

Wigs & Weaves

..... "How far did you think you
could run Dikeledi?".....

A Kelly Mompoti Novel

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 1

"Open your legs. Bula maoto ao Mandu!" I kept hoping my grandmother would come into the bedroom. I knew she had gone to the farm but I always hoped and prayed she would come and save me. A slap lands on my face forcing my eyes open. I had kept them shut hoping he would think I am sleeping and leave me but luck isn't part of the package I received when God made me. Did he even make me? I don't think any creator can allow their creation to go through what I go through. His aged rough hands pry my legs open and he roughly pulls my panty off. The stench that comes from between my legs makes me want to vomit in disgust. Maybe the odour will make him leave me.

Him: (pushed his finger into me) Eses! Do you even bath? I better find you cleaner tomorrow or you will

get it up your a**. Nxla

With that he shoved himself into me. I don't even bother screaming anymore. Houses in our village are far apart from each other. No one would even hear me scream. I closed my eyes and pressed my lips together fighting my body not to react. I have to stay dry. I just have to stay dry. Please don't get wet. If he feels like I am not enjoying myself then he will just cum on my face or my stomach to punish me. I am tired of drinking stameta and going to Mma Tlhong's place for an abortion. I have had five abortions so far. 18 years old but my womb is already a graveyard. My first pregnancy was when I was 13 and had just started getting my period. I had always heard stories about how she helped people get rid of their pregnancies. She was even called a witch for killing unborn children but it's easy to say that when the shoe is on the other foot. I'd steal his money and go to her place for an abortion.

Mma Tlhong wanted to report my grandfather but she feared for her life because he is known to have a 'ha le phirime' (powerful witch doctor) in his back pocket. I never told my grandmother because he beats her too. She wouldn't be able to help me.

The good thing about my old grandfather is he doesn't take long when he is drunk. Just 10 strokes and he is done. Today is one of those days where he smells like a drum of khadi. The stench helps to turn me off. I hate it when I get wet because he thinks it means I am enjoying it. My body's natural reaction during sex tells him that I am enjoying him humping me. He pulls out and his semen plops down on my belly. I get out of bed and clean myself up after he leaves the room. One more night of pain in Dikeledi's life.

My mother died when I was born so her parents brought me to my father's home. Apparently my maternal grandfather wasn't happy about my

mother's pregnancy and wanted nothing to do with me. I went from a grandfather that resented my existence to one that uses me. My father was still a student at the time in UB so I was raised by my grandparents.

My earliest memory of the abuse was feeling a bump when I'd sit on his lap. I was around five years old at the time. He would bounce me around and I would squeal in joy. I didn't know then that he was pleasuring himself. He kept doing it until I was 8 years old. That was when he started going further with me. I slept in the same bed with them so while my grandmother was asleep, he'd touch me and play with my privates. I didn't know it was wrong because he told me it was a game. Penetration started after 3 months of that. That was when my grandmother had just started her business of selling maize. She would go weeks at a time during times of harvest and go even longer to sell the maize in Francistown. I dreaded those times because he made a wife out of me when she wasn't

around. He'd have me serve him naked, clean the house naked and even cook naked. I got burned by phaleche on my stomach once but he didn't care. He still climbed on top of me that night.

I don't see my name Dikeledi as a curse. I feel like it just describes my life. I feel like my mother's parents knew my life was going to be filled with pain so they gave me a name that allowed me to never expect much out of a motherless life. I feel like my life would have been better if my mother was alive. She wouldn't have let me go through all this.

I haven't even seen my father since Christmas. He comes with his wife and children for the holidays and they sleep at my his house. A house two homesteads away that I only see when I am told to go and clean up before they arrive. Whenever I am there, I envision myself with them. Laughing and playing with my brothers and sister. They have two

sons and a daughter plus me it would be a perfect family. I would help babysit and keep the house clean. We'd be so happy together. But unfortunately for me, I have the typical stepmother I have read about in our village's cabin library. I think she would poison me like that one in the dwarf story. Yes snow white. But with my luck, I'd die instead of falling asleep or die while waiting for that true loves kiss nonsense they always talk about. She wants nothing to do with me. She is my father's college sweetheart. I guess they met after I was born or even before. Who knows with these men....

I don't know when I fell asleep. I am roused by feeling him on top of me again. It must be morning. This is what he does when it's just us. He gets some at night and wakes me with his shriveled limp dick in the morning before I go to school. I open my eyes when he coughs on my face with boozed up morning breath.

Grandfather: Mandu open your legs mahn. You better not repeat yesterday's nonsense. I am putting it in your a** if you don't get wet because o a bo o mpolaya kana. (you will be hurting me)

Me: I have to go to school ntate.

Grandfather: (slaps me) Don't start with me today. Don't!

I don't know why I even bother. He always gets his way. He once brought a knife when I resisted. It's not worth it to even try. When he was done, I got out of bed and went to bath. I can't walk properly anymore. My yoni hurts and itches all the time.

I get to school just as the bell rings. I can't run to class because I look awkward when I run. I get to class and the frowning starts. The girl whose desk is by the door pinches her nose before I even get

into the class.

Girl: khu! O tsile mma sebodu! J eez! (the stinky girl has come)

I used to cry when they started bullying me but I don't anymore. It's part of me now. I walk to my desk at the far end. My legs get so heavy whenever I walk into this classroom.

Monitress: Ae! Moving her to the back of the class was a mistake! She passes by and dooms the whole class ka di tshwang! Dudu you are going to have to let her sit by the door.

Girl 2: Next to who? I not sitting next to Mmas ebodu nna. If Dudu moves I am following her.

The whole class laughs as I finally take my seat and

keep my legs closed. The tears are burning my eyes but I won't let them fall. Not today. I put my bag down and put my head on the desk.

Boleng: (pats my back) Don't let them get to you Dikeledi. You give them power over you if you do.

This girl irritates me so much. She is new so that's how she ended up next to me. She is a nurses daughter who just moved to our village when her mother was transferred here.

Boleng: I was talking to my mum about you and she was asking me if you are... Umm...you know, sexually active?

I jerk my head up and look at her with piercing rage and hiss as I speak.

Me: What did you say to me?

Boleng: (unnerved) No I just meant that maybe...

Me: that maybe I am a whore who sleeps around?
What? So you and your mother talk about the village
whore that smells like a trash can? O ntlwaela tota
Boleng. You need to mind you own business little
girl.

She is actually my age mate but no one in this class
can match me for life experiences if you ask me.

Boleng: I didn't mean to offend you Dikeledi. My
mum just thought you could get treated if it's an STI.

Teacher: (hitting the door with a stick) Heelang ma
5G! Do you wake up in the morning just to come
and make noise? What is wrong with you people?

Where are your books?

Everyone is now shuffling around taking their books out or trying to look busy. Our class teacher's lash is brutal and no one wants to feel it on their derriere. I reach for my Maths book and go over my home work again but I can't help but think about Boleng's words. Could all this stink be because of an STI? What do I know? I am just a village girl who has had to grow up quickly without knowledge of how to survive the hand I'm being dealt. I am consumed by these thoughts when I hear my name being called.

Teacher: Dikeledi Supang! You are needed in the counselors office.

The class starts snickering and turning their heads to look at me. I roll my eyes and stand up. Oh no. I stood up too quickly. There is a wave of odor. I can smell it so why is Boleng smiling as if she can't? Mxm I hate pretentious people. I walk up to the door

and my classmates start their usual song and dance again. They keep making sounds of disgust as I pass by.

Teacher: Hey lona! Stop it before I start whipping all of you!

I pass by him and walk to the counselors office. I knock once and enter after she tells me to come in and take a seat.

Her: How are you Dikeledi?

Me: (with folded arms) I am fine. What am I doing here?

Her: Please relax and feel free. This is a safe space.

Me: I am relaxed.

Her: (looked at my arms) Are you sure?

I exhale and roll my eyes while releasing my arms and lean back. I want this to end so it's best I cooperate.

Her: I am Mrs Thutlwa. I called you in here to talk to you. Are you OK? Is everything fine at home?

Me: (apprehensively) ma'am what do you mean?

Her: It has been brought to my attention that you might not be well so I called you in to address that. I need to know if you are being hurt by anyone so I can help you.

Me: What exactly did you hear about me? What did they say? And what makes you think I'm being hurt?

Her: Dikeledi, that isn't important right now. Many people are concerned about you. That's why they came to see me because I am equipped to handle such matters.

Me: (chuckled) what matters are those exactly? I am not an orphan on social welfare so what do you want from me? My grandparents make sure I have everything I need for school so as you can see, (motion to my clothes) I don't have a torn uniform that could suggest poverty or did they tell you that I probably don't bath? I bath every chance I get. What am I supposed to do if this odor is stuck on me? I don't bother anyone in this school but I get bullied every day by people who live with their parents and don't understand what kind of life I live. If you don't want me in your school please tell me so I go. Its

not like I am going to pass form 5 anyway so maybe it is better we all cut our losses.

I didn't realize I was crying until I felt a tear drop on my hand. I quickly wiped my face and stood up.

Her: Dikeledi please sit down. I want us to address whatever is making you say others live better lives than you.

Me: (shaking my head) Talking won't help someone like me. It is pointless. Now if you don't mind, I'd like to make the shameful trip back to my desk and stay there until school is out. My only request is that you let me be otherwise you will never see me here again.

I walked out while she kept calling my name. I am not going back in there. They will never understand what I go through anyway. I go back to class and

endure the day as I always do.

On my way home, I decide to pass by the clinic. Maybe that pest might be right. Maybe this is an STI. I don't even remember the last time I opened my legs and it didn't smell like death down there. I go home and get my card and walk to the clinic. I then sit in a very short queue. The mistake most people make in villages is to wake up very early to get to the clinic. That's when you find everyone and their goat coming for consultation. But if you go in the afternoon just before they close, you will even find the place empty at times. My turn finally comes and I awkwardly walk into the consultation room and I immediately regret coming in here. It's Boleng's mother. Of all the nurses, she had to be the one on duty today. I sit down and decide to get it over with.

Nurse: How are you? Can I have your card.

I pass it over to her and she skims over it. Nothing to see there, just flu shots and stuff. Nothing compared to what brings me here today.

Nurse: OK. So what brings you here Dikeledi?

Me: (shift uncomfortably) umm...I...Ah I think I should just go.

Nurse: there is no need for that. Just feel free. Whatever you say in this room stays here.

This is the second time I am being told to relax in one day. Maybe I am too tense. But who can blame me when I'm always expecting my body to get invaded all the time?

Me: (breathing out) I have been feeling itches inside my vagina for a very long time. And it smells

bad. I also have a lot of discharge. I guess that's why it smells.

She nods her head and takes notes while I talk.

Nurse: OK. What colour is the discharge and when did the symptoms start.

Me :(looked at the ceiling) Ah I don't even know. It has been maybe a year, but it has gotten worse now because people can smell it even when I walk by. The discharge is sometimes brown but it's has been green and thick lately.

Nurse: (frowned) Ao Dikeledi. Why would you wait so long to come for treatment?

Me: (shrugged) I didn't know I needed treatment.

Nurse: when was the last time you had sexual intercourse?

That question took me by surprise. She didn't even ask if I am sexually active. She just jumped into it. I feel my throat dry up and my palms begin to sweat. How do I answer this question without getting in trouble? What if my grandfather kills me for this?

Me: (with a raspy voice) I...I have never had sex.

Lying will do that to you. I don't even know where the raspiness came from in my voice. She looked at me with knowing eyes and leaned back in her chair.

Nurse: Dikeledi. I have been a nurse for 19 years now. I know sexually transmitted diseases when I hear of them and what you have described is exactly that. I need you to be honest with me so I can help you. Imagine I give you a treatment for a

yeast infection which by the way is less serious than what you have. Imagine I treat you for that and nothing changes because the bacteria isn't the same and you get worse. All that just because you want to lie about being sexually active. There are people your age with two children by now so don't be embarrassed and tell me the truth so I can help you.

My chair is burning me. If only she knew I had five children in Mma Tlhong's pit latrine. I haven't said anything yet and she is looking at me waiting for me to speak.

Nurse: Tell me what happened Dikeledi.

Don't forget to like and comment. Please visit the page to catch up with the story as we are a couple

of inserts ahead. Welcome to the family

WIGS AND WEAVES

Insert 2

I sat in silence for a good five minutes before I spoke. I'd hoped she'd let it be and change the topic but that was clearly not going to happen anytime soon. I don't want to put anyone's life in danger. My grandfather is very cruel and I don't want anyone hurt at my expense. I sighed and looked at my feet.

Me: All I am prepared to say to you is yes I have had sex. Now how will you help me.

I could see she wanted to ask more but decided against it. I didn't know nurses can be so invasive.

Nurse: OK.. How many sexual partners do you have?

Me: one.

I hate that he is regarded as my partner. Partnership requires participation from both parties. I don't participate at all. He once forced me to get on top of him but I just sat there doing nothing so pushed me off of him. I wasn't going to give him the pleasure of thinking I want to have sex with him.

She continued with her unending and embarrassing questions and when she was done, she finally gave me my card with a prescription and told me to go into the next room for an injection. I hate injections with a passion but what choice do I have? If it means I will get to walk around freely without fear of smelling like a mortuary then that will be a relief. Her last words before dismissing me left me numb. She told me to condomise from now on to avoid re-infection. How do you tell a victim of rape to

condomise? Am I supposed to put it on him? How?

I walked to the next room with my head hanging low from the feeling of defeat. Is it even worth it to get this God forsaken injection if I am just going to end up here again? I walk in anyway and just grin and bear the injection before collecting a thousand pills that I am supposed to finish at the same time after a meal. What kind of cruelty is this? I keep counting them over and over again as I walk out of the clinic.

A box on the table by the door gets my attention. There are condoms. One of them is unopened and is written female condoms. I have read about those in school. I should take them. I look around to make sure no one sees me. Imagine the shame that would come if my classmates found out I use condoms. Most of them are still virgins. This is a village after all so you find that most of us leave this place as naive girls who have never seen a man naked until we get to the city. I see that no one is

coming so I quickly shove the box in my bag. Clearly no one takes them so I am guessing no one needs them like I do.

I walk out feeling confident that I am taking some power back. If I can't say an audible no then at least I can protect myself because I know how telling that old geaser to put on a condom would go. He'd probably tie me up like he does when I try to fight him which would mean he can come an have sex with me anytime. I once missed school because my hands were tied to the window bars and legs to the foot of the bed. My grandfather is in his early 70's but he is quite strong. Mma Tlhong believes his witch doctor has something to do with it. I just think the devil doesn't age.

When I get home, I am surprised to see my grandmother in the kitchen serving food. I wasn't expecting her until next week so I am overjoyed that she is here. I jump and hug her so tight that she

laughs.

Me: Mama what are you doing here? I thought you said you will be gone for two weeks. I came here after school and didn't see you. Did you just arrive?

Her: yes I have been here for an hour. I had to come back because Rraagwe Joe is coming today. They called me last night saying they are coming for a visit so I had to rush back here. We were not expecting them until independence so I wonder what surprise they are talking about.

Me: Surprise?

Her: Oh yes. I didn't tell you. He said they have a surprise for us. You will have to run and clean the house before they arrive my child. I put your food in a container so you can eat there.

Me: (smiling) OK mama. Let me go and change first.

I rush off to my room to change my uniform. I am so excited to hear that my father is coming. Maybe the surprise is that they are taking me with them to Gaborone. Imagine how that would be! I'd be free of him. I'd finally be happy. I don't care what my step mother could put me through because nothing can be worse than this. I take the box of condoms out and shove them at the back of my wooden wardrobe. I think I will just throw them away on my way to school tomorrow. I mean I am going to Gaborone after all. I am sure that's their surprise. I squeal in excitement as I wear my jeans and tshirt. I hate wearing dresses and skirts because of my grandfather's perverted looks when he sees my legs. OK none of that now Diks. All this is about to end anyway. I think to myself as I walk out of my room.

My grandmother is waiting for me by the door with a plastic. I understand why. It's already almost 6pm

and they usually arrive here around 730 or 8pm so I have to hurry off. She tells me my Grandfather went to slaughter a goat for tomorrow. I honestly don't care where he is as long as it's no where near me. I wish I could tell my grandmother what he does to me. I know she could probably tell my father so he helps me but that would put her life at risk.

I walk off to my father's house to clean it up after having my meal and taking the horrid pills. It is a bigger house than ours and I am always spent after cleaning all the dust that gathers after months of not being used. Once I am done cleaning, I walk back home under the moonlight. The village is always so quiet and peaceful at night that you'd swear the people were also at peace but my life has taught me that behind those closed doors, there might be pain. You never know unless you are a fly on the wall of their homes.

I see the tail lights as I walk towards my

grandmother's yard. They just drove in! They are here! I run the rest of the way. I get to them just as they open their doors. My father first. I greet him and shake his hand. He does the same with a stern look on his face. I am not used to him but I guess he must be that kind of person that doesn't joke around. You know, strict. Two of the children pile out and I greet them all with a warm smile. I want to ask my father if they are here to take me but I will wait. I notice that his wife isn't in the car and my little sister isn't there either. My grandparents come out of the house just as I am about to ask where they are. Greetings are exchanged and just then a bright light appears. It's a car making its way in. I didn't close the gate because I know they will obviously drive to their house and sleep there. Maybe they will take me with tonight. I have always wanted to sleep there.

The car drives in and my father starts to smile.

Grandfather: Who is that now? Their lights are too bright.

Father: Lets wait and see.

Grandmother: where is your wife and Sasa?

He just smiles as the car stops a few feet away from us. The lights go off and that's when we see who it is. Sasa runs out of the car jumping in excitement.

Sasa: Nkuku! Bona koloi! It's your car! Come and drive it and see.

Mmaagwe Joe: (closed the door) Sasa bathong! I told you know to say anything until papa says it.

Sasa: (covering her mouth) Sorry daddy. I was too excited. You didn't tell them?

Grandmother: Tell us what? What is going on?

My father took the keys from his wife and dangled them before giving them to my grandfather.

Father: Mmaagwe Joe and I decided to buy our parents cars. We got a mortgage and decided to spare a little for you. We thought this van would come in handy at the farm because that one is always dying and costing you money.

My grandmother breaks into ululation while my grandfather seems too stunned to speak. All the while I am just standing there asking myself why he gets a gift. How does an animal like him get rewarded?

Grandfather: wow! I don't even know what to say. I wasn't expecting this at all. I even thought maybe you are coming to take Mandu.

They just laugh. I don't know if the laughter is from excitement or from finding the idea of taking me with them ridiculous. I hope it's not the latter. I can't lose hope now. My grandparents rush to the car and get in to look at it. You can see how excited they are.

Grandfather: (rolls the window down) your mother will use the Hilux alone from now on. Ke ya gagwe (it's hers) I have a new car nna.

He starts revving the car and whistling making everyone laugh. I am just cold honestly. He doesn't deserve to be happy. I hope the bloody thing kills him.....

oo oo

I wake up the next morning feeling refreshed. I don't mean to sound presumptuous but I think the treatment is working. I feel different today. I smile in excitement of the changes happening in my life. I am a few days away from a healthy reproductive system and on top of that, I am well on my way to a happier and abuse free life.

I jump out of bed and clean up my room before going to wash up in the bathroom. It's only after that I go clean the house and venture to make breakfast before my father and his family come and join us for breakfast. They usually come around 8am. We usually eat motogo but I am sure mama wouldn't mind me using some of her eggs. She sells eggs and chickens too. I will make those and fry gizzards too. I am just salivating at the thought.

I am in the middle of breaking the tenth egg when

she walks in with her hands on her head.

Her: Heh badimo ba nts ets e! Mandu what are you doing? Those eggs are for customers!

Me: (smiling) Ao mama. I thought you wouldn't mind me frying them for breakfast since Rraagwe Joe and everyone will be joining us for breakfast.

Her: (shaking her head and exhaling) Dikeledi, those people left around 5am. They said they had to go and give Mmaagwe Joe's parents their car before the weekend is over.

The spoon just fell from my hands. Much like all the hope I had for escaping this hell. Tears just welled up before I could fight them. Blinking just made them run down my face as I stare at her waiting for her to tell me it's a joke. That's all I want to hear right now but instead she just frowns.

Her: What's wrong now? Why are you crying?

Me: (stuttering) I...I...I just thought that maybe they also came to get me like Ntate said. I thought they would finally let me live with them.

Her: (shaking her head) Mandu, how many times do I have to tell you to get that idea out of your head? I have already tried talking to MmaJoe about taking you in after they had been married for 5 years and she told me she wasn't comfortable with the idea because step mothers are always labeled as wicked even when they are just reprimanding bad behavior so she doesn't want to risk anything happening to you then she gets accused for hurting you. If someone says that you have to know they will never accept you. Just focus on school ngwanaka and pass. You are writing your exams in three months then you can go to UB next year and live your life to the fullest.

I can't even return the smile she has on right now. The tears just won't stop. I sometimes wonder if she would force my father to take me if she knew what I go through everyday she isn't here. Yeah let me tell her. Maybe they will come back and get me.

Me: (sniffling) mama I have to tell you some...

I smell him first before seeing him so I quickly wipe my tears and keep quiet.

Grandfather: Mmaagwe David, I am going to the butcher to sell the goat. (he looks at me) Why is she crying?

The goat is just an excuse for him to show the new car off.

Grandmother: Richete she is right here. Ask her.

He does this all the time. He always talks past me or about me as if I am not in the room whenever people are around. I don't know if it's his way of covering his tracks so that no one believes me if I speak up. Maybe I should have kept one of his demons so everyone can see him for what he is. I want to see myself out of this place. That's all I want now. I need to leave this place. He takes her hand and walks out with her. I guess he wants her to go with him. He must have sensed my intentions.

I sink down to the floor and breathe out loud. This cannot be all there is to life. Lehatshe Ema ke hologe.

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100 comments and 40 shares please

[08/31, 17:31] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 3

How on earth am I going to make it to school in this rain? I groan and drag myself out of bed after looking out the window. It has been raining all month and it's so wet outside. I hate rain. The only upside of the rainy season is that my grandmother doesn't go to the farm which was a saving grace seeing as schools just opened today. If it wasn't for the rain, I would have been miserable this whole month.

After getting ready for school, I make my way to the kitchen to eat my porridge. I am practically inhaling it because I am running late. My grandmother finds me washing my plate by the sink when she comes in.

Gran: Mandu hurry up so I can drop you off. It's too muddy for you to walk.

I wear a huge smile on my face when she solves two of my problems. Being late on my first day and getting wet and muddy. Ever since I got treated for the STI, those demons I attend class with haven't had anything negative to say about me so I don't need to give them one. I wipe the plate and put it away before grabbing my bag on the table.

Me: thank you mama. Let's go. I am done.

Gran: (laughing) people like cars.

We got into the car and drove out while she played her usual gospel songs. The one she is playing now is one of her favorites I don't get why because it hasn't worked for her.

Gran: (singing along) Otlolola atla sa gago Morena

Ama pelo yaaka

Busetsa tsotlhe mo mannong

OH oh oh

Le nna ke ikutshe

Oh oh oh

Le nna ke ikhuts e

Ke itumele

Ka bo tshela jame

Ke itumele ka malatsi otlhe

Busetsa tsotlhe mo mannong

Oh oh oh

Le nna ke ikhuts e

Oh oh oh

Le nna ke ikhuts e

The song keeps playing and she sings along till I see a tear fall. She quickly wipes it away and smiles.

Gran: I honestly can't wait for this rain to pass. I hear it will be gone by tomorrow so I will be able to go to the farm this weekend.

Me: (sighed) mama why do you always go to the farm? Can't you get someone to help you?

Gran: (looked at me then back at the road) Mandu I have told you this before. People steal. I have to go and do things myself.

Me: (look out the window) so why doesn't Ntate go with you?

Gran: Because of his commitments here. You

know Chief advisors stay in the village.

Yes, he is a chief advisor. I don't know what advice he can possibly offer the chief. I am sure his own 25 year old son can offer better advice than that pig.

Me: OK then can I visit Boleng when you leave?

Gran: I will be gone for a week Mandu. You can't go and stay with people for a whole week.

Me: She is the one who invited me saying we will study for our exams. We are starting in two weeks mama and I need all the help I can get.

Gran (groans) I will have to talk to your grandfather.

Me: (quickly) No mama please don't. He will say no.

Gran: why?

Me: (got tongue tied) Be...Because...Because he wouldn't want to have to cook for himself for a whole week. You know how he is.

I slumped back on the chair feeling relieved that I came up with a good reason.

Her: so you want me to do something you know very well my husband wouldn't be happy about? Is that a Christian thing to do Mandu?

I just look out the window feeling defeated. My grandmother is a devoted Christian who only misses church when she is at the farm. She makes me go with her but I am yet to believe her God actually exists. How is a woman like her married to an antagonistic, chauvinistic sexist beast like that if

there is a God? Where is He when this man is
pounding fists into her like a bowl of dough? Where
is He when that pedophile first climbed into my bed?
I just go with her to church to amuse her but you
can miss me on those lies.

She must have noticed I was deep in thought
because she tapped my thigh.

Me: Mma?

Her: Where were you just now?

Me: just thinking.

Her: (sighed deeply) ok fine. You can go.

I start clapping my hands excitedly.

Her: (raised her finger) on the condition ...on the condition that her mother is fine with it.

Me: OK. I will let her know so she can call you.

Her: The only reason why I am agreeing to this is because you have never asked me before and I want you to be happy and stress free when you write. I know it must mean something to you if you asked me. I will take whatever consequences that come with this.

Me: what do you mean mama?

Her: (stopped the car by the gate) nothing run in before the bell goes off. Don't forget your umbrella.

I don't like this look on her face. I know for a fact

that she doesn't know what I go through so why did she say what she just said?

Me: mama...

Her: Go Mandu. You will be late.

I frown as I open the door. I walk to class with a lot on my mind but relief washes over me as I recall the acceptance of my request. It was a long shot but she said yes. I am sure Boleng will be pleased. She and I became unlikely friends over the past few months. I refused to tell her anything about my STI but it gets awkward when I am around her mom. She tries to make me comfortable and I appreciate the fact that she didn't tell Boleng but I can't help feeling shame. I hear her calling from behind.

Boleng: Diks! Diks!

I turn around and wait for her as she sprints over. She holds her knees and breathes in and out trying to catch her breath.

Boleng: do you have any idea how long I have been calling you? J eez Diks.

Me: (laughing) sorry. I didn't hear you.

Boleng: ah mma. You and your thoughts... You think like someone who has bills to pay but no coin in her account.

Me: (shrugging) you never know. Maybe I owe a machonisa.

Her: (standing straight) yeah right.

We then walk to class as I prepare to share the good news with her.

Me: I spoke to my gran and she says I can come over to your house when she goes to the farm next week.

Her: As in the whole week?

Me: (shrugging) if you don't mind.

Her: of course I don't mind! I'll let my mum know.

Me: are you sure she won't mind?

Her: Heela my mum is cool. She knows we have exams coming up so she will be happy to see me studying with someone instead of watching TV.

I smile and take my seat next to her.

Girl: You guys are always so sure of yourselves. Dikeledi upgraded herself ka the nurses daughter and she now thinks she has also lived in Gaborone. Heela mma! You are still the girl who killed her mother and got abandoned by her father. O mono hela tlhemma. Get off your high horse.

My throat instantly dries up and I start choking. I wasn't expecting to hear anything she just said. How do you say an innocent baby killed her own mother? I feel the tears burning the back of my eyes and I have not stopped looking at her in shock.

Boleng: how damaged are you that you have to say such evil things? Are you dead inside? Who ever talks about how your mother has ten children with ten men? Or how you sleep with the security guard

at the Speak Easy? You like making us say things we never meant to say Motlalepula. You can be so boring waitse.

Motlalepula looks like she was caught with her skirt up as people start laughing and whistling.

Goy: (laughs) ah ah Go a quizanwa?

Boleng: You like to dish it but can't eat it. Keep to your little shack sex stories with your minions and leave us out of it OK mosadi wa les churithi.

The whole class explodes with laughter as Motlalepula gives us death stares. Boleng's verbal diarrhea actually put a smile on my face. No one ever stands up to Motlalepula so I think she will still need to do a whole lot of recuperating.

Me: You are so raw Boleng.

Her: Don't even act like you didn't like it.

I chuckle before Mr Murupisi makes his famous entrance into the class. I am pretty sure this man dreams about hitting the door with his stick to silence us every night. Maybe it's his ritual who knows? Added to being our class teacher, he also teaches us Mathematics. He came to answer any questions we have leading to the exam before our reading week.

Mr Murupisi: (placing his books on the table) I really hope I will be invigilating a Maths paper. I have even fasted for it. I want to see your eyes as regret washes over you for all this time you are wasting. A form 5 class that is left with two weeks to write should be silent. If you are not reading then you should be praying or talking to your ancestors. I see that you think BGCSE is chicken livers. Ha re its e.

He then turns to the board and starts writing down some sums. He left me feeling some type of way because I personally haven't been invested in my academics. I know the common cliché that someone like me is usually determined and works hard in school so they can get out of their current situation but I am the opposite of that. I simply don't care about anything. I don't see any future. Nothing. All this is just compulsory for me. I know I won't go anywhere in life so why should I even bother?

