



For daily latest books please visit <https://novelsguru.com/>

And also visit my Facebook page, and like and share it

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/3345453369055623>

Thank you guys for downloading this book from my site please keep visiting <https://novelsguru.com/> for supporting me and also don't forget to share it with your friends.

Dear Friends please download these books direct from <https://novelsguru.com/> bookmark this site for latest African books, and also supporting me Thanks.

Chapter 1

Ulu

"Argh... screw it." I'm running late again, one more time and I could lose my job because of it. This is such an awful habit of mine and it upsets me so much, it means that I am a tardy person. I can't afford to lose this job too, where will I live? This damn zip! "Argh fuck it!" I groan, trying to zip up this stupid dress, I decide to put on a navy-blue coat to hide it and luckily for me the weather is working in my favor.

I run out of my flat in a flash, I lock the door and my security gate. I have 10 minutes to get to work and the ride is to work is quite long, it's like 18-20 minutes long, I speed my way to work. I decide to carry some files in my hands when I get to the office, trying to create the illusion that I have been busy; I need my boss think that I have been reading through manuscripts, I

mean I have, just not today and I don't want to get into trouble with him.

"Ms. Ndlovu, good morning." Mr Dingane greets as he walks past me, I know that he wants to see me in his office. "Are the manuscripts ready?" Thank God, I am done with these or else I would be in deep trouble with this man and I cannot afford to be in trouble with the boss. "Yes, I am done sir, I need them to be approved for editing, there's one I would like to edit personally if that is something that could happen, only if it is possible, I do not want to cause any troubles or drama." I try to ease it in with a smile and he looks very pleased with me. "You are very efficient and hardworking Ms. Ndlovu, you have a good eye, and I trust you." I am quite flattered to hear these words from my dear grumpy boss. "Wait for approval and then we can discuss it." I hope and pray that it is approved, I would love to prove myself to him and get a promotion. It would be so motivating to do something that brings so much joy to my heart and of cause, I would love the money that comes with the job.

I thank him and I turn around and attempt to walk back to my work station. "Ms Ndlovu, your tardiness will be the reason that you don't move up the ladder when people with less potential or people who are less talented than you move up and leave you behind." Shit he noticed, guilt takes over me, I certainly feel like a let-down at this moment, could this day get any worse? I

try so hard to work and concentrate on what I am doing but words of Mr Dingane play in my head like a melody that I can't get out of my mind. I am talented and I work my ass off, I can't allow one small quality to stop me from achieving my goals. I didn't even read three chapters, I hit my head on the table.

I pack my stuff and I take my bag; I leave the office. I get to my car and as soon as I switch on the engine, it notifies me that I'm running out of petrol.

"Shit!" I grunt as I bang my head against the steering wheel, three more days, why couldn't you wait three more days, I mean I'm getting paid why did this have to happen to me today? I don't have the money; how will I buy lunch for the rest of this week?

I slowly drive to the petrol station, making sure that I don't waste any more of the petrol that I have left. When I get there, I see beautiful smiles as always, these men and women are so kind, always passing out positive energy.

"Sawubona Ntombi emhlope." I smile at him and he does that same, Banzi

that's his name. "Aw, sawubona both'wam, may I please have i95 yeR300," he gets right on it, he even washes my windscreen. I hand him my card and I put in the pin on the machine. His face turns sour and I'm immediately worried and

highly embarrassed, I know what this means. "Sesi wam, can we please try this again, this machine has been giving me problems all day long. I'm so sorry mntakama." I know that he is lying, he is just trying to be nice and respectful. I panic my hands are sweaty, I know what I have to do and I am absolutely dreading it; I have to ask my father for money. I'm honestly trying to show my father that I am responsible and I am independent and I'm not wasting money on unnecessary things. I am scared that he will think I'm using the money to groove or do unnecessary things.

"Uhm... buthi may I have a moment to transfer the money to this account?" he seems to have no problem because he gives me the go ahead.

-call conversation-

Me: Gatsheni...

I praise him

Baba: Na'Ndlovu.

Me: Baba this is urgent, I forgot my card at home and I only realised after I got to the garage and had my car filled up I am extremely anxious; this has never happened to me.

Baba: Done, I've sent it. Uluthando do not lie to your father, it is wrong.

He reprimands, I am scared of my father sometimes.

Me: Thank you baba.

I ignore the last part and I hang up.

I see the car behind me flashing its lights, how rude... can this person not see that I am in the middle of a crisis right now? I am so frustrated at this moment and that driver is not making it any better.

I quickly run out of my car to the ATM to withdraw the money that my father sent to me. I quickly withdraw the money and I jog back outside so I can pay this young gentleman that has been so kind to me.

I see a tall, well-built man standing next to my car with the petrol attendant. "Here you go buth'wam, thank you..." I hand it over to him with a smile on my face, I am very much appreciative of this man and his patience. "No need ses'wam, this gentleman here has taken care of it." My eyes pop out, who the hell is this man, I have a stalker... I knew coming to Johannesburg was a bad idea but I didn't think that it was this bad, everything is expensive, I am all alone in this city, I don't have friends, I just want to go back home.

I give the guy R100 just to thank him and he gladly appreciates it, he leaves me with the stalker.

"Who are you and why would you do that; I won't have sex to you, you do know that right?" I make it clear to him; I don't

want these men thinking I'm here to please them. All these men want, is pussy, they don't care about love and having a family, they don't have morals. "I was just trying to help you, doing a good deed but clearly I made a mistake." He seems very annoyed with me and so am I, why would he do that? "What do you want?" I ask in a *pissy* tone, what if he does something violent to me?

"For you to learn some manners." My face turns sour when he says that. I get inside my car and I drive away, the weird people that we meet around here.

I arrive by my flat and I am exhausted, I throw myself on the couch and I fall asleep, no food, no shower, just sleep.

2

Ulu

Buzz...buzz

Dang it, there goes my alarm, I don't even snooze it. I get up with a groan out of frustration and I get out of my bed with so much irritation, I put on my sleepers; I drag my feet to the bathroom.

I bath and I finish up; I put on some makeup. Today is Friday so my clothing is going to be a bit chilled, I wear black jeans, white and red sneakers with a white formal shirt and a simple jacket. I make some breakfast and I leave the house with 30 minutes to spare, I am highly proud of myself, I tried by all means to be fast and ensure that I make it to work on time.

I kept thinking about that man from last night, why did he pay for my petrol, he doesn't even know me, some people out there are hard-core psychos, anyway enough about that idiot.

When I get to work, I am called into the boss's office and I wonder why, I am very early today with 15 minutes to spare.

I knock on the glass door and the boss instructs that I come, I take my seat and I have my notepad open.

"Good morning Mr Dingane." His face is so serious, I am even scared to utter any words.

"Ms. Ndlovu I will get straight to my point. Your book was approved." Words cannot begin to describe the happiness that I feel inside, several books of mine have been approved but this time is different, I get to edit the book of my choice. I try to contain my joy at this point but it is very hard. "You may edit the book, a meeting with the author has been set up and she will be here on Monday, take this time to note up everything that you might need." I am smiling ear to ear, I just want to scream, oh thank you dear God. "Thank you, Mr Dingane, I promise I will not disappoint you Sir." I am given a smile and a nod and that is all I need. I am about to make him so proud and most importantly I will make myself proud. "Congratulations on being early." He slightly chuckles and focuses on his computer screen. "Thank you, sir." He tells me that I am excused and I go back to my work station and I reread the book, marking every point that needs to be changed or rephrased.

I have a long weekend ahead of me.

Monday...

I am so early today that not even Mr. Dingane has arrived, I am super proud of myself.

I prepare for my lunch meeting with the author, I really want her to be impressed with me and I want to make sure that her book becomes best seller; she is so talented and she genuinely deserves that and so much more.

Time flies and I am already at the restaurant that the author requested we meet at.

She begins to tell me all about herself, her upbringing, her beliefs, her inspiration etc.

"So, you think with this approach my book sales will sky rocket?" She asks me for reassurance, she really has faith in me and it gives me so much pleasure to have someone give me a vote of confidence.

Advertisement

sans-serif;mso-fareast-font-family: "Times New Roman";mso-bidi-font-family:"Times New Roman";mso-fareast-language: EN-ZA">"Yes definitely, I truly believe that we can do this." I utter as I search my bag for the company card, there is no way I am paying for this with my own money, not when the company has the funds to do so. I pay the bill and when I stand up, I notice a familiar tall figure; oh, hell *fucken* no, this guy is stalking me. I give author (Malebo), a hug goodbye and she leaves the restaurant. If not now then, when? I walk over to the

guy who is wearing a black tracksuit, in the afternoon, what kind of person is he, who does that, it is absolutely odd/

"Sorry sir, do we have an issue?" I cross my arms. "I will not allow you to bully me, please leave me alone." That accidentally comes out as an angry whisper to him, well to his back, he turns around and the man looks confused, oh no...

"Is there a pro..." he takes a slight pause and chuckles calmly as he looks to the side, he even has a tattoo, I am revolted by him. "I am starting to think that you are the one who is following me Ms." I roll my eyes at the disrespect of this tall human that stands before me, "you owe me, how about we sit down and we have some lunch?" I try my best not to blush but I fail, he has the most perfect teeth, making me feel insecure about mine.

"You have a gorgeous smile." I try by all means not to show that his compliment excited me, his voice is deep yet calm and I can hear that he is a Zulu man and my father would be very content about that.

"Thank you, please give me your account number so I can pay you back." I give him a pen, so he can write it down and he chuckles in disbelief.

"I want lunch or dinner and until then you owe me." Persistent I see, my father would be so disappointed in me, entertaining a man I barely know, who has a tattoo on his arm.

I think that I'm crazy at this point, would he be disappointed or not; I laugh at myself.

"Well that won't work." I shake my head in disagreement, why am I still here, talking to this tall sexy *devilish* freak?

He moves closer to me and rests his finger on the document that I have in my hand and he smiles. "Gatsheni." My heart does backflips.

"I... I... I have to leave, goodbye Mr.." I just realised that I don't know this man's name and I've been here talking to him for like 8 minutes.

"Sorry for taking so long Mr Zwane, your food is ready and the files will be emailed to you." The young lady respectfully says, there is no way you wouldn't respect such a man, his aura demands it but me on the other side, I like to rebel here and there.

"Thank you." He takes the bags of food and he directs that we should walk out and I do exactly that. "I'll walk you to your car." He whispers as he opens the door for me, chills, I felt chills for a stranger, oh my goodness.

We get to my car; I pack my things inside. "Goodbye Mr Zwane." I get inside my car; I have to run away from such a person. "It's Bhekumbuso, you can just call me Mbuso or Bheki." Hhmm... Mbuso Zwane, "Mangethe." I think out loud, "stop or else I'll marry you."

I titter when he says that and I close the door of my car.
I say nothing more to him and I drive away.

What a day...

3

Ulu.

I decide to take the rest of the day off and I go back home. I get some food to eat and I just lie on my bed looking up and I just stare at the naked ceiling and all I can think about is that tall handsome man with a sexy devilish smile.

I must be honest he has me wondering, there is something about him that is enticing, I am not particularly sure what that specific thing is. At first, I thought that he was stalking me and maybe he was and for some peculiar reason the fact that he wanted to see me once again excited me, his impression makes me want to go crazy...

If I continue thinking about him, I will seriously go crazy. I feel my nipples getting erect, he is causing me feel things without even doing anything to me or to my body. I don't know this guy, yet here I am fantasising about him. I close my eyes and I can smell his strong yet sweet manly scent, I gently squeeze my breast, wishing that it was his strong hand on my breast, my body reacts with a strong shiver.

My fingers tap on my stomach moving downwards to my special place...

'Small town boy...' My phone starts ringing, "fuckit!" I groan as I turn around and I take my damn phone in anger.

'Hello' I mutter in an annoyed voice.

'Na'Ndlovu...' I blush when I hear his voice; the one I've been fantasising ever since I got home, I've been fantasising about this sexy voice.

'Mangethe, and where did you get my number?' My mind has the dirtiest thoughts, should I actually do it, or is it wrong, well I know that it's wrong but it feels so right.

'I'm a man that is full of many surprises.' He deeply chuckles and I feel shivers in my pussy.

'Hhmm... I see, what is your call about?' I act bored but I know that I like it, it turns me on.

'I want to see you tomorrow, I'll fetch you in the morning.' I roll my eyes, is this guy okay.

Before I can say anything he hangs up

I get annoyed and I decide to sleep, the things that I see on a daily basis of being here are something else, I just don't get it, I mean why?

I groan as I close my eyes to sleep...

I wake up early in the morning and I go for a run, I'm the laziest person I know when it comes to fitness, but I have to keep fit and healthy.

When I return back to my apartment, I see him standing there

in front of his car, I feel so embarrassed, I'm sweaty as fuck right now, I am convinced that I smell bad; I groan out of frustration.

"Aw wamuhle mntwananomuntu, aw Boyabenyathi." I giggle, I stand right in front of him. "You're a very weird person Mr Zwane, it's either you're crazy or you're crazy, it has to be one of those two." I tell him with a grin of my face. "Well, it's actually neither of those two, I told you I'd be fetching you today, you caught my eye." *I knew you were trouble when you walked in...*

I know I shouldn't even be entertaining this guy but here I am. Firstly he is clearly a few years older than me

secondly, he is a stranger and thirdly this man is too fine.

"Mbuso...Mbuso...hhmmm." I bite my lip and I walk away from him.

I want to play dirty; I've been a good girl for far too long, now it's time for me to embrace it all.

As soon as I enter my flat, I shower and I get ready for work, I'm going in late today because I'm very tired and I spoke to the boss and he approved so everyone please remain calm, I am not going back to my old and unholy ways of being late.

When I go down to the parking lot, I see him sitting with the two security guards, eating iskobo. Okay I've made up my mind this guy is mental, absolutely delusional. Firstly, why is he still

here and secondly why is he here mingling with the security guards?

I walk over to them and I greet the security guards. "Siyabonga inyama ndodana."

Translation: Thank you for the meat, my son.

"No problem. Nisale kahle." He stands up and takes the files that I am holding and he holds them for me.

"Let's get you to work." He holds my hand and we walk out together, yes, I am walking with a stranger willingly to his car, somebody stop me.

We get inside the car and it smells fresh and the interior is immaculate, it is a g-wagon, I'm not sure what I was expecting.

"Would you like some coffee first?" I nod, I mean yes... I need coffee at this point, it is my coping mechanism.

We stop to get some coffee and at the stop he receives a call.

Him: I'm not in the office today.

...

Him: Then call him, I won't be in any office for anything.

He looks quite upset right now.

He hangs up and looks at me with an annoyed face.

"Why don't people listen Na'Ndlovu?" He chuckles softly and shakes his head; great he isn't upset.

"My name is Uluthando." I inform him just in-case, he missed it or doesn't know it.

"I know, your name is beautiful." He leads me to the car and he opens the door for me, he is doing the things that they do in the movies.

We drive off and I direct him to my workplace; the trip there is absolutely amazing, we laugh and sing, it's as if we've known each other for the longest of time. We arrive at my office and now I do not want to go to work. "Don't forget you owe me lunch." He shifts my face towards his direction.

"Drive away." That's all I say.

What the heck am I doing? I giggle to myself.

He does exactly as request of him.

I call Mr Dingane.

Mr D: Ms Ndlovu.

Me: Hello sir, I know I said I'd be coming in late today but actually... (light breathing) don't think I'll be able to make it, I have such a headache.

(My voice is faint and powerless)

Mr D: It's okay, just get enough rest, okay?

Me: Thank you sir, I definitely will.

I hang up.

He looks at me with disbelief. "Have you ever considered being an actress, I mean..." we both burst out of laughter.

"Well no, you think I'd nail it?" I lift my eyebrows in a childish manner and he laughs and looks away

"I'm childish I know. I'm sorry, I'll act grown." He shakes his head in disapproval. "No need to act like what you aren't." I nod, I'm feeling quite doubtful.

"Listen, I like you and I just want to marry you already." I giggle but I sense that he might be serious.

"I'm giving you a day to feel the same about me or at least feel the need or desire to see me again." I laugh and I shrug and look away, I honestly have nothing to say at this point.

There is no way that a person can fall in love in a day but you know what, I'm willing to see where this goes.

4

Ulu.

The date was absolutely amazing, I never thought that I could have this much fun with a stranger but I did and it as the best date ever, he is actually a really funny guy.

"I guess it's time I get home, I have work tomorrow." I say to him and he sulks, clearly, he enjoyed my company as much as I enjoyed his. He is not what I initially expected when I first saw him.

"I wish I could spend more time with you but a woman has to work so..."

He opens the car door for me and we drive over to my apartment and on our way there I slowly move my hand closer to his, I hold his hand and I caress it, I don't know why but it just feels right, I feel comfortable with him. I can see a smile form on his face and it does on my mine too.

I feel safe, I'm with a stranger and yet this is the safest I've felt since I've been in Johannesburg.

Well, his not a stranger anymore, he is my friend, he is someone dear to my heart.

We get to the flat complex that I live in and he opens the door for me, I just can't get over that, I've only seen that in the

movies and now I get to experience it myself; it feels undeniably astounding.

He walks me to my door.

"Thank you for today, I really enjoyed it." I blush when he says that, I'm totally simping Mbuso. "So did I." I give him a hug; I hold his face and I brush my fingers on his delicate face. I tiptoe and I smash my lips onto his, I wrap my arms around his shoulders.

I pull away from the hug and kiss, my panties are wet from this man's touch.

"Goodnight." I say nothing more, I open my security gate, I lock it and he leans against the wall and watches me as I lock the gate and door making sure that I am safe.

I drop my bag on the floor and I let out a sigh.

I go straight to my room and as soon as I get there I undress, thinking about the day I just had. What is this? Where has it been all along?

I stand in front of my full-length mirror exploring my full bare body. My thick thighs holding in all the juices Mangethe made me feel, my nipples erect from the cold hitting them and the tension that I feel down there. What would he do to my body if he were here?

Would he finger me till my body shakes, eat me out like I'm the

best thing he has ever tasted, what would it be? Electric shockwaves fill my body, my imagination clearly running wild

I need to release this erotic tension. I walk over to my drawer and I take out my vibrator, purple in colour of course. I stand once again in front of my mirror.

I stare at it, anticipating how it would sink inside me and give me the pleasure I need and push me to the limit and maybe exceed the limit. As those thoughts run wild in my mind, I feel the moisture soaking between my legs.

I slowly open my thighs using it to push them apart. I rub on my garden lip teasing my labia and clitoris. The effect is overwhelming. I've been having dirty thoughts all day long about this sexy Zulu man, so my body is already quite excited. I tease around the centre of the intersection of my thighs of burning need, my nipples tighten to a sore yet purely satisfying feeling. Fully parting my legs and putting the right leg on the chair for support, I fully penetrate my wet dripping pussy, wishing that it was Mbuso doing all the dirty work for me. Cries and moans of pleasure fill the room, I try to keep my eyes open and look at my body and face, just so I can see the pleasure that I'm feeling but I fail. I increase the speed of the vibrator, sending myself extra waves of pleasure... "ff... fuck!" I groan barely audible. It feels too good.

"Ma..ma...mmmmm..." I fail to even finish his name; the

pleasure is beyond explainable. I bite my lips trying to suppress my moans but it is hardly helping.

Barely able to stand up, I force myself down on the floor, placing both my legs and the end side of the mirror.

Soon the waves building within urged me to press my thighs together tightly while my legs shake, barely staying on the mirror ends. As the sensational feeling overwhelms my body, my core muscles squeezed and spasmed.

Finally, the huge tidal wave of excruciating, broke over me. I gasped with relief and ecstasy, driving me to my climax. Each recurring wave of aftershock slurped against me, making me sigh and moan with delight as I was caressed with pleasant sensation all over my body.

Damn this man... Bhekumbuso Zwane, practically forcing the freak and bad girl in me.

After I finally calm and contain myself, I decide to take a soothing bath. I do just that relaxing my body after all the pleasure felt.

Even after the amazing climax that I just had I can't believe that it's still not enough, I need his touch; it is the missing piece.

After the great bath that I had, I get out as the water becomes cold. I lotion my body and I jump straight into bed; I definitely need the rest.

I look at my phone and I see missed calls from Mbuso and several messages. Telling me that he got home safely and that he wants me to answer my phone.

"Ulale kahle ngelosi yam. Ngiyakuthanda." I blush as I look at this message. Love me?

He honestly said that he loves, wow in two days that is truly unbelievable but I like it. I'm letting down my guard this once, I want to see where this will go, what it all means.

5

Ulu

Today I'm in good spirits. I take a quick warm shower and I get ready for work. I missed a day at work yesterday, I don't even know what I'll say to Mr Dingane, he sees right through my lies. I get nervous for a second, but you know what, I'm only human and if I want to rest then I'll rest, I'm allowed to stay at home right?

I groan out of frustration... I have never been a good liar and I don't like lying to my boss; Mr Dingane might be strict and all but he is a really good person and he is someone who I look up to, my mentor.

I take my bags and leave my apartment. I get to my car and I pack my stuff in.

I drive off to work and the first thing I do when I get to work is I go to Mr Dingane's office, before I start working. I have so much work to do between juggling this editor post and my actual job that I have been hired and get compensated to do.

I gently knock on his glass door. "Good morning sir." I humbly say as I enter and he looks like he is in a jolly mood and that will be working in my favour.

"Ms Ndlovu, you are so dedicated to your job, I am proud of

you." I let out a sigh of relief, I am glad he isn't mad at me, I genuinely thought that he saw right through my lies yesterday.

"Thank you, sir. I will make you so proud of me." I take my seat on the couch in his office.

"Are you feeling better today?" I freeze. Lying isn't my strongest quality.

"Yes I'm feeling better, thank you for asking sir." He smiles at me; he looks quite happy. I stand up and attempt to leave his office and he says something in a tone I've never heard from him before, a commanding yet oddly satisfying tone. "Ms Ndlovu if you need help, my door is always open."

I smile at his sweet and appealing offer and I leave the office to get to my work station and I get on with editing this book, Malebo is a great author, I myself wish to be that great one day but I guess I only spot the talent, I don't know if I have the potential to be the talent.

'The danger in our eyes.' With only that the reader is hooked.

It's lunch time and when I check my phone, I have no missed calls or messages from Mbuso, which is honestly quite disappointing, I'm not entirely sure what I expected but this is not it. After the great day that we had yesterday I expected him to be calling me nonstop and acting like the Mbuso that I know. Wait, wait, wait, I know? I know nothing about this guy, I'm just being crazy right now.

I decide to call and check on my little sister.

Advertisement

sans-serif;color:#222222">_Call conversation _

Yiba: Hey sis.

Me: Hey baby girl, how are you?

Yiba: I'm good, I just miss home you know? I miss dad, and I most definitely miss you.

Me: Aww dimwit, I miss you so much more. When are you visiting me

Yiba: Definitely after... (Small giggles and chuckles) ... uhm sorry after exams.

Me: Haibo Yibanathi are you with someone?

Yiba: I love you too. Bye Ulu

She hangs up.

Sneaky little devil, I'm very sure that she is with someone right now, does she actually have a girlfriend? Why wouldn't she tell me, she is so secretive argh I groan as I think to myself?

My sister is the best, I love her so much as much as she is annoying and very different; she is the light and star of my life.

I decide to go out and get myself some lunch, I am starving.

"You have a visitor." My co-worker says with a sneaky smile. I already know who it is, I can't help but blush.

"Oh okay thanks. You're being oddly weird Mmabatho." I snicker and she does the same, she winks as she walks away.

Mmabatho is very nice, she is chief of editing; she has the

dream job and dream life. Married with one baby. She and I are close co-workers, we definitely aren't friends but we are something close to that I consider her to be my acquaintance. I get up and I walk to my sexy tall man. I can't get over how fine this man is, he is scrumptious, I could eat him up.

"Zikode kaNdabanstele." I greet him with a praise. He tries to hide his amusement but he fails, he smiles and bites his lower lip.

"I got you some lunch." He hands me the paper bag with the food. "How did you know?" I giggle with enthusiasm. It smells heavenly. He got me some fries.

"Thank you." He keeps looking at me with no words exchanging. "Eat me." I voice my thoughts out loudly. He growls and looks away in embarrassment. "I'm sorry, you're just so perfect." If there's one that I am not is perfect but the fact that he can see the perfection in my imperfections is quite remarkable and very amatory of him.

"Why didn't you answer my calls yesterday?" I shrug and danger fills his eyes when he sees that I don't care about what he is asking.

"Lalela Gatsheni, you're mine and I want you to answer the phone when I call you." He orders through clenched teeth. I moan a little, as I said before I enjoy defying rules. "Yes daddy..." I utter in a silent moan, Uluthando you're at work.

Calm yourself.

He discreetly pulls me closer to him and grabs on my thigh.

"The games you are playing have consequences." He grunts softly in my ear and my underwear is instantly wet.

I let out a deep breath.

"Show me..." I whisper back, he lets me go, I feel something poking through his pants on my upper thigh, lower abdominal area, that's how much taller he is to me.

"Dinner tonight, I'll fetch you tonight. Be as beautiful as you always are." He kisses my forehead.

"Goodbye sthandwa sami. Ngiyakuthanda uyezwa?" I blush with a nod. There's something about a Zulu-man telling you that he loves you and him calling you mama.

Zulu men are everything and this Zulu-man in particular is something else.

Does all of this mean that we are actually a couple?

I mean he said that he loves me so uhm?

6

Ulu.

After Mbuso left, I got back to work, and I am far with editing and by the end of this week I should be done with the first draft of the edit so that I can begin with the second one next week. That would also mean that the author can check and see if it's up to her standards, anyways now it's time for me to go home, shower and get ready for a hot date with my man.

Mmabatho is also preparing to leave the office, we walk out together.

"So potential somebody or is he already a special somebody?" I knew she was going to ask but I genuinely have no comment, I will not give her the answer that she desires. "Can't a man and a woman have an innocent relationship?" I ask in giggles. "You tell me..." she walks away humming love songs.

Mmabatho is a senior at the company so she uses a different parking from the rest of us, they have underground parking spots and well us; we just park in the parking lot but luckily for us, we do have sunroof protection for our cars that we work so hard for.

I get inside my car and I drive off to my apartment and on my way there, I decide to call my father, I honestly miss him so much.

Call conversation Baba

Baba: Ulu...

Me: Baba'Ulu, how are you today?

Baba: I'm pulling through child. I just miss my children hey.

Me: Aw kodwa baba, ngikukhumbulile nami

Translation: Dad though, I also dearly miss you

Baba: Yeah, uMa'Nyembe is here with me, I haven't been feeling well so she came to help out.

Me: Baba why didn't you tell us, you were sick?

Baba: Hay man, Gatsheni; all is well now. Soon I will be healthy and working in the fields.

Me: No dad, you won't be doing any work. Please give me Ma'Nyembe the phone so I can speak to her.

Ma'Nyembe: Na'Ndlovu.

Me: Hello ma. I hope you're well. I don't mean to waste your time but thank you for being with my dad since he has not been feeling okay.

Ma'Nyembe: Kululeka ngane yami, ubaba uzophola uyezwa.

I'm so over protective of my dad, I don't want anyone touching him or doing anything that can harm him. I wish I could go home right now and be the one who takes care of him.

Me: Ngiyabonga ma.

She gives the phone back to my dad.

Baba: See I'm fine.

Me: Boyabenyathi ngikuthanda ukufa.

Baba: I love you mntwan'ami.

I hang up.

I get home and I shower.

I put on a short lavender dress with black YSL heels. I saved for the longest time to buy these shoes and today I feel like they deserve to be worn.

I curl my short bob wig and I put on some makeup nothing too extreme.

There's a knock on the door and I go over to open, I keep my door locked at all times, I can't trust the people here in Johannesburg.

I walk over to the door and I am stunned by what I see, this man gets finer by the hour. See I've seen him in different wear but I haven't seen him in formal, he looks absolutely heavenly, I could eat him up and leave no remains.

"Ntokazi kaZulu, siphalaphala senhliziyo yami." He praises me and I blush, I mean that just gave me butterflies.

"Ngabe ungenzani Boyabenyathi wamuhle Thembalami." This is what I've been missing, this is everything I've ever wanted from a man, a man who admires me and thinks of me and does stupid things to show that he cares about me

like how he has been doing all along. Mbuso has been working hard for me to see that he truly longs to be with me.

"Thank you Mangethe." I give him a kiss. "You look quite handsome." We walk out and I lock the door and the security gate.

We walk over to his car. He opens the door for me and I get inside.

This is a different one, it smells different from the other one. His g-wagon has that manly smell and all that even the interior shows that this man rides solo but this one... it's different, it smells like home, like love and the interior also has that homely presence; I love it, I love this car more. A snow-white 2021 Range Rover Velar, this car is above and beyond.

He holds my hand while he drives and I just admire the view. Am I... no Uluthando don't be crazy, don't be like Mbuso now I giggle to myself.

"Is everything alright?" He asks with a worried tone. "Of cause, I'm just thinking about something stupid." We continue with our cute pep talk until we get to the 5-star restaurant.

We got to the restaurant and we order food, conversation is flowing and the laughs are the kinds that are from the heart.

After hours of being here we leave the restaurant hand by hand, being with him is always the best even after knowing each other for a few days.

When we reach his car, he pins me against the driver door and I pant, it was unexpected. He looks at me right the eye and I get nervous and look away, his face comes closer to mine. His fingers brush my face and he pushes the hair away from my ear and face.

I feel a wet kiss on my neck then on my ear. "I told you, you're playing dangerous games." He reminds me and I respond by saying nothing, I allow my body to be my advocate. I'm in shock, my body is feeling the electricity.

He lifts my leg and I wrap it around his waist.

He kisses my neck and shortly after that, he places his hand around my neck and chokes it a bit unleashing the inner beast in me, I growl when he does that...mmm...

With his one hand on my neck, his other on my thigh. His fingers tap on my thigh and they move up and up, he brushes my lace underwear, he pushes it to the side and his cold hands finally touch my warm and soaked pussy.

I began to slowly thrust my hips on his fingers.

"Do you want this?" He asks with authority and I moan yes... fuck it, I need it.

He finally finds my wet pussy lips and he gently strokes. He presses his thumb on my clit and he inserts his middle and ring finger in my cookie.

His fingers are like tiny lightning bolts that send electrical shock waves through my most intimate areas. I can barely see, barely

able to speak due to the pleasure at hand. I moan and scream, I don't even care I'm in public anymore.

He covers my mouth as he pounds harder and very much faster. I ball fists on his shirt as I hold on for dear life, he removes his hand from my mouth and smashes his lips on mine.

I bite on his lower lip and try to suppress the moans from my mouth. A moment later, my body is shaking and I've lost all control of my body, he continues to finger me until all my juices are gushing out.

He gives me one more kiss and let's go of me, he extracts his fingers from my pussy and licks them making sure there's nothing left, he tastes my juices.

"Fuck..." he unconsciously says.

Well damn... now that was something else, pleasure wrapped in my Zulu man

7

Ulu

One month and two weeks later

We are finally done; the book has been edited and everything is complete. Malebo invited me to her book launch party.

"Congratulations my love." I give her a huge hug, she is amazing, such a talented young lady.

The festivals begin

After leaving the party, I drive straight home, I am tired all I want to do is rest and get a shower.

I arrive by my flat, I exit the car and I walk to my flat apartment. When I get there, something seems off, did I forget to lock the security gate?

I always lock, I mean there's definitely something wrong but maybe I'm just stressing myself. I put the key in the lock and it doesn't fit, I kick the door open and my eyes are met with a disaster. I run away from the door.

My shoe gets stuck on the stairs and I fall, the heel of my shoe breaks.

I quickly get up and I sprint to my car and I take my phone, my hands are quivering.

Mbuso is on my emergency dial pad, I call him, the phone rings but he doesn't answer, I call him several times and he still

doesn't pick up. I decide to drive away from this place, I drive to the nearest petrol station.

As soon as I get there, I call him again but he doesn't answer.

"What the fuck Bhekumbuso?" I yell out loudly feeling defeated.

I send Mmabatho a text telling her what is going on and she tells me to keep still she will be here in no time.

After 10 minutes she was here already with her beautiful baby, we went to the police station and opened up a case and we went back to her luxurious mansion

When we got to her house we found her husband cooking, it is such a beautiful view, since he is doing it with his child, I'm just thinking of my dad, my sister and myself, when we were young, we used to do that together, till now we cook together or just do everything together. My father tried by all means to be present in our lives, he showed us love at all times and most of the time we didn't feel the void of our mother and he never put the responsibility of my mother on me as the eldest daughter and I appreciate him for that. I do sometimes wonder how it would've been if she was around, how visiting would've been, getting married. Our mother loved us so much and the fact that God took her away from us at such a young age is painful, sometime sit is hard to remember the things she would do and how she was because of how long she has been gone and it is

even worse for Yiba, her memories of our mother are very shadowy. My father was the person who had to deal with her first period.

Advertisement

sans-serif;color:#222222">"Mmabatho, thank you for helping me, I really need to get some rest now so I'll just book a hotel just for tonight." I fix the cushions on the couch that I was sitting on. "Nonsense, there is enough space here for you, my love. Please go and get some rest and you'll eat when you wake up." I smile and thank her, she accompanies me to the guest bedroom and I waste no time, as soon as she closes the door, I hit my head on the pillow and I attempt to get some sleep.

Moments later...

I could barely sleep, I'm so scared. I can just see my house wide open like that with things all over the floor and others that aren't there, I can just picture scary men, what if I was in the house when they walked in? What could have happened to me? I wake up crying and I am immediately comforted by...by... "Mbuso..." I call his name with a snort in between. What is he doing here and how on earth did he find out that I'm here. "Smomondiya sami, you're okay?" He gives me a kiss that I don't return.

"I'm so, so sorry that I didn't answer your call." I lift my face up and I look at him with fear and anger all at once. Mbuso has

always promised to protect me and when I actually needed him and his protection he wasn't there.

"Did those bastards hit you?" His eyes are fiery and full of rage. "Uhm..." I move away from him; I won't lie, at this moment I'm scared of him, the anger in his eyes is very dangerous. "No, I fell when I ran away from my apartment and I hit my face." His eyes calm down and he brushes his soft hands on my sensitive bruise.

"Did you see them, is that why you ran?" I look at him in disbelief. I stand up and I look at him in the eye, now I'm upset.

"I was petrified." I introduce my speech; he better be ready for what is yet to come his way because he just stirred up a hectic conversation. "I am a woman Bhekumbuso and being a woman and more especially being a woman in this country you live in constant fear, in fear of the predators we call men. I didn't know what to expect when I got there, I feared for my purity and my mental stability. I was scared I was going to get attacked. Being a woman, you are scared to walk in an area filled with trees because you're scared that, that could be the last place you ever walk in, when a man can just walk freely and admire nature. That is the type of life that we as women live. That is why we fear having children because they could either be next woman to be attacked and killed or the next man to be the attacker or the killer." I'm already crying, this is how we

live, we can't even walk alone on the streets because if we do, we fear we might be trafficked, that is the sad reality of women in this day and age.

He stands up and gives me a tight hug. "I love you and I promise you; I will protect you with all that I am." He kisses my forehead. "Where were you today?" I pull away from the hug. "I called and called and called Mbuso and you didn't pick up; you didn't protect me when I needed it most." I admit my fears to him, I want to be brutally honest with him even if it hurts him.

"I'm sorry I didn't make it, I just got..." he stops talking for like five seconds. "It will never happen again and I promise you, I will find the people who did this and you will have your justice sthandwa sami. Ngiyaxolisa Thembalami." Aww he is so sweet. I jump on him and he chuckles and spins me around. I know he means every word he just said, he will protect me.

"Let's go." I take my bag and things.

On our way out I finally decide to ask him. "How did you know I'm here?" I inquisitively question him.

"Your friend Mmakwena told me." I laugh and shake my head.

"It is Mmabatho." He simply doesn't care about what I just said, he seems very happy to know that I am okay.

8

Ulu.

Before leaving, we are and we thanked them for their great hospitality.

We finally arrive at an estate/family complex.

We park his car, he promised to go and get mine afterwards.

We went inside one of the houses and it is stunning but it is definitely not a place where Mbuso would live, with the money that he has, he would definitely be living in a huge mansion that has an east and west wing.

"Beautiful home." I compliment. "Thank you, your flat isn't a safe place for you so I decide to get you a place to live, this seems to be more of your style." He is so right; this is the kind of things that I like, elegant yet simple with a touch of sophistication.

"Haiiboo, I can't let my boyfriend buy me a house or rent me a house." I exclaim with my hands in the air. "Fine, fine. Then marry me, be uMa'Zwane so I can buy you any house you want and do whatever I want with you freely." I laugh and walk away from him.

"No I'm not marrying you for such a stupid reason." I giggle and he looks disappointed.

I won't marry him because he wants to buy me a house that is crazy. I leave him there and I take a tour of this house, it is a 3 bedroom and the main bedroom has an in-suite bathroom. My apartment is a bachelor, if my sister is visiting, we sleep together; I don't have the money to be paying for a two-bedroom apartment for show awoa.

I decide to take a bath. I run a bath for myself. I can't even keep my eyes fully closed because I feel like someone is watching me. I get out of the water and I leave the bathroom in my naked body.

He is lying on the bed busy on his phone. "I don't have anything to wear." That accidentally comes out as a moan. He lifts up his head to look at me and his phone hits his face, I giggle and cover my mouth, a 35-year-old man, drooling like a little child. He stands up and walks over to me, I'm wet (*from the water*) and naked.

He hovers me and wastes no time, he picks me up and places me on his waist, I wrap my legs around his waist and my arms around his neck.

"You are so perfect... fuck." He smashes his delicious lips on mine and I instantly respond, we kiss for like a minute and he throws me on the bed and I land on my back with my legs wide open.

"Is this what heaven is like?" He growls when he looks at my

body. Whenever Mangethe is horny, he stops being the soft man that I know him to be, he takes all control and he just dominates, I love every moment of it.

“I want you. I want you so badly right now.” his voice is raspy with need. My pussy is throbbing with need now, all I need is him.

sans-serif;color:#222222">My throbbing pussy and the desire in his eyes exposes our mutual pleasure and need for one another. Our eyes met with a smile and a little giggle in between that. Mbuso spreads his tongue against my swollen beating clitoris, he licks and sucks my taste and juices, and softly smacks my lips. With his groans hovering in the air above their heads. He placed my clitoris into his mouth, and filled my pussy with desire with his fingers and twisted tongue. Constantly keeping eye contact unless the pleasure got too much for me and I had to keep my eyes closed, both my hands hugging on his body and as my body twists, there is this expression on his face, one that I've never seen on his face before.

I continued to stroke my pussy against his tongue, I kept riding his fingers and his mouth, sending waves of electricity all over my body with his groans pushing me closer and closer to an orgasm. His face is full of hunger.

He doesn't stop instead he does it with so much hunger, it causes me to scream that is how great it is.

He continues and I scream and press his head harder on my clit as a wave after wave of orgasm hits me, he doesn't stop, he understand the assignment and he sucks all of my juices.

He gets off his knees and he comes up to me to give me a kiss. I taste my own cum and I love it.

As we continue to kiss, his sexy body, his big muscles and sexy abs. Such a beautiful sight. I move my hands on his nude chest, rubbing it and caressing it. I kiss his chest and I unbutton his pants; he helps me to lower them and I brush his manhood, it is hard as a rock, I stroke it and it is so big, it hasn't penetrated me yet so I'm a bit nervous.

He groans in my ear as I stroke it sensually.

Turning my body towards him, I spread my legs and I slowly and nervously insert his penis into me. He slowly enters me, inserting his shaft deeply between my lips. I scream and arch my back, pulling him deeper and deeper into my pussy. When he penetrated me, I leaned back, making sure that he is getting the perfect view and we are both receiving the ultimate pleasure. My groans echoed in the spacious room. I looked up at the ceiling, a lamp still shining on the black wooden table. I am now feeling more in control and more like myself. I stepped forward to kiss my sexy lover, savouring his taste as he

continued to penetrate me. He pushed back and forth, faster and faster; he was making love to my mind, my body and my soul.

Both our moans were in synch clearly feeling the pleasure. "Mangethe...mmmm..." I dig my nails on his back and I clamp my legs around him and I hold on tightly to him.

In and out, in and out...harder and faster.... fuck! The wet sounds of our sexes combining and being one are music to my ears.

My body fails me and I moan out loudly releasing an orgasm and after calming down, he continues to fuck me until he cums. He falls next to me and I kiss him.

I insert his manhood inside me and I place my palms on his chest and I ride him out. He cums once again and so do I. I throw my sweaty body on top of his. He looks me right in the eye. "I love you." I give him a little kiss.

I just told him I love him what?

Ulu.

We spent the rest of yesterday spending quality time and bonding, I truly enjoyed it and of course, I enjoyed the dick, it was out of this world. I loved it. For the first time, he spent the night with me, he never does that, I guess it has something to do with respecting laws and traditions.

I have decided to go home earlier than planned. Saturday it is my mother's commemorative gathering if I can put it like that. My mother has been gone for 15 years and we will be remembering her and all the amazing things that she has done to us. I miss her so much and I wish I could be with her, and tell her about this amazing man that I have met. This beautiful man that treats me like a queen and I know that one day he will marry me.

"May I please ask you a huge favour?" I ask him and he is already smiling. He likes it when I want him to do things for me. "What do you need thembalami?" He questions me as he hugs me from the back. "Please go and fetch me some clothes from my apartment if it's possible. I'm scared to go back there, especially if I'm going alone." He kisses my cheeks. "Anything for you."

He takes his car keys and puts on some shoes. "Do you need something else?" He shouts on his way out. "Nope just bring

back your sexy self." He chuckles.

"You'll make me want to stay here." I laugh at him; he leaves and I hear that door shut. I go out and I lock the door.

I decide to cook for him, I mean I've never cooked for him and I cook for the people that I love.

I prepare beef stew, pap and cabbage.

I decide to call my sister and my pots are cooking up.

Call conversation

Yiba: Hey gorgeous.

Me: Dude... we boned

She gasps and then she laughs.

Yiba: Well was it worth the wait?

Me: Yibanathi a month is not waiting, in fact it was too early.

Yiba: Well in this situation it is, you guys are practically in a lesbian relationship.

I burst into laughter.

Me: and what makes you say that?

Yiba: within a day, you have shared I loves you, everything that you do, it's the same as what occurs in most lesbian relationships.

Me: Fine whatever, dude this guy bought me a house in a complex/estate telling me how safe it is and he doesn't want me to go back to the flat.

Yiba: if I were straight, I'd say we should be in a polygamous

relationship.

Me: Ew... I'll never be in a polygamous you know that

Yiba: Whatever dude, I just bought my bus ticket and I'm leaving this afternoon.

Me: Safe travels. I love you mntase.

Yiba: I love you to Ms dicked

I giggle and I hang up.

I clean up the house and after two hours I'm done cooking and he still isn't back; I am upset now. I still have to go back home today; I don't want to be on the road late.

After 45 minutes he comes in the house whistling a gospel song.

"It smells delicious in this house." He comes in the living room and he gives me a kiss.

"I'm sorry for going out this long, I decided to get you some clothes at the mall. I hope you like them." He places plastic bags and paper bags on the table.

"I said fetch my clothes though Mr Z." He shrugs when I say that.

"I know and I did

I also got these for you." I blush and I give him a kiss. "Thank you sthandwa sam."

I stand up and I dish up for him. "I hope you're hungry because I cooked." His mouth is already watering. We sit at the dinner

table and we eat discussing everything and him telling me how much he wants to marry me and he wants me to be his forever.

We finish eating and I wash the dishes, he helps me by packing them back.

We go to the bedroom and I pack.

"Ngizofika ngokunyama ekhaya." I'm frustrated by it actually.

"You're not going to drive alone especially at night. I'll book you a flight ticket and you'll leave early in the morning." I smile because I appreciate it deeply.

"Mangethe I know you do all these things because you love me and you want to express this love to me and I appreciate it, I appreciate it so much." He looks so pleased with himself. "But you have to remember that I can't allow you to do everything for me, I still have to do things myself like book my own flight ticket and pay my own rent." He looks upset and somewhat offended. "Fine I get that but I am your man and I will buy you the house that you want and I will do the big things. As your man I must make sure that your needs are being met and then you can worry about the minor desires." He is lying, Mbuso doesn't want me to do anything, if I say I'm craving chocolate he wants to buy the whole store, hay it is wrong.

"Zikode kaNdabanstele, may I at least buy my own ticket?" I try to soften him up and it works. "Well since you asked so nicely, I can't say no. You can my love." I smirk and I take my laptop and

do it before he changes his mind.

It is so fucken expensive but I want to show that I can be independent, that I am independent.

"You know when I was fetching your clothes, I found something that...uhmm..." his tone is low and very sexual, "something interesting." Out of his back pocket he takes out my vibrator and switches it on. "I was quite intrigued." I giggle and beg that he switches it off.

"I want to see how it works, how it is used." Yep, now I'm turned on for sure.

"Well if you ask nicely, I'll give you a proper show." I whisper with a very dry throat due to the scene in front of me.

"Please give daddy a wet show." He bites his lower lip as he sits on the chair at the corner of the room.

I stand up and I sensually start to undress, slowly unbuttoning the shirt that I'm wearing. "I have rules, no touching, you don't get to touch yourself or me and I want you naked. Now!" I order while I spank my ass. His breathing is so high and I can it from a distance.

I walk over to him and I sit on his lap as he undresses himself, "I'll be needing this." I give him a violent kiss and I move away from him.

I move the couch to be right in front of him but with some distance between us, to give him the full view or torture.

He sits before me fully naked and completely silent. I place my sexy body on the couch in front of him. I didn't remove the shirt I just fully unbuttoned it.

10

Ulu.

I let my hands wander lazily over my skin, I listen to the low snicker in his throat as he watches, wishing he was the one touching me, rubbing me artfully, as he sits opposite me. I tease the tips of my fingers over my pussy and wriggle my hips, the fanning heat of arousal coating my pussy in more lust. My breasts ache, my nipples crying for support from his gentle majestic tongue.

"Ma'Ndlovu I don't know if I ca..." I don't allow him to go any further. "Shhh..." I place my finger on my lips, I open my mouth and lick my fingers.

I reach down to my pussy and circle my clit, rubbing it gently watching as his manhood gets more and more erect with each movement and each sound.

I insert my two fingers and I pound inside myself and after a few minutes I stop, I stand up and walk over to him, placing my fingers on his lips and he lick them triggering me to whimper With a sexy walk I return to my seat.

Tugging on my clit as I slip the vibrator inside of me, I buck against the toy and feel the raised ridges of tender wet flesh inside of me. Desperation inside of me quickens. I need to come so badly; rising heat in my pelvis the only thing I can think about, I wish Mangethe was the pounding into me.

"Yo...you know, I...I... I" I scream. "I once, played with myself hoping it was you and your thick hard cock inside of me." I expose myself hoping that, that will allow his imagination to run wild.

"Fuck...fuck Uluthando I can't..." he kneels before the couch and kisses me, his hand grabs my boob and he massages it.

"Fuck it. I want you." I shake my head as I moan and I push him back to his seat.

I stand up and I walk to him, his manhood is standing at attention. I give him a kiss and he chokes my neck...fuck I love it.

I go on my knees and I grab his shaft with both hands, stroking it up and down as I keep my eyes locked to his, ensuring that I do not break eye contact.

I look back down and I am met with precum, I lick it off and I look him, making sure I don't miss a moment of this sight. The lust his eyes hold, I increase the speed on my vibrator.

I run my tongue around his thick shaft, leaving little kisses on it, he gasps surely enjoying it. I put my lips over his manhood, I first lick the top, teasing him and it works because he groans out loudly, I run down my lips taking his full shaft, licking sucking and spitting, giving him the full experience

I use my fingers to rub his sack.

I go at it for minutes, fast slow, up down. Hands being used.

"Cum in my mouth." I order as I take him in my mouth. He explodes in my mouth.

I swallow and I wipe the sides of my mouth, while still moaning. After he has regained his strength, he picks me up and places me on his lap, my leg over his shoulder. He rubs my clit as the vibrator does its job in me and in no time I cum, clinging onto to him.

We run the shower and we wash all the dirty and sexy things off us. I hug him.

"I love you." He says to me and I smile.

"I love you babakhe." We finish showering, we get dressed and I sit down on the bed and he does the same. "Na'Ndlovu, ngiyahamaba manje, I'm going to work and I won't be coming back. Ngiyakuthanda and I will be here tomorrow first thing in the morning uyezwa mama?" I get sad because I will miss having him around.

I walk him out, he looks so sexy in his formal wear. He leaves the house; I decide to work so I can keep myself busy.

I tell my sister that I will be flying in tomorrow and I get back to work.

I read through a manuscript; it feels familiar. I look at the name of the author and the title and I see that it isn't the same author but the name of the book is quite similar. As a good person I

have to tell the author of the original about such events.
I note it down somewhere.

Next morning.

I'm finally done preparing everything I am waiting for Mbuso to drive me to the airport.

He finally arrives and we drive to the airport, when we get there, I say my goodbye.

"Ngiyakuthanda and I will miss you every single day and every single moment." We kiss goodbye and I go inside. They do their security checks and I'm good to go.

After one hour 15 minutes I arrive at Durban and my dad comes to the airport to fetch me. I jump at him when I see him.

"Baba." I even cry, damn I love this old man.

"Ulu, I missed you so much my child. I'm glad that you are home." We get inside the car and we drive to get ice-cream because my dad knows that I really love it, he buys me ice-cream we drive home.

My father is 50 years old and he is a principal and the local primary school. He works hard and that's why when I'm not feeling guilty, I ask him for money.

I place my things in my room and everything feels perfect where it is, this is my home. Ma'Nyembe walks to my father's car with a Tupperware in her hand, I wonder what she wants with my father, I'm starting to think that she likes him and it is

more than just friendship or to help out.

I decide to mind my own. I text Mbuso telling him that I am home.

I get a notification R10000 deposited in your account. *'This is for your flight and buy some chocolate with the change'* I can't help but laugh, this guy is stupid. This time I will spend his money, I will buy something for my father because he deserves it and buy a ticket back. I will return the change.

Mbuso's POV

I refill my cup with whiskey as I take my seat next to my cousin. We are having a gent's day. My brother and our friends.

"So, this girl?" They ask me, they seem to be very curious about this special lady that has captured my heart.

"She is perfect and I want to marry her, I love her so much." My brother Sabelo shakes his head, he seems not to agree with me.

"Come on bro, I've never felt love for anyone but this girl, I can't let her go and I will not." I express and that is the truth. I stand firm in my decision.

"Ask yourself this bafo, are you doing things the right way and the fair way or are you just doing things to solely please yourself and your ego?" I don't even want to think about these negative thoughts, I deserve to be with Ulu and so does she.

We are in love and I don't believe that it is fair that people want to break us up.

I decide to end this conversation before it goes further and it creates war between my brothers and me.

Thank you guys for downloading this book from my site please keep visiting <https://novelsguru.com/> for supporting me and also don't forget to share it with your friends.

Dear Friends please download these books direct from <https://novelsguru.com/> bookmark this site for latest African books, and also supporting me Thanks.

For daily latest books please visit <https://novelsguru.com/>

And also visit my Facebook page, and like and share it <https://www.facebook.com/groups/3345453369055623>

11

Ulu.

I just got back at JHB and now I'm at the airport waiting for Mr Z to fetch me and take me back to my flat, I definitely think I'm ready to go back to my place. I didn't tell my dad about the break-in because I know that if I had told him then he wouldn't have been too pleased. He would've been extra, stressing out about me, telling me that he should come for a week and make sure that I'm good or that I should stay home and relax my mind, I know he just wants me to be okay but he is very overprotective sometimes and I just feel like he needs to calm down and trust me, and know that I am fully capable of taking care of myself.

Right now I'm wondering what it would've been like if I didn't have Mbuso in my life, at that moment he was all I needed and he allowed me to deal with my pain and mental issues while he figured out everything for me, he allowed me to be weak and deal with my mental health, I genuinely appreciate it.

I would've come back with Yiba but she still has a few tests to write but after that she is definitely coming here and we will be having so much fun together. I always miss her when she isn't around, I feel like between her and myself, I am the sister that is clingier and I want us to match and spend too much time together.

I see Mangethe's Range Rover drive towards me, the moment he gets out of the car, I run to him and I give him a giant hug, I jump on him and he picks me up and spins me around.

"I missed you thembalami." He smashes his lips on mine and I don't hesitate, I return the gesture.

We get inside the car and we drive back to that estate/complex.

"Mbuso, I told you that I don't want to live here, I can't afford loving in such a place." Now I am upset. "You don't have to pay or worry. I already paid it off, it is in your name. No need to stress about this." Okay we're doing this again.

"Bhekumbuso you're missing the whole point of my argument; you can't make decisions for me." I say a bit too loudly.

"Don't yell at me Gatsheni, respect me just like how I respect you."

"Okay fine, I won't yell but you just can't buy me a house or send me R10000 out of nowhere, how does that work?" I sincerely ask and he doesn't seem to be receiving the argument. "We will discuss this later." He gives me a kiss on the forehead and he waits for me to get out the car and he closes the door.

He takes out my luggage and gets inside his car and he drives out. I'm happy to see that my car is finally here, it may not be

as expensive as Mbuso's extravagant cars but I love it, I worked hard for it and it is very beautiful; my first baby.

I open the door and I hear sounds; I get nervous but the security cameras are on and the security guards are patrolling so I don't think that there could be anyone, I just think Mbuso left the TV on.

I enter the house and I hear giggles of kids. Wait, did Mbuso leave his children here and not tell me? I shut the door

"Daddy!" A young boy calls out and runs towards the door.

"You aren't my father." He looks at me funny.

"I am not your dad, I'm his friend Uluthando and who are you handsome?" I walk to the bedroom to put my stuff in there and he follows me. "I'm Mthokozisi

are you sleeping in my father's room?" My eyes pop out at his question, how can he leave his children here without consulting me?

"No of cause not, I'm just placing my things there because I'm leaving soon." We walk together and we go to his older brother. "This is my brother Nhlanzeko, he doesn't talk but if you hurt me then he will deal with you. He is like my silent angel." I giggle, that is so beautiful.

Mbuso did mention that his children are close and that is very accurate.

"Hi Nhlanzeko, I'm Uluthando it is very nice to meet you." He

nods and does not say anything else.

I ask if they are hungry and Mtho responds for both of them, we go to the kitchen and we make something small so that they can eat, children have to get enough nutrition in their system to remain healthy and energetic.

I spend a lot of time getting to know them better, all through Mtho of course because that boy can talk.

Their father returns with ice-cream and we are all excited, it was at that moment where I realised that I am very much childish.

"Dad I met your friend, she is kind." I smile when he says that because even though we have been talking since I got here, I didn't get the vibe that he likes me or that he thinks I'm kind.

"She also like Harry Potter just like Nhla and I daddy." His father looks so excited for him.

"Yes you like the same things that your mommy does." I am mommy? Oh, my goodness okay...

"Are you like our mommy two because we already have a mommy?" They all look at me even Nhlanzeka.

"I'm whatever you want me to be, but you have to remember that mommy number 1 is like super mommy, she is a queen and she is very, very strong and without her, you wouldn't be here and you wouldn't be the handsome and loving boys that you are right?" Nhla smiles and looks away and continues to

play on his phone, I'm guessing he and his mother are quite close.

We all sit down; we first eat the ice cream and after that we eat proper dinner.

The boys first bath and after that they go straight to bed.

"I'm also going to sleep. Goodnight." I'm just mad at him right now, he isn't being considerate, like at all so I just don't want to talk to him about anything right now.

I go to bed because I've also bathed. I get inside my bed and I just close my eyes, I don't even play with my phone first.

I feel taps on my back and when I turn around Mbuso is wide awake.

"I'm sorry for upsetting you and I will try by all means to respect your independence because I can tell that it means a lot to you. I won't lie and say I won't give you money and buy you things but I will try to minimise it." I wrap my arms around his neck and smile. "That's all I wanted. I love you Mangethe."

I give him a kiss.

He pulls me closer to him and I'm instantly turned on, this man has something on me, I swear.

"I'm not wearing underwear." I whisper in his ear. He bites my ear and I giggle.

He parts my thighs and he brushes it just a little, I'm impatient, I want what I want and what I want is dick.

I lay my cold hands in his pants and take it out and out it in entrance. I move back and forth riding it, he grabs on my ass bringing me closer. He holds my breasts on his hands and massages my nipples.

He breathes his warm breath on my neck we rock faster and faster and we both cum at the same time. This man will be the death of me.

"I love you. Now I can sleep properly." He spanks me and I giggle..

12

Ulu

A week later.

I have an important meeting today, I have to make sure I'm at work on time, the upside to this new place I'm living in is that it is closer to work.

I get to work and I go straight to Mr Dingane's office since he said he wanted to see me.

I knock on the door and he instructs that I come in.

"Ms Ndlovu, good morning. You're quite early today." I laugh because I guess that was meant to be a joke.

"Well the goal is to be earlier and earlier; I'm trying to act like the woman that I want to be." I confess to my boss, "and what kind of woman is that Ms Ndlovu?" He seems to be quite interested; he really seems like he wants to know. "I want to be an independent woman who knows her business." He smiles and nods. "Well, I would like to think that you are, I mean." He takes a slight pause and gives me an envelope.

"We have been tracking the sales and the comments of Danger in Our Eyes, it is amazing, what you did there was absolutely remarkable for a first-time editor, you have quite a sharp eye and your editing skills are overboard, I am sorry I didn't recognise your talent sooner but I am also glad because it has given you time to cultivate." This is the best day ever, I'm

actually being recognised for what I've done, I worked really hard making sure that Malebo gets the recognition that she deserves, she is so talented and she deserves all the great compliments and the money of cause.

"Thank you so much Mr. Dingane, it absolutely means a lot to me." I gesture with a small hug; I am very thrilled. "Sorry." I mumble, I got too excited, he simply brushes it off and continues with what he was saying.

"Well, the envelope in front of you is a contract, read through it. Ms Ndlovu, we are offering you a permanent editing post." I hit the table with my eyes pop out looking at him. "No... Tell me you are joking." I fail dismally to contain the excitement. He laughs at me. "No, I am not joking, you deserve. Take your time and read through this contract, we will need an answer by next week Monday and if it so happens that you have any queries or questions, you can obviously ask me or ask Mmabatho." I thank him once again; I take the envelope and I return to my work station.

If I accept this job then I will get an office.

I text Mbuso telling him that I have great news, I just hope that he will see it because he doesn't like WhatsApp. I continue with my work, I am so excited about this new job, I will definitely take it but seeing that Mangethe is a professional attorney with a law firm and all that, he can certainly do this for me and I'm

expecting this to be done for free. Perks of having a smart boyfriend. I start thinking of him, what did I do to get such an amazing man, a man who loves me and treats me like a queen, yes, he is 9 years older than me and he has two children, those things don't make me love him any less in fact my love has grown. His children are amazing and when I look at them, I just see their father, the respect that they have and the beautiful way that Nhla carries himself and treats his brother, is pure love.

