get us something to drink?”

“No I'm fine”

“Okay to what please do I owe to see you today”

“I desperately need a huge favour G”

“Talk me”

“There's a patient here goes by the name of Nkosinathi Dlomo. He was admitted 7 weeks back after he was involved in car accident. He sustained hemorrhage in brain injury. He's been in coma for 7 weeks now”

“Okay”

He gives me the carry on look.

“His doctor suggested that we should switch off the machine but I'm not ready. There's no guarantee that he might breathe on his own after switching off the machines. Not that I doubt the doctor but my heart would be at ease if you can give me a chance to diagnose him and examine him myself using all the resources of this hospital.”

“Why don’t you ask another doctor for a second opinion.”

“I want to do it myself G”

“That’s going to be difficult Xitlalli you are no longer working here. Imagine how it would be like if we allowed family members to do their own diagnosis on our patients just because they are doctors as well.”

“Come on G. This is me man I desperately need your help. You are the only one who can help me.”

“I’m sorry it’s either ask for second opinion from one of our doctors or you transfer him to another hospital.”

“You remember you used ask me what you should do for me to make me forgive you for breaking my heart.”

He was two timing me with my mom’s friend can you imagine.

“Xitlalli no don’t do this”

“It’s fine. Let me go thank you for your time. Mr Pillay”

“Okay fine. Who’s this guy he seems so important to you?”

“He’s family. Thank you so much”

We discuss more about the situation at hand. Once we are done I think him once again then leave. Aphiwe is wait for me at the reception area.

“So how are we doing to do this?”

“Just leave everything to me”

“Okay let’s go get something to eat.”

I look at her

“Why are you so nice Aphiwe”

“Because I want you to wake up our man once he’s awake ngizokjikela”

We both look at each and burst into laughter.

“You so cruel. I’m not hungry though”

“A pregnant woman doesn’t need to be hungry for her to eat. Come”

We go to her car and drive to McDonalds. Once are at McDs I sit down while she gets our order after a while she comes back with our food. We eat in awkward silence.

“Uhm who are you Star”

“Why do want to know me?”

“You are carrying the baby of the father of my children. Nkosinathi loves his children to know each other so our kids are siblings. There will come a time when you want your child for a weekend or holiday, all of them would want come with your child to you. That’s how we have raised our children.”

“I doubt that will happen did you see the way looked at me”

“I’m sure that was embarrassing for you. You will get use to them though they are like that. It was better when KJ was young now the more he grows and improves he talks anything that comes time his mind.”

“So you got along with Uthandiwe’s mom?”

“Not really she hated me but we never involved our children in our issues. She trusted me with her daughter and I also trusted her with my son it’s just that KJ before we he was diagnosed with autism it was not easy to leave him without someone else.”

“Good then. I want my child to grow up in an healthy environment and I want him to know his siblings and spend time with them. It’s so sad to see parents involve children in their issues and siblings grow up not knowing each other or hating each other. I want my child to have a good relationship with his siblings. We do things as parents and forget that we will die one day and leave our children with no one to be there for them kanti they would have been there for each other you know”

“I’m glad we are on the same page. So who’s Star?”

“How about we start with you. Who’s Aphiwe?”

“Well...”

We get to know each other and I’m quite surprised that I’m actually enjoying her company. She’s not bad at all and I get why Nkosinathi loves her. I can’t believe that we spend an hour not fighting. My stomach turns and I rush to the bathroom to throw up the burger I just ate. This is the reason I don’t eat because everything just comes out.

“Are you okay?”

“Yes”

I flush the toilet and rinse my mouth.

“I want to lie down a bit can you take me home”

“Sure”

Two days later all the results are back and I can't believe the negligence of these doctors. They left a gauze in Azúcar's head can you imagine! The gauze caused swelling in his brain. I don't understand how did they miss all of this. Their negligence could've costed us Nkosal's life. It's just a miracle that he's still alive. They apologized to the family but Mr Ndlovu wants to sue them. I insisted that I want to be here during Nkosal's second surgery of which is done by another neurologist of course. They couldn't say no especially after what happened. After four hours they're done. I take off the scrubs and go to the waiting area. They all look at in anticipation.

“The surgery went well”

They release a breath of relief. I'm also glad that the it went well because second surgeries are quite risky. Now we are waiting for him to wake up.

“You did it!”

“He hasn't woken up yet Aphiwe”

“I have a feeling that he will wake up”

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The next day still he hasn't woken up and I'm so sad. I was so hopefully that he's going to wake up. I find his parents and Aphiwe gathered around his bed and greet them.

"Hey sis come sit down I will stand"

"No mama you can sit down in good"

"You look exhausted baby please you need some rest"

I sit down and we just talk in general and Mr Ndlovu seems less tense today. Mama tells us about Nnosinathi's childhood and we are laughing. I look at him and tears fill my eyes.

"Don't cry Star please" Aphiwe says comforting me.

"He will never wake up Aphiwe let's just give up. He's gone" I burst into tears.

"His eyes are moving" - Mr Ndlovu

We get up and look at him. He tries to talk but his voice is not coming out.

"Nkosy can you hear me baby." I hold his other hand while Aphiwe holds the other

"Star....Aphiwe..." He mumbles but his eyes are still closed. I check him and smile widely.

"He can breathe on his own now let's call the doctor to remove the life support machine then we will give him few hours to wake up"

“Hallelujah umkhulu baba!!” Mama screams in victory. Aphiwe runs to me and attacks me with a hug that almost makes me fall. We both giggle, the hug got me surprised by surprise.

“You did it!” - Aphiwe

“No we did it!” I say.

My baby kicks harder in my tummy and it’s like he’s showing up he has never moved with so much energy. I guess he’s also celebrating that daddy is coming back to us!



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Chapter Eighty Two

I open my heavy eyelids and my eyes are welcomed by two concerned faces of the women that means so much to me. Their lips curve in sync and they both smile at me tears glistening in their eyes. How long I have been out?

“Papito can you see us?”

I try to talk but my voice is refusing to come out.

“It’s okay Azúcar don’t try to talk take it easy okay”

They are both on my sides holding my hands.

“Water...can I have water please” My voice is scratchy and my throat feels so dry

Phiwe disappears out of my sight for a moment then she comes back with water. They both help me to sit up straight then Star helps me to drink with straw.

“Thank you. How long I have been out?”

“Almost two months” - Phiwe

“You are lying?”

“I swear Papito you had us so worried but Star saved you. If it wasn’t for her I’m sure we would be preparing your funeral” The last part comes out as a whisper.

“I’m sorry both of you and thank you so much MaLopez for saving my life”

I take both their hands and squeeze them in mine.

“If I knew that I will wake up to the beautiful women by my sides I would’ve woken up long time ago”

We all laugh together just then the door burst open

“Daddy you are awake!!” They all scream in excitement me as they run towards my bed. My heart melt at the sight of my kids. I realize how lucky I am to be given yet another chance at life.

“Who dropped you off?” Phiwe asks

“Grandma Hloni” Replies Zo who’s carrying a jumping Yandi in her arms. The little angel wants to see herself in my arms already and that wild smile of hers warms the deepest part of my heart.

“Dada! Dada! Dada!”

I raise my hands for her as Zo gives me her. I shower my little angel with kisses which makes her giggles none stop.

“Hello daddy it’s good to have you back” - Zo

“Thank you my angel”

“I miss you Babazi I was scared you’re going to leave me like mommy” Ndiwe tears falling down her face.

“Oh come here Ndoniyamanzi ka Babazi” She jumps on the bed and I embrace her with my other arm.

“I’m sorry for scaring you my angel. I’m still here and I’m not going anywhere. Uyakuthanda ubaba yezwa” (...daddy loves okay)

“I love you too daddy”

I kiss her forehead.

“You also love me daddy” - Kj

“Of course my boy”

“Mommy told me that you are the one who’s going to help my daddy wake up and now he’s awake. Thank you Miss Lopez when I grow old I want to be doctor like you” Kj says to Star who just melts into a sweet smile.

“Thank you my boy and I know you would make the best doctor ever in the world!”

“That’s wakes up people who wants to die right?”

“No one wants to die Kj but God calls us to heaven” Star says to Kj with a smile on her face.

“If you refuse what will happen Miss Lopez” - Kj

“Uhm sometimes God give you a second chance like daddy but in other times you have to respect God and go to heaven to become an angel who will guide and protect your loves one”

“An angel like Cupid?”

Kj with his unending questions but Star is determined to reply to him.

“Yes like Cupid”

“Thank you for saving my daddy I got this for you” He gives her his tiny car toy. Aww my boy that’s so thoughtful of him.

“Really Kj a toy car?” Ndiwe says laughing

“What’s wrong” My boy asks frowning

“You should’ve given her something nice”

“But this car is nice as well look at it?”

“No, Miss Lopez is old she doesn’t play toys. You should’ve gotten her a card or a nice handbag or beautiful heels.”

“Oh I’m sorry Miss Lopez I wanted to give you something nice but my sister says it’s not nice”

“Actually I do play with toys my boy give it me I like it” - Star

“You do?” Kj beams

“Yes”

“We should play together sometime”

“Of course thank you neh.” Star says hugging Kj.

“It’s my turn now ladies to sit on my daddy’s arms move, move, move!” - Kj

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We all laugh. I’d give anything to have this, my beautiful two wives and my children having a good time together in our beautiful mansion. Am I asking too much? Mom, Dad and Thula

walk in. When they see me Thula literally jogs to me and squeezes me in her arms.

“Oh I’m so glad you are awake. I was so scared buti!”

“You know I’m a die hard”

“You have nine lives like a cat. Death should just give up on you already”

“Neh.”

We giggle then my mom gives me her warm hug.

“It’s good to have you back son you like stressing the shit out of us only for you to wake up like nothing happened” - Mom

Laughter fills my hospital room. Dad and I bump fists

“Welcome back my son”

“Ta taima”

“Ay thina besesikudelela ndoda if only your wives didn’t stood firm and told us to wait a bit to switch off the machine. I’m so proud of how they stood with each other and fought for your life. Now I see why you love them both.” (We we’re letting you go...)

“I know right? They’re special!”

I look both of them and they smile but they are not giving me eye contact.

“Wait daddy you want a polygamous marriage?” Zo asks with wide open eyes.

“What is polygamous marriage?” - Ndiwe

“Uhm excuse me please” Star says

“Me too” - Aphiwe

They both walk out and I sigh heavily. They have lost so much weight. I really gave them a stressful time. If only they can let me make it up to them. At 2pm the gents arrives and my family says their goodbye but KJ doesn't want to leave and he's throwing his tantrum. Once I have calmed him down they leave.

“Why can't you just die man once and for all because death is really calling out of you”

“Die and leave you to play with my sister? Never! I was even watching you like a hawk in my mini heaven.”

We all burst into laughter

“Don't be too sure of yourself your day is coming man” Khaya says

“You will never play with my sister mfethu even when I'm dead. Uyoxhilwa isigaqa sepapa then gone!” (...You will choke on pap and die!)

The room erupt with laughter.

“And his obituary would be like: Khaya lethu Mnguni wazalwa ngomhlaka 07 November 1978 wafunda amabanga a phansi Universe Primary School wasendlulela eThubelihle High ukuyofunda ama banga aphezulu. Izifundo zakhe zemfundo ephakame iziphothule Madadeni Nursing Campus. Usishiye

ngokukhulu ukuzuma impela ubanjwe isigaqa sepapa awwu wayesegoduka kanjalo nje.” Senzo says and we laugh harder.

“Welcome back boy” Sabzs says bumping my fist.

“Thank you man”

We continue to talk and laugh. It’s times like this we get to see how lucky we are to have people we have in our lives. People you know how greatly would they be affected if you were to die and leave them. It’s gives more reason to make every moment with them beautiful and memorable while you still have a chance.

It’s been a full week since I have been out of that hospital and I have been staying at my folks house and being babied by mama. I was at the bank now I’m driving home. Mom has been calling me none stop but I won’t answer her until I get to her. When I arrive at home I take the box of chocolates and flowers then skip inside the house.

“Nkosinathi I have been calling you...”

“This is for you Ndlovukazi yami”

I give her the flowers and chocolates. She smells the flowers and smiles.

“Thank you so much my son. I received a huge amount of money from you do perhaps know about that or your bank made a mistake”

“Yes I know mama”

She looks at me shocked

“What is it for?”

“I almost died without fulfilling my wish. That’s amount I transferred in your account it’s for your restaurant. It’s up to you if you want to do a franchise or you want to build it from the scratch but if it was for me I would want you to start from the scratch so that you can sell your heartwarming meals.”

“Nnosinathi..” She whispers tears falling down her face

“I can never thank you enough Ndlovukazi Yami for raising me. You were so young when you learned that you were carrying me and you had a choice to abort me but you didn’t. Not every 15 year old can make such a bold decision but you did and I wouldn’t have blamed you if you chose to abort me. You had dreams mama like everyone and you knew that having me somehow was going to delay them but you still chose me. That was a brave decision especially without having a support. You and dad raised me it’s a pity he died before I even thank him but I’m glad that I got a chance to show you my gratitude. When dad died you continued to raise us and I know it wasn’t easy for you but you pulled through Ndlovukazi. You are an epitome of strength and resilience. We have been through so much together especially after we lost Kwanele but I’m proud to say we overcame those obstacles and we came out even stronger then before. I love you so much sthandwa sami you are my First Lady.”

She literally burst into a loud sob. I envelope her in my arms and calm her down. When she doesn’t stop crying I take her to the lounge and get her water to drink.

“Ngiyabonga boy” (Thank you boy)

She drinks the water and gives me the empty glass. I place it on the coffee table and wipe her tears then kiss her forehead.

“Jesus I’m so overwhelmed I don’t even know what to say”

“Don’t say anything just give me a smile”

She giggles and my heart leap with joy.

“Thank you so much my son. I don’t regret the decision I made by keeping you. I’d make it over and over again. As for raising you and your sister after your father died I don’t want to take all the credit my boy. You are the one who stepped up and took care of us. Honestly during those years I neglected you guys. I was there physical but emotionally I was in my own world. Thank you so much for being the son that you are and I’m proud to call you my son.”

Aw now she’s making all emo. I feel my phone vibrating in my pants as I hug mama.

“I love you mama”

“I love you too my boy”

I slide out my phone and answer it.

“Hello”

“Papito Hello”

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My heart skips a beat at the sound of her voice. I had to buy a new phone since that other one was damaged so I haven’t saved most of the numbers in this phone and y’all know what a domkop I am when it’s comes to numbers.

“Phiwe hey”

“Where are you?”

“I’m at my parents’ house”

“Please come to your house”

“Why?”

“Just come please”

“Okay”

“Sharp”

She hangs up. I haven’t seen her since I was discharged, Star as well. I missed them so much. I’m surprised to see both of their cars parked in my yard. My heart skips a few beats. Now I’m suddenly scared to walk in what if they have hurt each other but Aphiwe wouldn’t be so calm in the phone if that’s the case right? I find them sitting on the couch in silence. They both look nervous what’s going on?

“Ladies greetings”

They greet me back.

“I used my keys to get in I hope you don’t mind” Aphiwe says and I can’t miss the tremor in her voice.

“Of course I don’t mind”

I throw my car keys on the coffee table and sit down the couch opposite them.

“What a lovely surprise how can I help you ladies anisebahle nje” (... you guys are beautiful)

“Siyabonga” They both say with smiles plastered on their faces.

“Uhm we called you here because we want to know what would be expected of us if were to consider to marrying you not that we are saying we do” Aphiwe stutters and that caught me by surprise.

I look both of them it's seems like they discussed this. Okay that's nice right? I mean for them to talk about this it's gives me hope.

“Uhm oh okay nothing out of the ordinary honestly. All I can say that you two should continue to love me like you did when you didn't know about each other but the difference is that you know about each other now.”

“Considering that you and Aphiwe have been together for years and broke up then got back together does that make her a first wife?”

“No there's no 1st wife & 2nd wife you both would be my equal wives. All three of us will be equal life partners. Love, respect and communication are the best elements that would be very helpful to create a happy polygamous marriage. There should be no secrets between us and as a man I know my responsibility is to make you are both happy and satisfied”

“So each of us will have her own house. Today you would be in my house and the following day you go to Star's house?”

“Yes if you want to have your own houses I’m fine with that. I understand that you would want space from each other but if it was for me we’d live together in our big mansion with our children. I want my children to grow up together and I want to stay with both my wives. I want us to be a big happy family. I believe that when we stay together we will learn more about each other and the bond between us will automatically grows. I want my children to know how lucky they are that they have two moms, there’s no mamncane or my dad’s first wife or second wife. I just want a big family that has full of love, warmth and happiness”

I look both of them and I’m not sure what I see in thier faces is satisfaction or what.

”You seem to have figured this out. Have you always wanted another woman while you were with me?” Aphiwe asks with a sad tone

“Honestly I never thought I would love two women the way I love you two and wish to spend the rest of my life with both of them. So to answer your question no sthandwa sami. It’s came to me as a big surprise.”

“So since you also didn’t know that you are a polygamous man what happens when you want another third wife?” Star asks looking at me intently.

“That’s won’t happen Star”

“What would stop Inathi nakhu phela you want both of us”

“If you two agree to marry me and we get married I will be binded to both of you by my vows. I don’t want another a third woman my eyes are only for you two only.”

“If we agree about this marriage we have to understand that we are entering in this union not only with our determined hearts and minds to make this marriage work but with our bodies as well. I want us to get tested and know each other’s statuses. I know mine is negative as I checked it because of my pregnancy but we can all check it again.”

Wait huh?

“You are pregnant?”

“Yes I’m twenty two weeks pregnant”

“Oh my Star”

I kneel before her and take her hands into mine then kiss them.

“Thank you so much MaLopez! Yandi is increasing good things one way”

“But Skylar is also a beautiful name Papito”

“Aw ngeke apple butter isibhakabha sihle nje masisodwa lephezulu”

We all laugh and when our laughter dies down they look at each other and take our the boxes of the rings I bought for them

”It’s yes from me” - Star

“Yes I will marry you” - Aphiwe

I look at them in shock

“Are you ladies for real?”

“Yes we are for real”

“Aw sukanani madodoa ngadla mina ka baba!”

I get up on the floor with a back flip and do a Zulu men dance which is ‘ukugida’ while reciting my clan names. They’re both giggling and clapping their hands. Once I’m done with my victory dance I kneel before them and take the rings from them then slide them in their fingers.

“You ladies just made my day. I love you both so much and thank you millions time. You two truly knows how to melt a man’s heart. I promise you both that’s you will never regret ever making this decision.”

I’m so happy I feel like kissing the sky.

“I don’t know Star but I have seen that she’s a good woman and I trust you Papito that you will never bring someone close to me that will have malicious intentions for me or our kids. I want you to know that it wasn’t easy to agree to this because my heart is so possessive of you but when you love someone with all your heart and don’t want to lose them you do whatever it’s take to keep them by your side. I don’t want to live with regrets and if this decision is a big mistake I have ever made in my life at least I would’ve tried. I don’t promise you that it would be easy to just get use to sharing you but I’m determined to make it work. Gosh I can’t believe that I’m saying this...I love you too much baby”

I catch her tears with my thumbs and brush them off.

“I know it took so much of you to agree to this. If I have ever doubted your love for me then this would have been a proof.

Ngiyakuthanda MaNdlela ngiynhliziyo yami yonke” (...I love you MaNdlela with all my heart)

I wipe her tears that keep falling on her face and kiss her.

“Nkosy when I first met you I knew there’s something so unique about you. I couldn’t take off my eyes on you and I knew I was in trouble the moment we fucked for the second time. Everyday you kept proving to me why are you so special among men but you know when did you take a cup? When we told you to choose and chose to lose both of us. Just like Aphiwe I don’t want to live my life wondering so if this decision is the biggest mistake of my life then so be it I will learn from it. I also trust you that you won’t bring someone close to me that will cause a havoc in my life but if it’s happens you know me very well that I will act. I have never imagined myself getting married let alone in a polygamous marriage. Damn man what have you to done to me? I swear you used love potion on me. I love you so much you turned my life upside down in a good way. I don’t promise to be perfect but I’m also willing to make this marriage a sanctuary for all three of us.”

Aww man these women are going to make me cry.

“We have been together for few months and I know very well that after dating someone for that short space of time then they ask you something so huge like this chances of running away and never look back are so high but you stayed my Star. If this doesn’t prove to me that you love me kobe angazi ngifuni kuwe MaLopez. I love you so much Sugarplum with all my heart”

I wipe her tears with the back of my palms and kiss her.

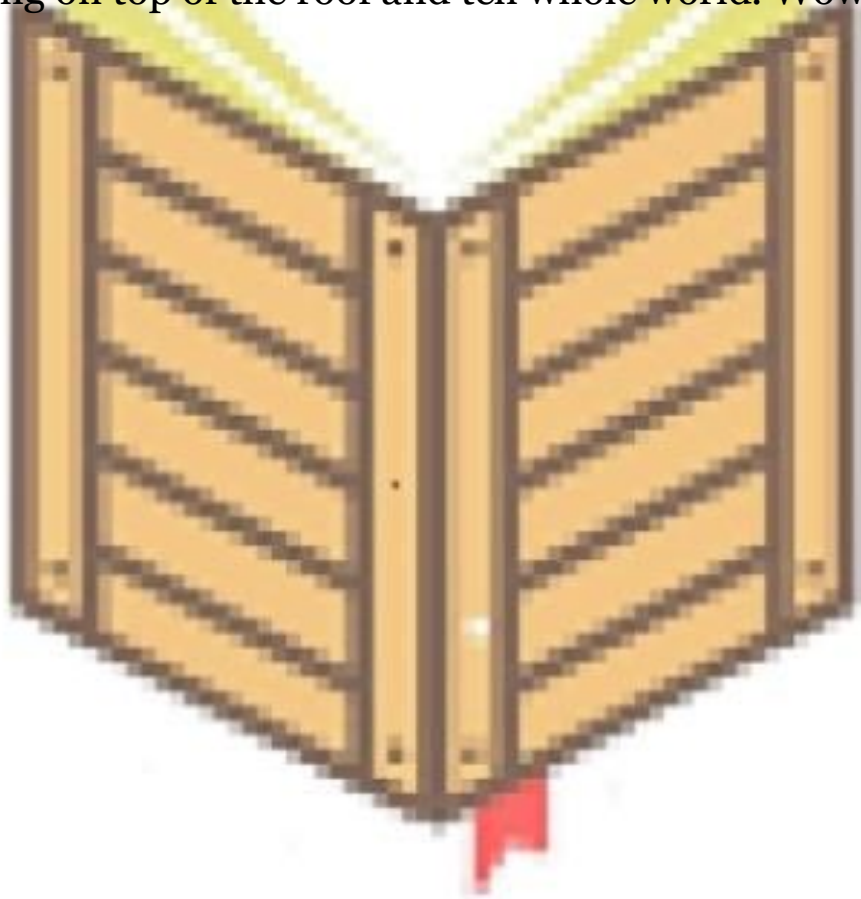
“If you dare bring us a third woman Nkosinathi I’m going cut off your manhood”

“And I make you to eat your own manhood”

I laugh but stop laughing the moment I realize they are serious.

“You are plotting against me already wawu!”

They both laugh. I get up from the floor and sit between them then pull both of them my arms. They rest their heads on my chest. The word happy would be an understatement. I’m ecstatic I feel like getting on top of the roof and tell whole world. Wow!



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Chapter Eighty Three

“Are you sure nana?” Jay asks on the other side that line concerned

“Yes Jay I’m sure. I know that a polygamous marriage is not easy but I’m ready for anything and if it’s doesn’t work out I will leave. I don’t want to live my life with regrets”

“As long as your are sure about that nana then you have my full support. Damn mudrayiseni is the luckiest bastard I hope he knows how lucky he is to have you”

“You and I know that I’m also not perfect Jay”

“I hope you are not doing this out of guilty”

“Of course not I love him Jay and I want to make him happy”

“Don’t lose yourself and sacrifice your happiness while trying to make him happy. Your happiness is important as well nana”

“I won’t Jay trust me on that”

“I trust you sthandwa sami. Heech your friend is pregnant didn’t you say Sthe is infertile?”

I laugh

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“Zonke is pregnant?”

“Yes I saw her post on Instagram.”