Boleng: (whispers) heela don't forget Mrs Thutlwa was looking for you on the last day of school.

Me: (whispered back) I haven't changed my mind about that Boleng. I am not going there. Teachers like gossip. Ha go na counseling ya sepe! (she doesn't actually want to counsel me) she just wants data for their staff room lunches. I am not going to-

Mr Morupisi: Hey lona back benchers! Is this your class? Do we share a salary?

I hadn't even seen him turn around. The class starts laughing at us.

Mr Morupisi: You have been warned.

He turned back to the board and begins to explain the sums. I hate school.

oooo oooo

The sky has really cleared up now. I guess gran was right about the rain passing. I get home to find only my grandmother's car parked by the house. I guess he is at a Kgotla meeting or something. I walk into the house and walk around looking for my grandmother. I find her in her room crying.

Me: (kneeling next to her) Mama what's wrong?
Why are you crying?

Her: (forces a smile) how was school?

Me: Mama why are you crying?

Her: I was just praying my child. Listen. I decided to go to the farm today.

Me: (panicking) what? Why?

Her: (caressing my cheek) Let me finish. I have to go early. I spoke to Boleng's mother and asked her if you can go there today so you can start studying and she said she doesn't mind at all because Boleng is always bored and alone. She said she will pass by to get you when she knocks off. I have

packed your bags already. You can check if I have left anything.

Confusion is riddling my mind. I don't understand anything she is saying. Why would she want me to go there an extra week when she was skeptical about it before?

Me: Mama what is going on kante?

Just then we hear a hooter outside. She stands up and fixes her doek.

Her: That must be her. Go and get your bags Dikeledi. You are going.

I just follow her to my room and she helps me carry a bag. This isn't two weeks worth of luggage. What is going on here? We find Boleng's mother by the

door when we open it. I guess she was just about to knock on it.

Boleng's mum: Dumelang. I came as soon as I knocked off. I hope I didn't keep you waiting long.

Gran: Not at all. She just got here. Thank you so much for this. You are an answered prayer to me. Dikeledi never had friends before so I never knew what to do when I went to the farm. (she tears up) I never wanted to leave her alone but I didn't have a choice. Thank you so much.

Boleng's mum: It's my pleasure Mme. I am happy to help and Boleng never stops talking about her.

We are loading the last bag in the boot when my grandfather's car drives into the yard. The panicked look on Gram's face tells me this wasn't part of the plan. What exactly is going on here?

Please like, comment and tag.

To our new readers,

Welcome to our little nest. We get two inserts a day.
One at 1pm and another at 11pm. Enjoy

[08/31, 17:31] : *Unedited*

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 4

You know that silence that makes people say the devil is passing by or that someone just walked over their grave? That's what you would swear is

happening here. Immediately my gran saw Ntate she went mute. Boleng's mother who was clearly none the wiser closed her boot and approached my grandfather to shake his hand after he had parked his car. He returns the handshake and looks at us with his hands on his waist.

Him: what is going on here?

I am not entirely sure what is going on myself. But I do know that I want to leave.

Gran: Um... This is Mma Marumo. Her daughter is Mandu's friend. They want to prepare for their exams together so she is going there.

He wears a deep frown on his forehead and looks at me then for the first time, addresses me in front of people.

Him: You can't study at home?

I look at my feet unsure of what to say. In as much as he never addresses me, I never speak to him unless I am protesting what he is doing or wants to do. I never look at his face because it's a thing of my nightmares. I start to twiddle my thumbs searching for an answer to give him.

Mrs Marumo: Ah you know how students are malome. My daughter has also been begging for her to come because tgry study well together.

Grandfather; Kante ware o mang wena? (And who did you say you are?)

Her: Mrs Marumo.

Grandfather: I heard your name. My point is I don't

know you so I don't know why I would give my son's daughter to a total stranger. What will I say to him if something happens to her?

Mrs Marumo looks at my grandmother uncomfortably.

Mrs Marumo : Should I go?

Me: No! Please don't leave me. I want to go with you.

Ntate: And who do you think will cook for me while your grandmother is gone?

Gran: (with teary eyes) We can go together. Please let her go Richete. She has to pass her exams.

He looked at Mrs Marumo and gave her a tight

smile. My grandfather is very pretentious and never wants to air his dirty linen in public. He wants to be seen as the community leader he pretends to be which is why his response didn't shock me.

Ntate: Ok. If you have all agreed, then who am I to disagree. Children are after all the future of this country.

He then walks into the house and my gran and I have a sigh of relief simultaneously.

Mrs Marumo: Heh banna. That was heavy.

She then laughs to lighten the mood. I look at my gran and the look on her face makes me hesitant to leave her. What if he beats her up after I leave? I would never forgive myself.

Me: Mmaagwe Boleng , I think I should just stay here. I will come to study in the mornings and return in the evenings.

My grandmother quickly turns me to face her.

Gran: Mandu waaka, I need you to go right now. You staying here will not help you. I want you to go and focus on passing your form 5. I want to see myself driving you to Francistown to put you on a bus to Gaborone. That's all I want from you right now. For you to leave this village and never look back.

She has tears in her eyes and I feel mine too. She is right. I need a better environment to be able to study better.

Me: OK Mama. Please let me know when you come back so I come home.

Her: (smiles) I will. Take this.

She pulls one of her phones out of her pocket.

Her: Keep it so we can be talking while you are there.

I smoke and hug her.

Me: Thank you so much mama!

Ntate would never let her get me a phone. He'd say phone's are a distraction and promote dating at a young age. I hug her again excitement.

Gran: Ok that's enough now. I don't want us to delay Mma Marumo. Get in the car. (to Boleng's mum)
Thank you so much once again and I am so sorry for what just happened.

Her: oh don't worry about it. I know how men can be.
That's why I never got married.

They laugh a bit as we climb into the car.

Gran: please look after her. She looks strong but she is a child carrying the weight of the world on her shoulders.

I don't know what she means. Could my gran have found out about the abuse? Is that why she was crying when I got home? I want ask her but the car drives out and all I can do is look out the window and wave back at her.

I start to feel lighter as we lose view of the house. I can't believe I am actually out of that house. I know it's just for two weeks but it's still something.

Boleng's mum : What was that all about Diks?

Me: Ah nothing. J ust family issues that I wouldn't want to bore you with.

We then drive in silence listening to the radio until we get to the nurses houses opposite the clinic. When we arrive, we find Boleng cooking supper. The aroma in the house tells a tale of herbs and spices that make my mouth water. It's only then that I remember that I haven't even eaten. All that drama made me forget to eat.

Boleng's mum: B.! We have a visitor!

Boleng: (shouts from the kitchen) who is it?

Boleng's mum : Heelang! Is this a chicken barn?

Can you come here!

I am just smiling at this exchange. I am not used to this kind of environment. Boleng's mum had her when she was 18. You can even mistake them for sisters because they look so much alike. Boleng always tells me about the things they talk about and I can't imagine talking to my mother like that. If she was alive that is. But what do I know? Maybe that's how mothers and daughters relate. She finally comes out of the kitchen and the look on her face is just priceless when she spots my luggage.

Boleng : Is this for real? Are you here to stay?

Me: Yes I am.

She starts clapping her hands on excitement and gives me a hug.

Her: I can't believe it! I am so happy. Let's go and cook together Ebile.

Boleng's mum : heh! She just got here! As he isn't cooking anything. Go and finish cooking ngwanyana.

Boleng: ah mama mma. Fine let's go and chat while you watch me slave away.

Her mother laughs at her display and walks off with my luggage.

oooo oooo

School was so much fun today. We only had three teachers who came in and the rest of the time was spent on chatting. Boleng and I would laugh and make jokes about the movies we were watching

yesterday. Her mother allowed us that one night of freedom and said it all ends this morning.

When we get home, I fkd three missed calls from my grandmother. I try to return the call but it goes yo voicemail. Boleng must have noticed the worry on my face.

Boleng: What's wrong?

Me: I don't know. I missed my grandmother's calls and her phone is now off. Legale I will keep trying. If I don't hear from her in an hour then I'll walk home go and see her.

Her: OK I'll go with you....

We had just started eating when her mum comes in.

Boleng's mum: Oh thank God you are here! Dikeledi we have to go. Your grandmother needs to see you.

I quickly put my plate down sensing the seriousness in her tone.

Me: See me where? Where is she? What's wrong?

Her: She is at the clinic. Let's go.

I am trying to tell myself not to panic but it's clearly not working because I am walking out the gate with different flip flops on. Boleng is on my tail as I speed walk to the clinic. There are a thousand and one scenarios running through my head right now. I keep imaginong the worst and scolding myself for it.

Boleng's mum leads us to the ward and my palms begin to sweat. I thought she had come for consultation. I didn't think she was admitted.

I wasn't prepared for what I am seeing. She has a bandage around her right eye and her lips are swollen. My legs won't move. I want to rush to her side but I am still in the same spot. Boleng's mum then takes my hand and walks to the bed. Tears start falling from her eyes as soon as she sees me.

Gran: Oh my child please forgive me. I am sorry for failing you all your life! I failed to protect you from that monster. Please forgive me Dikeledi.

Like comment and share please babadi

[08/31, 17:31] : Mini insert

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 5

My grandmother has been crying non stop and I am honestly just waiting for her to tell me what she means. Boleng's mum gives her a glass of water to calm her down and after what seems like forever, she finally stops crying and wipes her tears carefully so she doesn't hurt her eye.

Boleng's mum: You need to calm down Mma David. Your BP is too high and your lung injury is dangerous. You can't get overworked like this.

Gran: I have truly failed you my child. You had no mother to protect you or father to care for you. I tried to protect you. He...He...He said he would kill you. I didn't know what to do.

I am just too gobs macked to even say anything right now. All I know is my grandmother isn't

actually telling me she knew I was getting raped. She can't be saying that.

Gran: I regret ever marrying that man. His witch doctor killed my father to force me to marry him. He told me that if I don't marry him he would do the same to my mother. I was too scared to refuse him after that. I just married him but I have never loved him. He is a monster. When you were brought to us as a baby, I tried telling your grandparents to keep you and we will take care of you while you are living with them but your grandfather refused and said they will not carry the burden of raising a child that killed their daughter. I didn't know then that he was going to use you but I was scared because I knew how evil he was and I didn't want you near him.

This has to be a dream. There is no way this is real. Is she saying she knew? It isn't sinking in yet. I don't think she knew. There's no way she knew.

Gran: The first time I saw what he was doing was when you were 8 years old. I was bathing you and noticed a tear on the lips of your vagina and some blood on your panty. I couldn't believe it at all. I cried so hard when I realized that he had raped you. I don't know if you remember me asking you if he touches your nunu and you nodded your head.

I don't even remember this. This is all too much for me. I just sink to the floor and hold my head. I can't believe she knew. She knew this whole time. She knew. I can't even cry. I just feel numb.

Boleng's mum: Should we leave you two to talk?

Gran: (sniffling) No please stay. I want you to hear it too.

She wipes her tears again and tried to sit up which causes her to wince in pain.

Boleng's mum : (assists her) don't move too much.
A rib fracture is slow to heal if you disturb it.

Wow.. So he fractured her rib and damaged her lungs on top of everything? I want to show concern but it's not an easy feat right now.

Gran: (exhales deeply) I went to the Kgotla to report him because back then the police station was too far since we didn't have a car. I reported him and when he found out he beat me up all over my body and told me to go and tell them I had made a mistake or he would kill you. He made sure he didn't injure my face. This is the first time that he had beat me in a way that people can see. I went to the Kgotla and told the chief I had made a mistake. I told him your panty had irritated you. I was scolded for accusing a man of his status and was told to pay a fine of two goats to the Kgotla for wasting their time and defaming one of their officers. I just

did what they asked of me and your grandfather was off the hook. Just like that. I have lived with the guilt of knowing what happens to you whenever I am not around. I didn't even know how to talk to you about the odour you used to have. It would mean that all that I have imagined is true. He forced me to start my business when he wouldn't buy your uniforms or anything you needed. He told me to be going to sell if I want you to have clothes because you aren't his child. I felt like I had no choice. I am from a generation that accepts that the man is the head and therefore what he says goes. That plus him being evil, I had no choice. I just left. I left knowing what he does. I left you Dikeledi! I left you to that beast! I deserve to die! I should just die!

She starts crying hysterically and starts to hyperventilate which causes me to panic. I quickly stand up and rush to her side. Boleng's mother does a bunch of things to her while telling her to calm down. Her eyes close before I know it and I start to panic cry.

Me: What's happening? Mama! Mama! Open your eyes!

Boleng's mum: I have sedated her my my love. Her BP is too high for all this. Let her rest for now.

Relief washes over me and I start to breathe normally. I hadn't realized that Boleng and her mother were crying as well. Their eyes are bloodshot and that's when I realize that they have just heard my darkest secret. What am I going to do now? I hate being victimized. I refuse to be a poster child for rape.

Do the things my lovely readers

[08/31, 17:31] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 6

I feel like I have just been punched in the gut by Mike Tyson in his prime. That feeling you get when you fall on your stomach and you can't cry or breathe. That's how I feel.

Boleng has tried talking to me but I can't respond. I have just been staring at my grandmother for the past hour waiting for her to wake up. I need her to open her eyes because I have questions that she needs to answer. Boleng's mum walks in after having gone away to get some work done. She tried telling us to go home and come back later but I didn't move. My legs seem to be cemented to the floor.

When I think about all those times I cried after he had finished raping me, all the times I was afraid to tell her because I wanted to protect her from him. I can't believe she knew and did nothing. She did

nothing at all! She served me up like like a cow at a wedding and let him feast on me. I don't care what she says her reasons are. I am the child and she is the adult.

I was in deep thought and didn't notice the police officer that walked in with Boleng's mum. My heart began to race a mile a minute. I don't know why but I have always been scared of police officers and soldiers. Their presence just gets me feeling some type of way.

Boleng's mum: Dikeledi this is officer Motlhabi. He is here to speak to your grandmother about her assault and I felt like you also need to make a statement. I hope you are fine with that.

I open my mouth to respond but I am tongue tied. I wasn't expecting this. I want nothing more than to see that error in creation rot behind bars but I am so overwhelmed by everything that I don't even know

where to start. I gather myself and ask the first question that comes to my mind.

Me: Um.. How.. Who told you?

Officer: We received a call from your grandmother saying her husband beat her up and ran off. She said she was badly injured and couldn't drive. My colleague and I were then dispatched to go and attend her and called the ambulance. When we got there, they had sedated her because they said her blood pressure was too high. I left my number with Miss Marumo who just called me to say there is another victim of the same man.

I am blinking away the tears that are threatening to unleash themselves. It's like I can see the finish line up ahead but I am afraid the closer I get, the further it might move.

Me: Did... (exhale) Did you get him? Did you find my grandfather?

Him: Yes. He is in custody as we speak. I need your statements because without them, we have no case. Have you also been a victim of his assault?

I shake my head and he raises his eyebrow

Just hearing that he has been arrested is a lot to take in. I never thought this day would come. I had succumbed to the abuse. I hated it but I knew it was my life. I knew that he always got what he wanted from me.

Me: He started abusing me sexually when I was 6 and started raping me when I was 8. I have had 5 abortions and an STI that I recently treated.

It just spilled out of me like lava. I went on to tell him every gruesome detail that I could remember

and he wrote down everything and also had a recorder. By the time I was done, i looked around and saw that Boleng and her mother were crying inconsolably and the officer had a hard look on his face. His eyes were red with rage. I hadn't even seen my grandmother was also awake. She was looking at me like she had seen a ghost. The police officer has not removed his eyes from me and I can only imagine what he must be thinking. I have never told anyone much about what I have gone through. Even Mma Tlhong only got vague versions of my story whenever I went in for an abortion. This felt like a cleansing ceremony for me and I doubt it would have ever happened if I wasn't motivated by the thought that if I didn't tell my story, he could walk out of jail.

Officer: (switches off recorder while shaking his head) Nxla o tlo go ny*la gompieno. (He is going to sh*t himself today) .

The look on his face says he didn't mean to say it out loud. No one dares to ask him what he means by that. I think everyone's feelings are mutual about what we want to happen to that animal. The officer then turns to face my grandmother.

Officer: Dumela Mme. You woke up while I was taking your granddaughters statement. I spoke to you earlier when you called to report the assault. Unfortunately I found you under sedation when I arrived at the scene. My partner is questioning your husband as we speak. I would now like to hear your side of the story.

Gran: Where did you catch him? Are you sure it's him?

Officer: He got into an accident while driving out of the village and tried to run away but the man he had hit took his car key and wallet after calling us. We found them fighting over the items and his car

matched your description and his names on his ID verified his identity and he is now under custody.

Gran: (cries out loud covering her mouth) Oh thank God! Thank you God! I am free at last! Oh God I am free! Mandu we are free my child! We are free!

She goes on for a good minute before the officer asks her to relate her version of events.

Gran: I had called Miss Marumo to come and get Dikeledi. I wanted them to leave before he gets home. My plan was to run away too. I wanted to go to my friend's house in Francistown but he found us packing the bags away. It took some convincing and he agreed to let her go. After they left he started slapping me around asking why I sent Dikeledi away. He kept banging my head against the wall and pushing me around telling me to go and take her. When I said no he started strangling me and I got weak and fell to the ground. That's when he

started kicking me. He kicked my face with his boots, my back and stomach. When I kept saying no he stepped on my ribcage and lifted himself so all his weight was on the leg on my chest. That's when I heard my rib crack. I can't explain the pain I felt. I thought I was dying. I began suffocating and that's when he ran off. I think he thought I was dying too. He wanted me to die.

She starts crying again and for the first time my tears fall. As betrayed as I feel by my grandmother, she has still been a mother to me. Maybe we are both victims here. I mean I could have reported him before but I too was afraid. Maybe she was also afraid.

Officer: (taking notes) Was this the first time he assaulted you?

Gran: (laughs dryly) My wedding night was a night of rape and beating. I didn't want to do anything

with him because I hated him for killing my father and forcing me to marry him so he forced himself on me. That was how my son was conceived. I have had two miscarriages after that because of his beatings. Richete ke selalome se se tshwanetseng go swa se kgoname a bo a jewe ke dintswa ts a molafu.

Officer: When you say he killed your father what do you mean? Was he charged?

Gran: He was never reported because my father died in his sleep after a visit from Richete. His witch doctor did it. They killed my father.

Officer: (shakes his head) Eish unfortunately the law doesn't recognize witchcraft. I can't add that statement because of its nature but he will be charged for the rest of his offences.

Boleng just ran out of the room. I think all this is too much for her. I wish I was her. Innocent to the pains of this world. Her mother walks out after rubbing my back.

Officer: Who can I call to inform them of these events?

She has a look of hesitation and guilt before responding.

Her: My son, her father. He lives in Gaborone with his wife and children.

Officer: (frowns) Why isn't she living with her father? Does he know about this abuse?

Her: No no no.. He doesn't know anything at all. I have only ever tried to get him to take her but he

didn't want to upset his wife. I don't even know what he is going to say when he hears this.

Me: He didn't care before and he won't care now. If he cared about me at all he would have taken me. He never even speaks to me. I doubt he even knows my name. I don't want to see any emotion from that man because he is his father's son. I hope his daughter never goes through what I am going through.

Gran: Mandu my child please don't talk like th-

I cut her off by standing up and walking out. I am tired. This is all too much for me. Why did this have to happen to me? Maybe this is my curse for killing my mother. Maybe it truly is my fault that she is dead and this is my punishment.

oooo oooo

I couldn't go back yesterday. I walked to Boleng's place and just crawled into the blankets. Boleng who had been in the living room came and cuddled with me as I cried my heart out. Her mother came to tell me my grandmother wanted to see me again and I wasn't having any of it. I'd heard enough and I was done. I am still in bed trying to will myself to get out of it. I am trying to find my will to move on from this. The funny thing is I have never once even thought of taking my life amidst all the turmoil that is my life. It never crosses my mind because I still believe life is precious. Regardless of how sh*tty it can be, I still believe I have to value my life. And I am not brave enough to take my life. But then again is it bravery or cowardice?

Boleng's mum: Diks how are you doing today?

Boleng is making you breakfast.

I just keep starrng at the wall with Boleng's Maroon

5 poster.

Boleng's mum: Dikeledi, you have to pull through this. I want to organize you a counseling session with the social worker at the clinic.

Me: No.

Boleng's mum: But my love you need to-

Me: No.

She is about to speak again but I cut her off.

Me: I thought you are supposed to be at work.

Her: (sighs) I came to check on you and to let you know that your father and step mother are here.

Your grandmother asked me to call you because she wants to talk to them in your presence.

I just break out in laughter. I laugh so hard that I start clapping my hands and holding my stomach to ease the pain of muscles tightening from my laughter. It's not too long before my laughter turns into crying. I just cry out as Boleng's mother comes closer to hold me. The warmth of her hug makes me bawl out more. Boleng comes to the door and stands there biting the collar of her t-shirt nervously.

After some time I wipe my tears and break the embrace so I can stand up. I am still wearing the clothes I was wearing yesterday because I fell asleep while crying. I am sure my hair looks a mess because I didn't knot my natural hair before I slept like I always do but I don't care. I walk out frantically with Boleng and mother in tow.

Boleng's mum : Dikeledi where are you going?

She isn't keeping up with her nurse's heel.

Me: You said they want me right? That's where I am going.

Boleng: Diks let's go and get you cleaned up first themma.

By that time I am already walking through the doors of the clinic and the stares I am getting aren't going to make me retreat either. I don't care. I burst into my grandmother's room and find her crying as usual. She must have been telling them because my father looks like someone slapped him with brick. His wife on the other hand looks like it's a day at the beach. She is even chewing chips. I fold my arms when they look at me. Boleng and her mum walk in as my grandmother wipes her tears

Me: What?

Gran: How are you my child? I was just telling your parents about what has been happening to you. I wanted you to come and tell them.

Me: Tell who? Which parents? My mother is dead and I just found out my grandmother who I have always seen as my mother has been turning a blind eye to my abuse. So which parents? I don't have parents nna.

Mmaagwe Joe: (chuckles) Such disrespect then you tell us she was getting abused? Mme there was no rape here. This is your sister wife.

Rraagwe Joe: Bontle! Bontle! Bontle! Not today! If you have nothing better to say to comfort my daughter then I suggest you shut up.

Me: Heela David! Which daughter are you talking about? Was Sasa raped? Because that's the only daughter I know you have. Nna, I Dikeledi am an orphan. I have no one in this world and don't come here and try to act like a father to me. Do you even know my name? Do you know what form I am in? This should be the last time you ever summon me because I want nothing to do with any of you.

My hands are shaking and I am breathing heavily. I storm out and hear Mmaagwe Joe's cackling laughter begin me. The nerve of that man!

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[08/31, 17:32] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 7

Boleng: Diks please come and eat. You haven't had

anything since yesterday. Come and eat. Do it for me.

I roll my eyes and get out of bed. When I came back from lashing out at my father this morning, I closed myself in Boleng's room and cried. After all that crying, I began to regret what I said about my grandmother. I am always trying to remember that she is also a victim in all this but when the emotions start rushing in, I just see her as one of the people who hurt me. But she risked her life to free me from this. She has a cracked rub with my name on it. She endured all that for my sake. She has been living in fear for so many years. How can I also be the person who hurts her? I have to go and see her. She needs to know that I don't blame her.

When we get to the living room, I find lunch on the table.

Me: Is it already lunch time? How did time get away

from me like this?

Boleng: It's four o'clock Diks.

Me : (wide eyed) What? I didn't realize I was in there that long. I am sorry for being such a terrible house guest. I come with so much drama and I have only been here for a day.

Boleng; (sighs) Dikeledi, how can you apologize when you are the one that has been wronged in so many ways? I had no idea you were going through so much and I feel like a terrible friend for never knowing.

Me: Don't do that. Don't blame yourself. I didn't want anyone to know. I was ashamed and hopeless. I didn't think anyone could help me so I saw no use of telling anyone. I hate being the victim so that's why I don't talk about it.

Boleng: Ao Dikeledi bathong. When I think about how Motlalepula and them always made fun of you without knowing what you were going through. I just... Oh my God Dikeledi. You are so strong.

I just shrug and take a bite of the food. I didn't know I was hungry until I started chewing.

Me: You are very serious about your Food and Nutrition class neh!

Her: (smiles) I have always loved cooking. I can teach you a few things if you want.

Me: for what tota? It's not like I am going to need to cook for anyone in my life. The little I know will serve me well.

Her: oh come on Diks. Cooking can be so therapeutic.

I can't help but laugh.

Me : I keep forgetting you are a city girl. What therapy Boleng?

Her: Mxm I forgot how boring you are. Stay there with your village skills then.

Me: (I laugh) Finally! I have my Boleng back. I wish you would just treat me like you normally do instead of walking around on egg shells. I am still the same girl who would tease your English accent in school and you'd clap back about my handwriting and we'd laugh at each other. I am still that girl who came to school to forget and for the first time in 12 years of schooling, I made a friend who didn't treat me like a joke. Please be the Boleng that I know and don't

victimize me. Please.

I see her blinking tears away and nodding.

Me: I want to go and see mama. I have to apologize to her. I hope Rraagwe Joe and his wife are gone.

Boleng: heish mma! You were so raw this morning! And you say I can talk! (claps hands) shu! I think your father must be crawling on his knees in tears.

Me: owai. He doesn't care. Do you know that I can probably count the number of times he has spoken to me and finish them before I get 20? I am 18 but my father has hardly ever spoken to me. Maybe if he'd showed me that he cared then I would have told him when all this started. My grandmother is the one who supports me. She takes care of me. I have never once heard her say that my father sent money for me but I never lacked anything. He would

rather buy his monster of a father a car than to buy me a shoe. If you see how put together his children are, you'd swear I am a garden boy's daughter and not his. His 6 year old daughter has a smart phone (I laugh) I mean I just got a phone from my grandmother. And it's not about the phone Boleng. It's about feeling loved by a parent. He knows my mother died. He is the only parent I have and yet I am a non factor for him.

Her: (sighs) I don't even know my father. After years of asking my mother who my father is, she showed me a picture. She had printed out a screenshot of a conversation they had when my mum fell pregnant. He was angry at her for falling pregnant and said he had a girlfriend. When my mum asked why he never told her he had a girlfriend he told her side chicks don't need to know about the mains. He told her to either about me or find a new man to trap because he wasn't a fool. I felt so bad for always asking who my father is after that. She gave me his names incase I still want to see him but I haven't bothered

myself. She is all the parent I need in my life.

Me: Yeah Men!

Just then her mother walks in with officer Motlhabi. He looked different without his uniform. Younger even. Dare I say snacky? Boleng always says that.

Boleng's mum: Hi girls how are you doing?

Boleng: We are finally eating so that's a start.

I roll my eyes and she laughs.

Her: They'll get stuck up there one day then we will see what you'll roll.

Me: Mxm.

Boleng's mum : I am glad to see you are in a much better state D. Officer Motlhabi came by the clinic and asked to see you since I'd told him you stay with me so I brought him over. I hope you don't mind.

I put my plate away and look at him.

Me: No I don't. Is it about my grandfather?

Him: no its not about that. Your story has just been haunting me since yesterday and I felt I had to come and see you. I am glad to see you smiling. It's progress.

Me: I don't know if it's actually progress. I have just numbed myself to everything. I just want to move on from this. I want to get back to a place where no one keeps talking about it anymore.

Him : Oh that makes what I'm about to say a little more difficult then because I wanted to share something with you.

Me: Oh you can. Don't worry. We are still in the talking about it phase until that man is sentenced so you can speak freely.

Him: (smiles) you are a strong young woman Dikeledi. I don't think I would have ever survived what you went through.

Me: well lucky for you, you are a guy so you had nothing to worry about.

Him: (leans back) that's what everyone thinks neh. That boys can never be victims of sexual abuse. Well when I was 10 years old, my mother hired a maid she left me with when she was at work. Like

Miss Marumo, she was a nurse (smiles at her). Whenever my mum went on night shifts, she'd come into my room at night and would start touching me. The first time it happened, I was so scared and didn't know what was happening. She would kiss me and suck my privates. I just pretend to be asleep because I was too scared to ask her anything. I didn't understand what she was doing or why she was doing it. I know kids today know about sex by that age but I was clueless. I am from a time when porn was blue movies at midnight on etv.

I don't think I can hide the shock on my face so my mouth is going to remain open like this until my jaw closes back up.

Him: (sighs) She did that about five times before one night she sat on top of me and started bouncing on me. Dikeledi I cried so much because it hurt. I thought she would stop but she closed my mouth and told me to enjoy it because it's nice. This

was a woman who never said or did anything bad to me during the day but became a monster at night. After that night, I started locking my room when I slept. I was afraid of saying anything to my mum because she said she would poison my food. But one night when my mum tried opening my door and found it locked, she asked me why I was locking it and I said it was a mistake. I even started wetting the bed. Then one day, my mother took me out in a drive and asked me what was going on. She told me to tell her so she helps me. When I told her I didn't want to die she reassured me that she would protect me. I broke down and cried and told her everything. The sound of my mother's crying is something I will never get over. She drove straight to the police station that day and the maid was arrested on that same day and I have never seen her since.