I decide to get out happy land and continue with my work, mid-work, I receive a call from my man.

_Call conversation _

Me: Hey daddy.

Mangethe: Sphalaphala sami

Me: I miss you; did you get my message?

Mangethe: No mama, I didn't see it. I just got out of a meeting, what did it say?

Me: I have very great news to share with you.

Mangethe: I can't wait, and by the way you owe me too many kisses, it's been too long since you kissed me.

I giggle

Me: Mangethe you got a kiss from me izolo, what do you mean?

Mangethe: I need more kisses end of story.

Me: Let me get back to work and stop talking with a horny man, who should be working.

Mangethe: Is that how you talk to me Gatsheni?

I blush, I'm definitely feeling the heat.

Me: I like taking risks daddy.

I hang up and I giggle to myself.

I am pretty sure he is so annoyed with me right now.

I finish my work and at 16:00 on the dot, I start packing my things

I just want to go home and relax and I need a steamy and soothing hot shower.

"Look at this, you have a special guest." Lucia says in a risqué tone and I just giggle, people enjoy poking their noses in other people's business.

I excitedly take my bags and I exit the big offices.

When I get to the parking space, Mangethe is there with the boys they are leaning against his car, he has flowers in his hand. I feel like a mommy and I don't mean to disrespect their biological mother in anyway because I don't know the struggles of being a mother but this feels like... it feels like love and what I've been missing out on.

"The Zwane boys looking so handsome." I praise them, they look absolutely stunning.

I walk over to Mtho who has the biggest smile and I give him a

hug and a kiss on his forehead. I decide to not hug Nhla and respect his space but he actually tries to be nice and gives me a cold shoulder, church hug; I appreciate the effort though, it means something.

"Hey handsome." I give him a baby-kiss on his lips and he gives me the flowers and takes the files and my bags.

"Thank you Mangethe." We all walk to the car doors and Mangethe opens the door for me.

"Baba, what about me?" Mtho sulks and once his father has opened the door for him, he gives his brother a sly smile and I giggle. He gets scared when he notices that I saw him, "it will be our little secret." We fist pump and we both laugh.

Their father enters the car and we drive off to get something to eat.

"May we please get ice cream after buying food?" I ask like a little girl and Mbuso just shakes his head, this is not what he thought dating me would be like, he chuckles and continues driving. "Yes, I'm with mommy 2.0!" I don't know how to feel by the name mom 2.0 I kind of think it is very cute but it seems like Mbuso is not a fan. "Come on, it's cute. Mommy 2.0" I hold his hand and he softens up.

I personally feel like when we get home, we will need to discuss this whole mommy thing.

We get the food, we collectively decided on Mac Donald, Mtho

is not a fan of their ice-cream so we had to go and buy it from May's ice-cream stop.

Now we are home.

"Do you guys have any homework that you need help with?" I ask the children as I take my seat on the carpet and they are all sitting on the couches.

Nhla takes out something from his school bag and places the book on the table. He points at it, it is mathematics but it doesn't look like grade 5 mathematics, which is the mathematics that he should be doing; it looks a bit more advanced like grade 10 mathematics.

"You're not seeing wrong, he does advanced mathematics, his brain is mathematically more advanced for grade 5 mathematics." Okay totally makes sense. He will be a catch when he grows up, he is smart, handsome and an amazing swimmer.

I show him where he made a mistake and he finishes off.

"Mangethe may we please speak before you leave." He nods in agreement and he leads the way to the bedroom.

He sits down and I sit next to him with my legs on top of him.

"Before I say what I want to say, I want to say I respect you as a father and me being, a nobody, in all of this, I can't say much."

He gives me a weird side eye but I decide to brush it off.

"Go easy on the children, they are innocent and fragile. They

have known one mother their entire lives and you need to remember that no one can ever take her place in their lives and hearts, don't pressurise them into seeing me as their mom. We should be patient, this is a gradual process." Surprisingly he isn't angry or upset with me. "Okay thembalami, don't ever feel scared to say anything to me, I appreciate your input I love you." He brushes my feet and I blush. "I love you." We do a small kiss.

"Na'Ndlovu this is your family, you should fully participate in our family decisions." I smile, I already feel like his wife, Ma'Zwane. Uluthanda Zwane, it sounds right, it honestly does.

"You said you have news for me." I feel like it's been a hectic so I decided not to share the news anymore. "We will discuss it tomorrow or whenever." I smile, we walk out together. Mtho is asleep on his brother's thigh, I love Nhla so much.

His father picks up Mtho and I take their bags, we walk to their car..

Mbuso.

One month later, I am still trying to figure out, how I will go about this, I mean I fear losing Uluthando so much.

"Bheki." I've been trying to avoid her these days but there is nothing I can do, I mean we live together.

"Philsuwe." I walk over to her and I give her a hug and she pushes me away.

"Don't do that..." I am met with anger, she looks so pissed.

"I knew something was up, but I thought no maybe ngibona kabi. You're always so happy, we rarely ever have sex, two months Bheki and you haven't touched me. You always taking the boys out and leaving me behind, I should've known but I trusted the fact that my husband of thirteen years wouldn't do that to me, I thought that maybe it was my brain playing tricks on me." I see tears rolling down her face but the anger on her face and the hatred in her eyes is still there.

"I'm sorry, I was going to tell you, I wanted to do things right. I just... Philly, I'm so sorry." My intention was never to hurt Philsiwe or to hurt uNa'Gatsheni, I just want to see them both happy

"Don't say sorry, do you even mean that nonsense? You know what Bheki smashing another woman when I'm here

completely well enough to do it, that's one thing and I can teach myself to accept it and forgive but introducing my kids to some whore that I don't know and having them call her mom, that's something else and I will not stand for it, you will never take my kids to her house ever again." She shouts at me, Philisiwe has never shouted at me, in all our years of marriage, she has never done that.

"But I love her." I admit to her, feeling completely defeated. "Love?" She repeats, she clearly doesn't accept what I just said. I have never stepped out of my marriage no matter how bad it was, but Na'Ndlovu, she is something else, I have never known what love was until I met her, she...she has been everything that I lacked. It is fucked up that I had to love her in such a sneaky way but I knew that she would never want to be with me, had she known that I am a married man, fully committed to my wife until her.

My truth has caught up with me, I don't know what I expected but it is definitely not this.

"Please Mama Nhlazeka, I will fix this and I'm sorry about how all of this went down." I go on my knees, to honour my wife.

"Who is she?" It seems like she already knows, "who is the woman that is behind your snicker, the woman that is behind the new bounce in your step, who is she?" I stand up and she

helps me up. We both sit on top on the bed, I sit at the edge, maintaining a safe distance from her because she is very upset.

"She is Na'Ndlovu and I will introduce you to her soon. I want to marry her." She stands up and throws the lamp that is in front of her towards my direction. "You are definitely bullshiting me Bheki

manje ungijwayela kabi nxx." She leaves me and goes into the bathroom. I honestly don't know what to do know, her bad mood has ruined everything.

I take out the box in my pocket and I look at the ring, what do I do now? I have to do what I was meant to do a long time ago, I kept prolonging it after she said no, I am not entirely sure if she will say yes now but maybe seeing the actual ring will encourage her.

"Philly I'll be back. Please be okay." I have to do what my heart wants and what it wants is her, she is all that I want.

I say goodbye to the boys and I head over to see ithembalami.

On the way there, I get her some flowers, she truly does love them.

I'm trying to be fully happy and focused on her but I have Philsuwe at the back of mind and her tears do mean something to me.

I finally arrive at her house, she loves it hear now and happy,

she is here to stay for good.

I use my key to open and I make myself at home.

"Mthiyane omuhle." I praise, a short masculine lady comes forth, wearing shorts and a baggy tshirt, from the stories I'm guessing it is her sister. I'm glad she finally came because Uluthando was starting to think that her sister doesn't want to spend time with her anymore.

"Who are you?" She rudely asks.

"Oh sorry, I didn't know that Na'Ndlovu wasn't here. I'm her future husband Mbuso." She laughs and takes the seat right opposite me. "Future husband?" She crocks her eyebrows. "You don't think I have what it takes to marry your sister?" She shrugs, and walks away.

"She is in her bedroom." She walks away, my palms are sweaty, a little girl made my palms sweaty, what the heck?

I go over to her room and she is getting dressed. "Mthiyane." I greet her with a kiss on her naked bed.

"Missed me much?" She asks as she turns around and faces me.

"With all that I am." I give her a kiss.

"I know that your sister is finally here and I know you want to spend time with her but may I just steal you for a few hours?"

She sways left to right, with a thinking face on. "Two hours." I don't argue, I accept the terms and I wait for her to get dressed.

"Yiba we will be back in an hour, I love you." She says to her sister. "Alright dude, I love you more. Goodbye to you too future husband." I chuckle at her statement, argh I feel so stupid.

We get inside the car and we drive off, we get to the middle of nowhere and I park my car next to the street.

"Is everything okay?" She worriedly asks me.

I unbuckle my seatbelt and I exit the car, I walk over to her side of the car and I open the door for her.

Her face is confused and she looks a bit scared to be around these kinds of areas.

We stand in front of the car.

"Uluthando I love you, I can't do this anymore, you are my hardest goodbye, and all I want is to be with you all the time." She blushes and covers her face because she is feeling a bit shy.

"Maybe you wanted something extravagant, I'm sorry I couldn't provide that, Gatsheni, please marry me and be mine forever?" I place the box on her hand and I walk away from her.

I hear giggling, did I just make a fool out of myself again?

"Mangethe if you walk away how will you hear my verdict?" I finally hear her say something, I turn around and she has the ring on her finger, she lifts up her hand and shows me her finger.

"It's a yes." She squeals. I give her a massive hug.

"You're going to be my wife." I let out a sigh of relief. She said yes..

"Gatsheni are you truly saying yes, you want to be my wife?" With her head held high she smiles and nods continuously with tears in her eyes, this moment seems so surreal.

"I want to be with you forever Mangethe, you are the love of my life, you are my soulmate and I don't see myself with anyone but you." I smash my lips onto his, we love kissing each other.

We have our moment, we keep kissing and hugging each other. I am so grateful to God, without him I wouldn't have this man, the man I've prayed for.

After our moment, we went to get some food and drinks, I bought Yiba and myself some food, I wanted to buy for the boys as well but Mbuso said that he wants to start at work first and by the time he gets home the food will be cold and inedible.

He drops me off at home, he opens the door me. We stand in front of the car.

"Goodbye sthandwa senhliziyo yami." I wrap my arms around his shoulder.

"Mrs Zwane to be, I can't wait for you to be my wife." Neither can I, I will be Mrs Z, Uluthando Mangethe.

We kiss and I watch him drive off, I wish I could just spend more time with him especially after such a day.

I walk inside the house.

"Yiba where are you dude?" I shout with so much excitement and the first person I want to share all this happiness with is my sister.

"Bedroom." She shouts back, that is how we are and I don't see that changing hey. I hurry to her bedroom, I place the food on the study table by the corner and I take my seat on the bed.

She looks up and gives me a weird look, "why are you beaming?" She sounds very suspicious of me, Mbuso makes me so happy that my face shows it all.

"What do you think of Mbuso?" It looks like she has been preparing for this moment, she places her phone next to her on the bed and sits up properly.

"He looks cool, he seems to be totally into you and definitely has deep feelings for you, just like how you look when you talk about him." I smile when she says that, I definitely want my sister's approval. She is never wrong when it comes to things that are good for me, she may be the younger sister but she is very wise for her age.

"He is super handsome right?" She laughs at my question.

"I don't know about all that but what I can say is, men are gross and Mbuso is not disgusting." My sister is deeply gay, she does

not find men cute at all, and I can't believe she said that about Mbuso. "Yibanathi hay man, this is the man that I love and that's all you can say." I definitely want her to change her statement, maybe I will get something sweeter from her. "Okay, okay... let's just say if men were ogres then Mbuso would Shrek." This time I can't help but laugh and she gets upset with me. "Fine I'm sorry then, Shrek is cute so I'll take it." She winks at me and she picks up her phone.

I decide to stand up and twirl around, giving her a show, I want to see if she will see the ring. "What are you doing?" She looks at me like I'm being totally stupid. "Notice anything different, anything newwww." I emphasise the word new and she looks hella confused.

I slowly lift up my hand. "Well... let's just say that your older sister is getting married." I show her the ring and she screams, now her girly and feminine side is out and ready to play.

"No Ulu, you're joking right?" She jumps off the bed and stares at me waiting for a response. "I'm not, he proposed when we went out and I said yes, I'm getting married bro." When I look at my little sister her eyes are full of tears, she walks slowly to me, and I can see that she is still in disbelief; she opens her arms for the warmest hug and I just fall into her arms.

"I'm so happy for you, I love you and you deserve all this happiness." Now I'm crying, I mean Yiba being emotional is making me emotional, now we are both crying.

Advertisement

sans-serif;mso-fareast-font-family: "Times New Roman";mso-bidi-font-family:"Times New Roman";mso-fareast-language: EN-ZA">"I love you bro." I remind her, I tell that I love her every single day.

"Dude this man told me that he is going to marry you and I thought that he was joking or something but... Ulu you are getting married, I mean wow." She hugs me again, holding me tightly.

She kisses my cheeks like a small child and I snicker, she is too cute.

We take the food and we start discussing everything, she is already telling me how my wedding will be like.

"I'm your maid of honour." She makes that clear, of cause she is. If not her then who?

We watched Netflix until we fell asleep on her bed.

I wake up in the morning feeling fresh and very happy.

When I wake up Yibanathi is not in bed with me, I sulk.

I make the bed, I take the paper bags from yesterday and I got into the kitchen to put them in a plastic bag.

She is behind the counter preparing breakfast. "Smells delicious." One thing about us Ndlovu girls, we can cook; our father taught us how to cook and we did not disappoint. I'm just lazy that's all.

"Good morning to you too." I roll my eyes when she gives me an attitude.

"Oh shit, it's Wednesday, I have to take out the garbage." I mutter to myself.

I quickly go into my bedroom and I change into some pants and a baggy t-shirt, I am definitely copying my sister and I know she won't like it.

I leave my bedroom and I go outside to the garage and I take the plastic bags so I can put them where they belong. I place the plastic bags, when I go back to the front of my house, I see a woman looking at me, I try avoiding her, I walk over to place the garbage bags where they belong so they can be collected and this lady is still looking at me and she is not moving her eyes away from me.

I wave at her and still nothing. I walk over to her to make sure that she is okay.

When I get closer to her and I look at her straight in the eye and I immediately know who it is; her eyes and lips, they look too familiar.

She is a replica of Nhla or should I say Nhla is a replica of her?
She looks at me with eyes that are full of tears.

She looks like she is about to fall so I help her sit on the bench near us.

"Bheki..." that is all she says and I'm left confused, what does he have to do with why she is here.

I don't say anything, I just hold her hand.

"I... he was" I don't clearly get what she is saying. I think it is along the lines of she still loves him or cares for him; I'm guessing she never thought that he would move on and now that he did, it is hurting her.

"I may not understand how you feel, moving on isn't easy even after being apart for the longest time; after all you are the mother of his children, of course you will feel like you will lose your children or that Mangethe won't love his children anymore but that isn't the case, he loves them so much and I am sure that he will be eternally grateful to you for giving him his heirs." She remains blank and unreadable, I feel like I may have been forward, damnit Uluthando.

"You are a great mother and your children love you so much, they adore you and look up to you. Maybe Mbuso wasn't your forever man but he gave you a gift better than him, he gave you those amazing souls and they are worth more than anything in this world." She nods sadly, she seemed so upset when she first

got here, I went lie I was scared that I was going to get a beating from her, but now she just looks heartbroken.

"You...you're pregnant." Her eyes shut, I quickly run into the house to get some water for her.

"Yiba throw me a sealed water bottle please." I say in a hurry, I am panicking. She properly hands me the water, giving me a confused look.

I run out of the house and she is no longer there.

"She is gone." I whisper, I have no emotions at this point.

"Who?" Yiba asks me.

"His ex, Mbuso's ex was here and I don't even know anymore."

We go inside the house and we sit on the barstools.

"Yiba I don't know what happened back there, she was there and we spoke, I gave her all the respect as Mbuso's baby mama and she just disappears on me." I explain my story to her and she just looks shocked.

"Am I fat or have I gained weight?" She clicks her tongue and she checks on her pies in the oven.

"She said I am pregnant." I try to help her understand why I'm asking that question.

"No and even if you did gain weight, it wouldn't be obvious from the clothes that you are wearing right now." She has a point though.

Hectic morning, just yesterday the love of my life proposed to me and now here I am, I just spoke to his ex-wife or ex-girlfriend. I just realised that we never had that ex-wife or ex-girlfriend talk.

I finally calm down and we eat, I decide to let this whole thing slide. If it were me maybe I would've also done the same thing.

15

Ulu

Yiba and I got started with our day, we went to work together. Having my sister see my office made me so happy, I made my sister proud. My little sister looks up to me, I feel like I'm doing something right.

Mmabatho comes inside my office to hand me some files as my boss. I feel like I'm special because I've actually been having some relationships with the big boss, I love it.

"Mmabatho I am still very much in love with you." My sister utters, she has always loved Mmabatho and Mmabatho has always turned her down.

"See if I wasn't married with a child then trust me I would've given this a try." I look at my sister who is fully trying to contain the joy that she is feeling, she will never stop telling this tale.

"Stop lying to her." I giggle as I go through my files, I am fishing compliments on her behalf.

"I'm serious I would, with growing up, you look mmm..." eww, my friend is flirting with my little sister and my sister is definitely cheesing

"No, no. Mmabatho this is my little sister and hay Yiba respect me." I reprimand the both of them. "Come on Ulu, look at us, don't we look good together." I turn to look at her, she is standing next Mmabatho, and they look so adorable I won't

even lie; they would make a good couple.

"Yea but remember what Mmabatho said." I utter to my little sister and she shrugs.

"Well people I have work to attend to and please do not forget dinner at my house tonight." Mmabatho leaves my office and my sister walks her out.

I continue packing up my office and insuring that it is clean. I'm done for the day, I had one meeting and now I ready to get going, I'll definitely be knocking off a few minutes earlier.

My sister takes my things to my car and we leave together.

As soon as we get home, we pick out outfits for tonight. "What should I wear?" Yibanathi asks me, she looks tired and annoyed with this whole thing. "I don't know, I somewhat want something that will leave Mmabatho's husband shaking in his boots and I mean first impressions last forever." I roll my eyes, this girl is being so dramatic.

After 40 minutes of changing and going through different outfits, she finally decided on what she would like to wear and she settled on semi-formal.

Black old-school Dr. Martins, torques formal pants with a white shirt and a chain to finish off the outfit. She looks so gorgeous, she looks like a player. Since I'm her date, I have to match with her.

We drive to their house.

We are welcomed with open arms, Mmabatho says that her beautiful baby is with her grandparents, they wanted to have some alone time as a couple.

"Welcome. Yibanathi this is my husband Theo and Theo this is Yibanathi, I think you still remember Uluthando." He smiles and greets us both with hugs, he is so sweet.

We sit down around the dining table.

We pray and we dig it, they have prepared a feast.

"So Yibanathi, are you like a girl boy or transgender?" I choke on my meat when I hear Theo ask that question. "Excuse me?"

One thing about my sister is that she is very short tempered, she doesn't like it when people try to mess with her. "I'm just trying to..." Yiba stops him before he messes up even more.

"I'm a girl, I have boobs..." she points at them, at this point she is just pissed off. "I'm a lesbian

a stud, I'm a girl that dates girls." She explains in a nice way and he says okay.

We continue to talk about other things and the conversation flows.

"So how does that work, this whole lesbian thing, I mean how do you know you're lesbian, have you ever been with a guy?" Haiiboo, is this guy obsessed with Yiba or what, because he is

being insanely weird. "Theo no!" His wife warns him and I'm glad she did before I did because I think I want to leave now. "I'm sorry, I didn't think I was being rude, I'm just curious." He is lying, he is definitely trying to be mean, I don't know if he saw that my sister has a crush on his wife or what but he is definitely not feeling Yiba.

"How do you know that you are not attracted to men, you've never been with one?" Perfect way to respond to what he had to ask. He looks quite shocked, "I guess I've always liked women." I roll my eyes while I play with the food in front of me, I've been lost my appetite.

"Well if you must know, I've been like this my whole life, I've never been attracted to men just like you have never been attracted to men, I can take a penis and place it in front of the four of us and my sister and your wife would be the only people who are interested in the show. I am a girl and I acknowledge the fact that I am a girl, I don't need you to remind me, and how I dress is my personal decision." I feel like she should've let that idiot of a man be.

"I don't get this whole thing, you guys just say that you were born like this but it's not true, you choose to like girls." As I'm about to talk, my sister holds my hand and I let her fight her own battles. "So it's a choice? Okay tell me this Mr Theo, do you think I would choose to be shamed every day of my life,

have people call me a demon, do you think I would willingly choose to cry myself to sleep at age 14 because I've been told being the way I am is a curse?" This breaks my heart, my sister has now fully accepted her sexuality but it wasn't always like this, my sister hated herself, she thought my father wouldn't love her when he found out the truth about who she is attracted to, she has had to heal from a lot of pain and hearing people talk like this hurts me, I wish I could carry this burden with her but I can't and that hurts me to the core.

"I mean yes you don't choose that but everything else? You were designed to love a man." Mmabatho bangs the table. "I said this is enough, stop it!" He reprimands, she doesn't seem to be okay.

"Listen bro, you don't have to like me or support the way I live my life but the least you can do is respect me and people like myself. Mmabatho thank you for the dinner, I'll get going." Now Yibanathi is pissed and if this man says one more thing, she will honestly lose it.

"Yeah we will get going goodnight." I stand up and I push in the chair.

"Please don't go guys, I'm truly sorry for his behaviour."

Mmabatho tries to apologise for her husband but it's not enough. "Yibanathi please don't leave, you know you're special and your style, your beauty and everything about you makes you different and it makes you Yibanathi." She holds her hand, I

don't like the way Mmabatho looks at my sister, she looks at her with passion, I thought that my sister was the one with a crush but now it seems to be like they are feeling each other. Mmabatho is married and her feeling that way towards Yibanathi is definitely not pleasing.

"I know Mmabatho, I'm special and I will not allow you and your husband to make me feel otherwise, may I please be excused?" Theo is definitely homophobic and I've always sensed that Mmabatho has a gay bone in her, and the way she is acting towards my sister just proves it.

16

UIUlu.

Yesterday we were so upset when we got home, I literally cried myself to sleep, Yiba seems to have become immune to this situation, but me? It just hurts, the fact that she goes through this again and again, it just hurts me. This is painful, she deserves better, she is such a beautiful soul and she definitely doesn't deserve this sort of treatment.

Mmabatho sent us care packages and called us to apologise and my sister said it is fine and she is glad she tried to stand for her and me, I'm just pissed about his bullshit behaviour. I'm never ever going back to their house, no matter what.

No work today, this is my sisters last day and I want to spend all of it with her because she is actually leaving early tomorrow and guess what, her older sister bought her an awesome and expensive flight ticket.

I finish doing my makeup and I wear a dress and some flip flops since I'll be in the house, the entire day.

"You have guests bitch!" Yiba shouts, I walk out of my bedroom and there is Mtho, Nhla and Mbuso. "Thembalami, I am so sorry to inconvenience you, I need your help; I have no one to watch after them, it's a school holiday so I honestly don't know what to do you're my last hope." Plans with my sister ruined

but in a marriage compromises have to be made.

"Hey, it's okay. We will talk later" I kiss him and he leaves in a hurry. I greet the boys and Mtho is very excited to be here. I send them to place their bags in their room and watch television while I prepare some food for them.

"Dude please borrow me your car, I will be back in no time." I don't even fight with her because I was supposed to go out with her. "Sure, bring us something nice." Mtho excitedly claps his hands with excitement. She takes some money in my purse, my car keys and she leaves.

"Okay so we need to proceed with the renovations for your room." He shows me the colours that they want and apparently Nhlazeka is too old for cartoons and I'm pretty sure that soon he won't like sharing a room with his baby brother.

We eat and watch cartoons, as old as I am, I still love cartoons. That is why sometimes when Mbuso is with me, he says that he feels as if he is with the boys because I am very much childish, does marriage mean no more being childish.

"So daddy is also marrying you?" He gives me a smirk-*ish* smile.

"Yeah he says so, how do you feel about that?" I ask both the boys and Nhla shrugs, I feel like Nhla thinks I'm going to replace his mother and that is something I will never do.

"I know you love him and he loves you but what about mama?" Mtho seems genuinely worried about his mother and after that day I am also worried.

"Your mother won't have to worry about me, I won't bother her, and I will respect her. She will forever be your mother and the number one woman in your lives." I feel like this is a conversation that Mbuso and his baby should've had with each other.

"Okay then, I don't want anyone to hurt her." Nhlazeka agrees with his brother, he nods.

"We will never hurt her okay." I try to reassure them. "I also don't want anyone to hurt you because you are a good person and you are my other mom." These are one of the best words anyone has ever spoken to me, I give him a hug and a kiss on his forehead.

"Nhla are you okay, do you need or want anything?" He shakes his head. He stands up and he sits next to me, so now I am in between the both of them.

I give them both hugs.

We play video games together and after that Mtho falls asleep on my lap.

"Nhlazeka I will be back okay." I pick up Mtho and I place him on top of the bed and I cover him up with a small blanket to keep him warm.

I go back to the sitting room and I see that Nhla is still playing a game, I sit next to him and we play together.

"Let me plait your hair." I offer him, I mean we are bored anyways, he gives me an odd look but smiles and nods. I place his head on my lap and I plait his hair, his father will fight with me when he sees this.

When we finish, we look at each other and we laugh.

"You look handsome." I give him a kiss on his cheek and I regret it the moment that I kiss him, I don't want him to be upset with me or feel like I am abusing his space.

"I'm sorry." I instantly apologise. He just gives me a hug, I honestly feel wholesome, I don't want to cry and show my tears of joy because he will feel weird or uncomfortable.

"Hello family." My sister is back, yes she is my hero right now, I wipe away the tears quickly and she comes in the sitting room.

"Got us some food, I know we're all starving." Well I mean she is right, we only ate snacks.

"I'll dish up." I stand up and I head to the kitchen leaving the both of them together.

Advertisement

sans-serif;mso-fareast-font-family: "Times New Roman";mso-bidi-font-family:"Times New Roman";mso-fareast-language: EN-ZA">So typical of Yiba, she went to a shisanyama, we love meat so I do not blame her.

I fix everyone a plate and I place Mtho's food in the microwave for storage.

I keep hearing Yibanathi talking, I guess she is on the phone. My phone rings and it is my future husband.

"Hey baby." I answer the phone with so much excitement. "Is everything okay, I'm really sorry for today, I just needed your help?" He explains himself, he honestly feels bad but at the end of the day we are family.

"No my love it's okay, we are okay. The kids are fine." I reassure him, he might be worried that they need him or their mother but they are fine.

"I know, thank you once again. I love you." I smile to myself.

"I love you Mangethe." I hear a little sigh of relief from him.

"I'll call you later Mangethe, let me feed these people." He chuckles.

"Kulungile mbali yam."

I smile and I hang up.

"Food is ready and warmed up." I place it in front of them.

"Where do you come from Mthiyane?" She gives me a little snicker and looks away.

"You'll see and I went to see Mmabatho." She looks ashamed, she should be because she is married.

I give her a look. "Come on, I didn't fuck... uhm sorry I didn't do anything inappropriate with her, I just went to see her before I got the food you sent me to buy, today is my last day her." I nod, I know she really likes Mmabatho and it is more than just a

crush but she has to remember that she is married and she won't leave her husband for her and that is the sad reality

"Uluthando I know mntasekhaya and you do know that I have a girlfriend." She states and I don't argue with her.

"I know and she gives you butterflies." She does a nasty face.

"I fuck... make love to her freely." Gosh this girl, I give her a look.

Nhlazeka laughs when she says that, my eyes pop out.

"Yibanathi hay marn watch your language!" I jokingly scold.

"Nhlazeka don't say that, it is a bad word neh." He nods in agreement.

Mtho walks to the sitting room looking very tired. "The king himself is finally awake." He rubs his eyes and he sits on top of me, I place him properly on my lap.

He gets off my lap and stands in front of Yiba.

"Hello I am Mthokozisi Zwane." So formal, "are you a girl or a boy." My eyes pop out when he asks Yibanathi that question, I genuinely didn't expect that. "I'm a girl, are you a girl or a boy?" Yibanathi innocently asks in a joking manner and Mtho blushes.

"I'm a boy, I think that you are very beautiful." Haa shock fills my body, why didn't he call me beautiful but he calls Yibanathi beautiful? I mean my sister is gorgeous but... okay I'll admit it, I'm jealous.

"Thanks man. You are handsome; you are one of the few males

that I find attractive." He covers his mouth, he is charmed by Yiba.

He walks over to his brother who is sitting next to me. "She said I'm cute." He whispers and his brother gives him a crazy look. He looks somewhat proud of his younger brother.^o

I love these children, I swear I do.

They are so adorable.

"By the way cutie, I'm Yibanathi, Uluthando's sister." He looks sad.

"But that means you're my aunt, so you can't be my girlfriend." He looks heartbroken. "I'm sorry man, but I thought you knew and I'm a different aunt, I like women." His eyes have tears. She calls him and gives him a hug.

After a while they finish up and he is feeling better but still sad that his crush is woman loving woman and also his aunt.

He had his food and now their father is here to fetch them.

They both give me and Yiba hugs. "I love you guys." I blurt out, but I honestly do I am just not sure if it is the right thing to say. Mtho says it back and I honestly appreciate it.

"I'll see you guys when I see y'all. Aunty'Nathi is leaving today." Argh she is so unnecessary. Mtho sulks, "I will miss you." He attacks her with a hug, how will he miss someone that he just met, I just don't get children.

They continue talking and I give my man a tight hug.

"You are a star, ngiyakuthanda Boyabenyathi." I blush, I love it when he says all these things and expresses these feelings to me.

"I love you Zikode." We share a kiss.

"And by the way, you've been slacking these days." He first looks confused but then he actually realises what I am taking about. "No that must be fixed, I've been craving for you, I also need to taste you, and my tongue misses your juices." I feel tingles down there, this man has a flawless tongue game, his head is out of this world, I swear.

Mbuso and I haven't had sex in 3 days and that is not healthy, we haven't had sex, we haven't even given each other oral no nothing, just plain old kissing and it sucks.

We finally say all the goodbyes, once they leave we enter the car.u.

17

Ulu.

We get inside the house and Yiba cleans up, my sister cannot stand dirt, she is obsessive with everything that she does, she wants everything to do be done a certain way so she insists on doing it herself.

I decide to go and shower.

After forty minutes I'm done showering and I'm already dressed and ready for bed with my pyjamas on. I go to my sister's bedroom and she is on a video call.

"Ouu, is somebody talking to their girlfriend?" I do a little dance and make funny faces.

'I'll call you later, my sister is here.'

She hangs up and faces me.

"Why didn't you let me say hi?" I am very confused right now.

"No you are not her friend, I don't want her to get the wrong ideas." I laugh because wow I honestly did not expect this.

"It's not that deep though." I say as I sit next to her on the bed.

"It is, you wouldn't introduce Mbuso to ubaba unless you knew that he is a good man that is going to be your forever." I smile because she is right and secondly because she puts me in such high regards.

"I understand, you respect me." She rolls her eyes.

"Let me help you pack, I can't believe that you're leaving me." I sulk, I will miss having her around. I'm always so lonely in this house and having my best friend with me every day and every night is honestly the best.

"I will miss you mntasekhaya." We hug each other tightly. I take her suitcase and I help her pack her bags.

"Oh bro I had a question for you, I thought it seemed very disrespectful of me to ask in front the kids." I nod in agreement, waiting to hear what she has to say.

"You said that one of Mbuso's children do not speak." I give her a confused look. "Yeah, you saw that Nhlazeka doesn't speak, Mtho is the only one that speaks." I explain to her, she seems so confused and now I am too.

"Wait, Uluthando I spoke to both of them and both of them responded to me." She explains to and I freeze.

"Wait, take it back. Explain please." I plead because I'm honestly completely baffled at this point.

"When you went to the kitchen to prepare the food for us, I spoke to him because I didn't want to come across as rude right, he kept quiet for a moment and he played the other song that I like so I then danced to the song and complimented him on his good taste in music and he thanked me, we had a little talk after that and he even showed me his game and yeah that sums it up." I'm frozen at this point, I cannot talk nor move, my

eyes are filled with tears.

"I swear, I wouldn't lie to you, he spoke I'm not crazy." I jumped on her with a massive hug and she reciprocated it, she rubbed my back.

"You made him talk, you know his voice. Yiba do you understand what this means." I hug her tightly, I'm balling right now. God is great.

"I'll call Mbuso." I run to my bedroom where I left my phone.

I repeatedly dial his number and there is no answer.

I call 8 or so times and I eventually give up. I help my sister pack and we continue to discuss this huge blessing and the fact we will miss each other dearly and when she plans on coming back. We finally get to sleep with her cuddling up on me.

My little princess, I've never loved anyone like I love her, all my life I wanted to protect her from all the dangers of this world; she is the one who makes me whole.

"I love you so much." I whisper to her but she is fast asleep. I say a small prayer and I dose off.

Next morning.

We wake up and prepare for her departure.

"Go and shower, I will go and prepare breakfast for you." Now we are both sad, "may I please, pretty please pick out an outfit for you?" She nods.

I squeal from excitement and she laughs at me.

I pick out some clothes for her, I pick out her white and red Nike Jordan 4's, a black slightly torn jean, red t-shirt and a black denim jacket.

I go to the kitchen and I make her some breakfast, I make some porridge because I know she loves it.

I also make a little burger for her just so she can fill her stomach.

sans-serif; mso-fareast-font-family:"Times New Roman";mso-bidi-font-family:"Times New Roman"; color:#222222;mso-fareast-language:EN-ZA">She comes out and enjoys her porridge and after that she eats the proper meal to get her full. She brushes her teeth once again and she gets dressed looking all gorgeous, uzalile umfo kaGatsheni, ubuhle obulana.

I don't have time to bath, if I bath now then she will be late for her flight.

I just do a quick cleaning process and I put on a red tight-fit dress with sandals.

"You like copying me." She rolls her eyes and I click my tongue at her.

We drive to the airport and when she takes out her belongings I decide to call Mbuso because I saw several calls back I'm surprised that he hasn't showed up at my house.

Call conversation.

Me: Mangethe, I've been calling. I have such amazing news, Yiba told me that yesterday Nhla spoke to her, I'm in total disbelief.

Mbu: Nhlazeka did what?

I hear a woman speak and my heart stops

I check my phone and yes I definitely called Mbuso, I called Bhekumbuso and a woman answers after he didn't answer my phone, he disappeared the entire day.

I hang up.

My sister is standing in front of me looking at me like some crazy woman.

I fake a smile and I walk her in.

"I will miss you so much, I love you and best of luck in that exam, and I know that you will nail it." I give her the biggest hug and tears fall from my eyes, I'm pleading for her to stay and help me through this, a woman answering my future husband's phone.

"Please don't cry, you know I'll miss you more. I love you so fucken much dude." She gives me a peck on my lips and I wipe her tears. "Come on now, get going. Have a safe flight back." I watch her walk away.

When I realise that I am unable to see her anymore, I walk away.

The moment I get to my car, I scream.

Maybe I'm overreacting, that woman could be anyone, he has sisters, I realise that I haven't met his family but now I'm getting married to him, did I rush this whole marriage thing?

I decide to play some music to distract my mind, I get to the house and I am met with a guest, there is a car in front of my yard.

I park my car and I get out. I'm met with a familiar face.

"It's you again, you ran out on me." I remind her of what she did. "Good morning." I kindly greet her and I welcome her in my home, she doesn't argue, she looks so terrible, her sadness matches mine and I don't get why, could she be the one who answered the phone? Oh fuck my life, they are actually working on fixing things, so all of this means that Mbuso is a dickhead that I thought I was in love with and I thought he loves me back.

"I'm sorry for just leaving the other day, it's hard you know." I agree but I'm lying, I don't know.

"May I get you something to drink, coffee, tea, wine?" I know it is early in the morning but I have issues and I have work today, today is a fucked up day and my sister had to leave which makes it a hundred times worse.

"Gin, do you have anything strong?" I laugh hysterically because I can absolutely relate.

"Sure." I take some vodka and two shot glasses and I place them on the kitchen counter, we sit on opposite sides.

She gulps down she shots in a row.

"Nhla, you said you heard him talking, that scared me or should I say shocked me because Nhla doesn't speak at all." She is the woman that answered the phone so yes they are sleeping together, it is the only valid explanation that I have, he hasn't slept with me in so many days and now he is fucking his babymama.

"Yeah he s...spoke. I don't mean to be rude but I have to get to work or else I'll be a broke woman who can't afford living." I don't want to be the lady that vents to, what do I call her?

"Oh, uhm... is that a ring?" I nod.

"We can talk later today, I knock off at 16:30." Should I leave her there or should I ask her to leave.

She leaves on her own. I lock my door and I prepare for the rest of this shit day.

18

Ulu.

I shower and I get dressed and ready for work. I take my work equipment and I drive off.

As soon as I get to work, I take my seat and I read through a manuscript, I don't want anyone to decide for me so at this point, I am doing two jobs at once for the price of one.

"Goodmorning Ms.Ndlovu, this is Mr Motloug and he is a new editor here." Mmabatho introduces us and I give him a handshake. Mmabatho leaves and it is just us standing in front of each other.

"Are you okay Ms Ndlovu?" He sweetly asks, I turn around and I look at him.

"I'm okay, I'm just having one of those days." I add a small chuckle to smooth it over.

"I've had a couple of those lately, I'm sorry, I hope you do feel better." Well I doubt you've had the man you plan to spend the rest of your life with sleep with his babymama and she answers his phone when you call him to tell him one of the most exciting news, the news that his first child who has never spoken can speak, he spoke...

"Thank you very much, may I please know your name?" I ask with a kind tone and a smile on my face.

"Neo." He has good manners.

"I'm Uluthando, I like your name sweet and short." It suits him, Neo Motlounq.

"Uluthando, I've never heard it before. Are you like a special or premium version of boThando?" When he said boThando, it was clear that he either speaks Setswana or Sesotho.

"Well I don't know about special." He laughs a little.

"You are special, never ever doubt it." He walks to his office that is directly linked to mine.

"Thank you." I whisper to myself, I am finding it hard to believe.

I try keeping a straight face and I read through manuscripts, this is what I came here for, I came here to get a job done even if it hurts like shit.

My sister sent me a text when she arrived, she called me as well but I didn't answer because I know that the moment I talk to her she will know that something is up and that is something that I cannot explain.

The moment 16:00 hits I'm already packing my things and I prepare to leave the office. I walk to the vending machines and I get myself a packet of sweets.

"Did I do or say something that upset you?" A voice questions me, I quickly lift my face up and it is Neo. "No of cause not, why would you even think so?" He has been nice since he got here, I haven't said anything rude to him, so I'm blank at this point.

"Uhm, when I asked you if you wanted to have some lunch with me and you ignored me." I do not remember that happening, "oh my goodness, I did not hear you. I'm so sorry." I've had so much on my mind, I was glued to my work the entire time.

"Oh, I just thought maybe I was annoying you." He explains, it clearly hurt his feelings. "No of cause not, I'm really sorry." He smiles at me at my heart feels a bit at ease.

"I forgive you, no need to apologise." He adds on that cute smile.

We have small chit chat and after that we go back to our offices. I take my things and I prepare to leave but before that I pass by Mr Dingane's office.

I greet him and he looks very happy to see me. I leave the office and when I get to the parking section, Mbuso is there in a blue Jeep.

He gives me a little smile hoping that it will make things better for him. I walk to my car and I put my things in the car.

I finish up and I get inside my car. He stands behind the car.

"Mbuso please move, you are blocking my way." I respectfully say.

He doesn't budge, I get out of the car and I stand there in front of him. "I need to talk to you, I missed you so much." I give him a look and I chuckle out of annoyance, in fact out of anger.

"You know where I live and no we aren't driving out together." I state and I can see that he sees through my anger

he moves away from the car.

I go back inside and I drive away from the office, I stop at McDonald's to get ice-cream and a watermelon mcfizz.

I see him following me into the drivethru and I let him be, I have no energy whatsoever to argue with him.

When I get home I see the babymama's car is in my driveway, okay this is a show.

I park my car by the garage and I'm sure her man will park behind me.

When she notices that I'm getting out of the car, she does the same, did she steal Mbuso's entrance remote or what because there is no way that she can come in and out of here freely without any form of permission.

We stand in front of my house next to each other, we stand together. We see the car of the man that we are both fucking drive towards my house, I shake my head in disbelief. This is a fucken joke.

I open the security gate and door, we both enter.

I walk her into the sitting room and she sits down, looking around, maybe she is trying to find a fault in my decor or something.

I go inside the kitchen and I take the food that was left of when I was preparing food for Yiba and I warm it up, our man enters the house and I ignore his presence. I do that and I fix up

coffee, tea and all those things.

I place it all on the coffee table in the sitting room; I didn't invite either of them and this situation is annoying and but my father taught me well, he said we must respect our guests and make them feel homely.

Mbuso stands up and he looks shit-scared.

"Sit down Bhekumbuso, aren't you part of the reason that we are all gathered here?" I don't even know why we are here, or in this case why they are here.

"The reason that I'm here is to plead for your help with Nhla's situation." I nod, I honestly don't know what to say.

"Well the problem is that my sister isn't here, she left for Cape Town this very morning, she has an exam tomorrow." I explain to her, I don't know how I can help them in any way.

"I don't know the next time that she will be here." I add my on my last statement.

"I can fly her out when she finishes writing, private jet and all and I will make sure that her flight back is also very comfortable and that she gets the rest that she needs and deserves after the long exam." She really wants to hear her son talk; I mean which mother wouldn't want that? I would want the same thing, I mean I do want to hear Nhlanzeka speak.

"Sure I don't mind, you can talk to her and hear what she has to say about it. I just hope that you do not pressure him into

talking or make him regret doing it." The way that they are going about this is stressing me out, I feel like it will upset uNhla and it will make him return to that corner. I think the reason he felt so comfortable talking to Yibanathi is the fact that she is so relatable, she is chilled and unlike the rest of us, she isn't extra like that.

"Don't tell me how to parent my child please." I look up with so much shock.

"Oh, I sincerely apologise." My heart is hurt.

"Bhekumbuso talk." He needs to stop acting like a fucken baby.

"Uhm... Gatsheni I'm sorry." He is barely able to talk, what is he apologising for?

"What are you apologising for?" I sincerely ask, I'm not in the mood to argue with him especially in front of Nhlazeka's mother.

"For this whole thing, I wanted to tell you the truth, I've just been so scared to lose you. I swear I love you." I'm a bit in the dark right now.

"I know that me being married is..." I drop my mug. "You being what?" He did not just say what I think he said, there is no way. She looks down, she is surely avoiding this entire thing, I stand up in disbelief.

"You are disgusting." I scream in his face.

"Is this some sick joke, is this the shit that you do to people?" Nothing seems clear at this point.

"You make innocent people fall in love with you, lie to them and promise them love and then you are your wife torture them, what kind of people are you?" I move away from them.

"No I swear Na'Ndlovu it isn't like that." Mbuso tries explaining himself.

I take my phone and I click on Yibanathi's number, I give Mrs Zwane the phone. "Call Yiba and ask her what you want and after you're done get the fuck out of here, you make me want to hurl." I click my tongue and I walk away, I lock myself in my room.

"What the fuck just happened?" I ask myself with tears rolling down my face

19

Ulu

Mbuso kept knocking on my door. I am now livid, I get up, I open the door in a harsh manner, it hits so hard it causes a bang.

"Bhekumbuso get the fuck out of here!" I shout in his face with tears falling down my face.

"I'm not going anywhere Uluthando, not until you and I speak." He pleads with me, I am so dumb, why couldn't I see through him this entire time?

"If you don't leave right now then I will be the one leaving." I threaten him, I know that he wants here. If I leave then he sure as hell won't find me.

"Fine but just remember that I love you." Fuck him and his love, he disrespected me and my home, I never thought someone would do me that dirty, especially him, a man that I praised so much.

They both leave after another, the moment I hear the door shut, I scream out all my anger and pain. How dare he?

My phone rings, I'm guessing it's Yiba.

I eventually have to answer her phone call.

Call conversation

Me: Thumbu

Yiba: Hey sis. Uhm Mtho's mother called me using your phone

and she said that she wants to fly me there tomorrow after I finish my exam, maybe I can help with this whole Nhlanzeka talking situation. I said it is cool but I'm just not sure if that is fine with you...

Me: If you are comfortable with it then I'm fine with it baby girl. I'm your older sister, I will always support you.

Yiba: Are you okay, you sound so down.

Me: I'm fine baby-girl, it has just been a fucken long day. How was your trip?

Yiba: You are avoiding my question and that means that you aren't fine

Me: I'm okay bro. I just can't wait for you to get here.

Yiba: I'm on my way don't worry, your best friend is on her way to save the day.

Me: Well hurry up because I need to be a baby right now and only you can handle it.

Yiba: Well this should be interesting...

Me: Well best of luck with your exam tomorrow. I love you to the moon and back and then to Mars and back, then also to Mercury and then to Durban and then here in Johannesburg and...

Yiba: I'm guessing Jupiter as well?

I laugh a genuine laugh.

Me: Yep definitely, the love that I feel for you is overboard you, yourself know that.

Yiba: You know I love you, I'm just not as creative as you are bro.

She giggles and snorts, I can't help but laugh.

Me: You are too cute. Thank you.

Yiba: Always.

Me: Goodbye baby girl.

Yiba: Goodbye Mthiyane.

I hang up.

I swear my sister is the best that is why she is my best friend. A soul so pure, she beautiful and so kind, her love fills the room with happiness. I walk to the door and I lock it, I go to my bedroom and I also lock the door there, I feel so scared so unsafe and so unsettled.

For a moment everything felt a bit better until I got so many calls from him.

'Bhekumbuso I distinctly recall asking you to leave me the fuck alone or did I not?' I click my tongue out of annoyance. I have always respected Mangethe until today, today he proved to me that he is not a man, he has proved to me that he is weak.

'Please do not speak to me in that manner. I beg you, please listen to me.' I hang up, I click my tongue again.

"Why, but why?" I take a pillow and I cover my face to compress the noise and if possible the pain that I'm feeling. I cry myself to sleep, I've never felt such a huge pain.

A part of me wishes that I had a mother that I could call so I can discuss this with her, so she can advise me.

I just miss my mother at this point, it just feels like my entire world is crashing down right now.

When I wake up, it is 03:36, it is not a dream, this pain is real; Mbuso did me dirty, he wronged me, he wronged my heart.

With tears falling from my eyes, I walk to the bathroom

I pee and I wash my hands, I go inside the kitchen and I have a glass of wine, I decide to have something stronger, I take some vodka and I go back to my bedroom. I sit down on the chair that is in front of my vanity.

I keep asking myself questions, questions that I do not have an answer to. This is what I've become, a whore, Mbuso made me a slut, and he turned me into a home wrecker.

I take the bottle in front of me and I throw it on the mirror in front of me, both of the glasses break. I can't stand looking at myself in the damn mirror, I find myself disgusting at this point. I need someone to hold me and help me through this, I wish my sister was here already, I held back so hard when we were speaking earlier on because she has an exam and I don't want her to stress out and think about me and my pain when she should be working her ass off so she can nail that exam and come home with a degree. She will surely make both my dad and I super proud.

I send my little sister a message to wish her well on her exam that she is writing today and that I love her very much.

Life is so hard, I've never ever felt so worse. I place my head on the counter and I just cry, voiceless, tears just take over me. It hurts, it hurts so badly.

I got up and prepared for the day, when I checked the time, it is 04:15; I went to shower and prepare for work. Once I finished up, I got dressed in a long floral dress with my white converse all-star and a denim jacket.

I place my things in my car and I realise that I didn't fix my hair, I go back inside the house and I brush my hair. I leave the house and I go back inside the car and I drive to the office.

I get a bottle of water from the kitchen and I go to my office.

It is so early right now, I've never been this early to work.

I finish my water.

"Uluthando stop it, focus on your work and stop thinking about Mbuso." I try to affirm myself.

I edit the book and by 09:40 I'm halfway through the book, I haven't taken any break. Neo knocks on my door with so much energy.

"Good morning, Ms Uluthando." I smile back.

"Good morning Mr Motloun." I greet him back and gesture that he walks in and he does.

"So tell me what books are you into, what kind of books are you

editing?" I question him, I'm excited to hear what he has to say. "Relationship based books, so I edit and read mostly relationship based books and spirituality based book."

Relationships, I mean wow, had he not been my co-worker I would definitely ask him for advice but I usually prefer to keep my private life private and professional life professional with no in between.

"Wow relationships, your marriage must be flowing mos." He laughs and shakes his head, he seems to disagree.

"Well I wish, I'm not in a relationship." It seems like it is making him sad, he seems like a nice guy but it is very clear that I am no expert in seeing good guys because I'm messed up; I thought Mbuso was my prince in shiny amour but it is clear that I was wrong.

"Why, do you feel like everybody is not good enough for you or do you feel like you just haven't found the one who matches up with all the things you've read about or even written about?" I am trying to understand what this man is all about.

"No it is not that I feel like I'm better than everyone, I just feel like I haven't found that person. I feel like I will just know." I thought that I knew but it is clear that I was wrong. At this point I am worried about all my life choices, I have been making bad decisions and Mbuso seems to be the greatest one yet.

"I understand that, it definitely makes sense to me." I open up to him and he nods. "What about you, what books do you edit,

read or write?" He asks me the same question that I asked him.

"Fiction, romance, thriller, horror, crime all those good things."

This proves that I am living in a fucken fantasy world, the books that I read prove all of this to be true.

"That's fun, you get to live in your favourite dream." I shrug.

"Yes definitely, it has been a little while since I've been an editor but I've read my entire life." I explain to him.

We talk for a while and we decide to continue with our work.

"How about lunch Ms U?" I give him a thumbs up and he leaves the office.

20

Ulu

I continue working and when it is lunch time I decide to go to Neo's office and invite him to go out for lunch.

"Well I'm ready if you are." I have sucked it up because when I am work I cannot be a wreck, I have an image that I have to uphold.

"Let me just save this and let's get going." He saves it and we walk out together.

"Awoa nna ke tswere ketlala." He grunts unexpectedly and I look at him with so much shock but I turn away before he notices but it is too late.

"I'm sorry, that wasn't Uhm... I'm sorry." I giggle just a bit and I just shake my head.

"I understand, I'm also hungry." I try to make him feel a bit better about that.

We use his car to drive to KFC, we get the same meal, we buy dunked wings that we will share and sweet chili twister meals. I decide buy some ice-cream.

"You eat ice-cream for lunch?" He looks quite amazed by what I am doing.

"I eat ice-cream for breakfast, brunch, lunch, dinner, midnight snack and any other time of the day that exists." I take pride in

that, I would give all the foods or drinks in the world to eat ice-cream any day, I would even give up wine; that should prove how much I love ice-cream.

"I think you have found your soulmate." He puts out a little joke and I laugh.

"No doubt, it never betrays me." I add on his statement.

We drive back to the office. We sit in my office and eat there, we get to know each other.

"Thank you for being kind to me and being friends with, I truly appreciate it because I'm new here and I don't know anyone in this specific area." I definitely understand what he is talking about, when I came to Johannesburg I knew no one and it was tough, as much as I don't have friends but at least I have people that I know and now I have new friend.

"No need to thank me, I'm also happy to have you as a friend." He nods.

When I look up, I see Mbuso at reception.

"Please excuse me." I quickly say to Neo as I stand up. I walk out of my office to the reception and the receptionist is quite happy to see Mbuso.

I give him a look and he walks over to me, we stand by the side, he looks so upset.

"Are you really that mad at me, to a point that you are laughing happily with men in your office." I cannot believe this man right, I could just hit him that is how upset I am right now.

"Lalela lana Bhekumbuso, I work here and I will not allow you to ruin my good image here in my office. Hamba angifuni ukukubona kunini ngisho ukuthi hlukana nami" I try by all means to make my body language to look as relaxed as possible.

"You don't want to listen to me so..." I fake a smile and I leave him there, if he dares to make a scene, uzongazi kahle I will not be played by this man.

When I get back to my office, I see Neo looking at my pictures and the things that are on my desk.

"You are a daddy's girl." He says that as a compliment and I smile when I think of my dad, the best father that has ever walked on God's green earth.

"Yeah I am, he and my sister are all that I have." Every time somebody talks about people that I love or my family, I just feel the need to boast about them, just tell the whole world how amazing these people are.

"Aww sister, so you were born with a best friend." I smile when he says that because he is very right, I was born with a best friend, growing up I never felt the need to have friends because my sister was always there for me and I was always there for her.

"I definitely agree with that, she is my absolute everything, I've never met a soul who understands me better than that crazy ass." I cover my mouth when I realise what I just said, I mean I

do cuss but this man is very spiritual and he might find what I said highly offensive.

"It's okay, no need to feel bad." He is barely able to speak from all the laughter.

We finish up with lunch and back to work we go, since Today is Friday we are knocking off early.

I decide to not any work home this weekend, I will deal with work on Monday, I'm going through the most.

I walk to Mr Dingane's office door. "Happy Friday sir." I wave goodbye and he does the same, he looks very happy to leave work.

Advertisement

sans-serif; mso-fareast-font-family:"Times New Roman";mso-bidi-font-family:"Times New Roman"; color:#222222;mso-fareast-language:EN-ZA">"Are you close with the big boss?"

Neo asks as we walk to our cars. "No not really but I take him as my mentor, he is the reason I'm an editor today, he pushed me to work hard." I truly appreciate him, I was very scared of him but he proved that his strictness is for our benefit.

"Well that makes sense, he is a very stern man." I definitely agree with what he is saying.

When we get downstairs to the parking lot, someone is leaning against my car.

The moment I see my sister, I rush to her and I tackle her with a

hug.

She holds me tightly, I know she left only yesterday but wow so many things happened since she left and I've truly missed her and I've needed her more than anything.

I am already crying, I wipe my tears and she gives me a kiss.

"This is my colleague Neo and Neo this is my baby sister Yibanathi." I introduce them, "I'm her sister, don't mind the baby sister part." Neo laughs at her, I called her baby sister on purpose because I know it annoys her.

"It is nice to meet you. So beauty runs in the Ndlovu family." Did I just see my little sister blushing for a man, I love it.

"Thank you, he's one of the cuter ogres." Neo's face turns sour, he is so confused.

"I'll explain later." I say with a laugh.

We say our goodbyes.

"Please drive." I give her the car keys and we drive off.

"So we are going to Mbuso's house so I can speak with Nhlanzeka with the hopes that he will want to talk back, this whole thing is the reason that this child doesn't want to speak, the pressure is too much." I said the exact thing and I came across as the side piece that was trying to dictate what the perfect family is supposed to do.

I really don't want to see Mbuso and his wife but there is absolutely nothing I can do, I want to support both Nhla and my

sister, they deserve it.

This will be my first time going to his house, it is pretty clear that he lives in a mansion because this neighbourhood has such beautiful homes.

We get to his house and they do a security check on us, things that rich people do. We are finally allowed to get inside and all I can say is wow, this home is magnificent, this is a home that is suitable for a president.

We park our small car next to the big and fancy cars that are parked here.

"Before we go in, I just want to tell you something that recently came to my attention..." I let out a deep breath, saying this is so hard.

"Mbuso is married, that woman is not his ex but he is actually married to her." Those words sound sour in my mouth, I never thought that I would ever utter such bitter words.

"No, what the fuck are you saying to me?" She looks so upset, she could hit someone, and I will not stand here and defend Mbuso.

"If we go in then we are going to beat the fuck out of him and if we aren't doing that, then let's just go home." I wish we could just beat him up and ruin his things but that won't mend my broken heart and he still has the money to buy whatever we destroy.

"Yiba we are not here for ourselves, we are here to support Nhlanzeka, after that we will leave and we won't be have to pretend to be friends with these people." I need her to calm down, this is why I didn't want to come here.

"What about you, how are you feeling about all of this?" Tears just drop to the floor and I wipe away my sadness.

"We'll talk after this okay?" She gives me a hug with no words exchanged.

She holds my hand and we walk towards the huge mansion hand-in-hand.

The door is opened for us and we are directed to wait for the family.

"Mommy look, it's Aunty Yiba." Mtho is truly in love with Yibanathi.

He runs to her and his mother shouts at him for running in the house, he gives her a hug and she picks him up.

"I thought you said you were leaving." I'm guessing her leaving truly hurt him, he doesn't let go of her.

"I had to come back, my sister needed me." Yibanathi emphasises that point.

"You guys came to visit us today, I'm so happy." He also hugs my legs.

His mother greets us and offers us something to eat or drink, we both decline. We are here to help Nhlanzeka and then we

are leaving.

We are not friends and we will never be friends especially after what she and Mbuso did to me.

Ulu

"Where is your brother?" I'm ready to go, this is way harder than I thought, I'm hurting, this is his real life; a huge mansion, his wife and beautiful children; this is where Mbuso belongs not with me, not with his side piece.

"In his bedroom, I'll show you." Mtho holds both Yiba and I by our hands and he leads the way, I feel like I'm in a bee swarm, I feel so uncomfortable being in this place.

"I want to talk to him, I'll be back okay." He nods and Yiba knocks and she goes in.

I sit on the couch that is there and Mtho sits next to me. While we are chatting, Mbuso's wife and Mbuso himself walk towards our direction.

They are a couple, I've never felt this worthless, as in ever.

"I like the way that you did Nhlanzeka's hair, may you please also do my hair like that?" He excitedly asks with a hug smile on his face. "Well you hair is shorter than your brother's so I'm not sure but there is no harm in trying right?" He places his head on my thighs and I begin to plait his hair.

We finish after a few minutes, when I look at Mbuso's wife she looks so annoyed at this situation and I don't blame her. If my husband's side piece was in my house touching my son I would lose it.

Mbuso and his wife are bickering about what they should do about this situation.

"Nhlanzeka is growing up, just respect him and teach yourselves to listen to him instead of making decisions on his behalf without consulting him. Communication is key, in whatever relationship." I blurt out, they are just upsetting me with how they are going about things, I do not support it at all.

"Would you like to see my room?" Mtho offers and I'm grateful because this situation is hard.