“I haven’t been on social media for a while now. She didn’t tell me”

“What do you expect though nana you cut her off of your life as well”

“I know Jay but I think it’s for the best”

“These are your childhood friends you can’t give up on them”

“I tried to fix things between us but it didn’t work. Stacey always judge my decisions and calling my man all sort of names. I won’t lie Zonke also doesn’t like what Stacey does to me but sometimes it feels like Zonke cares more about Stacey. Whenever there’s a fight between us Zonke is the one who always wants me to be the bigger person while Stacey is the one who spat shit on me. I’m just tired Jay I’m happy with you not even once do you ever judge me. You always tell me what you think not in way that would make me feel offended. You give me sound advice and you genuinely care about me. Yaz awungihluphi futhi you don’t come with drama. Female friends are exhausting sometimes”

“Your peace of mind is important sweetheart if they don’t bring peace in your life then let them be”

My door open then my mom walks in.

“I have to go Jay”

“Okay nana bye”

“Bye”

“Your grandma is downstairs”

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“Why is she here?”

“Does my mom need a reason now to come here?”

I roll my eyes.

“Come she wants to see you”

“Okay I’m coming”

She walks out. I look at my baby in my arms who’s sleeping with my nipple tugged in her mouth and covered with beads of sweat on her forehead. I wipe the sweat on her forehead with my palm and put her down on my bed before tucking my boob into my sport bra. I roll out of bed and go downstairs. Gogo is with her all daughters. I greet them as I settle down next to gogo who gives me a cheek kiss.

“How are you my baby”

“I’m okay gogo”

“Hloniphile told us that you agreed to marry Nkosinathi while he’s also marrying another woman”

“Yes gogo it’s true”

“Are you aware what you are getting yourself into Aphiwe?”

“Ask her mama” - Nhlanhla

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“I’m aware gogo and if you guys are here to make me change my mind then you are wasting your time”

“He doesn’t love you Wewe...”

“Did he tell you that Aunty Nhlanhla?”

“No he didn’t but do you seriously want to devalue yourself like this by entering into a polygamous marriage where’s your self respect?”

“You are insulting me Aunty Nhlanhla right now and when I shoot back I’m called disrespectful.”

“Calm down sis all we want to know is that you are sure about this” Aunty Vuyi says

“Haisuka Vuyi tell this child the truth. There’s no happiness in a polygamous marriage she will be always crying. I don’t know if this is love or she’s under his spell!”

“You know what I won’t sit here egg listen to this. I love Nkosinathi I’m going to marry him. Let’s get use to it now because it’s go to happen soon. If I’m making a mistake then let me be I will learn from it”

With that said I get up and walk upstairs to my bedroom.

The following day we go for testing and the results comes back negative to all three of us. I’m so happy I was so nervous. After that Papito takes us to the restaurant to have brunch and for the first time we spend time together just three of us. It’s still stings to see him giving another woman the attention and love he gives me but hopefully I will get use to it.

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* * *

I have never thought of I would get get married after my dad passed on let alone into a polygamous marriage with a man that I met almost 6 months ago. Sometimes I wonder if this is how unconditional love feels like or I'm the one who's been taken for a ride? I'm ready for anything that will come out of this marriage and I'm realistically aware that it won't be easy.

It's been week since we met had a talk and promised each other to make this marriage work. I told my mom she's not happy at all. I don't know what she wants from me honestly. Isn't she the one who was nagging me baby you are not getting any younger bla bla bla. Now that I'm carrying her grandchild and have a man that I'm engaged to she's not happy. I'm at the graveyard visiting my dad.

“Hola papá, soy Xitlalli. Estoy aquí para decirte que conocí a un hombre.” (Hello dad it's me Xitlali I'm here to let you know that I met a man.)

I can't help a smile that breaks across my face when I think of Nkosinathi.

“He's so unique daddy, he asked me to marry him and I said yes. I love him so much and he makes me so happy. We are also expecting. Yes you are going to be a grandpa.”

I brush my visible bump.

“I know I made a promise to you keep your legacy going. I did my best daddy I even resigned from work and focused on your businesses but meeting this man made me realize that I also want to have a family of my own. I want to have the love that you and mama shared. I want children many of them and the good thing about this man he's a family man. I have been thinking hard and I hope the decision I have made you won't hold me against it. I'm

sure you would've wanted me to be happy and I'm happy with this man. Te amo papá" (...I love you daddy)

I walk to my car and drive home. I feel so relieved after talking to my father and now I have no doubt that this is the right decision. The gents are already here their luxurious cars are parked in the driveway

"Hey aunty Glad"

"Hello sis do you want something to eat"

Mind you she made eat before I went to the graveyard. I know she means well but she's too much just like Nkosinathi's mom. How I wish this is my mother who's fussing over my pregnancy like this.

"No aunt Glad I'm still full"

"Okay sis Zero and othero are in your father's office"

"Thank you let me go to them"

I can hear the loud laughter from my dad's office as I make my way there. I heave a sigh when I get to the door and walk in. They cease their laughter and bow their heads down with their hands on their tummy. They use to do this to daddy and I told them that I don't want them to do it to me but they still do. I have made peace with it.

"Gents"

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"Boss lady" They all say unison.

"How are you gents"

“We are okay and you Boss lady”

“Y’all sound like pre-school kids right now stop it”

They laugh. I don’t like them when they’re so tense and laughing will make them relax a bit.

“I’m sure y’all want to hear the reason I summoned you here so I won’t waste your time guys I know you have other commitments.”

“We have a new heist that obvious boss lady. Plus it’s been a while”

They all break into in cheers and whistles. I watch them as they go crazy at the idea of a heist and my heart sinks to my toes.

“Gents let’s hear what the boss lady has to say” Zero says looking at me intently. This one knows me too well. The gents give me their attention.

“Gents there’s no other way to say this except being straightforward. It’s been nice working together for five years and I love that not even once have you ever disrespected me nor doubted my capabilities. You stayed loyal even when dad passed on. Over the five years we have made millions and I believe every one of us did something valuable. I want to call quit now I’m sorry Gents”

“What? Why Boss lady is something we did?”

“No of course not Scara it’s time I focus on my own family. I’m expecting my first bundle of joy. We all know how dangerous this life is and tomorrow is uncertain.”

“Congratulations Boss Lady you don’t have to quit though. We can still do push the business while you take care of your family”

“Yes Bomba is right Boss Lady. This is my calling please I live for this. You can let Zero take over but we will still run everything pass you Boss Lady right gents”

“Sure Scara!” The all chorus

“Gents the thing is I don’t want anything that involves me with this life anymore.”

“Is anyone forcing you to do this?” - Zero

“No of course not it’s my decision.”

“Gents please leave I want to talk to Boss Lady”

The Gents walk out leaving me with Zero.

“What’s going on”

I heave a sigh and sit down on the couch.

“Nothing”

“Nkosinathi just proposed already he’s dictating your life”

“There’s no such thing Zero. I made this decision on my own”

“Then why are you doing this? Your father worked so hard to build this squad and you want to leave us just like that? ”

“Zero I’m going to be a mother now and I’m getting married things will never be the same. Now I’m not living for myself only

but for my unborn baby as well. This life is a risk you know it Zero. I don't want to die and leave my baby and I don't want any harm done to my baby”

“We have always protected you and your mom Xitllali and we will protect your baby as well”

“I know but now there's also Nkosinathi, Aphiwe and the children. I don't want them to get hurt because of me. We have a lot of enemies Zero you know this. For someone who lost his baby mama and unborn baby you should understand this more than anyone”

“I was protecting you and your mom while Tee and my unborn baby died Xitlalli! I dedicated myself in this family making sure that you and your mom are safe and in the process I lost my family! Now you want to leave me just like that? You want to ditch me and the squad just like that? You are so selfish Xitlallil! How many times have we risked our lives for this family and this is the thank you we get? You know what it's fine! Have a nice life!”

“Zero...”

He walks out banging the door behind him. Oh Jesus I knew this will be hard but Zero is the last I person expected to not understand. I always have his support. 3 years back he lost his girlfriend who was pregnant with his child. I have never get over the fact that he was here protecting us while his pregnant girlfriend was getting killed in his house. Yes we got our revenge but it will never bring them back to life. He never tried dating since then he rather buy a prostitute when he wants sex. I was surprised to see that he's has been checking out Aphiwe. It's such a pity that he will never have her.

“Hey baby why are you crying”

My loud sob is probably the reason I didn't hear him walking in. He sits next to me and embraces me.

“What's wrong my love talk me please”

I don't want to talk I just want to cry. All I want is safety for my family is that too much to ask?

“Sshhh it's okay don't cry”

He strokes my back trying to calm me down. Being in his arms bring a sense of peace in my heart.

“Talk to me”

“I just miss my dad today”

I lie of course knowing Nkosinathi, he will confront Zero and they might fight. That's the last thing I want. They're most important people in my life and I want them to get along.

“Oh my love I'm sorry. Let's go buy you an ice cream or a krusher just to cheer you up neh”

“And hot wings right”

“Yes my sugarplum”

He kisses my nose then helps me up. We make our way downstairs. He say his goodbye to Aunty Glad then we leave. He's singing along music and bopping his head. When we get to mall he goes to my side to open my door while singing along sondele by Miss Pru

📖 Ngithi ngingaphila kanjani
Ngaphandle kwakho
Hay hey angazi
Ngithi ngingaphila kanjani
Ngaphandle kwakho
Sondela sthandwa
Ngoba mina nawe
Sophelela kunye
Akekho ofana nawe
Hlal'eduze kwami
Uliphupho lami 📖

I giggle as I take his hand and step out of the car

📖 Sondela
Sondela
Sondela ey,
Sondela
Sondela
Sondela
Hayi andazi ndenze njani xa ndibona wena
Ndith'ualo luyabetha
Xa ndicinga ngawe
Hey my baby come duze
La sigcine khona asiqhubeke
I love the way you know my ways
You like the way I move
Come duze
Come duze
Asi move-e hey my baby I say I do
Sondela sthandwa
Ngoba mina nawe
Sophelela kunye
Akekho ofana nawe
Hlal'eduze kwami

Uliphupho lami
Sondela
Sondela
Sondela ey,
Sondela
Sondela
Sondela 🎵

He turns me around making me to giggle and pulls me close to her arms as we dance along the music mind you we are in the parking a lot and people are watching us. He always know how to make me smile and laugh without even trying hard.

“I love MaLopez”

“I love you more Mkhabela”

We share a brief kiss then he switches off the radio and take out the ignition key.

“Oh shit!”

“What?”

“I forgot my wallet on top of my mom’s coffee table. I’m sorry baby can we go and fetch it not unless if you have money with you”

“I don’t have money with me we can go fetch it”

“You are not angry with me?”

“No why should I be angry”

Shame this pregnancy is making me lash out on him for no reason and now he thinks I'm always angry at him.

“Okay get in the car”

“You are getting old Mr” I say getting inside the car

“Oh please I'm still young and hot even high school kids when they see me they sbwl me”

We both giggle as he goes to the other side and get inside then we drive to his parents house. I notice my mom's car parked in the driveway when we arrive.

“What's my mom doing here”

“Is that her car?”

“Yes”

“Maybe she's here to see umlingani wakhe. You will wait in the car or you will come with me”

“I will come with you”

I'm curious to know why my mom is here. We skip inside the house. I can hear my mom's voice as we go to the lounge. It's really her.

“If you say so then why are you against the marriage? Don't you think they would see that there's a reason you are not supporting their marriage?”

“I don’t want my daughter to be married in a polygamous marriage and I don’t understand why are you allowing this boy to do this!”

“Oh please Funeka you and I know very well that this is not about polygamous marriage we should tell them the truth.”

“I don’t want my daughter to hate me stop this marriage Betty otherwise...”

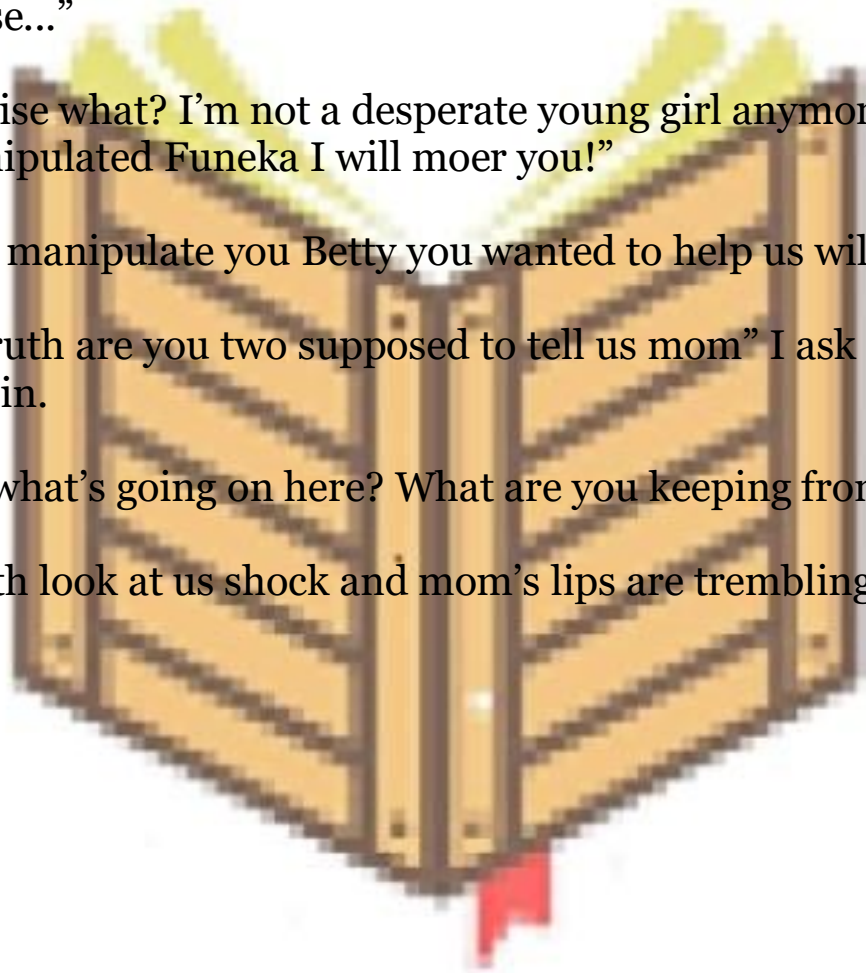
“Otherwise what? I’m not a desperate young girl anymore who you manipulated Funeka I will moer you!”

“I didn’t manipulate you Betty you wanted to help us willingly!”

“What truth are you two supposed to tell us mom” I ask mom as we walk in.

“Mama what’s going on here? What are you keeping from us?”

They both look at us shock and mom’s lips are trembling.



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Chapter Eighty Four

The silence in the room is so loud you could hear all our heartbeats. Nkosal and I are waiting for our mothers to tell us what is that they're keeping from us.

"Mom what's going on" Nkosal asks and I can see that he's losing patience just like me.

"Uhm..." Nkosal's mom clears her throat and looks at my mom.

"Betty please don't do this we can't tell them."

"Mom please tell us it's okay whatever it is" I say to mama who's shaking her head in disapproval vigorously while her tears are spilling down her face.

"They deserve to know Funeka"

"What do we deserve to know? Mom Funeka please"
The patient has run out of him.

"Uhm baby I love you so much" Says Mom

"I know mommy and I love you too"

"Okay...uhm...how do I start this.."

"From the beginning mama" I encourage her

"Uhm so after your father and I got married I discovered that I was pregnant and your father was so happy baby so was I but

unfortunately before I reached my first trimester I lost the baby. Your father was so hurt and I was also broken. It felt like it was my fault. I couldn't understand what wrong did I do wrong. Later that year I fall pregnant again and I was so scared that I was going to lose my baby again but your father was so happy he assured me that this one will live. Once again before I reached my first trimester I lost my baby. I was so devastated and this time your father couldn't hide how broken he was”

She wipes her tears but they keep falling and Nkosinathi's mom is now sitting with her and brushing her back. This is news to me no one told me that I have late siblings. I swallow a painful lump in my throat.

“When we lost the third baby I was beyond broken. I couldn't understand why God allowed me to fall pregnant in the first place if he would snatch my babies like that. My marriage was on the rocks now I could see that I was losing your father. I wanted answers I wanted to know what's wrong with me so I went to see a specialist and she told me that my cervix is too weak and it can't carry a baby for full term. I was shattered to the core and I saw my marriage falling apart right in that moment but she told me the options I could go for. Everything sounded so impossible. When I got home I told your father about the problem but he wasn't interested. This other day I was just driving around my mind reeling with thoughts. This this little boy appeared out of nowhere fortunately enough I was able to hit the brake. I step out of the car and his mom was shouting at him. I apologized to the mother and that's how Betty and I became friends”

Nkosy and I look at each other it's obvious that the little boy is him.

“Our friendship grew as months went by and she would teach me Spanish words she knew. I was always happy when I was with her

and it felt good to have someone who gets you. One day she asked me to be her surrogate. I was so shocked and scared. She begged me and told me that she will pay me. She promised me all the good things I couldn't afford at that time she even promised to help me finish school and pay for a nanny to take care of Nkosinathi while I go to school I agreed to be their surrogate. That year I moved in with them because they wanted to make sure that I was okay. I was more than happy to move in with them because I knew my son was going to eat decent food and be well taken care of. I gave birth to a beautiful baby girl and her father named her Xitlalli”

By the time mom Betty finished I'm crying hysterically and Nkosinathi is comforting me.

“Why you never told me this mama!”

“I'm sorry Xitlal...”

“You kept this for 37 years of my life! Oh my God my life has been a lie!”

“That's not true Xitlal...”

I take Nkosinathi's car keys and storm out. Mom is runs after me and begs me to listen to her. I don't understand what more do I need to listen when all she's been doing is to lie to me!

“Baby I'm sorry. ”

“When were you going to tell me mama huh?”

“Honestly I wasn't going to tell I didn't think it was important what's important is that you are my daughter and I love you so much”

“You didn’t think it was important really?”

I get in the car and brings the engine to life then reverse out. Different emotions wash over me like ferocious waves and threaten to engulf me. Tears are relentlessly falling down my face.

* * *

I don’t understand, my mind is reeling unable to comprehend all of this. Does this mean I have been fucking my sister and now she’s carrying...no what the fuck is this?

“Why you didn’t tell me about this mom!”

“Funeka didn’t want me to tell you guys”

“I’m talking about before you met Funeka. Why you have never shared this part of life with us? Where was dad when all if this happened?”

“Your dad was in Johannesburg.”

“Did he knew about this?”

“How was he supposed to know when he spent the whole year not coming back home huh? His excuse was that he was working overtime to earn more money for us and I believed him even though my guts told me not to. Guess what? Years later when he’s already dead I found out the overtime he was talking about was a lie he was busy with Aphiwe’s mom. You see that year Zenzela was conceived its the same year Xitlalli was conceived.”

This a mind fuck so what does this mean about me and Star..

“Pacifica! That’s the name you gave Ndiwe and you said it’s a Spanish name!”

“Yes I’m sorry my child for how things turned out”

“How come I don’t remember all of this?”

“You were child it’s normal to forget things that happened when you were child.”

“Then how come you never finished school if she offered to pay for your school? Was that a lie she just wanted you to help her?”

“Not really I was still healing from giving birth when some men came into their house. I don’t know what Funeka’s husband did to those men. I suspected that he was gangster. Those guys almost raped us but Funeka’s husband with his friend shot them. They died right in front of our eyes lucky you were sleeping and you didn’t see all of that. After that I wanted nothing to do with them and I didn’t even care about what they promised to offer me after I gave birth. Our lives mattered more then what they offered me.”

“I can’t believe you kept all of this from me. This is huge and right now it’s about to destroy everything. Please borrow me your car I need to clear my head”

“I’m sorry my son some things we don’t see them important to tell until they reveal themselves. I’m really sorry. The keys are on the counter table”

I go to the kitchen and take the car keys then leave. I find myself parked before Phiwe’s home. I slide out my phone and call her.

“Papito”

“I’m outside”

“Okay I will open the gate for you”

“No come out I’m coming in”

“Is everything okay Papito you don’t sound okay”

“Just come please I need you”

“Okay”

Few minutes later I see her walking out of the gate and step out of the care to open the door for her. She gives me a tight hug first that I needed so much before getting in that car then I drive to what used to be our spot back then when we started dating.

“What’s going on Papito talk to me please”

We are not parked under the three and in the back seat of the car. She sits on top of my thighs, straddling me and caresses my cheek with her fingernails.

“I’m cursed”

“No baby why would you say that”

“I’m always falling for women who are somehow related to me!”

“What are you talking about”

I narrate everything to her and she gasps with shock

“Wow this is...my goodness Papito I’m sorry. How is Star?”

“She ran out crying”

“Oh shame man”

“What’s going to happen now Phiwe huh? I love Star so much and now this...fuck!” I groan in frustration

“But you and Star are not related baby”

“We shared the same womb Phiwe!”

“Exactly you shared the same womb not blood. Your mom carried her but she’s not her child. Even if you can go for DNA test you and Star are not blood related. I’m sorry to use this example but your mom was like a baby making machine that kept their child in her tummy until she was due. She’s not related to Star nor are you. Even if they didn’t tell you guys it wouldn’t have mattered she’s not your sister.”

“Really?”

“Yes baby if you want prove it you and Star can do DNA test. However if you guys don’t want to look at this as biologically but traditionally which still doesn’t make sense to me. I would’ve understood if maybe they used your mom’s eggs instead of Stars’s mom’s eggs then that would have made you and Star brother and sister.”

“Star looks nothing like my mom or my dad. He looks like her dad and she took a mole from her mom.”

“See because that who are her parents. Stop worrying okay and Star is doctor she knows more about these things.”

“I don’t want to lose her Phiwe”

“I know and you won’t. The fact remains still you are not blood related. Forget about what people will say or think they don’t have to know actually because they will crucify you guys. Life is not black and white the are grey areas.”

I’m so blessed to have her in my life. Now that I have talked to her I feel better I was losing my mind.

“Thank you MaNdlela”

“Don’t mention it baby I got you”

We share a passionate kiss end up fucking.

“Shit we don’t have wipes here”

“Don’t worry”

She takes off her panties and wipes herself before wiping me.

“Now go to Star she needs you now more then ever”

“Are you sure about that?”

“Yes my love”

I smile and kiss her

“I love you sthandwa sami”

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“I love you more”

I drop her off at her parents house then drive to Stars house. Her mom welcomes me and tells me that Star is in her room. I knock on the door and when I don't get any response I get in. She's lying on her bed and crying.

“Hey baby”

I take off my sneakers and get into bed next to her embracing her.

“Shhh askies my love”

“How could they lie to me Nkosy! 37 years of my life I have been living a lie”

“That's not true baby you are your parent's child”

“I know but I deserved to know the truth”

“Does knowing that my mom is the surrogate change the fact that you are your parent's child?”

“No it's doesn't”

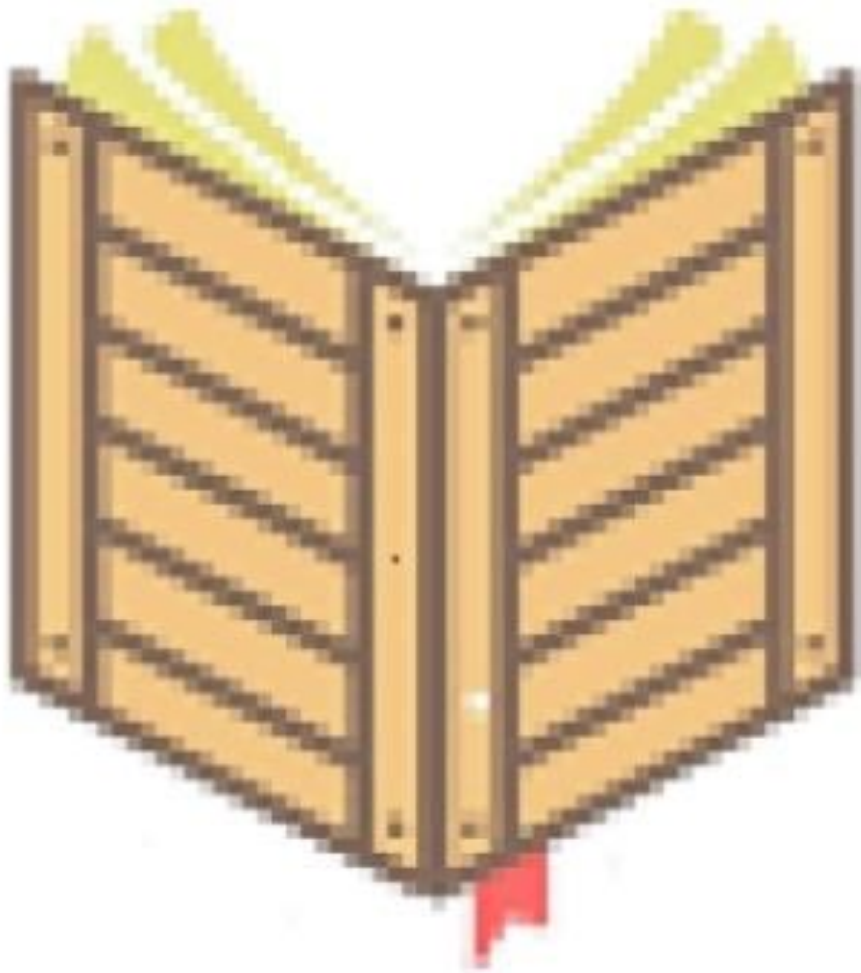
“Exactly sthandwa sami what important is that you and I not related which means nothing is affecting our relationship. That day we met you and I connected like magnets and like missing parts of the puzzle because we shared one womb. We are made for each other. Our love is pure and genuine, we connect to each other passionately, mentally, soulfully and telepathically. Don't cry my love”

She turns around to face me. I wipe her tears and kiss her red nose before kissing her lips. She frantically unbuckle my pants.