Boleng :Oh my God! How did you even get over that?

Him: (scratches his head) ah I didn't actually get over it right away. I was put through counseling but it didn't actually work for me that first time. I think it's because I was a kid. As a teenager, I became addicted to porn and had sex like my life depended on it. This feels so wrong to say this to teenagers but I am telling you this because I don't want you to end up where I did. I never dated for love because all I wanted was a girl to fulfill my desires. It was only when I was in University that I started to seek counseling for my addiction. Unfortunately I dropped out of University by that counseling changed my life and I am so much better now. I, just wish people knew how real abuse is and what it does to a child. And it's not just the girl child who faces it. Boys get abused too. It may not be as common in our country but it's real. And maybe it is common but unspoken of. I mean right now I feel like I am having an inappropriate conversation with teenagers because I am a man. But if a woman was telling you about it, it wouldn't be as weird.

I finally managed to lift my jaw off the floor and shook my head.

Me: I honestly had no idea guys went through this too. I'd have never guessed it looking at you.

Him: And soon, no one will see it on you either.

Boleng's mum:(wiping her tears) You two have been through so much. No one deserves to go through this and it saddens me to think that somewhere out there, is a child going through this. We preach an HIV free generation. What about a rape free one?

oooo oooo

After that intense session Boleng's mum offered to drive me to my grandmother's place because she

had been discharged and I wanted to see her. I just realized that Boleng and I haven't studied once since I came to their place. I feel so bad for it. The sight of my father's car parked next to my grandmother's makes me want to turn back but Boleng's mother encourages me to do it because my grandmother hasn't stopped crying since I left. She says she blames herself for everything. That just hurts me. I didn't mean to do that to her. Boleng's mum wanted to sit in the car to give us privacy but I wouldn't let her.

I frown when I see my grandmother's bags by the door. Where could she be going? I find her lying down on the sofa with her hand in a cast. I walk over to her and give her hug. She smiles when she opens her eyes and sees me.

Gran: I am so sorry Mandu. Please forgive me for failing you.

Me: No mama. I am sorry for what I said earlier. I didn't mean it. You have always been there for me. You were scared for your life as well as mine. I understand mama. You and I were the victims here and only that animal has to be crucified for it.

She sits up with my assistance and hugs me again after a little struggle.

Me :Mama where are you going?

Her: Your father wants me to go to Gaborone with them so they can take care of me. They walked to their place to check the house then we will be leaving when they come here. I thought I was going to leave without seeing you. I was so heartbroken.

Boleng's mum: Ah but Mme i wouldn't advice you to take such a long journey in your condition. It isn't safe. You could relapse and even your BP isn't

stable yet.

Her: my son is as stubborn as his father my child.
Let's just pray that, God will protect me and His will
be done. Mandu go to my room and bring me the
bag I keep under the mattress.

Jehovah this bag! My grandmother never wants me
messing with that bag. She says it's life and death.
That's why she keeps it there. Even Ntate didn't
know about it. I get the bag and walk back to her.
She keeps a bunch of papers in it like birth
certificates and the likes. She opens it and goes
through some papers after wearing her glasses.

Her: Take this.

She hands me a paper with the words TATI
DISTRICT LANDBOARD on them. It's a title deed.
My name is on it.

Me; (frowning) mama what is this?

Her: (smiled) My father applied for farms for me and my siblings back when chiefs allocated land. That was my farm. It is in Masunga. I have kept it all these years without your grandfather's knowledge because he forced me to sell the plot that I had because he wanted me to have nothing to my name. When you got your ID, I went and put it in your name and built a one bedroomed house so that it doesn't get reprocessed. It is all that I can give you my child. I failed to help you as a child but I refused to leave this world without securing something that can help you. I know that you will probably never inherit anything from your father so this is your inheritance my child. All you have to do is sign it and it will officially be yours.

I am stunned. I am looking at her like she is a unicorn. I had no idea she had done this. I had no

idea she cared this much about me. I hug her and give her kiss.

Me: mama I don't know what to say. Thank you so much. But why are you giving it to me now? Why don't you hold on to it until I start working?

Her: (smiles) I want you to have it now. I want it to give you hope even when I am not there. I want you to always know that you are loved.

Me: Ae mama. Why are you saying things like that? You are just going and coming back. Who knows, maybe I will come there to check on you after my exams.

She just smiles and rubs my cheek.

Her: Study hard OK Mandu waaka. And never let

your past determine your future. You and I live in different times. You have better choices than I did. Be stronger than I was. I was a coward who failed to leave abuse but you should never be like me. Know when enough is enough my child. I love you so much.

Me: I love you too mama but you need to stop talking like that.

Her: Mma Marumo. I know this is too much to ask because we just met and you hardly know me. But please-

Boleng's mum: Mme you don't have to ask. Dikeledi will stay with me for as long as she needs to. I have two daughters now and I will see to it that she gets whatever she needs.

Gran: Oh God bless you my child. He will reward

you for taking care of this orphan of mine.

The door opens and Mmagwe Joe walks in with her weave swinging as she walks.

Mmagwe Joe: Uhu. Does the clinic pay you for house calls neh nurse?

Does this woman ever have anything kind to say?

Rraagwe Joe: Dumelang gape. Please don't mind my wife. Dike how are you? I was hoping we could see you before we leave.

I want to tell him not to call me that. Sounds like a donkey's name but despite how angry he makes me feel, my grandmother has always raised me to respect elders and after the kumbaya she and I just had, I wouldn't want to spoil her mood.

Him: We wanted to take you with us but your grandmother tells me you are staying with Miss Marumo to prepare for your exams. I want you to come to Gaborone when you are done writing. It's time you and I got to know each other.

I can only think of rude responses. Why can't I say anything respectful?

Him: How does that sound?

Blank. I am completely blank on a kind thing to say. All I keep thinking of is asking him if he has no shame saying that to his 18 year old daughter as if he is talking to his step child.

Mmaagwe Joe : Mxm David can we go. Why do you want to force her? If she wants to stay in this wretched village with house call nurse then let her.

The look on Boleng's mum's face is one of a balloon ready to pop. My step mother is talented at stepping on your toes.

Gran: Can you please stop this. Let her be. I am sure she will come when she is ready.

Me: (to my grandmother) I am going miss you so much mama. Please get getter soon and come back home.

I help her stand up and give her hug. She then whispers in my ear.

Gran: Keep that paper safe and don't tell them anything.

She then walks away leaving me frowning as they

load the bags and drive off after Mmaagwe Joe locked the doors saying she can't leave me with the keys. This woman has no peace.

[08/31, 17:32] : Wigs and Weaves

insert 8

To say this past month has been hell-ish would be the understatement of the century. I heard news that broke my soul and I haven't been the same since. My grandmother passed away the day after they arrived in Gaborone. Boleng's mother had warned us about this but I didn't think it would come with such serious repercussions.

I couldn't even go for her funeral because she was to be buried the weekend before I started my final exams. I felt robbed of a chance to pay my last respects to her. But what shook me to my core was

the fact that, had I not gone to see her that day, my grandmother would have died thinking I blame her for Ntate's actions. I don't even want to think of how that would have been to take in. All that's left for me is to now make her proud and I told myself that I was never going to cry again after I cried the day she was buried.

My exams were also a nightmare because I had hardly even studied. I walked out of my last exam last week asking myself what I have actually done that past month. There wasn't a single paper that I felt confident about. I'd always just smile when Boleng started blabbering about the questions. Or I'd cut her off saying we shouldn't discuss the exam. So basically, I know I have to make other plans for my future and I have. I am going to rent out the farm my Gran left me until I am able to run it myself. In the meantime, I am going to move to Francistown to rent a chair in a salon. I saw an ad on Facebook and I have also heard hair dressers make money, especially month end. So that's my plan for now.

We are currently on our way to Francistown to attend Ntate's trial. Boleng's mum is driving us there. It was set to a week after my exams due to the State prosecutor's request seeing as I am the state's key witness. My stomach is in knots at the thought of seeing that beast again but I take comfort in knowing that he was denied bail even after his lawyer spoke about his age and how other inmates beat him up and was even raped once. Honestly, that put a smile on my face. As sad as it might sound for an old man, that is no ordinary old man. He is a disgusting disgrace to manhood. I wish they could add murder to his charge so he gets the noose. After all, he is the reason why my grandmother got those injuries. Had he not beaten her up, she'd be alive today. He has to answer for that.

Boleng has been trying to distract me since we left the village but I honestly haven't heard a thing she has said so far. I have a lot on my mind. She and

her mum have truly been the answered prayer Gran always talked about. They have treated me like a part of their family and I have been happy for the most part.

Boleng: (taps my thigh) Diks mama is talking to you.

Me: (snapping back to reality) mma?

Boleng's mum:where were you just now?

Me: (smiling) Ah I was just thinking.

Her: OK well I was saying that your father called to say they are coming for the trial and want to take you with them when they go back to Gabs.

Me: (frowning) For what?

Her: (shrugs) To live I guess.

Me: Do you want me to go?

Her: Of course not! What kind of question is that?

Me: ah I thought maybe I overstayed my welcome.

Her: Dike-

Boleng: (interrupts her) Mxm don't mind her mama.

What does she know about overstating ene o?

Dikeledi likes drama. How do overstay when you have your own bed Mxm.

I just laugh. Boleng can be so impatient. I feel sorry for the three children she says she is going to have.

Boleng's mum: Dikeledi. I took you in with all my heart and I already love you like my own child. I only told you what your father said so it isn't news to you when you get there. He called me two days ago but I have been quiet. I didn't even tell you to pack your bags because that's what he was expecting. I didn't want to face the possibility of you saying you want to go. But I still have to tell you and let you decide. He is your father after all.

Me: Well in that case then I would rather stay with you until the time comes for me to leave.

Her: (smiling) I am happy to hear that. You two can stay until you have to go to University.

Me: (chuckling) That won't work for me. I won't be going there.

Boleng: I told you to stop your negativity about failing your exam Diks. You are being unfair on yourself.

Me: No I am not. I'm being realistic and planning for my future. I know very well that I was not prepared for my exams plus all the stress I underwent just before my exams. It would take a miracle and I know those are in short supply in my life. I have decided to be proactive and plan for my future because I know school isn't part of that. Not all of us get to choose courses and I am fine with that. Que Sera Sera (whatever will be, will be)

There is now total silence in the car which tells me that they know I am right. We drive the rest of the way in silence until we reach the courthouse. The place is packed. I guess everyone came out to see the beast. I just hope my request for my face to be kept out of the media will be kept because I honestly want to leave all this behind me once this

trial is over.

I will have to inform the prosecutor that we have arrived so he helps us make our way in. He comes out and leads us in to take the seats he reserved for us. It is only when I am seated that I see him. I am not scared anymore. I thought I'd be scared to see him but I am not. Maybe it's because of how he looks. Prison looks very good on him. His hair is gray. I guess he couldn't organize hair dye in the joint. I can also see some bruises on his face and they make me glad. My father and his wife are actually here. I don't even know why Mmaagwe Joe came because she doesn't care nor does she believe that I am a victim of rape. This woman is so dramatic that she is wearing a hat the size of the sun! I feel sorry for the people sitting behind her. My father just waved at me but I am too petty to return it.

All protocols are observed when the Judge walks in

and the state prosecutor is the first to make his opening statement. He is quite impressive and eloquent. Had I been serious about school, I would have probably decided to be a lawyer in this moment. Yes, a Human Rights lawyer. But that ship has sailed.

After Ntate's lawyer makes his opening statement, the Judge asks what he pleads. I wasn't ready for the not guilty plea and clearly neither was the rest of the court because it went in total uproar which showed me that even the people seated on the defendants side weren't with him. It's was just for the lack of seats.

. What is wrong with this man? I thought he'd plead guilty and maybe get a shorter sentence for showing remorse and not wasting the state's resources but he didn't. It's not even about him getting a shorter sentence. Him pleading guilty would show me some sense of regret and shame

for his actions. It would have told me that he knew what he did was wrong. But no. Even when I look at him now, I see that he has no shame at all. Just as brazen as ever.

[08/31, 17:32] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 9

After the opening statements were made, the judge gave the court a 30 minute recess. We decided to stay seated in the court to avoid the commotion outside. My father walked up to us and greeted us. Boleng's mum extended her hand for a hand shake and the diva didn't like it all. She gave her a nasty look.

Mmaagwe Joe: Ke gore Corona never scared you house call? Do people still shake hands in this day and age? Mxm.

Rraagwe Joe: Bontle can you excuse us?

Her: For what? I am not going anywhere. Say whatever you want to say while I am here. If you can't then let's go back.

I saw the look of frustration on my father's face. I wanted to laugh but I held my composure. This woman is the perfect punishment for men that abandon their children.

Him: Dike, I was hoping we could talk in private.

He says this looking at Boleng and her mum.
Boleng attempts to stand up but I hold her down.

Me: Like your wife said, whatever you want to say can be said in front of everyone here.

I love adding to his frustration. He exhales and takes a seat on the prosecutors chair facing it towards me.

Him: fine. I wanted to know if you heard that you are coming with us after this.

Me: I heard you said so but you never asked me if I want to go with you. You must have just assumed I'd jump in your car but times have changed. There were times I longed for you to tell me to pack my bags but that day never came. You hardly ever even spoke to me. There were times that I would have begged to go and live with you even as a maid to your children after school but you never cared to even invite to your house in the village when you were home. Not once. So why now? Guilty conscience maybe? Well I will not soothe your conscience. You have terrible timing Rraagwe Joe. Yes. That's who you are to me. You have terrible timing. First with me then with your mum. Your

need to soothe your conscience is what killed your mother. Where were you when she needed you? You can't tell me you never knew your father was abusive when I have always seen it even as a child. If I saw it then how could you have missed it? I will not also go and die to please you.

I only started breathing again after spitting my venom on him. I don't know where all that came from because once I started I couldn't stop. I clearly got him where it hurts because he has a pained look on his face.

Mmaagwe Joe: Nxla David let's go and leave this mannerless child. Who speaks to their father like that?

I have a response but I am going to hold my tongue. My fight isn't with her. She isn't the one who abandoned a child. He is. I don't care what she says to me because she is nothing to me. Him on the other

hand will never get the satisfaction of thinking he did anything for me. People like to cleanse their souls with others. Not with me.

Him: Dike I am sorry tthe ngwanaka.

Me: (with eyes closed) For the love of all that is holy can you please stop calling me that. My name is Dikeledi to you. You don't get to use a pet name on me. Especially not that God forsaken name you keep calling me.

Boleng's mum: My love I know you are angry with him but please don't lose your manners in the process.

Me: (breathing out) Then please tell him to leave me alone because his presence makes me lose all sense of respect. When I look at him I see his father and I hate them both.

Him: (stands up and starts pointing) You are an ungrateful wench just like the mother you killed! I told her to abort you but she kept you. No wonder you killed her! Nxla and you getting raped was your punishment for not dying with her and now my mother died trying to protect you! You are nothing but a curse to the earth you walk on Nxla!

He then storms off with his wife running off after him. Boleng's mum touches my hand and speaks to me but my ears have muted her out. I can see her mouth moving but I can't hear anything. All I hear are my father's words repeating themselves over and over again. I can't believe he never wanted me to begin with. I have been yearning for love from someone who had never wanted me. How foolish am I?

Boleng's mum: Dikeledi. Don't listen to that man. He is just speaking out in anger. Don't listen to what he

said. Wa utlwa?

I am about to speak when the judge walks in and we are all ordered to stand up. I just want to go home now.

The court proceedings are long and tedious. After I gave my testimony, almost three quarters of the court was in tears. I don't think Ntate is paying his lawyer enough or anything at all because the woman didn't even cross me. The look of anger on Ntate's face said he wasn't expecting her to do that. Maybe her womanly instincts kicked and she decided to throw the case. Whatever the case maybe, I am happy she didn't try to belittle my pain by accusing me of making everything up. The ruling has been set for a week from now and I just want this over with.

oooo oooo

[8 months later]

My grandfather... No, I should refer to him by his rightful name. My rapist, was sentenced as a serial rapist 6 months ago. The case got postponed when the prosecutor cited cases or precedents as he called them, where rapists were sentenced for every rape victim they had. He went on to question whether the fact that I was his only rape victim and his wife his only assault victim should mean that he won't be held accountable for each time he raped me and each time he beat his wife. He disputed that 20 years imprisonment is suitable for one rape and assault case and him getting that sentence would be an insult by the state not only to me but to each and every girl and boy that suffer at the hands of pedophiles in their homes.

That got my rapist 144 years in prison and seeing as he isn't Noah, I can suffice it to say the dog will

die in jail. The case scored big points for the prosecutor and received a lot of coverage for it but he ensured that my name stayed out of the media because my rape started when I was a minor.

That nightmare is finally behind me and I am busking in a new light as things took a complete 360° for me. I actually passed my exams. I don't know how and I won't tempt God by questioning it either. Others can query their results but not me. Boleng kept saying my mother and gran are active ancestors and since she failed to help me in life, o nkemtse ka dinao ko badimong. I just laughed at it when we got our results. She did very well too and she is going to BIUST to do Engineering. She is smart so I know she will make it. I am just sad to part with her.

Now I on the other hand was the girl who had no plans of university so I found myself stumped when we went to Gaborone for the career fair. I applied

for whatever courses I qualified for in almost every school in the country. I got 3 acceptances and decided to go for the course that would mean more to me. I am in a cab filled with my luggage from the bus rank to get my Bachelor's Degree in Social Work at the University of Botswana. I want to help children and women going through what I went through.

I honestly feel like a new person as I offload my bags in the parking lot. OK I think I might have overdone it on the bags. I am standing with my hands on my hips after the cab leaves asking myself how on earth I am going to get my bags to my dorm.

Voice: Bit off more than you can chew huh?

I turn around to find God's talent walking and breathing among us mere mortals. Weren't all angels killed in the flood? I remember my

grandmother telling me that story so how did this one make it?

Him: (extends his hand) Hi Morena at your service.

Jesus even his mother knew that God did the things. She named him Morena? Yes I now believe there is a God and ke mantswitswidi wa go betla.

Me: I...My name is...(clear my throat) My name is Nadia.

[08/31, 17:33] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 10

Morena: Nadia. What a beautiful name for a beautiful lady.

Shuu.. Beautiful. Well that's something I've never

been called before. Especially not by such a specimen. He is still holding my hand and I don't see myself letting his go until he decides to. He has something about him that demands your respect and wills you to bend to his every wish. He cocks his head to the side and gives me a cute side smile.

Morena: How about I help you with your bags?

Me: Umm...tha.. Thank you.

I tell him where my dorm is and he leads the way which I am grateful for because everything looks the same to me and I was never going to find my way around here.

Morena: So where is Miss Nadia from?

I hate that I lied to him about my name but I have

always hated the look I get when people hear my name. They give me that questioning look that I imagine is them asking themselves why my parents decided to mur my name like that. I don't even know why I said Nadia. I read the name in some book and it was the first thing that came to mind when he asked.

Me: Ah a place very far from here. You wouldn't know the place.

Morena: Ao why don't you try me?

OK I have had enough of this. I stop walking and put my bag down making him stop and turn to face me.

Me: OK, what gives? What is this about?

Him: (frowning) what do you mean?

Me: I mean this. You. What do you want from me?
What's with all the questions?

Him: What are you talking about? I'm just being nice
and trying to get know you.

Me: Why?

Him: What? (laughs) You need to chill Nadia. We
just met and I am just being friendly. Why are you
grilling me when I am just trying to help you and
make conversation with you while we walk?

Me: I...

I can't tell him I am not used to guys showing me
any interest. Especially not someone as good
looking as him.

Me: I am sorry. I am just nervous. First day and all. I didn't mean to offend you.

Him: don't worry about it. I understand. Now pick up your bag so I can drop you off. Your block is right around the corner.

I shamefully lift my bag and continue our walk.

Him: (smiles) Since Miss Nadia is protecting government secrets by refusing to tell me anything about her, I'll just have to tell her all about me.

Me: (laugh) Mxm

Him: Well here it goes. I am Morena Morena. I was named after my grandfather. I grew up in Gabs but I am originally from Serowe. I am one of four children.

All boys. My eldest brother is married with two children and my second brother well... Ah that one is a case and a half (laughs) He and his baby mama have been together for 10 years but unmarried and between you and me, he has no intention to but baby mama has her nails stuck on him. I am a final year political science student who would love to become a Diplomat abroad some day but I might decide to become a political analyst. I'll see and then there is my youngest brother. An 18 year old ladies man if ever there was one. I wouldn't even trust him with you. Not once. Well that's me. I am a family guy. I love my parents and my siblings and would do anything for them.

Me: Are your parents still married?

Him: Yep. They are still married. Ah those two aren't going anywhere. They are those old school marriage is work type of love. I want that kind of love.

Me: Must be nice.

Him: I am scared to even ask you to tell me why you said that. I guess I'll have to wait for you to tell me about your family.

Me: There is no need to wait. I have no one. I am an orphan. The closest thing I have to family is my best friend and her mom. My grandmother passed away last year so that was the end of family for me.

Him: Oh I am sorry to hear that. I never know how to respond when someone tells me they are orphans but I am sorry.

Me: Well I'll say that saying sorry doesn't really help. I am fine. I am over it now.

Him: (stopping in front of a door) Well it looks like this is you. Delivered safe and sound.

Me: Well thank you sir.

Him: Can I come by and pick you later so I can show you around campus?

Me: I don't see why not.

Him: OK I'll come by around 5pm neh. See you later.

I nod my head and smile as he walks away.

Me: (to myself) OK here goes nothing.

I knock on the door and walk in. I don't know what I was expecting but I am underwhelmed. The room is

smaller than Boleng's. Even my room in that hell house was much bigger and I now have to share this tiny space with a stranger. Oh well what can I do about it really. I am just going to have to pray she is nice. I am not left wondering long when a girl walks in looking like she eats money for breakfast. She has the same kind of weave Mmaagwe Joe usually has on but hers is much longer.

Her: Oh hi! You must be my roomie. How are you sweetums? Nxaw you look so destitute my little shnukums.

That time she is squeezing my cheeks making me pout and the pain of her nails make me wince before I push her hand off.

Her: Don't worry. I will fix you up soon enough. You look like you have some potential. My parental name is Arefa but I am known as Arie in these Gabs streets. What's your name?

Jeez, it's like listening to a mechanical toy. She even has this thick twang that would make you swear she isn't a Motswana. Not in a good way though because It's almost irritating. I didn't even have time to think before I responded.

Me: I am Dikeledi.

Her: (squints her nose) Eew what kind of name is that? I thought those names died out in the 80's. Isn't it illegal to give your child that kind of name these days? Ae mma that name won't do. You have to do something about it. I mean Arefa makes me sound like a blessing. Who is going to take me seriously with that kind of name? I need them to know I am no Saint and I am not here to preach.

Me: kgm... Who are they?

Her: hmm?

Me: The them who you don't want thinking you are Saint?

Her: aaaw...Ncoho Ncoho you are so clueless aren't you? Is it your first time in Gaborone.

Me: (with folded arms) No its not.

Her: (with a raised brow) Really? How long have you been in Gaborone?

Me: I came for the career fair in March.

She then breaks out laughing and lies down on the bed opposite me. I don't think it's funny enough for her to clap her hands and choke on her spit.

Her: (dabbing her tears) Oh Dikeledi you are such a comedian. You'll make me ruin my make-up.

Me: I don't get why you are even laughing.

Her: Don't worry you will be laughing at yourself by the time I am done with you. You are exactly what I have been looking for.

She then taps her cheek as if she is thinking.

Her: Looks like staying in school worked out after all. You my love are about to change both our lives.

Me: What are you talking about?

A knock comes on our door interrupting our

conversation. She gets up and catwalks to the door in the highest heels I have ever seen. How does she even walk?

Voice: Hi

Her: Can I help you?

Oh my God It's Morena.

Morena: I am looking for Nadia. I just left her here a while ago.

Her: Nadia? There's no-

I jump from my bed and open the door wider.

Me: Morena hi! Umm.. What are you doing here? I

thought you said you'd come by around 5.

Him: (smiles and scratches his head) To be honest I got impatient. Do you mind going for that walk now?

I look back at Arie who looks stunned.

Me :It's fine just give me a minute to change.

Him: OK I will wait downstairs then.

When I close the door Arie starts clapping her hands.

Her: Bagyada! And then? Who is Nadia?

Me: (changing into jeans) Its a long story.

Her: There is nothing like that. Spill.

Me: It just came out OK. I didn't want to tell him my real name.

Her: Wow and here I was thinking I have my work cut out for me. Girl you are a natural. We are going to do big things you and I.

I don't have time for her. I am just going to go.

Her: Where are you going?

Me: For a walk.

Her : Dikeledi. No Nadia. It's Nadia from now on. Nadia that guy might be the cutest thing you have

seen because I am sure you are used to seeing goats and cows but let me tell you this. He is nothing in Gaborone. There guys waaaay hotter than him but that's not important in this life. He doesn't have what you need.

Me: And you know what I need after meeting me for less than 30 minutes?

Her: of course I do girl. You and I are the same. We are both women and we want one thing. To feel beautiful and well taken care of and that takes money. He clearly doesn't have that ha o bona a apere skiparanyana sa PEP jaana. (which is why he is wearing a cheap PEP t-shirt)

Me: I highly doubt it's a PEP t-shirt.

Her: (waving her fingers dismissively) I don't care. It's cheap. If it doesn't have a Polo or Lacoste logo

then baby girl it's PEP material. Dump it. I have better things in store.

I am exhausted by her already. Of all the roommates I could have gotten I had to get her?

When I get downstairs I find Morena leaning against the wall with one of his legs hiked up and his hands stuffed in his pocket and my eyes feel like I have just taken them to the car wash. Yes a tlhatswegile. He smiles when he sees me and walks up to me.

Him: Hi again.

Me: (smiling back) Hi.

Him: I thought we could maybe go to River walk before sunset to show you the mall. I hope I am not wrong to assume you are new to Gaborone.

Me: (looking at my feet) You wouldn't be wrong and I'd like that.

Him: Cool let's go to the parking lot then.

Thinking back at Arie's words and realizing she could be wrong about Morena.

Me: You have a car?

Him: Nuh not yet. Its my brother's car. I had to run a few errands so I borrowed it while he was at work. He works in Mainmall so I was going to drop the car off before coming to see you which is why I'd said 5pm but I felt like going with you. I hope you don't mind us walking from Main mall.

Me: The thing is I don't even know where this Main

mall of yours is. As long as you aren't going to sell me then I am fine.

Him: (laughing) As if I would tell you if I was.

He presses on the car keys and the lights go off on a car a few feet from us. It's huge. My kind of car. He switches off the radio once we are in the car.

Him: Radios are not for when you want to get to know each other.

This makes me so uncomfortable because I have already lied to him twice and at the same time I don't want him knowing who I am and what I have been through. Is it too much to ask?

Me: what do you want to know?

Him: Well. That girl who was in your room. Do you know her?

Me; No I just met her.

Him: She is a second year student. I am surprised that they'd put you in the same room as a second year.

Me: Oh so you know her?

Him: Ah everyone knows Arie. But we have never spoken.

Me: (frowning) mhm... So you like her? Do you want me to connect you two.

He looks at me before turning his eyes back on the

road and laughs. I don't understand why people keep laughing when I haven't made a joke all day. The last time I made a joke was when I spoke to Boleng on whatsapp on the way to Gaborone.

Me: I don't get what's funny about my question.

Him: Oh but it is so funny Nadia. That girl isn't my type at all. Like at all! And I know for sure that there is no one in campus that is her type. Dare I say even the Chancellor of the school wouldn't be her type.

Me: Why would you say that?

Him: Arie catches big fish sweetness. None of us are that. Besides, I have my eyes on something much more rare than that.

OK that made me feel a bit weird inside. Could he

mean me?

[08/31, 17:33] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 11

Morena is very different. That I have to admit. He is nothing like the boys from my village. Their idea of approaching a girl is throwing stones at them to get their attention. We had a great time at the mall. He got us milkshakes and wow! I have never tasted something as divine as this. City people are living the life! Morena kept laughing at me whenever I'd get a brain freeze.

We are now on the way to his brother's office now and he keeps giving me these funny looks. I am not entirely sure what I am supposed to say or do. Who can blame me though? This is the longest conversation I've ever had with a guy. I don't know how I am supposed to behave. Boleng always made

me watch chick flicks telling me how I need to be clued up before going to the city but I can't pull anything out of my arsenal.

Morena: So you want me to believe that you have never had a boyfriend?

Me: (smiling) I don't know why it's so difficult for you to believe but I have never had a boyfriend in my life. In fact this is by far the longest conversation I've ever had with a guy.

I want to say talk less one as handsome as you but I dare not. I am not sure what he wants so I won't embarrass myself. I know he is way out of my league. He then turns the volume of the radio up and starts playing a song. The lyrics are so beautiful. I look at the monitor and it says Falling in love - UB40. The lyrics course through my body and make me tingle.