I agree and we walk to his room, he shows me his new toys and his favourite things.

"I like this, it is beautiful." I compliment his comic collection. I also have my own but I left it at home, that collection is part of the reason why they always both my sister and I were lesbians because we've always enjoyed things that people claimed were for boys.

"Thank you, my brother's one is even better, he helped me built this stand for it when my old one got too small." I sit down on the carpet and listen to his story.

"You truly love your brother..." he nods, it seems like he is unsettled with something. "I love him a lot because he loves me and he plays with me, he always protects me from the bullies." There seems to be something that is eating him up because he has told me this before but with a smile on his face.

"Hey, talk to me it is okay." I place him on my lap so he feels

comfortable and at home.

"Please don't tell anyone and please don't shout at me okay?"

His eyes are already filled with tears.

"I knew that my brother can talk, he asked me to promise that I wouldn't tell mom and dad because he knows how they are and all along, I lied. I'm sorry that I am a bad child." Oh no poor thing. I hug him tightly, I brush his back with the hopes that it will relax him.

Nhlanzeka has been able to talk this time, I am honestly baffled. I guess that explains why he has good speech according to Yiba of cause because I haven't heard him.

"Lying is not good sweetheart it never it but you know what, Yibanathi and I also kept secrets from our dad when we were younger and till today we still keep secrets from him because there is no greater bond than the bond between you and your sibling. You were only protecting." I'm not a parent and I will not act like I am one and I can't parent somebody else's children but he was protecting his brother and I would've done the same for my sister.

"You don't hate me?" I shake my head no. "Of cause not handsome

Advertisement

you did it because you love your brother." I kiss his forehead trying to stop him from crying.

Mbuso comes in the room while I'm with Mtho.

"Is everything okay?" I nod yes, I avoid looking at him. I feel such a deep disgust by his presence, I can't stand it.

"I think Yibanathi and Nhlanzeka want to talk to you." Mtho and I stand up and we walk out together.

We go into Nhlanzeka's room and he looks happy to see me or his brother, I'm not sure. I greet him and I sit next to my sister.

"Mtho told me that he knew all along, why didn't you want your family to know that you were able to speak handsome?" He shrugs and looks down.

"I didn't want all of this, the shows, the parties and everyone forcing me to talk, I just like the quiet." This is so relatable but I doubt I would be able to go mute for this long.

"I understand that and you should talk at your own pace, do not allow anyone to dictate anything for you okay?" He nods with a sneer on his face, "but accept the help that you are given, everyone is here because they love you, this is a place full of love." I explain to him and he hugs his baby brother.

"Younger siblings are also our heroes. They save us from a lot of trouble." I hold my sister's hands. "I love you bro." Yiba says and I place my head on her shoulder.

"I think we should call in your parents." Yibanathi says and Mtho runs to call his father and mother. His mother is crying, she has tears running down her face and this is exactly what

Nhla didn't want, he just wants to be treated as normal. They hug and they have their own family moment. My sister and I step back and allow the love to spread. Uluthando this is not where you belong, I almost ruined a perfect and happy family.

The moment they stop the hugs and kisses, I prepare to say my goodbyes to them.

"Goodbye you awesome dudes." Yiba says as we both hug them goodbye.

"I thought we would play video games or watch movies after this." Mthokozisi whines, I think that Mbuso didn't think this clearly because now this is going to be over and I've grown attached to the boys and they have also grown attached to me. It hurts but it is our sad reality.

"Whenever your mother and father allow you to visit me, we can do all that and we will buy ice-cream." I try to console his fragile hurt heart. "You know how we love ice-cream." Nhla looks at us with smiles.

"Nisale kahle mndeni waka Zwane." I utter and we are walked out of this house.

When we get to the car, Yiba says goodbyes to her crush and she takes the wheels. She has totally ignored the existence of Mbuso and his wife.

Mbuso pulls me to the side and for the sake of his kids I don't argue or do anything that is weird.

"Boyabenyathi please, I beg you. Please hear me out, I love you." His words hit exactly where he wants them too, I look up and I see his wife holding her children, I move back. "This will be the last time you see me, I want nothing to do with you and your evil heart." I utter those words through gritted teeth, he tries to hold my wrist but I push him away and I get inside my car.

I look down the entire time trying to hide the tears that fill my eyes, the pain and sorrow that has taken over my life all because of that bloody son of a... argh fuck it.

My sister parks at the garage near my house and she goes in. She buys a couple of things, I don't even bother to ask and we drive to my house, actually it is Mbuso's house, I don't even have a damn place to live right now. In only three months my life has become something that I never thought that it would become, I became a homewrecker, a side piece and a homeless woman.

When we finally arrive at the house, we both go inside and I just sit on the floor.

"Yiba it hurts mntase hay kunzima." I faintly admit to her, my heart is shattered right now.

Ulu

"Ulu stand up sweetheart." My sister helps me to and we walk to the sitting room with me crying, I've been strong the whole day, I had to suck up my entire pain and act like I'm okay and I'm not okay, it hurt so badly.

"Just lie down sweetheart and I'll get you something to drink." I take off my shoes and I lie on the couch, everything fucken thing in this house reminds me of him.

"Let me clean up your room and then we can watch movies, how about that?" I simply agree to the terms. I even forget about the mess that I created, I can't let my sister clean that up. I stand up and I go to my bedroom, "I'll clean it up, you just got here after a long flight and I created the mess so it isn't fair." I gently push her away from the doorway and I walk inside my bedroom.

"No Uluthando, I said I'll do it so just let me do it." She shouts at me and I move back from the mess, she continues picking up the bottles. I get undressed, I put on my robe and my flops.

I go prepare my sister's room making sure that everything is good for her. I pack her clothes in the wardrobe.

As soon as I finish that I go over to my bedroom to check on my sister and see if she needs help.

I just stand by the doorway and I lean against the doorframe

looking at my sister; I don't believe there is a love greater than this, I mean look at her, she has fixed my room, she covered my vanity mirror with a sheet so that I don't have to look at that and have a constant image of Mbuso and the monster that he has turned me into.

She lit up candles because she knows how much I love them and their smell.

I walk towards her and I give her a massive hug, I'm so appreciative of her and I wish I could scream it so that the entire world can know.

She hugs me tightly and embraces me. "Come on, let's watch a movie and eat some snacks and you will tell everything that is bothering you." I nod in agreement.

I get inside the blankets and I browse through Netflix looking for a movie to watch while my sister prepares something to eat for us.

I finally decide on what to watch, my sister joins me in my bed and we watch the movie.

I lie my head on top of my sister's chest and I cuddle up with her.

"So when I drove you to the airport and you told me that Nhlanzeka could speak, I was so excited in fact I was beyond excited." I smile just thinking about it, these boys have become such a huge part of my life and they just mean so much to me.

"Whilst you were taking out your bags, I called Mbuso to tell the great news

Advertisement

I was ecstatic and I wanted to share these amazing news with him..." I gulp down the water next to my headstand.

"A woman answered his fucken phone Yiba, the nerve of that guy. So I said my goodbyes to you, when I got back here, his wife was here waiting for me, for some odd reason it just didn't click that Mbuso had a fucken wife, I don't know why." I shrug, I feel like a damn idiot, I have tears rolling down my face already, my heart is so broken at this point, I've never felt this kind of pain because of a man.

My sister remains quiet, she just allows me to talk and express how I'm feeling right now, my world has crashed and crumbled down just like that.

"So we go inside and she asks me questions about Nhlanzeka and boom it hit me, she is the woman that answered his phone. I was so pissed, I thought to myself, how dare, Mbuso cheat on me with his ex-wife, such disrespect..." I groan out frustration, I can barely breathe at this moment. "Bro things moved so fast and I had to go to work, she left, after work Mbuso was already waiting for me outside my workplace. We drove back here and when we got there, his wife was standing in front of my door and I just couldn't believe it. You'll think I'm an idiot for saying

this it still didn't fucken hit me ukuthi they are married. We sat down and spoke, she called me to order for saying something and said that I shouldn't decide her son's fate and all that shit right?" She looks at me with eyes as big as tennis balls, she seems to be in absolute disbelief. "Ulu mntase hay!" She exclaims. "Yebo and I got so mad bro, I told Mbuso to speak before I lose my shit right and the first thing he said was, *'I'm sorry that I have a wife...'* did I not die a million deaths when he said that, I immediately went blind, deaf and all that shit all at once, I literally lost all my senses."

Ulu

I wake up early in the morning and I rush to bathroom feeling so sick. All this crying and no appetite has affected my health already. I'm feeling extremely sick today, I'm nauseous yet I fail to vomit, I wish I could just vomit out all the feelings that I feel for Mbuso, he disgusts me so damn much.

I brush my teeth hoping that will take away the nasty taste that I have and the urge to hurl. I make myself some tea and I just sit down on my carpet and I just break down, I try not to make a noise because my baby-sister is fast asleep in my bedroom just being in this house hurts, I just think of Mbuso, everything we've done in this house and the moments that we have spent here together."

I remove my phone from the charger and I have over 50 missed calls from Mbuso and over 100 messages from him. I decide to call him back.

Call conversation

'Gatsheni' he utters with a raspy voice

'You've been calling like a mad man.' I try by all means to show my anger but my affection overpowers it, hearing his voice made me happy.

'Well I am going mad right now. Lalela mama, I really need to

talk to you, I miss you so much and I love you; I know you don't want to hear that right now but it is very true, I promise you, I'm being very sincere.' Why did he have to ruin such a beautiful thing between us, I wanted us to work, I was meant to walk down the aisle to meet him there and marry him and he fucked all of that up, fuck I hate him right now.

'I can't stand being next to you right now or seeing you so I definitely need space from you so just give me space and time.' This time I don't fight, I convey my message in a calm manner, I feel like the more I fight and shout at Mbuso, it drives him to come to my house and my workplace; I'm not sure if he wants to prove a point or what but I don't need that right now.

'Bye Mangethe.' I hang up my phone and put it on top of the coffee table in front of me.

"Uluthando, it's okay." I feel her hugging me from the back. I don't mean to cry like a little baby or bombard my baby sister with all my pain.

"I'm sorry Yiba, I honestly am. I don't mean to worry you with my heartache and my problems." I cover my face trying to suppress all these feelings from being seen.

"Hay mntase I'm here for you no matter what, if awukhali kimi then who will you cry to?" I look at my sister with the biggest smile on my face, I never forget this beautiful spirit when I pray, I'm eternally grateful to God for he trusted me with being this

beautiful human's sister and best friend.

"You're the best you know that?" She rolls her eyes and I giggle and I snort.

"Ew, snorty face." She teases me and I hit her with a pillow, I mean how dare she say such?

"Have you seen a snorty face that looks like mine?" I run to the bathroom to wash my face and blow my nose because I genuinely look ridiculous at this point.

"Ulu, you have an incoming call." Yibanathi shouts from the other room. "Phendula!" I shout back and I continue with what I was doing.

Once I'm done with that, I go back to my sister in the living room, she is busy going through my phone.

"Well guess what?" She has a naughty smirk on her face and I'm immediately worried. "What are you up to, Miss N?" She snickers like a little baby and looks away, "akere you said I should answer your phone and I did, right?" I roll my eyes out of annoyance. "Talk Yibanathi, I already know you're going to upset me so just speak up." She gives me a sly smile.

"So I answered your phone and it was Neo, he said his friends are having a braai and he is inviting us, he literally pleaded that we make it, he genuinely wants to see you so please do not disappoint him." I shrug at her request. I am so moody and I've been sulking this entire time, why would I go to somebody's

party or whatever this thing is only to act up and plead for attention?

"Yibanathi I don't think I want to go to a party, I mean I'm bad company." I shrug. "No you need this and you most certainly deserve it, you can just stay cooped up in here crying over Mbuso, the more you sit in this house is the more that you think about him and all you're going to do is cry and you'll end up doing shit that you will regret." She gives me a massive hug and I don't let go.

"I love you." I whisper and she affirms my fragile heart.

We clean up the house and we bath. By 12:30 we are done bathing and we are fully dressed. I'm wearing a long maxi white floral dress with sandals and Yiba is wearing white basketball shorts with her brown oversized t-shirt and some white and brown Jordan 1's.

She is looking absolutely gorgeous.

"Always stealing the spotlight, you look absolutely gorgeous." I compliment my sister

Advertisement

she is looking gorgeous; uzalile lana uGatsheni.

Whenever we are in public together people either praise us for being a beautiful couple or they give me nasty looks because I'm with her, that is how gorgeous she is, she is a goddess.

"Damn, thanks bro. You look so beautiful, give me a smile." I roll my eyes but when she smiles, I just giggle and finally give her the smile that she has been moaning about.

"Look at you Boyabenyathi... you are a queen." She is trying so hard to affirm me and remind me that I am gorgeous and I am a beautiful spirit and soul.

As much as I want to believe that whatever Mbuso did had nothing to do with me but everything to do with him, I'm failing, I just feel like I'm worthless and I'm ashamed of myself; I also hate the fact that I allowed a man to make me feel that way about him and just left me for the dogs, he treated me like shit. What I hate the most is that even after all the pain that evil man has caused me, I still love him with every single bone that is within me. I wish I could just tell all these ungodly feelings to leave my body but I cannot. I want him and my body and heart ache for him; Mbuso's touch brings tingles down my spine, his strong and stern look just gives me the utmost pleasure and his angelic eyes when we cuddle just make me feel home and for that second, he was able to make me feel like I was the only thing that mattered to him... you played me well, you played me well Mr Zwane.

I brush off all these thoughts and I decide to just have fun with my sister and newly found friend.

"You're driving by the way, I will only drive myself once you leave until then you're my free chauffeur." She laughs and

shakes her head while clapping her hands, "one thing about me is that I am not free. My people will be getting back to you in regards to your bill." Argh Yiba is so dramatic, she should've perused a career in acting.

We leave the house and we stop by a liquor store first, my sister refuses to go a braai with no alcohol and well, I am just not in the mood to drink.

We finally arrive to that house after getting lost after so many times. Neo is waiting for us outside by the gate.

"Mr Motlounge." I greet him with a hug and he also gives my sister a hug.

"My sister has a crush on you." I whisper..."Ulu hayi..." my sister giggles and says in the most girlish voice ever. "So do I, she is absolutely stunning." Neo says that I go crazy, my lesbian sister is not so lesbian anymore; she has the hots for Mr Neo Motlounge.

When we get inside it is a jol, chilled music, meat sizzling on the stand, this is my kind of vibe.

"So guys these beautiful ladies are Uluthando and Yibanathi, Ulu and I work together and well...Yiba." He chuckles slightly, I like how he is playing along.

He gives tells us their names, Tumelo and Banele are married, and there is Musa, Ayanda, Dimpho, Tebogo and Phaledi.

"Ulu I like your dress, it is so beautiful." I smile feeling a bit shy. "Thank you Dimpho I appreciate it." Before I know it Yiba has left me and she is now mingling with other people, this is why I refuse to go out with her because this is what she always does, she flaps her beautiful social butterfly wings and leaves me hanging like some fool.

"Well there she goes..." I mistakenly say out loudly and Phaledi laughs at my dramatic stunt. "Join us in the kitchen." I don't argue, I walk with the ladies to the kitchen and this kitchen is absolutely gorgeous, silver and white, it looks absolutely angelic.

They start asking me questions and we just sit and talk like ladies.

"So which one of you pretty ladies is dating Neo?" One thing about me is that ngithanda izindaba hey, they all shut away from my question and I immediately starting suspecting them.

"Should I guess?" I ask and they agree, I know that Neo is not dating anyone but I just want to be sure.

"Uhm... I think Dimpho." She snickers and covers her mouth.

"Aww how adorable." My baby tone shines through.

"We aren't dating, it is just a simple crush." I nod and decide not to ask any further questions that will make her uncomfortable.

"So... are you and Yibanathi an item?" I giggle at their question, 'nope, she is actually my little sister." I see their faces change from romanticising us to pure embarrassment, "I'm sorry for asking." I laugh at Phaledi. 'No problem, I am already used to it." I assure her.

Thank you guys for downloading this book from my site please keep visiting <https://novelsguru.com/> for supporting me and also don't forget to share it with your friends.

Dear Friends please download these books direct from <https://novelsguru.com/> bookmark this site for latest African books, and also supporting me Thanks.

For daily latest books please visit <https://novelsguru.com/>

And also visit my Facebook page, and like and share it <https://www.facebook.com/groups/3345453369055623>

24

Ulu.

We finish cooking and we finally sit down and we start chatting and getting to know each other.

"Ulu are you in a relationship?" I choke on my juice... "uhm, huh?" I definitely didn't expect that question, I mean what do I say, how do I answer this. Yes I am single, I just broke up with my fiancé who happened to be married, does that sound right? "Uhm I'm sorry, you don't have to answer if you aren't comfortable with the question."

"I don't know." I answer honestly because damn my shit is complicated as fuck

No further questions are asked and I am absolutely happy about that, I've been having such a good time here, I haven't even thought about Mbuso, well until now and now I'm a bit salty.

Yibanathi is drunk at this point, she said she just wanted to relax and drink like a lady but instead she drank like a damn fish. "Guys thank you so much for having us here, it was so fun. I do hope we can do it again and that I wasn't too boring."

Banele laughs at me. "No sweetheart, you were amazing; you and Yibanathi are an entire vibe hey." I say thank you. We exchange numbers and they promise to invite us to their next chillas, they walk us out and we hug each person and say our

goodbyes. "Thank you for, I definitely needed this." I admit to Neo, he has helped me, I wasn't feeling okay and being out with his friends has helped me so much.

"Anytime. I had so much fun; Yibanathi is my favourite person." I giggle at his statement.

"Mara uyabora wena, I told you that you have to drive us back and now you're drunk hay mxm." I'm a bit salty about the situation, I truly do not want to drive but seeing my circumstances there is nothing that I can do. "Awoa Ulu, I'm sorry bro." She hugs me from the back and I roll my eyes in annoyance, she definitely doesn't care. "I'll drive you back home and I'll take an uber back here." Neo sweetly offers and my heart smiles from his sweet gesture, "thanks Neo but I'll be able to drive us back home." I turn around to talk to Yiba and she is standing with Phaledi and they are whispering sweet nothings to each other.

"Yiba lets go." She takes her seat in the back seat and she sleeps. The drive back home is silent and I'm bored to death.

We finally arrive home and Mbuso's car is parked in the garage, I've had such a good day, why would he want to ruin it?

I decide to leave Yibanathi inside the car while I deal with this situation.

When I open the door, he is already inside impatiently waiting for me, I can tell that he has been drinking, his eyes are red, it is as if he has been crying.

I stand in front of him

"Gatsheni." His words are barely audible, he is on the verge of breaking down, a grown man, a strong man like Mbuso is about to cry in front of me and as much as I hate to admit it, it breaks my heart seeing him like this. "I thought I asked you to give me space..." I whisper to match his own pitch. "I can't do that Uluthando, you are all I fucken think about, I need you here by my side." Tears drop, lies because every single word that he has uttered is a lie. "You don't need me Bhekumbuso, you have a wife and a family. All I ever was to you was a fun fantasy and you need to let that go and be with your wife, I don't fit anywhere in your perfect life for crying out loud." My pitch goes higher, I should be mourning my own pain but here I am trying to nurse this grown man's ego.

"If it is so perfect why do, I want you, why are you all that I want." I chuckle for a second. "This proves it, your words say it all. You want me, and you need your family." For the first time he looks up and he faces me like a man. "Wait... I've been crying over you and you were out having fun with other men

Advertisement

look at yourself Uluthando, what the fuck?" He shouts, Mbuso just shouted at me, I jump when he raises his voice and I move back. I'm scared, I'm not sure what he is about to do next.

"Fuck you, it's always about you, stop trying to fucken control Mbuso I'm not your damn property!" I click my tongue, I'm furious at this point, I just want to slap him.

"I think you should leave..." I hear a raspy voice and it is my sister standing at the door, leaning against the doorframe Mbuso remains still and he says nothing at all. "Yiba please go to the car, I'll handle this." I avoid looking at her, I need her to allow me to fight this battle on my own. "No Ulu I..." I turn around in an aggressive manner. "Yibanathi I said go and sit in the damn car angithi?" I shout at her and she closes the door with tears in her eyes, I do feel bad but right now I just have to deal with this right now.

"Yiba is right you should leave or I will. How dare you cause me so much pain, Mbuso you proposed to me, you said you loved me, what kind of sick joke is that?" I try hard to keep calm but I fail, I walk towards him and I push him but he remains still.

"I love you Na'Ndlovu and I'll always remind you that I do and I'm sorry for how I went about things, if I told you the truth to begin with you would have never agreed to be with me." He admits and he is right, I would never take the conscious decision to fuck a married man. "You hurt me..." I cry.

"Uluthando I tried to stay away from you but when I saw you in that restaurant something happened within me and I tried to let it go but I just kept thinking about you and I called you. I didn't mean to fall in love with you, it happened all on its own." He takes a seat, he looks defeated. "I do sit and wish that I didn't love you like I do and that I didn't hurt you like I did, I just miss the old us, when we were happy." I walk to my bedroom and I take his ring and I come back into the kitchen and I place it on top of the counter.

"Please leave and I promise I'll be out of your house very soon." I keep all of my hurt and anger in. "Please don't leave and please don't give me this ring back, I want to fix this." I step back. "I don't, I'm not your sex toy, you won't treat me like your bubble-gum and think an apology, meaningless words and crocodile tears will do the trick?" I genuinely look at him and he doesn't look like my Mangethe, my protector.

"The answer is no, please leave. I was having such a good day and you had to ruin it, nx." He stands up and I can we are about to go to the rodeo, here comes another fight. "Yeah I knew it, damnit and I thought you loved me but here you are coming back home so late because you were busy fucking another man." He did not just say that...

"Don't you dare Mbuso..." I warn him, now I am beyond pissed, how dare he disrespect me in that manner. "I thought you were better than that Uluthando." I take the glass that he was

drinking from and I aggressively smash it on the wall, we both watch the whiskey drip down my beige wall. "I guess you thought wrong, take your shitty self out this house. I don't ever want to see you again, you fucken disgust me." He mumbles something, he takes his car keys and he leaves the house and slams the door behind him.

I walk to the door and I hear his voice.

'My sister deserves better and you claim that you love her, then let her go. She doesn't deserve to be your second best.'
Yibanathi sounds so hurt, she is on the verge of tears. 'How can I let her go when she is all my heart wants?' I walk away from the door, I don't want to hear any more of this conversation.

I clean up the broken glass pieces and I wipe my wall and my floor.

I hear the car lock and Yiba comes inside the house and leans against the door. "Go to sleep baby girl. We will talk tomorrow, I love you." I close off the conversation before she says anything else. She gives me a kiss on the forehead and she walks into my bedroom. "I love you more." She responds. "I love you most, I swear I do." I mumble out those words.

Ulu.

I wake up early in the morning and my baby sister is not by my side. After yesterday we definitely need to have a serious talk. I get out of bed and I make my bed and I head over to the bathroom and do my morning hygiene process once done with that I leave my bedroom and I find my sister in the kitchen making breakfast.

"Boyabenyathi." I greet her and I take my seat around the kitchen counter, felling very embarrassed after yesterday's shenanigans.

She places a plate in front of me. "I'm sorry breakfast..." she offers with puppy doll eyes, her eyes are filled with tears, I give her a hug. "No my love, you didn't do anything wrong, I'm the one who is sorry." She cries in my embrace, I hate to see my sister in this state, I hate that she is apologising when I'm the one who is wrong.

We both sit down and I hold her hands. "Yiba you are not just my little sister, you are also my best friend and you are like my own full grown daughter. I love you so much and I never want to see you cry; I was wrong for shouting at you when your only intention was to help me feel better, I love you so much princess, you know that no matter what you are my little star." I let my emotions get the best of me and I need to remember

that Yiba is not a child and shouting at her the way I did was totally uncalled for and it shouldn't repeat itself. "I forgive you, I understand why you were upset." I give her a kiss on her hand and we eat.

Once we finish eating I wash the dishes and we go to the sitting room and we watch some television.

"Listen there's something I want us to talk about." I get her out of her zone and she sits up and looks at me, I lower the TV volume. "You are only a few years younger than me, I remember when you were still a little baby I thought you were my doll, I wanted to always protect you; there were times where I didn't want mom and dad to take you away from me. I always vowed to be the one who will protect you no matter what the circumstances are." I open up and memories that involve my mother are tough because at times I do not remember her and she seems like a distant memory that is slowly vanishing from my brain.

"When mom died and I realised what it meant, I wanted to make to make sure that you never feel like you don't have anyone in your corner. I'm so sorry that I've brought you pain, Nathi you need to go back to school and have fun, go to parties and enjoy yourself; I cannot expect you to stay here and pick up after me and mend a heart that you didn't break, mntase you're young and you should be out there living your best life." I can't hold her back, it wouldn't be fair of me if I did.

"I want to be here mos Ulu, I want to mend your broken heart, I don't mind." She expresses, my sister has the hero syndrome, and she is always trying to be the hero. "No princess listen, you are always the hero, you're always saving somebody and making sure that everyone is okay and you forget about your own needs, I have to be your older sister and protector and now I'm saving you from you, you need to live for Yiba and deal with what Yiba deals to deal with and not what baba needs or what Ulu needs. Please mntase make yourself a priority. I'll be okay I promise, I can deal with heartache but I can't deal with you not being fine and not living your life to your best ability. Go to school and make us proud." I don't want her to say no or change make me change my mind, I know what I'm doing is best.

"Before you kick me out, may I at least stay until Tuesday, I want to spend some time with you." I agree and we seal it with a sibling hug.

We continue to have a fun day.

It's late and night now and we are in bed just talking. "So Phaledi, what's her deal?" I'm very curious because she seemed to be very interested in my little sister.

"She's been flirting with me and I do think she is cute and all but I'm in a relationship with someone else dude, I won't cheat on my current girl and she is here and I'm in Cape Town, when

will we get a chance to see each other?" She shrugs and I do agree with her, long distance is dangerous and my sister's love language is physical touch, she could never adapt to such a situation but they did seem to vibe at the party.

"I hear you mntase. Just do what makes you happy as long as it isn't against the law." She laughs at me, she seems very confused. "Like what

making love to Mmabatho?" My eyes pop out, the things that this child says

"Hay wena don't say that, respect yourself hau." We laugh over that, this one is crazy and I've come to term with her insane personality.

We chat all night, we only fell asleep at 02:30 and I have work in the morning.

I wake up and I get ready, I bath and do all that I need to do. I put on a lavender summer dress that is just above the knees with white high heels and no jacket because it is very warm outside.

"Wake up sesi, you have to drive me to work." She groans when I wake her up.

"Yibanathi you are going to make me late so hurry up please." I leave the bedroom and I pack my things inside the car.

She comes out of the room smelling like mouth wash and looking like a tree monster, it's the contrast for me.

She drives me to work with a big sulk on her face. "Smile baby girl." She groans and rolls her eyes, she is such a morning person I am so shocked that she is upset with me right now. "You don't get to be upset when you're the one who made us stay up late, at least you don't have work to attend to." That gives her some satisfaction because she gives me a sly smile. "Hhhmm... well at least you'll be bored and tired the whole day, I guess I do win." She can be so mean at times. "You're a bully Nathi hay man." She dusts her shoulders off and I simply laugh at her.

We get to work and she drops me off at the gate instead of driving me in. "Hay Yibanathi drive in, the security will let you out." I can't walk such a distance with heels on.

"You have to dude, Mmabatho can't see me looking like this." I get annoyed when she says that, "if you don't drive this car inside, I will do it myself and you will sit with me in my office until 16:30 and Mmabatho will actually see you looking a mess." That's the only way to win with Yibanathi, you need to either guilt trip her or blackmail her.

"Argh... fine." She mumbles, I simply pay her no mind.

She drops me off, I take my things and I walk away. "Hey... hey, I love you." She actually got out of the car and risked Mmabatho seeing her like that, just so she can say goodbye

argh she loves me.

"I love you bro." I blow her a kiss and I enter the big offices.

I pass by Mr Dingane's office before I enter mine.

I gently knock on the glass door and he gestures that I come in.

"I love you too goodbye." I never knew that Mr Dingane was in a relationship, I've never asked, well I've always been scared of him. Mr Dingane is an attractive man and I'm pretty sure that he is in a relationship many women want him and even the women at the office are weak for him but he never gives them that satisfaction, he is professional like that and I love him for it.

"Sorry to disturb you sir, I just wanted to greet you and make sure you're okay." I give him a gentle smile. "I'm definitely fine, is everything okay Ms Ndlovu?" No, everything is fucked up... I say nothing. I just keep it to myself.

"Yes everything is fine, thank you for asking. I was just checking up on you, I won't waste anymore of your time, I'll get to work." I stand up and take my little bags. "You look happier these days, even though you did look a bit sad on Friday, I just didn't want to bug you, is everything okay?" Wait, he noticed? I thought I did a good job hiding my hurt and pain.

"I'm better now sir, my sister came and she was just what the doctor ordered." He smiles. "I'm glad Ms Ndlovu, have a lovely

day." I thank him and I leave his office and I head to mine. Neo hasn't arrived at work yet.

I start reading through manuscripts and doing what I'm paid to do.

I've always loved reading, it's an escape for me and I'm most certainly at my happiest when I read or edit books, it just feels right for me, I just love it.

26

Ulu.

It's 17:00 and Yibanathi hasn't arrived yet, I text her and call her.

'Shit I forgot to check the time, I'm on my way. Don't be mad, I'll buy you a Mcfizz.'

Yibanathi is so irresponsible, I can't believe I trusted her with this.

"Well I'm leaving now, shall we leave?" Neo waits for me by my door. "Well I wish but Yiba drove me here so I'm waiting for her, let me walk to your car." He insists that he wait with me but I tell him no because I know that Yibanathi is on her way already and I don't mind waiting just a few minutes.

I walk him to his car and we say our goodbyes, I go back to my office.

I take my phone and I scroll through Instagram.

"Ms Ndlovu, you're still at the office at this time?" Wait, hold up, Mr Dingane is in my office, don't scream...

"Well yes today I'm staying in with the big bosses." I joke around and fortunately enough he gets it, he gives me a smile, he walks in and graces himself with a seat. "I know you'll get there, you're improving a lot." I appreciate him always building me up.

"Well thank you for believing in me, I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for you and I myself do aspire to be like you one day." He blushes and looks to the side, today is Christmas for me. "You're too kind, thank you Ms Ndlovu." We continue to have a little chat.

My sister finally arrives walking into my office like she owns the place. "Dude I'm sorry I'm late, traffic and shit." She makes a noise, oh my goodness Yibanathi not in front of my boss, I groan and stand up.

"Yiba, this is my boss Mr Dingane and sir this is my younger sister Yibanathi, I'm truly sorry for her behaviour." Yibanathi enjoys acting like a child.

When I look over at my sister, she has regret all over her face. "I'm sorry sir. It's nice to meet you." He gives her a smile and they exchange handshakes.

"Nice to meet you too." He is always so formal yho ai.

"You look gorgeous Gatsheni, I didn't see you properly this morning." Yiba compliments me, well I'm kind of blushing, I do feel cute today.

"Thanks sis."

"Does she not look beautiful?" She asks my boss, I give her a look but she just looks the other way. "Well that she does." Mr Dingane causally responds, no way... I giggle softly and thank him, now I'm feeling shy.

"Let me just greet Mmabatho and say my goodbyes, since someone kicked me out." She leaves the office, I meant well.

"I don't mean to interfere in family business or your personal life but did you really kick your sister out?" He looks somewhat disappointed in me, like he did that day I was super late and pretended that I'd been at the office for hours. "Yes and no, she is visiting me here and I'm going through something. I just want her to enjoy her life as a varsity student and not worry about me and my things, you know?" He nods in agreement and his disappointment fades away. "I understand. Have a lovely day Ms. Ndlovu." He buttons his suit and exits my office.

I don't think

Advertisement

I'll ever understand him, he just confuses me, the onetime where I think I have him figured out, he just acts out and gives me something else to work with.

I take my things and I wait for my sister by the reception area.

She finally finishes up and we leave the office and head home. When we get home, I clean my face and I join her in the sitting area.

"Your workplace has cute guys, I wonder why you had to look outside of your office to find a boyfriend." She blurts out of nowhere, "I will not date someone that I work with Yiba,

imagine how weird that shit would be?" I laugh just thinking about it, how would it work?

"Your boss likes you..." I roll my eyes, Yibanathi thinks everyone likes me, if they smile at me she automatically thinks that, that certain person is feeling a certain way about me.

"My boss does not like me, he is very professional and he is like my mentor." She bursts into laughter, she almost falls on the ground laughing at me. "Ulu you are older than me but I know way more than you do. You can obviously see when someone has a crush on you or is eyeing you, like Phaledi, I saw that she was checking me out and I was giving her a little something to work with." My eyes pop out, I am absolutely shocked, something is definitely wrong with my sister, her mind and skill is beyond her years, I mean she is only 20 but oh my goodness.

"Stop it okay, your mind is just too much. You're living in a fantasy world." She simply rolls her eyes and continues watching TV.

Her phone rings and she leaves the room to answer, awoa, it doesn't work like that.

I tiptoe to her bedroom and listen in in the conversation and I hear nothing, I'm certain she is speaking to a girl. I hear her footsteps and I run back to my seat and pretend like I didn't just listen in on her conversation.

"Are you good?" Yiba asks me as she takes her seat beside me, I'm literally out of breath. "Of... of course. Why what's wrong?" Like I have mentioned before, I am a terrible liar, I cannot lie to save my life. "Dude I heard you, why were you listening in on my conversation?" She gives me a sly smile and I know she wants me to be honest so she can scold me. "I didn't do that, I was on Instagram." I stutter my way through that sentence. "Liar, liar pants on fire." She sings like a small baby and I make stupid faces, we end up laughing. "Fine, I was listening kodwa wena why are you being sneaky?" I always answer my phone in front of her, yena why must she hide or run away when she wants to answer the phone awoa shame.

"Hayi Uluthando uthanda izindaba wena nje that's your problem." Mxm uyahlanya lona, I want to know who she was on the phone with.

"Since you want to know so badly, it was my girlfriend, apparently she misses me." She blushes like a teenager.

"Argh man, that is so cute... why don't you want me to meet her?" She sighs and rolls her eyes. "No Uluthando, you'll meet her once I'm sure." I know we will be bickering about this until forever, I really want to know who my sister is busy with but it seems that we are not on the same page when it comes to that.

27

Ulu.

Yiba left yesterday and now I'm all alone, I miss her already but I'm content with the decision that I have made, she left only yesterday but I am so lonely, that house feels so empty.

Well tomorrow I have a lunch date with Dimpho and Banele. I'm very excited, thanks to Neo now I'll also have friends and I don't have to be stuck in my house alone reading books and watching movies all the time, I'll get the chance to go out and mingle with people.

The receptionist comes in my office with a bouquet of red roses, "these are for you... you're so lucky girl." I giggle and watch as she leaves the office.

I look through the flowers and I finally find a note.

It reads:

'you are the pure definition of a rose, you're so beautiful and delicate yet require love and patience; your thorns are the most dangerous yet most unique and beautiful parts. I miss you already sis and I love you dearly. From your womb bestie.'

I honestly do not mean to cry but wow, my sister is so thoughtful. I call her but her phone sends me straight to voicemail. I send her a text saying thank you and a picture of

me and the flowers. This is so beautiful, it's always the smallest things that count for me.

Today I decide to stay in late because I'm not rushing anywhere or to anyone, I finish up with my second draft of editing and I send it to the author.

Once done with that, I leave the office and I drive to Woolworths and I buy myself a cake, I'm lazy to cook and these days I'm even lazy to eat, I hardly eat and when I do eat, I eat pure junk.

When I get home I shower and when I put on a robe.

I've received so many missed calls from Mbuso and apology messages and I just haven't been sure on how to respond to them. Today I seem to be calm and in the right headspace, I decide to call him.

Call...

'Mthiyane.' His voice sounds dangerous, he definitely isn't okay.

'Uhm hey... I got your missed calls and this is

the only time I've had so what do you need?' I genuinely ask him, I've kept my tone calm and relaxed.

'I don't want to fight anymore Ulu, I just want to talk

and I want, actually I need to apologise to you and try to make you understand where I was coming from.' I shake my head in

disagreement because I know that we will end up having a big fight like we did on Saturday. 'Listen before you say no,

just please hear me out and if I'm speaking a lot of bullshit that you are not understanding then I will leave you alone, just as you have requested.' Well that seems like a fair trade but knowing him, I'm not necessarily sure that he is being honest and authentic with me, maybe he is just bluffing. 'Fine, you can come over and I'm giving you only an hour.' I hang up my phone after that.

I sincerely hope that I'm doing the right thing because I honestly don't want drama and I'm tired of the continuous fights between Mbuso and myself.

After 15 minutes I hear him walking in.

He enters the bedroom, he looks so sexy and handsome, I wish I could rip his clothes off but I also wish I could just hug him and kiss him, tell him everything that has been happening.

"I don't think that this is the best place to talk, let's go into the sitting room." He doesn't respond to what I just said, we go to the sitting room and we both sit down and face each other.

"Firstly what I did on Saturday was completely unacceptable, I was out of line and I am incredibly sorry, I claim that I love you but I said such hurtful words to you and I shouldn't have." He is actually sorry, what he said really hurt me, he actually made me feel like more of a whore, I felt like I was the bitch that sleeps with married men and then I turn on him and I sleep with other people just so I can forget him and that is not the type of

person that I am.

"I forgive you but that won't happen again." He gives me a smile. Wait, why did I say again, there is no again, I am done with Mbuso and his never ending bullshit I'm absolutely tired and he is fricken married.

"I know that you will never see me as your Mbuso and I understand your reason. I am so sorry, I will never ever hurt you in that manner Ulu, I was scared to tell you the truth, I wanted to be honest but I just couldn't because I knew that telling you that I'm married would mean telling you that we are over." He hits his head out of frustration. "Be honest with yourself, when you proposed to me was it your way of trying to trap me into staying with you and being your wife or did you actually do it because you actually love me and you saw a future with me?" This question has been playing repeatedly in my mind and I genuinely need to know what it is, he needs to tell me the truth.

sans-serif;mso-fareast-font-family: "Times New Roman";mso-bidi-font-family:"Times New Roman";mso-fareast-language: EN-ZA">"Both, I knew that I wanted to be with you from day one but I knew it was impossible because I have Philsiwe in my life, but when I was with you, I knew that I wanted nothing else than to spend the rest of my life with you, I couldn't possible imagine life without you by my side Mthiyane and when I proposed to you, I wanted to make sure that you stay with me.

I know I am fucken stupid but I did however think that, that ring would save my ass and you would actually stay with me even after I've told you that I'm married." Whenever he says her name or mentions that he is married, it feels like I'm swallowing a tank of oil and it is absolutely disgusting; as a side chick, I know I don't have much right to be upset about this, especially the mentioning of his wife but I am very upset, I thought he was my forever. Mbuso respected me, he treated me like a queen and he loved me, without me having to fight for it, I never wanted to share that with anyone.

"You never thought about her, how she would feel, how I would feel?" He shrugs, he is unable to look at me. "I did... I just... I'm sorry." His sorry is late now and I don't think I want his stupid and meaningless sorry.

"You hurt me and I don't think can ever forgive you and even if do forgive you, I still want you to keep your distance from me, I don't think I want to see you or be with you because deep down you're all I want and it hurts me because I know that I can never have you..." I admit my true feelings to him, he comes closer to me and wipes the tears from my eyes.

"You are all I want, I love you." I look him deep in the eyes and our souls just connect, there is complete silence.

He brushes his fingers on my lips, our foreheads meet and we both inhale and exhale, we are in synchronisation as always. If

being with him is so wrong, then why has it felt so right and why do I still love him so much?

He gently places his lips on top of mine. "I love you." He whispers, "I love you." I whisper back.

He kisses me and I kiss him back, the feeling that I've been longing for, his sweet desire.

I find myself sitting cautiously on his lap, my robe fully opened, exposing my bare abdomen and breasts. His fingers begin to spin and pull on my nipples as they are soothed and cooled, we maintain eye contact reading deep within each other's souls. I like the sudden coldness of his breath, and when he picked up my nipples and started to enjoy the taste and sensation of the soft flesh underneath, his mouth quickly warmed.

But his desire didn't stop there. With a knowing smile, he looked at my panties and looked down my legs, exposing my wet and throbbing pussy. He laid me on the couch and he then lowered his head and eagerly rested between my thighs. My body continued to be played softly; this time his tongue provided a soft, moist pleasure, as he carefully cooled and pleased my throbbing and wet pussy. The memories of our fucking and love making days dwell in my head, and I am beautifully reminded of the joy of coming back. When his two index fingers pierced deeply into my pussy area suddenly, his desire to make love to me again was oblivious. My sensitive

flesh screeched for an instant pounding, but quickly became excited about being held firmly and warmed up. I couldn't contain and hold in the pleasure that I was feeling at this point, my moans filled the room.

His fingers continue to thrust into me and his skilful tongue working, I push his head harder as I feel myself getting closer and closer to a climax. "Mmmm...ah...mm.." my breathing is uncontrollable and my body is aching for more of his touch, he pounds into my pussy, I squirt right on his face and he still doesn't stop, he goes harder and harder... eating me like he is holding on to dear life.

I look at his skilful tongue working and it turns me on even more, oh yes... just what I need and what I want.

After a few minutes I cum and he sucks up all my juices leaving nothing behind. He comes up and he gives me a kiss so I can taste myself, I taste delicious.

He lies on the couch and I lie on top of him.

28

Ulu.

"More?" He asks me as I keep staring at him and brushing on his shaft, it is hard and very much erect.

"More." I command. He picks me up and we go into the bedroom.

We both lie on top of the bed and I hover on top of him.

I stroke his hard and erect dick, watching him struggle not to come and I run my hands around his shaft, pressing lightly at the sensitive skin. Mangethe grunts with pleasure and I stroke him some more.

Mbuso slides along my body until his face appears once again in front of my pussy. He opens my lips with his tongue, presses his face against my wetness, sucking, licking and teasing my clitoris pushing into fucking his face, trying to grab more things to reach another orgasm. He slows down, trying to make my orgasm disappear. I grab his head and draw him towards her. I rubbed his face on my garden until I came once again.

Mbuso positions me to lie on my chest and I do; face down, ass up, he slides up my naked and revealing body, he uses his knee to split my legs apart.

"On your knees," he commands me and I growl from the excitement, I love the power he has over me. I obey the order

and I get onto all fours, he slowly guides his firm dick into my moist pussy; deep inside, he begins to stroke slowly and then a bit more quickly. I most definitely fuck him back, we move rhythmically. He is pounding into me and I can do nothing other than receive his rough thrusts. He kisses my back and sucks deeper and deeper into my skin, I moan and he groans, we create music with our sounds and a dance with our movements. He reaches around and taps my clitoris in rhythm to his strokes and is soon rewarded with orgasmic convulsions around his cock and I know that by doing that I am pulling him into his own little death.

He fucks me harder and harder, his one hand is gripping both my wrists like handcuffs and he spansks my ass, he doesn't stop, he pounds into me until he cums his body fails him and he falls on top of me.

I get onto and I ride him with my hands resting on his chest, he grabs on my breasts and he massages them. "Ahh... fuck it." I can barely utter any words at this point, both of us a humping, groaning, moaning, sweating and connecting, this is just above and beyond.

We both cum and I fall on top of him.

Damn I love this man.

We cuddle up and once we calm down and contain ourselves, we shower and we fall asleep.

I wake in the morning and I feel something thick in between my butt cheeks. Shit... the events of last night and midnight come crashing in like a storm, fuck...

I groan to myself I get out of bed and I put on my robe.

"Bhekumbuso!" I shout so he can wake up, I make sure that I keep a safe distance between us because it's very clear that we can't be in one room and not do something crazy.

"Sawubona mama." He greets me beautifully but I don't show him that he has me weak, I keep a stern face.

"Is something wrong?" What did he think this was, did he think we were happy now and in love again?

"You need to leave." I utter those words as I enter the in suite bathroom so I can run the water in my bathtub.

"What do you mean Na'Ndlovu, I'm confused right now." He follows me into the bathroom, I leave him in there but he continues to follow me. "You're confused, let me catch you up okay?" He nods uncontrollably. "You are married and what we did there was wrong, you have a wife that you should be sleeping next to at night, how do you explain this to her?" He groans, he is clearly annoyed by my argument.

"This is an affair and I'm the other woman, I will not fuck you all day long and watch you go home to another person and have her cook for you and sleep next to you every single day." What we did was wrong and we shouldn't have, I will not be his

mistress. "Then... damn, I'll leave." He says, he is obviously defeated, somewhere he still loves her, even if he claims he loves me

he doesn't. I haven't bared him, his greatest gifts, I haven't been with him through his toughest times, and I know that his wife will always be his number one woman.

"You're not leaving your wife Mbuso that is insane, sowuyahlanya manje?" I raise my voice at his, and I regret it later. "What do you want me to do Uluthando, I want to leave my wife you say no, I plead with you that you become my second wife and you still say no..." I bangs the wall. "Ufunani?" He raises his hands in the air and I shrug. "I want you to leave me alone and go back to your wife and family. You said you'd leave me after I listened to your sob story and I did, now leave." I order him, this is so hard, I've said nothing but lies, I want him to stay with me but that's like wishing on a shooting star, nothing will change.

"Leave, leave? After what just happened we made love, we told each other that we love each other, come on Ulu." I simply look away, "were you using me, just so you can have sex. You're being unfair Ulu." I get pissed when he says that, "now you know how it feels." I express in a deeply cold voice.

He doesn't say anything, he continues to get dressed, I watch him and both of us are quiet. He grabs his car keys and he

barges out of my house, well his house.

"Fuck!!!" I shout, nxx.

This isn't easy for me either, we made passionate love, we fucked like pornstars, it was pure magic. Ngiyamuthanda umfo kaZikode but he has Ms P by his side, I'll also be the desert and desert is nice at times but a lot of it makes you sick and you are never full, whereas with your main course you are full and you can do without desert.

I get ready for work.

I have nothing to wear because Mbuso decided that he mark his territory on my body, I have hickeys everywhere on my body.

As hot as it is, I have to wear something that hides these hickeys.

I put on sky blue suit pants and a white silk shirt with blue high heels.

I wanted to wear a simple dress but Mbuso had to ruin that also.

I get to work and it is along and boring day. I met up with an author and discussed her book that is being published.

Yey I'm going out with Banele and the girls today. After work Neo and I leave the office together.

"Well, I would like to inform you..." he looks excited already, this man is pure gold. "I'm going out today, Dimpho and them

invited me to have dinner or after work meal with them." He smiles, he knows how lonely I've been here. "You're stealing my friends, now you're going out and I'm not invited." I laugh at him, jealousy looks so cute on him. "Ladies only and you sir do not have a vagina." He bursts out of laughter. "Well I didn't want to go anyways, your dinner is very much biased; I'd feel attacked." I click my tongue and laugh at him, he is absolutely crazy.

We say our goodbyes and I drive over to have lunch with the girls.

When I arrive, they are already there, I greet them and take my seat.

"So you always look gorgeous..." Dimpho compliments me and I blush, I'm just a shy girl naturally.

"Thank you for the compliment." I blow her a kiss across the table. "Not Neo being jealous that he wasn't invited." I inform them and they laugh, they know their crazy friend and well crazy crush for Dimpho.

We order our food and they catch up and they get to know me.

"I don't know if I'm being forward or what but... I can see that it's very complicated." Phaledi says and I'm very confused, Banele laughs and I look at Dimpho with a confused look, does she also know what Phaledi is talking about?

"You have...uhm... your two hickeys on your neck." Dimpho

whispers... oh shit.

I can't help but laugh. "The entire day, no one said anything to me about that, wow..." I'm so embarrassed.

We laugh about my hickey and continue to converse.

We left the restaurant pretty late and I'm glad I got the chance to go out and see people, I felt so comfortable around them, I felt like I've known them since forever.

29

Ulu.

3 weeks later.

I haven't met up with Mbuso ever since that day we argued, he has been so mad at me and I miss him but I think it's for the better.

Last weekend I went to visit my father and NaNyembe said that I look stunning, she is like I'm glowing I'm probably in love or I'm pregnant. The things these older women say.

I haven't been feeling well... today I decided to take a sick leave and I've been in bed all day long, I'm definitely not feeling okay. Shit... shit!

I run into the bathroom and I run out, I check my period tracker and I am over four weeks late, oh my fucken goodness. I cannot be pregnant.

I scream...

I take my car keys and I drive to the nearest chemist to get a pregnancy test, I see people giving me weird looks at the chemist, damn, I forgot to change my pyjamas but I don't care at this point, I just want to know if I'm pregnant or not.

I pay and I buy some juice at the garage, I need to drink a lot of liquids so I can pee.

"Pee...pee...pee" I keep repeating.

I'm panicking at this point, I want to call Yiba but I just don't want to bombard her with my nonsense and I also want to call Mbuso but what do I say?

Yes! I finally feel the urge to pee, I run into the bathroom and I pee on two pregnancy sticks.

"Come on, results, come on." I already have tears running down my face, I'm so scared right now, I just cannot keep still and calm. I check the first test and it says inclusive, argh fuck it, when I check the second one it says pregnant.

Which one do I believe?

More water?

I take a bottle of water and I gulp it down, at this point I am so anxious, I keep tapping my nails on the coffee table, waiting for my bladder to scream at me; still no results. I drink juice and more water and I sit still waiting for the urge once again.

I run to the bathroom and pee on the last two sticks. What if I'm really pregnant, I will have my own little prince or princess? It will be the best day of my life, I will have a lifelong best friend.

I count from one to ten just so I can calm my nerves. I look at both the tests and they both read pregnant...

"Oh my God, oh you're great dear Lord." I cannot believe this, I'm pregnant. I am going to be a mother, at this point I don't

care about the circumstances, I don't care how he was conceived, I'm just happy that I'm going to be a mother.

I can't wait to share the news with my sister. I don't even know how I'm going to tell Mbuso but I have to tell him, he is the father and he has the right to know, what he decides to do with the given information is totally up to him. I'm keeping this baby no matter what other people have to say, I'm just scared of my father, how will I explain that I'm pregnant with a baby by a man who is married? Oh fuck...

It's late, I get inside my blankets and I close my eyes

Advertisement

sleep takes over me and I allow it.

Next morning

I wake up in a jolly mood, I'm singing and I'm dancing, I'm absolutely happy.

I wear a military green silk, tight fit dress with my black heels. I look like a million bucks, I put on simple makeup and I style my braids in a high bun.

I look myself in the mirror and I look absolutely gorgeous. "Oh my angel, all your friends will be jealous because your mother will be the hottest mom." I blush just thinking about it, I'll be taking my baby to school and going to parent meetings, it will

be such a fun part of parenthood; sporting games and spelling bees just like her aunty, I can't wait.

I drive to work, I have a meeting with the entire editing group. Mmabatho greets us and introduces the meeting, it's all boring stuff, things we already know. I'm just thinking about this little life that is growing inside of me.

So the important part of this meeting was that we are having an editor's awards/publishing house's awards, I'm not sure but we have to be there, we have been invited.

"Neo is already my date Ulu, get your own." She is so mean, why doesn't she go with Mr Dingane or the other boring men that work here.

"I'll get you for you and Neo, you're a betrayer." I say while laughing at him.

He tries to apologise but I'm just not having it. We go back to our offices and we have breakfast together, we have become so close, Neo is like the brother that I never had, I had a little crush on him when he first arrived but now thinking back all I can say is eww... I love him so much though. We sometimes work together, we are always together, this Saturday we were having a movie night, and it was so fun. I truly enjoy being friends with him and the others of cause.

"Wena I've come to the conclusion that you're single on purpose." I enlighten him on my new discovery, he looks

surprised that I'm saying that. "And where is all of this coming from?" He questions me. "I mean I am an adult Neo, I see things and as much as I won't comment on every single thing that I see, I know there is something going on." He moves his laptop to the side so he can look at me clearly.

"Mmabatho and I are just friends and co-workers, she is my boss and I wouldn't try anything with her, she is married." Well I thought the same until I got pregnant by a married man.

"No silly, I don't mean her." He gives me a sour look. "Then who?" I can't believe this man, he should know all the tricks and all the signs, he literally edits such books, what the heck is wrong with him.

"I guess you'll just have to find out on your own and only then will you realise how stupid you've been." He can be slow at times, I've seen the way they interact and I can see that he also have feelings for her, maybe he just hasn't realised it yet.

Men are slow, I just cannot with them. I still have to deal with my own drama, I mean the Mbuso saga is stressing me out, what will I say, what if his wife answers the phone, wait will I say to her because I'm pretty sure she is very happy that I'm out of their lives now and she gets to enjoy her husband without me interfering. It just upsets me, the thought of another woman feeling his tongue beating on her clit, having his fingers curl inside of her. The fact he tells another woman that he loves her and the fact that he expresses his feeling to another and

cuddles up with another, I hate it. I wish I could have all that.
"You cool?" I nod and brush off any further conversation.

30

Ulu.

Mature content.

18+

I throw off my shoes and I just throw my sexy self on top of the bed, I call Mbuso and no one answers, I call him twice and I guess he is still ignoring me. Mbuso is so unfair, he cheats on, I mean with me and then he expects me to be cool, I said two or three words that I didn't mean and he decides to bitch over that, I'm really not going to fight and if he thinks that I'm trying to get back together with him then he is absolutely wrong because there is no way that is happening.

I'm pissed nje now, I open Netflix and I watch a highly recommended series, '*Sex education.*'

I'm already hooked, this show is absolutely fantastic.

Dingane grabs me closer to him and he attacks me with a cold kiss, he takes the ice cube that is in his hand and he presses it against my nipples, I shiver, the intensity is too much.

'Uluthando, what are you doing?' Mbuso shouts at me, but why? This is fun... I look at both men and they look absolutely sexy, I'm panting already. 'Hey man, I desire her, she is mine!' Mbuso shouts at the big boss and I'm turned on, will he fight back... 'then why is she here with me?' Indeed he fights back,

ouu I'm going to cum before any of them fuck me. 'No need to fight boys, you guys can both have me.' I say in a sexy tone, I walk over to Mbuso and I aggressively kiss him and I rub my hands on his shaft... now this should be fun.

Mbuso lifts my legs and places them on his waist just like he always does. He runs his hands all over me and undresses my body so he can get the perfect view, he throws me on top of the bed. He kisses my nipples, resulting to a deep and authentic moan

Dingane gets tired of watching and joins the party, he starts licking my wet pussy, my dear legs become completely hot. Mbuso gets on his legs and he licks on my nipples mercilessly. Fully out of breath, I slowly take Mbuso's shaft and succumb to the violent blow of Dingane's tongue, my mouth opens widely in ecstasy, and Dingane kisses my mouth and my neck, I like to taste myself, he lowers himself once again. Grabbing on Mbuso's penis, I can barely see Mbuso kissing on my hard and perky nipples, while Dingane is still busy licking on my dripping vagina.

I keep staring at my Mbuso, I turn over, and I take Dingane's penis out of his pants, I take a quick taste of the wet one, and put his big penis in my mouth. I have seen how difficult it is. Mbuso strokes himself when he sees me being licked for the first time by another and as I myself allow another into my

mouth, I swallow his thick presence. I release Dinagne and I take Mbuso into my embrace once again, I lick the top to make sure he is stiff, but I know some tricks to make him firmer. Sliding his erection in and out of my mouth makes him groan and that truly excites me. I want to taste it fully. I feel very hungry and thirsty, I don't desire food yet I desire the bodies of these men.

I let my teeth scratch on his penis and give him a malicious look, then with a deep thrust, I felt a penis in my moist parts. My pussy starts to react to the harsh thrust of an unknown dick, Dingane fully working his way within me. At the same time my attention is focused on the head of the Mangethe's shaft, which is only a few millimetres away from my eyes. The combination of sex and sucking puts my excited body in another state of happiness. It has all the ingredients, my sensitive parts are filled and stretched out, and when it slides in and out of my wet embrace, I enjoy this feeling, my lady parts reacts with wet and slippery sounds.

My pussy begins responding to the digging thrusts of an unfamiliar penis. At the same time, I keep myself focused on the penis head but now I know what I need, I need Mbuso to fuck me, I want him to cum inside of me. The combination of getting fucked while sucking pushed my aroused body into a further state of bliss.

Rocking deep and regular we continued until I feel him fill me, pulsing into my body triggering a tightening deep in my muscles and the waves of my orgasm flooded out.

Mbuso places me on my side, he pushes himself into my dripping wet opening, I was more than ready for him, I've been longing for his touch and his shaft drilling into me at this point, my hunger is still strong, I place my butt-cheek against Mbuso's hip and then I wrap my hand around him. I keep moving on Mbuso's shaft like a joystick, as he thrusts in and out of me. I squeeze onto Dingane with wavering pressure, in time with Mbuso's thrusts. As I look deep into Dingane's eyes, I see his eyes darken and I am informed that he craves to be inside me again. Mbuso keeps pounding inside me and I gasp with pleasure running through my body, shit what a climax.

I wake up feeling a bit tired. Damn, it was only a dream, I... I can't believe it.

I'm not really sure when I fell asleep last night but I'm very tired and I have to look elegant today, I'm going to the awards.

I try to think about work but my dream is haunting me, it keeps playing in my mind, I lift my blankets and I put my fingers underneath my pyjama pants... oh fuck. I'm wet like a slippery slope, I never knew I was into threesomes until now, the dream I had, got me thinking about other things.

I check the time and lucky for me, I have a few minutes to calm things down and to stop fires.

I lazily move my fingers up and down my slit, teasing my body with a frustrating light touch, but it is not firm enough to be satisfy my desire. The picture of Dingane thrusting in and out of me and me devouring Mbuso's manhood plays continuously in my brain. I tease myself over and over again. An idea interesting takes shape, my eyelids are already heavy with pleasure and a passionate image. My lips are curled up with a shameless smile again, and I find myself climbing onto my pillow very carefully.

I carefully put my hips on top of the puffed pillow, I properly place my elbows and I push the pillow deep in-between my legs with the other hand. The fabric of the pillowcase is silk and so soft, my wet pussy has made it wet as well and can act as a lubricant to help it slide back and forth on my delicate flower.

I move my one hand down to my flower and I place then from the back, I move my fingers clockwise on my pussy lips. I recall Mbuso fucking me like a beast and I just bounce on my silk pillow, the heat in my body gradually increases and pleasure takes over, I have succumbed to my desire

I lose control over my own body, I fall over onto my stomach, slamming my hips into pillow bed as the pleasure builds up, I

cling on my hard and erect nipples and I cum on my pillow...
"Mbusoo...." I pant and I moan his name out loudly.

Well what a way to start out my day.