“Can I use the bathroom first”

“Sure. Don’t take long I’m so horny”

I skip to bathroom and wash my dick then go back to her bedroom to soothe her soul with my strokes.



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Chapter Eight Five

There's a soft knock on the door and I know exactly who that is. I don't want to talk to her can she just leave me alone. The door opens then she walks in carrying a tray in her hands.

“Good morning baby I brought you breakfast” She says putting the tray on the bedside table.

As much as I don't want to talk to her I want the food. I woke up hungry but I was lazy to get out of this bed and go down for breakfast. I sit on my butt and take the tray on the bedside table as she sits on the other side of the bed next to me. I hope I won't puke after eating this food.

“Thank you”

I wipe my hands with a damp dish cloth and dig in.

“Baby I'm sorry”

I don't say anything but munch on my breakfast.

“Say something baby”

“What do you want me to say mom? You and dad didn't see it important to let me know about this so what should I say”

“It's not like that baby the truth is I'm the one who didn't want to know about this because I was scared of losing you. I know you Xitlalli you would've wanted to meet Betty and I was scared you

were going to love her and forgot about me. I'm sorry for keeping this from you because of my fear to lose you."

"You are my mother how can I forgot about you."

"She carried you for 9 months Xitlalli and it wasn't easy to watch another woman carrying my child. She bonded with you while you were in her tummy the only thing I provided was just eggs. There was no way I was going to break the bond between the two of you. I was even scared that she will claim you as yours after you were born but Betty is not like that. She did this out of her good heart"

"Did you pay her?"

"I was going to but this one night King came our house with his goons. He was your father's big enemy and I didn't know about him until that night. They wanted to rape us but your father saved us. After that incident I never saw Betty with her son."

"So you never gave her anything just to show your gratitude after she helped you and dad"

"Yes"

"Then you should give her mama."

"I tried but she said she was just helping me even though I manipulated her to agree because she was struggling and younger than me."

"This is the reason you are against my relationship with Nkosinathi"

"Yes"

“But mama you saw him that night he came to see me couldn't you recognise me”

“He was so young when I last saw him but now he's a man with beard and all masculine.”

“You and dad are my biological parents why are you against our relationship?”

“I didn't want you to find out about this”

I heave a sigh

“We are not related mama so I'm not ending our relationship”

“But Xitlalli his mom carried you”

“If you say so then Betty is my mother”

“No! You are my daughter you are our daughter. The only thing Betty offered us is her womb only. You are my blood”

“Then nothing is stopping me and Nkosinathi to be together. I don't care how and what happened but the point is we are not related so I'm marrying him”

“You seriously want this polygamous marriage Xitlalli?”

“I love him mama and polygamous relationship is not that bad”

“It's not easy as you think baby. Marriage is hard on its own imagine a polygamous one? I think you are making a huge mistake. There are plenty of men our there”

“I know it’s not easy mama but I’m ready for anything. I don’t want other men I want Nkosinathi and if this is a mistake then please let me make it and learn from it. Life begins at forty I will give this marriage 3 years if it doesn’t work out then I will leave. I need your support mama more than anything”

She looks at me with a sly smile.

“I will support you if you forgive me first”

I giggle

“You such a sly mother of course I forgive you!”

She plants kisses all over my face making me to giggle none stop

“Jesus okay I get it!”

We both giggle. Argh I love this woman!

An angel, they say it’s beautiful but one has ever seen one before. I think I’ve just got lucky and see one, it’s staring right back at me on the mirror before me. The long sleeves boat neckline sheath lace mermaid dress moulds my every curves and my bump perfectly. I opted for flat shoes since I’m heavily pregnant. My hair is tied into a perfect updo with defined waves.

I try to keep my tears at bay but they fall relentlessly on my already done face and the hormones are not helping at all. I want this baby out of me already it’s makes me crazy. I have been so impossible towards Nkosinathi over the passed months it’s a miracle today we are getting married. I’m even scared that the man will leave me at the alter.

“Come in” I shout and the door swings open.

To tell you I'm surprised to see Zero would be an understatement. He looks dashing in his grey tuxedo. I haven't seen him for a while.

"Wow you look stunning Boss lady!"

I can't help a smile that breaks across my face.

"Thank you so much Zero. You also look smashing"

"Thank you"

He walks towards me and takes my hand into his.

"I want to apologize Boss Lady for the way I reacted if there's anyone who should understand why you pulled out it's me. I'm really sorry."

"Oh Zero thank you so much you have no idea how sad I have been about how things have been between us and that you are going to miss my wedding."

"I couldn't miss your big day. I have something for you"

He takes out a small box and my heart skips a beat.

"Breathe I'm not proposing I know Nkosinathi will kill me if I were to try that shit!"

We both laugh. I open the box it's the black diamond earrings.

"Oh Zero they're so beautiful"

"Just like you"

Arg I'm crying all over again. I'm such an emotional wreck. He gives me a tight squeeze.

"Zero why are you making my child cry on her big day"

"It's not me Mrs Lopez it's this little bambino she's carrying."

He kisses my forehead and walks out leaving me with mama who's gasping none stop.

"Wow you look breathtaking my baby"

"Thank you mama. You also look graceful"

"Thank you. I'm so proud of you my baby"

"Do you think daddy would be proud of me"

"Yes you know that your father was your cheerleader. He believed in you so much"

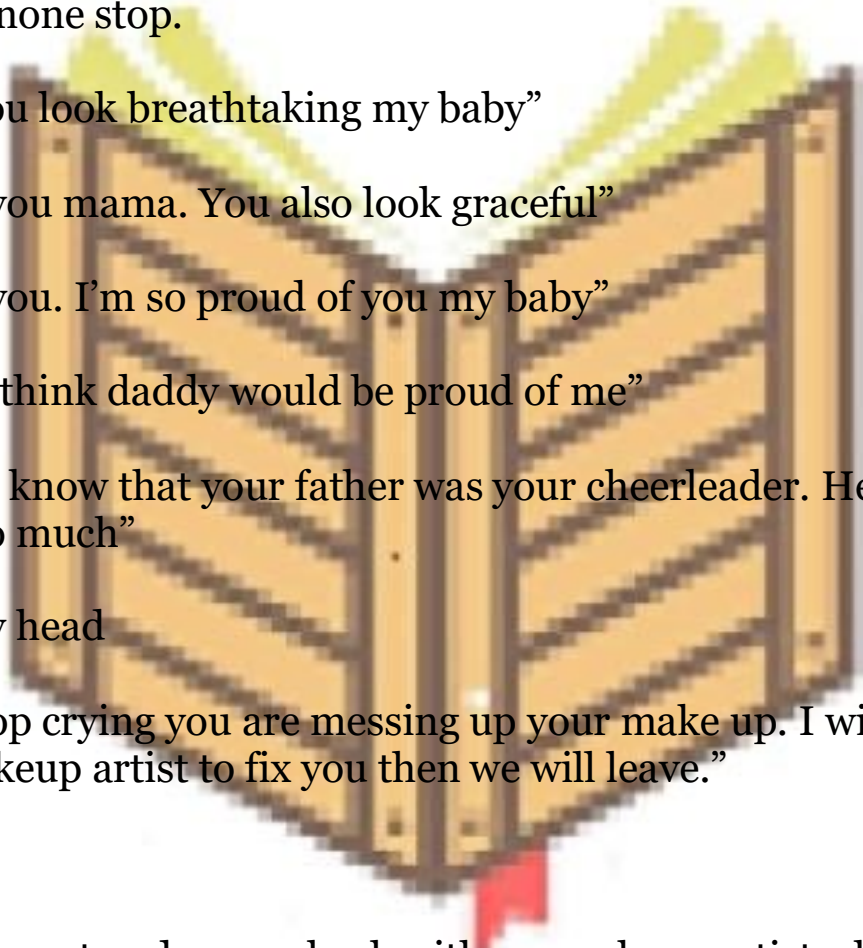
I nod my head

"Now stop crying you are messing up your make up. I will go call your makeup artist to fix you then we will leave."

"Okay"

She walks out and comes back with my makeup artist who does my face once again.

"You are so beautiful Xitlalli" - Yolanda



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She's my mom's sister's daughter and my maid of honor. Do you think it would've looked bad to have a best man instead of a maid of honor?

“Thank you”

Once my make up artist is done we drive to Drakensbergkloof Guest Farm. I couldn't have chose a better wedding venue then this one. Their chapels are beautiful but we chose the forest chapel because it's impressive view of mountains under the big old wooden trees.

“Are you ready baby?”

“I'm so nervous”

“Take a huge breathe in and out”

I take a breath and hook my arm around hers. The nerves are doing the most now as it's time to make my grand entrance. Emlanjeni by Sbahle starts playing.

Sotholana emlanjeni
As'dibane emlanjeni
As'hlangane emlanjeni my love
As'hlangane emlanjeni my love
Hau isoka lami lingithumele umlayezo
As'hlangane emlanjeni my love
Sotholane emlanjeni my love
As'dibane emlanjeni my love

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Hau isoka lami lingithumele umlayezo
As'hlangane emlanjeni my love
U chocolate hau izint' ezimnandi
Unemenay'di oh s'thamel umthunzi welanga

Uthando lwethu olwamzukwana
Impilo yami ngeke ibe lutho phandle kwakho
Ngicela ungibambe my love ngibambe
S'vele sambe my love asambe
Inhliziyo yami eyakho uthando lwami lungangolwandlee 📖

I keep my gaze on my king as if he's the only one existing here as my mom walk me down the aisle. He's grinning but tears are streaming down his gorgeous face. God he's going to make me cry too. Mom takes my hand and places it on Nkosy's hand then he retires to her seat. This is it we are getting married.

* * *

I hold her in my arms and she bawls her eyes out. Her cry is raw and painful. I wish I could take the pain away from her. Today it was her brother's verdict day he found guilty for killing Cebisile and was sentenced 15 years in prison. I think deep inside of her there was this part that believes her brother would be found not guilty.

"I'm sorry Zo"

"I hate him mommy! I so hate him how could he do this to mommy!"

She also calls me mom as well just like Ndiwe. After Cebisile died Nkosinathi committed himself to take this child and make his which makes her mine as well. I'm not a perfect mom but I try my level best to give them my all.

"I thought he's innocent. How do I carry on with life after what my brother did to mommy. My heart is sore"

“Askies sthandwa sami. I wish I can take the pain from you but it will get better with time. We are here for you do you hear me? No matter what the verdict says we are still your family and we love you so much”

“Thank you so much mommy and I love you too guys. Over the passed months you took over and became my mom I really appreciate that. I pray that God won’t take you guys until I’m old enough to thank you, daddy and the grandparents for the love and support y’all have been showing me”

“Aww that’s so sweet of you sthandwa sami.”

We chat about random things and laugh here and there until she dozes off. I put a throw on her and kiss forehead then walk downstairs. Nkosinathi’s mama is cooking in the kitchen.

“How’s she?”

“She’s hurt but she will be okay as long as we give her the love and support that she needs”

“Shame poor little girl. I wish I didn’t support Cebisile’s relationship with that boy yaz”

“But how you would’ve known mama he looked so innocent”

“May Cebisile’s soul Rest In Peace now that her killer have been found guilty”

“True. Where are the kids”

“They left with their grandfather”

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“I thought I will go with Yandi”

“You know how she loves her siblings and she will refuse to go with you”

“But when she wants her milk she will give you guys a hard time”

“I think it’s time you wean her off Aphiwe”

“I will when she’s two years old”

“Okay if she gives us trouble her grandfather will bring her”

“Alright mama. See you”

“Bye”

I walk out and drive to my parents house. My heart skips a beat at the sight of the a police van. What’s going on. I quickly step out of my car and rush inside only to find a man fucking my mother senselessly from the behind in the kitchen. Jesus! They don’t even stop when they see me and I think they’re reaching their high. I literally run to my bedroom. These adults are traumatizing me who said I want to see elders fucking in a kitchen? The door opens then my mom walks in wearing her robe.

“You are disgusting mama why the hell would you fuck a man here let alone in a kitchen”

“Kahle wena this is my house I can do anything I want. You are the one who should go to your house and leave me alone”

She sits on my bed

“Who is he?”

“No one you should know”

“Why you don’t want to introduce him to us?”

“You ask too much questions Wewe.”

“He’s that police you once mentioned when Yandi was kidnapped”

“He’s a detective actually”

“I want to meet him officially”

“What for?”

“Just mama he’s my step father mos”

“He’s not your step father”

“But you are fucking him...”

“Exactly we are just fucking yhoo Aphiwe you wanted me to tell you that”

I look at her intently and she looks everywhere but me

“Mama?”

“Okay you asked for it here it goes”

By the time she finishes I’m trembling and tears are running down my face.

“Mama please tell me you are joking”

“Unfortunately I’m not sthandwa sami.”

I cry my lungs out I can’t believe this! Who is this woman? She pulls me to her arm. I don’t want to be in her arms right now but I’m so defeated. She rocks me back and forth and declaring her love for me and telling me how sorry she is.

The weeks turns into months before I know it’s the big day, the 16th of December. Nerves are killing me and I’m literally shaking. What if all of this is just a dream? What if someone or something is going to force me to stop the wedding just like the last time?

“Ha.ah I don’t want to do one work over and over like a lunatic” Jay says and I burst into a loud sob.

“Oh nana what’s wrong kanti?” He sits next to me on my bed and envelopes me in his arms.

“I’m scared Jay what if someone comes and blackmail me...”

“Don’t even think about that nana. This is your big day and you are going to get married dark or blue do you hear me? If some motherfucker comes to ruin your day just tell me I will send them to their ancestors. Habe ngeke phela oe you also deserve happiness njengabanye abantwana!” (...No ways you also deserves happiness like other kids!)

I can’t help but laugh the drama in his voice. Jay though.

“I’m glad you are laughing but I mean it nana. I can kill for your happiness. You know when there’s a person that deserves happiness is you. Stop crying and smile today you are getting that title ‘Mrs Dlomo’ yezwa”

I nod with a smile on my face. He does my make up again then I go stand on the front of the mirror. Wow I'm so beautiful in an off-the-shoulder sleeveless sweep lace tulle dress. The wavy ombre hair weave compliments my complexion.

“Oh my baby you look stunning!”

“Uyambona mama? She's like a goddess I'm sure the moment mudrayesini sees her he would literally drop the Spanish woman faster than she can say hago” (..I do)

We burst into laughter.

“Don't talk like that about sister wife she's a good woman yaz”

“If she dares treat you like shit just let me know”

“You are the last person I will tell mama”

After the compliments from my aunts and gogo we drive to Drakensbergkloof Guest Farm. Mbali is my maid of honor. The beauty of this place is on another level. I like it's tranquil. Star and I planned our wedding together and everything it's just so perfect. Once Mbali has made her grand entrance mom walks me down the aisle as Emlanjeni by Sbahle plays.

🔒 As'hlangane emlanjeni my love
As'hlangane emlanjeni my love
Hau isoka lami lingithumele umlayezo
As'hlangane emlanjeni my love
Sotholane emlanjeni my love
As'dibane emlanjeni my love
Hau isoka lami lingithumele umlayezo
As'hlangane emlanjeni my love
Oh love ngaphandle kwakho angina nothing

Oh love yazi nawe una that thing
Hau Soka lami unginika uthando olune passion
Oh loveee sondela kimi
Ngicela ungibambe my love ngibambe
S'vele sambe my love asambe
Inhliziyo yami ngeyakho uthando lwami lungangolwandlee
As'hlangane emlanjeni my love
As'hlangane emlanjeni my love
Hau isoka lami lingithumele umlayezo
As'hlangane emlanjeni my love
Sotholane emlanjeni my love
As'dibane emlanjeni my love
Hau isoka lami lingithumele umlayezo
As'hlangane emlanjeni my love 🎵

The moment our eyes meet tears spill down his face. Oh my
Papito sulila kalok I'm going to cry too. He dashing in dusty blue
tuxedo. Mom takes my hand and places it on Inathi's hand then
retires to her seat
God please let me marry this man with peace today.

* * *

I can't stop my tears from falling. It's happening, it's not a dream.
They're standing right before me and they look breathtakingly
stunning. No words can describe the way I feel today. My heart
skips a thousand beats as they both stare at me beautiful smiles
plastered on their faces. Did they really agree to be mine? This is
not luck but a blessing. I cover my face with my hands and weep
like a bitch.

“Don’t cry boy I can imagine how you feeling but it’s really happening. Wipe your tears and marry your beautiful wives before someone comes and snatch them away from you” Senzo says and I manage to chuckle. He gives me the handkerchief I wipe my tears then give it back to him.

“I don’t blame the groom I’d cry too marrying not one but two beautiful women on the same day ay ngeke Dlomo kuzomele ungichathazele lento owenza ngayo”

Everyone breaks into laughter. Uyaphapa lomfundisi!

“Dearly beloved we are gathered here together in the presence of these witnesses, to join Nkosinathi Dlomo with Aphiwe Ndlela & Xitlalli Lopez in holy matrimony which is an honourable estate instituted by God it is therefore not to be entered into unadvisedly, but reverently, joyfully and in the love of God. Into these holy estate this couples come now to be joined. If any here can show just cause why they may lawfully not be joined together speak now or forever hold your peace”

Aphiwe breathes out relief when no one comes forward.

“Okay let’s proceed.” The pastor says then prays before giving us a chance to say our vows. Aphiwe clears her throat and looks at me.

“Mkhabela I would be lying if I say I knew you were the one the first day I met you. The first day we met at Shoprite you annoyed the hell out of me for taking that trolley and humiliating me in front of people. After a day or two we met again and you sang for me at the mall, no one has ever done for me until I met you. That was the beginning of our beautiful love story. Papito I love you with all my heart. You are my happiness, my reason to smile , my reason to breath and my reason to wake up every day. You made me understand the true meaning of unconditional love. Your

presence brings a sense of peace, calmness and happiness to my heart and soul. I'm the luckiest woman to be at the receiving end of your pure unconditional love. I promise to love you with the same determination and confidence you've given me. I pledge to commit myself to our family."

Awww that tugged right at my heart strings.

"I never knew that I'm capable of loving someone until I met you Apple butter. You walked in my life and extracted the best out of me. I want to thank you for being there for me whenever I needed a shoulder to cry on and loving me unconditionally throughout these years we have been together even though sometimes I didn't deserve it. Thank you for putting up with my shit. I love you so much it is impossible to imagine my life without you. You are in every breathe that I take. I vow to be the man that you inspire me to be and the man that you deserve. I vow to spend every day I have left on this earth showering you with a zealous love and a faithful commitment. A love that many waters cannot quench, a love that floods cannot drown"

Tears are rolling down her face. I wipe them with my thumbs then look at my shining Star.

"I have never been so much in love with someone else as much as I am with you. Your name is etched on every single cell of my body. I found my permanent home in your heart and thank you so much for allowing me to stay there. I have no doubt that I will stay there forever. I love you Azúcar with every inch of my heart. I promise to celebrate the joy of every day with you. I promise to stand by your side through life's most joyous moments and challenging ones. I promise to be kind, patient, and forgiving."

Aww that was beautiful and heartfelt.

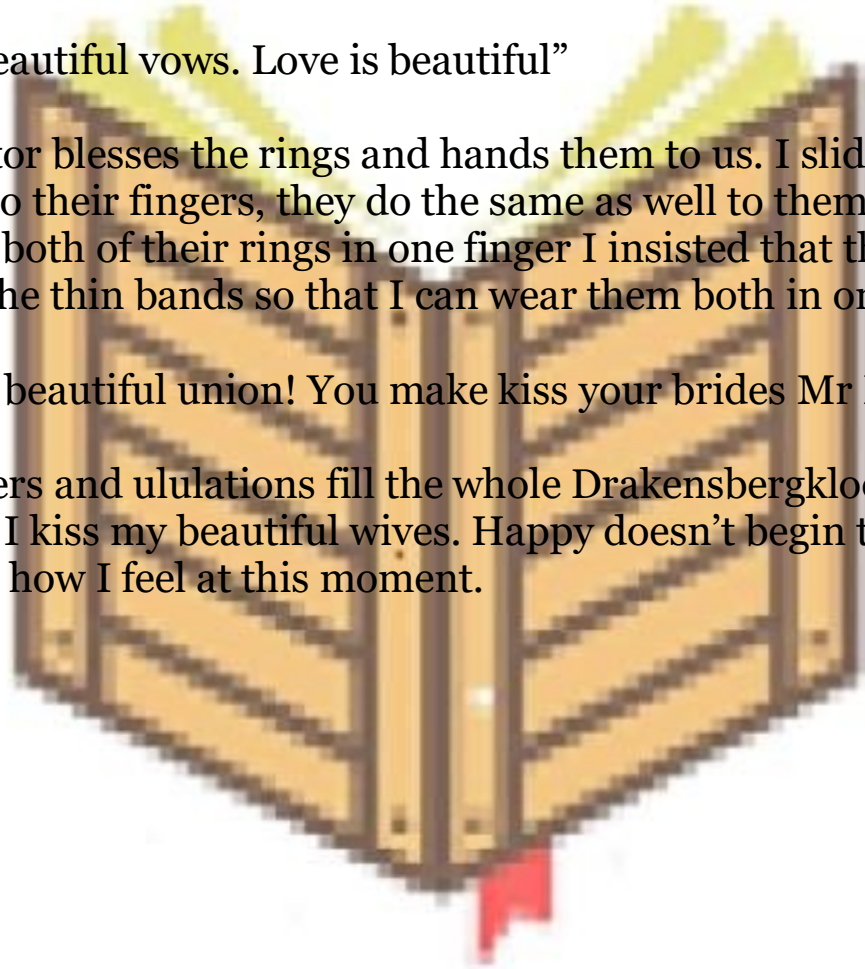
“MaLopez I thank the heavens that our paths met. You are an angel sent by God to me and I’m so in love with your experience in my life. You are a blessing and sheer pleasure. I love that you and I will spend the rest of our lives together. Somehow my life has come to this amazing moment and now I will always share it with you. I will always love you, hold you, and honor you. I will respect you, encourage you and cherish you. In health and sickness. Through sorrow and success. For all the days of my life.”

“Wow beautiful vows. Love is beautiful”

The pastor blesses the rings and hands them to us. I slide the rings into their fingers, they do the same as well to them. Yes I’m wearing both of their rings in one finger I insisted that they must choose the thin bands so that I can wear them both in one finger,

“What a beautiful union! You make kiss your brides Mr Dlomo”

The cheers and ululations fill the whole Drakensbergkloof Guest Farm as I kiss my beautiful wives. Happy doesn’t begin to describe how I feel at this moment.



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Chapter Eighty Six

THREE YEARS LATER...

I step out of my car after parking in the driveway and make my way inside the house. I'm so exhausted all I want is my bed. I have been working night shifts and I have to say these night shifts are beginning to cause a strain in my marriage because I always come back at home tired and sleep the whole day. By the time I wake up I have to prepare to go to work again. I hardly spend time with my family and it's only a matter of time my husband complains. He values our time as a family and ours as a wife and husband more than anything.