Him: Do you know this song?

I shake my head.

Him: Well I want you to know it by heart by the time we get to my brother's office so listen very carefully.

I think I am blushing. Is it blushing? I think I am blushing and it's because of how he is looking at me as he says this. He turns the volume up and keeps humming along and bopping his head from side to side as he drives.

Wise men say

"Only fools rush in"

But I can't help falling in love with you

Wise men say

"Only fools rush in"

But I can't help falling in love with you

Shall I stay?

Would it be a sin?

I can't help falling in love with you

As the river flows

Gently to the sea

Darling, so it goes

Some things were meant to be

Take my hand

Take my whole life, too

'Cause I can't help falling in love with you

By the time the song ends, my heart is beating a

mile a minute. I am feeling excited but my excitement gets cut off when I see a call reflecting on the monitor. It says "my love". He quickly cuts the call off and repeats the song but the call had left a bitter taste in my mouth and I feel foolish because I just met this guy and he hasn't actually said anything to the extent that he wants me to be his girlfriend or anything so I have no grounds to be feeling the way I feel. There is awkwardness in the car that's quickly broken by the same call. He decided to disconnect his phone and answer the call.

Him: Hi...

..

Him: OK..

...

Him: No..

.....

Him: Yes I am on my way to drop my brother's car.

.....

Him: OK. I'll call you when I get back. I am driving and there are police ahead.

...

Him: OK. Me too.

He hangs up the call and puts both hands on the steering wheel and drives in silence until we arrive. He then locks the car after we both climb down.

Him: Let me rush up to give him the keys. I hope you don't mind waiting.

Me: It's not like I have a choice. I don't know where we are or how to get back.

He has a look on his face. It's like he wants to say something and honestly that's all I want too. I want him to tell me something. Anything to validate the

feelings I have right now. But instead he walks off leaving me with a sore throat from fighting off the tears that are threatening to unleash themselves on my face. I start pacing around trying to calm myself down. A call comes through on my phone that interrupts my thoughts.

Boleng: Hi! Ke gore not even to say B I have arrived safely? You are now miss Gabs and you have forgotten about us lowly Palapye folk? You are so wrong Diks.

I just start crying and what irritates me the most is the fact that I can't even justify my tears I can't explain why I am crying.

Boleng: Diks why are you crying? Did something happen? Where are you?

I just keep crying. I haven't cried since my

grandmother's funeral and I have already failed to keep the promise I made to myself. I am crying over the most stupid thing ever. That a boy I like has a girlfriend.

Me: I...I am fine B. I arrived safely and I found my dorm. I am fine.

Her: So why are you crying then?

Me: I don't know. I just thought...

I am interrupted by laughter behind me and I see that it's Morena and another man so I quickly wipe my tears away.

Me: Look I will call you back OK. I have to go.

Her: Go where? Dikeledi what is g-

I hang up the phone and compose myself as they approach. The guy he is with looks like an older version of Morena so it must be his brother. They are a few feet away and I can hear the brother talking though I doubt he knows I can hear him. But then again who knows.

Brother: Uhu I thought you meant you were with Lea. Who is that?

Morena doesn't respond and walks over with him. He then stands next to me and puts his hand on my waist. I jump a bit at his touch. It has been a while since a man has touched me and it just brings back unpleasant memories.

Morena: Kgosi this is Nadia. She is...(he looks at me and smiles) well let me just say that hopefully

you will be seeing a lot of her. Nadia this is my oldest brother his name is Kgosi.

Kgosi cocks his head to the side and I can see he has questions. I guess the head to the side thing must be a family thing. I extend my hand to shake his which he shakes after delaying his hands in his pocket. I was honestly about to take my hand back.

Kgosi: How are you. Nadia who?

Me: (Nervously) Supang.

I can't lie about my surname too. That would be overkill.

Kgosi: Where are you from and where did you meet my brother?

Me: I--

Morena: Ae Kgosi don't even start. Let her be. You will have plenty of time to get to know her.

This whole conversation is making me very uncomfortable because Morena still has his hand on my waist and it feels like Ntate all over again. I didn't realize how much his hand bothered me until a tear ran downy cheek. Kgosi frowned when he saw it.

Kgosi: Ao mma I didn't mean to make you cry. Sorry. I am just overprotective about my brother's.

I took the opportunity to move from Morena's grasp.

Me: it's fine.

Morena: (frowning) babe I am sorry. Please don't cry.

Me: Morena I am fine. I just want to go. It's getting dark.

Morena: OK. Kgosi we have to go.

Kgosi: Let me drop you off.

Morena nods his head and opens the door for me to climb into the backseat with him while his brother drives. He pulls me closer to him.

Morena: Babe tlhemma I am sorry. I will explain everything when he get to school. I will tell you everything you want to know. Just don't shut me out.

I can barely hear what he is saying because I feel like I am suffocating. He keeps talking and touching my face and I feel like I am about to pass out so I push off of him and slide back to my corner.

I can't believe I thought changing my name would change everything. I am still Ntate's sex toy.

Kgosi tries talking to him but his eyes are on me and he looks crushed. I can tell he thinks I am angry about the call but that's not what is going on here. OK I am not pleased about the call but I don't see how it's my business to be upset to this extent.

When we arrive I jump out of the car and say goodbye to Kgosi. I am just going to walk until I see something familiar. I will try to remember the route we used earlier. I hear him behind me. He is running to catch up with me. He starts calling my name when I increase my pace. He doesn't understand that I feel dirty and I want to go and bath. I can

smell Ntate on me. I just need water.

Morena: (yanks my hand) Nadia mahn. Why are you making me chase you like a primary school kid? I am trying to talk to you. Can you just stop and listen damn it?

I stop and look at him blankly.

Me: What? What do you want to say to me? What do you want to tell me? Huh?

Him: Nadia I am sorry about the call earlier. I want to explain myself to you.

Me: (with folded arms) why? Why do you want to explain yourself to me? You don't owe me anything Morena. We just met three hours ago. There is nothing to explain. Now if you don't mind, let go of

my hand. I need to go.

Morena: Nadia don't do this.

Me: (screaming) Leave me! Ntlogele! Leave me!
Leave me!

I had my eyes shut the whole time I was screaming and hadn't realized that people were now looking at us. He let me go and I rushed off blinded by tears. I didn't even mean to scream at him like that. It felt like I was finally screaming at Ntate. It felt like I was finally telling him to get off of me.

I walk around and eventually I find my room. I am glad to find the room empty when I unlock the door because I am in no mood for Arie. I grab the toiletry bag Boleng's mum got me and my towel. I should really call her and let her know I am safe but I'll do that when I feel clean again.

I head off to shower and scrub myself over and over again. The pain is a sort of pleasure that calms me. I did this every time i felt dirty after he raped me. I'd scrub myself so hard that one time I peeled some skin off of my shoulder. Once I am satisfied with my cleanliness, I head back to the dorm and lo and behold, Arie is there wearing the skimpiest gold sequined shorts I have ever seen. They are loose enough for you to think she is wearing a skirt but I can tell they are shorts. She has paired it up with a black top. No bandage. This girl has tied a black bandage around her torso and heels to match her top. If I saw her on TV I'd probably think she looks amazing but with her being my roommate I'm just out of words as I take a seat and begin lotioning my body with my towel still on.

Arie: (putting on makeup) Sweetums kana I have been wondering where you are. You didn't even give me your number. I wanted to invite you out. Anyway you are here now. Try that dress on . You and I look

like we could wear the same size.

I look at her with a raised brow. Shocked first by the fact that a big hippered girl wants to sit there and lie to me about our body types. I have a moderate butt. Nothing like that tank she is carrying. Then there is the breast issue. I will not even get into the exaggeration. Then my second shock is from seeing what she says I should wear. I am hoping it's a top but I don't see anything to pair it with. It is black with sequins as well. What is with the sequins?

Me: Arie what is that? Where are the pants

She laughs and claps her hands.

Her: oh shnukums you make me laugh wait e.
That's a dress. Just wear it and trust me. Tonight is going to be amazing. We are hosting a party with some ministers tonight. It's not our usual crowd but

they are paying big so Jolene made a plan.

I am so confused right now. What is she even talking about?

Me: What do you mean ministers neh Arie?

Her: (snapping her finger) Get dressed girl. We have to go. You don't know how much convincing I had to do to get Jolene to let you in. Dress up so I can do your make up.

Me: But why would I want to go?

Her: Duh? To see Gaborone in a way that even residents who have lived here for 30 years haven't seen. I am about to introduce you to a world you have never seen before. By the end of tonight you will finally understand why PEP t-shirt is a joke to

me. I'm bringing you into the big leagues sweetheart and you will thank me for it by the time we are done. I am about to change your life. Soon you will be traveling to Thailand, Italy and Dubai as if you are taking a kombi to Choppies.

OK now I am curious. And maybe it will help me forget about Ntate. I take the dress and put it on before going to sit by her makeup table. She does a lot on my face. Some things make me sneeze and then came the eye liner. I keep blinking and she is getting irritated. And after the seventh time of trying to line my eye she puts it down frustratedly.

Her: You know what! You are fine. Take a look.

I am stunned by who is looking back at me. I cannot believe it's me. I look so different. Even my hair is different. She put a wig on me after my failed protest. I run fingers through the wig and it feels like silk. Soft and cold as if the strands will melt away at

my touch. I am about to touch my face when she slaps my hand.

Her: Don't ruin my masterpiece.

She then brings red heels for me to wear and I already know she is reaching too high.

Me: Arie these things are too high for me.

Her: oh come on. Just try. Heels are nothing
It's all in the confidence.

I shake my head and slide my feet in. We have the same size foot. I'll give her that. The dress however is loose but I am not complaining. I stand up and almost fall over but I find my balance before keeling over.

Her: OK walk.

Me: Did I wrong you in anyway? Do you want to kill me?

Her: Dikeledi walk.

I roll my eyes and take two steps then my ankles start bending in a direction ankles never should before I find myself with my knees on the floor.

Me: I told you these things are too high Arefa!

Her: hey wena! You are not my mother. Don't call me that.

She then brings out pumps. They have a tiny heel. I

guess the heel is a must. I change into those and I finally feel more comfortable. She takes her phone and snaps a few photos saying they are for the gram. I hardly use instagram so I don't relate. Once she is done we walk out with clutches in hand.

Her: You look gorgeous by the way. I knew you would be amazing.

Me: Thank you. I am nervous though. I have no idea what I am, walking into.

Her :Oh don't even worry about anything. I will be with you every step of the way. Atleast almost every step of the way. I will probably disappear for sometime tonight. I'll be chasing money but you should always know that I will be back. OK?

I nod my head as we get into a car that she has no business driving but alas she does. How is she

driving this kind of car?

Don't forget to likes, comment, tag and share. It's about to get hot

[08/31, 17:33] : Sorry for the late post

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 12

This girl wasn't joking when she said she is about to introduce me to a new world. It took us sometime to arrive at the farm that was a little ways out of the city. When we got there we found a parking lot filled with cars I have never seen before but she seemed unbothered.

Me: How much do these cars even cost Arie?

Her: Oh please. This is nothing. This party is for the lowly ministers and so are their cars. We have a big fish party in Kang next week. That's when you will understand what money looks like.

Me: Kang? What about school?

Her: you don't get it do you? People go to school to graduate so they can make money. I am bringing you into making 5k a night for a start. As you grow then you can make 10k easy. I'm currently making 8k but it's all about to change and it's thanks to you.

Me: what do you mean?

Her: I will explain it to you when we leave. I just want you to enjoy yourself tonight. Emers e yourself in the fun tonight then we will talk. But I have to warn you. Do not ever leave your drink unattended

or do any type of drugs. That's where I draw the line. Whatever happens tonight, make sure you don't lose focus. Watch everything and don't participate. Not yet. Do you understand?

Me: I don't even know what you are saying so asking me if I understand is even more confusing.

Her: it's fine. You will understand by the end of the night. Let's go

We get out of the car and watching her catwalk is truly mesmerizing. We walk a little before arriving at a house that could easily make the top billing list. The house was hidden by trees and seeing it appear from behind the bushes just takes your breath away. She takes two black eye masks and tells me to wear one.

Me: Why?

Her: It's to protect your identity and the identity of the men we will be partying with. Jolene makes it a rule for the anonymity of both parties and it works well for us.

When we walk into the house, there is some soft music playing. I haven't been to a party before but I know for sure they don't play this kind of music. It's usually upbeat. Or at least that's what I have seen in the movies. We take a turn once we walk into the house and my mind was not ready for what my eyes are seeing. Almost every man in this house has a girl on his lap. I will say girl because the size difference is as clear as day. Some of the girls are grinding on the men while the ones with no girls on their lap are on top of the girls and kissing them.

Me: (shocked) Arie what the hell is this? What is going in here?

Her: (taking my hand) come on. Don't freak out. This is an orgy party. Have you heard of it before?

I am too stunned to talk as we walk past a couple having sex. I just shake my head with my eyes pinned on them. I have never seen such a thing in my life. I mean I have never even watched porn so this is the first time I am seeing nakedness that isn't mine or Ntate's. I start feeling weird as we keep walking past more of them.

Arie grabs two champagne flutes from a waiter and hands one to me.

Me: I don't drink.

Her: Oh just try it Nadia. This is top range stuff my love.

I don't know why I always listen to her. She has a smile that makes you want to please her. I bet she get everything she wants. I take the glass and take a sip. The champagne slides down my throat!

Her: What did I tell you? Nice isn't it?

I nod my head and just then a woman with a mask on walks over to us. The difference with her is she is wearing a long body hugging dress which is totally different from all the other girls here. I can tell she is much older than us.

Woman: Hi Arie. You are finally here. An hour late. You know better than that.

Arie : I am sorry J olene. I was getting her ready. This is Di...I Mean Nadia. She is my potential recruit.

J olene: mmhmm. You have always had a good eye Arie. I have never regretted recruiting you.

Arie; (smiles) thank you J olene.

J olene: You should bring her to me by the end of the night so I can see if she has what it takes. If she does then we will plan her splitz party for tomorrow. You know we don't waste time.

I am just standing here wearing confusion on my face but I see that she has no intention of explaining what she just said. She walks off and each step carries so much grace.

Two men walk over just as I am about to ask Arie what she and J olene were talking about. One looks younger than the other. The older one has a huge potbelly that Arie walks over to and rubs with a smile in her face before kissing the man with no

warning at all. At least not to me. They start kissing deeply as if we aren't in the room which makes me uncomfortable but also intrigued. Something about seeing people getting intimate is getting to me.

The younger guy comes over and holds my waist. This time I don't feel as disgusted as I did when Morena held. I think it's because my eyes are still on Arie and her man.

Younger man: Hey.. Please look at me. I can make you feel as good as she is feeling.

I turn to face him. I don't believe he can because sex has always been a painful experience for me. Ntate once tried kissing me but I kept looking away regardless of how much he hit me. I had pressed my mouth in to keep him from kissing me with his khaidi breath so I had never been kissed before. The guy doesn't even give me time to think before he

starts kissing me.

The kissing is nice but his hands are causing mixed emotions for me. I want to stop all this but then again this might be my chance of getting rid of the memories I have of Ntate. Maybe if I have sex like these other girls then I will have a different picture of sex. He breaks the kiss off has my mind reels with all this decision making.

Him: Come with me.

I want to ask Arie if I can go but I find that she is nowhere to be found.

Him: Your friend went to have fun. Come let's go. I'll show you more fun than she'll ever have.

He is pulling me off as he says this. Not roughly.

Just leading me. We reach a door in the hallway and he unlocks it then opens it leading me into the bedroom. The bedroom is exquisitely decorated and I want to look around but this man isn't here to give me a tour.

He starts kissing me again and takes my hand to make me feel his hardness. My heart starts beating quickly as I realize what is about to happen. He breaks the kiss and looks at me.

Him: Are you a virgin?

Me: No I am not.

Him: So why are you acting brand new babe? Come here.

He pulls me over and starts kissing me again. I

brace myself so I get this over with. I want to forget Ntate. I want him gone from me and this might help me to forget him. He did most of the work and undressed me before himself. I feel conflicted and part of me wants to run off and escape but I can't walk so I just lie down when he pushes me down. I feel like I am going to pass out when his weight is on me. I want to cry but I hold the tears in until he pushes himself in. I just start bawling out and he frowns.

Him: hey why are you crying? Did I hurt you?

I shake my head but I can't seem to talk.

Him: What's wrong then?

I keep shaking my head until he pulls out and sits next to me.

Him: I can't do this if you are crying. I am not a rapist. Tell me what's wrong.

I sit up and wipe my tears.

Me: I thought I could do it but I am not ready. It feels like it's him.

Him: him who?

I look at him and my mouth wobbles again and he pulls me in.

Him: Ae tlhemma. What's going on?

Me; I am sorry. I have never done this before.

Him: I thought you said you aren't a virgin.

Me: I am not.

He looks at me for a few seconds before speaking?

Him: Rape?

I lift my legs and hold my knees to my chest and rock myself.

Him: Have you been raped?

I nod my head without speaking and he immediately pulls me into a hug. This isn't what I signed up for. I didn't mean to go all out and spill my issues out to a stranger.

Him: I am sorry that happened to you. I know I don't

know what you went through but I'd kill anyone who would do that to my sister. I got this room because I am a private person and I'm not comfortable with what's happening out there so you can stay here and wait for your friend. I'll just go home.

He stands up to leave but I hold his hand.

Me: No please don't go. Please stay. I want to forget him. Please help me forget him. I don't want to remember him anymore.

Him: Are you sure?

I nod my head and lie back on the bed waiting for him to join me.

Me: I just want to forget. Please help me forget.

[08/31, 17:34] : Mini Insert

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 13

Man: (stretches his hand out) Come here.

I take his hand disappointed by the thought that maybe I turned him off by telling him about the rape. Maybe Ntate soiled ke for life.

He leads me to a mirror in the room and stands behind me as we both look into the mirror. I hadn't actually realized till then that we were really naked.

Him: Look at yourself. I want you to see how beautiful you are.

He holds the strand holding my mask up.

Him: Do you mind?

Me: No.

He removes my mask and smiles before turning me around to face him. He kisses me deeply causing my eyes to shut. The kiss went on and on and only stopped when he pulled his mask off.

Him : If I am going to help you forget then I don't want you to feel used. I want you to know that you are beautiful. I don't want you walking out without knowing who I am. That's not how you forget.

I am just looking into his dark eyes and finding myself putty in his hands. He isn't as handsome as Morena but he is also handsome. Handsome

enough to make my decision easier.

Him: I know we are supposed to do this but I don't care. I didn't know that I'd meet you here tonight so I am going to bend the rules a little. My name is Sam. You can tell me yours if you want. I just wanted you to know who is going to help you forget.

I smile a little and bite my upper lip before speaking.

Me: Nadia.

He turns me back to the mirror and holds me.

Him: Nice to meet you Nadia. You have a beautiful name.

Me: thank you.

Him: You are so beautiful Nadia. Just looking at you is - Do you feel that?

I know what he is talking about. I can feel his hardness on my back. I nod by head and he sweeps me off my feet making me squeal. He pays me down and kisses me passionately with his hands running all over my body. I can't focus on the pleasure I am feeling because it is coming from different angles. He stops kissing me and looks at me with hungry eyes.

Him: I am going to make you forget OK?

I nod my head desperately waiting for the pleasure he has made me yearn for. He then goes down the bed and lifts my knees exposing me to him in a way I wasn't ready for. His breath on my yoni is confusing me because my mind wants me to close

my legs in shame while my body wants to feel what he is a bit to do. He looks at me and licks his lips before #explicit.

oooo oooo

I almost died. He almost killed me. He really wanted to kill me. I am sure of it because otherwise why would he leave me this breathless to the point that I can't lift my head. My legs keep shaking and I know u can't dare to stand. I have never felt this kind of pleasure in my life. I may just have turned twenty this past month but no man I have had enough sex to last a lifetime and I didn't know it was this nice. I didn't think of Ntate once because Sam is nothing like Ntate. He took me to heights I never knew were possible in the past 2 hours. We have already used three condoms and each time he'd ask if I was ready to forget again, he would kiss me before I could respond.

Sam: (running his finger along my back) What are

ou thinking about?

Me: I am too tired to think.

He chuckles and stands up.

Him: Let me get you some water. He takes a glass from the side table and walks off. I dknt knod where he gets this energy form but I need some of it. He goes a little too long for someone getting water from the ensuite but eventually comes out.

Him: Here you go.

I sit up and take the glass from him.

Him: I ran us a bath. I prefer a shower but I know women love baths so let's go relax in the tub.

I smile and stand up. I was clearly too ambitious because my legs immediately start shaking again as I walk. I think he has noticed because the man just broke out in laughter.

Me: It's not funny. Whwt did you do to me Sam?

Him: (stops laughing) it's called pleasure babe. All that's left now is for your toes to crack then I will know that I have served you well.

I am not impressed with the way this man is taking pleasure in this.

I finally make it to the bathroom by myself because the heathen refused to help me saying this is his reward. This bathtub is huge. Almost looks like a jacuzzi. One of the lessons from Boleng's chick flicks. I can't believe I haven't called her or her mum

yet. I can't believe that this is my first day in Gaborone. I have experienced enough to fill a lifetime in one day.

Him: Don't do that.

Me: What?

Him: You think too much. I might start thinking I didn't do a good job of helping you forget.

Me: (stepping into the tub) No I was just thinking of how it's only my first day in Gaborone but I have already experienced enough to Shock many.

Him: (sitting behind me) How are you a J ojo doll when you just got to Gabs?

Me: What's a J ojo doll?

Him: What fo you mean? Aren't You a J ojo? The girls entertaining tonight.

Me: No I am not. I just came with my roommate.

He then goes quiet but I can feel him tensing up.

Me: What is wrong? Did I say something wrong?

Him: No its just that I know J olene's girls sign Non disclosure agreements which is why I told you my name and revealed my face. I thought I was safe with you.

Me: oh don't worry. I am not a trouble maker. I keep to myself and had it not been for my roommate

dragging me out here, I'd be in my room curled up in bed talking to my friend.

Him: Oh OK. That's a relief to hear.

I can't tell he I'd relieved. He is getting hard again and as tired as I was earlier, I want to feel it again. I want to feel amazing again so it's my turn to make myself forget. I turn around and sit myself on his laps and begin kissing him. Soon enough I am riding and on my way to forgetfulness and it feels so good to forget. I want to feel like this forever. I want to always forget.

[08/31, 17:34] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 14

Me: Sam? Sam?

I must have dosed off. I can't find him anywhere. Where is he? Even his wallet is gone. I don't understand why he would leave without saying goodbye. I thought we were having a good time, so why would he leave without a single goodbye? Wow. I am just shocked.

I fight back tears and start getting dressed. I guess this is my journey to forgetting. After getting dressed I grab my clutch bag and walk out while pulling my phone out to check the time. My eyes widen when I see that it's already 3am. I have orientation at 730 am. Where is Arie? We have to go.

There are people naked on the floor all over the living room passed out. Where am I even going to find Arie?

Arie: Oh my God! Where the hell where you Nadia? I have been looking for you for the past hour. Where were you?

Me: I...I.. I was in the room.

Her: (frowning) Doing what in the room? Do you have any idea how expensive those rooms are? Will you pay J olene P5000. 00 for sleeping in her sheets? Naare you even bathed? Where is your makeup?

Me: (folding my arms) I.. I was with the Sam.

Her: who is Sam?

Me: The guy you left me with when you left. He said he had paid for the room.

Her: Oh my...DIKELEDI!

She then drags me to the kitchen.

Her: What were you doing in a room with him?
Didn't I tell you to just observe what happens? What
did you do? And you even know his name! Does he
know yours?

I slowly nod my head. She then starts pacing
around. I don't understand what is going on. Why is
she freaking out like this?

Her: Did you sleep with him.

Should I even answer her?

Her: Dikeledi! Did you sleep with him? Answer my

question.

Me: Ye.. Yes.

Her: Heish. Atleast tell me he gave you the money.

Me: What money?

Her: Shee! So you just gave him free sex? Free sex Dikeledi? Does this look like a free sex place to you? Huh! This is why I told you not to participate. You have no idea what is going on here. I haven't even explained anything to you and you go and sleep with someone for free? Where is he?

Me: (shrugging) he was gone when I woke up.

Her:(claps her hand) you even slept. Yeah. E

monate free sex neh! I can only hope J olene doesn't know what you did because otherwise you are screwed. And I'll be screwed too. You were supposed to be watching not playing. Mxm.

Me: Arie why are you so angry with me? How was I supposed to know that sex isn't free. Why would I ask for money? I am not a prostitute.

Her: You are not a prostitute dammit I want you to be a J ojo doll.

Me: Kante what is that? Sam mentioned that earlier.

She grabs my hand and pulls me out of the kitchen.

Her: J olene will explain. That is if she doesn't know how much you screwed up.

She leads me to a room at the end off the passage and knocks.

Voice: Enter!

Arie opens the door to what looks like an office. It is an office.

Arie: Sorry to disturb you Madame J o. I brought my-

A manicured finger is raised from behind the chair facing the wall. She balls her hand into a fist for a few seconds before exhaling deeply.

J olene: Thank you J im.

A shirtless man stands up from behind the chair and wipes his mouth with a smile while J olene

stocks a roll of money on his waistband and taps his butt as he walks out.

Jolene: (turns the chair to face us) He is as dumb as a door knob but his tongue! Mmh.

This is awkward to hear from a woman as old as my father's wife. Her mask is off now and I can see how beautiful she is. I thought she was wearing a wig too but I can clearly see now that her colored genes served her with all the hair she could ever ask for.

Jolene: So... Sit down and talk to me girls. How was your night?

Arie and I sit down and she puts her clutch on the table and starts pulling out money and placing it in front of Jolene.

Jolene: How many?

Arie: Two 7ks and one 10k.

Jolene: (smiling) Good job Arie. You never disappoint me.

She then counts the money and passes some to Arie. I'm here confused by what I am seeing. This cannot be sex money tlheng.

Arie smiles and and looks at me.

Arie: This is nothing. I can make 50k a night at a big fish party.

Me: How?

Jolene laughs and leans back on her chair.

Jolene: I just love newbies. It's always so great to see the innocence fade as the realization of how the real world works seeps in. What's your name again?

Me: Nadia.

Her: How long have you lived in Gaborone?

Me: I...I. I just got here today.

She looks at Arie with a serious face.

Her: Arie you know I want girls who understand the desperation of city life. I want people who already owe somebody and want money so much that they are willing to do anything. Why would you bring me a Kedibonye comes to town?

Arie: I...I...I thought she had potential. She is a blank canvas. You saw how she looked when she got here. I made that. I can train her. You know my girls don't disappoint you.

Jolene: (squint her eyes) That reminds me. Where is the makeup? Why did you wipe it off?

I stammer in attempt to answer the question but Arie rescues me.

Arie: I bumped her glass accidentally and champagne spilled on her face so she had to wash her face.

Jolene: OK. How old are you?

Me: I just turned 20.

Her: Mhmm...OK. I will admit that she has the looks. I can work with this. Nadia was it?

I nod my head.

Her: Mhm...Well miss Nadia. I am Jolene. Founder of Jojo dolls. I have been operating for 5 years now and my girls are always the best at entertaining. I personally train each girl before she attends her first client. You can make P5000 a night or more if you leave the country. My girls enjoy first class treatment and give the best sex to my clients in return. I always make sure they are safe and they are always free to leave when they feel they have accumulated enough money. We deal with cash because I don't have time to explain my money to any bank. As a new recruit, you see expected to change your character and associates. This is a new world and you have everything at your finger tips. You attend the best parties and visit the best

countries. All I ask for is loyalty from my girls. I expect you to respect my client's confidentiality. That's why I use the masks. Even if a client's mask falls off during the thrills of passion, you never talk about who you slept with. These are important men in the community and in their businesses and never want their sexual adventures known by the world so you sign NDAs. Breaching the agreement will result in you getting sued. Do you understand?

Me: (exhaling) OK can you please clarify this for me. Am I expected to sleep with men for money?

Jolene: Arie this is the kind of bull I don't want. This is why I don't want these village girls. They aren't hungry for money. Where will you make 5k a night? In which job? Even the president's daily rate doesn't come to that.

Arie: I hadn't actually explained anything to her yet. I wanted her to see the kind of parties we host first.

Jolene: Are you a virgin Nadia?

This question again.

Me: No.

Jolene: So you'd rather go around giving out free sex to useless people when you can make money from the same deed? To have a man fly you to Thailand for a 10k shopping spree? No you'd rather go have sex under a tree so you feel loved? Wow.

Me: I just wanted to understand because like Arie said, she hadn't really told me anything.

Jolene: Ok. So what do you say now?

Me: Ah... Can I think about it and let you know tomorrow? I mean later. Right now I just want to go back to school. I have an orientation in a few hours.

Jolene: (sighs) Fine. Let me know by 1pm because if you want to join us then I will have to prepare your Splitz party.

Me: What is that?

Her: You will find out when you decide to become a Jojo doll. Arie I will talk to you later. You did a good job tonight.