Once I finish and collect myself, I make my bed and I put the pillow in the washer so I can wash it, now I can no longer sleep on it, I'm wasting my quality pillows but for such an orgasm then I most certainly do not mind.

I shower and I dress casually because I'll be going to the awards later on and I'll be looking like a whole queen.

I pack my black YSL high-heels with a long black lace dress with an open back and a high up slit. I promise that I will be delivering sexy at those awards.

31

Ulu.

I get to work and the mood is lit, people are pacing up and down and others are just relaxing.

I see Mr Dingane working in his office and I look away and pretend that I don't see him, why am I making things awkward right now?

Argh, I didn't choose to have a sex dream about him, it happened and he was so good at whatever he was doing; well but I did choose to masturbate this morning thinking about what he can do, or in this case what I think he can do.

Now I'll be checking him out, I just hope he doesn't notice me being weird.

"Mr Motloug." I graciously greet my friend as I enter his office. I take my usual seat in his office.

"Ms. Ndlovu, how are you this beautiful morning?" Ms Ndlovu, really? He is making me think about Mr D and what his D did to me in my dream last night argh... Neo kodwa.

"Never mind that for a second, how TMI are we?" After I utter those words I realise that what I just said makes no sense.

"Huh?" I feel like I'm with Yiba all the time because she also acts like this, like a slow learner when she is so intelligent, she is the smarter sibling between the both of us.

"How weird is weird, where do you draw the line when we are gossiping or updating each other Neo?" A realisation sinks in and he actually understands what I mean.

"No limit, spill the beans." He is so excited to hear what I have to say. Everyone deserves to have a friendship like ours, we have the best friendship ever.

"So I had the weirdest yet oddly satisfying dream ever last night." I warm him up, I don't think he is ready for what it about to come.

"Listen do not act dramatic or whatever, but I had a sex dream... it was a threesome between Mbuso, my uhhh... I don't know what he is to me and" I laugh just thinking about it, he opens big eyes and he is ready to hear the rest of the story.

"Mr Dingane..." he bangs the table. "Noo..." he gasps, he is definitely shocked. "I'm telling you dude, he is my boss and I dreamt of him..." I look around to check the coast, "fucking me." I whisper. We both burst into laughter, I'm so glad that he didn't make me feel bad about what I just told him.

"I'm sorry to interrupt, good morning. Ms Ndlovu please see me in my office." He doesn't wait for a response, he leave the office and heads back to his.

"Oh shit, what if he knows?" I ask him, I'm panicking right now. "Stop, he doesn't know anything, you fail at being naughty man Thando." I groan at him and I just drag myself to the boss's office.

"Mr Dingane, you asked to see me." I nervously take my seat and he gives me a weird look. "Is everything okay?" He questions me and I don't have a response, what will I say? "Uhm... nothing I'm sorry." Why am I apologising right now? Aw damnit.

"You're being so weird right now." He gives me a deep chuckle and I see his perfectly aligned white teeth. He is literally making me imagine things that I shouldn't be thinking right now, I'm imagining him on my clit.

"I hope you're actually okay because I remember that day you said you didn't want to bother your sister with your issues. I actually wanted to ask you to be my date for tonight's awards. It would be very depressing if we both go solo." I giggle because he has a point.

"Yes sir, I also think we should go together." I smile and so does he.

We say talk for a little and luckily we will match because he is going to be dressed in a navy blue suit and all.

When I get to my office Mr Motloun is already there waiting for me, "I have to find a new job." I groan as I sit down. I really do because this is not on. I don't know if I'll be comfortable around Mr Dingane and I will end up making him feel very uncomfortable. "Don't be ridiculous Ulu." He rolls his eyes in a dramatic manner and I can't help but laugh, "So now you've got jokes?" He pouts like a little boy.

"Let's get to work before you really put in your letter of resignation." Nxx uyaphapha lona and I know that he will be reminding me about this until forever.

"Firstly uyaphapha and secondly no, we aren't working today, we are preparing for tonight you little betrayer." I grunt at him and he just laughs at me, he should have said no to Mmabatho because now I'm going to have to sit next to Mr Dingane the entire night." His eyes pop out and he holds in his laughter, his face is already red. "You annoy me, I swear you do." I stand up and I jokingly push him to the side.

sans-serif;color:#222222">We decide to go out and have some food, so many people assume that I've broken up with Mbuso just so I can be with Neo.

Well it's time to get ready, Mr Dingane made sure that we look our best, he organized hair and makeup for us and I'm here for it.

I sit in my office and allow the lady to style my hair and this flamboyant man to fix my makeup.

I get dressed and I feel like gold, I look like a million bucks "You look absolutely perfect." Neo praises me, I don't look like the innocent Uluthando that I always look like at work; I look like sexy and I look super naughty.

"Thank you Mr Motlounge." We exchange hugs.

Mmabatho fetches her date and I wave them goodbye, I feel

like a mother at this point, wait I am a mother. I think of my baby girl. "Please take care of him okay?" I say to Mmabatho, I really need to ensure that he is fine. "Haiiboo Uluthando, what would I do to this gorgeous man?" She winks and I giggle, sometimes Mmabatho doesn't act like a married woman and if my baby sister was to hear her speak like this, she would be genuinely hurt.

Mr Dingane comes inside my office and he looks like my deepest fantasy. I literally gasp when I first see him.

"Wow... uhm. You look good." He stutters and he continues being hard-core like he always is.

"Thank you..." I calmly say to him, I'm definitely feeling shy now.

We exit the office hand in hand. Everyone has a partner, this just seems a bit funny to me. When I look at my co-workers that have always been invited I now actually see how attractive these people are, they just look boring, that's all.

We drive off together and we share jokes on our way there.

I feel as if I'm at the Met Gala, I've never experienced something like this, it is absolutely breath-taking. The decor is spectacular and the lights are pure perfection.

We walk in and we take pictures, we start mingling with other business people and I try to market us, I've spotted several great authors that I feel I could work magic with.

'You're the new bloomer that created magic with Malebo's book.' I mean I appreciate the nice words and all but I want to be seen/acknowledged like the rest of the other authors, they are great authors and that's all.

We sit down and everything is introduced and they start handing out awards.

"Let's welcome to stage one of our biggest sponsors to the stage. Mr Zwane and his company have been working hand in hand with us for 5 years now and we are grateful." Everyone applauds, I see Mbuso on stage wearing an emerald green suit, he looks so happy. I stand up and I hurry to the bathroom, I just don't know what to say to him at this point and I can't just sit there and listen to him.

Once I calm down, I leave the bathroom and I walk out slowly hoping that he will be done with his speech when I get there.

"Why are you running away from me Mpongo kaZingelwayo?" I gasp because I thought I was alone, with that voice alone I already know who it is, I walk away from the bathroom lights and I'm met with darkness in passages.

I stand in front of him and I lift my head up high. "I'm not running, is a girl not allowed to relive her bladder?" I roll my eyes, I'm glad he can't see me clearly. "Mthiyane, you've parading all night with that stupid man, having so much fun you didn't even notice me. He may hug your back for now but

remember that you're mine." He pulls me closer to him, I feel the warmth of his touch, he puts his hand under my dress. "I distinctly remember picking these out for you, I knew that they would hug your thick thighs perfectly and accentuate your beautiful round butt..." I have no words at this point, with just his touch alone I can feel the heat. "This dress is the same dress that you couldn't stop tell me about the day after you bought it and well these shoes..." he bites my ear and I grab on his suit. "I remember you moaning from the intensity of the pleasure of our passionate steamy session, you enjoyed yourself so much, you left a mark on my white seat covers." I remember each detail so well, the seats were wet from sweat and cum. The sex we had that day was so amazing, it deserved an audience. "May I leave now?" I mean to scare him but it comes out as a whimper. "I'll be waiting for you outside." I don't say anything more, I just walk away from him

32

Ulu.

I sit down and I just zone out, all that is on my mind is Mbuso and that show that he just pulled, I hate the power he has over me, the smallest things that he does just makes me lose my sanity.

Finally awards end and our company won 4 awards tonight. Mr Dingane won 2 awards, the company won 1 and an author of ours won 1 award as well.

I'm super proud, there is however one award where I feel like Mr Dingane should've won but I don't make the rules, so yeah.

We say goodbyes to each other. "Uhm... sir I have arranged transport so I'll see you guys tomorrow at the office." I feel embarrassed saying that. He decides that he is walking me to my certain transport to ensure my safety.

"Thank you for being an amazing date." So this was a date? I blush just a bit. "Thank you as well, I truly enjoyed myself." I'm being honest with that review, it was fairly hard to concentrate but I did it anyway and I've been strong.

We finally get outside and I see Mbuso leaning against his car, he even has security today; he is a serious guy today.

I officially say goodbye to Mr D and both him and Mbuso give each other weird looks.

"Let's go. I don't want to talk right now." I instruct him and he opens the door for me. We drive off to my house of course.

They drop us off and they leave us with one car because Mbuso came with an entourage.

We enter the house and I throw off my shoes, my feet are killing me at this point.

"Do you want something to drink or eat?" I ask him as I open my fridge so I can get myself something to drink, I take mango juice for the both of us and we sit in the sitting room.

"Fuck, my feet hurt." I mumble.

"Come, let me give you a foot massage." I don't even argue, I place my feet on top of his thighs. "How are the boys doing, I miss them so much." I honestly admit to him, I didn't think I'd miss them so much and now I miss them even more knowing that I'm carrying their baby sibling inside of me.

"They miss you so much, Mtho has been asking about you and Nhlanzeka is speaking more frequently, everyone is happy and they are making me happy, I do however still miss and need you in my life. You're the missing piece in my happy picture." I miss being a family, I hate being alone. I miss the laughter and wholesome feeling I get from being with these people.

"Yeah the feeling of being together is something else, just remind them that I truly miss them and love them...Uhm if that is okay with their mother." I whisper the last part, the last thing

I need, is having that woman on my case and the last we spoke, it proved we really aren't the best of friends. "I'll tell them, they are my kids too." I shrug and I refuse to comment, that is for them as a married couple, it has nothing to do with me, his side chick, his want to be makoti.

All those thoughts dawn me and I shift away uncomfortably, it just doesn't feel right sitting here with him and having him massage my feet knowing damn well that he has a wife and his two beautiful children waiting for him. What if she cooked dinner? What if she is patiently waiting for him in order to make him feel special after this award show and here I am breaking a family; it just doesn't feel right.

"Mbuso please sit up properly, we need to talk about something." He gives me an anxious look and he follows my instructions anyways, I also sit up properly and I move my feet from his legs. "I'm pretty sure that you saw my missed calls, um... I apologise if they caused a disruption between you and your wife, I do however feel like you should've at least gotten back to me and told me that you don't want to talk or whatever; simply ignoring my calls is just being rude." He has a sour look on his face, "you never called, Uluthando you literally blocked my calls, do you know how many times I've called and I've driven to your office but I reminded myself that what I'm doing is wrong, I should give you the space that you've been

asking for. Not a day has passed and I hadn't driven to your office or called you." What the fuck is happening, I didn't block Mbuso, I don't have the nerve. "I didn't block you, I'm not sure what is happening but can we just move passed all that?" He agrees and for the first time in a long time

Advertisement

we are finally on the same page.

"Listen the reason I called is because I have some news to share with you. This is not me trying to trap you or force you into anything. Mbuso I am pregnant and I understand the fact that you're married and having a child in such circumstances is just wrong but I want love my child, I truly understand." I don't want to force him into thinking that he should support my child, my salary has increased since I got my editors post so I feel like I am fully capable of providing for my small baby.

"Na'Ndlovu, you said you are what?" He looks at me with an unreadable face, I can't tell if he is happy about it or he is upset.

"I'm pregnant, there is no pressure." I want to put this out there, I need him to know that I will take care of my baby; I don't want my child to grow up being called a bastard child.

"Na'Ndlovu, Gastheni..." I look up at him and his eyes are filled with tears. "I love you, Ngiyabonga mama, you're carrying a Mangethe inside of you." He kneels before me and holds my hands, I've never seen Mbuso in such a state, I didn't even

know that he had the ability to cry even when I told him I want nothing to do with him, he still kept his emotions together.

"Thank you for carrying this baby for us and now we will most definitely be together forever." Wait it is not that kind party.

"Mbuso no, that's not what I mean. Yes we are having a baby and as I have said this is not a way me trying to trap you, you have a family and I don't want to keep reminding you. You will see our child on some weekends once they grow up, if you want then they will come and visit you." He stands up and walks far from.

"Please be my wife." He pleads. "No, I'm not built to be a second wife, I can never share you with another woman and how would I feel knowing that the reason I'm with you is because you want me due to the fact that we are having a baby. Mbuso I can't..." I honestly can't, he wants me to understand the fact that he has another woman in his life and he will be sleeping in his bed overnight. I'll always be second best.

"If I were to agree and be perfectly fine with the idea, what about her, have you taken a moment to ask her how she feels about this entire situation." The look in his eyes, it's one I'll never forget. "You're trying so hard Mbuso, you're trying so hard to come across as the man who doesn't love his wife but the sad truth is that you love her more than anything, I see it in your eyes." Saying these words have hurt me so much, my

heart is bleeding but I have to accept what is. "I don't know what to say." He knows I'm speaking the truth that is why he is avoiding this entire situation and this conversation.

"Uluthando I love you with all that I am and I know that you love me too. I've never felt like this, we are about to have a child together, do we not deserve this?" I mean he is right I do love him but what if love just isn't enough.

"You're right I love you and I wish with my all to be with you but I just can't, I'm scared that even if I agreed to be your second wife it wouldn't work. We have good sex no in fact we have the best sex, we fuck like we are professionals, we make love like there is no tomorrow, we connect in such a way that I do not know, but I fear that, that's all we are, people who fuck and it ends there." I admit my true and authentic feelings to him, I need him to understand that I cannot be with him, in such a state of mind.

"That's not all we are and you know it Uluthando, we protect each other like we are siblings, we laugh at each other and with each other like we are best friends, you are my soulmate and I know that I cannot see my life without you. So tell me that real truth, why are you actually scared of being with me, why do you hate the idea of being with me for all of eternity?" I just don't want to share him and fuck it, I can't be the reason for another women's tears, more than I already am.

"I have a lot of fears about this. I don't think I can do this." I whisper, I don't I'm ready to talk about all of this.

"I'm really sorry about the heartache that I have caused you. I hate the fact that I screwed you over and I do hope that you can find it in your heart to forgive me." He takes his car keys and he gives me one more look.

"It's so hard for me to fight because I feel like at this point I'm forcing you to be with me, or I'm mistaken about your feelings about me, but at the same time I want to fight so badly because you're literally all I want." He gives me a kiss on the cheek and he walks out.

Mbuso.

All the words that she shared with me sting like a bitch... how do you tell someone that you're going to be parents together and then they tell you that they still don't want to be with you. I've tried so damn hard to prove to Uluthando that I love her and that she is in the centre of my world, she refuses to see that my words are genuine. My actions might have failed me at some point but I've improved and I'm trying to be a better man for her.

I'm not sure who I'm actually trying to fool at this point, myself or both these women.

I get home and I kiss my kids goodnight. "Dad you don't seem okay, what's wrong?" Mtho looks at me with sleepy eyes. "Dad is just a bit tired, it's been a long night." I explain to him. "How was your night daddy?" I just shrug and I sit properly on the bed. "One of the best days of my life boy, I received but also the saddest day, I was forced to do something that hurt me." I'm venting to my 5 year old son.

"It's okay to be okay daddy...I love you." He mumbles, he is clearly tired. I give him one more goodbye kiss and I leave him and I check on his older brother.

He is fast asleep.

I give him a goodnight as well and I go into my bedroom.

Philisiwe is wide awake and watching a sermon on her tablet. She pauses it and focuses on me when I enter the room.

"Hey babe, how did the awards go?" I shrug and I enter the bathroom, I wash my face and I change my clothes. I join my wife in our bed and I give her a kiss on her forehead. "The awards went fine, nisale njani?" She cuddles up on me and I hold her against my chest.

"Well, Bheki I miss you." Her tone is barely audible, what do I say in return? I have been such a bad husband to her, she has loved me and in return I broke her heart.

"I'm here now." I reassure her.

I have big news to deliver to her and I don't know how I'll share this with her. Tonight when I was speaking to Ulu she made me realise something, the thought of being without Philisiwe hits like a bitch, I cannot begin to imagine my life without her, I've been acting like I don't care but this woman has been nothing but kind to me. She has respected me as her husband, she there for me when times were tough as I wasn't this moneyed, when I as acting out and my parents refused to fun anything that had my name on it; I love her for that but I also love Na'Ndlovu, she has perspective on love, I can't sleep all night, I'm always thinking her, the way her smile lights up the room, the joy I get from cuddling up and simply talking, it is absolutely overwhelming.

"Are you fine baba?" I thought she was asleep. "I'm fine Philly. Goodnight." I close my eyes and I dose off.

Next morning.

Philly is not next to me, I wake up and I do the bed after finishing up with that, I go straight to the bathroom so I can shower and start my day.

I finish with my hygiene process and I go downstairs to greet my boys before they leave for school.

"Bo Zwane." I greet them and Mtho attacks me with a hug.

"Good morning mfana baba." I give him a kiss and we sit around the breakfast table.

See I'm a Zulu man and we are known for being stern and hard-core, growing up my father never showed us affection as his sons, only our sister and when we got married he also treated our wives like his little princesses, in his presence our mom, sister and our wives don't even lift a finger and that is beautiful honestly, we have grown and we see how we should treat our wives and daughters but what about our sons, I told myself that my sons deserve better, they deserve to have a father that tells them they are loved and shows them. I treat them like kings so they know the type of treatment they deserve. Many men have judged me on how I *baby* my sons but I will continue to show them affection.

"Dad you're late today. We have to go, oom is waiting for us." Nhla says and I already know that those are his last words for day; Uluthando and Ms. Yiba weren't lying when they said that all this pressure will just push him away, we should've listened, he has sunk into this shell and now he keeps his distance because he thinks whenever he is with us, he is expected to speak.

"I love you, bye guys." Philly hugs them tightly and I do the same. I give them some snack money and they leave the house. Philly and I eat our breakfast in silence.

Once we finish we fix up the table and we pack the dishes in the sink. We have an expensive dishwasher but she refuses to use it

Advertisement

she believes that dishes should be washed with hands, I think she genuinely enjoys washing dishes because she doesn't want to house help to help her when she is washing dishes.

"May we please talk?" I pull her to the side and we sit beside each other. "I don't think that there is a way that I can easily deliver these news to you." She bows her head as if she already knows. "Speak." She orders. "Na'Ndlovu is pregnant, I'm sorry." I'm sorry yet I'm not. "I know." My eyes pop out and I look at her with shock. "What do you mean you know, how do you know?" I question her and I want answers now. "I'm a woman

and I'm a grown woman Bheki, you forget that I'm older than you and I'm older than that girl, so I know such things. Did she tell you that the first time I saw her, I already knew, I even told her that you're pregnant and she thought I was insane. Well here we are now she has already told you." What the fuck, I can absolutely not believe this, how did she know this?

Yes Philly is older than me but you can never tell me, she looks very young and fresh and she also respects me as her husband she never reminds me that I'm a child. I didn't want to marry a woman that is older than me but I mean here we are and she is more than perfect for me. Our age gap isn't even that big, only 4 years, she is 39 and I'm 35.

"So when are we introducing her to the family?" I don't even answer that question.

I kneel down before her and I hold her hands into mine.

"Philsuwe I don't know where to begin, I have hurt you tremendously, I haven't properly apologised to you for what I've done, I've been so selfish and so neglectful and I'm so, so sorry. I haven't treated you the way that you deserve, I cheated and I broke the rules of our relationship, we made vows and I failed to live up to those vows. I have been so selfish and I haven't even taken the time to check in with you and it was only yesterday that I realised all of this." She wipes the tears from her eyes. "You love her Mbuso I wish I could hate you or

throw you out, beat her to death but I cannot, she has such a beautiful soul and that day when she realised what we are, when she realised that I was your wife, her pain and disgust for you was overboard and I felt it back, the pain she felt made it reflected my own, I never thought that you my own husband of 13 years would ever hurt me in such a manner." She looks so sad and this is the first time she admitted her true feelings and her honest pain, she is definitely not okay.

"You failed to be a man, I don't even want to lie, you acted like a coward. That child needs to be with his or her siblings but it needs to be done the proper way." I look at her with confusion. "Proper way?" She looks very upset with me. "You don't have a plan Bhekumbuso." She rolls her eyes.

"In my heart I feel like I need to marry her, I do love her but I also love you." She looks down and she nods. "You know when you did that you did, I was so hurt, felt as though I am not woman enough. You haven't touched me since you've been with her, you've lost your sexual desire for me. How will you handle satisfying the both of us?" Her words make me choke and I cough loudly. "Nyambose allow me to try to prove that I can handle loving you both and I will treat you equally, the way that you deserve. Ngiyakuthanda mina." I kiss her hands and she gives me a kiss on my mouth. "What does she have to say about this?" Philly has been thinking about having this talk, she

has questions prepared.

"She said no, she said she has hurt you enough and she refuses to keep hurting you and hurting herself." She looks shocked, Uluthando has such a genuine heart, her soul is absolutely beautiful.

"I'll go and talk to her, hopefully she does want to talk to me, I will give her a proper woman to woman talk." She instantly fight with that idea. "No, I'll be the one to persuade her." I stand my ground but it seems like she just is not having it. "I'll talk to her baba. You have to figure out how you will go about this entire thing." She stands up and she walks away from me.

"If you promise to do things right and treat us the way we deserve then I give you my blessing." Her smile is genuine, my heart jumps for joy, now I pray that Na'Ndlovu also agrees, I can fully be happy with my family.

"I promise I will do things right Mama'Nhlanzeka." I soften her up and she blushes.

I have such a long way to go but it's the little wins that matter the most

Ulu.

After Mbuso left yesterday I felt so lonely, I called my sister and we stayed on the phone for hours and hours, I just felt a lot better after talking to her.

I take my lunch and I get ready to go to work, I don't want to be late today.

I get some coffee for both Neo and myself. I get to the office and people are in high spirits, a lot of people are happy about the wins that we got last night, we surely deserve it.

"Mr. Motlounq I got you coffee, good morning." I give him a big smile, I sit right in front of him.

"Thank you and what happened last night?" I give him an odd look, what is he talking about?

"In regards to what?" I raise my brow in confusion. "Ulu what happened when you left, Mr Boss man was not pleased when he got to his ride, he just seemed out of it." Shit, I hope Mbuso didn't say anything crazy and ruined my chances of getting a better job here. Mr D and I have been getting along well and I don't anything to ruin it. "I never rest, it's always drama for me." I groan. I'm a pregnant lady, I know that I should not be stressing in the way that I am stressing right now.

We get to work and I avoid going to see the boss after yesterday and after what Neo said, it's honestly stressing me at this point.

I decide to call my father and he doesn't answer his phone, I call him again and he doesn't answer. I'll have to call him later, I just hope he is okay, I don't like having my father so far away, it is so stressful because the moment he doesn't answer his phone you just assume that the worst has happened.

Work is out, yea finally! I pack my things and I leave, I'm so tired and I have been feeling a bit sick today, maybe it's this pregnancy but I'm definitely not doing okay.

I leave the office before I'm seen and I drive straight home, I don't go to other places first, I'm that tired.

When I arrive at the complex, I see a familiar car and I already know who it is. I just hope she is not here to fight me, I officially broke things off with her husband, I've respected their space and their privacy; I understand that I disrespected her home and her family and I already said I'm sorry for that but I don't like the fact that she just comes and goes here as if it is her own house, I really need to leave this place because this is certainly not on.

I park my car in my parking space and exit the car.

Mtho and Nhlanzeka rush out of the car and they run to me, they missed me as much as I missed them.

I open my arms widely and we just attack each other with hugs. "I missed you so much." I express my feelings to them, I honestly missed them, my house has been so lonely and I miss the chats between Mtho and myself.

Their mother exits her gorgeous expensive car, her G-Wagon. She looks so beautiful in a long red dress that has a semi slit that ends on her knees with white Chanel high-heels. She looks beautiful, so mature and like the mother of a home and me, I'm just a simple child, I can't just go and buy big brands like Prada and so forth.

The boys let go and I give Nhlanzeka the key to open the door and they hurry to open the door.

"Good afternoon." I humbly greet her and she smiles and hugs me.

I allow her to enter the house and I go in after her. The boys ran to their room.

"Mommy you got the stand and started the collection."

Nhlanzeka is so excited, of cause I did that. I'm a big nerd so I'm very excited to start this collection with my...Uhm I don't know what to refer to them as honestly.

"Of cause I did, I even took pictures of Yiba and myself's collection. I really wanted you guys to see it." I share with them.

"Next time I want to go with you." I simply smile and nod, I don't want to crush his spirits.

"I'm sorry Mrs Zwane, may I get you something to drink, what would you like?" She is so beautiful, she has this beautiful caramel skin tone, her skin is golden, with beautiful plump lips and black eyes. I never took the time to look at her but today, I am seeing her and she looks absolutely stunning and that makes me wonder why Mbuso would cheat on such a beautiful woman.

"I'd like juice if you have some." I nod. I go into the kitchen and Nhla helps me prepare some snacks for everyone.

I place the food in the bedroom for the boys because I don't want them hearing things that are inappropriate.

I take off my cheap high heels that cost R1600

Advertisement

I wear flat shoes and I join her in the sitting area. "I'm sure you are wondering what I'm doing here, I'm so sorry for just showing up without a warning that was extremely rude and highly inappropriate of me to do; I just don't have your number." I have no words she is worrying me, has she forgotten who I am, I think Mbuso told her what I told her and now she just wants to kill because why is she here grinning at me?

My phone rings and it is my dad, I'm so relieved, I was worried sick.

"I'm really sorry but my father is calling and I haven't been able to reach him all day so may I please answer." I feel like I'm being rude but uGatsheni akazwani nenonsense.

"Of cause my love, go ahead." She politely answers me.

I answer the phone.

'Boyabenyathi.' I praise him.

'Gatsheni kunjani.' I just missed hearing his sweet voice.

'I'm pushing through baba, how are you? You had me worried when I called you and you didn't answer.' I'm on the verge of tears, angifuni ngobabawami.

'Ncese Na'Ndlovu, I was in a district meeting. We were discussing the marks of the school and new educators.' I just agree, my father loves his job so much.

'Was it a good meeting though?' I ask him and he answers yes.

'Uluthando is Yibanathi dating?' I laugh when he says that.

'Hau Mthiyane, why the question.' My father nezindaba kodwa. I completely brush him off.

'Baba I don't know the answer to that question. I love you goodbye I'm in a meeting.' I was home just last week but I wish I could just go back.

'I love you too my child.' We hang up.

"I'm so sorry for being rude." She brushes it off and gets straight to her point.

"Sisi I came here to talk to you, woman to woman. Uhm... I never thought I would be having this conversation with you or well anyone for that matter, Bheki told me the news, it didn't come across as a surprise to me though because I remember the first time I saw you, you were already pregnant and you looked at me crazy when I told you." A lightbulb lights up and I remember when that happened.

I just thought that she thought that I looked fat. Hearing someone call Mbuso, Bheki just makes me feel weird, it is quite odd.

"I remember, it just didn't hit me at the time." She sips on her juice and elegantly bites on the fruit in the fruit bowl. "I'm sorry, this is honestly so uncomfortable for me, I never thought I'd be having this conversation with anyone. Sesi I'm very sorry for making you feel the way that you're feeling, I didn't plan on getting pregnant and I say this with no disrespect I will not abort my baby." She chokes on her juice when she hears my words. "No, my love no one is expecting you to do that, Bheki broke the news to me this morning and he said that you told him, you said you don't want..." she chuckles and shakes her head. "This relationship, that child you're carrying is a Zwane, those boys are his or her brothers. Mina I don't blame you because wena you didn't know, at first I thought you were just pretending but when he said the truth, I could you the pain in your eyes and I remember feeling the same way. This has been

so hard for me and I'm sure it has been hard for you but you love him, I love him and he loves us both, it sounds so crazy yet it is the honest truth my love." I swallow hard, I'm definitely intimidated by her presence, I feel so small.

"He has to do right by me and he has to right by you and your family, he still needs to introduce you to his family and if you do agree then that will happen soon. I told him this morning that if he has chosen to be a polygamous man then he has to do things the right way, the respectful way. Uluthando you also need to know that you deserve better and you're very young, you need to know if you're sure that this is what you want and need." She has spoken like a true woman, I truly applaud her for that. "I don't want to cause you pain." That's all I'm able to say at this point. She gives me a small and delicate grin. "No, I've healed. That will be up to the both of you to discuss and you will update but I need you to also remember that a baby deserves to be with their family." I nod, I know that she isn't very old but this feels so motherly, she just made me feel like I could hug her but at the end of the day I'm the bitch that slept with her husband so I don't want to upset or hurt her.

"Thank you for all those words. I'm really not a bad person." I try to help her understand, she nods in agreement. The boys come and they join us meaning they stopped this whole conversation.

"How was your business trip?" Mtho asks me and he mother just nods, I guess that's the explanation they gave for my absence. "It was so fun but I missed you guys and I missed home so much." I share with him and they both smile at me. "Well at least you got some fresh air, when is Aunt' Yiba coming back?" Nhlanzeka asks me, Yibanathi has something over the young Zwane's.

"Well she has school right now but I'll tell her to come back, I also miss her." Life without her is just so sad and boring.

"Mama she has the best taste in music." Nhlanzeka shares the news with his mother and his mother just looks so happy to hear her son talk.

"Well Nhlanzeka has a math and science expo next week. Please come." I nod, I will definitely be there, our adult problems have nothing to do with children and their innocent minds.

We sit for a while and we relax.

Mtho sleeps on my chest and I play with his hair. He looks so cute, his mother leaves them with me because she says she has a meeting that she has to attend; she told me that she owns a restaurant, she is a lover of food. That's why Mbuso eats so much, if he didn't attend gym then he would be a balloon, that man loves good food.

35

Ulu.

As they are sleep, I start cooking for my children. I cook lasagne for them.

I stand at the door in their bedroom and I watch them, my heart just melts, my tears fall off. This is what I want, they look so beautiful, and family is such a beautiful thing.

I wipe my tears and I gently wake them up.

As I set up the table and the boys Nhlanzeka is helping me while we are waiting for Mtho to wake up. There is a knock on my door, I peek to see who it is. It is Mbuso, I open the door, it is unlike him to knock, he usually just comes in without my permission.

I open the door and he comes inside. He greets us and takes his seat around the dining table. "Germs, wash your hands before you sit here." I remind him and Nhla chuckles softly.

His father obliges and he washes his hands and he joins us.

Sleepy Mtho walks in and sits on top of his father's lap.

I say a prayer and we all dig in.

"Go brush your teeth so we can go." Mbuso tells the boys and he helps me clean up, we wash the dishes and we pack it.

"How's the baby, may I touch your tummy?" His eyes are glowing. I place them on my stomach, "you do know that you

won't feel anything." He chuckles and I join him. "I don't know what I expected but just knowing that my baby is there just gives me so much joy." I nod, he also give me joy, I've never been this happy. I never imagined myself as a pregnant lady but here I am and it feels absolutely fantastic.

I hug him, I lie on his chest and I listen to his heartbeat and I place his hand on mine. "You're too special Mthiyane." He gives me a kiss on my forehead like his little princess.

I pull away. "May I come and take you out for some breakfast tomorrow morning, I need to talk to you and you deserve to go out." I nod, I'm tired of fighting anyway.

He hugs me goodbye and he leaves with the boys.

I lock my doors and I take a quick shower. As soon as I finished with that I decided to call my baby sister.

'Hey baby girl.' I smile the moment I see her face.

'Hey bro, I miss you.' I blow her a kiss and she smiles.

'Are you with someone right now?' She shakes her head no.

'Uhm listen, you see people always have the talk about the birds and the bees and Uhm... well things happened and, she keeps giving me weird looks, she looks so confused.

'Argh let me just blurt it out, you're going to be an aunty and I'm going to be a mommy.' She screams and covers her mouth, she looks shocked

'No way Ulu, you're pregnant?' I nod with huge smile on my

face. Yibanathi is crying right now.

'Sis you're pregnant, I mean you're... wow.' She wipes her tears, she looks so excited and so happy.

'I love you and I love my little jellybean that you're carrying.' I brush my tummy.

'Aunty Yiba says she loves you.' She blushes when she hears me saying that. She is so happy for me.

This is such a beautiful moment for us, we are so happy I'm not even going to mention the polygamy stuff right now.

We spoke until my battery was flat.

I say a little prayer and I dose off

I've been tired.

I woke up early and I took a walk around our complex, as lazy as I am I decided to stretch my legs.

I finally get home and I shower, I put on an African print dress, with gold sandals. I have a date today, I already know that Mbuso wants us to discuss the polygamy thing and for some odd reason after talking to his wife, I feel better about the whole polygamy thing, I mean you don't know if you can do something until you actually do it.

I put some lip-gloss and I call my little sister because I need to talk to her about this whole polygamy thing.

'Hey baby mama.' I giggle when she says that. 'Yiba how would you feel if I actually agreed to be part of isthembu?'

I hear her gasp from over the phone. 'So he actually convinced you to agree?' She sounds so salty about this whole situation. 'No one convinced me to do anything Yiba, I feel like I have come terms with it

Advertisement

yesterday when I spoke to his wife, she just showed me that I really want to be with Mbuso and I do trust that he can treat us fairly. I mean before I found out that he is married I felt like I was the only one.' I'm really finding hard to keep defending him, I need my sister and father's blessing to get married or proceed with this.

'Who are you convincing me or you? If you guys know what you want them I can't fight you.' I keep quiet.

'Listen I have some savings, I'll buy a bus ticket and I'll come there tomorrow.' I really do need her here, she is the only one who can help me through it.

'No need, I'll buy you a plane ticket and then you can fly in tomorrow.' She simply agrees.

'I love you dude.' I remind her, she seems to be pissed off with me. 'I love you baby mama.' She hangs up.

I text Neo and I tell him that I'll be coming in late today.

Mbuso knocks and I open for him, we share a small hug and I take my bag. "You look absolutely beautiful Gatsheni." I smile and nod. I wonder if he has ever called me by her name when

we talked or maybe just thought of how she does things when they have sex, has he ever thought we taste them... fuck, he tasted us both, this is not as easy as I thought it would.

He opens the door to his car and I enter. We drive off to the restaurant and we are jamming to music, only the best old-school RnB of course.

He opens the door for me and we walk inside the restaurant hand in hand, I feel a bit ashamed because he has a wife and I just feel like his dirty laundry, I part our hands. We walk into a special part of the restaurant and at this point I'm hoping and praying that this is not his wife's restaurant because if it is, I know that all the waiters and waitresses are giving dirty eyes.

He pulls back the seat for me and I sit down. "I feel uncomfortable Mbuso, this doesn't feel right to me." I admit, ever since I left home, his wife and marriage is that all I've been thinking about. "I'm sorry for putting you in such an awkward position. Ulu the reason I brought you here is because I need to remind you that I love you with all that I am, I can't imagine my life without you and as hard as I try to stay away, each time I fail. I need you in my life and I need our child in my life, I want that child to know that they have a father that loves them, I don't want my child to think that they are a mistake." I agree with that, our child shouldn't feel like a bastard child.

"Smomondiya sami, please, please marry me, when I say I'm

taking you as my second wife it doesn't mean that you'll be second best, I promise I'll treat you like that queen I've been treating you like, you will always feel like the number one lady in my life." I blush, I've missed him so much and as I'm looking at him, I'm seeing my strong, stern and respected Mr Bhekumbuso Zwane.

"I love you." I express my hearts desires to him, he brushes my hand. "I love you even more." No he doesn't but deep down I know that he loves me, just not as much as I do.

"If I were to agree and if your wife agrees as well I have some requests." He listens to me attentively. "We are to be treated equally, I don't want to feel more special than her or feel like I'm not of importance, I need you to respect both households, love all your children equally, I need you to protect us and make sure that you have unity in your family. Uzoyimela lento oyifunayo Mr Zwane?" He gives me such a bright smile, I don't want to feel like I'm loved more because it will just cause fights and I don't want him to treat me like I'm not worthy of him because she was here before me.

"Ngizoyimela mamasendlini." I blush when he says that, Mbuso just knows how to touch my weak spots. "Give me some time, I don't want to rush into something that I'm not sure of. I do know that I love you and I'm glad that you're the father of the baby that I'm carrying." He stands up and he helps me stand up as well. He gives me a giant hug and a small kiss.

"I'll be waiting but you've said yes before so I do believe that I'll be hearing the same answer again." I attack him with a kiss and he reciprocates my energy.

"Come, I want to take you somewhere." I look at him and I sulk.

"So much for, 'I'm taking you out for breakfast'." I roll my eyes.

"It will be worth it I promise." I don't even argue with him, I instantly agree and we leave the restaurant.

As I figured it is his restaurant.

36

Ulu.

We have been driving for 30 minutes and at this point I'm so sleepy, I'm like a baby, I can't do long distances; the movement of a car knocks me out.

We stop by a huge mansion.

'Zwane residence.' It is on the gate, is this another house of his or does he have another wife that I don't know of?

I rub my eyes and I sit properly on the seat.

"Where are we?" He brushes my hand. "Relax, you'll see." He gives it a small kiss.

We drive in and the driveway is immaculate, it is pure perfection. There are a few cars parked and the rest is just an open plan with multiple security men parading around the house.

Mbuso opens the door for me and I exit the car, we walk towards the door and he opens it, I guess it's his home and that is why he is so comfortable with going in and out as he pleases.

"Zikode." A tall and light skinned man shouts, his laughter fills the house, Mbuso looks very excited to see him. They share a hug and I just feel like a tiny child between the two of them, I thought Mbuso was way taller than me but this guy is even worse, he is too tall.

"Sawubona Nkosazane." He greets me with a hug and I just

smile, I feel so uncomfortable, I really do not like social places, I prefer being home reading a book and calling my sister all day long.

"This is my younger brother Bonginkosi and bafo thi is my beautiful Na'Ndlovu." That makes more sense, in this family they are tall even Mbuso's wife is tall and well-shaped.

"Lovely to meet you." That doesn't come out as intended, it comes out as a whisper. "You're so beautiful. I think I will have you for myself." He jokes and I share a little giggle with him.

"Come on Na'Ndlovu, let's go in and meet the rest of the family." Bonginkosi leads the way and when we arrive at the kitchen I am met with a crowd of people, I wish I could turn back, how are there so many people in one place, is this some sort of village party or what?

"There she is." An older lady says with a bright smile, she walks over to me and she greets me with a hug, I think that, this is Mbuso's mother, she is so beautiful. My palms are sweaty, I don't know how to react to this situation.

"Let me introduce everybody. Everybody this is Na'Ndlovu, Gatsheni, this is my beautiful mother Ma'Zwane senior..." oh and his wife is Ma'Zwane Jr. I'm now wondering what I'll be, because I'm pretty sure his brothers have wives too. "This is the man of this home, my father Mr Zwane." I nod, "sawubona Zikode." I bow my head, I'm so scared, I can barely speak. "Nice

to meet you mntwanam, give me a hug." The people in this family are huggers, everyone loves giving hugs, from the elders to the children. "Moving on, you've met Bonginkosi, this is my older sister and older brother, Abongwe and Sabelo." They both look ecstatic to see me. "I've been longing to meet this beautiful and loving Na'Ndlovu that my baby brother has boosting about." His brother laughs and I do the same, it is so odd hearing someone refer to Mbuso as baby.... I mean he is grown but he is someone's baby brother.

"I'm happy to meet you too." I reply to his kind greeting.

"Then here we have my amazing sister in law Ntabiseng, who is married to Bonginkosi, we have Philisiwe whom you already know, and this is the baby of the family Zoliswa." It is so weird facing his wife like that, I can't believe that I didn't know her name, so Philisiwe is the name.

They also hug me expect the baby of the family which is Zoliswa, she is just not having it.

Not everyone is going to like me, so I do somehow understand her reaction towards me.

I offer to help in the kitchen but they decline my offer, I've never felt more uncomfortable in a place, I feel so out of place, I'm surrounded by wealthy people, I'm pretty sure I am the only one with a day job here. "So Na'Ndlovu what do you do for a living, do you have any children, what is your story?" I'm early

in my pregnancy and I don't want people to know that I'm pregnant, I'm not sure if Mbuso has told his family but I hope not because I really don't want anything happening to my child, if it were up to, I would've preferred that his wife also didn't know but here we are.

"No children, I am an editor, a book editor; I edit fictional stories." I quietly respond, I can't even act like my true self.

"Are you okay sweetheart?" Mrs Zwane Snr. seems to be worried about me. "I'm okay, may I please use your restroom?" I feel like I am about to have a panic attack right now.

They give me the directions. "Let me go with you?" Mbuso offers me, "I think I'll find it, thanks." I walk away in a hurry.

A running child bumps into me. "I'm so sorry Ms. I didn't see you there, I'm trying to hide from my brother." She looks up and she is so cute, she has no front teeth and has big tennis eyes that remind me of Yiba. "No problem sweetheart, it's okay." She smiles and I fall in love with her. "What's your name?" She asks me with so much energy, "Uluthando, what is your name, you are absolutely beautiful." I can just imagine my child, if she is going to be a girl, I hope she is like this child.

"My name is Phiwokuhle but everybody just calls me Kuhle and I really don't know why, I think it is weird." I giggle

she is so adorable I cannot, I'm literally blushing. "I like your dress, I think I want one like it, may you please give me your

dress?" The difference between the two of us is the fact that I am shy and she isn't.

"I'll get it for you sweetheart. Well I'm actually looking for the bathroom, would you please help me find it." She holds my hand and she leads the way, this house is just too big. Halfway through the hallway she stops, "are you Mthokozisi's best friend?" I give her a strange look but I agree anyway. "Yes, I am his best friend." I respond and she smiles and hugs my legs tightly.

"Mthokozisi has told me all the stories, he and Nhlanzeka think you are the coolest ever, they told me that their other mom is totally awesome, are you cool Ms Uluthando?" I am on the verge of tears, I can't believe that they actually said that about me, they love me just like I love them.

Kuhle and I sit down in the long hallway, this is not a passage that is how big this house is. We start talking and she tells me more about herself; she is Phiwokuhle Madonsela, she is 5 years old and she loves painting and drawing; she loves her family and she wants to do pageants and what connects us is that she loves bedtime stories.

"Do you also write books?" I shake my head no when she asks me that question. "No I just edit, I perfect the book so one day when you are Miss South Africa and you write your book about the journey, I will edit the book and publish it." She claps her hands in excitement, I'm not sure if she is clapping because I

said she will be Miss SA or for the book part.

"We will be like a dream team?" I agree, I just love children so much.

"Kuhle, why are you sitting on the floor, while you're wearing such an expensive dress?" I look up and it is Sabelo and Zoliswa walking together, Zoliswa is her mother and she seems to be strict. Zoliswa seems to be my age, or we are around the same age group.

We both stand up and Kuhle stands behind me, she looks scared of her mother. "I'm sorry mama." She is already crying. "Hay don't shout at her, if this one is ruined I'll just buy another one. Let's go Kuhle, woza kumalume." She smiles at me and waves goodbye.

She runs back towards me and hugs me goodbye. "Goodbye sweetheart." I kiss her forehead and the both of them leave.

"What were you doing to my child?" I'm confused by her question. "Excuse me?" I blurt out.

"What are you doing with my child?" She repeats herself and she doesn't sound too happy. "I'm sorry, she was giving me the directions and we started talking, she is just precious." I compliment Phiwokuhle, she is just amazing. "Don't get near my children, I don't know you and I do not know what you are doing here." No I definitely feel like I am intruding at this point.

"I'm sorry, I'll just get going." I don't like conflict, so I just walk away.

"When you decided to get with my brother didn't you know that he had a wife?" She shouts and I turn around almost immediately; I look her in the eye and await for her to speak.

"You decided to sleep with a married man, who is happy with his family." She states, I mean she seems to know it all she is clearly invested in her brother's affairs.

"I didn't know your brother was married, he didn't find it fit to inform me and just so you know, I did tell him to leave me alone but he refused." I enlighten her, I will not allow people to keep judging me and throwing stones at me as if I was the only one at fault, it takes two to tango and he knew what he was doing. I'm not disputing my own sin but I didn't force him to approach me and propose to me, he made that choice and I was in the dark about it.

"Liar, you can lie to this whole family and even fool Philly but what I know for sure is that you are a whore and home wrecker, this Ms. Innocent stunt that you are pulling really doesn't suit you, just show us who you truly are, a home wrecker bitch." I cannot believe what I'm hearing right now, I needed to hear this, but not from her, I wanted Mbuso's wife to tell me that I am a bitch because that is how I've been feeling, I've been feeling like I'm nothing, like I am not worth love or appreciation.

"This is who I am Zoliswa and I'm sorry if you don't like me. Your brother approached me knowing that he was married with a beautiful family and as I have mentioned I told him to back off but he refused and his wife was the one who pleaded that I don't leave for whatever reason." She rolls her eyes, she is definitely not taking in anything that I am saying right now. "What was she supposed to do?" She lifts her hands up in defeat. "She did what any woman would do to keep her husband, she belittled herself for some whore." Okay I've had enough.

"Well I think it's clear that I shouldn't be here. Please excuse me." I am not one for fights, when people start acting up, I simply let them be and I leave because once I fight, there is no stopping.

I turn around and head back into the kitchen, she keeps saying things but I avoid her.

When I get to where the Zwane family is, I see Mbuso and his wife talking and laughing, she is even brushing his face, what was I thinking? Did I think this would be roses and sunshine, damnit Ulu?

"Thank you for having me here mdeni wakwaZwane but I have to get going, I just received a call from my boss telling me that I am needed in the office right away." I share this news with a smile and I hope they actually believe me because I am not

good with lies. The looks I am receiving prove that I don't belong here, they seemed shocked that people even have bosses that's how much they are used to being in power.

"Gastheni, can it not wait until tomorrow?" I shake my head when Mbuso asks, Zoliswa comes inside the kitchen and stands next to her dear brother. "Mam'Zwane, nawe Bab'Zwane, thank you for welcoming me into your beautiful home, I'm sorry I couldn't stay any longer." His mother looks sad that I'm leaving. "Please come here tomorrow night and have dinner with us, please Na'Ndlovu." His mother looks so genuine I can't even say no. "My sister is flying in today, I can't leave her all alone." A smile grows on her face. "Great, bring her with you." Fuck it. "Of cause mam, I will be here tomorrow night." I just need to leave.

"Let me drive you then." Mbuso says as he searches for his car keys. "I've called an uber, Neo will drive me home after work." I just don't want to be around this family anymore. Mbuso doesn't want to fight with me but his eyes are so sharp, I feel as if I am naked.

Ulu.

"Since you don't want any of us to drive you back to your job, how about I walk you out and we will wait for the uber together?" Mbuso's wife offers and deep down I just want to say no but I can't be rude. Everyone seems happy about her request, they want us to be best friends and it's not that easy when we both suck the same dick.

"Yes, I would appreciate that." I say goodbye once again and we walk out together, this is so awkward for me.

We get outside and we stand in the middle of the big driveway.

"What happened back there Uluthando, I know that your boss didn't call you." I just shrug, I can't confide in her, she should want me gone just like Zoliswa does. "Is it the family?" I shake my head no, the family seems great just not for me, I just don't fit in here.

"What did Zoliswa say to you?" She sounds upset, how did she figure it out, I mean I didn't say anything to her, she sounds protective of me, when I'm with her, I get such a motherly comfort from her. "Nothing that wasn't true." I whisper, at this point, I am defeated. I'm pregnant, I don't want to strain my child.

"Don't mind her, she has no right to say whatever she said to you. Let's go back and I'll put her back in her place." What the

heck is going on right now?

"No, no Mrs Zwane. You are not supposed to protect me, you're supposed to be on her side, why are you so kind and nice to me, hit me do something to show how angry you are. I'm a whore that caused you pain, I don't deserve this kindness from you." I feel tears building up in my eyes. "You didn't know my love, you were as blind as I was, why would I hate you, hit you and treat you terribly?" She holds my hands and squeezes them, "I was hurt yes, I did want to fight you but that day I came to your home uninvited, I saw that you knew nothing about this marriage between Bheki and myself and most importantly I saw your kind heart and yes at the time I didn't acknowledge all of that, when I sat by myself and thought of you, I saw that you were not in the wrong, you are a kind and loving woman. You and your sister helped my son talk to me, I now know what his voice sounds like, thanks to you and Yibanathi." I see why he loves her, a woman with such an honest heart, I myself would fall in love with that. "You said something to me that had stuck with me, you said that even if Bheki is not with me, he gave me the greatest gift ever and that gift is my children, I wouldn't trade them for anything in this world. You are not a bad person, you are an innocent woman who fell in love with a man that treated you right and that's how Mbuso is, unempatho. Do not let people make you feel less of yourself, in life many things happen and we just have to

remain strong, you didn't intend on this and that's okay, just forgive yourself because I've forgiven you." This woman is wise, if she is acting the please give her an Oscar because what she did here was magic, she is even crying. I throw my arms around her and she hugs me tightly, we are both crying now.

"I'm really sorry for what I did." I will never stop feeling sorry for my actions.

My uber arrives and the security informs me.

"Thank you for the talk Mrs Zwane. I hope you have a great day, I'll get to work." She nods and walks me out of the gate. I get inside my uber and I go straight to work.

I greet people on my way to my office, the mood in the place is happy and then there is me, sad and miserable.

I don't even want to be here

I want to be home in my joggers eating ice-cream.

I go straight to my office and I submit a few books, I'm just not in the damn mood.

"Well look who is here, you look beautiful." I blush at his sweet comment, Neo always has the nicest things to say about me.

"Thank you Mr Motlounge." I blow him a kiss. "I don't want to be here, so I have an idea, let's bunk work." He looks at me as if I'm crazy, Neo doesn't do morally incorrect things; he always does the right thing.

"Uluthando you are a bad influence." I roll my eyes. "But let's

go anyways." We take our things and we leave as if we are leaving for lunch or a work thing.

We use his car because I don't have mine here, we drive to a restaurant that is a bit far from the office, it is still quite early it is time for brunch for there aren't as many people here and that is exactly what I want.

"Remember when I asked you how TMI this friendship is and you said, there isn't a limit?" He nods laughing, well unfortunately this isn't one of my sex stories, this is serious. "I want to tell you something and I want to ask that you don't judge me but I feel like I've been judged so much about it, I've become invulnerable." I shrug, my heart is hurt.

"Is everything okay?" He can sense the stress in my voice, I'm definitely not okay. "Mbuso the guy who you might know as my boyfriend, my ex or my 'it's complicated person'. I want to give you a background of our relationship. I met him a couple of months back and I fell in love, at first I thought that he was a stalker but there was something about him that just pulled me in, my love story with his doesn't go a years back, it is a story that is based on recent events. I fell in love with him, in such a short space of time, it wasn't long before I was drooling over this Zulu man, about a month and a few weeks back, he proposed and without hesitation I said yes, I was in love so I was very ready to tie the knot. Our happiness and fiancée stage

didn't even last long, I... I found out, in the weirdest way that Mbuso was married." His face changed from wow and nchoo to what the fuck?

"Yep, that was the most devastating stage ever, I think that is when you came and started working here, you were new and I didn't want to bother you with my things. A lot of events have taken place ever since and now after the fights, arguments and tears, he wants me to be his second wife and his wife also wants me to be his second wife. I was considering it yaz Neo until today, he decided that he is going to take me to meet his family and everyone seemed to love me and they were happy with me except his little sister and all I can say is wow. The things that she said to me are words that I doubt I'll ever forget in my life and I do get it, I never thought I would date a married man but look at me, here I am. I stopped everything the moment that I found out but now that doesn't count because I'm still the girl who fucked a married man." I let out a deep breath, I've been talking for so long, trying to fit in my life on just a few minutes.

"Hectic, I mean I honestly cannot believe it. I don't judge you and I never will. I'm so grateful that you were able to confide in me and feel like it is a safe space." He is genuine, I hold his opinion in high regards so I was really scared to tell him the truth. "Relationships are my specialty and I will be honest, I'm disappointed in how he went about this entire thing, he

should've done the same thing and I want you to be happy and safe, you should make a decision that makes you happy and that you are certain of. My advice is don't look outside of yourself to make the decision, you know what you want to do but you haven't done it yet because true scared, follow your heart and do what you want to do." I hug him, I really appreciate him and the great inspiration and friend that he has been to me.

"Thank you, I'm not a bad person, I wouldn't just do something like that..." he stops me."I know that you're a good, no in fact great person so please do not doubt it. We all make mistakes and one thing about love is that inhliziyo ayiphakelwa." He spoke nothing but the truth, I sometimes wish that Mbuso met me first but I know it wouldn't have been possible, they have been together for 13 years and 13 years ago I was only 13 years old, I knew nothing about love or marriage.

Bhekumbuso Zwane, what have you done to me?

Ulu.

Neo supported me through out and he made sure that I do not feel less of myself, I truly appreciate it.

He drove me home after that talk, we had so much fun together, and I really enjoyed it. He bought me ice-cream and then we went to the park and we played with the water, it was an awesome thing.

I got home and I started cooking, my sister will be here so I want her to receive a homely meal and I want to soften her up because I know she will want to fight with me because of this polygamy thing.

"Mthiyane." Well here's an unexpected visitor. He comes into the sitting room and he seems a bit upset.

"What happened this morning Uluthando?" Well he didn't even greet me, he truly is upset. "I said I had to attend work Mangethe." I whisper, I'm feel bad for leaving just like that.

"Don't lie to me Uluthando, I might've kept quiet because I didn't want a fight to take place between us especially in front of my family." I shrug when he says that, I go into the kitchen and I pretend like I'm checking up on my pots.

"I'm sorry for leaving Mbuso." I utter these words as I stir the gravy that is cooking on top of the stove. "Uluthando I'm trying,

I tried to make you feel that I love you and make you meet my family. These people flew from different places just to meet you, they were so excited to meet you and wena you just left nje, like you didn't care." He looks so hurt, I really did disappoint him. "You don't know how it feels, when your wife is in the same room, you don't understand how it feels to have eyes judging, being told that you're just a worthless whore, I felt so out of place, I felt as if I was being judged, you are a married man and I just felt like I didn't belong there." I admit my true feelings to him, I felt like an ant, so small in a world of giants.

"You talk to me about such things." He is trying and I get that he is trying but I'm also going through the most and I'm trying so hard.

"Has anyone called you out on what you did except for me or your wife, or have they praised you for making the decision to take another wife?" My words have him thinking because he keeps quiet for a moment. "I'm sorry, I know that it is all my fault but no one was judging you Mthiyane, bakuthandile ekhaya. Please come again and Philsuwe was so happy to have you around." She is too kind, she made me feel so much better this morning, I truly needed to hear those words.

I just hug him tightly. I have missed him so much, his kisses, his massages, his warmth and of course his manhood and tongue.

"I love you." He expresses and I hug him even tighter. "I love you Zwane." He places me on his waist and I wrap my legs around his firm waist.

"I have a little ache that might need some attention." I sensually whisper in his ear and I bite it. "Where, where does it ache?" I take his arm from behind my back and I press it against my womanhood. His hand moves up once and then down, "here?" I face him and I giggle and nod in agreement.

Mbuso pushes my panty to the side and he touches my aching pussy and erect clit. "It is so soft and wet." He groans in my ear, I feels chills running down my spine. He then continues by putting a bit of saliva on his fingers and rub against my honeypot softly. I could feel myself was getting wetter from him touching my erect clit with his masculine hands, they move further to my soaking pussy entrance.

He lightly presses his long finger into the pussy entrance and it smoothly goes through, I groan out loudly. His whole finger is fully inside me but he refuses to move it, he is clearly trying to tease me and it is surely working.

"Please... please daddy I need you." I plead with him, I need him to move his fingers and work some magic in my pussy. He slowly begins to go in and out, "is this what you want?" He questions with authority, I breathe out yes and he goes faster and then slower.

I take out his thick and hard cock and I play with it, I stroke it, hearing each and every silent moan and grunt, his finger doesn't stop, but works magic

he presses tightly on me while keeping his fingers inside of me. I heavily squirt on his fingers. He doesn't stop, he goes harder and harder and I cum, he tastes my pussy. "You taste so sweet." He compliments me.

I go further and further, he groans more and more. We kiss each other moaning and sweating, he murmurs my name and his cum shots right out and it hits my ass.

I push his cock inside my soaking pussy and I move up and down, twirling on his manhood. Images of my dream just plays in my mind, I just imagine myself sucking his cock, having it make me gag and the other one ramming into my body, fuck... I go faster, Mbuso rubs my clit as I ride him, I squirt so hard, it pushes him out of my entrance, I insert it again and we continue to fuck each other like we are crazy. His moans, his grunts, my moans and my groans are just pure ecstasy.

We both cum at once and feel my legs vibrating I can barely hold on.

Once I calm down, I notice the smell.

"Shit, my pots Zwane!" Get off him and I switch off the stove, pushing the pots away, I really wanted to cook my sister a delicious meal.

"It's not that deep, just order pizza." He look at me with lustful eyes, he hasn't had enough, he wants more I know he does but he has to go, I don't want Yiba to find him here and she will be landing very soon.

"You made a mess and look, look at this place." I point at the kitchen, he pulls up his pants and he joins me.

"You said you wanted this Mrs Zwane to be." I giggle, he is right, I'm the one who wanted to do this, I'm not fully satisfied, I want to go for rounds but unfortunately I cannot. "I got what I wanted, you will have to get going because I have to fetch Yiba from the airport." He sulks, he most certainly doesn't look happy with what I'm saying to him.

"Well we have a few minutes, one more couldn't possibly hurt anyone." He is so naughty, I brush my lips on his.

He roughly bends me over the dining table, my hands hold on the table for support, he uses his knees to push my legs apart, he spanks my ass twice and I moan. Shit, he knows how much that turns me on, I love it when Mbuso takes control and pleases me.

He caresses my butt while he takes out his manhood from his pants. He moves behind me and leans in to whisper in my ear, "I'm going to fuck you, until you can't hold on anymore." He reaches out to my breasts and he rubs his rock hard cock over me, rubbing it over your lips as he teases me. "Stop

teasing me "Mangethe and fuck me!" I moan out too loudly. The tip of his head finds my entrance and he pushes it hard. I grunt slightly and I move forward to unconsciously get away from the sudden intrusion.

Both his hands grab on both sides of my thighs and he thrusts in and out in a constant motion. I arch my back and he runs his hand up my back; he chokes my neck and with that alone I just cum. He fucks me back until he also cums.

I continue to pound on his dick until I cum again, I can't stop I want more, in fact I need more.

He turns me around and lifts up my leg, he fucks me consistently, our moans and groans fill the room, shit it feels too good.

I cum and release all of my juices.