Three years ago after I gave birth to Abuse, hahaha sifundiswa ndini you read that in English right. It's Abuse not abuse come on who can name their child abuse? Abuse is a Zulu name that means to rule. Of course my dear husband named our now 3 year old son. Where was I? Oh yeah after giving birth to my son I realize that I actually enjoyed that short space of time I spent doing my doctor duties on my husband. Since I quit the crime life I decided to go back to work and do what I spend years studying for.

I love saving people's lives more than anything regardless of the fact that when I decided to do this profession it was based on helping my father when him and his squad are shot then actually saving the lives of the people out there. So I told my husband that I want to go back to work and he was very supportive so was my sister wife. When my son turned 6 months old I was ready to go back to work only to find out that I was pregnant again! I wanted to kill my husband. Imagine my son was not even one year old

already I was pregnant again. This time I was hoping for a girl but the baby turned out to be a boy again.

Mqoqiwokuhle, Jesus that boy is naughty! His father should've named him Magangane. This boy is not collecting anything good as his name says but he's causing havoc wherever he is. He can burn the house and deny it while everyone saw him burning the house. Once I'm in my bedroom I unclote and slip into my bed. The moment my head touches the pillow I doze off.

“Wakey! Wakey! Mommy!”

I groan and cover my head with my blankets but the bed starts moving up. Little bastard is jumping up and down on my bed. He loves doing that no matter how many times I reprimand him stop it. This child never listens at all!

“Mqoqi stop!”

He giggles but doesn't stop jumping up and down the bed.

“I will spank you hard!”

“Wake up mommy!”

“Fuck you maan!”

“I will tell daddy you said fuck you”

“Fuck both of you with your father!”

I get up angrily and he jumps down from the bed giggling. As he runs to the door he trips and falls down on the floor. The loud sob follows after that. I lie down on my bed covering my head as he cries loudly. It's serves him right.

“Hey boy what’s wrong” Aphiwe’s says

“I fall down”

“Ahh askies boy don’t cry”

“It’s hurt mommy”

“Where?”

I peek under my blanket and look at them. Aphiwe’s is rubbing his knees and kissing him.

“Askies neh”

He nods his little head as Aphiwe wipes his tears.

“Go tell Zo to freshen you up she wants to take you guys out for ice”

“Ice cream?”

“Yes”

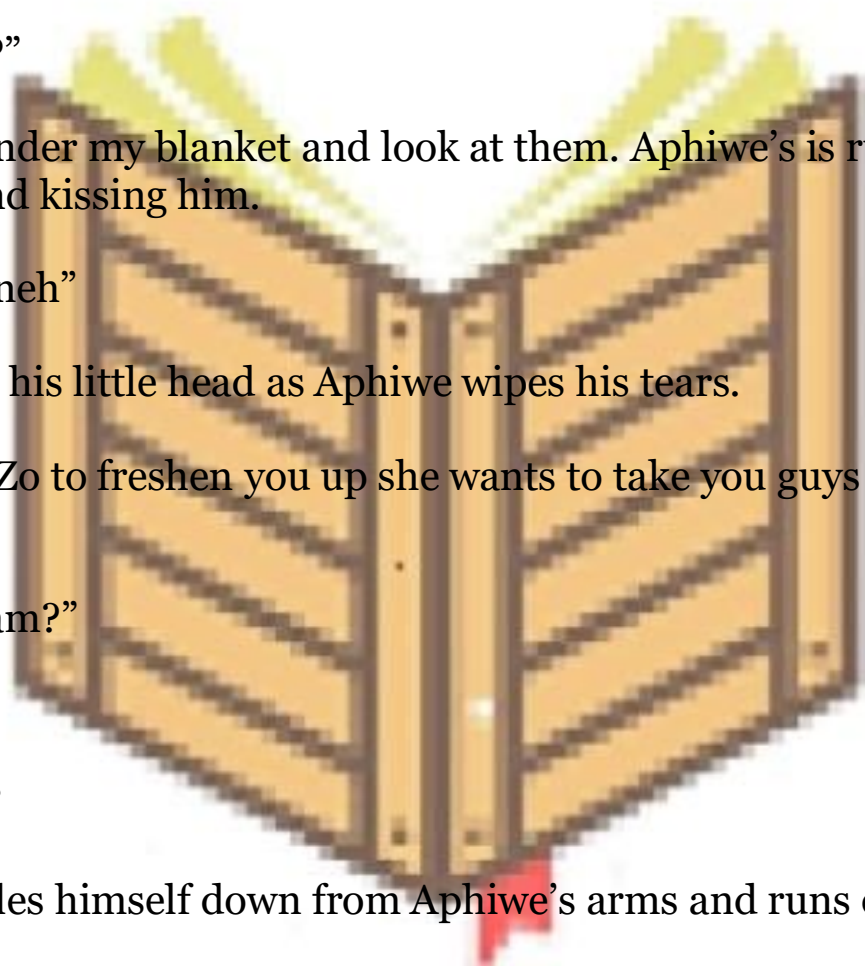
“Yaaay!”

He wiggles himself down from Aphiwe’s arms and runs out.

“I wish he can fall again” I say pulling the blanket away from my head. Aphiwe laughs

“Give him a break he’s a last born”

“Last born my foot!”



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She sits on my bed and looks at me.

“I didn’t hear you coming home today”

“I came back around 5 O’clock today”

“We haven’t spend time as a family for a while Star”

“I know and I’m sorry”

“Don’t be sorry fix it before our husband starts complaining”

“I will...where’s he?”

“You know he’s busy finalizing the launch for his academy.”

“I’m so proud of him”

“Me too hey”

“Remember you promised me to bake today”

“God Aphiwe I’m so tired and that little rabbit disturbed my peaceful sleep!”

I groan as I fall on the bed with my back covering my head with the covers.

“Come on sister wife your cookies are the best!”

She removes the covers on me and looks at me with puppy eyes. Argh she knows when she pulls that face I won’t say no. This woman is abusing my love for her! Yes you read that right I love her. There are times we don’t see eye to eye but the bond we have

built between the two of us over the three years it's amazing. I think what made me get use to this kind of marriage was to first accept that without the two of us our husband is lost. Then the bond we have built between the three of us wow...you know what I will let you be the judge of that.

“Okay fine!”

“Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you so much!” She says planting kisses all over my faces in between causing me to giggle.

“Staaaap it!”

She laughs

“Now go take a shower while I make something for you to eat”

“You such a darling”

I jump into the shower and take a long one. I need a massage my whole body is sore I haven't had enough rest over the couple of weeks. Once I'm done I wipe my body with towel and walk to my bedroom where I apply lotion on my body then slip into simple tee and leggings. I slide into my slippers and dry my hair before tying it into a ponytail. Aunty Glad is off today so this means I do my bed. There's nothing I hate then making a bed. Aphiwe and I agreed to live together per our husband's wish so when we moved in here I brought Aunty Glad with us. I trust her with my life.

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Once I'm done making the bed I walk downstairs and the aroma of bacon invades my nostrils as I enter the kitchen. I find it hard to believe that she didn't know how to cook the way she nails this

cooking thing. I'm only good in baking but my cooking is not bad at all it's just not nice as Aphiwe's.

"Your food is ready sit"

I sit on the high chair and dig in. She never disappoints with her cooking.

"Where are the kids?"

"Zo took them out of ice cream"

Last year on her 18th birthday we bought her a Mini Cooper. Her father taught her how to drive first before we bought her the car. It's her favorite car she was so happy. I don't think I have ever seen her that happy. Even when we tried to cheer her up after she failed grade 9 and took her out for shopping she wasn't that happy. We understood why she failed that year was rough for her. Losing her adopted mother who was killed by her brother did a number on her.

"No wonder there's peace of mind in this house."

"I think Zo is dating Star" She says sitting on top of the counter.

"Why do you say that?"

"She's always on the phone smiling and giggling."

"I'm so not ready for the consequences of that Aphiwe"

"We have to talk to her"

"Didn't we talk to her enough though?"

“I guess we didn’t talk to her enough”

“God this parenting thing is exhausting! People lied to me and made me believe it’s nice like a fool that I am fall into the trap!”

We both laugh

“She’s 19 though now I think we should give her a go ahead but she must ensure that she protect herself against sexual diseases and pregnancy”

“You want your husband to kill us? Never Aphiwe you will give her the go ahead alone andizi!”

“You know how your husband is. He wants them to start dating at the age of 40 years”

We crack into laughter.

“When I told him that I lost my virgin at the age of 16 he said kade ngasa mina”

“I’m sorry to say this but he’s right I lost mine at the age of 21!”

“Really?”

“Yes!”

“Wow then you are the better parent then me moss. In fact you should be the one to guide our girls”

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“There was no way I couldn’t have lost my virgin way before that because every guy that showed interest in me my dad would pay a visit to him”

“Your father was a cockblocker yerrr!”

I giggle

“I might as well turn my father on Zo. We should get the boy’s numbers and pay him a visit. Just to teach him a lesson”

“You with your gangster tendencies!”

“We won’t do much sizomncweba amasende nje kuphela” (... we will pinch his balls only)

She burst into laughter.

“You are crazy!”

Oho! I get up and put the dishes in the sink and wash my hands.

“Thanks for food sister wife”

“You are welcome sister wife”

“Please help me with the baking ingredients”

“Sure”

She jumps down from the counter and help me prepare for my baking. Once I have mix my dough she pours wine in two glasses and go back to the counter where she was sitting. We continue with our chat over the wine while she watches me baking.

“Can I have a taste?”

“No Aphiwe!”

“Just one tiny cake please”

I slap her hand as she tries to take my cookies. Hubby walks with a huge smile as he looks at us. He looks yummy in shorts and I love those hairy legs when they brush against mine during the loving making.

“My beautiful wives”

“Hey hubby” We both chorus like pre school kids and the way we’re melting at the sight of him mxm udlisile lo! He kisses me first then kisses Aphiwe.

“What are you two busy with here?” He stretches his hand to take a cookie but I slap it.

“Ouch!”

“No one is getting anything until I’m done!”

“Uyancishana lomfazi wakho Papito we should divorce her don’t you think?”

“Once and for all my Apple butter. Okwani ukuncishana ngempela!”

He takes the two cookies from the bucket and gives Aphiwe one.

“Thank you hubby dearest!”

“Niyangijwayela” **NOVELSGURU.COM**

I take the eggs and hit them. They both scream with grimace as the eggs break on their clothes. I burst into laughter. Aphiwe jumps down from the counter and pours her glass of wine on me. I

gasp as the cold wine travel down to my chest. I'm going to get this woman! I dip my head into the bucket of flour and throw it on her face. She screams rubbing her face as I giggle which doesn't last long as hubby dearest pours milk on both of us. Before I know it we are playing, throwing food at each other while giggling and running around. The kids join as soon as they walk in. The kitchen is a mess and my cookies are burning in the stove but you know what I wouldn't trade this moment for anything in this world.



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Chapter Eighty Seven

The husband and kids left me and Star to clean up the mess in the kitchen. They went to cleanup themselves after messing each other with food. It was fun though I love it when we all play around and laughing carefree. I'm proud to say the environment we have created for our children is healthy and fun considering the fact that most polygamous marriages are toxic. Star and I are two different people but we gel very well. Of course there are times we don't see eye to eye but we are both determined to keep our family together. One thing we both know is that without us this family broken into pieces.

Once we are done cleaning we go to our separate bedrooms to clean up ourselves as well. The master bedroom is ours, all three of us share it then Star and I have separate bedrooms. Hubby dearest built an opulent mansion for us on top of the mountain at Vulintaba. It was built from the scratch. I go back to the kitchen to prepare supper and Star joins me. Now it's her turn to watch me cook. Hubby and the kids are now playing volleyball outside.

“Have you decided what to get for our husband”

It's his birthday in two weeks time. I haven't decided yet.

“I don't know yaz I'm out of ideas now”

“Why don't we get him his favorite car since the one you bought for him was beyond repairs”

“Have you noticed how he loves your bike maybe we should get him one”

“That’s a brilliant idea!”

“How about a throw him a party and invite his friends and family”

“No we did that last time”

She’s right we need something different.

“How about we fly to Cape Town just the 9 of us. We haven’t had a quality time together as family. I’m sure he will like that.”

“Perfect! Do you wanna know what would be his best present ever?”

“What it is?”

She sips on her wine. I close the pot and take a gulp of my wine.

“Come closer ngikuhlebele” (...let me whisper for you)

She tilts her head aside giving me an access to her ear. I whisper to her and chokes on her wine splashing it on the counter.

“You’re joking right?”

“No I’m not”

“Why do you think he will like that?”

“That’s my man I know him like the back of my hands”

“And you are willing to give him that?”

“If you agree”

She shakes her head in disapproval and gulps down her wine

“Please think about it. This would be the best present we have ever given him”

“What present?” Inathi says as he walks in top less and dripping wet in sweat. I drool at him.

“Uthanda izindaba Papito”

“Oh seniyahleba manje?”

We laugh. I watch him as he goes to the fridge and takes bottle of water then gulps it all down. This man is getting hotter by each day!

“So wives I have something to tell you”

We both look at him.

“It’s not something bad.”

He grabs the chair and sits down next to Star.

“Dube’limthente is coming tomorrow in the wee of hours of the morning”

“Why is there something wrong?” I ask.

Dube’limthente is his Sangoma. Before we moved in here he came to perform his rituals to protect this house and us as well. I was so nervous that he will spill my beans. I almost peed on myself that day.

“No there’s nothing wrong my Apple butter. Uzovuselela nje izikhonkwane layikhaya asiqinise futhi nathi”

Oh God.

“But he did that 3 years ago Papito”

“Yes phela umuthi uyavuselelwa sthandwa sami. Star you are not the only doctor in that hospital. Dube’limthente have to find all of us here siyezwana”

“Yes” - Star

“Good”

With that said he walks out. I’m screwed! It’s over with me!

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing why?”

“You seem panicking”

“That man gives me creeps that all”

“You can say that again”

At 7pm Star set the table while I dish up in serving bowls. Once we finish we call our family to come and eat.

“Zo we are eating put down your phone”

“Just a minute daddy...”

“Zobuhle!”

Zobuhle puts down her phone and eats. Star gives me a look. This one is crazy she wants us to get Zo's boyfriend's numbers so that we can pay him a visit and pinch his boy's balls.

"Apple butter"

"Mmh"

"You haven't touch your food are you okay?"

"Yes I'm fine I just don't have appetite because of the cookies I ate"

"Letha la inyama yakho mama" KJ says taking my piece of meat already.

"Mommy haven't said yes KJ" - Yandi

"Leave me alone rabbit"

"Mommy KJ says I'm rabbit"

"You are not a rabbit my love. KJ I will spank you!"

These two are always fighting just like Mqoqi and Abuse. Sikhuza waya waya.

"Mommy Abuse is pinching me under the table"

Here it goes...! **NOVELSGURU.COM**

"Abuse awuyeke ingane!" - Star

"He's lying mommy"

“Daddy mommy said fuck you” Mqoqi says. This boy doesn’t want peace shame.

“Star why did you swear at my child”

“I’m sorry I didn’t mean to”

“She apologized my boy”

“No I want you to spank her first daddy”

“But she said sorry when a person says sorry you forgive them my boy”

“No daddy you do what they did to you then say sorry too”

God this child!

“We don’t do that. Who taught you that?”

“Abuse”

“Abuse who told you that? That’s not right my boys everyone makes mistakes and when they say sorry you forgive them. Do you hear me?”

“Even if they hurt you badly daddy?” Zobuhle asks.

“Yes if they’re remorseful yes you should forgive”

“Do you think you would ever forgive Zwelakhe for what he did to mommy?”

I swallow hard and look at my husband who takes a sip of his beer and looks at Zo.

“Such things you don’t rush them baby girl you take your time”

“Zwelakhe doesn’t deserve to be forgiven. Why are you even talking about him argh I just lost my appetite!” Ndiwe says getting up and walks away ignoring her father who’s calling out for her.

“I’m going to check on her” Star says as she follows Ndiwe.

“You know this is a sensitive topic m why did you brought it up?” I asks Zo

“He called me today”

“What did he say” - Inathi

“He said he’s sorry but he still claim he’s innocent that made me angry and I dropped his call”

“Next time when he calls let me know okay?”

“Yes daddy. I’m sorry mommy I didn’t mean to make Ndiwe sad”

“It’s okay sis”

By time Star comes back from the Ndiwe’s bedroom we are finished and Zo is collecting the dishes so that she can wash them.

“How is she?” You cannot miss the worry in Inathi’s voice.

“She will be okay. Let’s give her a space ”

I’m not okay I need my bedroom.

“I don’t feel good I want to lie down”

“What’s wrong my love?”

“I don’t know I think I’m coming up with flue”

“I will bath the kids it’s okay you can go sleep” Stare says

“Thank you”

I give my husband a baby kiss and go to my bedroom. The moment I get in I lean against the door and sigh heavily before changing into my PJs. I get into my bed and cry myself to sleep.

At 3 o'clock I’m woken up by my husband. The Sangoma is here and everyone is awake. He does all his rituals around our yard and house then he takes to some secluded area on top of the mountain where he pours all of us one by one with full bucket of muthi.

When we arrive at home he gives my husband some muti to burn in the house just to cast away bad spirits. I thank God when he finally says he’s leaving. At 6am we go back to our separate bedrooms and sleep.

I wake up to an empty house I wonder where everyone is and it’s around 12pm in the afternoon. I take my phone and call my sister wife. She answers her phone on the third ring.

“Sister wife”

“Hey guys where are you?”

“Hubby has some errands to run. The kids went to church with our mother in law then. I’m in my mom’s house”

“Oh okay the house is so lonely without you guys”

“Sorry I’m so sure Hubby is on his way back now”

“Sharp”

I hang up and decide to get started with Sunday lunch hopefully by the time they all arrive I will be done. As I’m half way the intercom rings. I go and attend it before opening the gate and the door as well. To tell you I’m shocked would be an understatement to see Zac.

“Zac ain’t you dead?”

“Oh well I guess I’m not dead”

“Ufunani la?” (What do you want)

“Hawu MaNdlela won’t you welcome me?” He says with a smirk.

I can’t believe this bastard is alive. Remember Zac the bastard that was supposed to look for Cebisile but he decided to lie to Nkosinathi and date Cebisile.

“Come in”

He walks in my kitchen and whistles as he roams his eyes around.

“Wow I can’t believe from a taxi driver who was living in a back room is now living in this luxury”

“Hard work pays off”

“Indeed”

“He’s not here”

“I’m not here to see him actually I’m here to see you”

“Really?”

“Yes won’t you pour me something to drink”

“Zac what do you want you betrayed my husband wena so that’s makes you my enemy too”

“Your husband got his revenge by beating me up”

“Awsuka what are few kicks and punches from what you did”

“I was in a wheelchair for two years Aphiwe”

“They said you died moss”

“Yes because that what I wanted people to believe for my safety. I took my family and relocated to somewhere I knew I was going to be safe and recover very well”

“So why are you here?”

“What are you cooking it’s smells nice”

“Zakhele I don’t have time to play games”

He opens the cupboard and takes a glass.

“Remember when your step daughter was raped you were so devastated just like how everyone was but your husband put a

blame on you.” He says opening the fridge and takes a jug of juice in the fridge.

“You were so hurt and lonely with no one else to comfort you then you met a man that you thought died long time ago only for you to found out that it his twin brother that died. They played you and because you were stupid and young you couldn’t see”

I swallow hard as I watch this man do as he pleases in my house. He pours juice into the glass and put the jug back into the fridge.

“Even though you were angry for what this man did to you but he was there for you telling you how sorry he is before you know it he was between your thighs fucking your brains out. You realized when it was already to late what you have done. It’s so sad how the people we love can push us to other people’s arms and we end up doing things we thought we never would.”

He sips on his juice while his back is leaned against the cupboard and his legs cross at his ankles. At this moment my heart is galloping want to come out of my mouth.

“You found out that this man was act dating Cebisile...oh my darling Cebisile always falling for the wrong men. She was so broken when she found out that the man she thought was finally his future husband is actually your ex and you two fucked. She even had a miscarriage I know it sounds insensitive but it was for the best she had to be rid of that selfish man for good. It was about time you pay for everything you have done to her, from taking Nkosinathi away from her to destroying the relationship she had with Bob that she lost her baby. She waited for the big day and you didn’t see it coming. Boom! Kwachitheka izishebo. You called off the wedding but you couldn’t tell your husband why you were calling off the wedding because your mother told you not to do so. It’s not surprising that she told you to not tell the truth we

all know what the big fat liar she is. She lied to your brother for 28 years but angikho lapho. You went to New York thinking maybe if you were away it would hurt less but it didn't. After the years you waited to be finally Mrs Dlomo shame. There was a time you thought of telling your husband the truth but your mom emphasized to not tell him. The whole year she was studying Cebisile's life, she knew everything about her even the color of panties she wore. She knew about Funani and how he wanted her. On that day of the party Zwelakhe wanted to surprise Cebisile but only for him to find his Mamoo kissing another man. The very same man they once fought about and Cebisile assured him that there's nothing going on between them. He lost it little did he know that he was being watched and fall right into the trap without even knowing. The words he said out of anger gave everyone a reason to believe that he really killed Cebisile when you and I know very well that your mom paid someone to kill Cebisile and she was working together with a detective that arrested Zwelakhe."

By the time he's done my face is wet with tears and mucus. How did he found out about this? I almost forgot that he's a PI. Oh God! He walks towards me and wipes my tears

"Secrets are amazing MaNdlela the problem comes when you get caught so what are you willing to do to keep me quiet" He licks my my cheek and caresses my buttocks. Someone clears their throat and we both turn around. Oh nooooo! Our eyes meet I let out a drop of peep as my body shakes violently. It's over with me!

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Chapter Eighty Eight

I'm shaking terribly and words has turned into a painful lump in my throat and refusing to come out of my mouth.

“Oh another Mrs Dlomo has blessed us with her presence.”

Star pulls out her gun from her behind and points at Zac who raises his hands in fear.

“I'm her friend..Aphiwe tell her to not shoot me please.”

“You think I'm stupid?”

“Of course not Mrs Dlomo. We are just friends. Aphiwe tell her please”

“Uhm Star it's okay he's here to see me”

Star looks at me intently then I hear a gunshot. Zac staggers with a bullet hole on his forehead then falls right on the floor. I'm so shocked to even react. She crouches before Zac and fill his pulse then gets up.

“Are you okay”

“Star you killed him!”

“Stop crying and help me put him in his car boot”

I shake my head no as tears stream down my face.

“Our husband and kids are on the way Aphiwe stop crying you will cry once we have got rid of this body!”

“Get rid? What does that supposed to mean?”

“Help me and stop asking questions we don’t have time!”

I wipe my tears and help her carry Zac’s heavy body when we get inside she searches his pocket and takes the car keys then opens the boot. We put him inside the boot and close it.

“You going to follow me with my car. I’m driving his. Here are my car keys” She gives me her car keys.

“Where...”

“Aphiwe awume kancane ngemibuzo and do what I say!” (Aphiwe stop it with the questions...)

“Okay don’t shout at me. Let’s me go switch off the stove”

“Hurry up!”

I run into the house and switch off the stove first then we leave. She’s driving Zac’s car and I’m driving hers. I don’t know where are we going and my mind is racing with thoughts. How long has she been standing there? Did she hear everything? Oh Jesus she’s going to tell Nkosinathi and he kill me. My secrets are finally catching up with me. I knew that this day will come but not like this and definitely not too soon. We arrive to this secluded area I didn’t even know existed after a long drive.

“We are going to burn him with his car”

“Star no!”

“What do you want us to do Aphiwe huh? We are in this shit because of you!”

Oh no she heard everything. She goes to her car and takes out box of matches. She lights the matches and throws the stick inside the car. When the car starts to burn into huge flames we walk away and stand too far. Tears run down my face as we watch the car burn into ashes.

“Don’t feel sorry for him he should’ve stayed where he was coming from.”

“How much did you hear?”

“Everything”

“Then why did you kill him”

“He knew so much that could destroy my family I couldn’t have that”

I look at her surprised

“Does this mean you won’t tell our husband”

“No I won’t and nor would you do that”

“But this was your only chance to be rid of me and have Nkosinathi to all yourself”

“It’s not that easy Aphiwe you’ve become my family. You and I have worked hard to build our family together I couldn’t allow a stranger to destroy it. I have sacrificed a lot for this family. I

almost lost my best friend Zero for this family. I would do whatever it takes to keep it together can you do the same?”