We walk out and make our way to the car. I fall asleep as soon as Arie drives out. Walking to our room when we arrive feels like torture. I just want to sleep. Arie keeps trying to talk to me but I am too tired to even listen so she will have to wait. I am in no state to talk. I don't even know how I am going to

focus during orientation.

ooo oooo

[08/31, 17:34] : Unedited

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 15

Me: (abruptly sitting up) Arie! What's the time?

She just turns over and pulls her blanket over her head. I cant believe I overslept on my first day! The sun is shining through the curtain so I already know I am late. I quickly grab the small bucket I brought and boil some water while running around to look for what to wear. I can't bath right now. Last night's bath will have to supplement this morning's wiping. I don't even want to look at my phone

because I'll probably die.

Once I am done getting ready I grab the back pack Boleng's mum got me for school. I really need to call these people now. I hope I don't forget after orientation. I run out and try to look for the Humanities faculty. That's where they said we should go for orientation. But where is it? I finally gather the courage to check the time and bless the Lord I am only forty minutes late. That is if I find this building of theirs. I take a turn and relief washes over me when I spot the building. I run the rest of the way and slip into an empty seat by the door. This place is packed.

oooo oooo

I fell asleep after the Professor told us that 40% of the people we see will be gone by the end of the first year and from the 60% remaining, only 30% will make it to final year and if we are lucky, 20% will

graduate. That's the last thing I remember thirty minutes into his speech. I thought hearing the number of accolades he has received in his profession would keep me awake but I was gone until we were told when lessons would start. I would have missed it too if it wasn't for the guy sitting next to me. He woke me up and made a joke about how I don't sleep while others are tucked in bed. The irony of how true his statement was made me chuckle.

I am hust glad it's all over. I walk out of the amphitheater and just then my phone rings. It's an unsaved number.

Me: Hello?

Voice: How are you honey pot? I miss you already.

Me: (smiling) Sam? Is that you?

Him: (chuckles) Yes it's me. How are you?

Me: I thought you left. You didn't say goodbye.

Him: I had an early meeting and I didn't want to wake you. Where are you?

Me: I am in school. Where did you even get my number?

Him: I paged myself with your phone before I left. Can I see you tonight?

My cheeks hurt from smiling too much.

Me: Umm.. I'd like that. You can come and get me in UB.

Him: OK great. See you later honey pot.

He hangs up and I can't wipe the stupid smile from my face. I am going to save his number as magic stick. Yes. That's what I'll save it as because he's got that magic stick. A tap on my shoulder interrupts my thoughts. Oh it's the sleep guy.

Him: Hey. You left so quickly. I wanted to come say hi.

Me: Oh hi.

Him: (rubs the back of his neck) I don't even know what to say now. You make me feel shy.

I don't want to be rude so I smile.

Me: you can just say what you want to.

Him: I just thought maybe we could-

Voice: maybe you could what?

I turn around and find Morena with a frown on his face. He looks handsome even when he looks like he is about to pop someone's tooth out of their skull.

Morena: I said, maybe you could what?

That time he has his hand on my waist and this time I actually like the feeling. It's nothing like yesterday.

Guy: Ah hardi bra Yaaka. I didn't mean to offend anyone. I didn't know she has a man.

Morena: (pokes his chest with his finger) that's why you must ask Tsamaya. (Go)

All this display of testosterone is getting me all fired up. Sleep guy walks off with his head hanging. 3 guys in less than 24 hours. I guess this whole I am beautiful thing might have some truth to it.

Morena: Nadia I have been looking for you since yesterday. I came to your door every hour and you weren't there. I wanted to see you and talk to you. Where were you?

I can't tell him where I was. Think fast Dikeledi.

Me: Oh I slept with my headsets on. I guess I didn't hear you and Arie wasn't around either.

Him: Oh OK.

He then folds his arms and looks at me intently.

Him: Why did you just leave like that? Why didn't you let me explain? Lea was my girlfriend Nadia. I broke up with her last night. She and I had problems for some time now but I stuck around thinking we could make things work but when I met you, everything just changed for me. I want you. Not her. I want you to be my girlfriend. Do you hear what I am saying? I left her for you.

I honestly wasn't expecting this from him. He just put it out there and how do I answer him when I am so tongue tied? If he had said all this yesterday I would have jumped at him and said yes. But then again It is my fault I missed this last night. I slept with another man and he wants to take me out.

Me: I can't -

I am cut short by his lips on mine. Shock forces my eyes open and I can see all the eyes on us. This man is kissing me in public on my first day of school. I am just going to close these eyes to shut the world out. He breaks the kiss and continues holding my face.

Morena: I am not taking no for an answer Nadia. You are mine. Is that clear?

I nod my head because I clearly have no choice here. I will just have to break things off with Sam tonight.

Morena: You have no lessons right?

Me: No I don't. My lessons start tomorrow.

Him: Great. Let's go watch a movie.

Me: OK...

I thought he meant we are going to watch a movie on his laptop. The man took me on my first trip to the cinemas. I have to admit that I kept wanting to reduce the volume throughout the first thirty minutes of the movie. No mahn that place is loud! But I eventually enjoyed myself and after the movie we had some food and went back to school after talking for hours in the restaurant. I think the waiters were just done and irritated with us. We are now standing by my door and I want him to come in but I don't think he will.

Him: So when will I see you again?

Me: I think tomorrow because my friend's mum

asked her sister to have me over for dinner.

Him: (sulking) Ao mma. I thought we were going to chill tonight. But it's okay. I'll see you tomorrow then.

He kisses me and gives me a hug before leaving. I have to get ready to go and see Sam. I have to break things off with him. Arie isn't here. Maybe she had a late class. Oh my! I haven't responded to Jolene! OK I will deal with that later. For now, let me call Boleng and her mum. A conference call will do.

After the longest chat ever, I got ready for the dinner. I don't have anything that could be appropriate so I rummage through Arie's things until I find a nice knee length dress. And that was after a lot of rummaging. This girl walks around naked. That's all I know. Once I am dressed, I sit and wait for Sam's call.

Arie bursts in through the door just as my phone rings.

Me: Hello?

Sam: Hey honey pot. I am by the parking lot you mentioned.

Me: OK. I am coming now.

I hang up and face a very cross Arie.

Arie: Where were you? I have been looking for you all over the school. Why didn't you at least tell me you didn't want to do it? Why would you make me hopeful only for you to do this?

Me: I have to go. We will talk about it when I come

back.

Her: Where are you going? Is that my dress?

Me: I needed something to wear. I am sorry I just took it without asking. I was desperate.

Her: Where are you going?

Me: (trying to open the door) I have to go. I will tell you everything when I come back. Look I had a great time last night but there is a lot happening to me right now. I want to figure something out first.

Her: Themma just say yes. You heard J olene say you can stop whenever you want. I just need this so much right now. Do you know that I have two children? I am 23 years old with two kids and they need me to provide for them. My mother doesn't

help me with anything. My kids depend on me and I need this money. I have been trying to recruit my last girl for the past 5 months and you are the closest I have come to realizing my dream of saving up for my children's education. I want to finish saving for my children's school by the time I am done with school so that if I don't get a proper job before I turn thirty then atleast I'll know my children are safe. That's why I need this P10 000.00 a night. Please Nadia.

This girl isn't going to let me go.

Me: Fine Arie! I will join the bloody thing. Let me go. Someone's waiting for me and he is calling again.

She finally let's me leave and I rush out to the parking lot where I call Sam to try locate his car. He walks out of the car and looks so dapper. Memories of last night come rushing in and I just want to feel it all again. Oh Sam. How am I going to say goodbye?

[08/31, 17:34] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 16

Sam is such a gentleman. He pulled the chair out for me to take a seat when we got to the restaurant. He ordered us some wine and yes, I am now the girl with the wines. I love it

Sam: So you really thought I jilted you?

Me: (shrugging) what was I to think when I woke up to an empty room at 3am. I didn't know what else to think out side of you being a smash and pass kind of guy.

Him: (laughs) I wouldn't have told you my name if that was all I wanted Nadia. I find you very interesting and I want to get to know you better.

Me: (sigh) Sam the reason I came here tonight is to let you know that I met a guy yesterday before meeting you at the party and he told me today that he wants me to be his girlfriend and the thing is I really like him. I wouldn't have even come to the party if it wasn't for the events that had taken place earlier.

He leans back in his chair and has a look I am failing to read. It doesn't look like disappointment though. I am not sure what it is.

Him: Nadia, are you going to dismiss what happened between us last night? Just like that?

Me: Ah... No it's not like I am just dismissing it. I

like you too but things have changed now.

Him: How? Between me and this guy, I can bet that I know you more than he does. I know your truth and I am sure he doesn't because you haven't told him have you? (silence) You felt safe enough to tell me about the experience you had. That doesn't just happen to a rape victim. You chose to open up to me. You chose to let me be the one who breaks the wall of horror that was sex to you. And I am pretty sure I did a good job of it. Kana ke Bua ma**pa? (Or am I just spitting sh*t?)

Me: Sam...

Him: Listen. I wouldn't put you under the pressure of saying chose me over him. Not yet anyway. I want you to take your time and weigh your options. I don't mind because I know you will choose me.

This man's hand is traveling up my thigh and sending shock waves throughout my body.

Me: (softly) You aren't playing fair Sam.

Him: Oh come on babe. I am just asking for a chance to prove myself to you. That's all I am asking for. You don't have to do much. You just have to enjoy. I loved making you forget honeypot. Don't you want more? What if I am everything you need right now and you just want to push me away for someone who doesn't even understand your pain? Take your time my honeypot.

I am screwed

oooo oooo

Arie: Your splitz party is tonight at 7pm. I am so

excited! It's reminds me of my own party. It was so amazing.

Me: What exactly is a Splitz party Arie?

Her: You will know soon enough my darling. J ust be patient. But what I can promise you is that you are going to have an awesome time.

She then leaves for her lesson. I came in quite late last night. The restaurant Sam took me to was in a hotel so after dinner, he took me upstairs and did a little more forgetting. Sam has a talent between the sheets that deserves to be worshipped by women. J ust thinking about it now makes my blood rush. I need more of him. Let me call him.

Me: (on the phone) Hi Magic stick.

Him: (laughs) What did you just call me?

Me: (giggle) You call me honeypot so I will call you magic stick.

Him: Yah no then that means I am doing my job very well. Don't you have a lesson?

Me: I am on a break right now. I have one more lesson then I will be done for the day.

Him: Okay how about you pass by my office ka lunch?

I already know what he wants you best believe I am going there.

Me: OK. Send me the directions.

I hang up and Morena calls me as well. How on earth am I going to juggle all this? I even have the Splitz party later. Day two of this and I'm already exhausted. And all this pretending I have to do with Morena is suffocating. Atleast Sam had an idea of who I am. I could easily tell him the rest and not feel so guilty. Maybe I should let him go.

Morena:(over the phone) Hey babe. How are you doing?

Me: I am fine. I am on a break right now.

Him: Heish I wish I was you. Final year has me by the balls. I wanted to come see you but we are trying to finalize a group assignment.

Me; Oh OK. It's fine.

Him: Yes so I wanted to ask you something. I know it's all so sudden but I have to attend my cousin's wedding this weekend and I don't have a plus one. It's these hotel weddings and she is going to kill me if I don't RSVP today. So what do you say?

Me: About what?

Him: (chuckles) eish I didn't ask did I? I was hoping you could come with me. I have some money saved up so I can take you dress shopping tomorrow.

Me: Isn't it too soon for family gatherings Morena?

Him: I know...I know babe. OK the honest truth is I had RSVPed to go with Lea and seeing as I broke up with her and my cousin has already catered for her, I feel bad to disappoint her.

Me: So I am just a substitute?

Him: Of course not Nadia. I was just explaining what happened. You aren't replacing her. I just want to go with you to the wedding. It will give us a chance to get to know each other. Please say yes my African Queen.

Me: eish I...

Him: Ao mma.. So you want me to be the odd one out?

Me: OK fine. We will go.

Him: Great! Thank you my queen. We will go shopping around 4pm tomorrow. I'll borrow my brother's car. How does that sound?

Me: Sure. We can do that.

Him: One last thing, what are your social media handles? I have looked for you every where but I can't find you. You'd said your surname is Supang right?

Me: (with a pounding heart) oh that, I haven't joined social media yet. I'll work on it tonight.

Him: OK cool. Bye my queen. I miss you so much.

Me: Bye Morena.

I hang up the phone and exhale. Another lie added to the pile. I am on social media but as Dikeledi. I just have to create a totally different account and delete my old one. I don't want to raise eyebrows by

changing my name on my current one. Besides, Arie says I need real social media presence as a J ojo doll. I'll see to it tonight.

I have thought about the whole J ojo doll thing and I think I will do it for now. I mean I had a fantastic time the other night so what if each party I go to will push the memory away? I am not planning on having another Sam night but if I can make money while enjoying all that pleasure then why not? I have never seen as much money as I saw Arie holding and to think I could make that every other night, well that sounds like one heck of deal to me.

oooo oooo

I'll say it again, Sam is a god. I doubt his colleagues didn't hear my moaning in that office. He'd said they'd all gone out for lunch but the look the receptionist gave me as we walked out said a lot. I can't believe I am dating a man like Sam. As

important as he is, he still makes time for me. He makes me so happy and to top it off, he got me a very beautiful dress as a gift. He says the dress I wore last night really suited me so he couldn't stop himself. Sam is just perfect.

Arie: (on the phone) Hey shnukums. Where are you? It's time to get ready for the Splitz.

Me: I am walking upstairs to our room as we speak.

Her: Well thanks to you, it will be all yours soon.

Me: (frowning) what do you mean by that?

Her: come. I will tell you everything when you get here.

Me: Good because I am at the door.

I hang up and open the door.

Arie: (hugs me) Heish mma I am so excited for us. I can't even contain my joy. Girl you and I are about to make money. Can you smell it? I haven't come across anything that smells better than money. Even a perfume has nothing on that paper.

Me: (laughing) wow. You love money tlhemma.

Her: owai you won't be saying that by this time next week. J olene likes to get her new girls excited by sending them on trips with clients so once you are back from Dubai or wherever she will send you, you will be singing a different tune. Shnukums Botswana is very small. There is a whole world out there waiting to be discovered and it's at your fingertips. Your whole world is about to change my

love and you are never going to look back. Jolene changed my children's lives and now because of you, I can finally afford to take them from my mother and keep them with me.

Me: Why is it thanks to me?

Her: (smiles) The nightly increase will help me afford a house and maid as well as school. I have been saving a lot since I joined but I now want to reduce my saving installments and take my children.

Me: So you want to move?

Her: Yes. You will have this place to your self for the rest of your first year. I won't report to student services so you will have all the privacy in the world. I loved staying with you these past days but I need to get my kids out of there.

Me: Why though? Can't you just take care of them at your mother's place while you finish school?

Her: (looks down) I can't do that Dikeledi. Don't look at me now and think this is who I am. I grew up in a sheebeen. My mother sells shake shake and khadi to useless men and women and growing up they liked touching me inappropriately. We had no bathroom and my mother always insisted I bath at the pit latrine because she didn't want me spilling water in the house. Well one evening while I was bathing, a drunk man came to the toilet and found me there naked. He tried to rape me and the music was so loud that my screams were inaudible. I was so scared Dikeledi. That man was known for going around spreading HIV and I was just a teenager. Luckily my brother had seen the man coming to the bathroom. He helped me that day. He kicked the man around and threw stones at him and warned him to never step into the yard again. My mother cried when she heard what happened but nothing changed. To this day, if you go to Old Naledi and

ask where Mma Oats lives, even a child will point you in the right direction after asking you 'ko khading?' Oats doesn't even visit home anymore. I can't let my children grow up in that kind of place Dikeledi. I just can't.

This is hitting home for me. I didn't know Arie has this side to her. I didn't think she had a vulnerable side at all.

Me: (clear my throat) What about your children's father?

Her: owai! Mxm my son is 6 years old and his father was my classmate. The guy denied the pregnancy when my family went to see his. His mother told my mother to go and ask the men she gathers at her house. Then there is my 4 year old baby girl. I started dating this other petrol attendant and he only told me he is married after I told him about the pregnancy. And when I think of how the guy always

refused to use a condom (shakes her head) I was so in love with him Dikeledi. That was it for me. I decided then that love is nothing but a joke. I should be in my third year right now but because of that guy it all went to sh*t. When I met Jolene, I was waitressing and she asked me if I want her to change my life. I have never regretted it because sex has always ended in stressful disappointment for me. So why not make money out of it?

Me: I would never have guessed you have been through this.

Her: Shnukums if you write your misfortunes on your forehead then you will just become that girl who is always feeling sorry for herself tiring people out. I choose to mask my pain so I can achieve my goals in life. If it doesn't come on a platinum platter at birth then baby you have to work for it. That's why I am a Jojo doll. I am chasing the life I deserved to have but never got because of who I

was born to. So baby if these wigs and Weaves will help me get there, then you best believe I am going to throw one on and get to grinding. That's life.

[08/31, 17:35] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 17

Me: OK Arie I need you to explain something to me here. I thought you said we are going to J olene's place. Where are we?

Her: (laughs) Oh love. J olene has 5 houses in every corner of this country. She has another in Sandton and another in Abu Dhabi.

Me: What? How?

Her, baby girl J olene is at the top of her game. She has girls and clients all over Botswana and South Africa and her being the kind of Madame that makes you enjoy your hustle and allows you to leave whenever you want to makes her one of the most sought after Madames in Africa. J olene has money. Yes she comes from old money but she also has her own money. She comes from a family of Real Estate tycoons which is why the government doesn't question all the property she has but J olene is stinking rich. And it all comes from this. Imagine this, I on my own made her 24k less my 8k in one night. We currently have 49 J ojo dolls and 30 of us were at that party. Tell me how much you think she made that one night alone. And that's just from us. If clients want privacy they pay for her rooms. 5k per room and best believe all her houses have 5 bedrooms and they are always booked. Dikeledi, J olene has money to burn. This is nothing. Her house in the delta is like something etraxcted from a beach in Miami. These are the big

leagues baby. Take it all in.

Take it all in is right. This house is breath taking. I didn't know we had mansions in Botswana but yeah this is definitely a mansion. And just like the other house, this one is also hidden behind trees. She must love trees because both yards are full of them and the landscaping is just top notch. I am beginning to see what Arie meant by saying there is no scent better than money. This is just divine.

Arie leads me into the house and I find myself falling deeper and deeper for this house. For the woman who owns it.

Me: Is she married?

Arie: Nope. Apparently her boyfriend died in a car accident twenty years ago and the thing just killed that part of her. She hasn't been in a relationship

since that time. She just has pleasure partners and focuses on her business and her son. Her boyfriend died while she was 7 months pregnant. The shock caused her to go into early labour and the baby almost died. He is everything to her because she is the last piece of her heart.

Me: Wow. I thought I was thd only one with a story.

Her: I am waiting to hear yours you know.

Me: What my story?

She nods.

Me: No. I am not ready to share that yet.

She looks at me and smiles.

Her: the thing is we all tell our story at our Splitz party. Jolene wants to know what our driving force is. Why we are here. So we share our story with the group and it unites us as a sisterhood. Here is the funny thing about the Splitz party. Whenever a new member joins the group, she selects 10 of us at random and we each tell our story before they tell theirs. Jolene started the tradition with her first group of girls and she says by the time they left, their stories had changed. They went from whatever sad story they came with to saying they are Jojo girls because they want to have money. Jolene realized that the more we talk about the pain that brought us to her, we'd wind up realizing that the pain didn't exist anymore. The more you talk about something, the more its impact over you reduces. (laughs) I forgot to mention that Jolene was an Industrial Psychology major. She has a Masters and everything.

Me: So why Jojo dolls then?

Her: You will find out yourself. Let's go. I'm sure everyone is waiting on you. Don't forget to switch off your phone. You cannot be distracted by anything.

She then leads me down a stairway. OK this house has a basement. Passions made me hate basements and that was when I didn't know they existed in a tornado free country like Botswana. But here I am, walking down to one. Thinking of Passions reminds me of Mama. My grandmother hated Passion. She'd always say I was watching evil things. But come 5pm, or was it 5:30pm? Gran would be next to me watching and cursing Kay. I remember the day Botswana complained enough for the show to be cut off. That was when it had been moved to the late hours. Gran came to sit down just in time and after 15 minutes she was like "jaanong o kae Kay wa moloi?" (where is Kay the witch?) She was so disappointed when I told her it had been cut off. Oh mama where are you now? I'm

here in this basement seeing houses I never knew existed and you are gone.

The room is full of scented candles and there are cushions scattered all over the place. There is also a projector screen on the opposite wall. The whole setup is beautiful and you'd think it was a slumber party. But what do I know? Maybe it is.

Me: Where is everyone?

Arie: Come and take a seat over here. They will be in here before you know it.

She points to a swing chair. Yes. There is a swing chair in the basement. I don't even know if I should believe all this is really true.

Arie: I am coming. Just wait there and don't move.

Me: Arie wait! Where..

She is gone. She just opened a door near the projector screen and left me in a room all alone. No. This is how Beth tried to kill Sheridan. I am not sticking around for that. Just as I get ready to stand up, a song starts playing. That's when I notice the built in speakers in the ceiling. I know this song. It's A new day has come by Celine Dion. The door opens and some young ladies cat walk through and as far as I can see they have black silk thigh length gowns with Jojo doll embroidered in gold with their wigs spilling down their shoulders . They are so gorgeous. Each and every one of them is just beautiful. This is a little intimidating. I am not even wearing any makeup. Arie said I was saying goodbye to Dikeledi and welcoming Nadia in her fullness so I had to come to the party as Dikeledi and I'd be leaving as Nadia. The girls keep piling into the room as the song keeps on playing through the speakers.

I was waiting for so long
For a miracle to come
Everyone told me to be strong
Hold on and don't shed a tear
Through darkness and good times
I knew I'd make it through
And the world thought I had it all
But I was waiting for you

Hush now
I see a light in the sky
Oh it's almost blinding me
I can't believe I've been touched by an angel
With love

Let the rain come down

And wash away my tears

Let it fill my soul

And drown my fears

Let it shatter the walls

For a new sun

A new day has come

Where it was dark now there's is light

Where there was pain, now there's joy

Where there was weakness, I found my strength

All in the eyes of a boy

Hush now

I see a light in the sky

Oh it's almost blinding me

I can't believe I've been touched by an angel

With love.....

As the girls line up opposite me, I finally see Arie. She changed into the gown too and she is holding one in her hand. Behind her I see Jolene. She is wearing a matching gown but hers is knee length. I love how classy she seems to always look.

Arie's smile is infectious and I return it as she walks towards me with the gown. The music stops and she clears her throat.

Her: My darling doll, today is your new day. This is the day you get to change whatever odds that have been stacked against you. It's your turn to change your own life. It's time to be the you that can control the outcome of her life. Today you become a doll. You will wear what you want when you want and have all the money to do it. Just like a Barbie doll, you will become the most wanted doll. Like Barbie, everyone will want to have you but not all can afford a Jojo doll because we are the best.

The rest of the ladies start clapping lightly as I put the gown on.

Jolene: welcome to your new home my love. I am Jolene. The founder of this money maker. I maintain a number of 50 girls in each country I operate in. 50 is a nice golden number and it also brings in the big money. I started Jolo girls 5 years ago because I wanted to make money. I don't have any heartfelt story about why I have this business. I just wanted to get rich. Richer than my parents. That's all I have ever wanted and I realized I had a talent in the business of satisfying clients and employees. That's why my door is always open for you to leave. I never want to force anyone into anything because I believe in sexual freedom. Jolo dolls host some of the biggest clients in the game because our confidentiality is unmatched. Our clients know that a doctor can start telling the world about their embarrassing illnesses way before we could ever even mention knowing them. That's is all

I expect from you. I have said it before and I will keep saying it. Confidentiality is the secret of our success and if you dare mess with that, well then you will begin to understand why people always say coloreds are crazy. I am nice until I am not. (smiles) Now enjoy this night. Tonight is all about you. Tonight you separate yourself from the old you and become a whole new you. That's why it's called a Spiltz party. You split with the old you. You develop a whole new persona which comes after you have shared your story. I have chosen 10 girls to share their stories while they create the new you. Have fun my pet.

I am just sitting here waiting for whatever is to come. These people clearly take this whole things seriously so I am already intrigued. One of the girls comes up to me. She is holding make-up in her hand. She starts talking to me while applying foundation on my face. It's so awkward but what can I do? .

Her: Hi. My name was Amantle. I became a Jojo a year ago. I was married young. I am 25 years old now. I got married when I was 21. I was so in love with my husband that I was blind to everything my mother tried Warning me about. I married him against my parent's wishes and had a child with him in our first year of marriage. The man changed completely while I was in confinement. I came back to my house to find a woman sleeping in my bed. I was holding our son in my arms and there she was. My nightmare in the flesh. When I asked my husband, what was going on in my house he said it was my fault and asked me why I decided to get pregnant so early in the marriage. He said he needed someone while I was busy getting fat in my mother's house. The fool I was stayed with him. I didn't want to fail so early in marriage. The following year, I found him on top of our helper in the sitting room. I... (clears throat) I couldn't believe what my eyes were showing me. He apologized and I stayed. Atleast that's what he thought. I was making plans to leave him. I moved my son to my mother's place and looked for a job as a maid. I

went from living in my own house to cleaning someone else's. I divorced him while working as a maid and it was all thanks to my boss. She left the dolls just after I had joined. Right now, I am back on my feet and living with my son again. I was Amantle. I am now Amy.

Wow. I just... Wow.. Another one came forward. At this point I don't know what she is holding but it's too yellow for my skin. I don't want to look like my neck divorced my face. But I dare not speak. She starts applying the thing on my cheekbones. I am very worried.

Her: My name was Boipelo. I was working at a Bank for four years. I had taken out so many useless loans because I have always loved the lavish lifestyle. Honey, I owed everyone. I even borrowed money from the gaurd at work. Loan sharks were always burning up my phone. I had a cousin whose former classmate was always flaunting the high life

she lives and I wanted it so bad that I followed the girl on Instagram and eventually asked her where she worked. It took some time for her to tell me because she'd said they had no openings yet. When one of the girls left, she DMed me and that's how I became a doll. I paid up all my debts within two years and I am now living the life I have always wanted and I owe no one at all. I am happy. I was Boipelo. My name is now Nickey.

She smiles and walks back. More of the ladies come forward and tell me their stories while working on my face, hands and feet. Each one is different from the other and I can relate to some of them. By the time they are done telling me their stories, Jolene takes my hand and leads me with my eyes closed to a ceiling to floor length mirror. When I open my eyes I am more shocked than I was the day Arie did my makeup. They even put false lashes on me. My eyes feel so heavy but the shock of how I look over powers me.

Jolene: It's now your turn to tell us who you were and who you are.

After all the stories I have heard, I feel more comfortable to tell them everything.

Me: (looking at myself in the mirror) My name was Dikeledi. A girl whose birth killed her mother and was dumped at her father's parent's door step. A girl whose grandfather turned into a woman at the age of eight. I have had five abortions. The last one nearly killed me but I guess it wasn't my time yet. My father wanted nothing to do with me until my grandmother got beaten up by my grandfather for trying to help me escape after 10 years of sexual abuse. My grandmother died trying to save me. My rapist is in jail and my father told me he wanted my mother to abort me. He told me I killed her because she refused to kill me and he wished I had died with her. When I came to Gaborone, I didn't want to be that girl anymore. (crying) I wanted to forget it all so

I changed my name to Nadia. The only reason I am here is because I don't want to feel like a rape victim anymore. I want to take back my sexual experiences. When I am done, I will leave. When I don't think of Ntate when a man touches me, I will leave. That's all I want. I want to forget. I want to be Nadia.

The crying won't stop. Jolene holds me in her arms as I cry. Oh well. There goes my makeup.

[08/31, 17:35] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 18

Morena: Are you ready?

I nod my head and breathe out. I don't actually know

how ready I am for this. He opens the door for me to step out. I can tell he is still disappointed that I didn't wear the dress he got me. I decided to wear the dress Sam got me instead because I love it more than the one Morena got me or maybe I love the man more. He asked me where I got it and I said it was a gift for passing form 5.

He takes my hand and leads me into the wedding venue. We are at a Golf Estate and the place is just gorgeous. I have never thought of my dream wedding but this setting here is so good that I can almost picture myself getting married here. As we walk into the parlor, I see huge portraits of a couple. It must be the bride and groom. Morena holds my waist as we stand by the entrance to confirm our attendance with the ushers. They go through the list of names and tick Morena's name off then he leaves the gift he brought with them as we head in.

This looks like one of those videos you see of

Nigerian weddings. The lighting is a purple hue and the decor is just amazing. Morena hugs and fist bumps a couple of people while introducing me to them.

Girl: Lordship, did you guys go to the booth?

Him: (Laughs) Was Sharon serious about that?

Her: Yes! Ae go Lordship. She'd be hurt to not see your face among the pictures.

I am standing here confused and waiting for someone to tell me what they are talking about. Morena turns to me while laughing.