My juices combined with his semen just drips down my thighs, shit... I wish we didn't have to stop

Ulu.

After our steamy session, Mbuso and I took a warm and passionate shower together, he took some clothes that he left here, we cleaned up the mess we made from having sex and he left; we both left at the same time.

I drove like a maniac trying to make sure that I arrive at least 5 minute late, the things we do for good sex, we are just messed up.

I finally arrive at the airport and it seems like Yiba just got out of her flight, thank God or else she'd be upset with me.

"Babygirl." I shout as I exit the car, oh how I've missed her.

"Babymama." She gives me the same energy, she hugs me tightly, and we hold each other tightly. I don't want to let go, I missed her so much.

I give her a kiss on her forehead.

I help her with her bags and we pack them inside my car.

We drive off to get some food. "You didn't cook, I really craved a home cooked meal." She seems so upset with me, she is so dramatic these days.

"I just... let's just order food Yibanathi and stop the drama whuu ai." I get annoyed, kanti why is she interrogating me?

We buy some pizza and I let her choose the flavours because she is acting very salty.

Once we're done with that we drive back home.

I get inside the house and my kitchen is a mess. "What on earth happened to this house?" I've mentioned before that Yibanathi hates a space, she is compulsive with cleaning, she doesn't want a mess, a speck of dust and she goes crazy with her broom.

"I was cooking and a lot of happens happened and my food got burnt, I didn't even have enough time to clean up because I had to fetch you from the airport." Before she even gets a chance to respond or shout at me, I walk past with her bags into her bedroom.

I unpack her stuff and I pack them into the wardrobe.

No, oh my goodness, she can't be... "Yibanathi haiiboo, woza lana!" I raise my voice to ensure that she hears me.

"Dude, why didn't you tell me not to pack your bags, look?" I point at what is in her pack, her face turns red from embarrassment, she literally looks like a tomato.

"Bro." She covers her mouth, I mean I understand that she uses these things, I use these things but I make sure that people don't get to see them.

"Who do you planning on using this on?" Her eyes pop out, she looks unhappy with what I'm asking.

Yibanathi is my sister and I know what she is in to, she has a strap and anal plugs, firstly she isn't the biggest fan of

penetration, according to my knowledge the biggest and strongest type of penetration that she can handle are fingers; so she is definitely planning on using these on someone.

"Ulu hay, I... may we please not talk about that." She looks so embarrassed. "I'm so sorry, I really didn't want you to see these, I won't be bringing anyone here." She is actually nervous, sometimes Yiba thinks I'm her mother, she hides some of the things that she does and in most cases, I tell her more about me and my things than she does with her own things.

"You're hiding things from me manje Yiba?" I give her a look of disappointment. "Fine, sit down, I'll let tell you." She tells me not to judge her, I mean I'm not one to judge when you look back at my history. I sit beside her.

"My girl and I are on a break, we decided to see a few people and I've been talking to Phaledi, she likes me and I might like her, or like her vibe I'm not necessarily sure which is which. We'll meet up soon and our conversations have been about this, so I'll be getting to work." She keeps playing with the strings of her hoodie, she is nervous.

"Before we go far, how are we feeling about the breakup?" I ask her, I need to be sure that she is feeling good. "We are fine, I liked her but there are just a few things that turn me off about her, so I think it's for the best and Phaledi is cool you know." She genuinely sounds fine and happy with what is going in her own life and I'm glad.

"I don't want to make you feel any more uncomfortable but that size

Advertisement

ha..." I laugh, I stand up and I continue to unpack her belongings.

I finally finish up and I join her in the sitting room and we talk and catch up while we share a delicious pizza.

"I know you're dying to fight or ask me about Mbuso and the polygamy saga." I'm lying, I know she is clearly waiting for me to blurt out my story.

"I will never do something that you do not support, you're my younger sister but inspire me and you drive me to do better." She comes closer and she hugs on me.

"Mbuso loves me and I love him, I never thought that I would be the woman who would agree to be part of a polygamous relationship, Mbuso has proved to be worthy of my love, his wife welcomed me with open arms, she showed me and helped me realise that, I actually know Mbuso loves her as well and he didn't realise it until I showed him. When I'm with Mbuso he makes me feel like I'm the only woman in the world, I don't feel the need to fight for my position with him." I truly want to be with Mbuso and I need my sister to give me her blessing before I can proceed any further with this.

"I will never decide what you should do with your life but I need to make sure that you're happy and you are sure. I just hope this decision is best for you, you aren't doing it because of the pressure that you are receiving from him or his wife. You deserve to be happy." Yiba is always looking out for me, I couldn't have asked for a better sister. "This is what I want, I want to be with Mbuso. I don't mind the polygamy, he made his promise to me and I know that he will keep his word." She lies on top me and she cuddles up with me.

"Bitch I can't breathe." I'm literally carrying 2 people now. "Oh shit, I forgot, we have a new member in our family." Her eyes glisten up.

She kneels before me in front of the sofa and she kisses my belly, this is absolutely beautiful. I can't believe how cute and beautiful this is.

"God took our mom, just so you could have two mothers." She says while brushing my baby, she is already on the verge of tears. "Oh baby-girl, I know you miss her and you wish you had more time with her." I sit next to her on the floor, the pain of losing a mother cannot be compared, even if many women come into your life and call themselves your mother and try to act like your mother, the space that your mother left behind will never be filled because no woman will ever reach the level of the woman that gave birth to you.

"You've always been there though, dad has also always been there. You guys tried to ensure that I don't feel the void; I don't want to sound ungrateful but I honestly do wish I had the chance to be with my mother. I mean I sometimes just sit and wonder, what would she say and how would she react to certain situations nje." Her words hit home, I have healed from that pain but sometimes it just hits you at the wrong time and it just feels a bit too much and no one understands that pain.

"How would she react to being a grandmother for the first time, would she love me, knowing that I'm a woman loving woman, how would she treat us, would she still wake us up every day with porridge even when we made it clear that we didn't want any?" I giggle at the last part, my mother loved porridge and even if there was a lot of food in the house, she would always make sure we ate soft porridge every single day before we have normal breakfast and we would have to urinate several times at school because of the water in the porridge.

"She would love you, just the way that you are; she would love you even more. Remember when dad took you to have your very first hair cut?" A smile forms on both our faces, that was such a special day.

"I remember I was 12 years old and I had gotten home from practice, dad looked me in the eyes and said, '*Nathi, I love you irregardless, I do not want you to feel uncomfortable in your own home.*' I pretended not to know what he was talking

about, and he just pulled me closer to him and he gave me the biggest and most warm hug. I just broke down and cried, he didn't say anything else after that expect that he loves me." That was such a beautiful day, the moment I got home, my dad said we should put on shoes and get inside the car, we went to the salon and Yiba cut her hair, she had such long and beautiful healthy hair but she cut it off and wow that is when I saw what unconditional love was, he never judged her or made her feel like she should hate herself for her sexuality, instead he embraced her and all the unique characteristics that she comes with.

"He has been the best father, he did it all." Periods, he helped is through it, boys, changes in our bodies that he barely understood; we always looked very best because we have a stylish father. "Boyabenyathi, soka la Ma'P." Ma'P is my mother, that is the name that they called her with. Yes God too her early but he gave us a strong bond that not many families have.

"You're my for lifer." We do our handshake.

Ulu.

"Since you have already met his family, what kind of people are they?" She is sulking, I just hope that she doesn't ditch me and force me to go alone. "They are nice people, his parents are absolutely kind and loving, and his siblings are cool as well." I will not mention anything about Zoliswa because my sister can be bitchy and if she doesn't like someone, she does not pretend to like them, she isn't like me, I can at least tolerate such people.

"Fine, I'll wear a suit since we are meeting your rich in-laws." They will only be my in-laws once they have spoken to my father, until then, they are my boyfriend's family.

I put on a long nude satin dress, with an open back that is not too revealing, with black Chanel high heels that Mbuso bought for me and I haven't worn yet, I look like a billion dollars. My hair is looking neat and professional and my makeup is clean and smooth, I feel like a goddess and one thing about myself is that I'm young and I will not stop wearing sexy clothes because I'm pregnant or because I'm getting married very soon.

We are almost late, my sister takes the car keys and she drives us to the house, it is so far and we got lost a few times because this GPS but we finally arrived.

They run security checks on us and they let us in. We ring the door bell and a familiar face opens the tall doors.

"Na'Ndlovu's." I snicker because of the s that he adds at the end. "Good evening Bonginkosi." I guess he just likes checking on guests because yesterday he was the one who opened the door for us.

"Come on, the rest of the family is already here and excited to see you." My anxiety sky rockets but I try to calm myself down. I hear a loud squeal. "Aunty Yiba." Aww Mtho is so happy to see her, he gets off his mother and he runs past both Bonginkosi and myself and he runs straight to Yibanathi, and she picks him up and hugs him. One thing about is Ndlovu ladies is that we love children, it's just a natural thing that is within us.

I greet everyone, starting with the man and lady of this house down to the siblings and the wife of cause.

"You look gorgeous." Both Sis'Philsuwe and I say. We giggle and hug each other once.

Now my favourite part, I am greeting the children.

I greet Nhlanzeka, I don't hug him because I respect his space but this time he is the one who gives me a proper hug. "Hey Phiwokuhle." I kiss her little forehead. "Well let me introduce you to my people, you already Nhlanzeka, these are my other brothers Luyanda, Lesedi, Nkosikhona and these are my sisters,

Nomathemba, Siphesihle and Siphokazi. We are a happy family." They look so shy, they greet me.

Mtho totally neglects everybody's presence, when Yibanathi is here, he just sees her only, he is mesmerised.

I see Mbuso walk in, I'm guessing he was in the bathrooms or something. I don't hug him or anything, I feel like it is disrespectful to do that in front of his wife, she wouldn't appreciate the sight.

He doesn't read my message because he comes to me and he kisses my forehead, I blush and I move away from him.

"Mangethe not in front of adults and your wife." I whisper, I don't want his wife to hear me because she might take it in another way.

"You were singing that same tune yesterday." I giggle and I push him away from me, Mbuso likes playing games.

"Na'Ndlovu were you able to solve the work emergency?" Oh shit, I thought they forgot about that story, I mean I had already forgotten. "Luckily yes ma, the author had a problem with having the book published in the state that it was." That isn't a lie all together, because that actually did happen but those are events that took place last week.

"I'm glad my child. The food is ready, let's go and have dinner." Mrs Zwane Snr. informs us, she has such a calm aura, and it is so beautiful.

The children are lead in different area, I guess they expected it because they were already huddled up in their own group, expect for Mtho who was walking beside Yiba and myself and chatting up a storm, his mother tells him to leave and join the other children and he reluctantly obliges.

Yiba and I wait for everyone to take their seats before we take our own, we don't want drama, especially with Zoliswa.

"Na'Ndlovu please come and sit beside me." I sometimes question Mbuso's wife, she is too nice, I'm not sure if she is trying to kill me with kindness or does she actually want me to sit next to her.

"Na'Ndlovu Jr. I want you right here next to me." Bonginkosi says to my sister and Yiba doesn't mind, she joins him.

We say grace and we dish up.

"Younger Miss Ndlovu, what is your name?" Oh shit, I didn't introduce her, Mbuso should've done it for me, and he knows I'm shy. "I'm Yibanathi Ndlovu mam." She confidently says, my sister is very much outspoken.

Advertisement

sans-serif">"Mtho truly loves you, I've never seen him this excited to see a human being." The older sister says and she is right, Mthokozisi honestly loves Yibanathi.

"Yibanathi is my hero, she is the one who helped my son speak to someone besides his younger brother, I never thought I

would ever hear the voice of my son and because of her I did and I'm eternally grateful." Sis'Philsuwe expresses her gratitude for my sister, which was so cute. "It's not me who you should thank, it is Nhla, I feel like speaking took a lot of him and he did it. He is super brave for actually doing it and we should celebrate him as our hero." She is being quite modest, she did an amazing job, she helped Nhlanzeka a lot. "We can't thank you enough Yibanathi, what you did for us as the Zwane family is extremely important." The father of this home says and the others agree, even Zoliswa, I'm guessing that I am the one who she doesn't like because she doesn't seem to mind my sister's presence.

"Tell us more about your upbringing, we would really love to know you ladies better." Well I decide to answer this question because they want me to marry into their family.

"Well we are originally from Durban in eNquthu, we were raised by other amazing father who is a principal at the local primary school in our area. Unfortunately our mother died when we were really young, Yibanathi was extremely young, we grew up in a household of just the three of us. Our father made sure we had everything and he supported us in every single way possible; he I has been the best supportive system in both our lives, we look up to him in so many different ways." All the eyes are focused on both my sister and I and I just see faces full of pity and love all at once. "Don't pity us, yes it hurts that

we lost our number one lady but we are still grateful for the one that we are still blessed to have." I say and Yiba agrees with me, Mbuso tells me that he loves me with only his eyes and that sends butterflies to my stomach.

"So did you father remarry?" Sabelo asks us, "nope, he didn't; I'm not sure if that is in his plans." Yiba answers while she digs in her plate. "Don't you want another mother, I mean if he does get married life would be blessing you with a mother." Zoliswa speaks, I can clearly see that she is trying to fight with me.

"No woman can replace our mother, in fact no woman will ever replace a spot in any child's heart which was meant for the mother. A mother comes once, yes you will have different mother figures in your life which might be influential to you but they will never hold that place of the woman who you called your mother." I explain my own views, she seems to be taken back by my opinion, I wonder why.

"Well what about you, are you planning on replacing Mrs Zwane, are you trying to be a mother to her children?" She clearly doesn't like me and she isn't even pretending at this point. "Zoliswa!" Both Mbuso and Mr Zwane warn her and she raises her hands in surrender. "I will never replace her, I know that. It is the same thing which I told Nhlanzeka and I told Mbuso, that I'm not going to try and replace Mrs Zwane because even if I did try to replace her I would fail. I understand how it feels, so I wouldn't do that." I end this story, if she picks

a fight with me one more time, I'll get really pressed and this time I will come back. I will not be bullied by Mbuso's sister because at this point she is acting too angelic.

"Thank you." Mbuso's wife says to me and I nod.

I look at my little sister and she smiles at me and I smile back.

"Na'Ndlovu yesterday Kuhle couldn't stop talking about you, you really made quite an impression on her, she was up all night long practicing for Miss South Africa." I giggle, how adorable is that, this is why I long for my own little princess.

"I love her character, she is so smart and bubbly. I even told her yesterday that she reminds me of my own sister." Yiba rolls her eyes and sips on her wine, I can't even drink when people are annoying me so much.

We continue to converse with one another, I actually get to know more about the others. Sabelo lives in Durban, he came here because their father summoned them and his wife is on a business trip so she couldn't make, they have older kids, since he is the first born in the family, he has the oldest kids, his oldest is 21, that means she is the same age as Yibanathi, Abongwe is also married with two girls, who were also part of Kuhle's crew. Ntabiseng and Bonginkosi have been married for 3 years but have been together since their high school days, they have one child together, Siphokazi is their daughter. I can't get over how tall everyone in this family is, I feel like a

midget, Yiba also commented on the same thing and Yiba already looks like she is 16, it's just a hilarious sight for me to see.

"Well thank you for inviting us for dinner. We will get going, it is extremely late." I say my goodbyes, Yiba is now busy with Bonginkosi, and she has now forgotten me. "No, there is no way a future wife of ours will drive at this hour. This is your home too, you and Yibanathi are daughters of this home, we have already prepared rooms for you, my darling wife and I are going to sleep and you children can just relax." Mbuso told me that his father is stubborn and you should just agree with him and avoid any drama.

"Thank you baba." He smiles when he hears me calling him that, he gives Yiba, Zoliswa and I a hug and he leaves with his darling wife, how cute.

"Dude you don't mind right?" She gulps down her drink and continues to mind whatever she and Bonginkosi are doing. So much for being against the Zwane family.

41

Ulu.

I am so tired, I sat with the kids because they don't make me feel weird and I don't feel judged when I'm with them. I feel happy and safe, it is such a beautiful and wholesome feeling.

"Well let's go everybody bed time, you know how the saying goes, the earliest bird..." I wait for them to finish it off. "Catches the fattest worm!" They all excitedly shout out loudly.

"I'm proud of each and everyone one of you and for that, I'll make you pancakes and waffles in the morning." I don't even know whether or not they like those things but most children love sugar.

We go into one big bedroom, they show me a button that opens the next room for the girls, and they all hop on their beds.

"Goodnight, I love you and don't forget to pray." I kiss the boys and they are all fast asleep and I know that Mthokozisi loves sleeping so much. I check on the girls and Siphokazi is busy fidgeting.

"Are you okay baby?" I whisper as I kneel next to her bed, I don't want to wake up the others. "I'm scared, I've been having nightmares and I can't sleep." Aw poor thing. "Do you mind if I join you?" She says no, I take off my high-heels and I join her, I let her cuddle up with me, I place her face on my chest so she is

comfy and she sleeps easily.

I say a small prayer with the girls and we sleep.

"Gatsheni wake up." I hear somebody whisper to me, I turn my face around and it is Mbuso. I fell asleep and I don't even know when I fell asleep, I gently push Siphokazi off me insuring that she doesn't wake up.

I leave the rooms and I don't fully close them.

"I fell asleep. Where is Yiba?" He laughs just a little, "well I left everybody downstairs, they are still sitting and chilling." My plan is to say good night and sleep, I'm truly tired right now. Yiba is now in comfortable clothing and chatting up a storm and I can tell that she continued drinking when I left them. "I found her fast asleep with the children." They all laugh at me thanks to Mbuso, I take a seat next to Abongwe. "Well Siphokazi said she couldn't sleep so I was trying to help her fall asleep and I also ended falling asleep." I laugh at myself, I'm so dumb. "You should've called us, thank you." Ntabiseng sounds very appreciative.

"I'll get going, I'll see you tomorrow morning. I have to be up early before my squad wakes up." I inform them, I don't want to come across as rude. "Goodnight bro, I love you." We do our 4lifer shake. "I love you." I blow her a kiss. Mbuso offers to walk me to bed and I feel uncomfortable, what will his wife say? She doesn't say anything, he walks me to my designated

bedroom.

It is absolutely flawless, I could stay here forever.

"I'll be sleeping here with you, I miss spending time with you Ulu." I miss him too, I honestly do, it feels like it has been forever since we last bonded and spent time together. I throw him on top of the bed and I cuddle up with him.

"I miss you too Mangethe but we will get the chance to be together and bond properly, tonight is not that time." He sulks and shakes his head, he tickles and forces me to say yes. "No... whoa..It's still a n...no." I am completely out of breath because he was busy ticking me. "Okay but why?" He thinks I'm upset with him. "Go to your wife and make her feel like you've missed her, I don't want to know the details but just bond with her. She has sacrificed so much, she loves you so much that she allowed you to have a second wife, at least show her that you appreciate her." I try to open his eyes, I need him to see the bigger picture.

"Are you sure?" I nod in agreement, it is so hard to share your man, polygamy is not easy and it's only the early stages, I have to call him to order as his soon to be second wife.

I kiss him and we remain quiet, we are just cuddling. "Now go, I'm drowsy already." I get naked and I get inside the bed, "damn, you're too sexy for me to handle and there take some clothes." I feel so stupid, they were literally on the side chair, I

feel dumb because the wrapping had my name, this is so cute yet dramatic. I put on the pajamas and I warm myself in the blankets.

"I love you Ulu and thank you for forgiving me and choosing to love me back." I blush when he says that. "I love you Zikode. You are my dream man. Now go!" I know that if he keeps making me blush and giving me butterflies I won't want him to leave and he needs to leave. He blows me a kiss.

When he gets to the door I stop. "Mangethe, it's a yes again." He jumps up. "Are you serious sshalalaphala senhliziyo yami?" I give him a bright delighted smile, this is what I want.

"Thumela incwadi kubaba." After saying that, I close my eyes and I wait for him to leave so I can just relax and appreciate this beautiful bed.

I don't stay up, I just go straight to sleeping that is how tired I am.

I wake up with a heavy feeling, I hope that is not Mbuso, I turn around and it is Yibanathi, she is holding onto me for dear life. I'm sure that she stayed up all night drinking because she reeks of alcohol.

I decide to let her sleep a little more and I check up on my phone, a message from my father.

'Happy birthday my little princess, I'm proud of the woman you've grown into and I know that your mother would be proud of you as well. I love you so much, I love you Mpongo kaZingelwayo.' Nchoo my father is actually the literal best

Advertisement

I have a bank notification of R500 with the reference 'buy a cake.' Every single year my father buys me a cake, I've never bought myself a birthday cake, at this age he still does it for both my sister and I.

I really don't like celebrating birthdays but I always look forward to the cake.

I go to the in suite bathroom and I wash my face, I decide to take a shower and I wear a gown because I literally do not have anything to wear in this house.

When I get out of the shower, my sister is already up and she has made the bed.

"Happy birthday dude, I love you so much." That's the first thing she says to me, I hug her tightly. "I love you. Thank you baby-girl." I kiss her hand.

"You're such an inspiration to me, I look up to you, you always know how to make me feel better and this birthday is one of the most special birthday's because you've done so much for yourself and you've accomplished so many goals and I couldn't be happier for you Gatsheni. You are the best sister and second

best daughter to walk this beautiful green earth." I laugh at her, second best, I'm guessing that she is the best daughter.

"Thank you sweetheart." My birthdays always hurt, I just sit and think of my mother, it's hard to accept that she is no more, I just have to suck it up. The moment I get calls and messages I wish I was getting one from her, she always made my birthday special, I feel like that is part of the reason why I don't like my birthday.

"You're officially 26 years old, girl you are grown." Yes I am, I feel like I am getting old.

"Today I'm growing up and I'm grateful for you and I'm grateful for dad, I'm so grateful for this gift that I'm carrying and for the opportunity to be alive with people that I love." I couldn't be more content with my life, especially my child, the love and connection I feel for him or her is the most perfect love that I know.

"You're the absolute best." She goes into the bathroom and I'm guessing she is going to shower, I even forget to ask why she slept with me.

I put on my clothes from yesterday and some flats that Mbuso bought for me yesterday. I go to the kid's bedroom and I quietly wake them up, I don't want them to wake up everybody else.

"Everybody wake up, brush your teeth, make your bed and meet me in the kitchen." I don't care if they are rich kids that

have people who clean their house, they should at least make their bed and the help will just sweep and do the other things.

I go downstairs and it is so quiet, I see the help walking around, at this time they are already up and working, it's a Thursday.

I ask the chef for permission to use the kitchen, he tells me that I may use it and he will use the kitchen in the west side of the house. How dramatic are rich people?

I search for my ingredients in the pantry. My crew comes down the stairs in pyjamas one after the other.

They all greet me with kisses and hugs; when I was choosing a career I always said that I would either be an editor or an educator, I have always loved kids and the most beautiful part is seeing them grow and teaching them the right way of life.

"Well let's get cooking my little chefs." We start mixing and making all the small mixes in order to make the full and perfect load of pancakes and waffles.

We keep telling jokes and getting to know each other, we can laugh as loud as we want down here because no one can hear us upstairs, that is how massive this house it, it looks like a damn hotel.

I receive a phone call.

'Mr Motlounge.' I greet him with a happy tone. 'Well that is a beautiful way to start of your special day, with a smile. Happy birthday Ulu.' How does he even know that it

is my birthday, I don't tell people when my birthday is, I just wanted this to be a normal day. 'Thank you Neo, how did you even know?' I giggle, I mean it doesn't help to be upset about it. 'I have my ways, you're way to sneaky, you have to come to work and get your present.' I smile, he even got me a gift, how thoughtful is that? 'Thank you I will definitely come through and I hope that present has fries or ice-cream.' He clicks his tongue when I say that, I love food too much. We talk a little bit more and he hangs up.

We start cooking the waffles and the pancakes, Yiba joins us and we have fun, we set up the kid's breakfast table. Yiba makes some eggs and sausages, I add whip cream, and I like it homemade.

It looks so beautiful, with fruit and all that.

"Now you may feast, ladies and gentlemen." They look so excited and the part that excites them the most, is the fact that they made that with their own hands. I see Mbuso coming towards our direction and he is walking with Zoliswa, Bonginkosi and Ntabiseng.

"There's a party and we weren't invited?" Bonginkosi sulks, it is a kid's party.

"Mthiyane." I turn around and I look at him, he looks so handsome, his small beard is neatly combed. I've never been attracted to men who have tattoos until Mbuso, he makes them look like art.

When Zoliswa is around I feel so uncomfortable, she just makes me feel unhappy and gloomy.

"Happy birthday mama." Wait, how does he even know it is my birthday, I have never told him when my birthday was so how?

42

Ulu.

"Aww, thank you. Zikode kaNdabanstele." I give him a tight hug.

"How did you even know?" I laugh at him and he gives me a sly smile. "What type of husband would I be if I didn't know your birthday?" I blush when he says that, he gives me a kiss.

"Happy birthday Aunt'Ulu, happy birthday Aunt'Ulu, happy birthday, happy birthday, happy birthday to you." The children sing so loudly, it is absolutely adorable. I cry when they sing for me, I give each and every one of them kisses. "How old are you now?" They ask me, "I'm very old now..." I sing that line, I'm a terrible singer, I wouldn't be able to sing to save my own life, and even the children laugh at me.

"Happy birthday Na'Ndlovu." Bonginkosi gives me a hug, I appreciate all the sweet words. "Happy birthday." Zoliswa says and for some odd reason she isn't trying to sound funny, Ntabiseng also says happy birthday.

"Thank you guys I really appreciate it." I express my sincere gratitude.

"After we finish clearing up here, we need to get going, I have to get to work." I tell Yibanathi and she rolls her eyes, she doesn't look too happy.

"You're going to work on your birthday, that's not fair."

Bonginkosi expresses to me, rich people things, maybe I'm being judgemental but it is clear that our upbringings are very different.

"Yes I have to make a living don't I?" Mbuso also doesn't look happy. Ntabiseng is a stay at home mother, she has no business no nothing, she just shops and looks beautiful and there is nothing wrong with that but I can see that they want me to be like her and there is no way that will happen, I want to work and I love my job. At least Mbuso's wife has businesses that will sustain her even if Mbuso leaves her, she isn't dependent on him for her every need.

Nhlanzeka stands next to me and I brush his hair, "are you excited about your math and Science expo next week?" He smiles and nods.

"You are going to do great, I'll try not to embarrass you and be too excited." He laughs at me, he is so adorable.

"It's okay, at least you're beautiful and smart so weird things won't look too bad on you." I giggle, I'll most certainly take that as a compliment.

The rest of the family comes down for breakfast while my crew and I are fixing our mess. "Phiwokuhle and Mthokozisi, I'm putting you guys on packing up duty, Luyanda, Nhlanzeka and Siphokazi you'll be doing wiping the tables and everyone else, you're with me, we are going dishes." I instruct them, Yiba and I

are busy with the kitchen, she is working with Phiwokuhle and Mtho.

"You guys are looking busy, how come you never want to do anything when we instruct you to?" Abongwe looks pretty confused. "Mama shh we are working." Luyanda says and I snicker.

I greet the rest of the family. The lady and man of the house are also here.

"Bo Na'Ndlovu I hope you guys had a good night's rest." I nod in agreement.

My team and I finish up and it is time for the adults to have breakfast.

"Well done, you guys were great." We all high five one another.

"So now you guys are going to bath and when I finish having breakfast Aunt'Yiba and I will come and say goodbye before we leave alright?" They look upset now, we have to leave; this is a nice place and all but now I want to go to my own house and wear clean clothes. "Don't be sad, you're sad then Aunt'U is sad and you don't want her to be sad on her birthday right?" Yiba is blackmailing them and they don't even know it. "No, I want her to be very happy!" Phiwokuhle exclaims. I wink at Yiba. They finally agree to go and bath.

We sit at the dining table and we start eating. "Na'Ndlovu I heard it is your special day today, happy birthday." The father says and I thank him

I'm scared of that man.

"We are going to have a party tonight to celebrate your birthday." Mrs Zwane Snr. informs.

"I'd appreciate it but no thank you Ma, I don't like celebrating my birthday especially having parties." Everyone looks so shocked, "why not, it will be fun, think about it." Mbuso's wife utters her own 2cents, it's nice that they want me to feel like I'm part of the family but I don't want a party.

"She won't say yes, my father and I always beg her, she never wants to celebrate her birthday. I do however think if there are many people and not just my father and myself asking her she will actually say yes." Why is my own sister exposing me and joining people who aren't her family?

"Aw Boyabenyathi, please. It will be absolutely fun, you'll have whatever party you like." Mbuso looks me right in my eye from the opposite side of the table that look is dangerous, it's the type that makes me bend over and allow him to slut me out and it works each time. "Yeah, I think you should consider it." What have they done to Zoliswa, I'm even more scared of her now. "You can even invite people." Mrs Zwane Snr. adds to that statement. I mean I only have one friend and a few newly met acquaintances. They have already sent me messages and all

that; they are absolutely too kind.

"I know what will do the trick." Zoliswa stands up and leave the sitting area, we all look at each other and wonder where she is going.

She comes back with Nhlanzeka, Siphokazi and Phiwokuhle.

"Out of your crew, these are the only people that I found so here we go." She pushes them forward. "Aunt' U, please allow us to throw you a party. It will be so fun and the best part is that, we will also be there." She played her cards right, the moment Phiwokuhle said that I was sold.

"Okay then, if we do have a party, I just want it to be small and simple." The kids clap their hands in excitement.

"Thank you." Yibanathi genuinely says to the children and Zoliswa. I don't understand why she is being nice to me, last I checked she really doesn't like me so why would she start now? We finish breakfast and they take the dishes.

"Thank you for the hospitality Ma." I really appreciate how she has been treating me, people always say they have the worst mother's in law but I have the best one no doubt.

"You're family, you are also my child. From what Mbuso said about you to seeing you here, I've been made so happy. The happiness that you've brought to him, since you've been here he has been extremely happy and you have shown respect to Philisiwe, keep that up, respect her at all times and show her love just like you would show your sister." This is the first one

on one talk I've had with Mrs Zwane, the lady of the house. "Ngiyabonga mama, I will listen to your advice and continue being me." She smiles at me, "that is what I want to hear." Mbuso interrupts our conversation.

"Since you want to go to work so badly, I'll drive you to work and Yibanathi will stay here so she can make sure that everything is to your taste." I blush at my man, he is so fine and sexy.

"Did she agree to that?" I question.

"Yes she did agree." I get up and I head upstairs and I say my goodbyes to my children, they also have school to attend so they should also get going.

I head back downstairs and I take my bag. I kiss my baby sister goodbye, one thing about Yibanathi is that she can blend in perfectly with people, she knows how to connect with people, it is just in her, no matter what type of crowd.

"I know you are rushing to get to work, but may I please speak to you?" Zoliswa is really trying to ruin my day. I don't argue with her, I move to the side and we stand together.

"I get it Zoliswa I really do, I understand why you don't like me but please don't fight with me on my birthday." I plead with her, I'm tired of being bullied by her. "I'm not here to fight Ulu, I just want to apologise I misjudged you; yesterday I followed

you and Buth'Bheki upstairs and I heard when you spoke to him, I'm sorry for invading your privacy. The connection you have with these children and yesterday night when you slept with Sipho just so you can allow the parents to have a break, which is actually noble of you. I didn't think of you as someone who has a heart or personality and that was wrong of me." I can't believe that she is actually apologising, I really thought she was ready to pick a fight with me.

"It's okay Zoliswa. We all make dumb mistakes, I understand where you were coming from so I get it." I reassure her, she deserves a second chance. I got one and she should get her own.

"Truce, we should just start afresh." I offer and she agrees to my offer.

Great I really didn't like having beef with my sister in law.

Ulu.

Mbuso drives me back home.

I don't bath again, I wash my face and I get dressed in a white suit with red high heels. "You are eating again Mangethe?"

Mbuso loves his food shame.

"You're actually the only thing I want to eat right now." Mbuso likes flirting, and trust me I'm not complaining. I wrap my arms around his shoulders.

"You have no idea how good you taste, I would stop eating everything, even pap and beef stew just to eat that delicious and moist kitty." He whispers in a hoarse voice and I'm already turned on. I kiss him and push him away from after that, Mbuso knows my buttons as well as I know his, it's just the little things.

"Let's get going. I don't want to be late." I'm almost out of breath and I don't even know why, he laughs at my tone and he takes his car keys.

We leave and drive over to the publishing house.

"There are some things that I wanted to say to you that needed only your ears, I love you Uluthando you already know that; the kind of person you are is a one in a million kind, you are so smart, you are loving and you absolutely funny. You keep me on my feet, you respect me and you always remind me of how well I'm doing, you are always encouraging me and showing me

love, happy birthday my love and I'm so blessed to have the opportunity to celebrate this special and amazing day with you. I just want you to remember that you're the queen of my heart and thank you for choosing me and carrying our beautiful blessing inside of you." He is literally making me cry this early in the morning, I love him so much, my special man.

"Thank you Zikode and I love you." I kiss him on the cheek, stop the car at my job and he gives me a proper kiss. He opens the door for me and he gives me my bags and a kiss goodbye. I'm a few minutes late, like 30 minutes late but it's my birthday, I just hope the boss doesn't trip on me.

"Surprise!" They scream when I get to my floor.

"Guys..." this is the best birthday ever, for me birthdays are not about the gifts or the cake, what makes them special are the people, this year I've met so many wonderful people, I've been appreciated me and I've appreciated more.

"Happy birthday best friend." He truly is an amazing best friend. I give him a tight hug. "You are the best, thank you." I wipe my tears off, I'm so emotional right now.

Mmabatho hugs me and wishes me a happy birthday, they all sing for me, gosh this is my least favourite part of birthdays.

"Speech, speech!" Neo and Mmabatho yell and so does everybody, they take my bags and put them aside.

I am so shy, why are they doing this to me. I look at the crowd

and I see Mr Dingane leaning against the wall, he has a small smile on his face, he looks absolutely sexy but anyways I have a man whom I love dearly.

"I'm super shy. I would like to thank each and everyone one of you for this, I appreciate all the birthday wishes and this, this warms my heart, I've received so much love from this place and from the people here. I have friends who have turned into best friends and co-workers who have turned into acquaintances, I have made special bonds with people." My eyes are met with a fully concentrating Mr Dingane, I give him a smile and he returns it back, there is something about Mr Dingane, his eyes carry so much mystery

Advertisement

he always acts tough and mean but he has a gentle and soft heart. "Thank you guys, I love you all so much." I get shy and I stand next to Neo.

"Well happy birthday to Miss Ndlovu and she will only give you cake if she feels like it." Mr. Dingane speaks and everybody laughs, he goes into his office.

I cut the cake and I share it with everyone.

"You're sneaky, when did you even get the time to plan this?" I ask Neo as we are busy cutting up the cake for everyone. "The big boss came into my office this morning and said, what are the plans for Ms Ndlovu's birthday and I said I was planning on

taking you out for lunch, he gave me his card and said I should take someone with me and we should buy cake, food and some snacks for your birthday." I roll my eyes, this boy is full of joke.

"Pshh... boy don't lie to me." I warn him. "I'm serious Uluthando, he did all of this for you and I didn't even know that he knew your birthday because you're so secretive about it." This has me blushing, I mean this is so nice of Mr Dingane, I truly appreciate it.

"Finish up here please, I'll take him some cake to his office." I take the cake and I walk to his office, I knock on the glass door and he gestures that I come in.

I place the cake on top of his table and I sit down. I look at him and I smile, I literally don't know what to say. "Neo told you did he not?" He chuckles softly as he focuses on the documents before his eyes. "Yes and I'm really grateful, thank you for much sir." He looks up.

"I should've figured he'd tell you, I mean he is your best friend." I giggle, I can't keep still, I keep shifting in my seat, why am I so nervous?

"And you're welcome, if anyone deserves this and so much more, it is you, you are such a hard worker." I've received so many compliments and so much love from so many people who mean a lot to me and I couldn't be happier.

"Thank you sir, and I brought you some cake." His face looks sour when I say that. "I'm not really the biggest fan of cake and

sweet things, I usually prefer things like this when I..." it seems like a memory or a thought comes to mind, his eyes turn dark and sensual. Oh shit, he means.... oh my gosh. "Never mind, I'll eat it just because it's yours." I give him a smile and I attempt to leave him and his work.

"I like your suit." I compliment him, in the most professional way I possibly can.

"Thank you Miss Ndlovu, I also like yours." He doesn't fully look at me, only his eyes shift up and look at me. Before I go crazy, I leave the office and I sit with everyone else, we eat and we get back to work.

I'm really full, I've been stuffed with food since I woke up, and I absolutely cannot eat any more than I already am.

"Well my future in-laws are throwing me a birthday party, please come." I'm literally begging him at this point. "Your filthy rich in-laws?" I laugh when he asks that question, I'm guessing he saw Mbuso and what he looks like. "I don't think I have anything that matches up to that, I mean Christian Dior is definitely not up my alley." I laugh at him and beg him to stop, it's not up my alley either.

"You come to work looking dapper all the time just come to the damn party please." I know he is going to come. "I'll come, of cause I'll come." I knew it.

My phone rings and it's a video call from Dimphe.

'Happy birthday girl, you look so gorgeous.' She looks so hyper, she is with Phaledi my sister's sneaky link.

'Thank you love and you look stunning.' I blow her a kiss.

'Saturday we're having a braai for your birthday, I hope you don't have any plans.' I shake my head no. 'No plans whatsoever, I'll be there honey.'

They chat with both Neo and I and we hang up.

Well you are a really special lady. I feel that way also.

44

Ulu.

Work was so fun, we did no work. Mmabatho joined us and we were just eating and chatting up a storm.

Now I getting ready to go but I need Mbuso or Yibanathi to fetch me.

"Yibanathi better get here on time shame." I think out loudly.

"Yiba is here?" Mmabatho is literally blushing, I'm not necessarily sure what she wants from my sister because she is married but she keeps playing games with her knowing that Yibanathi has always had the biggest crush on her.

"Yeah she is here." Neo decides not to interfere in this talk.

"I hope I'll get the chance to see her." Just as she says that Yibanathi walks inside the office. "Well speak of the devil and she shall appear." Neo comments.

She walks inside my office and gives me a hug. "Ay, awusemuhle Boyabenyathi. You look like a boss ass bitch." This girl is my hype lady, she is always hyping me up. "Ngiyabonga mntakamama." I let go of her and she greets Neo, she is always blushing at Neo, and he likes it.

"Mmabatho hey." Mmabatho blushes and attacks her with a hug.

"Take my bags please Yiba, I just want to talk to the boss before

I leave." Neo looks at me for a rescue but I just leave him there with the two love birds.

Mr Dingane is walking out. "Oh sorry you're busy." I whisper and I leave. "I have time for you birthday lady." I blush and I turn around, I walk to him.

"I just wanted to thank you again for today and I wanted to say goodbye." He chuckles, did I say something stupid. "Oh Ms. Ndlovu... thank you, I hope you enjoy the rest of your day." He always confuses me. "Thank you sir, you too."

"I wish but I have back to back meetings, like right now I'm in a meeting with Mrs Jackson and Mr Thwala from Dubai, they want us to discuss future business investments." I'm keeping him from such a big meeting, with my nonsense.

"I'm sorry sir for keeping you here." I leave him there, I feel so stupid right now.

"Let's get going then Yiba." Neo and I walk in front and Mmabatho walks with Yiba at the back, at this point I will not entertain whatever they are doing.

When we get downstairs, I see that Yiba is driving Mbuso's blue jeep and there are other people in the car, when I look clearly I see Mbuso's wife in the car and she is with Bonginkosi.

"Well my inlaws are fetching me and my sister wife is also in the car." I whisper to Neo and he can't hide his nerves and his shock.

When they see us approaching they get out the car, which means I have to introduce them, argh Yibanathi damnit. "This is Bonginkosi and next to him is Sis'Philsuwe, my..." I keep quiet, I don't know what to say right now. Mbuso's wife laughs at me, at least I didn't come across as rude. "This is Neo, my best friend and colleague." They greet each other. "Hey man, I just hope you know that Iona owakwa Zwane and you aren't trying any tricks on her." Oh my gosh, these Zwane men. "No I wouldn't dare, we are strictly friends." Neo states and Bonginkosi reluctantly says okay.

"I'll see you tonight then." I give him a hug and I get inside the car, I sit at the back to avoid drama. Bonginkosi sits in front and Yibanathi takes the wheel.

Look at us a happy family right now.

"We're going to get you an outfit for tonight now and then we will be heading home okay." I groan, at this point I was happier at work, this is exactly what I didn't want.

"Yibanathi uyabona kemanje?" She looks away, "buying an outfit

that is very dramatic honestly and it's a waste of money." They are upsetting me.

"Na'Ndlovu relax, we will get something that is your style and bafo clearly stated that we must get you whatever you want." I just nod when Bonginkosi says that, I'm no longer in the mood

for tonight.

"Listen sweetheart I know it doesn't feel like it but we are just trying to make you enjoy your special day." Mbuso's wife says, and when she says that it just made me feel very ungrateful.

"I'm sorry, I don't mean to sound ungrateful." I continue to stare outside the window. "I understand how you are feeling and don't apologise for your feelings." Bonginkosi says.

We finally arrive at our destination and our first stop is Dior, which I cannot afford and spending so much of Mbuso's money just makes me feel uncomfortable.

I just look as they go around searching.

We went to so many stores and we didn't find anything that I liked.

"You look so gorgeous in that suit, so why not wear a suit tonight?" Sis'Philsuwe asks me, "wear pants in the Zwane house, I don't think they would appreciate that." This is an extreme Zulu family, they are just like my own family very strict about certain things.

"Hay Gatsheni wear whatever you want." Bonginkosi assures me. "I can't wear what I like because what I like is sexy or pants so yeah. Let's just look for something modest yet sexy." They all look happy to see that I am participating in this entire thing. We search around and we finally land on a dress that we all liked.

A blood red long dress that has a ball gown dress, the breast part is covered in rhinestones and the back is bare.

It has a beautiful slit that shows my thighs but can hide them as well. "This dress is absolutely perfect for you. You look gorgeous bro." Bonginkosi was commenting on how Yiba and I call each other bro, dude and all those kinds of names. When I go dress shopping for my wedding I will most certainly go with these three, they are perfect. Well only if Mbuso's wife doesn't mind helping me choose that gown.

"Great, now we are making progress and ubafo uyalwa he is asking ukuthi yin ngihamba sikhathi eside kangaka with his wives." I look at my sister wife and we both laugh. "Hay he must rest, we are enjoying the company nje." I say and she agrees with me

"Look at you two, ganging up on my dear brother." Aw shame how cute, he is fighting for his brother.

We finish shopping and then we head back to my house. I need to get underwear they insist that I will change at the Zwane mansion.

I take my needed things and Yibanathi also takes her things that she needs.

We drive back to that house.

I don't think I'll get used to how beautiful and huge this house is, it is absolutely stunning.

When we get inside Mbuso is not there, I miss him already and I mean it's my birthday I want to bond with my man. I still feel bad about touching or talking to Mbuso when his wife is around us.

"Where are the children?" I excitedly ask, "you'll see the kids later Na'Ndlovu let's just focus on you, we brought you our hair and makeup team. We are about to pamper you, if you want, you may go into the spa." I gasp, I've been so tired so a spa sounds perfect to me. Hearing Abongwe mention a spa just gave me butterflies, I could literally kiss her.

"Spa please, I would honestly love it." I squeal like a little child. "Spa it is. I would like it just a little more if you guys could join me and Zoliswa, where is she?" I curiously ask. "She went out with Bheki to fetch the cake." I don't want her to feel left out. I don't think I'll get used to hearing people call Mbuso Bheki and it is so weird because everyone calls him Bheki and he introduced himself as Mbuso to me.

"Well I guess we can have another girl's day spa day some other time. I'll take the nails and pedicure only then." My sister can tell that I wanted to do the spa thing.

Everyone rushes off like cockroaches and I'm left alone. I invite the girls (Phuwokuhle, Siphokazi, Nomathemba and Siphesihle.) The boys are with their fathers.

"Natural for the ladies please and I would like a nude on my feet." The ladies obey, we are looking so cute in our white robes. We are adorable.

I send Mbuso a message asking him which colour I should get on my nails, he gives me the colour beige. He should've just gone with white but since I don't want to disappoint him I just agree.

I inform the nail-technician and she does just that.

We put face marks on and cucumbers, we look like beautiful ladies.

45

Ulu.

We finally finished up and now I going to my party, everybody looks gorgeous.

Mbuso is matching my outfit, I guess it's because it is my special day today.

I see Neo and I excitedly hug him, I'm so happy to see him year.

"You look like you're from out of this world, you look like pure gold." I twirl around for him and he gives me such a genuine smile and his eyes, such a friendship is one that I have never experienced honestly.

"And what's that look?" I curiously ask him, it honestly made me whole. "I know want ruin the mood with sappy emotions and thoughts but you're an amazing person and I remember when I started working with you, Uluthando you were not okay, yet you tried to make me feel welcomed and happy. I could tell that you had a lot on your shoulders even your laughter held a lot of pain behind it but now Uluthando, you're so happy, this is the happiest I've seen you and you have no idea how much joy that gives me, I am so happy that you've found your genuine peace." I stop for a second and I just look at him with pure shock, I thought I hid my pain so well, I made sure that no one saw the mess I was when I got home, I'm guessing it's because Neo is such an attentive person and this is his department;

relationships, spirituality mental health and so forth.

"I love you, you're the best." I'm already in tears, Neo is such a genuine friend and wow, I'm honestly blessed to have him in my life.

"I love you Ms. Ndlovu." I wipe my tears and I introduce him to the rest of the family.

We start having drinks and of cause I am sticking to juice and water.

"He is so cute, is he in a relationship on something?" Zoliswa is looking at Neo, who is busy having a serious conversation with Yibanathi and Bonginkosi; I don't know how these two have gotten close to each other in only one day of knowing each other; I feel like the only thing that is helping right now is the fact that they act like bros or else Ntabiseng would be very jealous and one thing about my sister is that she is immaculate, she is absolutely beautiful.

"He is very handsome and no he isn't with anyone yet. It is fear, sometimes fear sets us back and that causes is to lose true connections and people who we care about." I mean I don't want to expose Neo at this point but we've all been there, where we just keep running and lose awesome memories and bonds just because we allow fear to take over us.

"Well that I understand, I've been there. After their dad I just felt like it wasn't worth trying to find love because I had, I still have the mentality that all men are just like him. Now looking

at it in fact when I first met you, you just made me think of him and that's why I was so mean to you, because he did the same thing that my brother did." She chuckles softly and that laugh is so dangerous because it is full of pain, "I'm sorry for what I've said to you. I guess we should learn to hold men accountable and also know that maybe the other person doesn't even know that you exist." My heart bleeds out for her and all of a sudden I just understand her better. I might have not said it out loud but I was judging her and that's not right.

"I'm sorry you had to go through, it's not fair on you, no one deserves. I feel like sometimes we as women..." I am cut off by a very energetic Sabelo and Mbuso, "you two are absolutely boring, and how am I this grown and I'm breaking it down on the dancefloor and the babies of the family are just sitting here looking so depressed." Sabelo is lit at this point, he pulls his sister and I laugh at she gives him a sour face. Mbuso holds out his hand and I get up, we go to the dancefloor and I join then in dancing.

We finishing eating and now we are having desert. "Before we are completely wasted, if anyone has anything to say to the beautiful Na'Ndlovu the floor is yours." Abongwe drum rolls and I laugh at her, she is right people are drunk at this point, I truly wish to be them.

"Before speeches and all I just ask that we cut the cake at exactly 21:30." These people are so drunk they won't even

survive having cake. They give me weird looks, like why is this this girl so precise but my sister, she looks happy that I didn't forget.

"That is like a tradition in our family, we all eat the cake and sing at the same time no matter where you are, so now at 21:27 I will call my dad and we will sing and cut the cake."

Mbuso holds my hand and brushes it, physical touch is definitely our love language as a couple.

"That is absolutely beautiful my child, get Na'Ndlovu whatever she wants." Mrs Zwane Snr. says with the brightest smile on her face, oh I absolutely adore her.

They bring the cake to me and I love it, I don't know where and when they got someone to make such a perfectly customised cake in just one day, it has books all around it and what makes it more special is the fact that they have the books that I've edited and the biggest book on the cake, is Malebo's book because it became a bestseller, I absolutely love it.

I call my dad and Yiba sits next to me.

'Oh it's almost time

Advertisement

let me just set up my cake quickly.' Aw my dad though, he is getting a bit old now. 'No problem baba, we'll wait.' I hear him walk away from the phone. 'I'm back bantwana bami. Happy...' my father starts singing and they all join him, I dread

it but I appreciate it.

They finally finish and my father and I start cutting the cake.

'Ngiyakuthanda Gatsheni, I'm proud so have you as my daughter, and I know your mother is smiling right now because of you, you are rare

and I hope you continue to conduct yourself the way that you've been conducting yourself. Yiba and I'm proud of you too my child. I'm grateful to have both of you as my

princesses, thank you for always loving each other

and protecting each other, a parent's wish is to see their child or children happy and mine has been fulfilled because of the

two of you. Eat your cake now and enjoy yourself, I can hear that you're having a lot of fun and I'm not invited.' I giggle

when I hear the end part, I'm a crying mess and so is Yibanathi.

Everyone deserves to have a loving and present father like mine, I would never ever trade him for anything or anyone.

'We love you Boyabenyathi. Goodnight.' I say.

'And thank you for being the best mother

and father we could possibly ask for.' That sums it up, to us, ubaba is our friend, our sister, brother, mother and father, he is anything that you need him to be at the certain time.

'Bye my princesses.' I hang up.

I literally can't stop crying, I look around and even Sis'Phiwe is crying, as well as Abongwe and Zoliswa.

"Wow that was beautiful guys." Abongwe or well Sis'Abongwe, I don't call the older siblings with their names when I address them because I show respect.

"Thank you." I just take a simple bite out of the cake.

They start with speeches.

Everyone just says that they are happy to have me as their sister.

"My love, you are a beautiful person, you are beautiful both inside and outside. Don't change your persona and your ways, carry on and represent yourself the way you've been doing."

Those are the words from wife number one and I don't know how to feel about then hey. She has this weird tendency of calling me *my love* or just *love*.

Now it is my turn. "Well I would like to say you guys can throw a party and actually be the party. What I loved most about this party is the effort, this party showed me or proved to me that you guys love me and care for me, you showed up for me and I'm grateful to each of you. Mndeni waka Zwane, thank you for welcoming me with warm and welcoming hands, I'm so thankful for each and every one of you, you have such kind hands, which groom.

Na'Ndlovu, I could write a novel and it would still require a sequel and another one; thank you because no one knows it like you do, I love you and Motlounq thank you for everything.

Zikode thank you for the love and thank you for being you." I wish I fully express my gratitude towards him but not with his wife here, I don't want to make her feel uncomfortable with my presence.

We party a little more and then I request that they drive us home. I'm tired and I have work tomorrow, Neo will have the worst hangover and I absolutely cannot wait to mock him about it.

Even though they didn't want us to leave but I forced, and Mbuso knows I'm crazy when I say I want to go and sleep then that's what I'm going to do and nothing will stop me.

Yibanathi is drunk and I'm banning her from alcohol, she has drank too much these past two days and I know that she will want to drink on Saturday as well.

I start changing my clothes and wiping off my makeup, I'm so tired I don't even have the energy to bath.

"Well they save best for last, I didn't say a speech and I didn't give you your present." Yibanathi is so dramatic, she pulls me and we go into the sitting room.

This present is huge, I think it is a picture or something because of its shape, it is bigger than my coffee table.

"You know I didn't need a present, you are present enough." I kiss her forehead. I open up the wrap and I'm in tears; it is a beautiful live sketch of Yiba, my father and I and at the back of

us, it is my mother who has a halo over her head and it shows that she is looking over us.

"Yibanathi, this is surely the best." I give her a tight hug. This is the best present that I've ever gotten, it is perfect and all I can say is wow.

This is surely the best birthday.

46

Ulu.

Yesterday was an amazing day honestly, from my father's message in the morning, to the surprise at the office to the party my in laws threw for me and most importantly my sister's gift wow, it was absolutely perfect.

A cuddle with my future husband would've been perfect but hey first wife gets first preference, so now I am just wondering, does that mean that Mbuso will never sleep at my house, she will always get him every single night? The only reason I agreed to this whole polygamy thing is the fact that I love Mbuso and our unborn baby had it not been that, I would've left because all my life I've never liked sharing things that were mine and that I loved; for example when Yiba was born I didn't like her one bit, when I heard them calling her baby, I just got mad and jealous because she took my parents but then I grew to love her and I also called her my baby, that is why I call her baby-girl. If I grew to love Yiba then I guess I might be able to love this whole polygamy act.

I finish getting ready, today is just a relaxed day for me and I mean it is Friday after all. I wear a black shirt with blue denim-jeans and black Nike sneakers and I top it off with sunglasses. I have taken the decision to start wearing my ring again, I just hope people at work don't notice, I don't like questions.

"Yibanathi I'm leaving now, goodbye baby-girl I love you." She mumbles something, she is definitely hungover right now.

I get coffee for Neo and I get myself orange juice. When I get to work, he looks so concentrated on his laptop.

"Here's coffee to numb the hangover." I laugh as I place it on top of his desk and I sit down. "Is it that obvious, my head hurts, your in laws are a terrible influence?" I laugh at him because yesterday when we were going home Yibanathi said the very same thing to me.

"Well yes it is very obvious, you never look this upright and properly situated, your face looks like a model face, for starters when you are really working and you're feeling whatever you're editing or writing and you do not want to be disturbed you have this odd face, I don't know how to describe it but it's really funny and it's a change of facial expressions, it just makes my day." I don't think he even heard what I'm saying, he gulped that coffee down like a champion. "I'm never going to that Zwane palace ever again." I laugh at him because wow, he is just being absurd at this point.

"Well you guys were drinking and partying like there is no tomorrow so here is tomorrow and that is what you're getting because everyone you were drinking with is nursing their hangover and here you are at work fake focusing." He is annoyed with me at this point. "You're too loud." I get a message from Sis'Abongwe and I show it to Neo and he just

nods, he didn't even read it.

"Haiiboo Neo, anyways, this is a home remedy to treat your hangover." A huge smile forms on his face and now, now he is ready to hear what I have to say, he is using me.

"Well here you go." I give him my phone and his face turns sour. "Please make it for me, I beg you, I will buy you ice-cream." I wink at him.

"Let's get going then." I love the hangover and drunk Neo so much, he just makes me happy, I've been laughing since I got to work.

We into the kitchen and I prepare that thing for him, it smells so terrible. Mr Dingane walks in the kitchen and Neo gets scared.

"Good morning Sir." We both greet at the same time.

"Seems like you enjoyed your birthday Miss Ndlovu." Oh my gosh, how does he even know what this is for; Mr Dingane is a freak just like the rest of us, he isn't the perfect saint that he acts like he is.

"I did, Mr. Motloun really enjoyed my birthday as well." I snicker and Mr D chuckles.

"Hhmm... When you're done with your concussion please come and see me Ms. Ndlovu." I nod, he takes out something from the fridge and he leaves. "I'm going to get fired, we will be without jobs." He howls, oh my goodness. "We came to work drunk and that thing really smells." I can't keep up, he is being

so dramatic, and I just can't help but laugh.

"Well if we get fired, we will just rob a bank and we'll be filthy rich as you call it." I inform him as I pour that disgusting drink in a cup for him.

We go back to his office and I give him the cup.

"This is so disgusting, let's just leave it and rob the bank already." I leave him there and I go to the big boss's office.

"I have great news for you, you have been chosen to go to a training/workshop/intervention with young authors, you have now turned into the big steak

Advertisement

each publishing house is looking for a way to get you, you are the rookie that has outshined the OG's." I feel like he is doing too much, there is no way that they could want me, I haven't even been doing this job for 6 months. "I wish but thank you sir, I appreciate the vote of confidence and I would definitely love the opportunity to be part of that training." I'm so excited I honestly cannot wait, such an opportunity doesn't come every day.

"You'll see soon you'll have people asking if you want to change jobs, they will be giving you a higher pay check and better benefits, I mean just recently a friend or old time nemesis of mine was telling me that he wants you on board and he plans to get you." Well that kinda makes me happy. "That's very nice

and all but I'm very happy here." He seems very pleased to hear me say that.

He promises to share the rest of the details and I leave the office and I head to mine.

Finally work is out, I will not be working this weekend maybe late on Sunday. On my way out, Mbuso and I bump into each other. "Mangethe." He pulls me in and he gives me a kiss. "I'm at work Mr Lawyer sir." I remind him with a smile.

We get to the parking lot and he is driving with someone else. "You and I are going somewhere, give this man your car keys and he will drive the car back to your house, I spoke with Yiba." Now Yiba and Mbuso are close and friendly with each other. I'm hesitant at first because that is my baby and I don't want them to hurt my baby. I finally agree because I trust Mbuso.

He hands me food, always a way to make me happy and make me smile.

I dig in. "Where are we going?" I excitedly ask, I am guessing we are not going to back to my house since that man drove my car there. "We are going to a car dealership mama." Oh yes, must be nice to be him.

"That's exciting, what kind of car do you want?" He must hums and jams along to his music.

We get to the dealership and it smells like pure money, it has cars that I've only seen in magazines or TV shows, others I've seen because I started dating Mbuso.

"Good afternoon Mr and Mrs Zwane, I have already prepared the presentations, I have both the Bentleys and the Rolls Royce." I'm literally screaming with my inside voice right now. "Now Mrs Zwane tell me, Bentley or Rolls Royce?" My future husband proudly asks me. "Rolls Royce baby, it is a beautiful car and I definitely think that it would suit you." I hold on his arm and we walk to that side, it looks like a dream.

There are three types Rolls Royces there. "So here we have a white 2019 Rolls-Royce Wraith wraith, we also have a red 2019 Rolls-Royce Cullinan, a blue 2021 Rolls-Royce Cullinan Black Badge and a powder blue 2020 Rolls-Royce Cullinan." All of these just look beautiful.

"Mangethe I personally love the red 2019 one and the blue 2021 one, they are just spectacular, see when you drive this car you will look like the king that you actually are." I can just imagine riding in this car, no words can describe the beauty of this car.

"I agree with you Mrs. Zwane, the 2020 version is my least favourite out of the four." The dealership worker informs us.

"Pick one, listen baby I trust your taste. I love whatever you love sthandwa sami." I will most definitely choose one, I wish I

could choose both.

"The powder blue one is perfect one for you." I say to him, "do you also like it for you because we will riding in this car together." I blush, that is so adorable.

"Well then in that case, would you happen to have the 2021 version in red?" I don't want to bother anything.

"Of cause we do, it's in here, please follow me." I almost fell, it is so gorgeous.