“Of course Star but I’m tired of carrying this guilt. Mom didn’t tell me what she was up to until that day Zwelakhe was found guilty. She told me everything and that she did it for me because she loves me. It all made sense why she said I should trust her and not tell Nkosinathi the real reason why I called off the wedding. The lies were too much to come clean to Nkosinathi. The pain and guilt I feel every time Ndiwe and Zo cries on their mom’s birthday It’s just too much Star I can’t take it anymore.” I burst into tears.

She takes me to her car and we both sit at the back seat as I cry my lungs out releasing all the pain and guilt that I have carried for years while she strokes my back.

“I can imagine how you feeling sister wife but it is what it is now. What you have to do is to soldier on okay. We can’t afford to let anything come between us. Think about how this will not only break our husband but our kids as well. Uthandiwe and Zobuhle they can’t find out about this. This our secret that you and I have to take the grave. I don’t want us to ever talk about it again and I don’t want you to feel like you owe me or whatever. I’m doing this for me as well. I have to find out if this Zac guy somehow have a proof of what he was talking about and get rid of it. Stop crying I got you.”

I pull back from her embrace and wipe my tears. God this woman never ceases to amaze me.

“Why uso mara?” **NOVELSGURU.COM**

“Like what?”

“Like the way you are man. I’m so lucky to have a sister wife like you Star. If it was someone else she would be celebrating.”

“Argh you also a good sister wife. Let’s go home and carry on with our lives like nothing happened right?”

“Right”

We jump to the front seats and drive home. The turn of events left flabbergasted.



* * *

Mqoqi runs to me the moment I walk inside my mom’s lounge. I bend to pick him up.

“Hey boy”

“Daddy, grandma pinched me”

“Why did grandma pinched you”

“I don’t know”

I settle down on the couch pulling him on my lap and greet my parents.

“Mama why did you pinch my son”

“This boy is very stout he tore the pastor’s bible”

“Mqoqi why did you tore the pastor’s Bible?”

He doesn't say anything but hides his face on my chest. Of course he doesn't know what to say because he also doesn't know why he tore the Bible.

“Did you apologize to the pastor?”

“Yes daddy I did”

“Hayi maan Mqoqi why is this boy naughty!”

“You were also like him but he's worse. Ufuzo luyandlulela!” Mom says laughing and dad joins her.

“There's no way that I was this naughty. Where are others?”

“They're playing in the garden”

“How is your academy coming along?”

“Everything is going perfect dad. Next week Friday I'm launching it”

“You never cease to make us proud son. I knew that that you have passion in the taxi industry but I never knew this much. Your father would be proud of you my son”

“Thank you mama. Mqoqi go call others we have to go now”

I put him down then he runs off.

“What's the hurry you just got here” - Dad

“I haven't been home the whole day I miss my wives”

“Wena na!”

We both laugh as mom gives him an eye.

“Ungangilingi Mphikeleli!” (Don’t you dare me Mphikeleli!)

“Come on my butternut you know my eyes are only for you”

“Good because I will kill you!”

Dad and I laugh.

“Not everyone is lucky as me phela mina ngazalwa ngembethe!” I brag to dad

“Haisuka! I love my wife even if she had a twin I would chose her”

“Isn’t that Drake’s line”

“Who’s Drake?” He asks frowning

“You don’t know him?”

“Udume ngani ngizozengimazi” (What is he famous of?)

“Never mind. Kids say goodbye to grandparents”

They all kiss their grandparents goodbye then we leave. We are welcome by an aroma of mouth watering food. My beautiful wives are cooking in the kitchen and laughing at only them knows what. Up to this day I still can’t believe that they’re both mine. How did I get so lucky? I was ready for the drama the day I decided to marry them both but they proved me wrong. You won’t hear noise in the Dlomo household whenever we are not seeing eye to eye we give each other space before we say things to each other that we

don't mean once we are calm we sit down and talk. I love the respect and love we have for each other.

“Have I told you today how much do I love you two?”

“Not really” - Phiwe

“Yes but you can say it again” - Star

I walk to Aphiwe and pull her by her waist the claim her lips.

“I love you so much my beautiful wife”

“I love you too my hubby”

I caress her cheek staring deep in her eyes.

“Why were you crying?”

“It's the onions baby”

“Ngizowushaya u-anyanisi ukhalisa isthandwa sami” (I will spank the onions for making my love cry) she giggles.

I kiss her nose then move to my shining Star.

“MaDlomo”

“Daddy”

“Uyathandwa yezwa”

“Uthandwa kakhulu nawe”

I kiss her too and pull both of them in my arms.

“Ngiyanithanda kakhulu zithandwa zami”

I kiss their foreheads

“Awww this is so sweet” Zo says taking a picture of us with her phone. Both my wives blush looking so cute.

The day I have been waiting for is finally here. It's Friday and it's the launch of my academy. My beautiful wives are looking so gorgeous as always . The press is here and they're taking pictures of us as I walk along the pathway with my beautiful wives. The journalist approaches us.

“Mr Dlomo Greetings”

“Greetings”

“You look smashing with your beautiful wives by your sides”

“Thank you”

“People want to know what's your secret Mr Dlomo. How is it possible that your wives get along”

I chuckle as I look at my beautiful wives.

“There's no secret it's the matter of unconditional love and determination to make the marriage work with maturity, understanding and commitment”

“Mrs Dlomo what does it makes you feel that people are saying your husband used love potion on your and your sister wife.”

All three of us laugh then Aphiwe answers her.

“It’s funny but I understand why they say that because people believe that polygamous marriage is toxic. They find it hard to believe that wives can actually get along. Some even say we are faking to get along in public. That’s just hilarious”

“Mrs Dlomo do you agree with what people are saying” The journalist directs the question to Star

“No I don’t but as my sister wife said people are finding it hard to believe that wives can get along. Our husband didn’t perform black magic or whatever he just knows how to lead properly and we submit naturally.”

“Wow people y’all heard Mr Dlomo and his beautiful wives.”

We make our way inside and wow I’m blown away. My wives are the ones who were responsible for the decor. I didn’t expect so many people. No I’m not complaining but I’m happy.

“Wow thank you my wives”

“Your are welcome”

They both kiss my cheeks at the same time right at the moment light flashes on us. This spotlight life is not for me I feel uncomfortable right now. They both join my parents’ table while I make my way to the front. I grab the mic and look at these people before me who are here to support me.

“Greetings everyone thank you for availing yourselves. I know that you guys had some other commitments but you chose to come here. We all know that this day wouldn’t be possible if it wasn’t for the man above. Let’s welcome my mother who’s going give us a an opening prayer”

Magogo couldn't miss this opportunity to parade in front of the press. She actually forced herself into the program. I give her the mic as she sings a chorus. After praying she goes to her seat next to her husband.

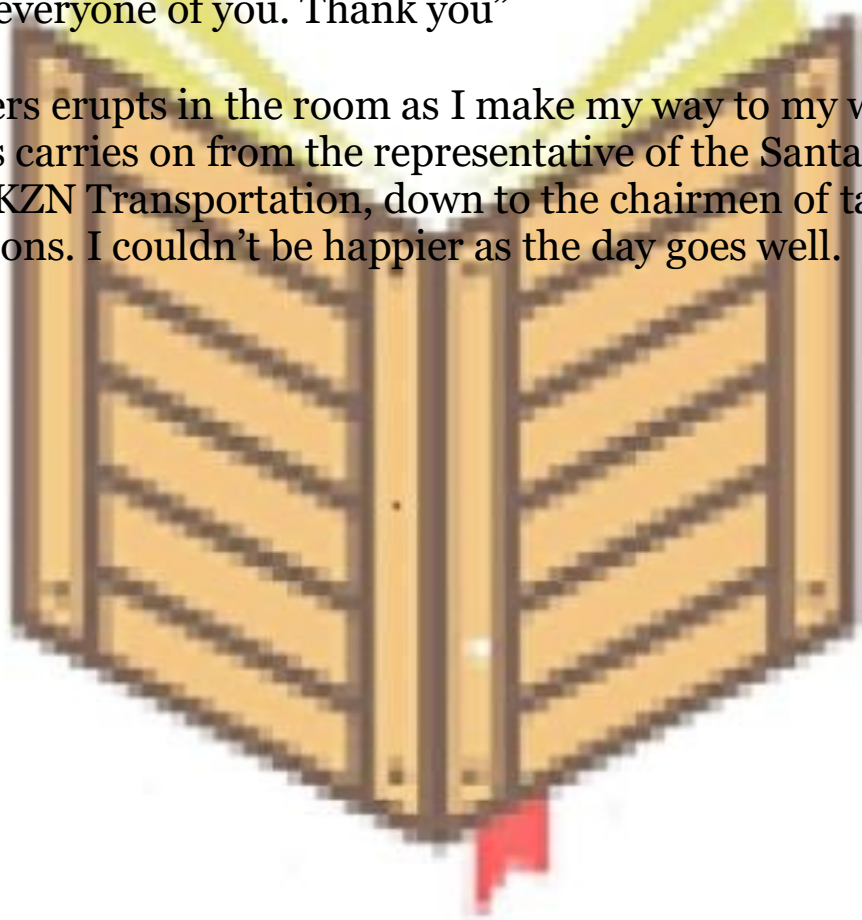
“That was a wonderful prayer thank you mama. I'm Nkosinathi Dlomo. I started driving a taxi after my dad passed on. I used to shadow him and that how I developed the love for taxi industry. After five years of driving a taxi I bought my own taxis. I only started with four taxis and now I have more 20 taxis. I never stopped driving the taxi though up to this day I still drive my taxi. The years I have been in this Industry I have learnt a lot and there are things I want to change. One of the things I want to change is the way people are undermining our jobs, the very same job that is one of everyone's essential need. We are called oMageza people are mocking our personal hygiene. So as a concerned taxi driver who observed everything in the taxi industry I came up with this idea of establishing a taxi academy to change the taxi industry for better. Driving a taxi should be a profession. Everyone knows that having a driving license only proves that you can drive but it doesn't mean you are skilled enough and can drive especially now that people are paying bribes to pass the tests drives in order to get their drivers licenses. The Dinangwe Taxi Academy is going to offer lessons for advanced driving to ensure that the drivers are skilled enough and the lives of the commuter are not at risky. Not everyone should be allowed to be a driver. A driver must have a academic certificate that proves that he's been well trained and truly skilled. I have a strong belief that education is very important and can fix all the problems we encounter in the taxi industry.”

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The sound of clapping hands fills the entire room.

“The support I got after sharing my vision of taxi academy from South African National Taxi Council, The government and the taxi Associations is overwhelming. I send my gratitude to everyone who made this vision become true. My beautiful wives over there. Thank you so much for supporting me and believing in me and my dreams. My kids who are at the school. Mom, Dad over there thank you for the support and love. My sister who’s not here and my brothers over there who are supposed to be at work but they chose to come here and support me. Thank you so much. I love each an everyone of you. Thank you”

The cheers erupts in the room as I make my way to my wives. The speeches carries on from the representative of the Santaco to the MEC of KZN Transportation, down to the chairmen of taxi associations. I couldn’t be happier as the day goes well.



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Chapter Eight Nine

So my beautiful wives decided that we are going to spend my 46th birthday in Cape Town as a family. Damn I can't believe that only 4 years left before I turn 50 years! Time flies really fast just yesterday I was 32 years fucking every girl that offers herself to me.

Now I'm a husband to two beautiful wives and a father to 6 children. We live in a beautiful big mansion of which I built for them from the scratch. My businesses are doing well. Just a week ago I was launching my taxi academy which is operating as we speak. What more could a man want? Now it's time to eat the fruits of my hard work with my wives and children.

Yandi, Abuse and Mqoqi are gasping none stop as they see the planes up close for the first time. Yandi was a baby when she came to South Africa for the first time with a plane. This is actually her first experience. They board the plane and find their seats. After the announcements the plane moves along a runway before it takes off.

"Wow daddy the buildings are getting smaller and smaller!" Abuse says in awe

"Yes my boy. How do you feel that you are in a plane?"

"I feel awesome. I'm going to brag to my friends at school!"

I still don't understand that why Star wanted them to start school at such a young age. It's not like they don't have someone to stay with them when we are all at work. Aunty Glad is our helper now she can stay with them. Abuse was 6 months old when Star found

out that she was 3 months pregnant. She wanted to kill me as if she wasn't enjoying my dick. Their age difference is a year. Abuse is 3 years old and Mqoqiwokuhle is 2 years old but boy the way the kid is naughty I feel like he's 4 years already.

The car is already waiting for us when we arrive. The driver loads our bags and drives to Lagoon Beach Hotel & Spa. Cape Town is such a beautiful place jealous down. The last time I was here with Star on her 37th birthday we had an amazing weekend together. I wanted to make her birthday special and I'm so glad she enjoyed it. We check in and the first thing that attracts me when we get into our family room is the sea view. I couldn't help but find myself standing at the balcony watching the ocean.

"Wow that's coolest sea I have seen!" Screams Yandi I wonder what's the difference between Durban beach and this one since it's the coolest. We have had our holidays and weekend away in Durban, Johannesburg and Mpumalanga as a family. There's nothing as precious as the moments I spend with my family. I want only two kids now from both of them then I will be satisfied.

"When are we going to the beach?"

"Tomorrow my angel"

"I got you a present for you birthday tomorrow. I can't wait to give it you"

"You can give it to me today is my birthday as well"

"Haaaa daddy how can you have two birthdays?" She asks giggling.

"Because I'm King..."

“Among Kings I know but even kings have one birthday!”

Such a smart little girl. Yandi turned 4 years old in June

“Okay you got me I just can’t wait to get your present”

“Be patient daddy you always says that being patience yields fruitful results”

Ngikhulisike yaz.

“You a smart little girl. Tomorrow I will buy you a huge candy!”

“How huge?”

“A hugggggee candy” I say spreading my arms. She smiles wildly and hugs my legs. I pick her up and kiss her cheeks.

“I love you daddy”

“I love you too my angel”

We join others and our food has just arrived. After eating we retire to sleep early because we are exhausted from the trip. The following day I’m woken up by Mqoqi jumping on my bed.

Daddy! Wake up it’s your birthday! Wakey! Wakey!”

There’s no way that you can’t wake up from that noise. I catch him and tickle him as he wiggles his self giggling. The wives and kids walk in. Star is carrying a small cupcake with 46 candle on top. I can’t help but burst into laughter. They all sing for me a happy birthday. Aww man now this is beautiful.

“Happy birthday to the world’s best daddy. You really deserve an award for being an awesome daddy in the world. I love you so much daddy”

“Thank you Ndoniyamanzi ka Babazi”

The kids wish my a happy birthday one by one then the wives follow. I’m blessed!

“Open your presents daddy!” - Abuse

“No daddy will open his presents when we come back we have a long day today. We are going to explore Cape Town”

“Yaayyy!” The kids scream.

“Now let’s go get ready”

They all walk out the wives following behind them when they get to the door I whistle and they both turn and look at me.

“Anithi inquza phela kancane” (can I have some pussy)

They look at each other burst into laughter then walk out. Wow did they just dismissed me just like that. Mxm I get up and to the bathroom to take a shower. Self service is the only way. See nami nginokuncishwa kodwa ngishaya nga 2 yonke you are not alone bro. After showering I go back to the bedroom and find my clothes laid on top of the bed.

I get dressed after buttering my body then join others.

The little boys are the only ones who are finished and are dressed like me ah well it’s a family matching day. They finish after what feels like forever. We are all wearing yellow t-shirts, black jeans

and yellow timberlands boot. We deserve a photo shoot we are too beautiful.

Our first place to visit is table mountain. We start with breakfast at the Cafe before exploring the walks. Zo is our camera woman. The half of the day is spent at the table mountain and the other half at Kenilworth Karting. This is one of my best moments in my life. By the time we go back to the hotel kids are exhausted. They're sleeping in the car Ndiwe and Zo are the only one who are still awake. I take Kj, Phiwe takes Yandi, Star has Abuse and Zo has Mqoqi we make all our way in going to our family room and tuck the kids into beds.

“It was a beautiful day thank you family”

“You are welcome!”

“I'm so tired and full I want to sleep as well” Zo says

“Come on it's only 6pm let's watch some TV” Ndiwe whines

“Okay”

I watch TV with the girls while my wives are doing whatever they are doing around. They come back after few minutes we watch TV together until Zo and Ndiwe says their goodnight.

“I'm also tired” Star says yawning and gets up.

“I'm also coming with you” Phiwe gets up as well

“I'm sleeping alone again?” I whine

“Yes Papito”

“No you can't do this to me”

“Stop complaining and go sleep it's been a long day Azucar.”

They walk away leaving me stunned. Mxm I switch off the TV and lights then go to the bedroom where I take off my clothes and slip into bed. Why are they ruining this beautiful day? Ngaloyomzuzu u-Your Higness umile uthe mpo! The door swings open Aphiwe walks in followed by Star. I look at then with my mouth wide open in shock or is it lust? They're both wearing lingerie Stars's is red and Aphiwe's is purple. Aphiwe turns on the music and Ubusuku bonke by Khanyi Mbau starts playing. Damn it's seems like it's going to be one hell of an interesting night.

🔱 Kudala ngihabile sthandwa sami
Ngikhukhubulile baby wami
Ngihambile, ngi bonile, akekho ongazi nje ngawe
Thatha umzimba wam, nge zandla zakho
Konke okwa ngaphantsi okwako

Ngishaye ubusugu bonke
Ngishaye absuku bonke...nana
Ngishaye absuku bonke.
Ngishaye absuku bonke... nana

Baby it's time for me to slow this shit down
Imma rock hard from the middle of the night
Ngi shaye absuku bonke
Ngi shaye absuku bonke nana 🔱

Phiwe takes the chair and places it on the center of the room while sashays her profound hips. She takes my hand as I roll out of the bed going to the chair and sit down. Phiwe takes my hands cuffs them on my behind. I swallow spits as I wonder what's in store for me tonight. This is absolutely something I have never witnessed in

3 years of our marriage. They both strip dance slowly and lasciviously moving in sync with the rhythm of the song.

🎵 Iminwe yakho, emhlané wam...
Ilimi lakho kumlenze wami..
Phefumela phezulu ethangeni lami
Up, down, in, out, give it to me slowly baby
Phezulu ungilalise nge sphudu
Ngiphundule ungangkhalisi kakhulu
Baby kuzoba mnandi kuze kuphele ubusuku
Kiss me baby ooh right there 🎵

Their choice of song is driving me wild! I can feel my dick expanding in my boxer as I watch both of them moving their sexy bodies. Their nipples are visible and sticking out proudly through their sexy lace lingerie. Damn my hands are itching to touch them.

“You two are so fucking sexy and you going to make me cum right in this moment!”

They shake their booties twerking. Fuck ngichama mina!

“You love what you see birthday body huh” Phiwe says seductively.

“Oh yessss if only I could touch both of you right now!”

“Be patient daddy” Says Star and I lets out a growl in need. I can’t control the need to explore their bodies with my hands, tongue and dick. Phiwe walks towards me and gives me a lap dance that infuriates my member. He’s throbbing and wants some attention. It’s as if Star can feel the ache of my dick right now. She gives it strokes over my boxers as Aphiwe kisses me, slashing her tongue into my mouth. Am I dreaming? If so then don’t wake me up. The

fantasy of fucking more than one woman at once is about to become true. They un-cuff my wrists and move to the bed.

🔒 Ngishaye ubusugu bonke
Ngishaye absuku bonke...nana
Ngishaye absuku bonke.
Ngishaye absuku bonke... nana

Baby it's time for me to slow this shit down
Imma rock hard from the middle of the night
Ngi shaye absuku bonke
Ngi shaye absuku bonke nana

Structured like a figure 8, baby lets not hesitate.. I'm ready to accommodate and receive... what you got in this plate..
Baby your physic will make me reach my peak, like drain imma leak, this your show take peak..
From the neck, to your back Now let me hear that ass clap.. Now pull it out boy make my bra strap snap. So hot in here you're making fan flap

Ngishaye ubusugu bonke
Ngishaye absuku bonke...nana
Ngishaye absuku bonke.
Ngishaye absuku bonke... nana 🔒

Now I'm lying on the bed naked with my back. Phiwe is sitting on my face while Star is sucking on my cock. The jolts of electricity race through my body in waves and I couldn't help the muffled moans that escape as I drink every drop of cream pouring out of Apple butter's slit. A surge of pleasure through my body as Sugarplum glides herself down to my shaft almost makes me bite Aphiwe's clit. The room is fill with our screams of pleasure. This woman are going to kill me with pleasure. Star's thrusts grows harder as Aphiwe's body shakes violently right in that blissful

moment we all reach our peak. Fuck that's a mind blowing orgasm ever. All night long we fuck and make love until we couldn't.

“Damn you two are full surprises” I say panting between them. Our sweaty bodies are pressed together. Their heads are nestled against my chest. Aphiwe's leg draped over mine while Stars hand is drawing patterns on my skin.

“You only get that once a year on your birthday only”

Wow what a wonderful way to end my birthday. See that was the best present ever I will always look forward to this. Can it be my next birthday already!



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Chapter Ninety

It's Monday afternoon we just arrived home. I had the most wonderful weekend of my life with my family. I'm so happy ngisho ne step sami nje sine spring kancane ngiyazizwa ntanga. I still can't believe what my wives did and amazing doesn't begin to explain how that threesome was. Damn can it be my next birthday already!

“You two are too good for me!”

“You are too good for us as well Papito”

“We have one last present for you Azucar”

That's the only Spanish word I know because my sugarplum calls me by it. It's means sweet as sugar.

“You want to give me a repeat of Saturday night phela ingoma emnandi iyaphindwa” I say pulling them both close to me. They both giggling as they melt in my arms.

“Soyiphinda futhi ngonyaka ozayo” (We would do it again next year) Phiwe says

“Imnandi mayi so ungayijahi” (It's nice like this don't rush it)

They're right phela i-special and it's going to make me always looking forward to my birthdays.

“Now let's go show you your last gift from your wives”

“Okay my beautiful wives”

I kiss their foreheads then they lead me to the garage. I gasp in shock when I see a Volvo biker.

“Oh motherfucking Isiah!” I cover my mouth with my hands totally stunned.

“Wow I’m going to marry you two again! Wow this is beautiful!”

I walk to my biker admiring it damn it’s a real beast! Ever since I met Star I discovered that I like bikes and I have been using hers a lot. It didn’t take me long to learn how to ride it. I give them breathtaking kisses. I wonder if I make them happy like they do to me.

“Are you two happy with me?”

“More than you can ever imagine Papito”

“Star do I make you happy?”

“Yes you do my love”

“Ngiyanithanda kakhulu ngingakungabazi lokho futhi ngizohlezi nginani nkathi zonke” (I love you two so much never doubt that and I will be here for you anytime)

“We know baby”

We share a group hug.

“Let me test drive my new beast”

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Star gives me the keys. I start my bike and it's raws giving me that andreilena rush. I start at the rank to showing off my bike. They congratulate me.

“Where’s Senzo?”

“Khaya and Sabelo took him. Call him”

“I didn’t bring my phone Mbuso can you borrow me yours?”

“Sure bra Mnesh”

I take his phone and call Senzo. He tells me where they are at Bob’s Place.

“Ta boy”

I give him his phone and leave. They are having drinks.

“Awe awe”

They greet me as I grab a chair and sit down.

“Ubuye nini eKapa man?” (When did you come back from Kapa) Senzo asks.

“Today”

“You seem happy you surely had a wonderful time”

“Without a doubt my man. Whatsup are you two not supposed to be at work” I direct my question to Sabza and Khaya

“I was off today” - Khaya

I look at Sabelo who doesn't look okay.

“Sabelo usharp?” (...are you okay?)

“Bongi wants a divorce bra” Sabza drops a bombshell

“Why?”

“She found out about me and Jay”

“Oh shit Sabelo Kodwa ngakukhuza ngoJay!” (...I warned you about Jay”

“Hayi kahle wena how many times have you made mistakes and we never told you that we told you so!”

“Okay I'm sorry Sbaza”

“Uyadina nje busy making yourself Mr perfect while we know very well that you are not perfect. Your are a murderer and today I have a blood in my hands before of you”

I heave a sigh. Do we have to talk about this now and here?

“Ngiyaxolisa Sabza I didn't mean...” (I'm sorry...)

“Uxolisa uni huh! You ruined my life!” (What are you sorry for...)