Morena : Babe let's go take some pictures in the photo booth.

Me: OK.

I doubt he is talking about an actual photo booth because how? When we step out into the garden area I realize that there really is another half that lives different from us. There is an actual photo booth here.

Me: Morena how rich are these people? This venue, the decor and now this?

Morena: (shrugs) Ah. I guess you could say they are rich. I don't really look at all that. My cousin was studying in the UK where she met the man she is marrying today. He is Ghanaian so they will be celebrating in Ghana in two weeks before going back to the UK. She is forcing me to go there. She is my favorite cousin so she thinks she can get me to do anything she wants. She is like a sister to my brother's and I so she knows I can't say no.

I look at him and I can't help but admire the smile on his face. Morena is a well crafted specimen of man.

We walk into the booth and start taking pictures with silly poses and using some of the props in the booth. My breath hikes up when his groin rubs against my butt. He moves and rubs me again and it tickles my yoni. I don't think he realizes the effect he is having over me.

Me: Why haven't we had sex yet?

What the hell did I just say? The thing is I was just supposed to think it. Not blurt it out! Oh my nerts I need to run away. To just hide. I look at him in the mirror inside the booth and I can see he is just as shocked.

Him: what?

Oh well, I have let it out so I'll just have to ride this out. Maybe he can admit he isn't attracted to me so when can end this and I can focus on school, Sam and my journey to forgetting.

Me: Are...Are you not attracted to me? You never even suggest anything.

Him: Nadia...I...Of course I am attracted to you. Why would I be with you if I am not? I just thought we are still getting to know each other. I didn't want you feeling pressured when we just met a week ago. I was being a gentleman.

Me: (looking down) Well it makes me feel like you don't want me like that and it makes me wonder why we are together then. Because if you don't think I am attractive then we should just end this.

He frowns and chuckles. I don't understand this

chuckle. I was just about to ask why he is laughing at me when he shakes his head and pulls me out of the booth. The people standing near the booth give us awkward looks. I am not sure if it's because they heard the conversation we were having or because I am being dragged across the lawn by a tall man.

Me: Morena where are you taking me?

He isn't talking to me. He just pulls me along.

Me: Are you taking me home? Is this how you end things?

Silence.

Me: can't you just be civil about it?

Okay I'll just shut up now because I look like a crazy person talking to a mute man. If he is going to drive us out of here in silence then so be it.

He keeps pulling me along until we get to a front desk. He pulls his wallet out and takes his card out, all the while holding my wrist with one hand. He hands the bank card over and smiles at the woman by the front desk.

Morena: I'd like a room please.

Woman: OK sir. Let me check what we have available. The wedding party has us almost fully booked.

She then goes back to clicking on the keyboard while asking for Morena's specifications.

Meanwhile I am just standing there like a convict trying to escape. Once they are done, he is given a

key card and off we go. This man still hasn't spoken a word to me...

Here I am standing in the middle of a hotel room with a twenty five year old angry looking man loosening his tie.

Him: Nadia, what did I say to you when I asked you out? I told you I am not giving you a choice didn't I? I told you I won't take no for an answer because believe it or not, I love you. I love you Nadia and it's insane because we just met and I love you as if I have known you all my life. I love you and you tell me...

He chuckles and unbuttons his shirt then takes it off and throws it on the bed and oh J eso this man... I can't help but drool. His arms are so defined and the vest he is wearing is clinging onto his body. He doesn't have that exercise junkie type of body. He has a man's body. A sit down let me massage you

type of body. I kind of want to grab his arms but he looks angry.

Morena: do you have any idea how much I wanted to tear your clothes off as I watched you looking at your bags the day we met? I stood there for five minutes before I even spoke to you and you come now and tell me I am not attracted to you?

Me: You don't show it so I thought-

He cuts me off with a breathtaking kiss. His fingers are deep in my hair almost caressing my scalp as I run my hands along the arms I have been dying to feel. Just as I am delving into the pleasure of his kiss, he stops and turns me around so that I am facing away from him. Oh his tongue! His tongue runs along the nape of my neck as he unzips my dress. I shut my eyes and take in the pleasure of his kiss along my shoulder when the dress falls off of me. His hand travels down my waist as he slides

his hand into my panty making my breath hike. Just as I am ready to receive his long beautiful finger, he pulls it out and pushes my panties off and
#EXPLICIT....

We finally catch our breathes and I was just about to stand up when Morena pulls me back down and gets on top of me.

Morena: If you ever tell me I am not attracted to you again, I will not let you go until you are so numb down there that everyone will know you got punished.

Me: (softly) I am getting horny again.

He laughs and stands up. I don't know why he thinks I am joking because I am very serious. I follow him to the bathroom and watch him wash his manhood. I can't help but bite my lip and enjoy the

show. He looks at me and laughs again.

Him: Don't do that babe. We have to go to the wedding.

Me: OK then can we come back here after?

Him: (smiles and wipes himself) I don't see why not. I have this room till tomorrow at noon so we can sleep here if you want. Now get cleaned up before I start getting calls from my parents asking me if I am really planning on missing Sharon's wedding.

oooo oooo

OK I don't know what this is but I am so clingy now. I just want to feel him next me all the time. He keeps laughing at me but I don't care.

Him: Come. We have the same table as my parents.

My joints just went cold.

Me: Babe what do you mean? I can't share a table with your parents.

Him: (tilts his head and smiles) Ebile I'm babe now. So you just needed a good shag to get you in order my queen? O worse! Don't worry, I will reward you for enduring my parents. You will be singing all night tonight.

I lightly smack his arm and laugh. I just have to accept what is about to happen here because I want to sing. I mean, no question about that.

We get to a very loud table. These people are all out of order. That's all I know. I spot Kgosi so I know for

sure this is his family's table.

Morena: Bathong you are in public! Even the parents are louder than the children?

Man: Hey wena your swine! Is this the time to come?

Woman: And he tries to act like a monitor here ka matho o kare pilisi ya tlhogo.

The whole table erupts in laughter. Even Morena is laughing. I want to laugh but I don't want to seem too forward.

Woman: (looks at me seriously) What is it? Am I boring you?

Me: um...No

That time I long left Morena's arm.

Her: So what is it? Morena do you feed her? Maybe the poor thing is hungry and can't laugh.

They laugh again and I just want to cry.

Morena: Mama tlhemma stop it. Kana she will take you seriously. This is why I never introduce anyone to you. What if she dumps me?

So this is his mother? She stands up and makes her way to me and hugs me.

Her: Nnyaa rra if you don't have game don't come and blame me. If you get dumped by her then it's on you.

Man: It's all on the waist son. Letheka hela. You will have her clinging to you like a tick.

Heelang! Everyone laughs as more embarrassment washes over me.

Morena: Ae when will the reception start? Maybe you guys will keep quiet and stop embarrassing me. In fact, Nadia let's go sit with my cousins.

His mother pulls me away and sits me next to her after chasing a younger version of Morena away.

Her: Ako o sute ha Kgotla (move away Kgotla) how will you get girls if you keep acting like I still breastfeed you? Tswa ha.

Again everyone laughs and I join in as I take a seat

next to her. Morena has a defeated look on his face and moves his brother again so he sits next to me.

Morena: I knew I was going to regret this. You people are the kind that have to meet someone when you are told to go and pay magadi (lobola). How do you take my girlfriend away Mmaagwe Kgosi?

Man: J aanong o a lela? (so are you crying now?) Wipe your tears and introduce us before Kgotla a its eela ka phoso.

Morena laughs and holds my hand.

Morena: Everyone, this is Nadia. She is my... My queen.

They all clap making me blush.

Morena: (starts pointing around the table) Your kidnapper is my mother, the one who wants to give you away to my little brother is my father, you have met Kgosi. That's his wife Chantelle. Their two kids Bogolo and Bofelo but as you can see, Chantelle is pregnant again so Kgosi lied to her. Actually he did lie about getting a vasectomy which is why I suggested they name the child Vasey if it's a girl and Tommy if it's a boy.

Everyone laughs and Kgosi throws a napkin at Morena.

Morena: Truth hurts kana. Then that is Bogosi and his lady Tlotlo and their kids, Tlamelo, Leano and Loago. Then this pea brain is my youngest brother Kgotla. This is the Morena family. This is who I am. But don't judge too harshly based on them because I promise I am the calmer one.

All: Owai!

Laughter breaks out again. The love around this table is so thick you can almost touch it. Even the brother's women look so comfortable. Married or not, they seem to be one. I want this.

Please please please don't forget to like, comment and share. This journey is still far so tag your friends so they join in

[08/31, 17:35] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 19

Tlotlo

" Bogosi I don't even know why I bother going to your family gatherings because all it does is make me look like a fool."

Him: you are the one who insisted on coming with me. I honestly didn't want to have to go through all this nonsense with you. Why did you even want to come with me then?

Me: Because you always b*tch around when I am not there! Why do I even stay with you? Why?

Him: Good question.

My heart breaks and tears well up.

Me: Can we just get the kids from Chantelle's. I am not in the mood for company.

Him: You will drop me off and go home. Don't try cutting the fun my children are having with their cousins just because you are in a mood. I don't know why you are even with me if you hate my family.

I am not going to respond anymore. Bogosi needs to just die. That's all I want him to do right now. I also don't even know why I am still with him. Three children in and I am still single. On top of that, I get cheated on more times than a pregnant dog. I am pretty sure Morena will marry that Nadia girl way before I am married, if I ever am. Being in this relationship is like being to hell and back on a wheelbarrow. I just wish I didn't love him anymore. This is what I get for being with the guy everyone wanted in high school. Surely you deserve better than this Tlotlo.

We finally drive into the yard and everyone starts piling out of their cars . The Morena Brothers do this

all the time when they have to attend an event. After the event, we gather at Kgosi's house for a braai. It's a nice gathering and all but it makes me feel like crap so I am not attending today. Let me say bye to Chanty and the new girl so I don't seem rude. I walk over to Chantelle who is rubbing her big bump.

Me: Hey babe I am heading home tlhemma.

Her: What? Tlotlo why?

Me: I am just exhausted. (to Nadia) I hope you don't mind dropping Bogosi and the kids after.

Nadia nods her head.

Chantelle: Hey wena stop being dramatic. What is tiring about a hotel wedding when we didn't even have to sweat over fire? Heta I have lots of wine and

you'll drink for me too.

I chuckle and follow the pregnant body. I kind of knew she wasn't going to let me go. Chantelle is bossy and always gets her way but then she is also so sweet that you don't even realize she is bossing you around. She is the closest thing I have to a best friend. We have known each other for 15 years. She found me but got married 13 years ago and I am still here. The village gaurd. I sometimes wonder if I would still be with Bogosi if I had gone to University like Chantelle. I was too busy being the perfect girlfriend to Bogosi that he became my sole purpose. Even when he asked me to move in after our first child, I ran like a cat on fire. I wasn't even willing to listen to my mother who warned me about cohabitation. She told me how many men leave women they stay under the same roof and marry another after you ironed their wedding shirt while he told you he is a bestman. I would kill him. Bogosi would die on his honeymoon if he tries that bull with me. I am not the one.

Chantelle takes some wine out and places it on the table. I reach for it and pour some into my glass.

Me: Do you indulge nana?

She nods her head and I pour some while Chantelle warms some hot wings. If Chicken Licken has n't made her their ambassador or give her discounts by now then there is no loyalty. She eats chicken licken every day when she is pregnant. I sometimes feel sorry for Kgosi three pregnancies later.

Me: So where are you from nana?

She shifts uncomfortably placing her glass back on the table.

Chantelle: No you aren't going to start interrogating

the girl when she just took her first sip.

Me: Ao...How is getting to know someone an interrogation?

Chantelle: You seem to forget I have been where she is before. You grilled me hard the first time we met.

Me: (sip my wine) Oh come on. That was different. I was used to Kgosi's ex so I wanted to know if you had snatched him from her or not.

She gives me a tight smile and goes back to her wings.

Me: You don't mind me asking do you Nadia?

Her: Umm...No...

Me: OK then how about you tell me about yourself. Where did you meet Morena? Wasn't he dating some Lea girl just last week?

Chantelle: Tlotlo! Maybe you should go and rest like you'd said. I don't know why you are always like this after weddings. You aren't being nice Tlotlo.

Me: (sigh) I am sorry. I just...Chanty why won't he marry me? Or break up with me at least? After seventeen years together? I mean we have a fifteen year old daughter who asks me if her father loves me. Three children Chantelle? I was eighteen when we met. Now I am an unemployed thirty five year old mother of three. What will I do? Where will I start? (crying) I am so tired Chanty but where do I go from here? Ke dire jang? I gave him my life, my heart and my body. His children gave me stretch marks. What man will have me now? Huh? What will I do?

Chantelle: So do you want to leave him now? Are you finally ready to leave.

I shake my head and she sighs. I love Bogosi so much. How do you leave someone you love? Do you just go?

Me: I am so tired of feeling jealous of other women and wondering what they have that I don't. I mean the minute I saw Nadia, I could already see her with a ring on her finger e le Mrs Morena. What about me? When will it be my turn?

Nadia clears her throat as if she wants to speak but closes her mouth.

Me: (wiping my tears) You can talk. I don't bite.

Her: I think sometimes it's better to let go of things you can't have because you end up hurting yourself with great expectations from someone who doesn't even think about you. I have learnt that letting go of people who don't care about you saves your heart because spending years longing for something or someone that sleeps well whether you are there or not wastes your life away.

Me; (scoffing) So you learnt that from what? Your twelve years of life? These are grown up issues little girl. Drink your wine and keep quiet. Kana maybe your drinking is even illegal. Kana bo Morena ba Sela Sela le bo kgwa mashi tota ba meriri e dikgobe Mxm. (Morena goes around dating children with unkempt hair)

Chantelle: (hits the table) Tlotlo! You are the one who told her to speak!

That truly was uncalled for. The truth just tends to

be a bitter pill to swallow. I have a bad tendency of speaking first and thinking later. Especially if someone is putting my life under a microscope. Like they say, ignorance is bliss and I am swimming in it.

Me: I am sorry nana.

Dikeledi

This is what I get for opening my mouth. Morena just had to insist on coming here after the wedding. I thought we would go straight to the hotel room and wear ourselves out all night long.

Tlotlo: Tlhemma I said I am sorry.

Me: It's fine.

Chantelle: Don't mind her sweetie. Her bark is louder than her bite.

I smile and pull my phone out of my pocket to text Morena.

[babe when are we going? I can't focus on anything here]

He replies in less than a minute. I don't want him knowing I don't like his brother's girlfriend.

[me too babe.]ust give me 30 minutes]

I can't help but smile. God's creation is highly celebrated in my books. I am getting wet just thinking about the great time we had earlier. I am no longer focused on what these ladies are talking about. This Tlotlo one is too sour for my liking. I am

clearly a bad judge of character because I thought they were all such a loving family. But then again, who knows how deep her scars are. Who am I to judge? We all cope with our issues in different ways. I never thought I would ever find myself enjoying sex in an unending yearning to always get that sexual healing but look where we are now.

Chantelle : Heelang. Nadia, Morena has you on a hook tthemma. How can you be blushing and biting your lips in front of your big sisters like this? Kana these brothers are all the same. If you don't watch yourself you will wind up walking around the house naked all day just to give him easy access or being tired of having your panties ripped off.

Tlotlo: (laughs and claps) Yes girl! That is what might be keeping me here waitse. Kana lebelete lele lame le itse go tshikinya letheka. (That whore of mine really knows how to move his waist.) I sometimes find myself wanting to drive to his

parents house to shake thier hands and thank them for this man. Heish mohavo kana o monate bathong! (sex is very nice!)

They both laugh and high five. I am just feeling embarrassed because I have never discussed sex with anyone especially not a woman. This just feels wierd and I am saved by the bell as my phone rings. I get up and step outside so I can freely speak to Arie.

Me: Hi Arie!

Her: Shnukums where are you? We have a situation mma.

Me: I am not sure where I am tota. What situation?

Her: Heish mma Bella fell last night and she isn't

getting any better. Apparently it's a stomach bug so Jolene says she needs you to replace her because you and Bella are in the same group.

My heart starts racing. I don't know if it's excitement or fear but I feel something.

Me: Umm...Ke dire jang ne mma? I am at Morena's brother's place and I am not sure where it is.

Her: Who is Morena?

Me: (I roll my eyes) PEP t-shirt.

Her: Eeeww. Nadia I told you to leave that guy. Why are you even with him? That guy can't afford you anymore.

Me: Please don't say such things about my boyfriend.

She laughs for a while.

Her: Oh Nadia, Nadia, Nadia. You are so cute my love. Did I not tell you that love doesn't exist? Ebile because you have met his family I am sure you have already pictured yourself as a wife. I knew petrol attendants sister shnukums. Just leave those fairytales and come here for something real. Money Nadia. Things that make the world go round. Get your head out of the clouds and be here within an hour so I can get you ready. You don't want to disappoint Jolene.

Me: (snapping) Did I say I am not coming Arefa? Did I?

Her: Hey Dikeledi. Do not even try me. Arefa o Raya

mang? (who are you calling Arefa?) telling you my story didn't mean you should now come and think you can test me. I will put my wig aside and teach you why I don't want that name. I left that name in Old Naledi do you hear me? Are we in Zola? Don't try me Dikeledi. Don't! Hurry up before I report you to J olene.

I hang up the phone and breathe out loud. Now how do I tel! Morena I have to go?

oooo oooo

[08/31, 17:35] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 20

OK Nadia, you can do this. I just have to come up with a good excuse because the last thing I want is to piss J olene off. She told me that I am never to

disappoint her clients by not showing up for an appointment. She said if I decide to quit then I have to notify her a day before or after my last job. I am never to decide an hour before that I am not going in. I think I might have a tinge of excitement. My first night with Sam was mind blowing and I think it might be because it was with a stranger. OK, enough thinking. Its time to leave. I walk into the kitchen and find the ladies laughing.

Me: I have to go tlhe bathong.

Chantelle :Ao mma. So soon?

Tlotlo: I hope I didn't offend you tlhemma.

I just have to get out of here and this is just wasting my time. I don't want to piss J olene off.

Me: No you didn't. Something just came up.

Chantelle: Ao.. That's too bad. I was looking forward to getting to know you. But there is always next time Akere.

Me: Umm yeah. Let me go. Bye!

I then head to the backyard where the men are standing around the braai stand. Morena is facing me and smiling. His smile makes me blush. I was really looking forward to tonight. I will have to make it up to him somehow.

Morena: What's up babe?

Me: Can I speak to you?

He walks over to me and follows me away from his brothers' loud chatting.

Morena: So you can't take the waiting anymore huh?

Me: Actually. Something just came up and I gave you go back to school.

Him: (frowns) Something like what?

Me: My friend's aunt, the one I had dinner with last time. Well she invited me to sleep over at her house and she says she will be there to pick me up in 30 minutes. I would get in trouble if they find out I am dating.

Morena: I am not trying to be insensitive but they aren't your parents Nadia.

Me: That was very insensitive of you and I may be an orphan but it doesn't mean that I should now disrespect elders that have been there for me when I had no one. Now for you to spit on the fact that they aren't blood relations offends me.

Morena: I am sorry. I didn't mean it like that. I am just disappointed that we won't spend the night together as planned.

He tries to hold my hand but I yank it off.

Me: Can you please just take me to school. If you don't want to leave you can just tell me where we are so I can call a cab.

Morena: Ae babe. Don't be like that. I'll take you. Let me just say goodbye. I am sorry tlhemma.

I look at him dead in the eye. He shakes his head and walks away. I hope he hurrys up. I have to go.

oooo oooo

Tlotlo

It's been two hours since the new girl left and I am honestly tired. I am sure Bogosi is drunk right now and I wish we could just go.

Me: Chanty let me go get Tlamelo and them. I want to go home now. I am so tired.

Chantelle: OK. I am sure they are in Bogolo's room. I don't know if it's being teenagers or what but those girls, ae.

Me: (laughing) And the way they chase thier brothers away is too much mma. Ha se gore go buiwa ka di crush? (Maybe they will be talking about their crushes)

Chantelle: Ao mma. They are babies. Do you know how clueless I was about boys when I was 15?

Me: Me too. Bogosi is the one that thought me everything (roll my eyes) No wonder I am stuck here. I don't know anything else. Ah waits e ke eng. I am tired of talking about this man Chanty. I am done.

She laughs at me as I walk off. I know she knows I lied. I always say this. I don't know what it will take for me to realize I deserve better than this man. I was just about to knock on Bogolo's door when Tlamelo's voice stopped me dead in my tracks.

Tlamelo:..... And I came so hard cuz! I thought he

misplaced my uterus!

Bogolo: (laughs) Heish mma le yone dick ya gagwe e tona thata! How do you take that in? Nna mma Johnson is better.

Maybe I should let my cold joints give in. Maybe I should just faint. What are these children saying? Is this a dream? How is my child talking about uterus displacement? Heelang. I can't even move but I don't want to hear the rest of the conversation.

Tlamelo: Do you have a picture of his dick?

Bogolo: No.

Tlamelo: Ask him to send it so I can see.

Bogolo: (laughs) OK.

Then there is silence. I guess they are texting. I need to lift my arm and open this door. Yes. Let me do that. They get startled when I open the door. But the look on their faces is that of people who fear nothing. They don't know how long I have been standing by that door. They are clueless.

Tlamele: Ao mamzo don't you know you have to knock?

I don't know when my hand went up but the sound I just heard and the look on her face as she holds her cheek in shock confirms that I have just slapped her. I grab both their phones and walk out. What kind of foolishness is this? Do they even know how to use condoms? Nxla.

I toss the phones on the kitchen table and breathe

like a woman in labor. I think it's the shock.

Chantelle: Are you OK? What's wrong.

Me: Chantelle...(I shake my head) I...Chantelle our babies aren't talking about crushes. They are talking about cumming and big dicks. Big dicks Chantelle..

That time, I'm pacing around and failing to control the volume of my voice.

Chantelle: (frowns) what? What did you just say?

Me: (clapping my hand) I heard my child tell your child that some donkey made her cum hard and almost displaced her uterus Chantelle! Then I heard your child say Johnsons dick isn't as big as the donkeys dick and now, (I chuckle) now we are waiting for the dick nude.

She looks at me in disbelief and I totally understand. Listen if I hadn't heard it myself, I'd have thrown a fit at whoever would be telling me what I would feel were lies. How is Tlamelo talking about dick sizes? How? I must have been very loud because the men are now standing by the door in shock. The look on Bogosi shows how shocked he is. Neither of us were expecting this.

Kgosi: (roars) where are they?

Chantele: babe calm d-

The look she gets from him shuts her up quick. As fun and jolly as the Morena brothers are, you never want to see them angry. Especially not at you. Look I wasn't even planning on telling Bogosi anything. At least not yet. Kgosi storms out of the kitchen heading to the bedrooms with his brothers behind

him.

Kgosi: Bogolo! Tlamelo! Come here right now!

Me: (to Chantelle) what have I done? I wanted us to talk to them first. Was I that loud?

Chantelle: No. They were already standing by the door. I guess you didn't see them. But what are these girls doing Tlotlo? How did we not know they are dating?

Me: I feel like such a failure.

We hear Bogosi's voice in the living room.

Bogosi: Sit down! Sit your butts down right now!

Chantelle: Lets go.

We walk into the living room and find the girls sitting across their fathers with red eyes. Kgotla must have gone to the boys room. I understand. He and the girls have a three year age difference and they are more like siblings than uncles and nieces.

Kgosi: Lelang hela jalo. (just keep crying) By the time I start beating you, you will drink water for more tears.

Bogosi: Le tlaare le lelela eng mme gone le nchimisa jaana? (Why are you even crying when all you are doing is nauseating me?) Why didn't you cry when men came to you asking for sex? Huh?

Chantelle: Can we please start from the very beginning. We need to know what is going on with these girls.

Kgosi: Tell them to wipe thier tears then. Tell them before I get mothusi.

Mothusi is what he calls his stick. Yes, these children get whipped if they misbehave. It's a rare occurrence because the men are hardly ever involved in matters of misbehaving but when they are, then you know it's serious and they are going to get a beating.

Me: Suthlang tthe dilo Tseo! (wipe those tears)

They start wiping their faces while sniffing.

Chantelle: Bogolo, Tlamelo, what is going on?

Silence.

Kgosi: Buang! (Speak!)

Bogosi stands up and begins to unbuckle his belt.
Tlamelo quickly lifts her hands in surrender.

Tlamelo: Papa I will talk. Please sit down. I will talk.

Bogosi: Talk then.

Tlamelo:(Looks at me) I...I am not sure what mama heard so I don't know what to say.

I laugh and clap my hands. These girls are trying us.
No my child, my first born is trying me.

Me: Which part do you want to leave out? Tlamelo!
Tlamelo! O a jola Tlamelo? (Are you dating?) You

even know dick sizes? What do you want to leave out? Ngwanyana tell us who you have been sleeping with and since when. Tell us now!

The thing about my daughter is that she is easily scared unlike Bogolo. Bogolo is so stubborn that I doubt she will tell us anything. I didn't know that parenting meant this nonsense.

Tlamelo: (sniffles) I am sorry mama. I am so sorry.

Bogosi: Tlamelo! Ke a shimisega (I am getting neauseas).

Tlamelo: I am embarrassed and shy to tell you all.

Me: Where was that embarrassment when a man asked you to get naked?

Tlameo: It's not a man mama.

Kgosi: (roars) Tlameo wee. Don't waste our time here. Tell us who that boy is right now.

Me: She has to start from the beginning.

Tlameo looks at me desperately. I don't know what she thinks I will do because I am very angry with her right now. In fact anger is an understatement.

Tlameo: It's a boy in my class. We started dating last term and he wanted us to celebrate our 1 month anniversary in a s... Special way. So we... Ummm...we did it.

Me: You did what Tlameo?

Tlameo: We had sex.

Me: For you 1 month anniversary?

She nods her head.

Bogosi: (looks at me) What is a 1 month anniversary kante? Isn't an anniversary an annual thing? Ga 1 month ke eng?

Me: di iphella pelo Akere dilo tsa teng. Were you a virgin before that?

She nods her head.

Kgosi: So you lost your virginity to a boy you met last term? Last term Ntlame? After one month? Ao ngwanaka.

I don't know why Kgosi is feeling sorry for her because I feel like pouncing on her.

Chantelle: Did...Did you use a condom Tlamelo?

She looks down and nods her head. I have to admit that I am so relieved by that.

Bogosi: Do you even know his HIV status?

Just then a notification comes in on one of the phones I am holding. It's Bogolo's phone and she has panic written on her face. I pass it to Chantelle who tries opening it.

Chantelle: Heta o lotlolole matlakala a gago. (come and unlock your rubbish)

She stands up and walks over. She unlocks the phone and she panics and starts pressing her phone when her mother tries to grab it from her but she holds on to it struggling for it.

Me: Bogolo! Your mother is preg-

I am cut short by the sound of a belt. Kgosi landed his belt on her back. She starts squirming around after releasing the phone. Now it's lash after lash on her back.

Kgosi: Are you trying to kill my wife? Huh? How dare you fight your mother? My wife? O a ntlwaela neh Bogolo?

Bogosi eventually holds his brother back to stop him after a few lashes. Chantelle passes the phone to me and shakes her head walking off.

Chantelle: I can't deal with this right now.

It's a picture of a penis. A tiny little hard penis is starring at me with the caption 'do you want some more good loving?' I want to laugh but I won't. I look at Tlamelo who is curled up in the corner of the couch she is sharing with Bogolo.

Me: The picture you requested has arrived my child. Come and see. Come so you tell me which dick is bigger.

That seems to fuel Kgosi who wants to charge at Bogolo who hasn't stopped crying. Everything is just a mess until Chantelle comes back holding her bump. She stands by the hallway and looks at us.

Chantelle: My water broke.

Kgosi immediately freezes in place and looks at his wife. She is eight months pregnant and shouldn't be in labour at all. This isn't good.

[08/31, 17:36] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 21

Tlotlo

Men are always so brave during the process of baby making. Come labour time you would swear they were forced into it. Kgosi ran up and down taking baby bags. We left the house in a haste and I had to drive. But not before telling the girls that I'll be back for them. I took their phones with me and went through Tlamelo's phone. To see how clueless

our kids are about sex made me feel disappointed. Not in them, but in us. Speaking about sex to children is such a taboo in Africa. I remember that when I got my first period, my mother told me that now that I got a period, I am a woman and I should stay away from boys because I could get pregnant. I was so confused! I mean, how was I going to get pregnant because I got a period? I didn't understand what boys had to do with my period. I always told myself I'll do better but I failed. I have to fix this.

Kgosi comes running into the waiting room wearing protective clothing.

Kgosi: It's a boy! It's another boy! The doctor says he is fine. He is a big boy. He says they will keep him for three days just to make sure.

Bogosi hugs him and he leaves after I give him a hug. It's a relief. Bogosi and I had been silently waiting to hear the news about Chantelle for the

past hour. I think we both had a lot on our minds.

Bogosi: This is all your fault Tlotlo.

Me: Excuse me?