"Perfect." I keep answering and the owner is quiet about his car.

"You love it and you are sure of it?" He asks me and I nod in agreement. "I absolutely love it baby." He gives me a kiss.

"Then just give me the paperwork to sign it off." He leaves, being rich is nice, you just buy such an expensive car cash.

Mbuso signs the papers and he is given the car keys.

"Happy birthday princess." Well my birthday was yesterday. He gives me the car keys and a bouquet of roses and each rose is covered with R100 and R200 notes. "No way, Mbuso this car is crazy expensive, you can't just buy me a car that costs this much." I push away the keys. "You are my wife and this is the least that you deserve, happy birthday Uluthando please don't fight me." I can't believe this, he bought me a Rolls-Royce, I Uluthando Ndlovu have a Rolls-Royce, I'm in utter disbelief.

"Thank you Mangethe." I give him a hug and several kisses.

"Only the best for the best, whatever you want, I will give it to

you." It is the thought that matters the most to me.
I chose the best man honestly.

Ulu.

Mbuso drove his own car while I drove my new car. We drive back to my house, being in this car doesn't even feel right, the quality of these seats.

I get home, I'm so excited to show Yiba this car; she will just go crazy.

I leave Mbuso outside and I go inside to see if my sister is there. "Yibanathi." I call out for her, we meet in the sitting area. "Are you going somewhere?" She looks so good and she smells like expensive cologne so I'm very sure that this has something to do with a woman. Don't get me wrong, my sister always looks amazing, she has the best sense of style ever but this time she has outdone herself.

"Yeah, I'm going out to see someone." I know it, I know my sister so well.

"You look great." She checks herself out when I say that. "I have a hug surprise to show you, if you don't lose your mind I'm disowning you." She looks intrigued already, I pull her by her hand and I instruct that she closes her eyes, once we get outside we stand in front of my new baby.

"Open your eyes." Her eyes literally pop out and she stands still. "Mbuso you bought a car, how does it feel to be God's favourite?" Ulu and I have always loved Rolls-Royce, ever since

we were younger. "It's not my car, it belongs to Ms. Uluthando over here." Mbuso informs her and she just clicks her tongue. "Nidlala ngami nina." She rolls her eyes.

"I'm serious, Mbuso bought me this car for my birthday." She goes crazy, she gives us both a hug. "You guys are the prettiest and the cutest." She is really excited for us.

Once we are done we go back inside and Yiba prepares to leave. "Okay I'll be back late or tomorrow morning." I give her look, she is controlling herself in whose house?

"Please bro, I'm also trying to give you two some space." She is so manipulative, "fine, just inform me if you won't be coming back." I give her my car keys so she can drive safely.

"I think you're forgetting the infamous stud bag pack." I know what she has planned already, she laughs from the embarrassment, she takes her bag off the couch and she leaves.

We lock the door and now it is just my man and I.

"Thank you Mangethe, you have no idea how appreciative I am of you." He kisses my forehead and we enter the bedroom.

We take a bath together and we just relax, she is rubbing and washing my back, we are talking and having fun, I've missed these moments between the two of us.

We get out of the shower and we get dressed in oversized clothes so we can just relax.

We decide to watch a new and hot series called Sex life, my friends recommended it to me and here I am watching it with my man.

I must admit this series is something else, it is sexy and it's actually making me horny.

I get closer to Mbuso and I place my leg on top of him.

"MaZwane if I wasn't here right now and you were sitting here all alone watching this tempting show, what would you do?"

His voice is hoarse and demanding. "Nothing, I'd just watch and then sleep." I'm most definitely lying and he knows I am lying.

He puts his hand underneath my pants, he places his fingers on my pussy. "Your body is telling me the complete opposite, I mean it seems that you're quite happy to be watching this show." I giggle, of cause I am.

Mbuso properly places his hand between your legs, he slides up and down, and I am already so wet. He feels my moisture, his fingers are covered in my moisture; he moves in circles around your clit and pussy. Shit, it feels so fucken good, I pull him closer. I just want him inside of me already, I hold his hand under mine, I press my fingers against his skin as he continues to press his against my own and making me moan and growl, I maintain eye contact, our eyes and souls doing all the communication. Slapping hands, holding hands, moisture

wetting my clean sheets, our dirty actions and dirty thoughts fill up the room. I love the taste of his lips so much. I look at him almost touching his ear with my lips, I'm already sweating, and it runs down his jaw. His fingers feel so damn good. His mouth, the soft wet sounds of my pussy.

He thrusts in and out of my wetness, I cum, my body shaking and I grab onto him and he smirks, "would you do that?" He jokes around and I laugh and moan at the same time.

Once I've collected myself, I remove my clothes and I allow him to look at my full nude body. I lower my body down to his upright penis, my favourite thing ever, it tastes good and it feel absolutely amazing.

I lie flat on my stomach and I look him right in the eye, I hold his penis into my hands, my new nails around his thick manhood. I give it a little kiss and I stroke it up and down. I place it on my bare chest, right in between my boobs, my nipples are erect and I'm so excited, I look at Mbuso he looks just as excited. I give him a show, I push it up and down, I feel him getting harder and harder, his eyes are so lustful and dark, he grunts so loudly. I don't stop, I go faster and faster, giving him the best orgasm.

He grunts out loudly and cums, his cum shoots up on my boobs and I moan when it does I rub my clitoris causing some sparks to take place down there.

I place my tongue on the head of his dripping penis, his cum feels so warm on my tongue, I kiss him and I twirl my tongue around his head. I start licking his cock up and down and sucking on the bottom part, that amazingly sweet spot that feels so good and I can really tell that he is enjoying what I'm doing, his body is reacting to my tongue and my hands, he is groaning so loudly, the head of his penis causing me to gag at the end of my throat. "Look at me Mangethe." I order him as I stare deep in his eyes connecting with his soul. He is definitely enjoying it because he is so hard and the head of his dick is dripping with pre-cum from all the pressure that he is receiving from me.

He cums once again in my mouth and I swallow.

"Fuck Uluthando." He groans and he loudly loses his body, today I just want to give my man all the pleasure

With Mbuso lying down and my pussy aching for more attention, I hop on top of him, I slowly penetrate Mbuso's dick into my wet slit. I shake my hips around, left to right so I can properly settle on top of his thick penis.

I ride him, slowly at first, enjoying his swollen penis inside of me, pushing himself inside of me. He looks at my face, he tries so hard not to move too much or too fast, he finally adapts to my own pace, to the rhythm of my dance, calm, deep inside of my warm home. I feel so powerful on top of him, riding his dick,

it feels too fucken good; he gives himself freely to my wishes, he gives me the power that I need.

As I pound into him, he follows my lead, we are dancing like there is no tomorrow, he is clinging onto my breasts.

Mbuso's eyes are closed and he's sweating as he spanks and grabs my round ass and aggressively slams my body and pussy against his very own cock. My orgasm begins to build up deep in my body, he moans and I can feel a huge wave of pleasure coming, a huge wave that will carry us both, and now I can feel that my orgasm is inevitable before a bomb erupts. "Ulu Ulu! ... Come with me!" Mbuso groans and he ejaculates and I cum right with him. Our juices just combine we flood my sheets, they are soaked. We laugh and share a kiss. "I love you." I fall on top of him and we share a mutual kiss of longing.

48

Ulu.

Yesterday was just amazing, Mbuso and I spent so much time together, we fucked, we made love, we eat each other out, we bonded, we laughed and we talked to our baby.

It was pure magic and Yiba did indeed sleep over at Phaledi's house.

So both my sister I got some last night, eww and eww.

I wake up and I prepare breakfast and I also include some for Yiba just in case she comes home early, we need to be at the braai at 12:00 and we obviously have to go early so we can help with the preparations.

We finish eating and Mbuso washes the dishes.

We shower and I just put on a dress and flip flops.

Mbuso and I are sitting at the back of our house just bonding, he is playing with my belly and I have my head on his shoulder.

"I can't wait for her to come into this world, it's not nice being alone and most of the time you aren't here and Yiba is at school. I get so lonely." I even ask myself when the next time that Mbuso will sleep over at my house is. "I'll try to be here more and have the boys here. You don't deserve to be alone babe." I blush, I just love moments like this.

My sister finally comes back and her face is telling me many stories. We get dressed and we prepare to leave.

"Goodbye babakhe, I love you." I give him a kiss, I wish I was going with him. Just being with Mbuso is not enough for me, I sometimes wish I could just live in his skin.

I decide that I will not be driving my new car, I'll drive my old baby, my TSI.

When we get to the party, people look very happy to see us, we hug each other tightly. We settle in and the meet is sizzling. Yibanathi and Phaledi keep stealing glances at each other, you can clearly see that they boned.

We are outside chilling as ladies and talking, we are having drink, it's too nice.

"Girl, explain to me how you go from it is complicated to having a big rock on your finger that you can see from across the room." I am shocked that Dimpho has asked me such a question, I laugh at her. "No it was complicated at the time, I wasn't sure where we actually stood with that certain person, my now fiancé." They all look at me with sympathy, "well heck I'd like to have something complicated with someone and then come back with a ring that costs over my 6 month salary." I laugh when Dimpho says that, "your ring is very expensive and I mean I work with such things but I can't tell you how much it costs because price has nothing to do with love." Dimpho says, I

wonder how much it costs but I honestly don't care, I'm just so appreciative for everything that Mbuso does for me.

"Tell us more about this mystery finance that gives you hickeys?" Banele teases me and we all just laugh, I'm embarrassed all over again. "Well he is a loving man and I couldn't be happier with him. He is a family man, he loves me and respects me, and he is honestly a great guy." I really don't want to go into detail about Mbuso.

"I'm actually his second wife, we are in a polygamous relationship." I do feel like it is important to let them know about this, I mean it is a huge part of my life.

"Wow

Advertisement

well that's interesting. How do you feel about that, I mean how did you get to that point?" They seem to be intrigued and I understand why they are a bit shocked, I'm so young and I never thought that I'd be sharing my husband but here I am.

"I'm happy, it wasn't easy, hence the complicated; I love him and he loves me. It wasn't easy knowing everything but his first wife has welcomed me and so has his family, they have children and I love them so much, they are beautiful people." I will not allow people to judge me, whatever they have to say is their own story.

"I don't mean to sound materialistic and all but this goes to show that in order to marry two or more women you need to have money, it is not cheap sustaining them." I somewhat agree with her but it isn't about the money for me, I love him for him.

They are all curious about this entire thing.

"Why didn't you bring him with you today?" Phaledi asks me. "I didn't know if it was appropriate you know. I should've asked you guys." I shrug feeling defeated. "This is your birthday celebration honey, you can bring whoever you want especially your fiancé." I smile when they say that, I've been feeling so scared about this entire second wife thing and I just feared that the people I love or care about will see me in a different way.

"Thank you guys, I appreciate you and I'm grateful for this, you are guys ate absolutely the best." We join the others and I walk with Banele hand in hand.

It was an amazing day honestly, we had the best time, spent the entire day just laughing and bonding. We even played truth or dare and I asked Neo how he feels about Dimpho, I started a fire and I'm very happy I did.

They got me presents and food, I just enjoyed my day, it was just perfect.

Yiba and I are spring cleaning and fixing up the house.

"So Phaledi, what's up with her?" I curiously ask her, I just want

to know where they stand, I have a real fear of friends with benefits or sneaky links because most of the time it becomes true feelings.

"We are just going with the flow, no title or anything, we are being led by our emotions." A smile forms on her face and I just giggle, she looks adorably happy, I just don't want Phaledi to hurt her feelings.

"Well enjoy it." I hear my phone ringing and I jog into the kitchen so I can answer it.

"Baba, how are you doing?" I graciously greet him.

"Uluthando, I'm here at your apartment and uBab'Mkhize tells me that you have moved out.' Oh shit, my dad is here. 'Baba how did you get here, why didn't you tell me you were coming?' I am worried now, my father is sick so I really don't want him travelling long distance, especially with a bus or a car. 'I'm in the uber, just give the uber driver your location so he can take me where you are.' There is something strange about my father's tone, he doesn't seem too happy but he doesn't seem said either, so I'm baffled at this point. I give the driver my address and they hang up.

"Dad is here and he is on his way." I shout out loudly so Yibanathi can hear me clearly. "Oh shit... uhm let's just take quick showers, I'm mean we are done here so yeah." Yibanathi likes to frustrate herself with unnecessary stuff.

49

Ulu

I get a call at the gate that my father is here, I instruct them to open up for him.

We greet him with open arms.

We have both genuinely missed our father.

I take his bags into Yibanathi's room and Yiba will sleep with me or in the boys room because that's another story that I will have to start explaining to dear old dad.

Yiba offers to cook breakfast. I sit on the couch with my dad and I cuddle up with him as if I were a tiny baby.

"Gatsheni why didn't you tell me that you wanted to come over, I could've gotten you a flight ticket." This whole issue is just breaking my heart, I don't want to see my father in pain.

"Hay my child, I'm still very strong and fit. I am able to run a school and also work in the farms; a man must be a hardworker." I laugh when he says that, he sips on his tea.

"I can see you're becoming more and more technologically advanced, you were able to use the uber app without my help." I joke around with him, one thing about my dad is that uthanda izinto and he likes to be updated with current times.

"Yes, I sent two smart girls to school and they are now teaching me. Even a teacher gets taught, a teacher is also a learner." Well my father knows us, we are hardworkers ever since we were in school, well Yibanathi is intelligent, she isn't just plain smart like me, I'm smart and a hardworker so that is how I have gotten outstanding grades all my life and then there is Yibanathi, my sister is intelligent and also hardworking, so school is a walk in the park, in highschool, she added 2 subjects, she added Application mathematics and IT.

She sets up the food on the dining table and we sit as a family. I pray and we all dig in.

"How is work baba, are those little children bothering you and giving you grey hair?" Yibanathi is always teasing my father about the grey hair and his hair only has strands on grey hair, not the entire thing.

"I've been in this game for too long, to be bullied by little children. They are behaving and growing quite well, all children

need love and nourishment." Well he is right, there are some people who don't know how to love because they were raised in unhappy homes or homes that lack love and now that proves how this unjust system works because those broken people do sometimes hurt other people because they don't know what they are doing and they feel as if a home needs to be the same way that it was when they were growing up.

We finish eating and I wash the dishes.

"Uluthando nawe Yibanathi come and sit down, I want to talk to you." My father seems very serious and now I am worried, I think something might be wrong. We both sit down next to each other and we face him, it seems like we might be in trouble.

"Yebo baba." I humble myself. "My children most of your lives it's been the three of us, when someone asks you how is your relationship with your father, how do you answer that question?" That is just an odd question, my father seems so serious, I'm very worried right now.

"In which sense Gatsheni?" Yibanathi seems to be just as confused as I am.

"Yibanathi I'm your friend and we're talking about our life experiences and someone asks, what kind of relationship do you have with your father, what is your response to that question?" My father repeats himself and asks us the question in a clear manner. "Well I always say my father is also my friend, my father and I have a beautiful bond and beautiful relationship, baba you're my superhero, I've never felt like I cannot come to you and cry about my burdens, you've been my rock in everything and I'm eternally grateful for you and for everything you've done for both Yiba and myself." I feel tears building up in my eyes, I love my father so much. "When I talk about my father, I'm talking about a selfless man, I'm talking about my brother, my sister and my very own best friend, the glue to our perfect trio, the man I love most in this entire world." Yibanathi answers and her words are so beautiful.

"I love you my children and I appreciate those sweet words. You are my little babies, you'll always be my little stars, I appreciate you guys so much but right now I'm not sure if you are being sincere, Uluthando talk to me." Shit, I'm the one who is in trouble.

"Baba." I'm nervous, my father is really scaring me right now.

"Talk to me my child." I'm the one who is in trouble and I don't even know what I did wrong. "Gatsheni I'm confused, did I do something that didn't sit well with your soul?" Beating around the Bush doesn't help let's just get straight into it.

"Okay since it seems like you won't say it with your chest let me say it for you. A day or two back I received a letter." Damn, fuck it. Mbuso didn't tell me he had already sent it

Advertisement

oh fuck my life.

"I recieved a letter informing me that a certain family will be coming to my household to ask for my daughter's hand in marriage, when I read that letter I was so hurt, I felt let down by you guys, I asked myself, why wouldn't she tell me herself." He shrugs and positions himself accordingly on the chair, my father is really upset with me right now and I'm on the verge of crying. "Fine I looked past that and I thought wow, my daughter has found a man that makes her happy and even though she didn't do things the right way, she is still my princess and I want to see her happy. I continued reading and what I saw next left me flabbergasted, my Uluthando, my smart and beautiful Uluthando is going to be the second wife in the Zwane family, my own daughter is going to be a second wife." My dad is

highly disappointed and I should've known he would be, and to prove how unsatisfied he is with this, he even got on a bus from KZN to come here to Gauteng and speak to me.

"Baba I was going to tell you but I didn't know where to begin, I was scared. Telling Yibanathi was also scary for me and after I saw how she reacted, it was very hard to me to just sit down and tell you baba, I feared the disappointment that you have on your face right now." I look down and Yiba squeezes my hand

"Uluthando explain something to me, you knew he had a wife and you still continued to pursue that relationship, do you know how cruel this world is, how do I sleep well at night knowing nt child took someone's husband? People are ruthless Uluthando, how do I as a father smile with cows in my kraal knowing that his wife could be plotting to kill you, you are not safe my child." The tears just fall down my face. "I didn't know, I didn't know that he was married, he hid that from me and when I found out, I stopped seeing him baba, I promise I did, but he just didn't want to stop and even his wife asked me to stay with him and marry him, baba I didn't plan for any of this to happen, I never thought I would be someone's second wife, I never thought I would sleep with a married man and I'm sorry baba and I'm sorry Yiba, I never meant to disappoint the both of you, the two most important people in my life, please find it

in your heart to forgive me." I'm tired of having this conversation, I will justify myself till the day that I die mos lana.

"Listen my child as upset and disappointed as I am in this entire thing please don't doubt the love I have for you my child." I'm so hurt right, I just want to be alone and cry myself to sleep. "I love you sis." Yiba pulls me in for a hug.

"Listen, I want to see this Zwane man and his father tomorrow, or with his family, we need to talk." Shit and I know that he isn't playing, I don't even want to fight with him.

"Yebo baba, they will be here tomorrow." I humble myself.

"Good, I love you my children, I'm just a bit tired from the bus ride I need some sleep." He yawns, he is clearly tired right now.

I help him to bed and I cover his legs with a small through so he can be warm, I turn up the ac a little bit and I leave my father there.

"I'll prepare dinner." It's so early but when I'm in the rural areas, we cook three times a day, in the morning, we cook lunch and sometimes the third meal is there and sometimes it's just not, we sometimes cook dinner.

"I'll help." I'm really heartbroken but I'm more happier to see my dad, he is healthy and very much alive, when he is sick it worries me, I just live in constant anxiety that if my father is sick, he will die and Yibanathi and I will be orphans and that pain hits deep.

50

Ulu.

Yesterday when my father woke up, he was in good spirits, we bonded and had the best time together, we were playing board games, so basically we had a game night.

Yesterday I wanted to mention to my father that I am carrying his first grandchild but I knew that he would mention it to Mbuso's family and if I asked him to keep it a secret he would think that his point has been proven.

The meeting has been set to happen at 09:00 and Yibanathi and I are already cooking and preparing food for this long meeting that is about to take place.

We are halfway finish with the cooking, we bath and once I'm done I go to my father.

"Baba should I wear a head-wrap and cover my shoulders?" I really don't understand what I'm suppose to be doing. "No, this

is not a lobola negotiation, we are just having a meeting, so no need to cover your shoulders and only if you want, you can cover your head." I nod and I leave the room and I head back to mine.

I wear a black dress that covers my bare shoulders, I hate this dress so much and I wear a headscarf, with flat shoes.

They knock at the door and I'm extremely nervous.

Yibanathi hurries over to open the door, I also stand up so I can welcome them in my home, I hear them laughing in the kitchen.

When I enter the kitchen, it is Mr and Mrs Zwane, their son(Mbuso) and oldest son(Sabelo). I greet them aswell.

"Nice to see you Na'Ndlovu." Bab'Zwane says to me.

I sit down and I take my sit next to my dad, they greet my father and sit down opposite of us.

"MaZwane nawe Bab'Zwane, this is my father, the man I've been telling you about and you already know Yibanathi. Gatsheni this is Bab'Zwane and MaZwane and these two are

their children, Mbuso who is my future husband and Sabelo who is their oldest son." I sit down once again, I had to do the introduction, this is my battle.

"I'm glad I can finally put the face to the name Gatsheni, siyabonga." Mr Zwane says, my heart is beating out of my chest.

"Kubonga mina Zikode, I'm glad you could make it at such short notice. I think we all partially know why we are here, you sent a letter asking for my daughter Uluthando's hand in marriage, does that sound right Zikode?" My palms are sweaty, I just hope that no fights breakout here. "Yebo Gatsheni, my son saw a flower that he liked in your garden and he asked me to send a letter to you asking for that beautiful flower to be his traditionally." Mbuso's father explains his case to my father.

"And I most definitely recieved that letter, I won't lie and say that I was ecstatic to see that letter, let me explain, I'm happy that my daughter has found a man that she loves and when I look at you Mr and Mrs Zwane, you seem like good parents who have taught your son well; I was shocked to find out that my child will be a second wife, for me that just didn't sit well with me and I guess I just needed a proper explanation as to why and how things went down." My father respectfully sends

his message across the room, I don't know what to say and how to explain myself right now.

"I hear you, when my wife and I heard the news that he wants a second wife, we weren't pleased either, in our family he is the first to do something like this, Bhekumbuso knows how angry we were especially at the fact that he has hurt his first wife, we had a long conversation, we even spoke to his wife and she told us she will accept Na'Ndlovu because she can see that Bheki loves her and she also loves Bheki and she wants to see him happy." The father explains how things went down from his side, I'm just out of words right now.

"The same pain you are feeling is the same way we felt, because we think we know our children and then we get things like this and we have no idea how to address the situation Bab'Ndlovu." My mother in law expresses to my father.

"What about you two, speak Uluthando." My father puts me on the spot and I just keep quiet I don't know what to say. "Mama, baba and Bab'Ndlovu

Advertisement

I was the who blindsided both these women, I was conniving and ruthless, I was selfish because I thought only of my feelings, I hate the fact that I am the cause of their pain. When my father first heard the news, he definitely put me in order because at

the end of the day I did cheat on Philsuwe and that was a messed up act, I didn't even take accountability for my actions. Bab'Ndlovu I am so sorry that I have brought your daughter pain and she has been called names because of me; I swear I love her." He is being genuine I know that he loves me.

"Yibanathi I'm also sorry for what I did to your sister and I'm sorry for my past behaviour." Nchoo that is so beautiful, a small smile just forms on my face.

"Our plan is to do things the correct way, we want to fix things, we still have a lot to do. We have to cleanse your household because of what this young man has done." When Mr Zwane starts speaking about such things, I just ask to be excused and Yibanathi and Mrs Zwane join me in the kitchen.

"Yiba I think that everyone is hungry, let's just set up the dining table and prepare for lunch." She agrees and helps me out.

"Oh this smells heavenly, who prepared this meal?" MaZwane asks us, she is such a genuinely a beautiful soul, she has such a motherly aura.

"We both did ma." Yibanathi answers. "Wow, my daughters can't cook, even my sons are better than them." I laugh at her, "your father really taught you guys well." He did, my father prepares the best cuisine.

"Yeah he truly did." We set up the table and Yiba asks them to join us this side so we can eat.

We ate and my father came to the conclusion that he will just need time to process all of this, he isn't say yes and he isn't saying no. At this point I don't know what that means for Mbuso and I.

Do we still get to be with each other, I'm just confused.

Yibanathi just left she went to buy a few things.

"Uluthando, that car outside who does it belong to?" Oh my goodness, here comes another argument.

"It's mine baba, Mbuso bought it for me, for my birthday." I'm done with the lies, I'm just going to be honest with him.

"That's an expensive car, Uluthando what's going on kanti?" My father is upset.

"Dad, he loves me and I love him. He isn't trying to buy me, he is just trying to show his affection towards me." I'm also upset

at this point. "Uluthando, this is not right, you have succumbed to being second best and I know that you will say the same thing that your dear husband has said, your mother wouldn't approve of this, your mother never liked polygamy she was against it and here you are, her own daughter doing what you're doing." My father raises his voice, he is really upset now and I'm matching his energy. "Just for once, may I please be Uluthando, I'm not mom and dad sorry I couldn't be the perfect angel that she was and be just like her, it's so hard having to constantly live under her shadow, she was perfect I understand but that's not who I am baba, I'm imperfect and I'm willing to be somebody's second wife." Tears fall down my face, I'm so tired of all the high standards that they have placed for me, I just want to also make mistakes like every other child but I can't because I've always been the perfect child.

"Uluthando I..." I look back and Yibanathi is standing behind me.

"I'm sorry for shouting at you dad, it was wrong, I just need space please." I have never raised my voice at my father but right now I'm so upset.

I got to my room and I just cry, I'm so stressed right now, I can't have a damn minute of peace, I fear that this stress will cause me to lose my child.

Ulu.

I've decided to take the day off today because my father leaves tomorrow morning, I just want to spend some time with him. My father calls me into the sitting room, Yibanathi is still asleep. We sit in sitting area and he has made breakfast. "Listen Uluthando what happened yesterday was a first for me, we have never fought especially in that manner, I'm sorry that you feel like you have to live in your mother's shadow, sweetheart you are unique and I loved your mother but she was her own person and I want you to be your own person too, you are a kind spirit and this entire thing has just brought me pain, I'm sorry Gatsheni." I attack him with a hug with tears rolling down my cheeks. "I'm also sorry for raising my voice at you, I think I'm just tired of hearing people call me names baba, I just want to be Uluthando Ndlovu, not Uluthando the second wife, I love myself. I will never ever disrespect you ever again." I acknowledge that I was wrong for raising my voice yesterday, I was completely out of line and I wish I could take it back. "I won't lie and say that I'll accept their offer, I need time to accept the situation." I nod, I respect that. "I love you baba." I cuddle up with him and he pecks my forehead. "I love you more princess." I take his hand and brush it, I love my father.

"Let's just enjoy the last day that you're here and not worry about any other thing." He nods in agreement.

"Well this is the type of family bonding I like to wake up to, this is family love." Yibanathi's voice is hoarse and crusty, we just laugh at her.

next day.

I just dropped my father off at the airport and I'm so sad, I wish I could go with him, I will miss him a lot.

Yesterday was a total bliss, my dad took us out for some icecream and then we had wimpy, which was our favourite when growing up. We had a family picnic and it was just pure perfection, I really loved it, it felt just like old times.

I drove back to work and I had to drive myself because after work I'm driving straight to Nhlanzeka's school, it is the expo today and I am more than excited to see how he does, I'm sure that he will be victorious.

I get to work and Neo is in a meeting with an author, I decide to go to Mr Dingane's office, he sees me before I knock and he gestures that I come in, I smile and I go inside.

"Good morning." He greets me and he hums a certain tune.

"Good morning sir, well you seem to be extra happy today, I wonder what the reason behind that smile is." I sit down as I say that to him, he chuckles. "So a man is not allowed to be happy, without being questioned?" I simply giggle, I like him

when he is extra happy.

"Well I'm happy to see that you're happy." That is the honest truth, he deserves it, I love seeing him happy. There is something about those pink plump lips when they spread into a smile and expose those perfectly aligned teeth.

"I appreciate that, Miss Ndlovu." We thereafter discuss the trip which is in three days and I'm so excited about this.

"This is going to be really fun, will we get an opportunity to do something either than talk and work?" I would really enjoy to do fun things either than just working.

"Well if you would like

Advertisement

ever since I've been there I just go there and work but other people do go out and have adult fun." Mr Dingane can be boring when he wants, I mean who goes out to a beautiful place and then they just sit and do nothing I honestly don't get it.

"Well this year you'll be going with me, which means, fun activities are calling your name." He looks at me for awhile and then he just laughs. "I can't wait." I blush a little and I leave the office before things get heated.

We work and now it's time for me to go because this expo begins at 15:30 and I must be there before they actually start, I get going.

I arrive at the school and I park my car next to the family car, they drove here with a black V-Class.

"You made it." Nhlanzeka is so excited right now. "Of cause I did, I wouldn't ever miss this." He gives me a big smile.

I greet everyone and everyone seems so happy, Yibanathi comes out of the car, well...

I stand next to Philisiwe and we share a small talk.

"You're going to do great, whatever outcome we will be rooting for you because you are a smart, handsome and young black man. I know you're more than capable of creating magic." I am so proud of him, to get to this point, it's already a great achievement.

We watch him walk away, we go inside the school hall which is huge, it looks like a university, parks of being rich and being sent to private schools.

We sit down and they first write a test, Yibanathi looks so excited, these kinds of things are things that Yiba likes, she loves school, tests, reading and all of that.

They start with the questions and we are there just screaming and clapping our hands, we are so proud of our young one.

"It's the brains for me." Yiba and I hith scream at the same time, he is doing so great, he winks when we say that, Zwane ngempela.

The show goes on until 19:30. At some point everyone was just

tired and bored, they were just looking at their phones but Yibanathi and I were focusing on what was happening on stage, we wanted to show that we genuinely care.

Our boy got first place in 8 out of 10 parts of the competition and then he got number 1 overall, come on, this boy is a genius. We help him hold his awards, he is walking with his two friends. "This is my other mom and mom2.0 this is my best friend Thembelani and my other friend Phelo." They seem happy to me meet, just like I am excited to meet them. "You are so beautiful Mrs Zwane." These are just adorable.

"Thank you and you are smart and you're also very cute." I compliment all three of them, the other parents join us, we share a small talk and we all go out separate ways.

We get to the cars and it's time for goodbyes.

"You did amazing and I couldn't be more proud of you." He did his best and his best is more than enough, the two places where he didn't get first place, he got second so that is more than good enough.

"Thank Aunt Yiba." She winks at him.

"It's the awards for me." Both Mtho and him giggle. I kiss them goodbye and goodnight.

I also hug Philsiwe and I hug Mbuso, i do not kiss Mbuso in front of his wife, I find it rude and disrespectful to her.

"Tomorrow I want you at my place as soon as I knock off Mr." I grab his butt and he chuckles, luckily no one saw.

52

Ulu.

Today I'm taking my man out and I'm super excited, he will surely love this date.

I get dressed in a emerald green dress with a bear back, I put on a blazer just so I can hide my back at work.

I wear white YSL high heels and I feel like money.

I take a small black purse so I can look cute and finish off my outfit.

"Yibanathi I will need you to go out today because my man and I have a hot date, it might get to noisy for you." I tease her and she giggles.

"Ew, I don't want to hear that, I'll be at my girl's house don't worry." I forget that Phaledi is my age, so she has life figured out already.

"Well enjoy and don't do something I wouldn't do." She laughs so hard, "girl you're chasing me out of your house because you

want to freely fuck your man without me in the way." I cover my mouth out of shock.

"Yibanathi I'm your older sister, respect me." I hush her up, today since I'm feeling like a badass bitch, I'll be driving my new baby to work, I'll be landing with a Rolls-Royce at work.

I leave the house and I drive over to work. When I get to work I arrive at the same time as Mmabatho.

"Uluthando, is that you girl?" Mabatho takes off her sunglasses. I giggle just a little, she is making me feel so shy.

"Hey Mmabatho." I give her a small wave, I take my bag and I lock my door.

"This car is worth my whole year's salary, it is absolutely gorgeous." Now she is making me shy, I won't be driving this car anymore. "Is it the mister's car?" She curiously asks. "No it is mine." Her eyes almost fall out.

We walk in together. "Your car deserves to be parked underground now, it doesn't deserve being out there." I shake my head no. "It's fine right there, it wouldn't be fair on my

fellow colleagues and fellow equals." I'm already bored nje, I can't believe her right now. I get to the office and I go straight to my office.

I start working, I was in such a happy mood until Mabatho came and ruined it for me.

After awhile I enjoyed my day, I spent it with Neo and people complimented me on my new car, they asked to take pictures and as much as it made me uncomfortable, I really don't like being the center of attention.

"Well this car is gorgeous, you and Mr Dingane are driving similar cars, he drives lamborghinis, and now an editor is driving a Rolls-Royce." Neo is so dramatic. "Cut the drama, I'll see you tomorrow." I hug him goodbye and I get inside my car and I drive over to fetch Mbuso at his workplace, his main office.

Since I taking him out, it is only fair that I fetch him and I drive him to the designated spot.

He gives me a kiss and we drive off.

"Where are we going, am I dressed accordingly?" He looks worried, he is literally acting like a woman. "Relax, you look sexy, I got you flowers." I give him the flowers and he giggles.

"This is too cute, thank you sthandwa sami." He gives me a kiss, I'm glad he likes the flowers.

We finally get to the designated place.

He refuses to let me open his door, he opens mine and we get inside the store.

"Ulu

is this a..." I giggle and cover my mouth to contain my laughter. The lights are dimmed and the songs are sexy.

"Yes, a sex store. Let's go and see, we're getting toys and it's on me." I give him a kiss.

We walk around the store, we first stop at the handcuff section.

"I want these, I want you to use these on me." I point at the ones that I like and he takes them.

We walk around and then stop by the whips, see now this, this I like.

He moves behind me and he fixes my dress at the back, his hands move lower and lower, they reach my full ass and he grabs it and he humps me, he brushes his hard dick against my ass, I gasp, it feels too good. He lowers his hands once again and he puts his hands underneath my dress, I giggle.

"Don't do that." I whisper to him as I grab on his arm.

"Let's choose, I know we both want to use these." He bites my earlobe.

He spreads my legs apart and he then grabs on my thighs. His manhood is poking my ass, he places his fingers on my wet honeypot.

He starts brushing to get me aroused, he starts stroking me, with one hand and his other hand one being used to pull me closer to him. He pulls my pussy tight, trapping my clitoris in between the V shape form of his fingers and stretching my labia. My fingertips are ontop of his hand and they are pushing and showing him that I want it rough. "I like this one, I will just bend you over and spank that ass, just see you whine and moan for me, shit!" He growls in my ear, he rubs and taps on my erect clit, focussing on the tight bud of nerve endings.

The intense feelings build up, he goes in so fast, he pounds so roughly and aggressively and I just want to scream. His fingers swirl in my core, and my pelvis begins to tense up. I greedily focus on the warmth inside, shit it feels so good and the feel of this thick dick just feels too good, I wish it was inside of me.

Everything sounds so moist, my clit straining to be touched and my entrance begging for his thick shaft. He keeps stroking and teasing me, then trailing fingers back inside myself, my flesh feels swollen and alive to my touch.

I bend over and allowing him to pound me more and more, I am aching for more of his touch.

He pounds into me until I cum.

"Fuck it." I moan out loudly, oh shit!

A woman passes us and she giggles, the thought that someone could be watching just turns me on, it feels so good.

He licks his fingers, he bends down and then he spreads my legs and he licks my juices.

"You get better and better, you taste too good." He groans.

Well damn, I enjoyed that.

53

Ulu.

We splurged at the store, we bought so many things even things that we didn't need.

We just got home and there is a trail of rose petals for my man leading to our bedroom. Everyone deserves a sister like mine, a sister that will prepare your datenight for you, it looks like pure heaven. He places the toys in our bedroom and he joins me.

"Well today, I just want to make you feel special, so what will happen today is, we will have dinner because we will need energy for later on and then we are going to bath and then I'll be giving you a massage after only time will tell." He looks at me deep in my eyes and he blushes. "What did I do, what prayer did I say to God, to receive such a woman, a woman that loves me the way that you do and treats me like a king?" I give him a kiss and I lead him to the sitting room where we are having dinner. "I love you Zikode kaNdabanstele." He sits down and we start eating. "Let's skip right to desert and have a shower." I giggle and we walk inside the bedroom.

He undresses me and I do the same with him, I push him against the wall.

"Today I want you rail me and fuck me like your life depends on it." I order him, I'm giving him all my instructions.

"Fuck, don't play such games." He turns me around and pins me against the wall. He rubs my clit so fast and so hard, I just squirt on the spot, damn...

"Don't...uh...don't stop." I moan pulling him closer and closer to me, tightening his grip on me.

We go inside the shower and we bathe each other, the mood is romantic and calm. We finally finish up with bathing, I put on a large tshirt.

He lies on his back I drizzle oils on his back I remove the shirt and I throw it across the room, I sit ontop of his back, I use my body to massage his, I use my hands, my boobs and my sacred parts. I moan as I slide up and down his slippery back, my pussy is aching to be touched.

I finish massaging him and when he turns around he is hard as can be and that is why my man will never go to a spa.

"Now it's my turn." He chuckles in such a sexy voice.

As he prepares all the necessary things that he will use on me, I go inside my closet and I out on a black lace lingerie, with black stockings and black red bottom high heels.

Mbuso places me flat on the bed and he covers my eyes using a dark blindfold, mmm... I like the mystery.

"Put her hands above your head." I bite my lip out of excitement, the command is his voice just makes me weak, I put my hands above my head, he lowers his body onto mine and he presses them further down; he ties both my hands together, damn....

Mbuso moves to my face and he gives me a rough kiss, I bite on his lip begging for me, the hunger in my lips has not yet been satisfied. He move to my boobs and he cups both of them, I

wish I could see him but the fact that I'm not seeing any of this is just making me feel more and more turned on right now, I feel his wet tongue on my nipple and I shiver, what is this man doing to me, why does he feel so good against my skin?

He sucks on both of my nipples and kisses my boobs, he stops and steps away.

"Mbuso I..." he stops me, "shh... let me do what I want okay?" He asks for consent and orders at the same time, what could be sexier?

He clamps my nipples and it is so painful yet so satisfying, I'm already so close to an orgasm.

He lifts my knees up and he spreads my legs widely apart. He once again, moves away from me. I hear a buzzing sound, oh fuck it must be that vibrator that we bought, he turned it on.

I feel him inbetween my knees, he just positions it on my pussy, keeping it at the slowest speed for now. I can feel my juices just from the buzz of this vibrator, it is really making me wet. I feel the butterflies in my stomach as the excitement of his voice and breathing becomes clear to me, I know that he is just as excited, I want to defy him and remove this blindfold

just so he can bend me over and fuck me like my life depends on it, it honestly makes me feel even more excited.

I keep fidgeting with my hands and fingers, I can't hold on any longer, I need to touch him and feel his skin against my own, I need to feel how excited he is to feel my touch. Mbuso teases my clit with the tip of the vibrator and it sends an electric current through my spine. He fully explores my body and what feels best to me; more pressure, less pressure and even moving the vibrator tip in circular motion. I feel the increase of the speed and I just squirt right there on his vibrator, he chuckles, he likes it when that happens, he begins slowing down, to accommodate me, he doesn't want me to cum just yet. He teases my slit opening with this vibrating machine and I move my hands down but he pushes them up again, my body lifts up and down, shit it's too god. let my hand slide all the way just yet.

Mbuso inserts the tip in my entrance and I gasp

shit it feels so good, i like the pleasure, he goes in even more I start to move the toy in and out of my pussy faster, using my

hips as a navigation tool. As the toy fucks me and vibrates within me, Mbuso teases me by rubbing my clit and then he stops, it feels so good, I can stop moaning and my body temperature is warmer, I'm already getting sweaty from all this activity, I can feel my climax approaching. He keeps fucking my pussy with this vibrator and I can feel my juices starting to drip. Mbuso rubs my clit and I explode, my body shakes, I can't contain it, shit. "Who said you could cum... the games you're playing Ms U." I respond with my uncontrollable breathing. "I'm sorry daddy." I huffed those words.

He inserts it again, and he fucks me like there is no tomorrow, I was cumming like never before. I could feel that I was going to cum again but I didn't stop him, he continues to slide it in and out of my now soaked pussy, feeling my leg muscles tense as my body began to shake. I squeezed the pillow that was supporting my hands and I released my orgasm. It was so strong that I thought I couldn't stop my pussy contractions. I felt powerless and moaned as hard as I could, surrendering all the power of my body.

Once I have finally recovered I beg him. "Daddy may I please taste my juices and I want to see you." I moan, I want him to be excited. He takes the toy out and I feel the juices drip, he comes

up to me and he kisses me, he pulls away from the kiss and then he puts the toy in between us and we both suck on my juices.

"Since you asked so politely, I accept." He unfolds my eyes and I can finally see him. I smile and he returns the gesture.

He moves down leaving trails of kisses all over my body, my necks, my breasts, my stomach and my legs, no part is left un-kissed.

Mbuso moves his body between my widely spread legs, both of his hands are placed behind my knees. His fingers reach for my pussy, the look in his eyes prove to me that he is aching to touch my growing wetness, to feel my sexy arousal. His fingers slide inside of me easily, his eyes are met with mine and I start to shift and my legs spread wider and I lean my body against the bed. He watches me closely as I enjoy the groping movement of his fingers moving in and out of my wetness, twisting and twisting and spreading my aroused pussy. With his touch, my wetness grows juicier and more attractive as his fingers continue to explore and fully enjoy me. My body arches

in gratitude, Mbuso's hand moves up to hold my neck, shit he knows how much that turns me on. I need him now, I need to feel him deep inside me, he can clearly feel the intensity of my own arousal. All the bliss that he is giving me as he keeps pressing my fingers deep inside of me.

He places my legs ontop of his shoulder. My swollen lips shine, "I have to fight the urge to bury my face in your wet hole and devour it." He grunts and it just turns me on, he kisses me and slowly licks the inside of my left thigh down to the knee and then lower it back down. He rubs his face against your moisture, that is how bad he wants to taste me, he wants his tongue on my sensitive skin. His tongue causes me to gasp for air and briefly tense up, but he doesn't delay he begin kissing and licking my right leg like the left one. His excitement can no longer be contained, the lust in his eyes is dangerous, now he means business, he needs to taste me. His hands go up my legs until he grabs my butt, my thumbs on either side of my vulva. He squeezes with his hands, his thumbs spread my pussy and tongue wet tongue runs up and down. I groan to indicate my relief that the anticipation is almost over, but he has other plans as the strongest orgasm occur after repeated stimulation.

He doesn't stop, continues to use his tongue only on my lips, careful enough not to linger on my clit as yet. He continues to explore my inner depths, I lift my butt and he runs his tongue over my rosebud. My stomach spasms from the wet tube, the pleasure is building up, it is getting stronger and stronger. Now my body is ready. He pushes me down, he brings me down again and he opens my lips again with his thumbs and he effortlessly buries his face in my wetness. He sucks my inner lips and caresses my clitoris with his strong tongue, my body begins to tense and my breathing becomes shallow and weak; I feel myself getting closer and closer to a climax, but it's too early. He kisses back inbetween my legs and caresses my thighs until my body recovers and your breathing deepens.

Mbuso rhythmically and forcefully strokes my throbbing clit with his tongue; shit it feels too good, I don't think I can't resist this orgasm any longer; my body tenses, my breathing quickens and becomes shallow, I let out a deep moan as the first wave of ecstasy pulses through my body. Even as I cum, he doesn't stop, he goes further and deeper, his tongue massages my clitoris and licks all my juices dry, shit this man has a spell on me.

This is going to be quite a long night.

54

Ulu.

I've finally calmed down, I just need a few minutes to collect myself, this is getting too much, I'm literally weak, I can literally feel my pussy beating as fast as a heart, Mbuso has this power over me that I can't explain. I love it yet it scares me at times.

"Baby I want to try something with you, if it makes you feel uncomfortable then you tell me and I'll stop okay?" Well at this point I willing to try anything, it's the point of buying all this toys. I agree.

He turns me around and my stomach lies on the bed, he unties my wrists but then he comes to me with cuffs, well damn. He cuffs my wrists to my ankles on both sides, I won't lie, it is a bit uncomfortable because I am not used to this but it does feel good.

He takes a good look at me and his bulge just erects even more.

He comes closer to the bed, he starts from the top of my back and he kisses me from the top until the lower part of my back. He grunts, I don't know why and he just rips my lingerie apart, oh fuck it I'm going to cum even before he fucks me.

Now I'm fully bare, in the beginning things were poking out but now he wants the full and complete view, my breasts are standing at attention and my ass is full and ready to play.

He goes to the drawer, he stands there carefully it seems that he is deep in thought. I guess he finally chooses because he turns around and walks back to me, in his hand he has a whip, one with a longer than usual leather wrapped handle and more than twice the usual strands of soft but heavy leather for clothing. The strands are wider than you would normally find in a whip, so the sound is louder, more like the clap of a whip or whips, I'm scared, this whip thing is honestly intimidating me. It is so loud as it hits on the floor, I'm fearing for my own ass. This toy gives a number of options, from soft, almost stroking, to full, heavy blows designed for maximum stabbing, I'm shaking right now.

Mbuso runs the cold and heavy whip down my back, I'm shivering, I'm nervous yet so excited. He turns the whips around and he brushes my pussy with the end of the whips and I gasp, he is clearly teasing me, he turns it around and runs the leather on my ass and then on my vagina, I moan so loudly, fuck it.

He hovers over me and he takes the whip and he flogs my left ass cheek and I moan, it feels so rough on my skin but the pleasure afterwards is pure satisfaction.

"More..." I moan, I want to feel this pain and pleasure, I need to feel it.

He whips me again and again!

I can feel my ass is burning now.

"I need you inside of me, please daddy!" I moan, I'm becoming more and more restless and impatient, I need to touch him and feel his dick inside of me.

He grabs his erect penis and strokes it, he is ready to bust, he slides it up and down my slit in order to wet the tip of his dick.

Mbuso's other hand grabs onto my waist and digs his fingers into my skin; and I groan in pleasure at how great he feels in my entrance. He gently presses his dick against my own sex and he slides after the slightest resistance. He pushes forward until I feel his balls touching my clit and I feel his tip pressing tightly in my cervix. I squirm, I am moaning and he is matching my energy, Mbuso hugs me and squeezes himself inside of me a little more.

He grabs on my waist and he pounds so roughly into me, I can't help but moan and cry, shit it is too good.

I can feel he is also getting closer and closer, he exits himself out of my entrance, he teases both of us, going in and out, the sounds of our wetness fill the room. He pushes his dick back into my pussy and grips his other hand on my waist, hyper-aware of how tight I am becoming around thickness.

He shoots his cum in my pussy, he continues to fuck me until he cums for the second time and so do I.

Once he calms down he unbuckles me and my wrists and I lie right next to him, we've been fucking ever since we've gotten here.

I slide down and I draw my fingers down his body and I take hold of his still hard penis. I start to slowly stroke him while I kiss and I lick, suck and bite his chest and stomach and leaving a very large hickey right on his chest.

I lower my head and I kiss the tip of his penis, I start giggling when his cock twitches in response. I then wrap my lips tightly around him and began to suck on him like my life depends on it.

Mbuso moans as he looks at me, my head moves up and down on his lap. I suck and I look up at him trying to maintain eye contact, he smiles approvingly and he gently bites his lip at the view. I feel his dick harden in my mouth. I pull him lower and I squeeze against the base of his shaft as the tip of his penis presses against my throat. His legs tense up and he pushes himself in my throat, he is eager for more.

His dick is sliding in and out of my throat and I gag at the feeling and wet slurping sounds fill the room. His eyes are so lustful, he is close, I can see it, the pressure is building up and moaning, which is making me press up against his manhood.

He holds on tightly onto me and after fucking my throat he cums and I slurp and I swallow.

We look at each other and we giggle. We share a deep and intense kiss.

We shower and we sleep right after that.

Waking up in the arms of the man of my dreams just never gets old, his touch is just so smooth and delicate. No one has ever made me feel so much warmth and love, the way Mbuso does with only his touch.

I genuinely love this man and at this point I'm failing to picture my life without him.

I mean this is the kind of love that I've been longing to have and I can't believe that here I am having to opportunity to be with the man that I love and cuddle up with with.

He wakes up and we share a kiss.

My body is still aching from last night, I have marks all over my body, it is very clear that last night was intense.

I lower my leg and I can feel his hardness on my legs, morning glory I giggle and so does he.

"Well I have work so let me get ready." He shakes his head no when I say that.

"How when I'm like this and well you're..." he stops talking, he spreads my legs further apart and touches my pussy. "You're like that, there's no way I letting my wife go to work while being horny." I giggle when he says that. Mbuso love having sex like he truly does and he has also made me like that.

I hop ontop of Mbuso, I place the tip of his cock against my swollen lips, and I quickly slide his morning glory into my wet pussy. Mbuso moans softly as my warm, wet pussy closed around him. I push my hips down to shove him inside my pussy, as deep into my tight pussy as possible and I begin rocking, rubbing our bodies together, I moan out loudly. After a few seconds, Mbuso is pounding in and out of my hot pussy, rubbing his thick manhood right over my clit. As I frantically jumped up and down like a crazy woman, Mbuso reaches out, squeezes my breasts. He sits up, and starts nibbling on my ear

and kissing the back of my neck. As he continues to squeeze on my breasts, I keep on recklessly bouncing up and down his erect cock.

"You feel so good." He compliments me and I moan, I hold onto him and we look at each other. I moan with ecstasy when Mbuso pulls his cock out and starts rubbing the head up and down the now ultra sensitive lips of my inflamed pussy. When he slides it back in, I wrap my legs around him, and beg him to fill me with his cum, I look at him right in the eyes and I feel tears falling from my eyes, "is everything okay, am I hurting you?" He worriedly asks me, I shake my head no. "I'm fine just don't stop, just like that." I moan out loudly.

We keep making love and I cum and so does he. I fall ontop of him and I allow my body to rest.

I cried, I cried during sex, what does that even mean, that has never happened before.

We shower and I get ready for work and he just relaxes, he will stay back and clean the house.

"Mangethe, I'm leaving in two days, I am sorry I didn't discuss it with you, everything was so busy that I even forgot to mention it." He doesn't look happy at all.

"Leaving to where, with who?" He is clearly upset now. "I'm going to Nelspruit, in Mpumalanga for an editors training and I'm going to be with Mr Dingane." He gasps, he is shocked. "The same guy who was your date at the awards, the same guy who was holding your waist?" I roll my eyes, I don't have the energy to deal with this. "Tell them you can't make it." He must be out of his fucken mind. "No Mbuso I am going, everything has been confirmed, why should I stay behind?" He doesn't seem to have a valid reason. "I don't like that guy."

I take my food and I pack it inside my car. "You're doing that thing that I don't like, stop trying to control me Mbuso I do not like it; do not try to dictate my life hau." I warn him, it seriously upsets me, I deserve better than such treatment.

"I'm not controlling you, I just don't want you to go." After such a great time together he wants us to fight. I kiss him and I leave.

"I'm done having this conversation with you." I won't change my mind no matter what he says.

55

Ulu.

Well Mbuso finally realised that there was no way he could change my mind when I say no, I mean no. We did come to an agreement, I did apologise for only telling him after and I had already confirmed with Mr D and that was wrong of me but anything else, I was not going to allow him to blackmail me or manipulate me into staying.

Yibanathi is housesitting for me

We just arrived in Nelspruit, this is actually my first time in Mpumalanga, I'm very excited my entire life I've known KZN and now I also know Gauteng, I wish to travel the whole of South Africa and then travel Africa and make the whole world my oyster, I can't wait to start traveling.

We are in Mbombela, we are staying at the La Roca Guest House, it is absolutely gorgeous, the lights, everything here is

just amazing, they booked the entire guesthouse for this convention, we sign in.

We will be sharing a suite, I mean we are male and female but the type of setting makes me feel comfortable because the rooms are far across one another and we will be sharing the sitting area and I know that Mr Dingane is a good man, he is my boss and he would never try funny things with me, if I were a single woman then I would be a bit worried but now I'm very secure in my relationship and very secure in myself.

I unpack my stuff and I make myself feel comfortable, I have 30 minutes before we go into the first meeting.

I decide to shower and I get dressed, now I am ready for the place. This place is really beautiful but wow, the heat is too much.

I sit in the sitting room and I wait for Mr D, so we can go together to this meeting of his. He comes out looking sexy as always, we take our tablets and we leave the suite.

"I'm nervous, what will happen now?" He chuckles just a little, he brushes my hand and then he quickly moves it away, there

was a little something that happened when he did that, I just... I have no words and as a happily engaged woman it is something that I shouldn't be feeling.

"Don't be nervous, so now I think we'll be doing introductions and getting to know one another and then that will make it easier to mingle with other people." Speak, why do we have to speak? We are editors and writers here, the reason some people prefer to write down their feelings is because they are scared to say them out loud and now we have to speak aloud, I honestly don't get it.

"Okay, I'm calm, oh shit I'm not!" I bite my lip after I realise what I just said. "I'm sorry for swearing in front of you." I look now, I'm sure my cheeks are red from the embarrassment.

"We're all human, don't worry Ms Ndlovu." We arrive at the boardroom and it is huge, there are many people.

The program director starts speaking and introducing all the companies.

"Well since there are so many of us let's do this, this half you guys will be on one side and you'll be doing intros with each other and this half you'll be of this side." We move to the allocated spaces.

I see many ladies and gentlemen approaching Mr Dingane, Mr D seems to be a big shot when he is with his equals, I mean he is a big shot, he is handsome

Advertisement

he is super cute, he is intelligent, he is a hardworker and he does have a soft heart even though he hides and of cause he has businesses and money.

I leave him to chitchat with his equals and I walk alone, I never thought I could get such an opportunity, God has been great in my life.

"Hey are you okay, don't walk alone join us." A small cute lady offers and I smile and accept. "Aw yes I'm fine and thank you for the offer." I wanted amongst them. We sit down and Mr Dingane joins me.

They asked so many questions, it even got a bit too personal, there are questions that I shied away from. They invited me to join them tonight, they will be having a party, it is a no boss zone so I'm still considering because I don't want Mr Dingane to be miserable and alone after I promised him fun.

We all have lunch and after that, we are told to enjoy the place and get to know other people because tomorrow we are starting with the work part.

"Well I'll see you guys later, I'm going to the big boss now." We all go our separate ways, some stay as the groups that they were in and others go to their bosses just like me. I wait for me in the corner because he is still talking or marketing with other people.

"Ms. Ndlovu please join us." He calls me, why is he putting me in awkward social positions?

"The infamous rookie who changed the game, we all know you but you are yet to know us." Well I'm known as the rookie but how does he know me because I know many publishing houses in our area, I've never seen him.

"It's a pleasure to meet you all, I'll excuse you, I don't want to intrude." I say with a smile on my dear face, I'm trying to soften them up. "Have a lovely day, let's get going then Ms N." We leave and we stand by the halfway.

"Since we have some free time now, let's go do some of my favourite things, let us go and buy ice-cream." I'm squealing, I'm so excited, I just can't wait to eat it, I hope they have great places to eat here.

"Ice-cream?" He chuckles and extracts his hands out of his pocket. "If you mock me about my icecream, I will haunt you." I try to threaten him, he lifts his hands up in surrender. "I'm not fighting, don't kill me." I laugh at him.

"Let me go and fetch my purse and then we can go." I say to him. "No need, I have my wallet here and I will never make a lady pay." I lift my head up and I give him a sour look. "I don't mind paying, trust me, it is my idea anyways." He shakes his head no.

"No but look at it like this, if we were to die today, uzothi uUluthando wakwenzelani?" He looks to the side and rolls his eyes, "hey I caught that." He looks so shocked.

"Sorry about the eye thing and you've done more than you can imagine. Let's go and buy your sugar." I giggle, my sugar?

"Icecream, you old bitter man." He gasps from shock. "I'm not a bitter man and I am young, look at how fresh I am." I'm surprised, is this Mr Dingane?

He is fresh though, that I won't lie about.

We get some icecream and we talk afterwards.

56

Ulu.

Well last night was absolutely great, we had a blast and at night I went to the party and Mr Dingane went to work, that's the type of person he is, he really likes working, I would call him a workaholic.

I just woke up and I was on a call with my sister, she is already missing me.

Mbuso calls me.

'Mangethe.' I excitedly greet him, I do miss him even though we didn't leave on the greatest terms. 'Mamasendlini, I miss you now.' I giggle, there is a knock on my door. 'I miss you more, I have to get going and get ready now. Bye I love you Zikode.' I give him a virtual kiss.

'Well I officially hate this workshop of yours, I don't get to see you or talk to you.' He whines and I giggle. 'I'll be back soon my love.' I hang up

I hung up because I know Mbuso, he will be pestering and I know that he will want to come here, that's how well I know him. I bath and I get ready for today's meeting. We are told that today we will be teaching and advising students who are studying editing, literature and all that; I'm so excited.

We get instructed to a certain class, we get inside the class and the students look so happy.

"Hello guys, my name is Uluthando Ndlovu and I am an editor at DM House and besides me is the owner of DM House franchise, he is the big boss and he is the boss of the boss of the boss and all the other bosses." They all giggle when I say that, the ladies blush when they see him, I see these girls poking each other.

"So before we start with our training, I'd like to do something different with your permission of course. We could walk around here and speak all day long and not interest you at all. I'm giving you the platform to ask the questions that you wish to ask, so what is the mood in the house?" I question then, in order to interest these students I need to have confidence and sound very certain about what I'm saying.

"If you agree hands up please." They lift up their hands and agree. We prepare to start our presentation.

"Firstly let us properly introduce ourselves, as Miss. N has mentioned to you, I am Dingane Msibi, I am a 29 year old man and I am the owner of the DM House franchise. I started this business when I was only 23 and I actually flourished in this industry at age 25, and when I got the chance that is when I went big, this proved to me that when you receive a chance, work so hard that you don't even need a second chance to

prove your greatness. At age 29, I have three branches of my publishing house, I have separate businesses because I put in the required work." I can tell that he is proud of himself and what he has accomplished, a millionaire at age 29; that's a great achievement.

They all clap their hands, "I'm Uluthando a 26 year old lady born in KwaZulu-Natal, when I started working at DM House, I use to read and send books which I thought were good off to the editors and now I am one myself, I'm a rookie but such terms don't define me, I don't allow people to put me in a box when I know I deserve better and I am able to do better." I am a woman of little words.

A hand is raised and I allow the question. "How did you get to that point, how did you get to the editor's position?" The young lady asks, she seems very intrigued. "On a personal level, I would say it was my hardwork and believing in myself and pushing myself to take risks and on an external level, I would have to thank Mr Dingane, he is the big boss but he use to motivate me when I was at a level that meant I couldn't even look at him in the eyes; we do call him the big boss but this man is not a boss, he is a leader and a mentor, he pushes all his employees to do and achieve better, I'm so grateful to have met him, had it not been for him, I'd still trap myself in a box." I look at him and I see such a genuine smile on his face and I return it back, I honestly appreciate Mr Dingane for everything.

Another student lifts up their hand. "I have a question for Mr Dingane, what would you say was your motivation, how did you not lose faith?" That's a question that I'm also curious to find out.