“Hayi Sabza calm down mfethu hawu!” - Khaya

“Im sorry for making you gay Sabelo phela mina I'm God...”

He pours his beer on me before I even finish speaking. I chuckle in disbelief and walk out as I wipe myself with my hand.

“Boy wait up!”

Senzo catches up with me as I get to my bike.

“I’m sorry man don’t mind him he’s taking out his frustration on you.”

“Sengaze angithele ngotshwala pho phambikwabantu moss ngixolisile. I know I should haven’t said that but it’s okay.” (Did he had to pour beer on me in front of people...)

“Hade Mnesh” (I’m sorry Mnesh)

“Its okay”

He looks at me with raised brow.

“I’m still surprised that you didn’t punch Sabza and now you’re dismissing it just like that”

“I don’t want to dwell on the things that are going to ruin my happiness.”

“I can see happiness all over your face what happened? Wait is this your bike?”

“Yep my wives bought the bikes for me and my children bought me a lot of presents. I had a best birthday ever I’m happy”

”Wow it’s beautiful can I have my own MaNdlela and MaLopez”

He mimics my voice and we both laugh.

“Mazet will go crazy if she can hear you say that”

“You can say that again”

“Go in there and I’m sure Sabza needs you.”

“Khay is there for him”

“How was Khaya behaving while I was away?”

He laughs

“He will never cheat on your sister he loves her.”

“It’s good to hear that. You know I trust you man, always keep an eye on him when I’m not around”

“That’s goes without asking man.”

“Ngiyakuncwanya ntwana” (I love you boy)

“Ngiyakuncwanya nami” (I love you too)

After sharing a hug I go back to my house.

“What’s happens to your t-shirt?” That's is the first thing Phiwe asks when she sees me. She’s with Star and they’re drinking wine. I settle down as well.

“Sabza poured beer on me he can’t handle the fact that Bongi is divorcing him”

“Why is she divorcing him?”

“She found out that he’s been cheating on her with your friend”

“Oh no I’m sure Bongi thinks I’m the one who hook them up”

“Hayi at the end of the day Sabelp is a grown ass man”

Ndiwe appears with her exercise book and goes to Star.

“Mommy can you help me with this homework”

“She will help you tomorrow Ndiwe she’s tired”

“But it’s a school day tomorrow babazi I have to do it today”

“Ya’ll are not going to school tomorrow?”

“Why Nkosy they were absent today you want them to not go again”

“Angisho wena you will write them doctor’s notes. I’m still enjoying spending our quality family time. No one is going to work or school tomorrow. If it was fo me we wouldn’t have come back.”

“But babazi...”

“Ubaba usekhulumile sthandwa sami kunjalo nje” (Dad has spoken my love that it)

She huffs and walks away with her excise book. Few minutes later the noise fills the lounge as the kids makes walk in.

“Daddy is it true that we are not going to school tomorrow?” - Abuse

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“Yes my boy”

“Yess!” Mqoqi screams with excitement

“But daddy I wanted to tell my friends that we went to Cape Town with a plane”

“You can still tell them Abuse on Wednesday”

“I want to tell them tomorrow”

“Haike if you don’t want to wait until Wednesday then I don’t know what do you want from me.”

“Zobuhle are you writing tomorrow?” - Phiwe

“No momy I’m writing on Thursday”

“Hawu niyabonake moss yonke into imnandi”

The following day we spend it in doors together and the weather allows us as it raining. We play all sort of indoors games while eating snacks. If it was for me I’d pause time and just enjoy this moment with my family without the disturbance of the responsibilities that each of us has. Life does not work like that though and I guess that’s what makes these moments beautiful and memorable because there are times where we are caught up with this busy world that we end up not having time for our families.

We are disturbed by a message from Senzo, saying that needs me ASAP he’s stuck his spare tire got a puncher and he doesn’t have enough battery his phone will be dead in a minute. I always tell him that he’s going to have a problem one day because he doesn’t have a spare tire the good thing is the size of our tires are the same.

“Where are you going now?” - Star

“Senzo needs me he got a puncher”

“But we are still playing babazi”

“I will be back before you guys know it” I kiss them all

“I love you guys”

“We love you too Daddy!” They all choruses making my warming my heart . It’s raining heavily so it’s takes me a bit longer to get there. I step out of my car and knock on window. The doors opens then unfamiliar 8 guys step out of the car.

“Sure Majita where’s the owner of this car”

“I’m the owner of this car” Says the guy with a gold tooth. I look at the car and realise that it’s not Senzo’s car it’s just look the same. What’s going on here? The raindrops are huge and stinging. In a second we are all drenched.

“Oh I think there have been some kind of mistake”

“Lutho baba uze la odingeka khona” (No man you came right where you are needed)

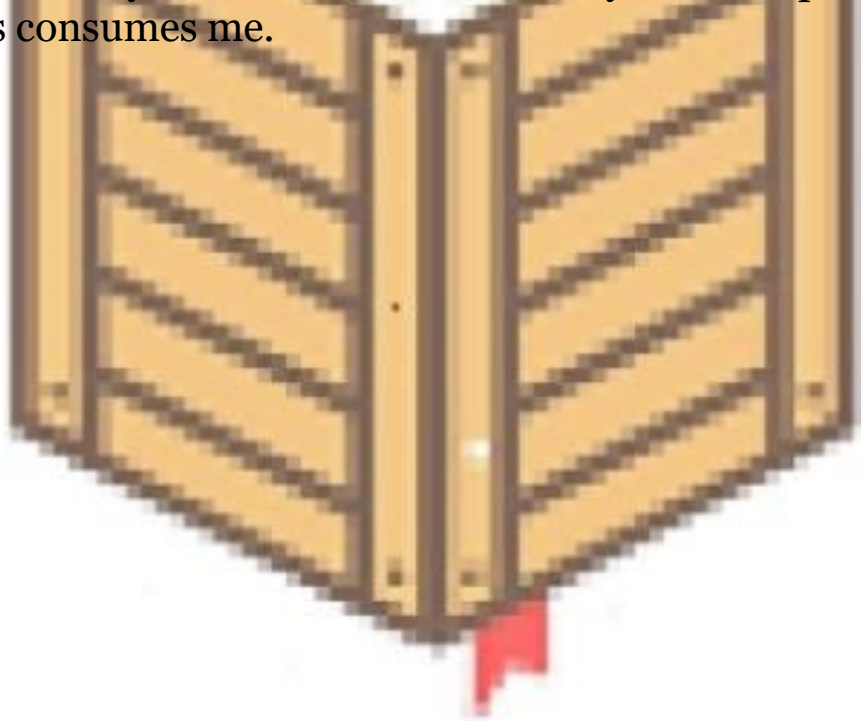
They all surround me and as they take out their spears inside long coats. I look at them and swallow my thick saliva as my heart thuds harder.

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“Nifunani madoda?” (What do you guys want?)

“Bathi awubulaleki wena athi ngibone ukuthi baqinisile yini”
(They say you can’t be killed let’s me see they’re telling the truth)

I step back as the gold tooth guy approaches me but they push me back towards him. He shoves the spear into my stomach. I groan in pain as I look at how deep the spear has penetrated into my stomach. He pulls out the spear my blood flows out freely like a river. As I stagger holding my stomach another one stabs me on my back. A cry of agony escapes my mouth as pain spreads through my body. Right at the moment they all stab me taking turns, with each stab my body gives in. I collapse on the ground rain pouring on me. My lungs are failing me I'm running out of air to breathe. Through the mist that is surrounding my eyes I see my beautiful wives and my children. Their happy faces give me a reason to not give in yet but every beat of my heart is slowing. I try to suck in my breath but it's in vain. My heart stops as darkness consumes me.



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Chapter Ninety One

A sharp pain shoots straight right below my left boob. I hold in my breath closing my eyes as I endure it. The first and last time I had this pain was when we received a call from the hospital that my dad passed on. My heart skips a beat at that thought.

“Mommy are you okay?” Ndiwe asks

“Yes my girl can you please go get water for me”

She goes to the kitchen to get water for me and hands it to me. I gulp down the whole glass of water and give her the glass.

“Mommy the pizza guy is here can I have money to pay?” - Zo

“Go to my bedroom and get my handbag.”

She disappears while I search for my phone to call mama. I need to know if she’s alright. She can’t leave me not yet please.

“Baby”

“How are you mama”

“I’m okay my love and yourself?”

“I’m okay. Are you sure you are okay?”

“Yes my baby is everything okay you sound nervous”

“You remember that sharp pain I felt when dad passed away?”

“Yes I remember it”

“I have just had it a few seconds ago mom but it’s gone now”

“So you thought I’m dead? Don’t worry sweetheart I’m okay.”

“If you’re okay then someone else is...”

“Hayi Xitlallil stop overthinking maybe it was just a coincidence you had that pain on the day your father died”

“You are right”

“I love you okay and nothing is going to happen to me. I still need to see that little bug you’re carrying”

“Huh?”

“What kind of a Doctor are you my baby you always miss your pregnancy”

“I’m not pregnant mom”

“Okay if you say so bye”

I hang up and take my wallet from Zo the give her the money. She walks away. It’s has been raining all day and we don’t have energy to cook. Our husband will forgive us today he’s going to sleep with takeaways. I look at my children who are lying on the rugs with their stomachs watching Simba.

“Are you guys okay?”

They're engrossed on Simba. I get up and go check on my sister wife who went to sleep after our hubby left to assist Senzo with a tire puncher. It's been hours since he's been gone I wouldn't be surprised that in this weather they decided to grab some beer. We had a good time today and my husband was so happy. I rush to Aphiwe when I see her hyperventilating in her sleep.

"Aphiwe!"

I shake her, she's gasping for air

"Aphiwe wake up!"

She finally jumps up and opens her eyes panting and drenched in sweat.

"Are you okay"

"I...I couldn't breathe it felt like someone was sucking the air out of me"

"I'm sorry maybe it was a nightmare do you need anything"

"No I'm okay now. Is our husband back home?"

"No he's not back yet"

"What time is it now?"

"It was going for 6pm when I called mama"

"How is she?"

"She's okay she says I'm pregnant can you believe that woman!"

We laugh

“But what if you are?”

“Come on how can I miss my pregnancy? I’m a doctor”

“You always miss your pregnancies Star” She says laughing

“Mxm so you are also saying I’m pregnant?”

“Let’s prove it. These old women see the pregnancy the following day you had unprotected sex”

We both laugh.

“Okay I will prove it”

She leans over to her bedside table drawer and takes our two boxes of pregnant test.

“Azishe ntombi!”

I giggle and walk to her bathroom where I pee on the sticks then come back. She takes them and we wait for a moment.

“I’m not pregnant!”

“The tests will prove darling”

A moment passed then she looks on the stick and squeals excitedly.

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“We are having another baby in the family!”

“Nooo!”

I take the sticks from her and look at them. Oh God both of them show two lines. I wasn't ready for this pregnancy not that I'm ever ready. They always catch me off guard.

"Hey don't cry" She pulls me to her chest and strokes my back.

"I feel like ngizalela salafuthi Aphiwe and both my boys are still young. I can't be having another baby. I'm way too old for this kind of behavior honestly"

"You have accomplished everything in life the only thing that was left for you was to have children. The thing is you had your first born at a very late age so don't feel bad about this. This is only your third child, your age still allows you so you can have as much as you can. Congratulations darling!"

"Thank you I guess"

"Our husband is going to be happy!"

He would be happy indeed.

"I didn't thank you about Saturday night"

I laugh as I move away from her chest

"The things you make me do Aphiwe!"

We both laugh out loudly.

"It was nice though right?"

"You want me to agree with you Aphiwe?" I say laughing.

“Come on I saw that you also enjoyed it”

“Nah I didn’t”

“Starr!”

“Okay fine it was nice and what made me comfortable is that it was also your first time doing that”

I did enjoy every moment of it. I saw another sexual side of my husband I didn’t know about.

“Have you seen how happy hubby is even his step has a spring.”

“Who wouldn’t be happy though? We are too good for that man!”

There’s a knock on the door. Aphiwe shouts come in then Zo walks in.

“Mommies the police are looking for you two”

“The police?”

“Yes”

Aphiwe and I look at each other. I can see panic in her eyes. I’m sure she’s thinking about that guy.

“We are coming”

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Zo nods and walks out.

“Don’t panic you should stop panicking”

“Why would the police want us maybe someone saw us that day...”

“Even if so it’s okay they’re just here to do their job as usual but all these police were on my payroll. Now they’re on Zero’s payroll so stop panicking”

She heaves a sigh then we walk downstairs. Okay this is detective Thwala who wanted so bad to bring us down but he couldn’t catch us. We greet him with his colleague as we settle down.

“Detective Thwala how can we help you.” Asks Aphiwe Oh she knows him as well. The detective looks at the children and that moment I realize that what he’s about to say is not good.

“Kids go upstairs we will call you”

They all get up and walk out.

“Sadly I have bad news”

“What bad news?” I ask

“We received a call from some guy about a man that was he found dead next to his car and unfortunately when we get there we found out that it’s your husband”

I don’t know if I had him correctly or my ears are playing tricks with me.

“No detective. Dead and my husband in one sentence that doesn’t make sense. He went to help Senzo to fix his tire” Aphiwe says

“I’m sorry Mrs Dlomo but it’s him. You know I know your husband from I can never mistake his face. He was murdered and his body was left next to his car”

“Nooo! Not my Papito!” Aphiwe burst into a loud sob as my tears fill my eyes.

“He was murdered how?” I ask with my trembling lips as tears spill down my face.

“Judging at his butchered body we believe he was stabbed countless”

Aphiwe cries even louder and the kids come rushing down the stairs.

“Mommy what’s wrong why are you crying?” - Yandi

“Mommy?” Mqoqi says sitting on my lap and wiping my tears on my face with his tiny hands.

“Uhm I’m sorry Dlomo family besacela indlela” He gets up with his colleague and they walk out.

“Mommy what’s going on?” Ndiwe asks with crying voice already

Oh God how do I bring myself to tell my children that their father is no more.

“Mama talk please” - Zo

“Uhm all of you sit down please” I say and swallow a lump in my throat. They all sit on one couch looking at me expectantly looking at how much they look like their father brings more tears in my eyes. Aphiwe is wailing painfully I guess I’m the one who have to tell the kids. Yandi is already crying and trying to comfort her mom

“Askies mommy”

“Uhm kids daddy is no more”

“What..what do you mean he’s no more?” KJ asks

“He passed away he went to heaven. I’m sorry my kids”

The screams of anguish fills our whole house. I don’t even know where to start. I get up with Mqoqi and go sit next to them and try to comfort all of them as they cry painfully. Oh Azucar how can you leave us like with so much pain. I think about the baby that I’m carrying, she will never know her fathers love. My tears fall effortlessly God why? How can you allow this to happen.

It’s takes almost an hour for the kids to calm down I go upstairs to inform his parents. Mom lets out a loud cry then line cuts off. Aphiwe now has stopped crying but she’s just staring into space. Yandi has fallen asleep in her mom’s arms.

“Let me take her to the bed”

I take Yandi and go upstairs to their bedroom then tuck her in. When I go downstairs his parents has arrived and they crying has started all over again.

“Oh God he called me this morning and told me that he loves me” Mama cries loudly as her husband comforts her while KJ sitting on his lap. Zo is comforting Ndiwe and Abuse while crying as well. Mqoqi is on Aphiwe’s lap just staring cluelessly shame my boy doesn’t understand what’s going on but seeing everyone crying is making him sad. I make my out not telling anyone where am I going. Tears are streaming down my face as I drive to Senzo’s house. Last night we made love he did me so good that I couldn’t help but cry. It’s like he knew was saying goodbye and the way he

insisted that the kids doesn't go to school. The moment he opens the door for him I point my gun at him.

“Woah MaLopez”

“You killed him?”

“Killed who?”

Mazet is screaming in the back trying to cover their son's eyes

“Mazet go to with Sj!”

“No what if she kills you?”

“Bitch what you going to do huh you think you can save him?”

I say pointing my gun at her she raises her hands up

“I'm sorry Star please don't hurt me”

“MaLopez calm down please before you do something you will regret” Senzo pleads with me

“Oh trust me I won't regret this! How could you do this Senzo huh! He loved you like you're his brother! Out of all his friends you were the one he trusted. He trusted you with his life and you do this him?” I scream tears and mucus all over my face

“What are you talking about MaLopez please calm down”

“Don't you dare make me a fool! We were having a good time as a family then you texted him and told him to come help you with a punched tire kanti you knew you were going to kill him! Why

Senzo why? Is it jealousy? Were you pretending all this damn ducking time!!!”

“Wait are you talking about Mnesh? I didn’t text him I lost my phone yesterday”

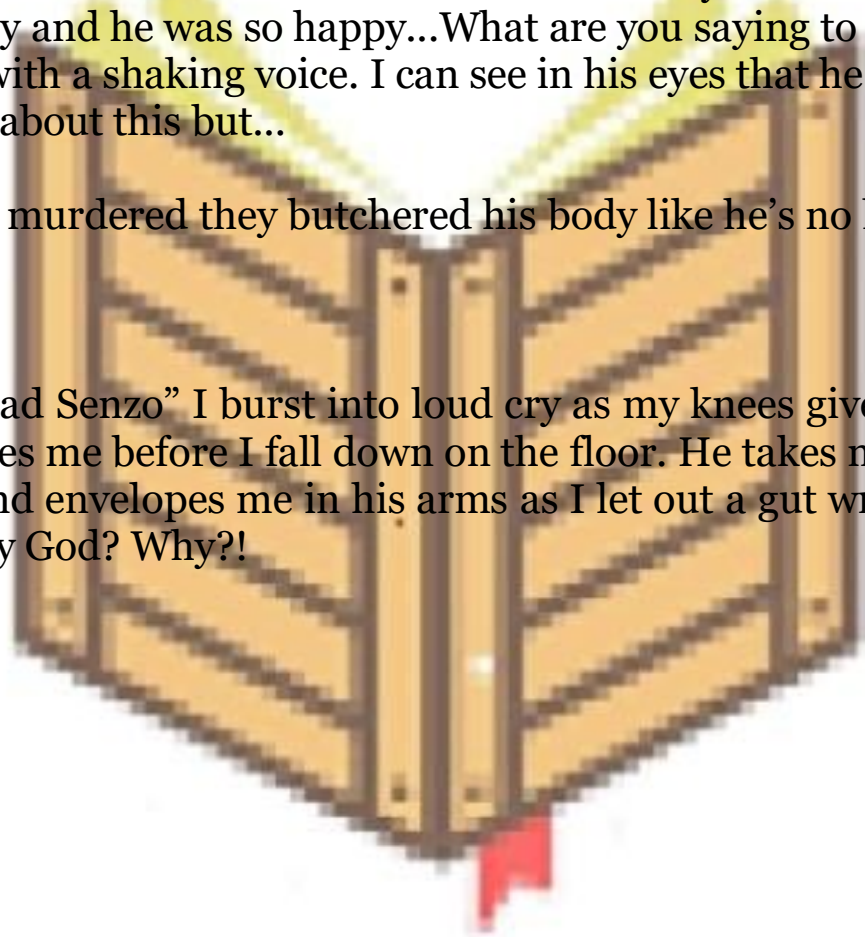
“Unamanga!” (You’re lying!”

“I swear Star! Mnesh is dead? No Mnesh is okay. I was with him yesterday and he was so happy...What are you saying to me Star?” He asks with a shaking voice. I can see in his eyes that he knows nothing about this but...

“He was murdered they butchered his body like he’s no human!”

“No!!”

“He’s dead Senzo” I burst into loud cry as my knees gives in but he catches me before I fall down on the floor. He takes me to the couch and envelopes me in his arms as I let out a gut wrenching sob. Why God? Why?!



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Chapter Ninety Two

I don't believe it! I refuse to believe it! I won't believe this until I see him with my own eyes that he's truly dead. Papito will never do this to us he loves so much to put us through this pain. He was murdered remember he didn't die willingly? My mind reminds me and the pain washes over me at the possibility of this being true. Thwala knows him and there's no way he can mistake him but mistakes happens right? I have to see my dearest husband. In fact he's on his way from Senzo right now yes.

"Where's Star?" Nkosinathi's mom asks.

"I'm sure around the house"

"She shouldn't stay alone in this time. You might never know what's goes on in her mind right now"

"Let me go put Mqoqi to sleep then check on her"

I get up from the couch and walk upstairs to Abuse, Yandi and Mqoqi's bedroom. Ndiwe and Zo have separate bedrooms. I tuck him in his bed and kiss his cheek before kissing Yandi's. Shame my baby cried in my arms until she fall sleep. I search for Star in her bedroom but she's not there I go to the master bedroom she's still not there. God Star where are you now? I'm so worried about her, she's pregnant. I try to call her but her phone is ringing unanswered. Just then my phone rings it's mama.

"Mama" I say with a crying voice

"What's wrong baby why are you crying?"

“They say Nkosinarhi is dead mama!”

“What? Who says so?”

“Detective Thwala was here with his colleague”

“Oh no! I’m coming right now my baby”

I hang up and cry my lungs out. He can’t be dead there’s no way he can be dead.

“Baby” Nkosinathi’s mom says walking in

“I can’t find Star mama and I’m worried because she’s pregnant”

“Oh God I hope she’s okay”

She comes to sit next to me and envelopes me in her arms. We both cry as she comforts me. Who killed him? How could they be so cruel! Maybe this is my fault sometimes they say our love ones get punished for our sins.

“You have to be strong for the kids”

I wish it’s that easy. Zo comes to tell us that my mom has arrived. I hope she and Nkosinathi’s mom won’t cause drama. We go downstairs and I run to my Mother’s embrace bawling my eyes out. she’s with aunty Vuyi. The kids are no longer here in the lounge I’m sure they’re upstairs. The grandpa of my kids explains to them what we told them.

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“The law must serve it cause whoever did this must pay” Mom says. So hypocritical of her but this is not the right time. Senzo walks in with Star.

“Greetings.” Senzo greets and they greets him back but I don’t say anything to him. He settles down and Star does so next to me.

“Uhm I know what it’s looks like family but I want to assure that I know nothing about what happened. I lost my phone yesterday and when I tried to call it yesterday it was off. It’s clearly that who took it he had an agenda. I’m going to do whatever it’s take to find those bastards who are behind this. I would never do this to my boy. Nkosinathi was my brother...he” He pauses as tears drops down his face. then wipes them quickly.

“I feel so awful that whoever did this used my phone and made Nkosinathi believe it was me.I’m so sorry Mama...Baba...Aphiwe...Star please believe me when I say I didn’t do this to Mnesh. I love him so much and...” He covers his face with hands and burst into tears.

“It’s okay don’t cry. I believe you my boy. He was close to you more then he was to Sabelo and Khaya even though they were his friends first” Baba says comforting Senzo.

I believe him that he doesn’t know anything about this. Whoever did this knows that they’re so close and there’s no way that Nkosinathi couldn’t come to help his brother.

It’s the following day Star and I have been up since yesterday. We couldn’t sleep we cried together the whole night and comforted each other. The mothers didn’t go back to their houses they insisted on sleeping here and today we are going to view the body. There’s a part of me that believes when we get there it would turn out that it’s not him.

“Please tell me this is a dream Aphiwe please”

“I’m sorry Star but I think we would both be certain once we have seen that it’s him”

“Who could do something so cruel like this? The kids Aphiwe how are they going to go on without their father? What about my baby? She will never get the love others got from their father” she cries and I pull her to my arms tears streaming down my face

“I also don’t know how we are going to go on from here but I promise you that I will be there for you every step of the way. I know I’m not our husband and I can never replace him but we are in this together Star”

“I swear I will get them all. There’s no way that it was just one person our husband was a strong man who weren’t afraid to fight two men at once. I’m going get them one by one”

“Maybe this is my fault have you ever had that sometimes our love ones get punished for our sins...”

“Don’t even think about that because it’s not true. Do you believe Senzo didn’t know about this?”

“Yes Senzo would die for our husband Star. He would rather they kill him first before they sent that message to our husband.”

“I also trust him but soon I will found out I just need to lay my husband to rest first before I paint this world with blood”

“Star no you have to think of the baby you are carrying remember”

“Don’t worry. Let’s go prepare to view his body”

We both get up and she goes to her bedroom while I go to my bathroom. The shower spray washes my tears as images of him

flash before my eyes. He never asked the kids to not go to school before just to spend time together. Maybe he felt it that he was going to die. The way he was so happy and couldn't stop telling us that he loves us. In the morning we made love it was so good it like he was claiming my soul all over again but it's clear now he was saying goodbye.