Bogosi: It's all your fault! Our a child wouldn't be out there fornication if you were a better mother. It's your fault that she is sleeping around.

Tlotlo breathe. Breathe in and out girl.

Me: O a ntlholela Akere Bogosi?

Bogosi : Who do you want to blame? Do you see yourself as a good role model for our children? Huh? Do you?

Me: Bogosi don't even dare test me. I beg of you. Don't. But you know what? You are right. I am to blame for this. She watches me stay with you after all these years. She sees how you treat me like scum and yet I stick around. She sees how I believe your lies and she also believed his lies. I am a victim of circumstance but she is a victim of my own making. I am the one to blame. You are right Bogosi.

I am just going to go home now. I don't care how he and Kgosi will leave this place. I just want to go home.

Dikeledi

I didn't realize I was joining two other girls for the client. Jolene had a car pick me up from school and

I was dropped off at a hotel with a room number. When I got to the room, I saw two more J ojo dolls in the room and we all had our masks on waiting for the client.

Girl 1: Foursomes are hectic for a first time because the client never wants you standing still.

Me: So what should I do?

Girl2: (laughs) There are three of us here so if he is busy with one of us, the other two have to keep each other company.

Me :Wait what? I am not a lesbian.

Girl2: Neither are we. We like dick nana but this is work. And you better make sure the client believes you are enjoying yourself.

Girl1: And you better do a good job of it too because the three of us are walking out of here with thirty bricks.

I open my mouth to speak but the bathroom door opens and a man walks in wearing a bathrobe and dims the lights. There is enough light for us to see each other clearly but no one can try read a book in this light. Seeing him walk over to us gets my heart racing. I was looking forward to great sex. Not this. I am not a lesbian and I can't act like one. I can't find myself kissing another girl so I have to make sure I am the one getting all his attention.

He walks over and sits on the bed with his back against the head board.

Him: Strip for me.

His voice... The other girls start stripping seductively and it looks wierd because there is no music playing.

Him: Hey you. Don't waste my money.

I fumble with my zipper and start swinging my hips like the others. I feel like such, a fool right now. Am I even doing this right? I feel like I am just fumbling all over the place as I try to shimmy out of the skin tight dress Arie got me. I finally manage to get out of the dress and find that my partners in crime already have their breasts bare. The client isn't even looking at me anymore. This tells me I am boring him with my fumbling around. I need to turn this around. I don't want lesbian sex. He finally starts playing a song and I quickly take my bra off and turn around so he can watch me take my panty off. I twerk a little like Arie showed me and I see his eyes are now on me so I slowly slide my panties down and follow my hands down so I am completely bent

over for him to see me. I stay in that position for sometime and it works because the next thing I feel is his hands on my waist and his mouth sucking and licking my folds.

The position I am in makes blood rush to my head and the pleasure just doubles. He stops muffing me when one of the girls pulls him over. This is what I have been trying to avoid. I need to get back in. This girl better not be coming to me. She is actually walking over to me. What have I gotten myself into? I just want to push the other girl away as he starts kissing her inner thigh. The words he speaks make my whole body shut down.

Him: Come her honeypot.

I thought I was wrong at first but I wasn't. It's Sam. Why would Sam order for three girls? I thought he said he wanted me to pick him. What is he doing here? Why is he naked in a room with three girls?

Why am I even here? Tears start streaming down my face and I start crumbling as all the pain comes rushing back to me. All the pain I was running from is coming to haunt me again.

Tlotlo

I don't blame him. I don't blame him at all for how he treats me like scum. I am the one that let's him take me for granted. If I had anywhere to go I would go there right now. I don't even want to go home anymore. I drive around aimlessly until I find myself at my mother's gate in Ramotswa. That's when my heart starts racing because my head wasn't in this at all. I could have gotten into an accident. How do you just drive a car from Gaborone to Ramotswa without realizing it? How will I even explain my arriving at 9pm to my mother? I should turn back.

I was about to reverse when I see the curtain in the living room shifting. My mother always does this.

She peeps to see who is at the gate whenever there is noise or movement. Seeing her look through the window brings me a warmth I need on a day like this. And this had been one long day. I guess my heart brought me here. I need my mother.

I get out of the car after driving in and I go back to close the gate. I didn't even bring a toothbrush but I know for a fact that this woman won't let me go anywhere. She saw me but didn't unlock the door. I chuckle and shake my head after failing to open the door. I knock and that's when she opens the door. Oh mama. I just throw myself in her arms and give her a tight hug. I wish I never left her. Maybe I would be somewhere else in life had I stayed here. My younger sister lived here with her son until she was married. Maybe if had stayed, Bogosi would have married me too.

She leads me straight to her room after I greet my brother and aunt. She must be visiting her sister.

When we get to her room she shuts the door and leads me to her bed.

Mama: What's wrong Soso? Why are you here so late? Are the children okay?

I act like I hate it when she calls me Soso but it always brings me so much comfort. It makes me feel loved.

Me: Nothing is okay mama. I am tired of everything. Bogosi doesn't love me anymore and I don't think he is going to marry me. I have tried everything. I even got to a point of considering traditional doctors but mama I don't want that kind of love. It's not even love because the men end up killing the women when the herbs wear off. Am I not meant to get married mama? Even Botho got married before me. My own little sister. Am I cursed?

She shakes her head and reaches for her Bible by her bed side.

Mama: I don't know why women obsess so much over marriage. Most single ones want in and most married ones want out. Both men and women. Bogosi has shown you who he is but you still don't believe him and want him to marry you? What happens if he starts beating you or mistreating you when you argue and he tells you how you forced him to marry you?

I don't like this conversation. This isn't what I came here for.

Mama: After your father passed on, many men came knocking at my door. They wanted to marry me but I had to think of you and your siblings. I asked myself if I was ready to bring another man into your father's house. A man who might end up abusing my children and taking all that their father

left them. I was lonely for many years because I knew what I wanted for myself and my children. I didn't want anyone getting hurt for the sake of my own pleasures. You were my priority. I know people today preach personal joy and that's good for them but they always put themselves first before their children and their children end up miserable because when they have disagreements the first thing they say is let's part ways because I want to be happy. They don't think about how this separation affects the children. Now in your case, you have leeches yourself to a man who has no intention of ever marrying you after giving him three children. Three Tlotlo? Would you be fine with Tlamelo doing what you are doing? Is that the example you want to set for her? You are more committed than a married woman. You are hurting your children by staying where you aren't wanted. Tlamelo once asked me if getting married is expensive. She asked if you are waiting for her father to raise enough money. She even said how he doesn't love you. You are being as selfish as a couple that hurts their children by separating after

years of marriage instead of trying their best to reconcile. Tlogela motho yo Tlotlo. (leave that man Tlotlo) He doesn't love you.

I keep blinking my tears away. This is all too much to take in. But it's the truth. What is actually keeping me with Bogosi?

Me: I don't know how to leave mama. I have nothing. Where will I even start?

Mama: (opens her Bible) John 10:10 The thief comes only to steal and kill and destroy; I have come that they may have life, and have it to the full. This scripture talks about how God wants us to have a full life. A life filled with love, peace and joy yet you want to rob yourself of those things my child. Why? What do you fear? Would you rather suffer the destruction this man is causing you? I am giving you three months. Save whatever he gives you then you should take your children and come

here. Come home my child. You will start a business to provide for your children. If that fails then we will still share the little I have. I cannot let you suffer while I am alive Soso.

She holds me again and hugs me tight as I cry thinking of all the years I have wasted on this man. How do I take them back? I left here as a child and now I am back as woman. What have I done with all my years?

[08/31, 17:36] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 22

Dikeledi

Me: S...Sam?

Please don't be Sam. I beg you please don't be my Sam licking another girls yoni. Please. The man turns around as soon as I call his name. It is Sam. How could he do this to me? The other girls look at us as he walks up to me. He stands in front of me and holds my face for sometime looking into my masked eyes. I just c want to yank his mask off of his face but I know it's against the rules. I can't do that in front of the dolls. He hasn't Saud anything yet. How could he betray me like this?

He takes my hand and leads me to the bathroom and closes the door. I am panting like a dog at this point trying to control myself because all I want to do right now is scream! He grabs a towel and wraps it around his waist but I am still standing hear naked.

Me: Sam... How could you do this to me? What are you doing here?

He roughly pulls his mask off and looks at me for sometime breathing heavily.

Me: (crying) What are you doing here?

Him: (chuckles) What are you doing here wena?

Me: I am working Sam! I am working! Why the hell are you still ordering J ojo dolls? I thought you said you want something serious with me. You told me you want me to choose you.

Him: So have you chosen me?

Me: (frowning) What? No. I haven't decided yet.

Him: So you expect me to sit around waiting for you

while you shag it up with some other boy? I am a grown man Nadia and I have needs. You ignored my calls earlier today. Where were you?

Silence

Him: You were with him weren't you?

Me: But you ordered sex with thee girls Sam! Three women! Ele gore ha o kgore? (Are you insatiable?)

Him: (chuckles) So I am wrong to fulfill my fantasies while you have no problem sleeping with a stranger? You bring a J ojo doll means you will sleep with more than a hundred men a year and I am wrong because I want to sleep with three girls once a week? Isn't that a double standard Honeypot?

I am starting to feel dizzy.

Me: Don't call me Honeypot! Don't! You were out there breathing down another woman's vagina calling her your honeypot! Don't call me that!

He looks at me with his hands on his waist then walks to the toilet and urinates. This man is urinating while I am boiling. Once he is done, he flushes the toilet then closes the lid and sits on it.

Him: (calmly) So what do you want me to call you?

Me: (frowning) That's not the point Sam!

Him: Oh...And what is the point?

I should just throw something at his stupid face.

Me: The point is you aren't supposed to be here doing this?

Him: No, actually you are the one that isn't supposed to be here. I ordered three girls with big hips and boobs and yet here you are. You are here because the other girl got sick and everyone else was booked. You didn't even know what you were doing out there. You weren't supposed to see me like this. So whose fault is it now?

Me: (frowning) So are you blaming me?

Him: (stands up and holds my waist) No. I am blaming Jolene. She is the reason you are here. She is the reason you saw me like this. This right now, I am not your Sam. I am Jolene's client and I have you girls for three hours but we have already wasted what 15 minutes with this. It is her fault. Now be a good girl and behave like a working girl. I'd be dead right now if you were my surgeon. Take

your work seriously before those girls go and report you. I am being cool about you not only having another boyfriend but also being a sex worker. Don't you think I deserve enough slack? Huh? Hmm baby?

Numb is all I am feeling right now. How does one man spew so much garbage?

Me: I am leaving.

Him: (chuckles) You don't know Jolene Akere? I wouldn't report you because you are my girl but I can't say the same about your doll friends. You really don't want to try that colored girl honeypot. Just be a good girl and get the job done.

This must be what it feels like to be stuck between a rock and a hard place.

Me: Fine then but you can only penetrate me.

Him: Ae baby. I am paying 30k so I can feel three girls wrapped around my magic stick. That's what you call it Akere. (chuckles) Don't be selfish honeypot. Let them also feel the magic.

I need to vomit.

Tlotlo

Over the phone: Where are you?

Me: I left Bogosi. Get a cab or something.

Bogosi: Cab or something or Raya eng Tlotlo?
Where the hell are you because I am home and you aren't here. You didn't even pick our children up.

Me: I needed some air Bogosi.

Bogosi: So there is no air st our house?

I roll my eyes.

Me: I will see you tomorrow.

Him: Tomorrow? Tomorrow? What do you mean tomorrow Tlotlo? Where the heck are you?

Me: I am at my mother's place Bogosi.

Him: (shouting) you are lying! Why would you go to Ramotswa at night? Stop lying and come home Tlotlo. So is this what you do when I have gone for trips?

Me: I dknt know what you think is going on but I needed to come and see my mother.

Him: Tlotlo who is he?

Me: Who jaanong?

Him: (shouting) the man you are sleeping with! So you want to destroy our family? All that we have built? How could you do this to us?

Me: Bogosi...YouYou know what?

I cut the call and regulate my breathing. That man thinks I am a mat for his dirty stinky feet. What have we even built? Everything we have is in his name. I have nothing. He is the one that goes sleeping around and he dares to accuse me? Someone

needs to resurrect the witch that bewitched that man because no man. It's enough now.

I was going to call Tlameho to ask if they are home but I have her phone. I wonder how she and Bogolo are doing. I hope these girls buckle up and fly right. It's so easy to make foolish decisions when you are young thinking it doesn't matter only for you to regret it all and wish you could go back in time to change everything. I had done really well in school. I could have made something of myself. Look at me now. Just because I decided to move in with my boyfriend while others were moving into their dorms. Time is so cruel. It just flies by and before you know it, you are three children into a stagnant relationship with a serial cheater. Njala and the toenail of satan accuses me of cheating? Esses.

Me: (answering a call) Can you stop calling me Bogosi. I want to sleep and I am disturbing people.

Him: Baby tlhemma don't do this. Please don't cheat on me. I will die.

Me: Write my number on your suicide note so they let me know you died.

I hang up and he calls again. Bathong, I don't bother this man this way when he is on his 'trips'. Men are terrible at hiding affairs so I always find out about his girlfriends. But as it is the norm, he denies it like Peter denied Jesus. You would swear he is a virgin when he starts denying his countless affairs.

I lick up the call and just breathe into the phone.

Bogosi: Baby tlhemma tswa koo. (please leave that place) that man doesn't love you like I do. Think about our children my love. Please baby cakes.

He hasn't called me baby cakes in ten years. Ten whole years have gone by without him calling me baby cakes, my love or baby and tonight I am getting the full dish just because the idiot thinks I am cheating. What is wrong with these creatures?

Me: Are my children home?

Him: Yes I got them from Kgosi's house. Loago is crying for you. Please come home baby cakes.

I cut the call and sigh. So my nine year old son who is always stuck on his Play Station is crying for me? There is desperation then there is Kgosi.

Heelang, other people have it worse than me. There is a women's group I joined on Facebook and I am reading a post about a woman who has eight children with six men. She says she has given up on love because men would ask her to give them a

child so they get married. She says the men always changed either after she falls pregnant or after she gives birth. Some even after their child starts walking. I can't imagine what I would do if I was her. Eight fatherless children. I wonder how she is providing for them. This was an anonymous post so let me inbox the admin. I want to get in touch with her. I think I have an idea.

[08/31, 17:36] : Mini Insert's younger sister.

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 23

[6 months later]

"Bula maoto Mandu! Riana Monna!"

His weight is suffocating me.

Me: Ntate please stop! Please get off! Ntate I don't want to get pregnant again. Someone please help me!

Oh thank God!

Me: Mama help me! Please help me mama!

She isn't moving. She is just standing by the door and staring at us.

Me: (crying out) Please help me mama! Please help me!

Ntate: Shut up. No one will help you. You are mine! You will always be mine. I came here for you. Did you think I would die in jail without tasting you again? You are mine Mandu. You are mine.

My eyes are fixed on my grandmother who suddenly starts bleeding from her mouth and nose and crumbles to the floor making me scream louder.

I finally wake up from what felt like hell. I can't breathe. How do I breathe? My heart is racing so fast that I am scared I might get a panic attack. Who will help me when I am all alone here? This room is too dark. I stand up and switch the light on and slide back into bed and break down. This hurts so bad. I was trying to fix myself. I was trying to forget Ntate but look where I am now. This must be what a relapse feels like. I didn't even have anyone to call because Boleng wants nothing to do with me. She saw me in a picture that was trending of me in Dubai with some of the dolls two months ago and she confronted me about it and tried to get me to quit. I was very nasty to her and told her to mind her own sexless life. I regretted it after saying it but pride didn't let me apologize.

Had I listened to her I wouldn't have been there that day. I wouldn't be feeling like this right now. I did this to myself. Why did I even become a Jojo doll? Arie is out there living her best life while I am here reliving my nightmares. I need Sam.

His phone rings unanswered and I dial him again. I know it's 2am but I need him.

Him: (groggy) hello?

Me: (crying) I need you.

Him: hmm?

Me: Please come and get me. I am scared. I need you.

I hear some shuffling and doors opening and closing in the background.

Me :Please hurry.

Him: Nadia, do you realize what time it is?

Me: I had a bad dream. Please come and get me. I can't sleep anymore.

Him: Nadia I can't drive around at 2am just because you had a bad dream. What happens if I get into an accident honeypot? Calm down and go back to sleep. It was just a dream. I will pick you up in a few hours. We will spend the weekend together.

Me: but-

He cut the call. I need him now. Morena loves me and everything but he doesn't know I was raped as a child. He doesn't know I am a J ojo doll. He won't understand anything about my nightmares being triggered. He won't understand why I needed to forget.

Me: (texting) Hi J olene. I wanted to let you know that I quit. I can't do it anymore. I am sorry.

My phone rings immediately and it's J olene. This woman never sleeps. Should I even pick the call?

Me: Hello.

J olene: What's wrong? Why are you quitting?

Me: I can't do it anymore. I just can't. I am done!

Please don't call me again.

Jolene: Woah, calm the f*ck down little girl. I called to hear your reasons for quitting. I am not trying to force you to stay. I make too much money to beg little girls. So don't yell at me neh. Now why do you want to quit?

Me: (fighting my tears) I...The nightmares are back. I keep seeing Ntate raping me again and it's because of that gangbang. How could you set me up for three men Jolene? How? Those men used me like a bin and I was all alone. I had nowhere to run to. They didn't care that I was crying Jolene. They enjoyed it when I fought back. They raped me! You let them rape me!

Jolene: (chuckles) Kyk hierso baba meisi (Look here baby girl) You read and signed and Non Disclosure agreements that clearly stated the terms of your services in black and white. I listed all situations

you may be exposed to and you carried your big head and signed it. Now you want to come and tell me I let people rape you? Me? You knew you were walking into a gangbang and you were excited now you come and want to cry rape? Probeer my nie (don't try me) I am nice until I am not. Leave as quietly as you came. Ek is nie die een om mee te mors nie (I am not the one to mess with) Your package wi be ready for you to pick up by 9am.

With that she hangs up. By package she means the money I am owed for the gangbang and a sort of severance package if you will. She gives every girl P20k when they leaving. She says it's a parting gift but the conversation we just had makes me feel like it's hush money because she is in no giving mood. I really messed up didn't I?

[08/31, 17:36] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 24

Dikeledi

Sam: I am by the parking lot.

Me: OK. I am coming there now.

I grab my bag and lock the door on my way out and run to the parking lot. I then give Sam a peck on the cheek after securing my belt.

Sam: How are you babe? Did you manage to sleep?

Me: Yes I did. I quit the J ojo dolls. I realized that using sex to forget isn't going to get me anywhere. I have booked a session with the on campus

counselor. I think it's time I get help. Sex is nice and all but it didn't fill the void I have inside.

Him: That's good for you. At least -

Me: Wait let me answer this.

It's Morena.

Me: Hello?

Morena: Get out of that car.

What? I start looking around and I can't see him.
Where is he.

Morena: Nadia get out of that car right now.

Me: I...Where are you?

Morena: So you don't want to get out? Who is that man Nadia? Who is he? Is he the reason I barely get to see you? Yesterday was my last day in school and I wanted to take you out so we can spend the weekend together and wena you are in SUV ts a di loan? Either you get out or you and I are done.

Me: We are already at the roundabout tlherra.

Morena: Is it in space? Ka re hologa koloieo Nadia.

Me: (calmly) Please stop jumping to conclusions. It's not what you think.

Morena: Nadia go sharp. Go be with your old man.

Me: No Morena don- He cut the call. Stop the car Sam. I have to go back. I can't lose him.

Sam: I am not stopping this car. You and I have plans and I think you need to accept his decision. You weren't making a choice between us so he made it for you. I mean you have been stringing me along for six months Nadia. How is that fair? Ene Ebile o botoka ka gore he didn't know I existed. Imagine me who had to endure the knowledge that you were either with him or other men who paid you for sex. It hasn't been fair on me at all. Just let him go if he doesn't see that you are worth the sacrifice of sharing.

I am not actually listening to him. I keep trying to call Morena but he won't answer my calls. Let me text him.

[Babe kana this is my uncle. He wants me to help him buy a surprise for his wife's birthday party. You know the ones I usually spend weekend with. I couldn't just tell him to stop the car because my boyfriend is angry. I'd get in trouble because they always tell me to focus on school . Don't end us over a misunderstanding. I love you and only you.]

I really do love Morena. He is everything I have ever wanted in a man. The only thing is that Sam knows my pain more than he does. Morena is where my lies began. I couldn't even tell him my real name. What more all my other skeletons. I don't want him to see me as damaged goods. Sam knows me and understands me but I can't commit myself wholly to him for some reason. Outside of the fact that he buys sex on the regular, I feel like there is more to him that I don't know.

Me: Sam I have to go back. Please stop the car. I'll take a kombi back to school.

Sam: I said no. Can you just be fair on me for once Nadia. Don't you care about my feelings at all? I love you with all your flaws but you want to leave me for a man who has no idea who you are and therefore cannot possibly love you like I do? Does that make any sense to you? Be fair mma.

With that he accelerates the car and my tears fall. I wish I could talk to Boleng. I even stopped talking to her mother because I was ashamed. I don't really know if Boleng told her anything but I didn't want to risk the disappointment in her voice so I blocked her. I haven't visited them since I started school. My life is such a mess but I can't blame anyone for it. Now here I am about to lose the only thing that makes sense in my life. The one person who actually makes me forget the past I had. When I am with him, I truly become Nadia because he doesn't know anything that happened to me.

I still don't understand why a man as rich as Sam seems to be lives in a bachelor pad. The house is nice and everything but it's still wierd. We drive into the yard and get out after he parks the car under the shade.

Sam: (unlocking the door) close your eyes.

Me: Sam I am not in the mood. I just want to go back.

Sam: OK just indulge me then you will go if you want to.

Me: (irritated) fine then. My eyes are closed. What now?

He opens the door and takes my hand leading me in.

Sam: No peeking babe.

Can he just get this over with already.

Sam: OK you can open your eyes now.

I slowly open my eyes and cover my mouth in shock.

Me: Oh my God. Babe what did you do?

There are rose petals On the floor and some heart shaped helium balloons stuck to the ceiling. There is a wine bottle on the table with chocolates and strawberries next to it. I feel like I just walked into valantines day. I turn around and look at him with tears in my eyes. No one has ever done this for me.

I throw myself in his arms and give him a hug before giving him sloppy wet kiss that leads to us throwing clothes off of each other like hungry scavengers. Before I know it I am lying on the carpet and breathing heavily as he pounds into me like he will die if he doesn't take me. There it is again. That sexual healing. This has got to be the best feeling in the world. It is truly unmatched. He eventually starts grunting and I know he is cumming. I love the look he has when he is cumming. He looks so weak and knowing that I am causing that always gets me off.

He eventually pulls himself out and rolls the condom off his shaft before joining me on the floor.

Me: Do you always carry a condom neh babe?

Sam:(holding my thigh) You never know when an opportunity will present itself.

I roll over and lie on my side and support my head with my hand.

Me: So you carry a condom incase you bump into someone you might have sex with? (silence). You say I should choose you yet you sleep around? How is that fair?

Sam: (sighs) babe I only slept around because you were doing it too. If you decide to be exclusive with me then I will stop sleeping around. It will be me and you.

Me: you promise?

He lifts his head and kisses.

Sam: I promise. Now come here.

He pulls me onto him and starts kissing me again.
We are doing this again. Sam ha a kgore
waits e.....

Sam: I don't know why women love chocolates so
much. This thing is too sweet.

Me: Don't eat it then.

Sam: (laughs) Mxm let me go take a shower. We
don't have any food here so I'll go get us takeaways.

Me: You refused to bath with me earlier. Look how
fresh I look and wena o nkg a sex.

He laughs and stands up heading to the bathroom.

Me: (shouting) babe can I use your phone? You have such great picture quality. I want to update my Instagram.

Him: Sure! Do you remember my password?

Me: I think so. Let me try. OK I managed!

I start clicking and pouting, fixing my Peruvian wig and clicking more pictures when the screen suddenly changes. I just answered a video call by mistake. Oh no. I don't want it to seem like I was snooping. A little girl appears on the screen.

Her: Daddy? What are you doing with my daddy's phone? Mummy someone stole daddy's phone. Look mummy.

She passes the phone to her mother who frowns at

me. I have literally frozen. I should hang up but I can't. I see her walking out of the room she was in. Why can't I move?

Woman: What are you doing with my husband's phone? Who are you? Where is my husband?

Sam must have heard the conversation because he comes running out of the bathroom dick flying around and almost falls as he grabs the phone from me.

Woman: Tyler what the f*ck is going on?

Who is Tyler? Who is this woman? What is going on here? Is Sam married?

Sam: Babe I can explain.

Her: Explain what Tyler? You are bloody naked with a skank that looks like she just finished puberty. O robala bana Tyler? We are done. Do you hear me? Done!

Sam: Baby I am coming. Don't do that. It was just a temptation. I am coming now. Please don't end us.

The call gets cut and Sam, or is it Tyler starts running around grabbing his clothes and wearing them frantically. This man isn't saying anything to me. He grabs his car keys and I dash to the door and block his way.

Me: where do you think you are going without telling me what is going on?

Sam: Nadia this isn't the time to play. Move I have to go see my wife.

Me: (folding my arms) A wife you have never mentioned before? Am I a fool to you? Huh? You made me lose a man that loves me telling me to choose you kante you are married? Married? WTF Sam! Wait you aren't even Sam I hear. You are Tyler. A preschool child's name for a man child.

He shoves me out of the way and roughly opens the door.

Sam: I don't have time for this.

What the hell just happened?

oooo oooo

Tlotlo

Bogosi: Baby tlhemma come back home. What do you expect me to do without you? Look at how much weight I have lost since you left me.

Me: Bogosi you will chase my customers away. Please leave me and go to work.

I moved out two months ago after saving enough money to start buying bales from the UK. I sell my clothes by Game City. My sister loaned me her car. I rent it for p800 a month. That is all she was willing to take because she has another car. And she doesn't even take the money because she always tells me to fuel it. My kids and I leave Ramotswa very early in the morning so I can drop them off at school and they always tell me that they don't mind it because I have asked them if they prefer staying with their father. But that is always met with a resounding no.

It hasn't been easy but I feel like I have taken back

some power. I was used to the lavish lifestyle Bogosi provided me with but all those expensive wigs and weaves never gave me the peace I have now. Many women envied I well off I looked but I had nothing. Now I am starting afresh and I am happy. The only good thing about the pig I loved is that he still takes care of his children and pays their fees so I am off the hook on that one.

Bogosi: OK givd me your number then.

Me: No.

Bogosi: Babe please.

Me: Bogosi you have had my number for eighteen years. Did ti change anything except for give me babies and deform my body? I am not giving you my number. You children have phones so you can talk to them if you want to. You and I are done and

nothing is changing that. (I chuckle) when I think of how you saw me as a non factor now you are here sweating in your suit surrounded by bo mma Seapei just to get me back. I guess it's true what they say. You don't know what you have until you have lost it. Bona (I spit on the ground) As sure as you are that my spit is going to dry up then you should be as sure that Tlotlo is done with you. Done! Nna ngwana wa ga Stella. Never o mpona ke boela ko go wena. For what? To die? Please leave before I call the police.

He opens his mouth to speak so I pick up a stone.

Me: Tsamaya Bogosi. Go! Mxm.

He walks off with his head hanging. My stall neighbor claps her hands.

Neighbor: Waitse banna! So he now wants you back

after all these years of not marrying you?

Me: Jane don't you know that when a man realizes you don't need as much as he thought he starts panicking and acting like he has changed. If I go back to that man, he will show me more dust than before because he will never learn his lesson. After being together for eighteen years motho a sa change what will I be expecting? No. I am done.

My phone start ringing while she shakes her head. It's my sister.

Me: Botho whats wrong?

Botho: (crying) I need you. Please come.

Me: What happened? I am at the stall.

Botho: nkgonne ke a go kopa (my big sister please)

My heart start racing.

Me: Did he beat you? Look I am coming.

I stand up and gather my things and pack them into the car.

Jane: What's wrong? It's not even lunch and you are already leaving?

Me: I have to go. My sister needs me. I don't know what happened so I am not even sure when I will be able to come back so I just have to pack.

Jane: OK let me help you. I hope she I'd fine.

I hope so too. Botho isn't a crier.

That like, comment and share please

[08/31, 17:37] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 25

Tlotlo

"Get out! Get out of my house!"

"Baby please!"

"Mama stoooooop!"

There is so much commotion coming from this house. I am sure neighbors will start gathering. But

then again, this is the better part of the city. I doubt these neighbors would stand over walls. I see clothes flying as soon as I drive in after my niece opened the gate for me. Botho is clearly manic. She is tossing clothes out and yelling her head off. This is like a scene out of Acrimony. What has this man done to my sister? I quickly park the car and jump out.

Me: Bobo what's going on?

Tyler: Tlotlo please help me. Talk to your sister. She is overreacting.

Botho: Overreacting? Overreacting? I will show you overreacting! Nxla.

She then storms off to the side of the house. The only way I can get to the bottom of this is by asking the one being kicked out.

Me: Tyler what happened.