"Well I personally think it would be me, I was my own motivation. For the longest time in my life I expected a push there was a time where I didn't think I'd ever make it and I remember talking to my parents telling them that I'm done with this whole thing and my mother told me that no one knows how big your vision is; only you know and have that vision, even if your father and I force you, you'll never succeed and no matter what we say, you'll never put in your all until you do it because of you; so that's when I started doing it for me." That is so beautiful, I feel like today I am getting to know so much about Mr Dingane, it's like he is a new person. "I grew up in poverty, I know what it is like to have nothing to eat and I just thought of that and I knew that that is not the life what I've imagined for myself. So I fought, I cried but just because I was weak, that didn't stop me, I cried and I continued regardless because that is the type of person that I am." Wow, you think you truly know someone, poverty? I mean Mr. D wears the best clothes and he is always looking clean and fresh so I absolutely cannot believe it.

They proceed to ask us about our study choices and we answer the question accordingly and we explain.

"I have a fun one, how would you both describe each other." I giggle when she asks that question, she wants to put me in the spot.

"Ladies first..." they all shout, they are against me, he gives me a little smile and he looks at the crowd totally avoiding my piercing eyes.

"Well I would describe Mr Dingane as a respectful and respectable man, he is a leader and he is an extreme hardworker, Mr D is handsome and has amazing taste in clothing. He is such a kind soul yet he likes to act like he is not, he is full of love and he is a goal oriented person." I end it there because if I dare continue, I'll end up exposing myself and that definitely cannot happen, I need to look like the innocent good girl, they all look at Mr D, showing that it is now his turn to go ahead and speak.

"Well firstly thank you for the beautiful words Ms. Ndlovu. Ms Ndlovu is a talented woman, she holds so much light in her hands and eyes but sometimes she shys away from it fearing that it might blind other people, she is a person who loves other people, in our office, she makes sure that everyone is okay at all times. She is a hardworker and when I would most definitely say that she is a go getter, nothing stops her when she is determined and she is very beautiful and she drives a cool car." I giggle at the cool car part, I just feel stupid.

"Wow so you guys honestly have a good relationship?" A student questions. "Yes, we have an honest and healthy relationship." I wink, damn, I forgot I'm at work but it seems like no one caught on. "Miss N, how would you best describe DM House, in your honest opinion; pretend that your boss is not here." I burst into laughter.

"The best publishing company in South Africa, and I'm not just saying that because I work there. Let's start with the work that we produce, we've won plenty awards, for our authors, my fellow editors, graphics team, the hardwork done by the big boss, the list goes on. We treat our authors with love and respect, we ensure that they leave our offices with a smile on their faces, the records prove it, we work hard at DM. We are a welcoming and loving family at DM, we believe in equality, we work hard so we can also enjoy ourselves at work, my bestfriend Neo and I, we both work at DM, I met him there and we sometimes sit in each other's offices and we work all day long and we've never gotten a complaint. Most bosses don't work because they've worked to get where they are now so they just relax but ours works the most and it encourages us to work harder." I could write an entire novel based on that place, the love in the place is incomparable.

Mr Dingane seems happy with my review. We get many questions and we also ask many questions.

57

Ulu.

That session was just amazing, I love the fact that I got to get a better idea of who Mr Dingane is and his passion, I learnt some stuff about myself. I enjoyed getting to understand these students, bit was really nice.

I'm really tired now, I am in need of a shower and rest now. Mr Dingane has gone to be with his equals, I am in my bedroom, in the suite. I take a shower and I just look over the balcony and I appreciate the beauty of this place, it is a really gorgeous place and it is so calm and you get to think.

"Hey Ms Ndlovu, I'm back." I jump, the sound of his voice really scared me. "Sorry for scaring you, I'm back now." I just nod and let him walk away. We've decided that tonight we are going to go and swim after dinner.

Time comes and we have dinner, I have dinner with other editors and after that I head back to my room.

I went to have dinner with the editors and now I'm going with Mr Dingane, he has invited me to go out swimming with him, I am so excited.

I get back to our suite and I get dressed in a bikini swimwear and I cover it up with a short summer dress, I know how jealous Mbuso is, if he were to see me here with Mr Dingane half naked then he would absolutely lose it.

He knocks on my door. "I'm coming." I give out a little shout and I exit the bedroom.

He looks so sexy, he has no tshirt on, I mean we are going to swim so it only makes sense.

I look at him and all I can think about is that dream, I can just see him fucking me, I hate having these impure thoughts but I

just can't control it, he is making me feel a certain way now, damnit.

I get out of my little dirty thoughts bubble and I leave with Mr. D by my side, we get to the poolside and it is empty, we sit down and I dip my legs inside the water. "I've always loved the water, something about water has always calmed my soul and mind. Even when I was a child, I got sick a lot and when my parents took me to the beach I would just feel so much better." I smile just thinking about it, such memories are special and I always have the fear that I will forget my mother. "Maybe you have a gift." He comments of my statement. "No, I don't have any special gifts. My mind just connects with the water."

"You know I've been meaning to ask, yet I've been scared, I didnt want to come across as intrusive; the ring?" Well that didn't sound much like a question, I giggle and shake my head. "Yeah, I'm engaged, soon to be married to the love of my life." I smile just thinking about it, he is the man of my dreams, I can't imagine spending the rest of my life with someone either than him, "wow, you're all figured out. I also wish to find that

person who brings out the best in me." How cute, it is a dream that many share yet it is so hard to find that person.

"It's not easy and you can never be too sure about that person. Like Mbuso, I love him and it's always been him for me but a lot of things tested our relationship, I felt somewhat alone and lost in the midst of the storm but I did find some light." I explain, I wouldn't want my boss to know my dark past. He gives me a questioning look, he is looking for further explanation. "I'm his second wife, I know it sounds crazy and I'm a bad person." I'm already expecting that because even if he doesn't say it to my face, he is thinking it. "You're not a bad person, love is a dangerous feeling, more dangerous than cocaine, the feeling you get when you're inlove, cannot be compared." And I fully agree with that, I never thought I'd allow myself be someone's second wife but here I am and it doesn't feel too bad. "I never really understood it, I've seen it multiple times before and I don't mean to sound judgmental or insensitive but how

Advertisement

how does this entire thing work?" I laugh because I'm just as in the dark and he is. "Boundries, he loves us both and even if we were to force him to choose, he wouldn't ever be able to because we both bring different components and different personality traits to the table; I had to humble myself. He respects us and we respect eachother, this is new to me but

we've never fought and we are able to share amongst each other and I've never been one to share so easily." I shrug, loving someone is hard, I've never felt a feeling more difficult than this.

"You look happy so that's great and I'm happy for you Ms. N soon to be Mrs. I hope this works out well for you, you deserve happiness." His words come out so smoothly, his tone is so sincere, I can hear the honesty and rawness of his voice. "Thank you, you deserve someone that loves you to the fullest, you're something else, you're such a giving soul and you're full of love, you like to act like the tough big guy but you are a big softie inside and you are more than capable of love. You deserve to find your other half." I explain to him, this is how I see him.

"Other half, what does that mean?" He seems to lack understanding on the term. "Somebody to completes you, a woman who makes you feel wholesome and homely." I look up at him.

"But I don't want that, I believe that I'm complete and the woman who will be my queen is also complete, a diamond is perfect the way that it is, with all it's roughs and sharp edges, it doesn't need fixing and that's the same with a person, especially a woman. Women are pure gold, woman are perfection, a true definition of God's love, they are perfect in the way that they are so I respect women with everything that I

am and I would like a woman who is able to grow with me in aspects of our lives." Our eyes never lost connection, we kept looking at each other, gazing deep into each other's souls as if we were looking for direction, navigation.

I look away and I release a sigh. "Well then you deserve that." I look around and the pool is now occupied by other people either than the two of us, these people seem weird. They are looking at us, I can tell.

"I lost a great woman because I was scared, I held back for too long until someone who was more bold than I am persuaded her and finally got her." Wow, I never thought that we would get so deep. "You're super handsome and a great man, I'm sure many ladies are out there waiting for you to notice them." He chuckles. "Well yes but there is something special about that one certain lady, the others cannot compare to her." I blush, that is super cute, she is a very lucky lady.

"Well she is lucky." I look around and those people are staring at us again. I don't want to think it and I don't want to say it but

I think that these people are following me and I know who sent them.

"Please excuse me." I get up and I walk over to them, I knew it, they are armed. I see Mr D following me.

"Please stop staring at me and making us uncomfortable." I'm not in the mood to entertain these people. They look at me and ignore me, they are so stiff, I can tell that they are bodyguards.

"Tell the person that sent you to stop this nonsense, I'm a grown woman and I deserve privacy, why the heck is he doing this?" I'm so weak and upset already, I'm ready to fight with someone.

"Lady, we are doing this for your own protection." The one guy responds with an attitude. "Is everything okay?" Only then does Mr Dingane step in. "Great, tell Mbuso to fucken stop it, I'm losing it nxx." I click my tongue and I walk away from him.

I can't believe that I trusted Mbuso enough not to do this to me but here we are, he is following me, he clearly does not trust me. I walk to our suite and I just scream.

Mr. D tries to calm me but I am just too mad for this right now. "I don't want to talk about it please, I just hate the fact that he wants to control my every move." I get so mad just thinking about it.

He is going to hear what I want to say, he will get a piece of my 2cents, he will hear me out whether he likes it or not.

58

Ulu.

After that day I refused to speak to Mbuso, he upset me to much.

Today I'm going back home, either than Mbuso's shenanigans I truly enjoyed the experience, I learnt so many new things and I taught other people a few things aswell, I'm so proud of myself, I'm proud of the growth that I have achieved, it wasn't easy, I had to let go of so many bad habits but I did it and I'm so glad that I did. I thought I knew Mr Dingane but I was wrong, I didn't know him, I got to see the real Dingane, not the mean and serious buff guy that he is at work, I got understand him and learn more about his personality and his growth.

We just landed.

I hug Mr Dingane goodbye, this is the first proper hug I've received from him, no actually it is the first actual hug I've received.

I see the entire family waiting for me there with a sign that has my name on it, this is so cute, I feel like I'm in the movies, I excitedly hug each of them.

"We've missed you." They say, nchoo my babies, I kiss them both.

I don't get why his wife is here, I like the gesture and I appreciate it but I just don't understand why she came along.

They take my bags and I walk next to my future husband, who I am mad at, he knows we need to talk, I am extremely upset with him, what he did.

They pack my things in his car, when he finishes, he brushes my butt and I blush, he grabs it and I move away, he knows what he is doing and I want it to but I cannot do that in front of his wife.

I say my goodbyes and goodnight, it is Winter so it gets dark very quickly.

He drives and he stops in somewhere, he gets out of the car and he opens the car for me, I wonder what this place is, I think it is like his own mancave, he has told me about this place before, I'm very excited to actually see this place.

We stand by my door handle. "You wanted to talk so badly, let's talk." He doesn't sound apologetic at all, he is just not hearing what I have to say.

"Stop trying to control me, I don't like you following me around." I am very serious right now, I'm not playing around with him. "It was for your own safety and that stupid man, I saw his eyes wandering all over your body. You are mine Uluthando." He pulls my body onto his, I nod in agreement, he smashes my lips with an aggressive kiss and I respond with the same energy, it just feels too good.

I pull back and smile at him as I hold him closer to me, I missed him. I hold his dick in my hands, feeling him up. His hand slips down between us and I feel it push up between my thick and

warm thighs under my black pleated skirt. I push my knees out just a little wider allowing him easier access to me, he wants it, I want him and he knows that I want him, my body is begging for him, his hand moves up feels my pussy through my thong and gently begins to rub at it. My body is very excited to feel Mbuso's touch, especially down there. Someone much be watching us, we are out in the open and the thought of being caught or being seen, excites me much more than I had ever thought it might, the mood is so electric and erotic.

Mbuso lets his hand slide between my legs as I support my back on the car and I feel him caress the crotch of my panties, tracing the line of my opening in the middle with his finger, I moaned in pleasure at the sensation and I squeeze my hips up to his wandering hand. He rubs my pussy up and down as I play with his chest, caressing him and taking ears between my fingers to give him a light squeeze. We kiss

smile and look into each other's eyes. He is teasing me and I don't like it but I also like it.

Mbuso puts his middle finger between my lips, I find it very relaxing to my body. "Gosh!" I huff. After exploring for a while, Mbuso pulls it out again, and then pulls it up to my face, only a few inches from my eyes, and I watch him put that shiny wet finger into my mouth to taste my juices, I see his tongue work around those fingers. Sucking my juices, it's too erotic. I watch him do that and I could do it all day long. He puts his hand back inside my thongs, his fingers stroke up and down in my slit, pushes between my pussy, brushes my clitoris, it feels so good, when he touches me, especially my throbbing clit. I groan softly and happily, I grab on his shirt, I kiss him, and he seems to feel know how excited it has gotten me because of how wet I am down there. He pounds madly into me, he stretches out his hand again, and I watched him chuckle and suck up my moist pussy juice.

He strokes his fingers up and down between my pussy, applying my juices and his spit to my lips. "Stop teasing me please.. " I can't take it any longer, I need him to make me cum, he lifts his palm and rubs it on my erect clitoris. I groan out of pleasure and excited Mbuso, my eyes couldn't fully open as he stroked me. He looks sexy in me, just his eyes alone drive me crazy. He spreads me out and pushes his middle finger up into my body,

pushing as far as possible onto my silky wall, feeling my wetness. He moves in and out of my pussy and I love the pleasure, he watches how I move my body and applies the appropriate pressure to my body, his thick fingers disappear into my pussy again and again. He adds another finger and pushed them both into me. He goes faster and faster until I cum right on his fingers and my body shakes, he kisses me and indulges my orgasm.

He turns me around and he presses me against the car. I slide my skirt up and push down my thong, he uses his knees to push my legs apart, he is ready to fuck me, I can tell from just his breathing, he is just as horny and everytime he tastes me, he just gets super horny. He rubs the head of his dick against my dripping pussy. I am practically dripping wet. Just feeling his dick against me has given me so much pleasure.

I push myself back, just so he can see that I need him already. "Paitence mama." He grunts, oh shit, I'm ready to cum, those words alone have lit a dangerous flame. He continues to tease me, watching the entrance to my womanhood barely absorbing the head, he chuckles and then he pulls it away. "I want to fuck

you until you scream out my name. Shit, it's too good." He grunts as he pushes forward, a gratification wailing slips out of my body. He is not gentle about it, he understood the assignment, I didn't want his tenderness. I want him to fuck me hard, fuck me, until I forget that we are outside, I want to forget that there could be people listening to us right now or even watching. I murmur his name, underneath my breath. "No." I express in an angry dark voice, when he pulls it out. He chuckles and he returns inside of me with a smooth and powerful stroke.

He pushes deep inside of me, he is somehow trying to get closer and closer, he wants to fuck me until he gets to my intestines. He lets my legs loose, slots between them and wedges his hand underneath my round bouncing ass, around my wide hips. He bends his head and kisses my neck and bites my ear, he kisses me smoothly he's been promised, he slides my pussy up and down along his full length. He thrusts into me again and again until we both cum at the same time. I hold onto him for support and we share a kiss.

59

Mbuso.

I am so tired, yesterday I slept over at Uluthando's house, I really missed her.

I understand that she was upset with me but I had to protect her and do what was right, I will not have men looking at her or trying to do dirty things to her, if she were to ever find out that I was also there prying, well let's rather say protecting, she would be so mad at me, I don't think she would forgive me any time soon.

After she left for work, I drove back to see Philsuwe, I am not going to court today and I'm also not going into the office, I'm just resting, I deserve it.

The boys have already gone to school, I am surprised when they tell me that Phily is still in bed, that is so unlike her.

I walk up to our bedroom and she is in lingerie, damn she looks so sexy in it, I wish I could rip it apart and expose her sexy body but she isn't that type of person, she always likes it slow and

gentle and I understand; I'm even surprised to see her wearing that sexy piece of clothing because she has always been against wearing it.

I give her a kiss and I rub her butt.

"Good morning gorgeous." She looks so sexy, I can't deny that but her eyes, they contain so much hurt. I help her sit down.

"Mama Nhlanzeka, what is wrong?" I hold her hand into mine.

"Mbuso I know I said yes to this and I even pushed you into doing it but it is hard, you really love her don't you?" He voice is cracking up, "please don't do this, yes I love her but I also love you." I'm being honest, I love them both, they are both special ladies in my life.

"Mbuso how, I mean you don't touch me anymore, I thought that maybe after you get with her, you'll make love to me but..." she looks down, she is embarrassed to share this message.

"We have had sex though, I'm always willing to worship your body." I kneel before her and I kiss her thighs.

"Please don't be mad at me, this is crazy I know but I followed you yesterday." I move back from her, I don't think I heard the right, I don't say anything I simply wait for an explanation.

"When we fetched uNa'Ndlovu yesterday I could see the happiness in your eyes, when you brushed her butt, I saw that too but I kept quiet, I wondered why, why don't you do the same thing with me, why don't you play with my body but I remembered not to compare our relationships and then you guys drove off, from the look you both had on your faces, I knew what was about to happen." I stand up, I'm so confused, what is the cause of this sudden behaviour.

"I love you and I respect you, I'm sorry for touching her in front of you but you know that I will do things with her, I will touch her and all that." She looks away, I thought we were a happy family now, I thought we were done with all the petty fights and the insecurities.

"I know

I know." She almost raises her voice but calms down, I don't appreciate someone raising their voice at me. "I then asked Yibanathi to drive the children home and watch them, I needed to fix something really quickly and I followed the both of you and I watched you, I watched how you played on her body as if she were a piano, you didn't even need music notes, your fingers just knew what to touch and how, her energy, she just..." her tone has changed now, I'm trying to understand her at this moment, "I watched you fuck her Mbuso, I could see that she was feeling your body and the energy you gave, it was

all erotic and I just longed for that, I longed to be pleased in such a manner by you." My eyes pop out, so she means that I don't pleasure her, that I do not satisfy her? "You don't like it rough, you are a gentle lover." I remind her, she tells me all the time that she doesn't want me to fuck her and making love does get boring at times, I love it but I love it with a twist, some spice. "You never even took the time to teach me and help me, what if I ended up liking it or loving it just like her?" I am so frustrated right now, I don't even know what to say.

"Bheki I'm sorry for what I'm about to admit to you, I'm sorry to you both but I have to say it out loud, I know you don't support this or like this but I touched myself, I played with my womanhood as I watched you guys fuck and I feel guilty but it felt great." I don't even feel like I'm talking to my wife on 13 years right now, she just seems very different.

"What do you want, how do I make you feel the way that you want?" She deserves to feel pleasure too, she is my wife and I love her.

"I know it's crazy but the three of us..." she whispers, I give her a confused look. "The three of us what?" I think about it carefully.

"No, Philsuwe no, we are not doing that, I respect both of you, not to do that to the both of you, I will not have a threesome with my wives." I have never been this shocked, what has gotten into her, Phily is not like this, why does she even offer such a bizarre thing. "We are both your wives so let's try it, it could be once, we need to strengthen our relationship and I, I feel so insecure in my sexuality right now." I give her a hug as she cries, I hate to see her in pain.

"Let me sleep me, I just don't know how to react to all of this." She nods in agreement. I can't believe this, I never thought that this happens to polygamous men, I thought it was a walk in the park, to my surprise it is the complete opposite, it is really hard, being with two women.

I give her a kiss and I just lie my head on the pillow and I relax my brain and body.

60

Ulu.

Yiba left today, school awaits her, she is so sad to leave me behind. She was expressing to me how much she will miss us all, the Zwane family has made quite the impact on her and she will also miss Phaledi, she seems to be much more into her and I feel an actual relationship building up between the both of them.

I told Neo about the trip and he was so excited to hear all these stories, I didn't tell him about the moment between Mr Dingane and myself, I don't want Mr D to be seen as a pervert or anything and I'm happy and secure in my relationship.

Neo and I walk out together, we're very ready to head home. I hug him goodbye and I drive away in my new car, it's still so hard to believe that I own and drive a Royce, like I feel so special in the streets, I feel like a boss ass bitch.

I get home and Mbuso's car is parked by my garage.

I park mine behind his; when I enter the house, it smells so beautifully.

"Honey I'm home." I giggle when I say that, he is not in the kitchen, I walk in and he is in the sitting area watching tv.

"Your pots will burn while you're here watching rugby." I give him a kiss on the cheek and he laughs, he gives me a proper kiss. I go inside the bedroom and I change into comfy clothes and I join him in the living room, I sit ontop of his lap and he can't see the game.

"Baby, I'm trying..." I shut him up with a kiss. "No sports now, I'm here and I'm all the sport that you need." He laughs when I say that, he switches off the tv and we just gaze into eachother's eyes.

I taught him this thing of strengthening our intimacy, we just look each other deep in the eye and we don't talk or touch each other, it creates a buildup of excitement.

I kiss him and he chuckles. "You lost." I laugh and I sit besides him, he goes to check his pots and he comes back to sit next to me. "I was thinking hey, we need to go house hunting." I look at him with a strange look, he has many houses, so why another

one. "Uhm, why are you going house hunting with me?" I'm so curious right now. "For you, you also need to have your mansion like Phily, I promised to give you equal treatment." I sulk, "I love this house though Mbuso, I want to live here, I can't live in a mansion alone, it will be scary and I will have no one to hug me tight at night or hear voices around the house." I whine like a little child, I am honestly scared. "How about we play fair, let us go and look for a house and if we find one that we like then we buy it but if not, we don't." I find it to be a very fair trade, especially coming from Mbuso because once he has decided nothing can change his mind, no matter how hard you try to persuade him to act or think otherwise, he won't.

"Seal it with a kiss then." I flirt and he smirks

he gives me a kiss.

"I love you." We share a kiss, "I love you Mangethe." We cuddle up on the couch.

"Gatsheni, there's something that I would like us to address, I don't even know how I will explain or deliver these news." I get worried, what if he wants another wife, what will I even say about that, I sit upright and I await him to speak. "There is no easy way out and easy way to explain this. There are some

difficulties that Philsuwe seems to be experiencing right now and I'm not even sure how to share this, we are suggesting something to you and as messed up as it seems, please would you..." he is stuttering and I just worried right now, he is never nervous, Mbuso is outspoken and he never has an issue telling me stuff.

"Would you like to engage in a threesome with her and I?" He blurts it out and I choke on my own spit, what the heck. "A what?" I ask for clarity, I need this man to explain himself. "I know it sounds crazy kodwa Gatsheni, you said you once wanted to engage in, so I don't know, this is the chance." He seems uncomfortable sharing this message with me.

"Yes but that was a conversation that we had in passing Mbuso, even if we had one, it would be with a stranger not the woman that you're married to, what the heck?" I can feel my voice getting higher and higher, I absolutely cannot believe my ears right now. "No I will not do it, I don't even like pussy Mbuso, I like dick, I like your dick, so tell me how it will work please do." I start pacing up and down, I'm just so worried right now.

"Listen and I understand but what if we like it?" He knows that won't happen at all. "Listen I've understood everything you've said and I've respected your wishes but this, this is where I draw the line, you are a polygamous man, I am monogamous, I do not want to share you Mbuso please don't make me share

you." I am feeling sad now, I feel like I'm getting bullied right now. "I'm sorry I even asked." He says with an emotionless voice. "I respect uSes'Philsuwe and I cannot do that, how will we even look at each other after we have had sex with each other?" I respectfully ask him and he seems to be uncertain himself.

"It wouldn't be like that, you haven't even given it much thought, she needs you to help her, you're her sister wife." I feel so bad, I feel so selfish because I do understand insecurity issues, I have my own securities but I wouldn't... I'm not trying to be judgmental at all.

"I think maybe you should leave, she needs you more than I do." I'm just not okay right now, how do I agree to this, how will I sleep with them both?

"Uluthando." I shake my head when he says that. "Please go and comfort her."

I'm just tired and I can't deal with Mbuso right now.

He gives me a hug and a kiss.

"I love you." He utters in a sad tone

"I love you." I express it back to him.

61

Ulu.

It's been so complicated, I spoke to Mbuso and actually took the time to explain the situation to me and I am a woman and I understand. I have felt the same way she feels, Philisiwe is gorgeous and whenever I see her I just feel so intimidated, I feel small but then this made me realise that it's not just me, so many women out there feel like this, they feel less because their men have women outside of their relationships and we as women have to stick together and support one another and not bring one another down.

So I finally agreed to try this out, I'm not stoked about it and now this means that Mrs Zwane will get to see my naked body, she will see my insecurities and I am pregnant meaning that I have some stomach fat/growth.

We will be at Mbuso's hotel, we have decided to get a neutral place, well by neutral I mean a house that doesn't belong to either her or me.

So we are now going to meet each other at the hotel, everyone is arriving using their own car. I'm dressed in a black Chanel coat, black red bottom head and I have on white lingerie underneath, I'm looking so sexy and I feel sexy but I am feeling quite nervous about this, I'm not that excited because I'm really not the greatest fan on planned sex but I mean it is what it is.

I park my car and I get inside the hotel. "Welcome Mrs Zwane, I'll walk you to your hotel suite." I was recognised before I even mentioned who I am or what I'm doing here, I feel quite important right now.

She leads the way and I just follow, I need to relax right now and since I'm pregnant I can't drink alcohol and I hate that so much.

I get there and they are already there and the mood is calm. I greet them both and I sit down, we need to keep this professional, it should be like we are strangers.

Since I'm the one who has some form of experience with threesomes, even if it was just a dream, it still counts, I should lead the way.

I feel like I should take the dominance position, I can't kiss his wife, I don't like girls like that, that is Yibanathi's department and even if I liked girls, I wouldn't do that.

Mbuso's wife actually looks calm now and maybe we can get started. I told Mbuso to get some toys, to atleast stimulate one of us when the other is doing whatever with our man.

I play some music in the background, I need sexy music in order to get in the mood, I'm not turned on and Mbuso and his wife don't seem to be playing with each other. I slowly begin to unbutton my coat and I giggle, Mbuso keep glaring at me, I can see the hunger in his eyes, he wants to eat me out, he is more

than ready to taste my juices.

He tries to move closer to me and I move back, "no, just enjoy the show." I whisper in a sensual tone, Mbuso's wife seems excited as well.

They get closer to one another, they move closer to each other and he brushes her thighs, the thought of that alone just rubs me the wrong way, I know I am the one who agreed to this but I just can't, it doesn't feel right.

I chew on some chocolate covered strawberries, I'm not here to fuck her so I just want them to have their moment, he gently brushes her hair and pulls her in for a kiss, I could just hurl, yes I know that he has a wife but the fact that I have to sit here and watch them kiss is just too much, I can just feel the nausea.

I look at her chest rise as she feels the pressure of Mbuso's touch, he gives her gentle kisses

Advertisement

he is so gentle with her, it is as if he is dealing with a small infant.

I sit down and I just watch and I pretend to touch myself, I keep running my hands all over my body, I want to seem interested. The moment he spreads her legs apart and places them on the shoulder, I just stop with everything, I can't.

I stand up and I leave the room, I have been sitting her and I feel like a big that is prying on what they are doing, I put on my

coat and I take my shoes in my hands, I'm ready to go.

"Uluthando." Mbuso says as he stands behind me, he is breathless, I don't say anything to him, I just turn around and I look at him. "I thought..." he looks disappointed.

"I thought so too but I was wrong, I can't do this Mbuso; this is not for me and I'm sorry for disappointing both you and Sis'Philsuwe but I have to go." I put on my shoes and I search for my car keys. "Sthandwa sami, I know it's not easy." He doesn't get it. "You don't get it, you're living the dream having two gorgeous women at your feet Mbuso. You don't need me here, I saw how you look at each other, you clearly love each other and you have chemistry so just allow yourselves to relax and stop overthinking everything." I spot my keys at the corner, I take them in my hands and I take my bag. "Goodbye." I say as I leave the gorgeous hotel room, I just can't sit there and watch them fuck, if it works for them then great but is not my style.

The thought of Mbuso fucking her or making love to her, just disgusts me, it should be me, I can't do this.

I get home and I just cry myself to sleep, this is not going to work.

A week later.

I haven't spoke to Mbuso this entire week, he has ignored my calls, he has been telling me that he is busy and I know that, that is a lie but I will just let him be. I miss him and I've been

begging him to come see me, I even went to the first doctors apartment by myself because he refused to pay me some mind, he failed to even be there for his child. I received great news at the doctors, I am almost three months pregnant and my baby is healthy and strong, I can't wait to hold my child in my arms.

I hear a knock and I go to check who it is, it is Mbuso's wife, she looks happy and gorgeous. I let her in and I invite her into my living room, I get her something to drink and eat. I understand that she is the first wife but I don't appreciate her just coming here whenever she pleases without discussing it with me first.

"How are you and how is the baby?" She looks different, she is happy and she is glowing. "Amazing, we are both great and we are growing quite nicely." I state and she agrees. "I'm glad my love, I came here to apologise, the position that I put you in was completely unfair, you didn't deserve to be part of my nonsense and my own issues." Her eyes turn so sad and mine reflect her own

"You're human and I understand the pain and stress that you were going through." I whisper, she gives me a smile. "No but what I did wasn't right, from following you and Mbuso and everything else after that, it was wrong on my side." Following us? What the heck is she talking about?

"There is no problem. How are the boys?" I feel a sharp pain in my stomach and I moan out loud. "Are you okay my love?" She

worriedly asks me. "I'm okay, it's just a small pain." I express, it hurts so badly.

She helps me lie down and we continue to converse with one another, if we didn't share a man and we had met in different circumstances then I believe that would've been great friends but now the situation is different and I can't confide in her the way I do with Neo and Banele.

We talk for awhile and she updates me with everything, she left late at night, i am starting to believe that she has no friends.

62

Ulu.

Mbuso has been so distant and it hurts me so much, I mean I am pregnant with his child and he has only called me and has never come to see me, he swears that he still loves me but I refuse to believe that he does when his actions prove otherwise. I mean who avoids his future wife and the mother of his unborn child for an entire month with no valid reason, I sometimes wonder if I made I right choice hey...

"Don't be nervous man, you've known this girl forever and you'll do great stop being worried about petty things." I try to calm his nerves down. "Uluthando you don't get it, she is the one who revealed her feelings to me and now ill just scared I'll disappoint, yes I've known her for a long time but that was only as friends and not as anything deeper than that." He looks so worried.

"That's the issue, just be the guy that she fell for, don't act like someone that you are not." I advise him and he seems to relax because a smile forms on his saddened face, my wish is to see

Neo happy, he is such a great guy and he deserves all the love in the world.

"You seem to have a guest." He informs me, I look up and I see nobody, I turn around and I see Mbuso, I haven't seen him in so long and even on the days that I have seen him, he didn't seem fine, I'm guessing there must be a strain in his marriage because he doesn't usually act like that.

I can't help but blush, he looks so sexy, he has a huge bouquet of flowers, this is so romantic and cute, I absolutely cannot believe it. I stand up and I walk over to him, I give him a tight hug.

"I'm sorry." My pregnancy has caused my moods to be all over the place, the fact that Mbuso has been acting out, has caused me to be a very upset lady.

"We'll talk about it later." I give him a peck and I just blush.

The roses are covered in money notes, it's super cute.

"You'll find me back home, I'm cooking you a beautiful and delicious dinner please be on time tonight." I giggle, I absolutely can't wait for it.

"Don't burn my house down MrZwane." We both laugh and he gives me a kiss on my forehead. "I love you." He takes a paper bag off the counter and gives it to me. "I brought you lunch." Well today is my lucky day, I don't know what I did to receive princess treatment.

He leaves the office and I head back to my office, I caught Mr Dingane giving me a look, I guess he just can't believe that I'm the same young and dumb girl that was always late to work and would always say dumb things or act clumsy, I'm somebody's wife now and soon to be mother, and that is the most precious gift that life can give to you.

I love talking to my child, I always imagine myself bonding with my child and sleeping with my small and fragile baby; I can't wait for the full adventure of motherhood.

"Well that was sweet." I blush and I play with my roses

Advertisement

it was very cute. "I know right, I love that man." I confidently say, Mbuso is everything that I've wanted and everything that I never knew that I needed in my life, this man is pure gold.

I finish up with my job and I get my things ready, I'm so excited, my man will be cooking for me, I will have a blast for sure. I can't wait for us to just talk and catch up, it has been an entire month and a few days since we last hung out together, no cuddles, no conversations and no sex and it sucks because I've been more hornier these days and I have no one to take the pressure off and I've held on for far too long, if he fails to do right by me then I'm definitely going to have to deal with it on my own.

I get home and his car is not there, I open the door and there is no homely smell, I just hope he is running a little late. I get inside the shower and I sooth my body, I've been having back pains and I'm worried because I'm still three months into my pregnancy with is very early and I shouldn't be experiencing this.

I get dressed and now the time is 19:47, he is obviously not coming, that means Mbuso is going to disappoint me once again, there is no way that he will be here. I'm so tired of begging for his attention, he claims he loves me but the way that he is acting is really hurting my feelings, I mean he promised me one thing and he does the complete opposite. I say a little prayer and I get inside my bed, I make sure that all my doors are locked.

I feel tears roing down my cheeks, I'm not okay, how could he do this to me, I've been so patient with Mbuso but the way that he is acting proves to me that he doesn't care at all, I mean he promised me that he wouldn't change the way he treated me but here we are and I'm crying over him every single day, in tired, I honestly am, I just wanted to enjoy my pregnancy but I've been crying over Mbuso and I've been feeling the pressure to do things that I don't even like, I've had to stop doing things that make me happy for the sake of Mbuso's happiness and this is who he returns the favour, this is how he shows me his feelings, he treats me like a piece of shit.

I brush my small belly, I just need my baby to know that mommy loves him or her.

"It's going to be okay sweetheart, I love you. Let's sleep now." I wipe away the tears and I try to sleep.

63

Ulu.

Mbuso didn't come back home last night and he didn't even send me a text, he doesn't even have the decency to explain himself, maybe my father was right, I don't want to say that he was right because Mbuso isn't like this, he is definitely acting out.

I can feel that I'm not okay, my body is tense, my mind is stressed and I just need to relax and I know just the trick, I need to release some fluids and hormones in my body.

I take my newly bought rainbow vibrator, I'm so excited to use it, I lie back and I stare at it as I play around with it and place it in my hands, the thoughts of this toy working my insides excites me. I hold up the thick toy and put it in my wet mouth, a slight tremor of pleasure rises in my body, wetting the shape of the head, damn it feels too good. I move my hand inbetween my legs and I press the toy onto my vagina. The icy shape sweeps

across my wetness; my trembling fingers push it deep into my pussy until I reach my own gspot. It feels so strange inside yet oddly satisfying. It is remarkable, I can feel it in my stomach, but it is not uncomfortable, on the contrary, its shape feels like it fits me perfectly. I take it out and I lick it, i just feel the need to work my way into this orgasm.

I can feel that my nipples are tight and hard, sore and throbbing. I pinch my one nipple and I giggle, my nipples have always been sensitive and I never really knew how much I liked them being touched until Mbuso. I can already feel the vibration rippling in my body, and the echo of the vibration seducing my erect nipples, I sigh long and hard, I do the same on my other nipple. I pull the toy away of my bare chest, I adjust the vibration to its maximum, let's see how bad this boy actually is. I hold in my breath, and I then bring it to the very tip of my right nipple, letting it vibrate directly on my sensitive nerves. A groan escapes from my lips. I move the buzzing toy from one nipple to another, teasing and stroking the breast that is not attended to with my free hand.

I toss the toy to the side, I need to attend to my womanhood.

My legs rub against each other, and I can clearly feel my lips becoming smooth every time I open my legs and close them, the sounds are clear and audible.

My fingers slide around my clit, pressing against the sides, and pulling up the tiny hood and letting it fall again, giving it a massage so gentle and calm, I can feel the chills in my body as I breath heavily.

I slide the still, smooth dildo into my pussy, and my soaked entrance has no resistance, it slides in deeply, filling md happily. I begin to then pull it out of my pussy, I pull it in and out several times and I cum.

My pussy is still twitching and clenching, sending the pleasant aftershocks directly to my lips and brain, I can feel my next one-off orgasm coming soon. I retun the toy into my core, this time in a moderate stimulation. I pull the dildo in and out, and place the vibrator on my throbbing clitoris. I moan, long and low. I rub the vibrating toy around my sensitive clit, and I push and push the dildo into and out of myself faster, fucking myself deeper and harder.

I scream so loudly, it is so good. I keep shoving the dildo into my pussy, my legs flailing, my body grinding into the rainbow dick, I rub my throbbing vagina. My pussy is now leaking and spurting and dripping and trembling and that one spot inside me feels so fucken mmmm.... my body rockets from that everlasting first orgasm into a second one that transcends my damn consciousness. "OOOOOOh fuck yeah, right there! Right there! Fuck. Fuuuuuuck meeee. Shit. Yesssss. Oh there- mmmmmmmmmMMMMMPH. Oh. Oh . OHH." Fuck I just came again, straight from one orgasm into another deep one.

I roar

I am overwhelmed by my body's ability to constantly orgasm, my wet pussy, squirting drop after drop of liquid onto my crumpled towel. My eyes roll back, and my whole body is sexy and deliciously hot. My legs are trembling and making wet and gushy sounds.

I can't stop my body from shaking, it feels so good, I finally calm down and I gasp, shit that felt good. I lick my dildo and I get out of bed, I can clearly see him leaning against the door. "Was it so

good that you didn't even realise that I was here standing in front of you?" He can't be serious right now, I turn around and I just look at him, what does he mean with that statement.

"Yes, it actually was good." I will not entertain him, I finish making my bed and I walk to my closet so I can choose an outfit. "Is this what you do when I'm not around Uluthando, you fuck yourself, why would you even do that when you have a man who is capable of doing that for you, or am I not enough?" He is so upset, I can hear it in his voice and he is trying so hard not to raise his voice at me. "What man, when are you ever here Mbuso, what are you even doing here, I'm tired of your bullshit. I'm pregnant and I'm horny, what do you expect me to do?" I stop doing what I'm done and I face him, if he wants to talk then I'll definitely answer him and give him the talk that he needs, "I'm here for you, I always call, I try to show you that I love you and you just don't seem to get it." His shoulders fall in defeat, I won't feel bad for him this time. "You haven't been here, you've been so negligent Mbuso, you act like you don't give a shit about me and I haven't seen you in two weeks and even if you are here, it's like I'm talking to a damn stranger, I'm so hurt by the way that you treat me, I deserve way better, you should be affirming me and reminding me that you love me and that you love this child that I'm carrying but you don't care Mbuso, look me in my eyes and tell me that you no longer love and I swear I'll leave without a fight

because I will not be the girl that cries herself every night for a man who doesn't feel the same way about her, I can't and most certainly will not be the woman who begs for your love." I'm crying and I feel so terrible right now, I feel so weak and tired and my heart just seems to fail me each time, I'm tired I honestly am. "I love you Gatsheni." It doesn't even feel the same way. "You don't, you don't treat someone that you love, the way that you treat me, Mbuso you made a fool out of me last night, I waited for you like an idiot and you couldn't even tell me that weren't going to make it." It seems like a lightbulb just went on in his head and he hits his face. "Philisiwe wanted me to just stay with her yesterday, she said she had a bad dream and she... she needed me to be with her." I just looked at him and it was just a waterfall, what about me and my own needs, how could he promise me something and then do the opposite, it's always a story with Mbuso and his wife and I'm fucken tired of it. What so ever happened to treating us equally?

"I think you should go back to her, I'm pretty sure that she needs you right now." I can't believe that I thought it would work out between us. "I will do better." He promises, just like always and never keeps his promises. "I doubt it, when you've never come to a doctor's appointment with me, if you are able to easily fail your own child then failing me is a walk in the park." I get it some outfits and I place them ontop of my bed.

I get inside the shower and I wash my body and I finally get dressed, he is in the kitchen cooking breakfast. I avoid him at all costs, I've packed my bags and now I'm ready for the day.

"You've been working so hard and we haven't gotten the chance to bond and I haven't spoken to my baby in a while, I came here to actually tell you that we are going to Paris, I just want to thank you for carrying our baby." I look at him and I chuckle in disbelief, is he trying to buy himself out of trouble?

"No thank you, I'm happy being here. Mbuso fix your life please." I know that I want to be with him but it is so hard to force being with someone when they just don't seem to feel the same way about you, it seems that they are elsewhere; I fear for my fragile heart.

64

Ulu.

I left him here, I couldn't deal with seeing his face anymore.

My body hurts so badly, I get to work and Neo is not there, I forgot that he said that he will be in late today, he has a breakfast date, how cute.

I start working but I just fail, I'm so tired and everything just hurts so badly right now.

I decide to go to the kitchen and get myself some water just to sooth this heavy headache.

"Good morning sir." I greet Mr Dingane with a faint voice, I can just feel myself giving up, I don't know what's wrong.

"Are you okay Ms Ndlovu?" He genuinely seems woreies about me.

I hold onto the counter and he likes closer to me, he holds my waist and I can smell his cologne, it smells good but it...

Damn this headache, I open my eyes and I see Mr Dingane next to me, I look at the area and I'm in a hospital.

"You're finally awake, do you need something to drink or eat?"

Wait hospital, my baby. I touch my stomach to feel my child.

"Your baby is fine, the doctors assured me." I could already feel the tears, my child is my entire universe, I wouldn't forgive myself if I lost my baby all because of a stupid fight with their father.

"Thank you, how did I get even get here?" I don't recall, I was just tired and my head felt heavy but it wasn't that bad. "You fainted and you didn't wake up and I felt the need to take you to the hospital but the doctors told me that you need to relax and eat healthy in order to have a strong body and have a healthy baby." I'm just grateful that my child has not been harmed. "Congratulations on your pregnancy by the way." I really didn't want people knowing that in pregnant, well at least not until I'm a good six months far along.

"Thank you sir." I keep touching my belly, I'm trying to feel if my baby is really in there and he or she hasn't been harmed by any stress or because of how mommy has been acting.

We sit for awhile and Mbuso doesn't arrive, they discharge me. The doctor said that he is worried about my pregnancy and that I should have regular check ups and I will be having them here at the hospital with him because this might be a risky pregnancy, all of that scares me but the doctor did reassure me; he told me that my baby is healthy and full of life and that brought me a lot of joy.

Mr Dingane has offered to drive me back home, he drives me back home and when I get there, I see Mbuso's car, what has gotten into this man.

"Thank you so much sir, I truly appreciate your kind heart." I get out of his car and he helps me with my things, he opens the door for me and Mbuso is in there watching tv, I'm so disappointed in him, he has his phone in his hand even after I called him so many times.

"Have a good day goodbye." I walk him and I open the gate for him and I close once again, I head back inside.

"Don't you like me when I'm pregnant, is the sex no longer good or am I boring you now?" I'm really trying not be insecure but I can't, the way that I'm feeling right now, I feel like I'm just not good enough.

"Of cause I love you, the sex is the best. I'm sorry for how I've been treating you, I don't deserve someone like you, a woman who loves me like you do and makes sacrifices for me the way that you do. I understand if you want to leave me, I really do even if it is hard to accept." Oh my goodness, why would he feel like that, I move closer to him and I hug him tightly. "No, you deserve all the love. I think it's my hormones and nasty moods, I love you and I'm sorry." I hate seeing him in this state he doesn't deserve it, one wrong mistake shouldn't define you or how people view you for the rest of your life.

"I'm sorry to you and our baby." He kisses my belly and I giggle, I sit down and he sits next me.

"I was at the hospital and they have booked me off sick because of how bad my stress levels are." I explain to him and he looks shocked. "See I'm a bad father, I didn't even know that my baby wasn't okay, I'll do better I promise I will." I wipe the tears off his eyes, I know that he is trying and that is good enough for me, I appreciate the miniro efforts that he puts in.

"It's okay daddy and since I'm on leave, we can go to Paris and enjoy ourselves." He looks ecstatic to hear the news, he hugs me tightly and gives me a big kiss.

"You're so tired and you're even coming from the hospital, you deserve some rest, now let me..." he kisses my neck. "Give you something that will relax that sexy body of yours." Well damn, how I've missed my man and his sexy touch.

He grabs the edge of my shirt, pulling me up. I raise my hand so I can make it easier for him to take it off. He looks deep into my eyes, the magic of his piercing eyes, he gives me this look of appreciation that no man has ever given me. My bare breasts are now exposed to him, I feel his hands running and massaging my back, I enjoy his fingers tickling, I giggle, it is so cute. I find myself panting as his hands explore and pinch my cold nipples. I pull him up towards my face and I turn my head to his and his warm lips intersect with mine. I imagine his hands going down my legs and finding my pussy, his long fingers disappearing between my thick thighs. I flinche just a little when Mbuso chokes my neck as we both move together to the edge of the couch. He hurriedly pulls up my skirt.

"Open your legs for daddy." He orders in a serious tone and I oblige.

His finger slid inside me. Just one, but it hooked hard, making me growl and squirm as he pushes it deeper and my pelvic muscles spasm, driving a flood of liquid desire to my pussy.

He slowly moves between my legs and starts kissing the inside of my thighs. He places one of my legs on his shoulder for support. He sucks and kisses all around my wet pussy, rubbing on my lower body and my breasts that are standing at attention. He uses one hand to move my panties to the side, that always gets me so excited and in the mood to have him touch me. "I just need to get a taste of you." He groans, I can barely hear what he is saying.

Mbuso opens my soft, wet lips with his wet and strong tongue and slips into my pussy; he moves his tongue up and down in my lips, he continues to move to my aching clit. His mouth on my pussy feels so good, I can't contain the pleasure that I'm

feeling right now. His tongue rolls smoothly around her clit and I press his head on my pussy, it feels so good. My body responds perfectly to his touch, I need more and more of his delicate tongue. My moans and groans fill the room.

"Ulu, your pussy is the best thing I've ever tasted." Wet sounds play like a tune in my ears. Mbuso loves my pussy, he always tells me that I have a stunning body, he continues with what he was doing, he licks, sucks, and slurps on me.

I begin to rock back and forth on his fingers and his face, he puts the pressure on me as he continues to eat my delicious pussy. I raise up my butt, it's too good shit. I dig my nails on his back, I'm getting closer and closer. I grab his cock onto my small hand and I begin to stroke it gently, I rub on my clit. I help him by rubbing my clitoris speedily. I also start jerking his cock tougher and my body begins bucking onto his.

Mbuso sucks and licks continuously and it felt too good. My body once again begins to buck as I push myself harder and firmly

into Mbuso's face. He licks my clit and he places his hands underneath my ass, he pulls my pussy against his face and he sucks, I can't hold on any longer, I push his head harder on my clit and I release more fluid into his mouth. Shit that oragsm was great.

65

Ulu.

We came back this afternoon, I'm so tired, I just need some rest, being in our own little bubble was magical, I finally got the chance to be with Mbuso, my Mbuso, the one that loves me and nurtures me, I missed talking to him and just sleeping next to him all night.

I understand that we share him but everytime we are here, I don't get to see him and the way that he acts really frustrates me, I just get the feeling that he is getting tired of me and he doesn't love me anymore.

We get inside our house and he packs our bags in. "So you're leaving now?" I ask him in a sad little voice, I'm not trying to make him stay but I honestly do want him to stay behind with me.

"No I'm not going anywhere, I told you I'm going to do better and this is me trying to show you that you are my life and that I appreciate all the sacrifices that you've made for me." I just look at him and I blush, "I mean it Gatsheni, you went against

your own heart just so you could be with me, you've fought tooth and nail just to see us happy. Damn I love you." He attacks me with a huge hug and I am already crying, I give him a smooth and delicate kiss.

"I've been blessed, having you by my side is all I need." I express my true hearts feelings to him. "Thank you for carrying our little biscuit in there." I giggle, I brush my belly and he does the same.

"Well I know you're tired right now, so go in the shower and after that, daddy is going to give mommy a massage and we will just bond, I'm not going anywhere okay?" I nod and I leave him there in the sitting room and I head inside my bedroom.

I take off my clothes and shoes after that I get right inside the shower, I need to feel the warm water all over my body, it feels so damn good.

Once I finish, I go back inside the room and candles are freshly lit, it smells so good in there. We are about to Netflix and chill, I lie ontop on the bed and I place my legs ontop of him, he looks so happy, I just can't get over him, I do however have a fear, I

fear that this Mbuso won't last for a long time, once he leaves, I'll be crying again and praying to God that he loves me back.

He starts rubbing my feet and we watch a romantic movie.

"I realised my stupid mistakes, I realised how foul I was treating you and that you deserve better, you dont deserve me being hard on you and treating you like you aren't worthy of my love and praise, I'm sorry for the way that I have been making you feel. I loved you ever since I've known you, ever since you called me Mangethe, I was hooked with only that." Words of affirmation are crucial to me

Advertisement

they are my love language.

"I don't remind you enough, I don't tell you that you are gorgeous and that you are precious. You're my delicate flower and you are going to give me the greatest gift of my entire existence, I appreciate you Mthiyane." I cup his face in my hands and I give him a kiss.

I sometimes feel like I'm being too hard on him, being a polygamous man is not easy and I know that he is still trying to find the balance between Sis'Philsuwe and myself and I understand. It took me time to understand and accept this and I'm going to give him the time to also settle accordingly.

I do however feel like the threesome saga played a huge role in the crack of our relationship, after that day Mbuso was just awkward with me, he started avoiding me and never coming to see me, I think he was failing to even look me in the eye.

"Why me, I don't get it Mbuso. Why am I the one who you think you love?" I do sometimes doubt the love that Mbuso has for me, I mean after being married for so many years and sticking to one partner, how did I become the one who changed his every move and every thought? "Uluthando you're precious, your heart is so beautiful and you find the good in me when I fail to find it myself, you push me to work harder and you love me, your feelings towards me are genuine." I smash my lips on his and I just hold him, I love him so much.

"I love you babakhe." We both simultaneously brush my belly, we look each other in the eye and we just connect.

We lie down together and we cuddle up, my superhero, my knight in shining armour. I wouldn't have had anyone else father my children, I am so grateful for him, he has shown me love, kindness and patience and that's all I've ever needed.

"MaZwane wake up, you need to go eat." I can feel his hands around me, I'm so tired, I don't even remember falling asleep. I rub my eyes and I sit up, why would he wake me up.

"Come on babymama, let's get you some food, the other day I promised you a delicious meal and I didn't deliver so today I cooked for you and our little cupcake." I blush when he says that, he always has a way of putting a smile on my face. "I can't wait. My husband cooked for me." Well I do call him husband even though he isn't my husband yet, my father is really not into this entire thing, I've even been scared to tell him about the pregnancy, he will soon know, I know that even if he isn't happy with my decision he will love his grandchild like no other.

We walk into the kitchen and the set up is just beautiful. "Thank you babakhe." I can't hold back the tears, I'm so grateful to have him by my side, he has shown me so much love and I can't begin to imagine my life without him, even when things are not at their best, he tries to always remind me and show me that he loves me.

We sti down and we dig in, it tastes as good as it smells and looks.

"Well papabear, I'm certainly proud of you for preparing this meal." We share a kiss.

What a way to end our vacation

66

Mbuso.

I have spent the past few days with my beautiful sunflower, being with her this week and a few days has shown me how much I actually missed her and it just reminded me of when we first met and I fell in love. Na'Ndlovu respects me, she shows me love and she never acts superior to me, she just makes me so happy.

I just dropped her off at work and now I am at home, I haven't seen Philisiwe in too long and I've missed her.

"Mama Nhlanzeka." I call out loudly to ensure that she hears that I am home.

There is complete silence, I look for her around the house and I don't find her.

"Good morning Mr Zwane, Mrs Zwane is in the garden." I smile and I thank her, I can't wait to see her, I missed her so much.

I see her watering the flowers, I walk to her and I give her a hug from behind, I give her a kiss on the neck.

"Baba." Her tone is soft and sad, I turn her face around, her eyes seem to be red. "Phlisiwe, have you been crying?" I question I'm quickness, what could've gotten her in such a state.

"No, I'm fine. How was your trip?" She wipes the tears from her eyes, I just hold her close to my chest, just to comfort her. Philisiwe is a very fragile person, she needs to be nurtured and she requires patience and calmness. "I'm sorry babaMtho, I'm just being dramatic. I missed you and you know recently, I've just been feeling like I've lost you and having you here with me right now, is just making me feel like my life is complete, now I know that you don't hate me, infect you do love and care for me." Hearing those words just cut me, I've caused her enough pain and I just hate seeing her sad because of me, it just doesn't sit well with me.

"Woza mama, let's sit down and talk." She places down her water and we walk to the chairs by the lapa, we hold hands, I look at my wife, her sadness just doesn't sit well with me.

"I'm sorry, I know that Uluthando needs to see you and spend time with you aswell but I... I just felt like you don't love me anymore, I mean I am your first wife yet you fail to tell me that you're back in town." I never thought that polygamy was this hard, I mean I just thought it was a breeze having two or more women choosing to love you irregardless and you having all the women you love without them fighting each other or feeling the need to kill one another.

"Nyambose I'm sorry, I should've done right, I'm sorry for not repeating, it will definitely not repeat itself

I promise that I will update you with everything and I will never go this long without seeing you." I see a smile forming on her face, I kiss her hands.

"I love you." She mouths and I smirk. "I love you and you look gorgeous." She blushes, she is so beautiful.

I just take my time and admire her.

"Bheki, you're making me shy now." She admits with a giggle, I turn my face around. "You're just too beautiful and so sexy."

"Let's go and get you something to eat." One thing I've learned as a polygamous man is that you should never be full never tell the one wife that the other has fed you already because that

causes unnecessary jealousy and your wives might end up fighting one another.

We eat and we just catch up.

"Please don't forget ukuthi ksasa we must be ekhaya, for the ceremony." She rolls her eyes in a jokingly manner. "Would I ever forget though, Abongwe and I have been in touch about it, we were together yesterday buying the necessary things for the ceremony, everyone is so excited, umama will be so excited and my sisters will also be there, my parents are already there, it will just be a bliss." I can tell from her tone that she is very excited about it, I am too. I mean my brother and his wife are having a special ceremony celebrating their union, soon that will be Ulu and I, I just can't wait for it.

I wish her father could just agree so we could be together and not worry about any consequences or any weird interactions.

"That's great, considering the fact that my in-laws have arrived and your sisters will be here too, I think I should just pass

Uluthando's home and speak to her about this entire thing and then we can sleep over at the kubomama." She seems genuinely happy to hear the news. "Just you and I?" She questions me. "Yes you and I along with our sons." She is so dramatic, she attacks me with a hug. "I can't wait to spend time with you, I missed you." I wish I had more than just 24 hours in a day, I could actually get a chance to spend my time evenly between the two of them.

"I have asked this amazing designer that I met at our restaurant at Greg Park and he showed me his amazing work after he complimented me, he told me I'm gorgeous, he said I could be an amazing model for his brand and we spoke after that and he designed these gorgeous outfits for us." Is she hearing herself. "So now you talk to men and exchange numbers with men?" The thought of another man admiring my woman and her body upsets me, it infuriates me to the core.

"Business related, he didn't mean it in a sexual way." She lowers her head. "I don't like you talking to him. Philisiwe you are my wife, this beautiful face is mine and you see these big and sexy boobs, they are mine to kiss and compliment, that ass is mine to smack on and that pussy, that belongs to me, only I should get it wet." I whisper that in her ear. I grab on her

thighs, I can hear her breathing rising second after second. "I don't care what it is meant for, you will not be talking to men, are we clear?" I will not have my wife sharing thoughts with another man when I'm alive and kicking. "I'll make sure that whatever text he sends, we both receive it." She utters.

I stand up and I leave her there, I'm just very annoyed; what does this designer guy want from my wife.

I take my car keys, I want to pass by the office, before I go to see Uluthando.

"Sengiyahamba." I shout out so she can hear me, I don't want to be mad at her but why does she have to be so stupid and reckless? "I'll miss you." I give her a forehead kiss. "I'll be back very early so we can drive back home together alright?" A huge smile is pasted on her full face.

I give her a kiss and I leave the house.

67

Ulu.

Pregnancy has been treating me well but the amount of times that I have to urinate is not fun at all, I'm so tired of continuously having to pee.

Neo laughs at me as he sees me walking to my office, he is already there waiting for me.

"You laugh, I cut you off, I won't be your comedy show." He tries so hard to keep a straight and serious face, I try my best to do the same but I simply fail, we both just burst and laugh like our lives depend on it. Neo and I are so stupid, when I am with him, I feel like a child again, we do stupid things and we act to childishly when we're together, it is concerning honestly.

"Okay we are at work Ms. Uluthando so may we please act professionally." We look at each other once again and we just laugh, I can't control being around him, he is just too funny.

"I'm done, please leave my office." I chase him out because I know that he won't stop, I've laughed so hard I'm even crying at this point. He stands up with his hands showing that he surrenders. "I apologise kodwa keh..." he continues to laugh and walks away, I take my pen and hit him with it.

"You're violent wena!" He shouts at me and I cover my ears and stick out my tongue at him. He leaves my office and I submit my two books and I await for a response, recently I've been getting so many requests from so many companies just begging for the chance to talk to me and introduce me to their business; one company was even offering me a position that is equivalent to Mmabatho's position here at DM but I don't think I want to leave this place, I mean at some point I might leave because I will need more money and soon I'll be having a baby but I genuinely love working here, the people are amazing, the clients that we have, we have the most amazing and talented authors ever and they are just perfect, they make the long hours worth it.

I hear a knock at my glass door, I look up and it is my sexy husband.

"Gatsheni." He kisses me and he takes his seat and brings it next to me.

"I bought you icecream but it melted." Just hearing him say that annoys me, I've been eating icecream even more than my usual amount.

"It's fine." I can sense that there is something wrong, Mbuso isn't the happy guy that I was with this morning, something about him is very off.

"What's wrong, are you okay?" He shrugs when I ask him that.

"Nothing, no wait actually there is something. Do I genuinely make you happy, do you really feel complete and whole with me by your side or..." he seems so frustrated right now, I don't know where all of this is coming from, is he really having insecurities in our relationship right now?

"Yes I'm happy, I'm content. I don't feel like I need anyone else either than you." A small smile forms on his face.

"Thank you, I needed that. I actually came here to tell you about the ceremony that will be happening tomorrow and the day after at the Zwane Residence." I've been waiting for us to have this conversation. "How long have you known about this?" I question him, I don't even look at him because I know that I

am just going to be very upset with him so I would rather not look at him right now.

"I don't know like a month or two?" He confidently answers me, "and I find out the day before, a person that you consider to be your wife?" I need to make sure that he is understanding the bullshit that he is saying to me right now. "I was going to tell you, it's just that a lot of things were happening at the time and I just..." he wants to lie, I can already tell that

Advertisement

his story is full of nothing but lies.