I finish showering and get dressed into a simple dress I don't have energy to dress up even if I can go in rags I don't care I just want to see if that man is really my husband. Once I'm done I walk downstairs and find the kids watching news. Already the death of my husband is all the news. I take the remote and switch of the TV. They all look at me with tears eyes.

“Mommy who killed daddy?” - Ndiwe

“I don't know baby”

“I'm curse why both of parents are killed huh? What have I done in this world to deserve this pain” She burst into tears as I pull her to my arms comforting her.

“I'm sorry sthandwa sami but you are not cursed. Whoever that killed your father will go to jail”

“But that won't bring him back mommy. I want my daddy back mommy please make this pain go away I'm begging you”

Star joins us and comforts the other two , Zo and Kj. The youngest are still sleeping.

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“I don't want them to go to jail mommy I want to kill them too!” - Kj

“No boy killing is a sin”

“I don’t care!”

Oh lord I see these kids growing up with anger and one day of these days they’re going to avenge their father. It’s going to be a disaster. The mothers walk down the stairs and greet us.

“I’m going to stay with the kids while you guys go to view his body” Mams says

“How are you feeling Star? Did you sleep?”

“Is Star the only person that is grieving? Why don’t you ask my daughter as well?”

Oh here they start again. I was still surprised.

“Hloniphile I don’t have energy for you okay my son is dead I want to mourn him with peace”

“I’m okay Mama I couldn’t sleep”

“You need to eat something before we go you can’t starve the baby. Aphiwe sis how are you feeling”

“I’m still breathing mama”

Star makes cereal for herself as her mother in law said when she’s done eating our mother in law husband fetches us. We are ushered to this cold room once we arrive. My knees buckle as we walk closer the bed. The morgue attendant looks at us for a permission and we nod then he removes the sheet on top of him. The love of my life is lying on the bed lifelessly they didn’t touch his face but his body is beyond recognition. Star and Mama burst into loud sobs.

“Baby please come to us please! I’m pregnant and I need you so much” Her knees gives in and she falls on the floor letting out gut wrenching sob while I’m shaking violently as tears roll down my face. My chest is closing in I can’t breathe please. I hear Baba calling out my name begging me to breath but It’s impossible everything becomes blank after that.

I wake up to Mama, Baba, m and Star surrounding me. I’m in a hospital room. They look at me so worried. So he’s really dead, they took him away from me. It’s sinks in that he’s really gone. I burst into tears.

“Don’t cry sis please you need to stay calm as you can”

“I don’t want to stay calm. I want my husband mama please. Why Jesus is the only one that woke up from the dead? Please God wake my husband too”

I cry in agony clenching on mama’s blouse.

“I’m sorry sis I’m begging you please calm down do it for the baby.”

Huh?

I look at her through my glassy eyes.

“Mama”

“You also pregnant Aphiwe”

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I start crying all over again. The pain I feel right now I can even feel it in my bones. This is a dream someone wakes me up please!

Epilogue

Sunday a day everyone hasn't been looking forward to has finally come and no one is ready to say goodbye to Nkosinathi Dlomo. The whole week everyone has been hoping that it was all just a dream especially his pregnant wives. It's still hard for them to believe that the love of their lives is gone and they will never see him ever again. Nothing could measure the pain they are feeling right now not even all the pains in the world combined. Every time when they think of the babies they are carrying tears would just fill their eyes. How could he leave them alone with kids and pregnant? But he didn't leave them out of his will he was butchered like an animal. His life was snatched away from him savagely.

Everyone is ready to go to the church but they have to see him for the last time. Mrs Ndlela helps her daughter up from the mantras who's wrapped in a huge blanket. They both walk towards the beautiful black mahogany casket with gold swing bar handle. As they get closer Aphiwe could feel her knees buckling and they're about to give in any moment. It's as if her mom could feel that as well as she holds her tightly. Tears fill her eyes as Aphiwe looks at her husband. This is not her Papito he looks different so pale and his mouth is slightly open. She caresses his face and the coldness of his flesh breaks her apart as it's a reminder of the life that is lost.

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“Oh my Papito I'm really sorry that I wasn't there to protect you. You have always been there to protect me but I failed to return the favor. Ngicela uxolo sthandwa sami kodwa sengizoba yini

ngaphandle kwakho...” (I’m sorry my love what it’s going to become of me without you?)

She lets out a gut wrenching sob leaning over to kiss her husband but her mom pulls her away and they walk back to the mantras. It is hard to accept that the love of her life is gone. How is going to live without him. Who is going to ‘gweba her’ now that he’s gone? Who’s going to calm down KJ whenever he throws his tantrums. ‘Kuzonuka umsinsila umhlaba wonke Aphiwe’ Even though he scared the shit out of her when he said that but at this moment she could do anything to hear him say that even if it’s for the last time.

Now it’s Xitlali chance to see her beloved husband. Her mom accompanies her as well and when they get next to the casket she burst into tears as she caresses her husband cheek. She has no words to say, she’s too broken and can’t believe that in this very moment it’s the last time she will ever see her Azucar. She will never hear him call her ‘MaLopez’ with his deep sexy voice or hear him say ‘awuthi inquza phela’. She always laughed at him when he said and couldn’t understand how it always got her wet. Come on who say that? Only Nkosinathi Dlomo would say that. Oh Azucar!

The kids walk in and Star gives them a chance to see their father. From the Zo who’s the eldest to the youngest who’s Mqoqi. One by one they see their father for very last time and scream in agony calling out for their daddy as if he would wake up and hugs all of them as their tears were his weakness. Such a heartbreaking moment. His friends are also given a chance to see him and Sabza literally cries asking for forgiveness to his friend.

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“I’m sorry boy the last time we saw each other I was so mean and I did you wrong. Please forgive me man. I was taking all my frustrations on you. I’m sorry Mkhabela I wish I could take back the hands of time.”

Khaya grabs a crying Sabelo and they all walk out after they have seen their friend. Thula refused to see him because she wants to hold on to the last memories she had with her brother and not ruin them with a memory of him lying in a coffin. Once everybody have seen Nkosinathi they all drive to Mrs Ndlovu's church.

The moment the Dlomo wives and kids step out of the cars the cameras capture them. Of course the media is here. The last days Nkosinathi spent in this world he was the talk of almost the whole country after launching his taxi academy. We all know that the first time he trended in social media that he wasn't even part of it, he was trending for having an affair with the late mother of his first biological daughter. This time around he's trending for something good and profound. People have forgotten about that scandal and they're speaking so highly of him and saddened by his tragic death. It's really true that your past doesn't define you.

The wives holds each others hands as they make their way inside the church. Lights of cameras flashing on them. They go to their front row where they all sit down with their kids and mothers. The service of Nkosinathi begins as his program is distributed among everyone. Tears stream down on Ndiwe's face as she stares at his father's pictures shuffling on a big screen on the wall. She couldn't understand what she did wrong to lose her parents like this. First it was her mom now it's her father. What's so wrong a 13 year old could've done to deserve this agonizing pain?

🙏 Baba makuvume wena
Kulungile baba
Baba makuyintando yakho le
Kulungile baba
Baba makuvume wena
Kulungile baba
Baba makuyintando yakho

Kulungile baba ☩

Nkosinathi's mom burst into a loud cry as everyone sing. She couldn't accept that this is God's will. How can it be his will when her son's life was untimely snatched away from him? No parent should bury their own child. Now all her biological children are gone. The loss is more than her heart can take. At least Nkosinathi left his clones which she will always remember her son with.

Mr Ndlovu is the first to pay his tribute to his son expressing how broken he is and he prays that whoever killed his son is going to be found and locked up in jail. He apologizes to him for not being there when he needed him. Once he's done he goes to his seat next to his wife and pulls to her to his chest. Thula follows but she burst into tears before she even said 5 words. Khaya fetches her from the front and takes her back to her seat.

☩ Ma ungedluli Jesu.

Izwa mazwi am'.

Lapho abanye ubabiza , ma ungizwe nam'.

Jesu, Jesu, Jesu.

Izwa mazwi am'.

Lapho ubabiza abanye , ma ungizwe nam'.

Jesu , Jesu , Jesu , Jesu.

Izwa amazwi am'.

Lapho ubabiza banye.

Ma ungizwe nam'.

Isihlalo esomusa , ngikusona nam'.

Ngi guqile ngingu moni.

Ngisindise nami.

Jesu , Jesu , Jesu.

Izwa mazwi am'.

Lapho ubabiza abanye.

Ma ungizwe nam'.

We Jesu , Oh We Jesu.

Izwa mazwi ami.
Lapho abanye ubabiza.
Ma ungizwe nami.
Jesu , Jesu ,
Izwa mazwi am'. 🙏

“I would like to greet my brother first who’s lying in this casket then greet everyone. Mnesh...well Nkosinathi to us his friends he was Mnesh. We met years ago when we both started driving taxis. As the years went by our friendship grew into brotherhood. He introduced me to his two other other friends and we all became friends but I have always been close to him. This man was a man among men. He inspired me so much I use to look up to him. I didn’t lose the best friend here but a brother who was always there for me whenever I needed him. When he rose to the top he didn’t leave me behind but he held my hand we climbed up the ladder of success together. I don’t know what it will become of me without my brother. It’s hurts that I wasn’t there for him when he needed me the most and what makes me angry is that whoever is behind this used my phone to make it look like it was me because he knew that this man would drop anything for me. Ngilahlekelwe kakhulu and nhliziyo yami yopha igazi. The day before he died we were together and he was so happy. It was his birthday the previous weekend and his wives took him to Cape Town and bought them a bike. I congratulated him and he asked me to always keep an eye on Khaya when he’s not around it’s like he knew that he’s going to die. Khaya is one of our friends and he’s dating his sister. I remember the day he gave Khaya his blessings to date his sister. He punched him first then told him and his sister to get out of his sight before he changes his mind. You could’ve seen the love birds helping each other up and running out”

Laughter fills the whole church.

“Then this other day when his wife called me to let us know that he was awake from the coma after almost two months in coma. So we went to the hospital to see him. Khaya asked him why he couldn’t just die because he had dodged death for many times. His response was. Die and leave you to play with my sister never! Even on my death I will haunt you man. Uzogxhilwa isigaqa nje sepapa kube nyaaa!”

The congregation erupt into laughter.

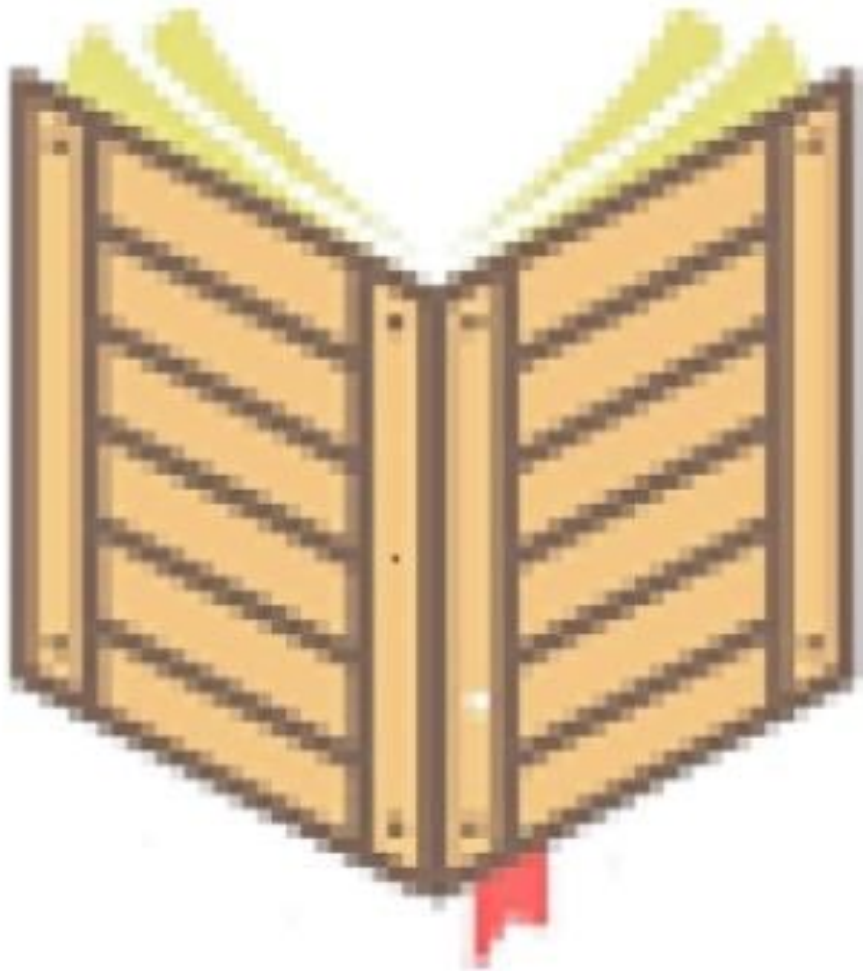
“And I don’t doubt him that he would do that so whoever that is behind this beware because my boy won’t you let you rest. He was fighter, he fought for what he believed in. He fought for the betterment of the taxi industry and today we have a taxi academy. The government support his brilliant idea in a year or so driving a taxi will be officially a profession. Hopefully our jobs will be recognized and respected. Nkosinathi’s wives and children were his everything to him. There was no day that passed without him talking about his wives and kids. MaLopez, MaNdlela ebinithanda uNkosinathi kakhulu and he knew that you also love him. Ngifuna ukuthi dudu nani bashana bami. I know I can never take his place but I’m here for you guys whenever you need. Ulale ngokuthula ndoda yamadoda” Senzo make his way to his seat swallowing tears that are threatening to come.

The pain engulf everyone as Uthandiwe reads the poem she wrote for her father while choking between sobs. Jay follows after her and read the letters of the wives they wrote for their beloved husband. Everyone could feel their pain through their words especially where they express their sorrow that their husband left before he met the bundles of joy they are both carrying. The funeral proceeds and after the reading of the obituary they all leave to the cemetery. The wives let out raw and painful cries as the casket descends into the the grave. Emotional pain flows out of their bodies as it sinks in to them that their dearest husband is

really gone. The sound of spades and soil as the men covers his grave inch by inch leaves a dark void in their hearts. Rest In Peace Nkosinathi Dlomo. Gone from our sight, but never from our hearts.