"You say you consider me to be your wife but I find out the day before from you, Zoliswa told me weeks back and the man that I'm supposedly going to marry fails to tell me." I push my laptop aside and I keep looking at him, he is lucky I'm at work or else I was going to act out. "Now tell me Mbuso, who is not a priority in who's life now?" He keeps quiet, I don't even want to fight.

"I'll ask for a day off for tomorrow and I don't work on Saturday so that's not an issue." I decide to accept and let it be. "Thank you, Philiswe and I will be at home today, we will sleep there and I guess we will see you tomorrow." He doesn't even realise that his actions have hurt me, he has neglected my feelings in such a hurtful way.

I have nothing more to say to him. "Get going before it gets late and greet the family for me." He gives me a kiss and he leaves the office, I don't even know how to express how I'm feeling right now, I mean how does this work?

He will be sleeping with his wife and the sidechick will just hop in when everyone is there and they have bonded as a family, I feel like a complete idiot right now.

I finish up with work, since I have no plans I will just hang around the office and get it more work done, considering the fact that I will not be at work tomorrow. "You're still here at this time?" Mr Dingane sounds very worried, when I check the time it is 19:30, I was so stuck in my zone I didn't even realise how dark it was and how late it has gotten.

"I'm sorry, I just got..." I stand up and start packing my things. "It's not safe for you to drive alone at this time, how about I drive you home?" Mbuso wouldn't really like that, he would be so mad at me, he would probably ignore me for many months after that.

"I'll need my car and I'm sure you'll also need yours." I try to brush him off and he shakes his head in disagreement.

"No, I'll just drive your car and one of my drivers will drive behind us." He is so persistent, I can't say no to such a kind offer.

"Okay then sir, thank you." He holds my bags for me and when I look at him, a part of me has always had a stupid crush on Mr Dingane, don't get me wrong I love Mbuso and there is no man that can ever replace him but there is just that something about him, I've always thought that Mr D was sexy and after that sex dream, I just imagined if he would ever live up to those expectations, I wondered if he could actually make me cum in the way that he did when he fucked me in the dream...

Let me just stop.

We get inside my car and he drives off. I trust him with my expensive baby, he is treating her with car.

"How is your baby doing?" He curiously asks me as he drives.

"Great, so far everything is well I'm just a bit tired because of the pregnancy and I get sick sometimes but I am happy and my baby is doing just perfect." I express to him and he seems genuinely happy for me.

"That makes me so happy to know, your skin shows how well your baby is treating you and I can just tell that you're happily pregnant." What is the meaning of that, what does he mean.

"Wait, does that mean I'm getting fatter?" I look at my body, I've been embracing my baby growth but I don't want people to tell me that I'm getting fat.

"No, you definitely aren't fat; I mean in other outfits I can't even tell that you're pregnant, like today." I shrug when he says that.

"I mean it, you're absolutely stunning." He succeeded, now I'm just smiling.

We get to my house and we change cars and I thank him.

"Have a safe trip back home." I wave goodbye and I enter the complex, all I need right now is food and my bed.

68

Ulu.

I sent in an email asking for a day off at work.

It's still early and I'm sure it's already very busy at the Zwane mansion right now.

I shower and I get dressed, I put on comfortable clothes, a plain yellow dress that is not a tight fit, I don't want everyone seeing my baby growth, I wear white Nike Air Force sneakers and wrap my head because it is a family ceremony and I'm trying to respect the family.

I take my phone, a jacket and my handbag and I drive off.

This time it was a bit easier for me to get to his home, they do the security checks and they allow me in.

I park my car amongst the children's cars.

I see Sis'Philsuwe and she greets me and passes me, it seems like she is in a rush, it's a really busy day.

I see Zoliswa and she rushes to me, she gives me a hug and we walk inside together. Out of the entire Zwane family Zoliswa is the one that I'm most closest to, I never thought it could be possible but here we are and we are like friends now.

"Well there are a lot of people here, the cousins and others are in the kitchen and the parents are in the sitting area." She informs me, I obviously have to greet my in-laws first and then I will greet everyone else.

I see Mbuso walking towards our direction and he gives me a side hug, he looks very handsome.

"Thank you Mazet, I'll take my wife from here out." She laughs with her brother, "you'll find me in the kitchen okay?" I nod in agreement, I like seeing this family living like normal people, they are cooking their own ceremony food and the sight of my man in these clothes just turns me on, I love seeing Mbuso working, it is a beautiful sight to look at.

"I want to go and greet the parents." I inform him and he nods. "Yes I'll also introduce you to Philisiwe's parents, they are also

here." Oh shit, what if they hate me because I slept with their daughters husband?

We walk together into the sitting area and they are just talking and having some drinks, even Mr Zwane is wearing overalls, it shows that today is about working and not playing.

A smile forms on Mrs Zwane's face when she sees me.

"Na'Ndlovu my child." She gets up and she gives me a hug and takes me from Mbuso.

I greet Mr Zwane aswell.

"This is Na'Ndlovu, the beautiful mysterious woman that everyone is asking about and Ulu my daughter, this is Mr and Mrs Mthethwa, they are Philisiwe, your sister wife's parents." I'm so nervous, what if they cuss me out, what will I even say?

They are nice people, they greet me with smiles and then I walk away with Mbuso.

We get inside the kitchen and it is very busy.

Zoliswa is standing next to two ladies. "You're back, everyone this is Na'Ndlovu, who is my sister." Zoli though, I simply smile when she says that. She introduces me to everyone and the ladies that are standing next her are Sis'Philsuwe's sisters and I can already tell that they don't like me, I mean I understand them not liking me but it really gets tiring explaining yourself and trying to show people that you aren't the bad person that everyone thinks that I am.

I have decided that I will not pay attention to their shenanigans.

"Where are my babies?" I ask Zoli and Abongwe. "School and the others went out with the couple of the year." I giggle Nthabi and Bonginkosi are such a beautiful couple.

I help around and I help with the cooking. "One thing about my wives, they can cook." Mbuso boasts as he enters the kitchen and I look over at Philsuwe and she is blushing, I simply continue chopping the cabbage

Advertisement

everyone was running away from doing it.

"Well aren't you lucky buthi?" Zoliswa jokes and he rolls his eyes, they are so cute together; they have such a cute relationship, they are very close.

"I'm very lucky, I have to work hard for my abs because these women feed me." I somehow don't like being categorised, yes we are both his wives but we shouldn't be categorised or classified as one.

"Ulu please help me this side." I think Zoliswa can see that I'm feeling a bit uncomfortable right now.

We go outside and there are a lot of men outside and now uBabZwane is also working and barking instructions at everyone, I like the sight of seeing his sons sweating, I'm sure that Mbuso is also running away from his father.

"Zoliswa, Uluthando come here my children." He calls us, his tone is much calmer now, we go to him. "I'm glad to see you two together and getting along my children, I love it when we are close as a family." So did people also get the impression that she didn't like me at first?

"Please get me water to wash our hands and knives, we are about to slaughter the cow, these boys are playing, as old as I am more of a hardworker than they are." I laugh when he says that, I just like the thought of seeing Mbuso being a little boy and his father is right, he is a very energetic man.

"Okay baba, how many should we bring and where should we bring it to?" I respectfully ask. "Just bring it here and I'll let you know if we need anything else." I really like Mr. Zwane.

"Where is Yibanathi, how is my darling girl?" Aw, how sweet. "She is fine baba, she is a bit stressed with exams and all

She couldn't come because I was informed last week and she couldn't make it because she didn't make the necessary arrangements." I don't want to blame anyone but I don't have any other valid excuse.

"Please greet her and tell her that we as a family miss her." I smile and we walk away.

We fetch the necessary things and we take it kubo baba. "Why are you running away from tasks mister?" I gently push him and he brushes his head. "Uyahlupha lomadala lona yho." He groans, now he knows what he makes his own boys go through.

"Bheki woza mfana, let's get working now." I catch Mr Zwane laughing, I giggle and I leave him there.

I head back inside the kitchen. "The alcohol needs some working, so who is offering to assist me with that?" Abongwe asks and the little girls avoid looking at her.

"I'll help you." I don't really mind hey. "Ses'Uluthando, uyovuba with your expensive and long nails?" The one young girl asks me and I simply laugh.

"Yes sweetheart, it's not really a difficult task, you may join me if you want." She smiles and we go together.

We get to that room and it reeks of tradition beer.

We get working. "I posted a video and you were on that video and a schoolmate of mine told me that he knows you." I do agree that I am younger than Mbuso and I'm still in my twenties but I definitely don't know children that are in university.

"Maybe he has me mistaken with someone else." I inform her and she laughs. "No it's you, he said he and some of his classmates saw you at an exhibition and all of them have a

crush on you, I can't believe he asked me for your number." I choke when I hear him, what in the actual fuck?

"I know, he thought you were like my friend or cousin and I told him that you are actually my aunt and you are married." I can't believe that this children think that I am actually their age.

"Thank goodness, you told them that I'm grown." I raise my hands in surrender. "Uncle Bheki would go crazy if he knew what these young boys were up to, knowing my uncle, he would want to fight them." I laugh because she is actually right, Mbuso just wants to fight with people, he even feels the need to fight people just because they are looking at me, he is extra protective of me. At times it is very unnecessary because I'm not even interested in those children.

Ulu.

I throw out the dirty water that the people were using to wash their hands. "Bab'Bheki is asking that you please bring him his food, he is very hungry." Makhosazane says as she enters the kitchen, who is she speaking to?

We all just give her a confused look, I mean we can't just assume who she is talking about. She giggles and covers her face out of embarrassment. "Ses U, ubab'Bheki said please bring his food and ucela iextra cabbage." This man is very demanding hey. I can feel people's eyes looking at me, I just thought that his wife would do the honours but here we are and I honestly don't know how to react. I can tell that Zoli can sense how I'm feeling, she shares a joke and people start laughing.

"Before Mbuso gets his plate did you call abobaba into the sitting room where we had set things up for them?" I ask the little girl next to me and she nods, I dish up for Mbuso and I take his plate to him, the other girls follow me.

I hand him his food and his eyes are wandering all over my body.

"Ngibonge Boyabenyathi." Oh my Zulu man, I don't think I can ever stay upset or mad at him even if I try that it how much I love him.

"You look so sexy doing this, I just wish I could take all of these clothes off right now." I gasp when he says that, luckily his brothers and cousins didn't hear what he said, I just giggle and I walk away, I will no longer entertain Mbuso and his dirty mind.

Everything is finalised now, I'm so tired right now, I just need to sleep. I've seen my little minions and I'm so excited to see them and meet the new ones, it is so beautiful having such a big family I'm used to having just my father and sister but here I have an entire village as family.

I just finished showering, I really needed it. "We are going to take family pictures now, so that means we are going to change into our various traditional wear and look traditional and beautiful." I've missed the memo because I didn't get any proper outright for this occasion.

"And since I'm smart I decided to get different wear designed for all of us ladies so we can look the same as the Zwane princesses, I hope you like it." Zoliswa has proved to me that she is not a bad person, she is just someone who was hurt and she has a heart of gold.

"Zoli, thank you." I give her a hug, my words are genuine towards her, I really appreciate it.

"No problem, you're my sister. Let's get dressed then, I'm also done showering." She shows me the dress and it is absolutely beautiful, I love it so much and yea it is tight but my belly won't be visible for everyone to see and that makes me very happy.

We get dressed and we leave so we can take pictures and I can eat because I'm very hungry shame, I am eating for two so I have to do the right thing and feed my child.

Zoli decides to leave, I go to the children's room and check on them.

"Am I at disney world, why am I seeing so many princes and princesses?" They all snicker, they look so adorable. Nhlanzeka and Mthokozisi are wearing matching outfits.

"Well I love how all of you are looking, you guys look like royalty." They all strike a pose and I take pictures of them.

"Miss South Africa in the making." I kiss my little princess, how precious is she? "I am working so hard and mommy said she will get me started with pageants I'm very excited." She will most certainly nail this, she has the beauty and the personality for it.

I chat up a storm with the children until I am summoned to go and join the others. I go outside and that's where the ladies are sitting, around the swimming pool. "We have to steal you away from those children, are you sure that you aren't a kid's whisperer?" I giggle when Sis'Abongwe asks me, I sit down and I realise that I've lost my appetite, I don't feel like eating. When I turn around I see Mbuso with his wife walking together, I look clearly and I see that they look the same, they are wearing the same pattern and same design, it also looks the same as

Nhlanzeka and Mthokozisi's design aswell.

I've been feeling so left out and out of place, the entire day but this just tops it, I feel like a stranger in this home. I understand that they are married but I'm also here and to show respect to me, they shouldn't have done things in that way. I click my tongue in annoyance, I remember I'm with people but they were laughing too hard to even hear me.

"I guess she changed her mind on our outfits, she wanted to look different." Zoli whispers under her breath.

"Please excuse me." I stand up and I fix myself, I'm not okay, I've been tolerating many thing but this one definitely hurt me.

"Where are you off to?" Zoliswa asks me. "To call Yibanathi, she has been trying to get ahold of me." I walk away, I just need to be alone, I walk to the pond and I sit by the bench where there are no people.

I take my phone and I videocall Yibanathi.

'Mntase.' She excitedly greets me with a smile on her face, I don't know how to act now. *'Hey ncane.'* I whisper she likes it when I say that. *'You don't seem okay, what's wrong babymama?'* I can tell from her tone that she is worried about me. *'I'm sorry for ruining your good mood but I just can't, I feel so sad Yibanathi and I know that you are always honest with me so please assist me and help me see if I'm being extra okay?'* She nods in agreement.

'I'm starting to feel like Mbuso has no feelings for me anymore, I mean the way that he has been treating me recently just makes me doubt everything, I mean I'm at his family home right now Yiba, he only told me about this event yesterday, late in the afternoon, how does that make me feel?' It's really eating me up, I can't express how badly. 'Today I get here and I thought I was okay until I see him his wife and the boys in matching outfits, here I am looking like the exact thing that I feel like, I've been trying to act strong but how Yibanathi when I feel like I shouldn't be here, when I feel like I'm just invading the space of a happy family?' I can't help but cry, my heart is broken, Mbuso has made me feel small and worthless, the way that he has hurt my feelings is overwhelming. 'No dude, you're amazing and I'm sorry that you're feeling like this, honestly I don't agree with the outfit thing, why does he choose to wear like one wife and leave the other out?' This is my exact question, I honestly don't understand the meaning of his actions.

'I thought I knew what I was signing up for when I agreed to this polygamy thing but now I'm just not too sure, I love Mbuso, I love his family but I just feel like he doesn't love me anymore.' I wipe the tears away from my eyes. 'Ulu, I love you and that baby inside of you also loves you so just remember that you are our entire universe.' I smile when she says that. 'I love you babygirl, let me get back to everyone else okay?' She nods and

blows me a kiss.

I hang up.

I feel a hand touch me on my shoulder and when I turn around, I see that it is Zoli, I hope she didn't hear my conversation with my sister.

"Are you okay?" I wish I could confide in her but I can't, she has known Mbuso's wife longer than me and at the end of the day, she will stick with her brother no matter how wrong he is.

"I'm fine, just needed to clear my head you know." I shrug, I just don't even want to talk about Mbuso anymore.

"He loves you, I saw that the matching outfit situation didn't sit well with you but he does love you and so does everyone else. They have been together for years and when you see us being happy for them it's not because we hate you or we want to see you in pain but it is because there was a point where they were nothing but housemates. Sis'Philsuwe and Mbuso got married via arranged marriage and it wasn't always this pretty for them, they learnt to love each other and till this day, we celebrate their small wins." I never knew the arranged marriage situation, I wonder why he never mentioned it to me.

"It's okay Zoli, I'm just in my feels. Let's enjoy the party." I stand up and a fake smile forms on my face.

We join the others.

Now it's late and people are resting and luckily for us tomorrow we won't be working, we have a catering company that will be doing all the work so tomorrow we will just be looking pretty and that's it.

"Na'Ndlovu please come with me." They all make stupid and silly sounds when he says that and that makes me feel so shy, I even blush.

"Please excuse me guys." I stand up and I walk away with my man.

"You didn't seem okay earlier on what's wrong?" I know that he didn't even notice. "You saw or did Zoliswa tell you that I wasn't feeling okay?" He looks away, his face is full of embarrassment.

"I'm sorry, it's just been a hectic day, you look beautiful." I simply nod, we arrive by his car and we get inside, I guess he wants us to have some privacy.

He gives me a sweet and delicate kiss.

He pulls me closer to him and I cling onto his body, his one hand wanders all over my body, he brushes my thighs and grabs on them. I pull away from the kiss, "your wife, what if people see us?" I'm already nervous, I can't have his family see us having sex, what will they think of me?

"I don't care who sees us, I just want you." He kisses my neck with hunger, his touch is so rough, "no scratch that out, I need you and I need you now." He growls, a beast has been unleashed in him, I don't know this Mbuso.

Ulu.

He continues to roughly kiss me, he pulls me closer to him ensuring that we both have the perfect grip. Mbuso tightens around my breasts cupping them perfectly.

He licks his fingers to ensure that they are slippery before sliding them in, carefully, today he isn't the Mbuso that I'm used to, the calm one, the one who makes love to me and fucks me in the a respectful manner. I lift my arms to draw him closer to me, I squeeze his arms gently as he kisses me and caresses my body. "Mbuso," I mumbled. "Please...I can't hold it for long." I'm already turned on and I don't want to be teased right now.

He makes a little hook with his fingers and he enters me, he wants to ensure he gives me the biggest orgasm. His fingers slide in and out, he is not smooth, he knows what he wants right now, my moans become louder and louder with each thrust, I shush myself when I remember I'm at my in laws home, that somewhat make me hornier, I mean the thought of being seen, having someone wish it was them. He pinches my breasts, quite hard, three, four times. I open my eyes and I look at him straight in the eyes, I need our souls to connect. He fucks me harder, shit it feels too good.

Shit, I moan so hard, he fucks me until I cum. He carefully removes his fingers from my pussy and he kisses my boobs. He presses his fingers flat end on my clitoris, and strokes it lightly, and then slid his finger into my body again, just for the tease, we both laugh and he licks his fingers dry.

He then fucks me like his life depends on it, his dick warms up my special place. We both cum at the same time.

He gets off me and he fixes himself, I just remain still and I look at him, what is going on, what has gotten into him?

"Mbuso talk to me, what is going on?" Now I'm worried, I am trying not to press his wrong buttons but he is clearly not okay. I get dressed and I clean myself up.

He ignores me and he gets out of the anger, his face is clearly filled with anger.

"Mbuso, don't do this." I beg, this is not Mbuso, he would never fuck me or make love to me and then leave me like some sort of slut. He turns around with anger in his eyes.

"Ufunani Uluthando, tell me what do you want from me?" I remain still, what did I even do to him, I mean he called me here and now he is being harsh, "I want you to talk to me, tell me what is going on, why are you so angry, did I do something to upset you?" I slowly walk closer to him and he moves back

luckily there aren't any people around because this sight is embarrassing for me.

"Mbuso..." I walk even closer and I grab his arm, he angrily pulls away and he pushes me, I look at him with shock, what is going on with him? He doesn't seem to realise how foul his actions were.

"What has gotten into you Bhekumbuso?" I half shout, if we were alone, I would've gone higher.

"Everything is wrong Uluthando, I'm never enough right? Why did you even choose to me with me Uluthando leave if you want." So he is clearly upset with me, what did he hear, I never said that I'm not happy with him.

"You don't get to do that, you don't get to play victim when I'm the last person on the list, Mbuso you don't give a shit about me but you have the nerve to come here and say what you just said, maybe you should cool off." I warn him, I will not allow him to disrespect me in that way.

"Then leave, I've said it mos." He really wants me gone.

"Then I'll leave but I'll leave with a happy heart because this is not the father of my child, my Mbuso would never hit me or talk to me in that regard, whatever made you this angry I'm sorry but do not bring it on me. I'm sick of being understanding, Mbuso needs to cum I'm here, Mbuso neglects me and my feelings and I understand, Mbuso neglects his own fucken child and the idiot Uluthando must understand, I'm sick of it. Be with

the people that you love and that make you happy because I clearly am not part of that group." I will not give him the satisfaction that he wants, Mbuso wants me to be his door mat at all times and I just won't fall for it.

"Cry I know you want to cry, that's what you are good at. You know what Philisiwe never does this, she has never raised her voice at me and she would never treat me the way that you do, Philisiwe gives me my place as the man and she doesn't feel the need to wear the damn pants in the relationship." So this is how he has been feeling about me, he feels like I'm just a nuisance in his life and his happy place is with his wife.

"Then go to her and be happy with her because you've made it clear that I'm just your cum bucket." I express my hurt. "Stop comparing me with her, I'll never be her and if you wanted her then you should've just left me alone and allowed me to live my own life." I walk away from him and I head into the house so I can take my car keys and go.

I finally find then and I say my goodbyes.

"No my child please don't go, you can't drive this much in your state." Now Mrs Zwane also knows that I'm pregnant, this day can't get any worse. "I'm not feeling okay, I guess I'll just rest because I'm not doing okay." She walks with me up the stairs.

She has prepared a room for me. I undress and she just sits there and looks at me, almost analysing me. "Thando, ingane

engakhali ifela embelekweni." I turn around and I face her, what is she talking about? "What do you mean mama?" I curiously ask.

"You are human and you are allowed to feel things, express those things that hurt you, don't die inside." I hope she didn't hear Mbuso and I.

"I just prefer peace mama because everytime I talk, I come across as the violent person." She shakes her head, I can tell that she is feeling pity on my behalf.

"Goodnight my child. You matter." A motherly kiss is placed on my cheek and she leaves the room. I shower and just enter the sheets, my heart is too painful.

Next morning.

I wake up and Mr Zwane is beside me, I don't even remember hearing him enter the room. I brush my teeth and I wash my face after that I leave the bathroom and I wake him up. "Vuka, I want to make the bed." Those are my only words, I clean up after both him and myself as I wait for his royal king to wake up. He finally does and I make the bed. He gives me a kiss and I'm shocked, I just remember him pushing me last night.

"Why are you here?" I question and he shrugs. "You are my wife and when I want to be with you, I'll be with you. Relax and let's be happy. Other people don't matter." So just because he is fine then everything is fine.

"What's wrong now?" He asks in defeat.

"Nothing absolutely nothing, I do however understand how this whole thing works now, when you're happy how any other person feels is not of importance. I'm glad you're better now babied." He gives me a genuine smile and I just shrug.

What a way to start the day and what a way to start our marriage.

71

Ulu.

3 months later.

Well life has been hectic, I'm heavily pregnant, like 7 months pregnant, in two more months I'll be meeting my baby, I cannot believe that I'll be holding my child in my arms.

Well telling my father was so scary but he was so happy and he calls every single day to ask about his grandchild, he is going to be the best grandfather for sure. With regards to my situation with Mbuso he fought but he saw that we love each other and the baby just made it more reasonable, I however have prolonged the situation, a lot has been going on between Mbuso and myself, he has found a way to push me into second guessing myself, I mean when we are good then we are good but when we see bad then we are terrible, the fights that we have these have escalated, he doesn't treat me like his Ulu and he doesn't treat me like his babymama. I will allow Mbuso to speak to my dad once my baby is born but until then, I will be his wife-girlfriend and it seems like we are all happy about it except for Mbuso. He is so ready to marry me but he can't even make it to the baby's appointment, that's how negligent Mbuso has become.

Well in other great and happy news, Dimpho and Neo are now in a relationship, they are committed and it seems like they are

going far in this relationship and that they will certainly be doing greater and bigger things together, I smell wedding bells between those two.

Right now I am with Mtho and Nhlanzeka, they have been with me the entire week and they will only be leaving tomorrow because their parents are coming back, spending time with them has been great, they always talk to their little sibling and I know that they will treat him or her like an egg. Nhlanzeka will most certainly be the greatest sibling, he already is with Mtho and when this little one comes, he will be even better because he has two babies to protect now.

I drop them off at school and I watch them walk away, I wave goodbye and blow them kisses. This is my last month at work and then I'm going on leave and resting, carrying an entire human being is no joke, my belly is so huge and the worst part is that my clothes no longer fit me, I'm really hurt but I understand that it's all for my little sunshine.

I drive to work and I have Neo waiting for me, he has been doing this for the past two months, ever since my stomach blow up overnight, he has helped me through it.

"Good morning beautiful." He kisses my belly and then he holds my hand and we walk together. "What if it is a boy?" He chuckles and shakes his head. "I know these things, you're carrying a girl, we are having a little princess." I would love my

own princess, she will so so gorgeous and angelic, I will be happy no matter what the gender is, I will love my baby.

We get upstairs and I throw myself on my office couch, I remove my shoes and I start working, there is a book that has been approved and I'm just not happy with it and now I'm fighting on whether to return it or to edit it, I just don't want to edit something that I would feel ashamed to have my name on it.

"I'm knocking off early today, I've got babies to fetch from school and a doctor to see." I inform Neo and he just laughs at me. "You are the most beautiful pregnant lady I've seen, you make it seem so easy, you're so tiny but you complain like there is no tomorrow." I click my tongue and I just laugh at him, he is so stupid.

I say goodbye and on my way out I bump into Mr D.

"How's the little rascal?" He sincerely asks. "Growing each day, I can't wait for him or her to arrive." I inform him, he holds my bags for me and we walk out together, I find it so cute.

"Well he or she will be strong and smart like their mommy for sure." I love the compliments I've been receiving today. "Thank you sir." He places my things in my car for me and he walks off.

I drive to the school and I fetch Mtho first and then I fetch Nhlanzeka after.

"Well are you guys hungry?" I ask them as we drive off. "Yes I'm starving

Advertisement

I want icecream and candy floss." Mtho whines and I giggle.

"Hungry, I said hungry and you want sweets." I shake my head as I laugh at him.

We get some food and we drive to the hospital.

"Do you guys want to see your little sibling?" They seems so excited, we wait in the waiting area while they eat.

"Uluthando Ndlovu." I take my little mushrooms and we go into the doctors office, I lie down and he does his things, they seem so happy to see the baby, Nhlanzeka even cries when he sees their sibling.

"Doctor, is this baby our sister or our brother?" Mthokozisi has been asking nonstop and I also feel like we should know now, so I can add that element in his or her nursery because now it's only neutral colours, such as white, caramel etc.

I nod and give the doctor permission to mention.

"Well this baby is a girl so you are having a baby sister." I'm having a little princess, I'm so happy, the tears just fall from my eyes, Yiba will be so happy to hear this. "Yes!" They both say at the same time, I'm happy that they love their little sister, I love

calling her that.

I have to start thinking of possible names for my angel.

We finish up and we go back home. We shower and we watch cartoons until late, I mean it is a Friday after all.

Mtho plays with my belly until he falls asleep ontop of it.

The baby kicks his face and he frowns, both Nhlanzeka and I laugh at him, my babygirl is jealous. I wake Mtho up because I can't pick him up right now, my belly is in the way, we walk together and they fall asleep.

I kiss them goodnight and I return to my own cold and lonely bed.

Next day.

I've already prepared breakfast for the children, today I am feeling down, I don't even have an appetite, I just want to vomit but I don't having anything to vomit, I'm feeling so sick even my eyes are painful and my head is heavy. Once we finish with breakfast, they bath and after that they get dressed in matching tracksuits, the weather is chilling today. I also get dressed in an oversized hoodie with sneakers and we are ready to go out and have some fun.

"Is everyone ready?" I call out for my team and they acknowledge me.

"Yes mam." Mtho is just the cutest, I giggle when he does the move.

We exit the house and the boys enter the car, I see Mbuso's car driving towards my driveway.

They look so happy to see their parents, they rush out of the car and they run to them as soon as the car stops, this is just so beautiful, I love it.

"Get your bags, let's get going." Their mother says in a harsh tone, is something wrong between her and Mbuso or what?

"How was your trip?" I ask the both of them and they both ignore me, I decide to keep quiet, I help the boys with their bags and they pack them in. Mbuso walks over to me and gives me a side church hug. "What about your baby?" I ask with a giggle and he simply brushes the baby and she opens the car door for his wife. The boys hug me and I give them kisses.

"Mommy, daddy, the baby is a girl, we are having a princess." Mtho shares and they pay him no mind. "Great." His father says in passing and I just stand there like a stupid wet chicken.

I wave goodbye as they drive off.

I lock my car and I get inside my house, I was going out only for the boys but now I'll just stay in and Mbuso has also ruined my mood. Recently I've been getting the vibe that Mrs Zwane jnr doesn't like me anymore, the way in which she has been treating me just makes me feel like an outcast, this is the type of behaviour I expected at first but I didn't get it but here it is

now and it really hurts, it makes me feel like I'm nonexistent; she didn't even acknowledge my presence.

God only you know why I'm going through the things that I'm going through, only you know the reason behind my hurt and what lesson it brings, just protect me and my baby and help me get through this test because it is very heavy.

72

Ulu.

Well this entire week I've been shopping for my babygirl, I'm so excited to actually bathe her and dress her in these clothes, it will be such a beautiful moment.

I just received a text from Mbuso asking him to meet at some house, he has been begging me to move into a mansion like his other wife and I just don't like it, I don't want to be lonely in a huge house but maybe once my child is born then we can just move in there together and I won't feel alone.

I pay and I get some food after that I drive to the location that he sent me, I get there and I awiat someone to open the gate and it is Philisiwe who opens the gate, Mbuso did not call his wife to help us pick a house, I'm tired of being in a trouple now, it's always us three or Philisiwe suggested that we do so and so, I'm pissed and I'm just tired of it, I also want to have my own opinion and not be compared to her in everything that I do.

The look in her eyes is dangerous, I've come to the conclusion that I don't really like her because it seems like she isn't an authentic person, when I was busy being real and I thought that she was to, she was just playing me and fooling me, the woman that I've come to know that is the true her and I don't really like the true her.

"Hey." I greet her as I exit my car, I take my handbag and we walk in together.

"Is Mbuso on his way or what?" She keeps quiet once again, we get inside the house and it is empty, there is no Mbuso and there is no real estate agent.

"Uluthando I tested you, I ran you through several tests and you seemed to pass them all expect one. Well now here it is, woman to woman sesi, let's talk. How much?" I squint my eyes, trying to get a clear picture of what I am seeing before me.

"How much will it take for you to leave my husband, I am not pleading and asking you nicely, I will give you three million upfront and once you've left with that... with that baby of yours then I will pay you six million. That money will sustain the child and it will sustain you for eternity and that isn't the kind of money that you would get on a regular day." She is literally buying me to leave Mbuso, I can't believe the sight in front of me. If it was for the money I could have taken that amount and more, Mbuso always gives me money and he is always willing to spend on me, last week he gave me half a million just so I can buy myself things that I need and that the baby needs.

"I don't want your money and I don't want his money, I can raise my child on my own, I've said this before I'm not here for the money Philisiwe, I actually have authentic feelings for Mbuso." I explain to her, she is scaring me, her eyes are dark and they are filled with hate.

"Bull fucken shit, there is no such, what do you want from my husband nana, puma kuye. Bheki is mine, I'm the one that he loves and you not so much, just leave please go." She has changed personalities in just one statement, it honestly worries me.

"I think I should leave and maybe you can discuss this with Mbuso, just explain your feelings to him." I stand up, I'm trying to keep my distant.

She pulls me by my wrist, "not so easy, will you leave Gauteng and go to another province

Advertisement

no even better, another country?" I feel like I am going to pee myself, her tone is so loud and angry. "Let me go, I want to leave." She looks at me deeply and she just slaps me with the back of her hand, I hold my cheek and I try to process what just happened right now, what is the meaning of this, this woman did not just hit me.

"I'm not your child, stop bullying me and before you do something you'll regret let me just leave." I utter in pure disgust. "Yes this child has taken over his world, what about us?" She pokes my belly, Mbuso hasn't been a good father to my daughter, he hasn't showed up for her so I don't know what she is talking about.

I push her back, I don't want her to touch my stomach.

She pushes me even further and she moves along with me, she doesn't even give me the chance to talk and help her understand, she refuses to let me go.

"Let me alone!" I shout out loudly, now I'm upset, I'm so tired of being the quiet and bullied girl.

"Show your true colours, show me that you're a beast." She pushes me down to the floor and she presses her sneaker ontop on my stomach, my poor baby, she has a knife in her hand, has she gone crazy.

"Don't harm my baby please, I'll leave Mbuso and I won't take any of your money, I'll just go peacefully so." I'm so scared, she gives me a sly laugh and she kicks my belly, I'm faced with a terrible sting.

She kicks me, I try to cover my belly but I fail, I scream and scream but she is so focused on harming me she is not even listening.

My baby... my baby.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry." I cry and pray for her mercy, I can't lose my child.

She kicks me all over. "My child, please don't kill my child." I cry and she throws her knife on the floor, I can't even comprehend this situation right now.

She kneels before me, I can feel my body is failing me right now, I'm so beaten and tired right now, I can't feel my baby

move, I'm so scared.

"Please Philisiwe, tell take me to the hospital and save my child I beg you, even if I die just save my child." I can barely speak.

"Call my father and sister and if anything happens to me, just...(sniff) just give my baby to my father, my daughter is a Ndlovu." Regret is painted all over her face. "I never meant to hurt you, I just... I just, please don't die." She starts pacing up and down, the movement makes me even more drowsy, *stay strong baby*.

"Hospital, I feel like my body is failing me." I close my eyes.

73

Ulu.

My entire body hurts, my eyes are so heavy I can't even open them right now.

I hear a squeaky voice but it sounds so distant, I just wonder who is the one that is talking right now?

Images of the incident between Philisiwe and myself, play in my head, they aren't vivid though I can't remember everything, I just see her kicking me and I can remember begging her to stop... my baby, oh my goodness, my baby...

My eyes open widely and I look around for help, I see Philisiwe sitting next to me, her clothes are changed. "Wh...what do you want here?" My voice is husky and low, my throat burns and with simply talking, my chest hurts.

"I'm sorry, I just wanted to, I don't know just please allow me to explain Uluthando." I see right passed her crocodile tears, I

can't believe the fact that I actually trusted her and I thought she was a genuinely good person, how could she do that to me?

"Call the doctor." I order and she leaves the room, I can feel pain in my belly and all I can think of is my innocent little baby, how is my dear princess doing, I can't believe this...

They doctors come in and they all have worried looks on their faces, no please don't tell me that I lost my baby.

I see a familiar figure leaning against the door, it's my sister Yiba is actually here.

"Everyone please excuse us, Mrs Zwane, I'm Doctor Moodley, I'll be checking up on you." She says with a smile on her, "you were in a coma after you were attacked, the police would like to have a clear picture of the incident and if you remember anything please inform us because it will make it easier for us to catch any in depth issues that we might have missed." She isn't saying anything about my princess, I just can see Philisiwe stomping and hurting my child, I can't even move my body.

"It's actually Ms Ndlovu and please tell me about my child is my daughter okay?" I worriedly ask her.

"Your daughter seems to be stable for now but we are not sure as yet, we need to do more precise tests to see if she is okay and if she hasn't moved with your help of course." I don't know whether to be happy or sad, I mean I might just lose my daughter because of this disgusting and cruel woman that stand in front of me.

I just nod and she touches my body, I flinch when she does, a sour look is plastered all over her face, I get nervous.

"I'll be back to check on you and the little angel okay?" I nod and she leaves.

As soon as she leaves, my sister comes to me and she hugs me, I flinch at her touch because it hurts so badly.

"Babygirl, how and when did you get here?" I ask her and she takes a seat beside me, Philisiwe leaves.

"I got a call from her, telling me that I need to be here urgently, you need me and you're in hospital. She bought the tickets and everything and I flew in here late last night." She felt guilty, that is the only reason, she paid for her ticket here, if it wasn't for that, she wouldnt even care. I'm so grateful for my sister,

someone who jumps when u need her without asking many questions, she dropped everything just to be here with me and I appreciate her so much for everything that she is in my life.

"Mbuso, have you told him that I'm here?" I mean I expected him to be the one to sit besides me waiting for me to wake up.

"Uhm... he said he couldn't make it because he has to look after the boys and just think of him when you see his wife." Those words just stab me like a knife, I cannot believe this is happening right now, how could he do this to me; I mean I understand him not pitching to lousy doctor's appointments but the fact that he has the nerve to not come when his supposed love is in hospital, that's disgusting.

"I'm sorry." She whispers andi simply shake my head, she should not have to apologise when she isn't the one at fault.

"It's okay, I now know where I stand in his life." I shrug, I never thought that Mbuso would be capable of such but here we are and he has provenhimseld to be the devil himself.

"What happened, who attacked you Ulu, I don't understand this story that I heard when I got here." I don't answer her what will I say.

I try to sit up and position myself in a comfortable position and I feel a big and sharp pain in my stomach

Advertisement

"ouch!" I moan, it hurts so badly and it doesn't stop, it's a continuous pain. "Help me." She gets up and she helps lift me.

Her eyes change when she looks at me, "Ulu." Her voice seems so far away, she lifts her hand up and it is full of blood, no, I feel tears building up in my eyes.

"Nurse, nurse." I scream andi press on the screen as I call them here so they can help me.

They come running in and I see the nurse kicking Yiba out.

They help me lay on my back and then they check me.

Dr. Moodley gives me a look that I've seen before, a look that tells me it won't get any better.

"I'm sorry Ms. Ndlovu, your angel is now a real angel I'm sorry for your loss." I don't move, I don't think I heard her right, there is no way.

"I can't promise that it will get better, I know you were going to be a great motherro this baby." The nurse says, no way.

"Noooo!!" I scream to the top of my lungs, not my child not my baby. "Please no, take my instead, don't take my child please." Tears just fall from my eyes, I can't even hold them back, I can feel that she is still inside but she is not moving anymore.

"Yiba, they killed my child." I cry in defeat when I see my sister walk in the room.

She drops down and she cries, dr. Moodley comforts me and she gives me a warm hug, it makes no difference how can I lose my child, what did I do that was so bad for me to lose my one and only child?

"I'm sorry love." She brushes my back.

"Sweetheart I'm sorry, please excuse us, we need to remove the baby before she hurts your sister okay?" A nurse walks out with Yiba, at this point, I feel numb, my heart is so heavy.

They inform me that I'll be under anesthesia and they inform me of the procedure and how it happens.

I wake up and my belly is empty, I thought that was a bad dream but it is actually true, I lost my one and only hope, she was the reason behind my smile even when it felt like shit.

I've been cleaned up and everything aswell.

There's a slight knock and it is the woman who I despise the most in the world. "Leave, don't say anything just go Philisiwe." I can't fight and I won't shout, I've started my mourning period and I will respect my daughter.

"I didn't mean to, I am sorry. You just took everything from me, please don't tell them the truth, Bheki will never see me in the same way, how will the Zwane family view me, they are all out there, yourself sister and friends? My children will grow up without a mother, please Uluthando." How dare she say such nonsense?

"And I had to be the one who lives my entire life without my child and looking at the person who killed my child live happily? I'm done, take your Mbuso and live a happy life, I'm tired of this family, my child died Philisiwe, she is dead, I'll never get to see her or kiss her all because of you." I will not report her that's for sure but I just want out of this entire thing, I regret the day I met Mbuso and agreed to this bullshit polygamy thing, our child died and he isn't here crying by my side.

"Just go or else I'll scream, never look back and I just hope that God heals your evil heart. You'll always know that you are a murderer..." the door is pushed violently.

"You did what?" Yibanathi has so much hurt and hate in her eyes, I can tell that she has been crying.

"You bitch!" She tries to attack her but Neo holds her back, he looks just as sad, I can tell that he has also been crying.

"I lost her you guys, our princess is gone." I can't hold back the tears, little moans escape my mouth, it hurts so badly. Neo comes to my side while Yiba kicks Mbuso's wife out.

"I love you." Neo expresses and I just hold onto him and I cry.

He hugs me so tightly; damn this is the worst pain that I've ever felt.

74

Ulu.

Most of the Zwane family is here with me except the father of the baby, I've come to the point whereby I'm just done, I'm done with forcing things and I just feel this deep anger towards Mbuso and his wife but I also blame myself, I blame me for staying and choosing him over him and with choosing you, my daughter was the sacrifice, I cannot believe that this is what my life has become now, just a week back, I had found out the news of my little angel and now she is gone, my daughter is dead and I'll never get to see or be with her ever again, I've lost all the strength in my body.

Zoliswa is holding my hand and brushing it, she, Bonginkosi and their parent's are the only one's that are here and I appreciate their support, they did something that their son failed to do.

My father rushes in the hospital room. "Good afternoon everyone." I can tell that he is out of breath, he is clearly tired

right now. He walks closer to me, I guess he didn't hear the news.

Yibanathi hugs him and they share a long hug and he comes to me and he just looks at me. "Mthiyane omuhle." He kisses my forehead and I smile, a sad smile and only tears speak for me at this point. "Baba, my daughter is now with mom. Aka... hayi umntwanawani." Saying those words over and over again just hurt, they sting like a bee.

My father looks around the room and he looks at Yibanathi for confirmation and she nods.

"Boyabenyathi." He utters out of anguish. He holds me and his tears drop to my hand, my father was so happy about this, he couldn't wait to be a grandfather.

A few weeks back, Yiba and I went to visit him and he couldn't stop expressing how happy he was, he kept on saying, 'I'm the finest grandfather, my child should come and live with me.' Now this child is not here because of one evil person who decided to play dirty, my child chose heaven over earth, she chose to be with her grandmother.

Once my father and I have both calmed down, they bring him a chair and he sits down. "Where is Mbuso?" My father asks me and I shrug. "I haven't seen him in like a week, I also asked but I didn't get a proper answer, I guess he doesn't want to be here."

I express my true heart's feelings, I'm so tired I explaining why Mbuso is acting the way that he is acting right now.

"I'm sorry my child and I apologise Bab'Ndlovu, I will make sure that Bheki gets here. Bonginkosi go and find your brother." He barks at his son, he is clearly upset, now I see why Mbuso said that his father is not a man to be messed with. "Has anyone informed him of the news?" I question them in a calm tone. "No." Zoliswa responds.

"I'll tell him and baba please don't force him to come, if his heart is here then he will be here, this is our child, we share her so if he fails then that's fine, my daughter doesn't deserve such a sendoff." I inform him and I share my thoughts, I am truly hurt by his actions and I can't force him and I will never force him to stay here with us.

"He doesn't know what his doing, what has gotten into this boy?" The anger is vivid in his eyes I simply ignore it. I take my cellphone and I dial his number and he doesn't answer, I'm not really surprised by this. I decide to send him a text message.

"May everyone else excuse us, I'd like to discuss the funeral negotiations with the elders of the family." My dad and Mbuso's parents remain behind.

"Thank you for including us in this process my daughter." His mother says to me and I just nod, I'm so numb right now, I wish

I didn't see a Zwane in my sight but whether I like it or not, this child is a Zwane and his parents didn't do anything to me, they have been nothing but kind to me and my sister.

"Gatsheni I would like to plead with you, sicela umntwana abe wuZwane, yes we haven't done things the right way, I mean we all didn't expect such, we thought we had time." I am not sure how I feel about all of that, I await my father's response.

"I can't dictate such a serious and emotional decision, my daughter has suffered the deepest scar out of us all and I believe that with the entire planning and the execution Uluthando should be the one to lead all the decisions, we should only advise her when she needs help." When my father shared his thoughts, the mood seems to be aligning.

"Ngiyabonga baba, I just want my daughter to be buried in a calm and respectful way, I acknowledge the fact that my child is a Zwane by blood and I agree that we should represent her accordingly but she is also a Ndlovu so I will put both surnames on the tombstone. I just need to get out of these clothes and we need to get to home affairs and get everything done. She will be buried back home in KzN, I don't feel happy laying my child to rest in this place." I will bury my daughter the way that I see fit, they will just instruct me and show me the right way to do it and to go about it.

"Have you thought of any names?" Mrs Zwane asks me and the tears just drop. "I'll name her and you'll hear the names." My father wipes off my tears.

"Please tell the doctor to discharge me so I can go and prepare for the funeral.

I think of the word funeral again and again and I just can't wrap my head around it.

Mr and Mrs Zwane excuse us and Yibanathi joins my father and I.

"Baba I have a request to ask from you, I know you've always wanted to be buried next to mama. I plead that you allow my angel to rest next to mom, between you two so that I know that my baby will always be safe and protected." My father drops his head and the tears fall, this is such a hard time for us, we went through this once and here we are going through it once again.

"I would love that, I know that your mother is going to be happy about it." I hug my sister, she is really not okay, I mean she was meant to be here next month to help welcome her baby niece and now she will be burying her, what a change of scenery.

The doctors discharge me and they keep telling me that their sorry and for the first time, sorry doesn't help, it means nothing

to me, I just feel so much pain that it just drops and has no effect.

"I will have to send you to therapy." I don't argue with that, I've been through a lot and I definitely need someone to hear me out.

"I don't mind therapy just don't refer me to anyone here, just refer me to someone who is out of Gauteng, I'm so sick of this place, I just want out." The look in her eyes tell me that she knows, she understands my pain and my frustration.

"Okay sweetheart."

My body still hurts, it hurts so badly.

They help me out, I keep touching my belly to verify that my child is really no more, the fact that she isn't in my belly and she isn't in my arms either.

I hug Neo goodbye, I promise to inform him about everything else and I leave with my family and the Zwane family.

75

Ulu.

We drive over to home affairs so we can get a death certificate in order to finalise everything that we need for the funeral.

We arrive there and we hand them the papers that we recieved at the hospital and they ask for the baby names and surname.

"I'm so sorry for your loss sthandwa sam." I look at her and her eyes tell me that she understands this pain that I'm going through. "Ngiyabonga mama." I say to her.

"Her name is or was, I really don't know how to put it, her name is Qhaweka Ourania Ndlovu." I share with the lady and she happily types my paperwork for me. I couldn't be happier with the names that I gave my daughter, she definitely represents them well, she fought and even if the enemy won that battle, she didn't give up, my baby tried to be strong and she fought like a true warrior, I am a proud mother.

I wait outside with my father by my side, I can't imagine if I didn't have all the support that I currently have, I mean I have my father, my sister, Neo and Mbuso's family.

The pain and ache that Mbuso has caused me will never be erased, he has hurt me more than I've ever thought a man would, he has put me through the most. I wish I could say I curse the day that I met him but I do care about him and even if I still love him, I could never allow myself to be with him again no matter what.

They hand my father the death certificate. I can't help but start crying once again, it hurts so badly.

Mrs Zwane holds me and she says nothing, she just consoles me and my broken wounds.

We get to the car and Yiba gives me some water to drink while I calm down.

"Please allow us to in someway contribute, this is our grandchild and we want her to be celebrated as a Mangethe." Just hearing the name Mangethe stresses me out, it just cuts such a deep pain, my sadness gets deeper and deeper.

"I can't tell you where to pitch in baba, I'm just appreciative of everything that you as my parents and my sister have been doing for me and everything you do is just enough." I remind them how grateful I am to have them in my life. "Today I want to finalise everything, I want to bury my child tomorrow or latest the day after, I need to get a beautiful casket for my angel and a tombstone aswell. Baba I don't know, do we still have to buy a cow even if the circumstances are the way that they are?" My sister continues to fan my face, I am so tired and I can't even close my eyes without seeing Philisiwe and just seeing her kicking me again and again even after I begged her to stop.

"Yes I definitely believe that we should definitely get the cow. Let us worry about all of that, I just believe that we should do the important part now, let's go and buy the casket and tombstone please and then you'll go home with Yiba, I have asked uMa'Nyembe to start preparing and your aunt's will be home when you get there. Uluthando needs to just relax, she

shouldn't be working okay?" My father is everything, I just try to imagine my life without him and I'm met with tears, I definitely can't imagine life without him besides both my sister and I sides.

We go to a funeral pala and we choose a cream white casket, it is so tiny, just looking at it, depresses my soul, I can't believe that so many parents go through this pain, so many parents bury their stillborn children, their miscarried children and their day or week old baby.

"I love this one." I let them all know.

"It is so beautiful." I then realise that Yibanathi has been quiet this entire time, I don't even know what to say to her, how do I console her broken heart right now?

I just hold her hand just so her knows we are in this together.

They start to fight us about purchasing it, they want to see the body and all that.

"This is utter nonsense, my daughter is there crying, she just lost our granddaughter, this is highly unprofessional. I want to speak to Khulekani right now." I can hear from his tone that he is mad, Mr Zwane has a short temper.

I can tell that even the consultant got scared for a moment, she leaves shaken and she calls the owner, Mr Zwane is not a man to mess with, he isn't changing his mind, he is sticking to the fact that he wants to speak to this Khulekani person.

They come out together and they greet with a formal hug.

"Is everything okay?" He asks and Mr Zwane keeps a serious face.

"Apparently I can't purchase anything from here, we are in mourning and we are faced with a rude consultant. We are grieving and I trusted this place to give me the best and I'm very disappointed." He tries to keep his cool but he is failing dismally, he is ready to fight some people off.

"Mr Zwane I'm so sorry. This is not how we work here, you know it yourself." Mr Zwane remains calm at his speech.

"I will help you through this, take the casket and I will most definitely give you free catering for they day, you've done business with me and I will not lose a valued business partner like you." The power of having connections and close contacts like him.

"I would appreciate that."

We take the chosen casket

Advertisement

I'm more than willing to pay hefty thousands for my child. The casket costs alot of money, but I will pay it without any hesitation.

Mr Zwane says he will take of it and I'm very appreciative of him and all that he and his wife have been doing for me.

We leave and we go and buy the tombstone, I want everything done today, I don't want any delays.

I see one that looks very beautiful; it is so tiny and it has a teddy bear that has a halo above it, it is absolutely adorable. My father and I will pay for it, I appreciate people contributing but I also want to contribute towards the funeral of my child, I don't want everything being done for me when I'm also capable.

We sign everything and now I am being driven back home. Neo told me that he is already on his way there, I cannot imagine my life without him, he has supported me and been everything that I've needed, I am so thankful to have a best friend, a brother like him.

Mr Zwane got us a private flight back home so we can get there faster.

As soon as I get home, there are already cars parked outside.

We get inside and I'm met with so much love, Zoli is here, my Neo is here, my friends are also here, I mean I am so grateful for this love that I'm experiencing.

My aunts and cousins are also here.

Yiba walks me inside the room and they have already fixed it for us, I'll be sitting in my bedroom. Yiba helps me change, I cover my shoulders and I wrap my head.

Once we are seated, it just hits me, I'm now alone with Yiba who is also very busy, she is working so hard for her baby girl.

"Yibanathi do understand the fact that I killed my child, I agreed to all of this and now, now she took the life of my only child." She pulls me closer and holds me tight. "Qhawe was not killed by you and please bro, please don't blame yourself because there is no possible way that you are at fault, you just wanted to be with the father of your daughter." I hear her words of comfort but it's just not hitting where it needs to hit, I still feel so guilty. "I mean where is he now, he should be here besides me mourning our child together but he is out there living his best life." I share my honest point of view, this is how I seeing it, it hurts so badly.

I keep crying and she helps me through it, it is so painful, I can absolutely not believe the pain the I'm going through right now, I feel like a sinking titanic.

My father finally comes back and they slaughter the cow and they start cooking, Dimpho sits besides me along with my cousin Nonku.

My little baby is there in front of me, her casket is so tiny, it is so heartbreaking.

We finally sleep and we wake up in the morning and we bath and get ready for our day.

Once done with getting ready, we prepare for the service, I am matching with my sister and father, We will have the funeral at the cemetery because of how young she was, it was to be an hour max. We get to the cemetery and I just look at my mother's grave and this pain just gets overwhelming, I am going through the deepest and strangest hurt and pain.

The pastor shared his words and now it's time for the coffin to go down, I take a bouquet of flowers and I hold them close, I want her to always know that her mother loves her no matter what and having her as my best friend was the greatest joy of my life.

They start singing and I move closer, the coffin goes down and I just kneel and I cry. "Qhawe lami, I'm sorry my baby." Small whimpers escape my mouth, I'm going through the most traumatic and most hurtful situation, I can't even describe it.

"I love you, forever and always." I kiss the flowers and I throw them in.

Neo helps me up and he walks me back to the gazebo. "I'm sorry sweetheart, it's going to be okay." I try reassuring my little sister but she is just not okay, she is not even looking at me.

People start leaving and heading back home, I want to ensure that everything is perfect and that the tombstone is properly installed.

"My love you need to head back home, your fathers will take a video for you and you will be able to come back later on to see the tombstone while it is installed."

"Okay ma." Mrs. Zwane helps me up and we leave and we head back home, I can't believe the fact that I am leaving my daughter behind, she is no longer in my belly but she is instead carrying soil ontop of her tiny and fragile body.

God stole from me, he took my greatest possession...

Ulu

Well that day was a success, I'm so grateful that my daughters ceremony went well, she has a beautiful sendoff, one that is fitting of a princess, my warrior; Qhawe lami.

I went to see her grave and wow, it is so beautiful, it shows how much of a calm spirit my warrior had, everything was smooth sailing and I am grateful. Yesterday the Zwane left according to what Zoliswa told me, Philisiwe didn't want the boys to attend the funeral, she said nothing about the Mbuso so I don't know where he stands, his father promised to set things straight and the next time that they come here, they will be doing things the right way because Mbuso and I are not married and that means our child was born out of wedlock, so that means that we must they must bring a peace offering to my family for all of that. I'm so thankful for all the support that I received from Neo and the Zwane family, I couldn't be more grateful for everything that they have done for me, the support that they have given me. Even Mr Dingane was there, I mean how special was Qhawe, my little angel.

I get inside the kitchen and they are preparing breakfast. "May I please speak to you both before everyone starts eating?" I politely ask them and they accept my request, they sit down. "Baba, and my Yiba, I don't know what to say and I don't know

where to begin. Baba I will start with you, I am so sorry Boyabenyathi, I shouldn't listened to you, you told me that this was bad but I never listened, I'm sorry for bring shame upon this family and I'm sorry for bringing so much drama with Mbuso and his wife, I didn't know it at the time, it felt right but now I can feel it, I know that it is wrong, I'm sorry for disobeying your wishes but I'm also grateful and thankful for you, thank you for supporting me and loving your granddaughter, thank you for loving your daughters." I am in literal tears, this has been the toughest season of my life, my father stood by me and I can't thank him enough. "It's okay my daughter, I understand. I do not judge you nor hold it against you, you had to experience it and see it for yourself and I'm sure that Qhawe is happy to have you as a mother and super proud of you, both Qhawe and her beautiful grandmother are proud of you and your sister and I are also proud of the lady that you've become, don't change for anyone my child." I love my father with every single bone that I have, he is my rock, he always has my back no matter what the circumstances are.

"Thank you baby. Yiba I'm sorry, I'm sorry for disappointing you and not leading by example, I'm just sorry for all this baggage. I thank you for everything, you have been there and you never left my side; I love you Mthiyane." She gives me a tight hug.

"I love you sis."

"I also wanted to tell you that I'm leaving, I'm no longer going back to Joburg, I'm not in the correct headspace, I'll stay here for about a week and maybe I'll go to Cape Town with Yibanathi or elsewhere if she feels like I am crowding her space, I need to catch a break." I explain to them and they don't say anything which is perfect.

"Now enjoy your breakfast, I'm going to see my mother and my daughter." I blow them kisses and I drive off, I need to return to car back to the person who bought it for me because his wife made it clear that I'm a gold digger.

I get to the cemetery and I walk to the area where we laid them.

I get to that area and I sit on my mother's tombstone. "Mama, yimi uUluthando, your first daughter. Today I came to see you before there is a lot that I need to say, mama I've done things the wrong way, I've hurt dad and I've disappointed you and the family and for that I'm truly sorry Mtimande, I beg that you don't fight with me yet you protect me from all these worldly dangers." I brush off the dust on her stone, "Na'Ngwenya right next to you, I put to rest my daughter, your granddaughter, do not be shocked and do not be alarmed, this is your own child and uNdlovu has agreed to have her here, beside you both. Her name is Qhawelempi Ndlovu, please welcome her with love." I say goodbye and I leave her there. I sit by my daughter.

"Qhawe, this is your mother Uluthando, you've known me for

all of your existing and I know that you remember all our fun times together. My baby I haven't left you alone, infact I've left you with your heavenly partner, your grandmother sweetheart, I love you so much; soon I'll be leaving and I might not be here for a while but just remember that I love you and I will definitely come back and we will play and chat together." This is way harder than I actually thought it would be.

"Ngiyazi indlela ohambe ngayo injani, I will never forget it and I promise you that oneday she will come back herself and say sorry. I love you nana." I wipe off my tears and I walk back to the car.

When I look back, behind my car there is a very familiar car. I can't believe my eyes right now, I walk towards his car and he looks so defeated.

"I'm here, I also want to bury her, I'm sorry I didn't show up..." has this man gone crazy. There is no baby to bury; we already did that remember, oh sorry you don't because you weren't there for your daughter." I shake my head in disappointment, is this what I fell in love with? "Please don't fight I'm sorry my love, what is her name?" I chuckle, I can't believe this.

"Qhawelempi, that is her name." I open the car. "Baby please forgive me." He kneels down before me and I can't help but just cry. "Don't do that, I'm not your baby, Mbuso this is over. You failed to be there for me and I understood but when you couldn't even bury your own child, you didn't even try, that is

when I realised that you are not worthy of my love and worthy of her love. Mbuso this was never love, I loved you yet you just wanted a hot steamy fuck; what I felt was real and you just wanted to okay around. Leave and enjoy your life with your wife, and today I'm asking the biggest favour out of you please just leave me alone, forget that I ever existed, you may come and talk to your daughter, I will never fight you but please leave me out of it and here take your car keys and the house keys are somewhere else, I will pack my bags and then you can take those too." I move back from him.

"Don't fight me please and we should've seen that this was never going to last and I won't even lie to you, I loved you but you broke me in a way that I never thought was possible. I've always loved you more than you love me and I'm okay with that, I chose it." I shrug.

"Please don't return the things, I'm sorry for all the pain I've caused you."

Doesn't really help me much now. "You are great, you are the best woman and somewhere deep down I've always known that you are too good for. The house and car are in your name, those are our daughter's things and even if she didn't get to see them, I know you'll look after them for her." I nod in agreement.

"I will always love you and deep down I have faith that you will allow me to come back and correct my wrongs Mthiyane." I chuckle softly.

"Don't hold your breath over it, this is where it ends, it was never meant to be. "

Goodbyes always hurt the most but sometimes they are very necessary.

This is the love of my life or was the love of my life and here I am watching him leave my life and I'm not even fighting it.

"Mama Qhawelethu." And those were his last words to me.

.....**The End**.....

Thank you guys for downloading this book from my site please keep visiting <https://novelsguru.com/> for supporting me and also don't forget to share it with your friends.

Dear Friends please download these books direct from <https://novelsguru.com/> bookmark this site for latest African books, and also supporting me Thanks.

For daily latest books please visit <https://novelsguru.com/>

And also visit my Facebook page, and like and share it <https://www.facebook.com/groups/3345453369055623>