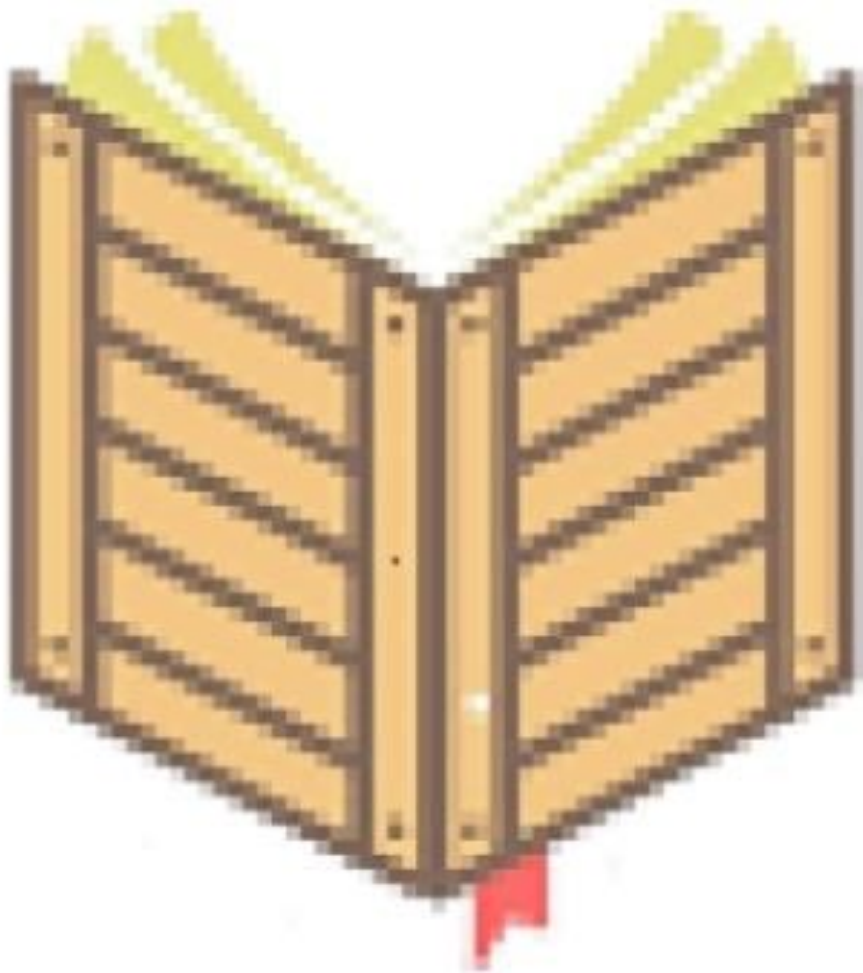
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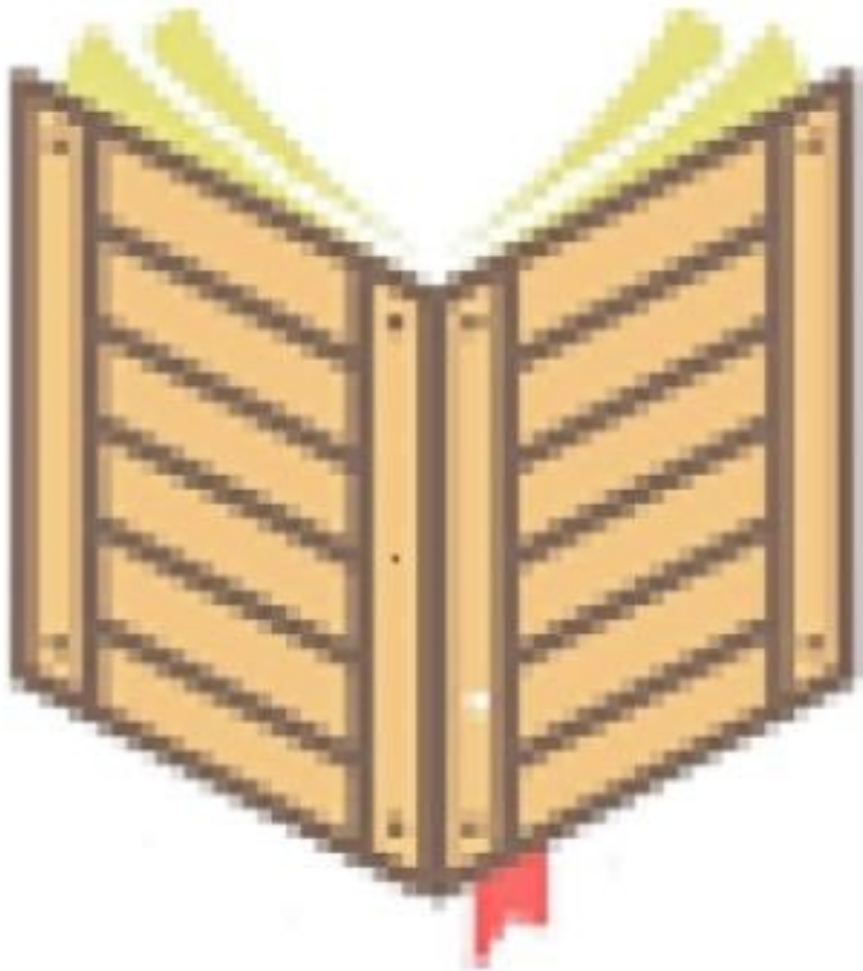
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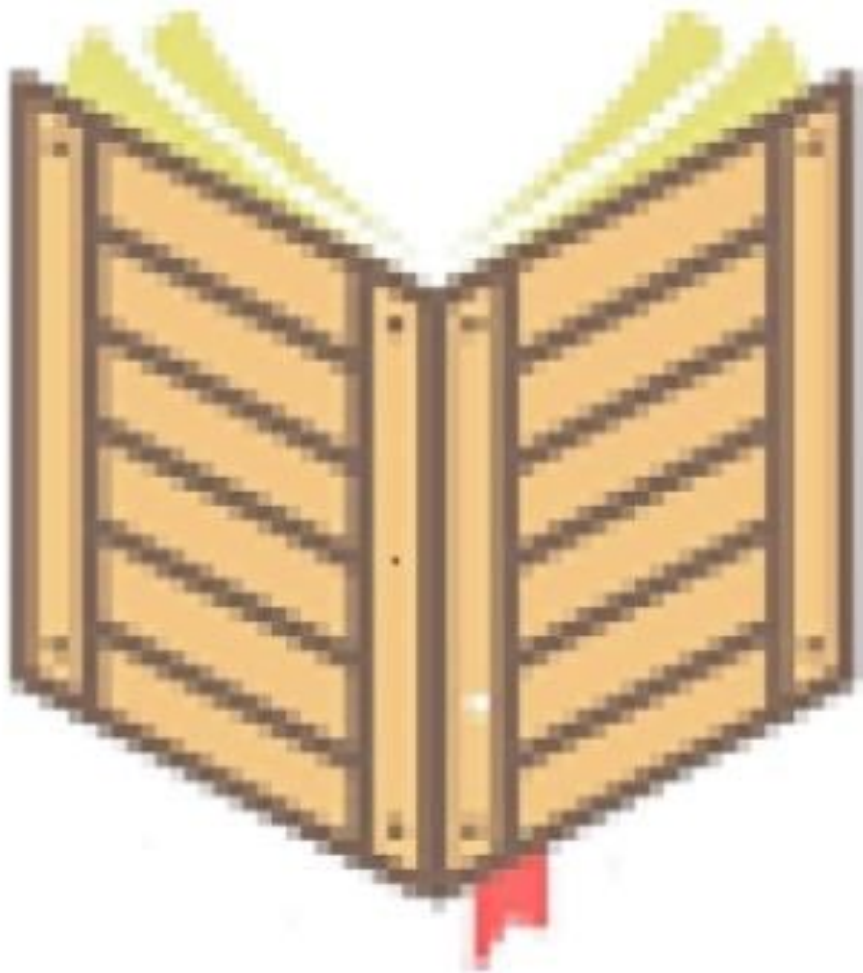
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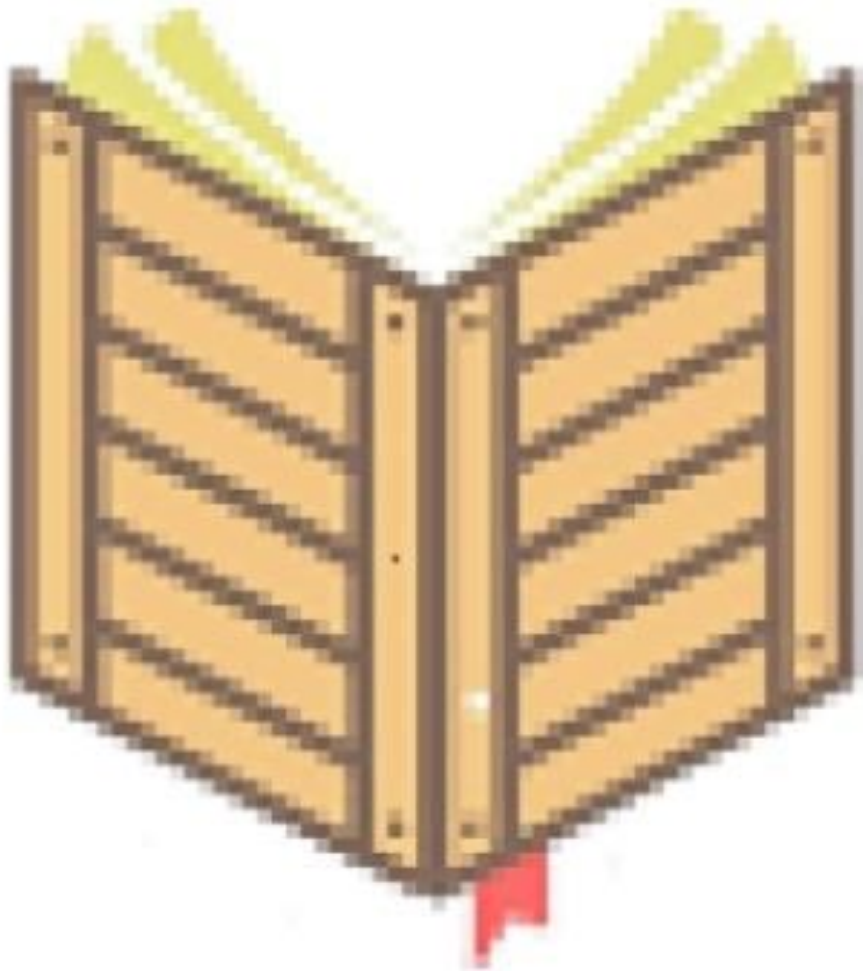
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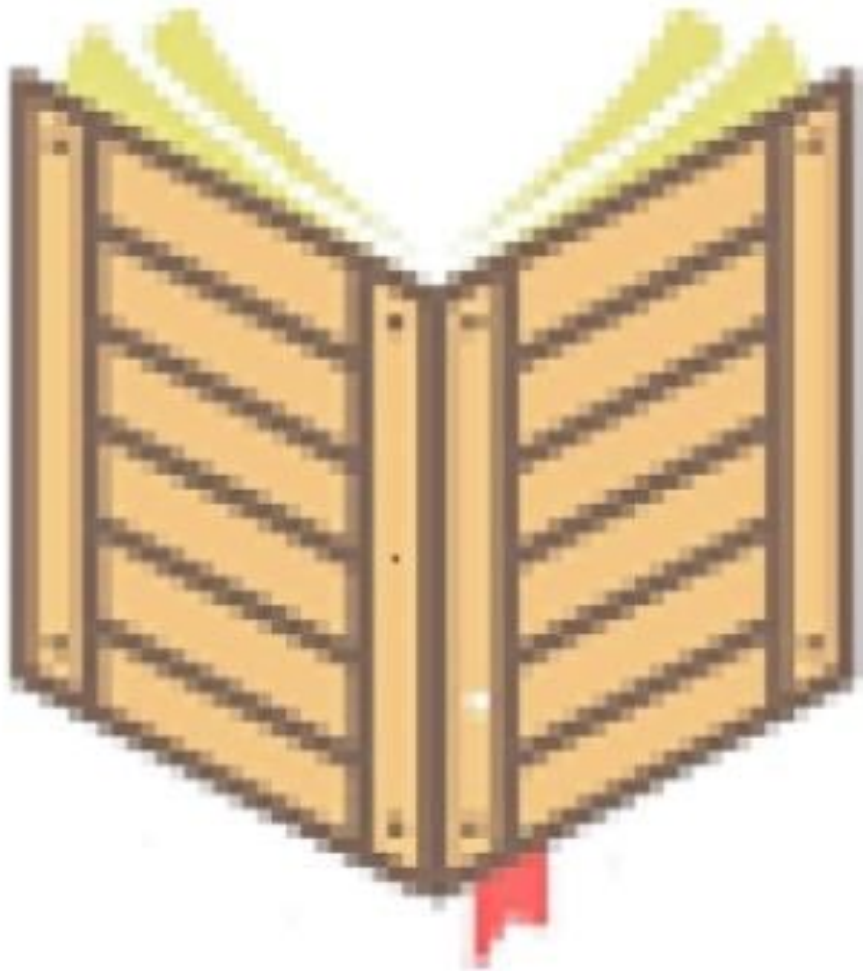
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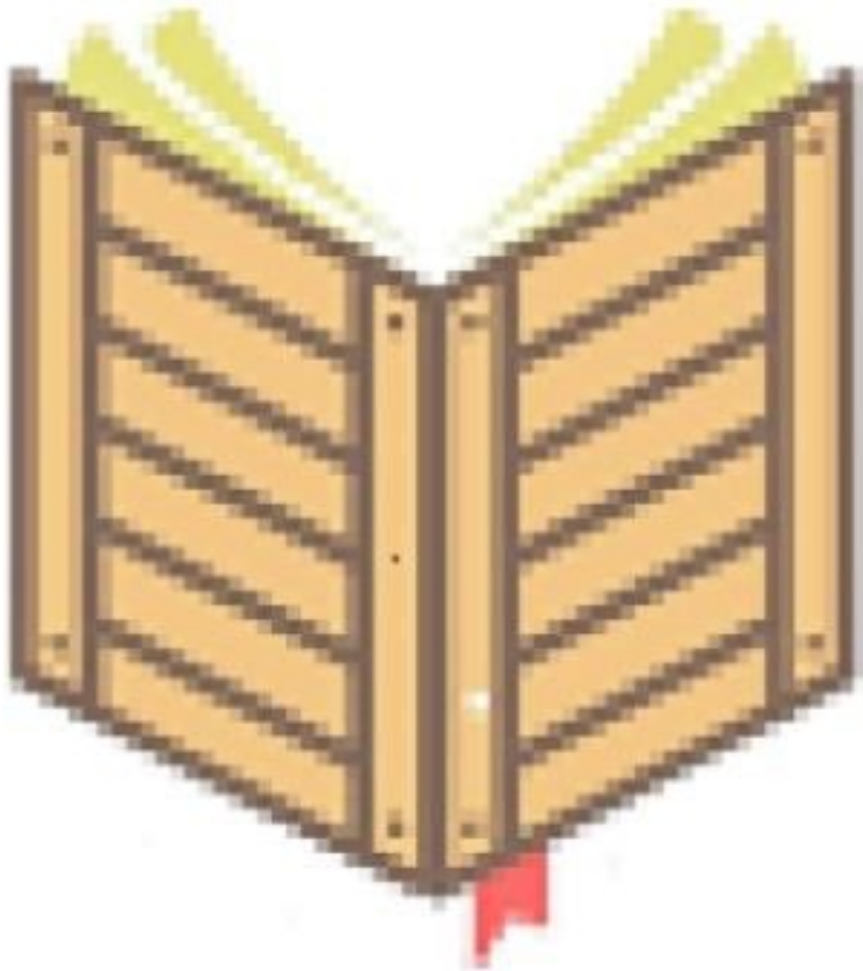
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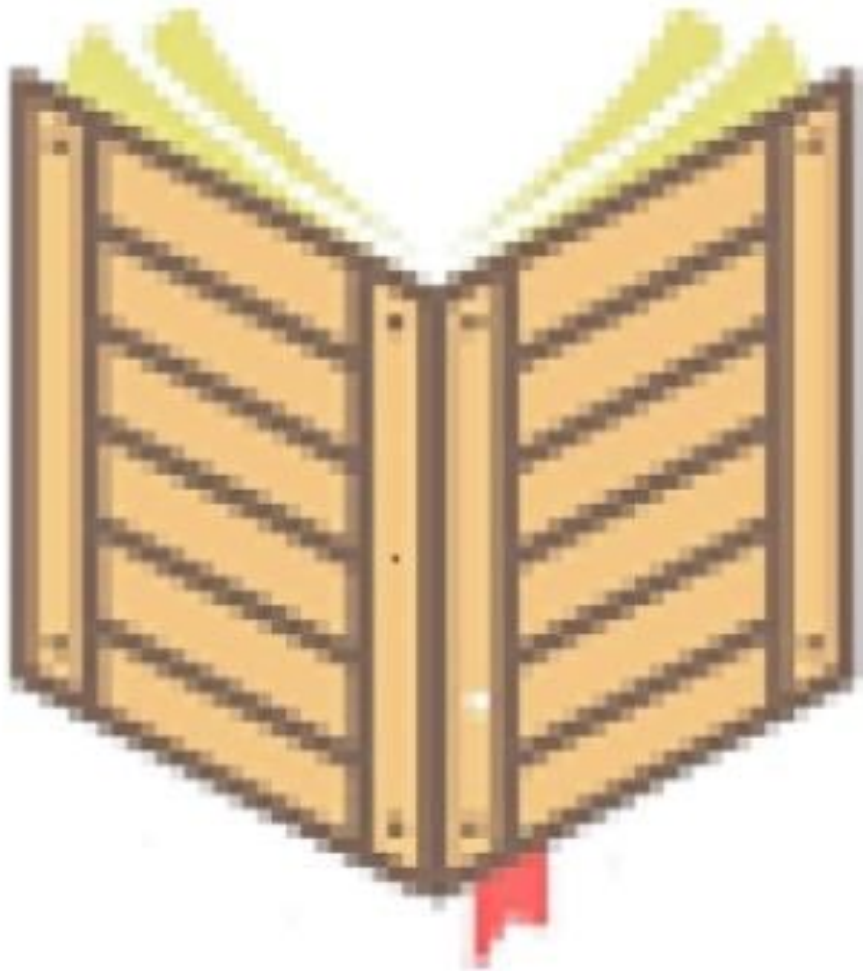
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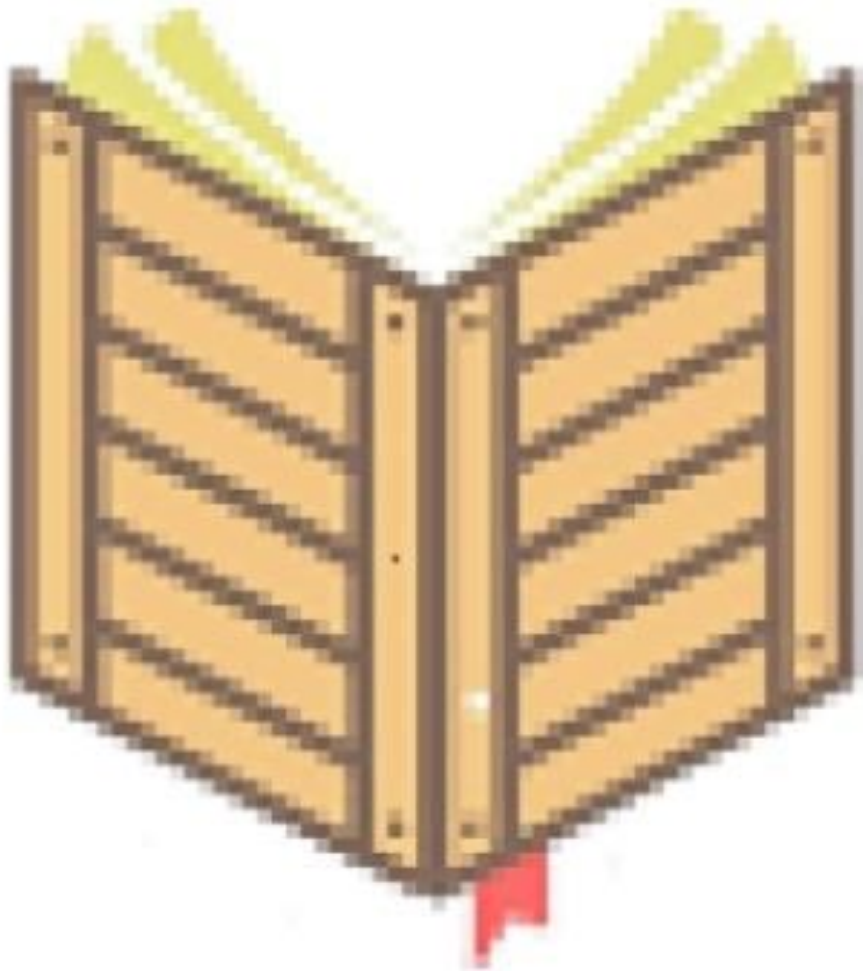
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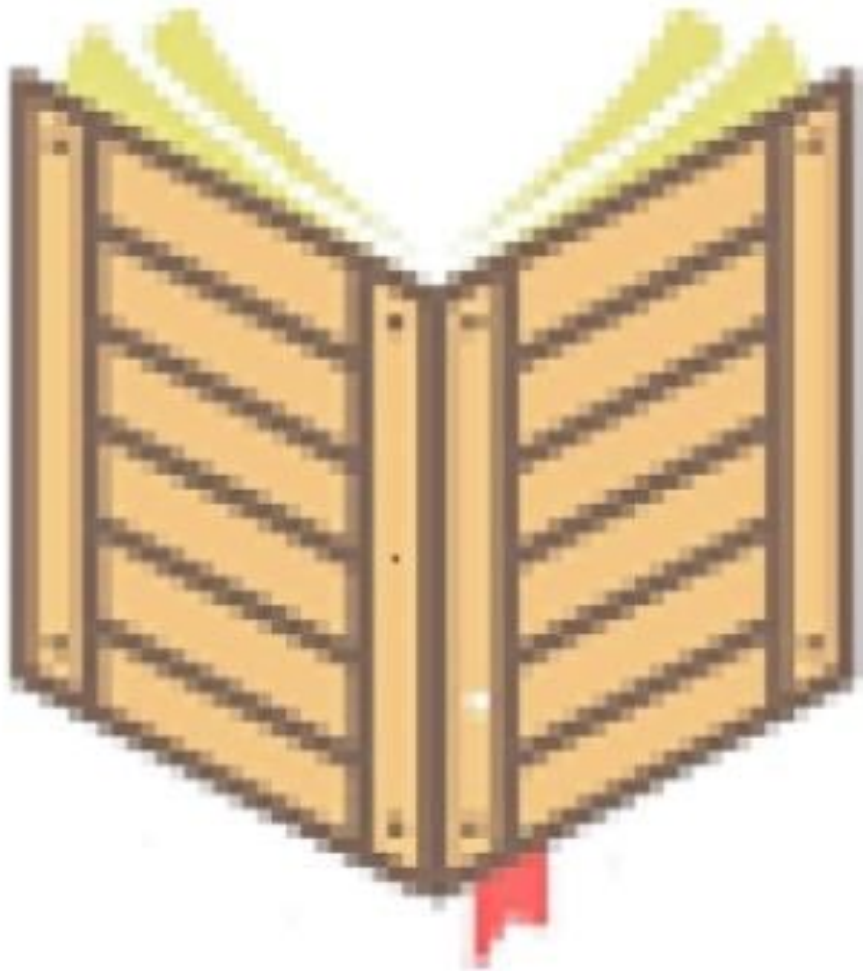
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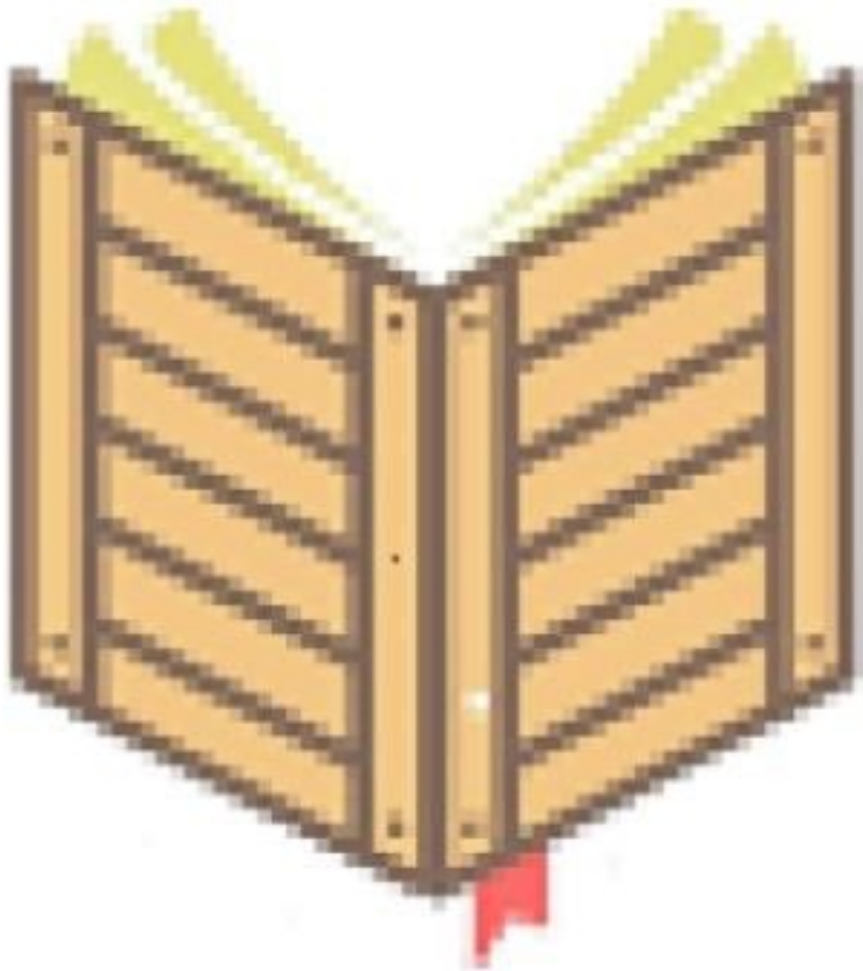
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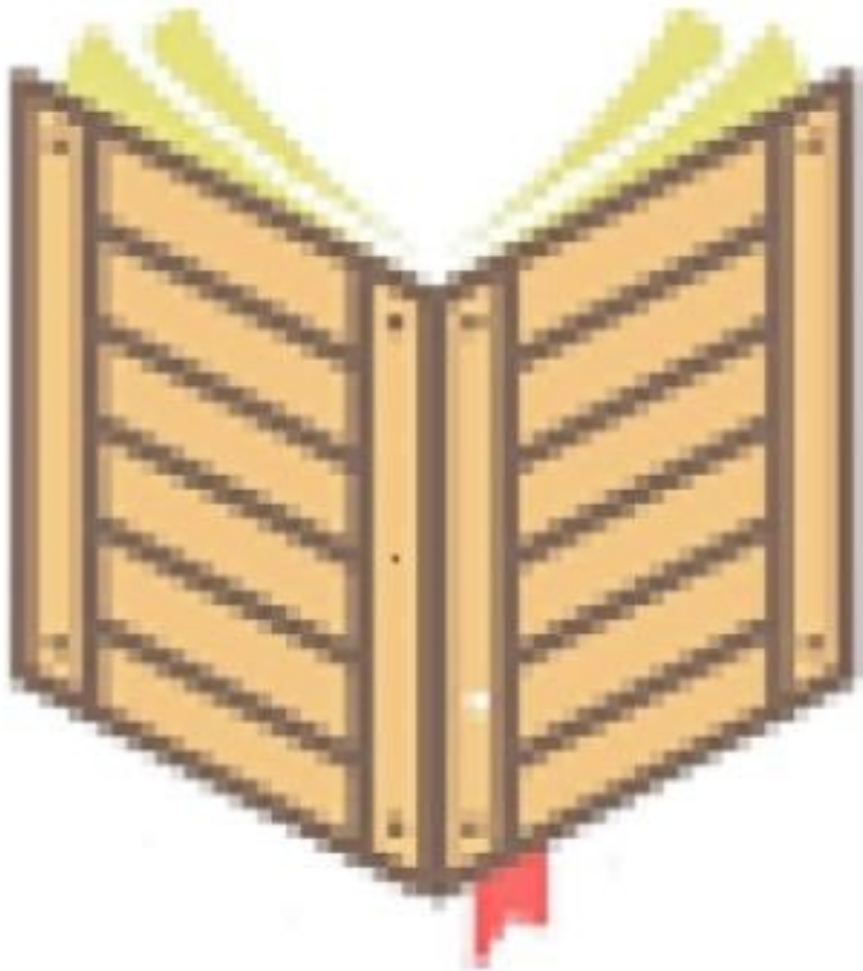
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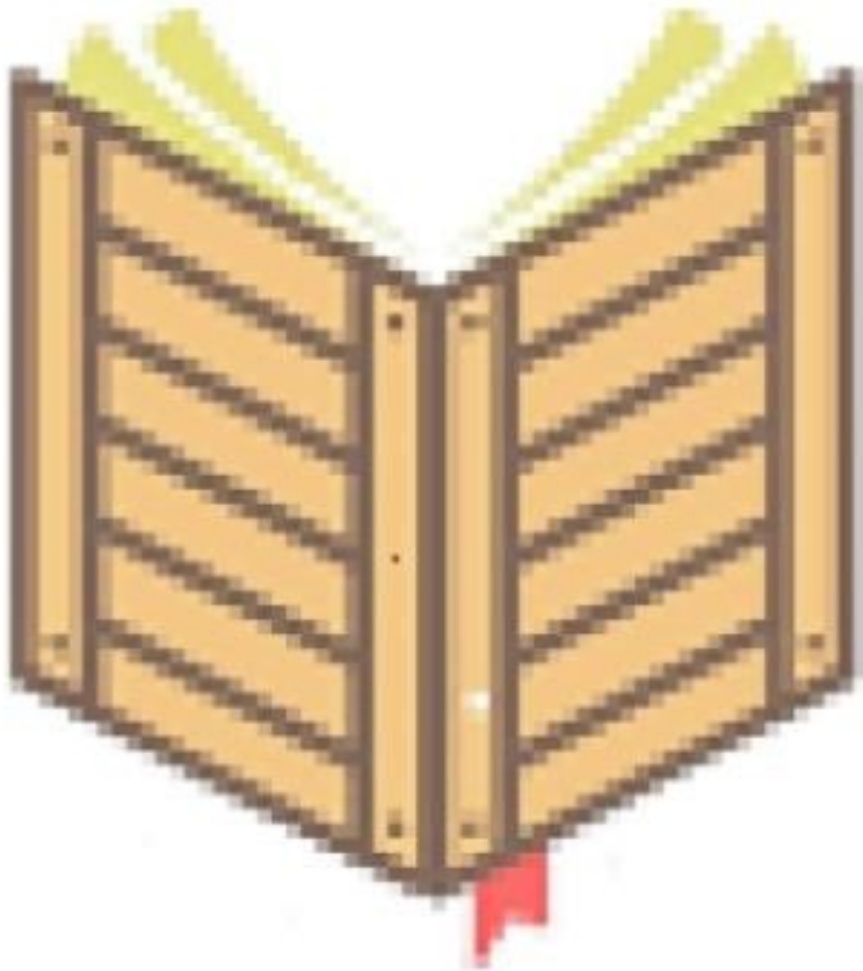
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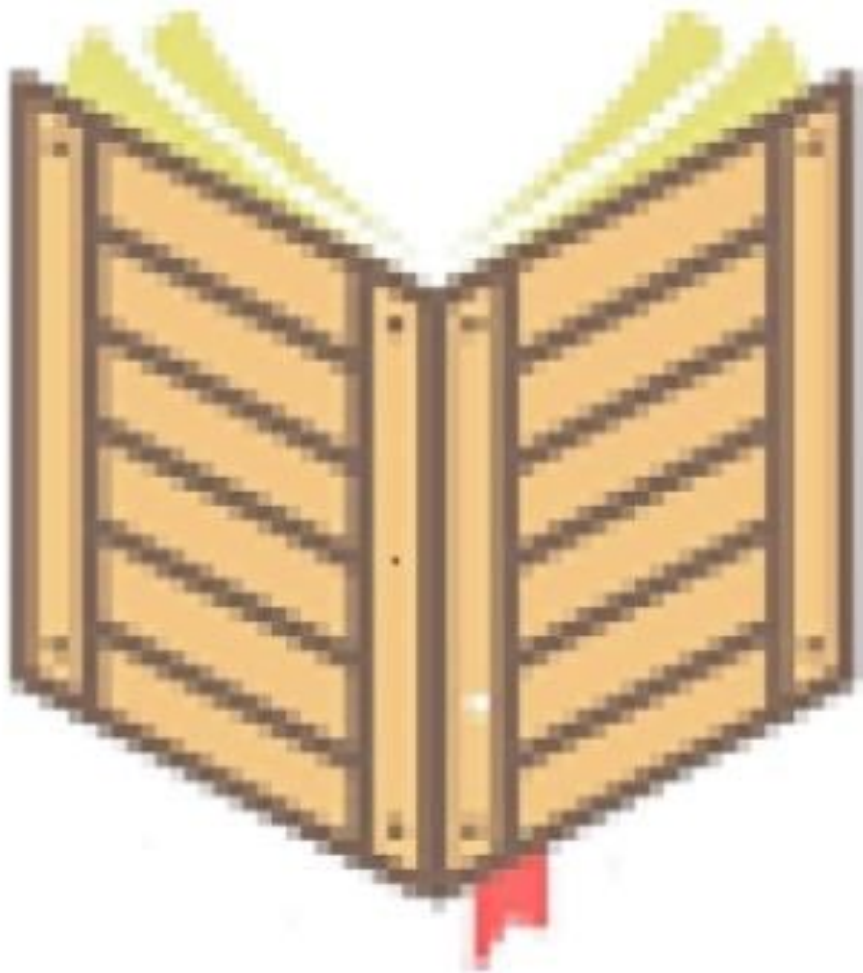
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