He looks around being shifty. I know this look. I know it too well.

Me: (sigh) Who is she?

Tyler: Tlotlo tlhemma it was a mistake. I just made one mistake of falling for a girl's seduction once. I have never cheated on your sister before but she already wants to leave me. Please talk to her.

Me: So cheating once justifies it?

Just then Botho comes holding a hose pipe spraying water everywhere. I duck out to avoid getting sprayed as she frantically sprays water over the clothes she tossed.

Botho: I will show you overreacting! O a ntlwaela Tyler!

She sprays the water everywhere and turns to the car and sprays water into the open window. Tyler jumps and tries taking the hose from her but she increases the pressure on the nozzle and sprays it on him. I know I should be stopping her. I know I should be calming her but I feel like I am in a therapy session right now. This feels right. It feels like she is doing it to Bogosi. So I am just going to stand here for a bit.

Botho: Bobelete Tyler! Ke go tlhatswa bobelele hela! Bobelele!

Tyler: Botho stop it! Tlotlo don't just stand there take the hose from her!

Me: (sigh) Bobo it's enough. Put the hose down.

Botho: Ke go tshela le wena? Ke go tshela?

I lift my hands step back. I will just have wait for her to be satisfied.

Tyler: Tlotlo tlhemma!

I roll my eyes and take my niece's hand and lead her in the house. She really doesn't need to see this.

oooo oooo

Dikeledi

What am I even going to do? I can't believe I slept with a married man. How foolish am I? I was about

to accept losing Morena for a married man. I am such a mess. I messed up my life. Even the fact that he texted me back telling me to come over when I am done is a miracle. The cab didn't take long to get to Bogosi's place. That's where Morena lives now. I don't really know what the story between him and Tlotlo is right now but the poor guy looks so sad.

I nervously walk to the door and knock. He takes some time before opening the door. He doesn't look happy at all.

Me: Hi...

He just moves from the doorway so I can walk in. This is awkward for me. I am standing here feeling like a child ready for a whooping for breaking the TV. He shuts the door and walks off into the passage. Should I follow him? Is he coming back?

Morena: (turns to face me) Are you coming or not?

I shuffle my way over to him and follow him into his bedroom and shut the door behind me.

Me: I am sorry babe.

Morena: (sighs and sits on the bed) What are you sorry for exactly?

Me: I...I am sorry. I didn't want to get in trouble with my uncle.

Morena: Nadia. I am not a fool. Do you think I haven't realized that I am alone in this relationship? I am the one who is always having to beg. Showing you I love you but you are always too busy for me. You always have reasons when I want you to sleep

over with me you always have somewhere to be. My silence doesn't mean I am a fool. You shut me out then expect me to keep hanging on. Do you even love me?

Me: Morena I love you. I wouldn't be here if I didn't.

Morena : Then prove it to me. Tell me the truth. Who is he?

I start stammering because I don't know what to say. What if I tell him the truth then he leaves me? What if he beats me up?

Me: Morena I told you the truth.

Morena stands up and takes my hand and pulls me out of the bedroom.

Morena: Go back to where you came from. Akere o maaka? You really take me for a fool don't you? You can't just be honest with me? Go back to him then.

Me: (crying) Babe tlherra I am telling you the truth! You are hurting me. Let go of my arm.

Morena: o maaka! Go! Tsamaya Nadia.

He opens the door and shoves me out causing me to stumble. I then run back to the door after regaining my balance and start pounding it for him to let me in.

Me: I will talk. Please don't chase me away. It was a mistake. I love you. Please open the door. Don't leave me out here. Don't leave me!

I start crying hysterically feeling the fear I always

felt when mama would go to the farm. Just knowing I'd be alone with Ntate and having no one to protect me always gave me anxiety attacks. Why didn't I just run away? Why did I allow him to use me all those years? Why did I keep going back home after school? Why didn't I report him?

Morena finally opens the door and I stand up wiping my tears off.

Morena: What was the mistake? That's all I want to know. If you lie I am going to shut this door and stay in there. I am not a fool.

Me: OK a re tsene mo ntlung ee. We can't talk about this outside.

He gives me a look that sends chills down my spine. Maybe we should talk out here. I can always run away if he tried to beat me.

Me: OK let's sit down.

Morena: I'll stand.

Me: I wouldn't be comfortable Morena. Just sit down so we can talk properly.

Morena :Fine then. Let's get inside.

I hesitate for a second then follow him in. I have to be smart about this. We take our seat across from each other and I feel like I am in the witness stand again.

Him: Bua.

Me: Babe I need you to know that I love you. All this

happened so quickly. I don't even know how to tell you. But please know that I love-

Him: Bona Nadia. If you don't want to talk then just go. I love you. I love you ke wa eng when I just want the truth? Talk or leave. Simple.

Me: You aren't making this easy for me Morena.

Him: You think the past four months have been easy for me? In fact, our whole relationship was difficult for me. I am only here because I love you. I genuinely love you Nadia and you don't seem to appreciate it or at least recognize my love. All I ask now is for you to respect me enough to stop patronizing me and just spit the truth out.

I don't like this side of Morena. The serious guy. It scares me.

Me : (twiddling my thumbs) I.. (breathe out) I cheated on you.

His demeanor changes immediately. I think he knew already but the confirmation just made it hit home. He looks hurt.

Me: I am so sorry.

Him: How many times?

Me: Rra?

Him: Bo kibanya dits ebe bobelele? Ka re how many times?

I can't say once. The look on his face says he will not tolerate nonsense. Why did I even admit to this?

I can't even tell him the whole truth. He'd leave me. I move my wig from my face and blink the tears away.

Him: Ke a tenega Nadia.

Me: It happened three times.

He breathes out deeply and stands up which startles me and I cower behind my hands to block his slap from my face. Nothing happens so I move my hands. He isn't here. He reappears from the kitchen holding a six pack of beer and opens one then downs almost half of it once after sitting down. He then places his feet on the table and leans back to face the ceiling.

Him: Was it the SUV guy?

Me: (softly) yes.

Him: (lifts his head) what? I doubt you were this quiet when you were cheating on me. Kare was it the guy you left with this morning?

Me:(lookong aty feet) Yes.

Morena: Why?

Me: Rra?

Morena: Ke tla go gasa ka biri e. Since when are you deaf because I am speaking clearly? Don't anger me more than you already have. J ust answer my question.

Me: I don't know. I think I was bored because you were always busy.

I am just lying right now so this can end. All I want is for him to forgive me so we can start over. I will be the best girlfriend ever after this.

Him: So it was my fault for being held up with my final year?

Me: No. This is all my fault. I shouldn't have cheated in the first place.

Him: OK. Where did you guys have these three times? Did you have sex with him before coming here?

He has a disgusted look on his face as he asks this.

Me: (sighing) babe don't ask me that. It won't help you or me. I made a mistake and I have owned up to

it and I am asking you to forgive me so we can start over. I was a fool. I broke things off with him because you aren't worth losing.

He looks at me in silence for sometime before standing up and walking to the door. My heart starts pounding as he opens it.

Him: Please leave. I need find to think.

Me: Baby don't do this. I said I am sorry.

Him: Nadia leave now or I will break things off with you right now. I am telling you I need to think. I love you but this hurts. I need to see if I can see past this pain I feel in my chest. I feel like I have been punched in the gut. I knew you were cheating on me but I was foolishly praying you weren't. I wanted to believe I was imagining things but it turns out I am not. All I am asking for is time. I will let you know

when I am ready to talk to you. Right now I can't even look at you without imagining another man on top of you. It's suffocating me. Ke kopa o tsamaye Nadia.

[08/31, 17:37] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 26

Tlotlo

Tyler left in his soaking wet car. The man was so furious that he looked ready to pop. I salute his nerve. If you chest then you better be ready for whatever consequence comes from your partner finding out. I have to admit that I am shocked. These two have been married for six years and Tyler always seemed to worship the ground Botho

walks on. I don't even know if as he knew, if there were any signs like with Bogosi. We are going through this bottle of wine like it's water. It's a good thing Aunty hadn't knocked off yet. She is with yje kids while we drown out sorrows. It's been a while since I've had the good stuff. On mh budget, a P100 bottle is a luxury I allow myself. I never exceed that so this right here, it's slidi g down my thought like it was made in Israel.

Me: I think you have drank enough to tell me what happened.

Botho: (gives a dry chuckle) I thought I'd have forgotten by now but it's still there. The sad thing is I was so dumb. I couldn't see the signs but now I see that they are so clear! He wants to tell me it was the first time he cheated but its a lie Soso. It's a lie. Two years ago he came with this 'brilliant idea' for us to have a joint account wherein we contribute for whatever expenses we have as a family. Before that,

we'd bring our salaries together and plan for them at the end of the month. He claimed that he wanted to give me financial freedom because he hated questioning my spending. Sis I dived in because I was tired of being asked why I need a bag that costs 3k only to out my phone and lipstick.

She takes another sip and shakes her head.

Botho: So that's how it worked, we'd contribute to the joint account and spend di chenchi how ever. Soso my man gets 150k a month and only half would go into our joint account to settle all our mortgages, cars, fees, groceries all that stuff. I'd also contribute my share and life went on. One day I came across his bank statement and I saw some questionable transactions and he dismissed it as work related things that he'd get reimbursed for. I ignored it because my man treats me like a queen. Now come this morning when Yamas calls her father only for some bimbo to answer the video call.

My baby thought her father's phone was stolen kana. While I am asking the skank who she is and why she has my man's phone, who but Tyler comes running from somewhere naked as the day he was born. Soso I was gutted. I sat there stunned tlhemma. Mxm gape she is a kid Soso. How do I compete with flat stomachs and smooth butts that have never experienced childbirth? Tyler and I fought over his phone when he got here. I locked myself in the bathroom and searched it. This has been going on for months. Thry even have a plact they go to. I sent myself screen grabs and everything. He was also making some appointments with something chalked J ojo dolls. I don't know what it is yet but I will soon enough. But how does a man cheat on you for months? Does he love her? Maybe he went back to her.

She reaches for her phone and clicks on it before passing it to me.

Botho: I screen grabbed the call because I didn't want him to deny anything. Here she is. How do I compete with this?

I take the phone and my jaw drops.

Me: (wide eyes) Nadia?

Botho: Who? You know this girl?

I nod my head repeatedly as shock runs through my body. I can't believe this. How did this even happen? Botho shakes me back to the present and she looks like she is ready to kill.

Botho: Who is she? I want her number right now
Soso.

Me: I hardly know her Bobo. I met her twice or so. She is or was, I don't know. I met her as Morena's boyfriend.

Botho: (on her feet) Morena as in Bogosi's brother?

I nod my head.

Botho: Give me his number.

Me: Why?

Botho: Soso are you trying to protect a girl who is destroying my marriage?

Me: Bobo Tlyer is ruining your marriage. Nadia has nothing to do with this. Besides, I deleted all their numbers mo that ago except Chantelle's.

Botho: You are lying to me. I can't believe you Soso.
How can you protect her? I want that girl!

She starts crying and pacing around and I have to calm her down.

Me: Calm down Botho. Look all I know is Tlamelo told me Morena lives with Bogosi. She found him there last month and he is usually there when they visit their father over the weekends.

Botho: Fine let's go then.

She grabs her car keys that I snatch from her.

Me: I am not being driven around by a crazy woman.

oooo oooo

Morena

This hurts. It's all too much to take in. I love that girl so much but it seems like I am just a fool to her. I don't even know if I can trust that she told me the whole story. I am pretty sure this had been going in for all these months that I have been sensing the distance from her but school kept me too busy. I just want to finish my beer and pass out. I hear a car honking after my finishing my fourth beer. Bogosi has a remote so who is this trying to ruin my drinking spree? I pick the intercom.

Me: Who is it?

Tlotlo: hi Morena. It's me. Please open up for me.

Me: OK.

I open the gate and let them drive in before closing it again. Tlotlo and her sister walk into the house and exchange greetings with me.

Botho: So where is she? Where is your girlfriend?

I haven't seen this woman in two years or more so why would she want to see my girlfriend?

Me: I don't understand.

Botho: kare where is the whore you call a girlfriend?

[08/31, 17:37] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 27

Morena

Botho: kare where is the whore you call a girlfriend?

Me: Mmaagwe Tlamelo. Please get your sister. I respect you very much so I don't want to become disrespectful here. I am too boozed up to filter my mouth right now so please take her and leave right now.

Tlotlo: Bobo let's go. I told you not to do this. Fighting Nadia won't change anything. Deal with Tyler. He is the one who cheated.

Naare gatweng.

Botho: Who said I want to fight her? Have you ever seen me fight? You are the one I always called to fight for me so why would you think I want to fight the hoe? I just want some answers from her. She is the only one who can tell me the truth because I know that Tyler won't. He will lie to the grave and I need the truth. I need to make informed decisions. Thats all I need.

OK. Come to think of it. I need to hear this truth too because I know for a fact that she didn't tell me the whole truth so I dial her number.

Me: (to Tlotlo) I don't want any drama. If she gets out of control I aill toss her out of the house.

She answers the call on the third ring.

Her: (softly) Hello.

Me: (dryly) Where are you?

Her: I am still at the bus stop. I can't get myself to leave. It's feels like I'd be leaving you and losing you for good.

It's been close to an hour since she left. I knid of feel sorry for her but I still feel lied to.

Me: Come back then.

Her: OK.

Dikeledi

I was on my feet immediately he said I should come over. I'd run if I didn't want to look like a crazy person in this dress so I speed walk back.

When I get to the house I am surprised to see an unfamiliar car. I know Bogosi's car so who is here and why would Morena ask me to come back when there are guests? Or could it be his parents? Maybe he truly has forgiven me and wants us to have the dinner he has long spoken of with his parents. I quickly whip out my powder foundation and lightly pat my face and check for mascara stains from the tears. I swear that whoever came up with waterproof mascara deserves to be sainted. Call the Queen, the pope, the president I don't care who. Call them all.

I lightly knock on the door fixing my dress. Morena opens the door and steps back as I attempt to give him a hug. Not exactly what I was hoping for but the fact that he called me back gives me hope.

Morena: come on in.

I give him a smile and walk in.

Me: I am so happy that you called me back.

He shuts the door and leads me into the house and walks to the dining room. Okay.. Wait Tlotlo is here and oh my God! It's the woman! The woman from the phone. Sam's wife. What is she doing here? I know it's her. I'd never forget her. My feet won't carry me any further than the doorway. I want to turn on my heels and run out of here. What is she doing here? How did Morena find out about her?

Morena: Come and take a seat.

He pulled out a chair across Tlotlo and the woman. What should I do?

Morena: Nadia. Nadia. Nadia come and sit down.

Fear made me even forget my Nadia name. I drag myself to the seat and plop myself down. I don't have a choice at this point. I guess this is how the chickens decided to come and roost. But it's not fair. So many people do evil things in the world and get away with it. Ntate got away with abusing me for ten years and many more for my grandmother but I haven't even made it a year and all I wanted to do was to forget. How am I deserving of all of this?

Morena: (sits at the head of the table) I don't even know what the right words to say are but like I said before please keep this civil. All I want is to get the closure you said you wanted. I think Mmaagwe Tlamelo is the only person who isn't directly affected by this and can therefore mediate this meeting.

Tlotlo: (breathes out) Heish Morena how do I even do this? Can we at least pray first?

We all look at her. I for one am surprised by the suggestion in such a tense situation. And also, I haven't prayed since my grandmother passed away. She doesn't wait for a response. She bows her head and begins to pray. All I want is for God to open a whole in the ground so I can tunnel my way out of this house.

Tlotlo: Ntate Modimo (Father God) Only you are all knowing. Only you knew we would be gathered here in a day like this and only you know how this meeting will end. I can only ask that you be with us, help us, guide us and heal all the hearts in this room. In Jesus' name I pray, Amen.

She lifts her head and looks at the woman then shrugs.

Tlotlo: Mama has forced me back into going to

church.

The woman chuckles then turns her cold gaze back to me. I don't think Tlotlo's prayers have started working yet. I can clearly see evil in her eyes.

Tlotlo: Nadia, this is my sister. Her name is Bo-

Woman: Mrs Johnson.

Tlotlo: (rolls her eyes) Mrs Botho Johnson. She has a picture of you answering a video call on her husband's phone and also saw him naked in the background with you. Are you having an affair with him?

I feel hot all of a sudden. My armpits are sweating his am I going to do this? What do I say? What does she know? Ene Tyler wa teng where is he?

Botho: Answer the question o a re diya.

Not making things easier for me ma'am.

Me: (clears throat) kgm... Where is he? Sam, I mean Tyler. Where is he?

Botho: (frowns) o dira eng ka ene? Heelang. Morena get your girl before I snatch that ugly weave off her head.

I don't know who she is saying has an ugly wig because her man bought this for me for R5000. 00 in South Africa two months ago. I am sorry and all but a Seka a ntle jalo. I fold my arms getting a little attitude but the look Morena gives me melts my little tude away. He can be so intimidating.

Morena: Nadia just answer the questions so we can finish this quickly.

Me: (sigh) I slept with him once.

Morena: (folds his arms) I thought you said you slept with him three times.

Botho: She is a liar. She lied to you then and she is lying to us now. This girl has been sleeping with my man for more than six months (signs with her hands) six! I have messages to prove it. Now what I want to know is why she chose to go and sleep with my husband when she has you? O ba batla botlhe mma? Ha o kgore? I know how well my man works his waist so is Mr Morena leaving you hungry? Huh? What do you want from my husband? Does your mother know you are a home wrecker?

That set me off and I stopped thinking and just

started spitting venom at her.

Me: (shouting) Don't you dare bring my mother into this. Do you want to go and wake her from her brave to ask her if she knew that I was sleeping with your husband huh? A husband who I have never seen wearing a ring? A man I met at an orgy months ago? A man who orders sex at least three times a week to the point of ordering threesomes and foursomes every other month? How do you feel screaming my husband my husband to a man who spends more time in hotel rooms with J ojo dolls than he does with you? Does your mother know that you are cold in bed and can't keep a man? You are worried about me when I met him in the job? Your man keeps the sex trade running. Check yourself before you come at me. Go and ask him that! Never let your tongue slip into mentioning my mother ever again.

Once I am done I start breathing fast and my palms

hurt from how tight my fists were and tears start falling from my eyes! But these aren't sad tears. They are tears of rage. The Botho woman has a look of confusion and hurt in her face. I wouldn't have said all those things if she hadn't brought my dead mother into it.

Botho: (mouth wobbles) What.. What do you mean he orders sex? What are Jojo dolls? Please tell me. I am sorry for saying what u said about your mother. I just want the truth and I know he won't give it to me.

Morena stands up and I try to take his hand in mine.

Morena: Don't! Don't touch me. You aren't who I thought you were. Botho can I go for a drive? I'll be back in less than an hour. I just need to clear my head.

Botho nods her head and he leaves. I try to follow him but Tlotlo stops me.

Tlotlo: Then best thing is for you to let him go. Let him cool off. You don't want to push him when he is angry.

Botho: Yes please stay and tell me. I am not angry with you. It's not your fault I married a man who can't be faithful.

I remain standing until the car backs out of the yard. Once I have accepted that he has left, I sit down and cry. I lied to him and spit out more truth than I wanted him to know. How will I ever be able to fix this?

After calming down, I start talking to the sister and answer their questions about Sam and the Jojo dolls. I beg them not to involve my name when it

comes the the dolls because J olene would have my head. After a few minutes, Botho revives call

Botho: (frowns) It's my insurance company. Hello?

:

Botho: Yes I am fine.

:

Botho: (her eyes widen) oh my God. OK. Yes bye.

She puts her phone down and covers her mouth.

Botho: My car has a, sensor that alerts my insurance if I get into an accident and they say the sensor went off by the traffic lights by the main road.

Me: What? What are you saying?

Botho: Morena must have had an accident.

I don't wait to hear more. I run out on foot. The traffic lights are a little far but I have to go and see. I have to see him. Please be fine. Please don't leave me. Please God. Not again. Ke a go kopa.

[08/31, 17:37] : MINI INSERT

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 28

Morena

All I wanted was to get out of that house. I don't know where I am going but I knew I would have

imploded on her had I stayed. All I had asked was for her to be honest with me. Honesty is all I ever asked of her and she lied to me. I keep replaying her words over and over in my head hoping I misinterpreted something but I didn't. I heard it clearly. She has been cheating with me since we met. I have been in a relationship with two people all along. Why did I even leave Lea? I left a good girl for someone I never knew. A girl I grew up with for a stranger who just wasted my love away. But why do I still love her? I want to hate her with all my heart but why don't I? She was or is a sex worker on top of everything. Dammit Morena!

Just then I hear a lot of hooting around and behind me. That's when I realize I had zoned out at the traffic lights and had blocked cars behind me when the light went green so I immediately accelerate only to realize the light had gone red again and the next thing I hear is a loud sound and feel the impact against the car. What have I done? I try to keep my eyes open but they slowly close and I can hear

voices in the distance of people shouting and banging on the window before I completely black out.

Dikeledi

There are so many people surrounding the accident scene that I can't see anything. All I can see is the car Morena was driving facing the direction it came from and a small truck with a dented front.

An ambulance arrives while I am trying to push my way forward to see Morena. These people don't know him but they are all glued to the ground and won't shift. What is it with Batswana and accidents? Some are even recording the scene. The ambulance arrives at the same time as Tlotlo and her sister. They must have followed me.

Tlotlo: Any news yet?

Me: No. I can't even make my way through to the car.

Botho: Lets go to the ambulance and wait there.

Me: I just hope he is fine. I would never forgive myself if something happens to him. This is all my fault.

Botho rolls her eyes but I ignore her and walk to the ambulance.

Me: Tlotlo did you call anyone?

Tlotlo: I called Chantelle. She will tell the rest of them.

I nod my head and hold myself waiting for the paramedics to wheel him over. It seems the truck driver just had a small cut on his head. I can only pray for the same in Morena's case. After some

time, the paramedics wheel him over and he has an oxygen mask on and looks unconscious.

Me :How is he?

Paramedic: Do you know him?

Tlotlo: I am his sister in law.

Paramedic: We found him unconscious but he doesn't seem to have sustained any external injuries which is why we have to hurry to the hospital so he can be checked for internal bleeding.

Tlotlo: ok can I go with him? And please take him to Bokamoso. He has medical aid.

The paramedic nods his head and helps her climb

in next to Morena.

Botho: I'll get a cab and meet you there.

Tlotlo nods her head as the door closes. Botho and I are now left in awkwardness.

Me: We can split the cab fee if you want since I also want to go there.

Botho: (raises her brow) Do I look like I need your help splitting P100? I'll pay and you will sit in front. We are not friends. Don't forget that.

Tlotlo

My phone rings on our way to Bokamoso and I pick up.

Me: Hello

Mrs Morena: (crying) Tlotlo where is my baby? What happened to my baby?

I start getting overly emotional as I hear her heart breaking. She is such a sweet woman. I thought I had hit the jackpot of mother's in law but alas I was wrong.

Me: We are on our way to Bokamoso mama.

Mrs Morena: (sniffling) Papas they are going to Bokamoso.

She calls him that. I always thought it's cute.

Mrs Morena: Where are you? Are you with him?

Me: Yes mama. I am with him.

Mrs Morena: OK you will find us there because we were already in Mogodits hane. Bye.

She hangs up and I lean back heaving a sigh. Bogosi's call comes through. Chantelle must have given them my number. I decide to cut the call...

We finally arrive in Bokamoso and I run behind the paramedics into the Emergency. The whole Morena clan is already there when we get in. I don't even know how they all got here before us because the ambulance was speeding at a rate that had my heart coming out of my chest.

Mrs Morena throws herself into my arms and cries

after trying to see Morena as he was sped by.

Mrs Morena: Tlotlo what happened? What happened to my son?

I don't even know why at to say. I don't feel like it's my place to say anything about this. I can't tell them the real cause of that accident. It's between Morena and Nadia. And should he feel the need to tell them then so be it. They aren't my family anymore so I can't insert myself like that.

Me: He got into an accident using my sister's car.

Mr Morena: E le gore what was he doing in your sister's car?

Just then Botho and Nadia walk into the room and I can only pray at this point.

Mr Morena: Botho what was Morena doing with your car?

I understand. We are all beyond greetings at this point.

Botho folds her arms and looks at Nadia.

Botho: Will you tell them or should I?

Oh J esus.

[08/31, 17:38] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 29

Dikeledi

Botho: Will you tell them or should I?

I deserve this. What on God's green earth am I even doing here? Why would I share a cab with a woman whose husband I have been sleeping with to come and see a man I have been cheating on? It's just so complicated. How did I think this was going to turn out?

Botho: Nadia will you tell them why their son ran off in my car wanting to get as far away from you as possible? Or why I was at Bogosi's house in the first place?

Tlotlo: Botho this isn't the time.

Kgosi: kante what's going on?

My heart is in my throat. I should just run out now. I should go. I should run away and go start my life afresh. I'll just focus on school and leave this love thing. What was I even doing thinking I could find love?

Kgosi: Nadia what happened to my brother? Botho seems to believe or know that you are the one holding all the answers.

I start fiddling with my artificial nails. I'd be biting them if I didn't have these stick ons.

Me: Umm...(I breathe out) I...Kgm.. He found out about my...Ummm...kgm...My entanglement with Botho's husband.

Mr Morena: (frowns) Mmakgosi entanglement ke gofe?

Mrs Morena: (shrugs and frowns) Do I know? Mma what entanglement are you talking about?

Why can I just die right now?

Tlotlo: Mama I honestly feel like this isn't the right time to talk about this. Especially when we don't know how Morena is doing. Can we atleast wait for him to wake up. If he wants you all to know, he will tell you himself.

Mrs Morena: (frowns at me) OK. That's fine.

Just then a doctor comes through the doors.

Dr: Is Morena's family here?

Everyone immediately rushes over and I can't move.
I honestly just want to go back to campus now.
Coming here was a bad idea.

Doctor: I am Doctor Fane. I am Morena's Doctor. I just wanted to let you all know that he is fine. He just had a panic attack when the accident happened. Which is why he went unconscious. He has no internal injuries but there is minor bruising from the seat belt. I am concerned about his mental state though because I spoke to him about his alcohol levels and he seems to be going through something and I have recommended counseling for him. (Mrs Morena looks at me) I'd like to observe him for the next three hours and if there are no issues then I'll discharge him.

Everyone nods and smiles.

Mrs Morena: can we see him?

Doctor: there is no problem with that but I'd ask that you go in two at a time but he asked to see Kgosi first.

Kgosi: Thats me.

The Doctor says his goodbyes and Kgosi followed him in.

Mrs Morena walks over to me and smiles. But this isn't a warm smile. I am very uncomfortable with this look.

Mrs Morena: My love, I like you. I looked at you the day my son brought you to us and thought wow, my son did good. I knew he was very serious about you

because he has never introduced anyone else to us and I am not foolish enough to think you are the first girlfriend of a 25 year old man. I don't know what happened between you two but I want you to know that I am hurt as a mother. I am disappointed that you disappointed my son. Morena Morena loves with all his heart. I am his mother. I know him. He is his father's son. He is the one most like my husband. He loves with all his heart and I know that he is in there and still loves you so much. I don't know what you did to him but I wanted to let you know as the mother of a son that I am hurt and disappointed. I raised good boys even though one was foolish enough to waste the time and heart of a good woman regardless of how much we spoke to him. Look at him now, a shadow of who he used to be. I can only pray that Morena will come out of this strong because those mental worries the doctor spoke of hit me too hard. I love my son Nadia. I love him so much.

I don't know what to say

Morena

Waking up in a hospital bed gave me a wake up call. I am pretty sure I was going to forgive Nadia eventually but I can't. I can't love someone who doesn't love me back. I feel like my whole world is hers but what happens if the owner of that world doesn't handle it with care? It dies day by day. I can't anymore. For my sake I have to let her go. I mean here I am waking up from an accident that happened because I was consumed by thoughts of her. I am never one to drink and drive but I did today and because of that, I am in trouble with the law and I have to fix people's cars. My first salary that I had intended for my parents in gratitude will now go to fixing people's cars. If this is love and what love does then I am good. I am done with it.

Kgosi walks in and gives me a hug squeezing me.

Kgosi: Don't ever scare us like that Monna.

Me: I am fine Kgosi.

He pulls back and sits on the chair next to the bed.

Kgosi: What happened kante? Nadia kwa is talking about entanglements with Botho's husband. What happened? And don't lie to me.

I rub my face with my hands and sigh before telling him the whole story. Kgosi and I are the closets of my brothers. I think it's because I always looked up to him as the oldest brother I have. He has always been there for me. I didn't really plan on telling my family anything in detail but I find myself pouring everything out to my brother and by the time I am done, he is breathing fast.

Kgosi : I knew that girl was a mistake Morena. Didn't I tell you not to leave Lea? You left a girl who is about to become a doctor for a sex worker? A prostitute Morena?

Me: I didn't know. All I knew and still know is that I love that girl Kgosi. I thought she was everything I ever wanted. She looked like she had all the weight of the world on her shoulders when I met her and I wanted to save her from everything that ever hurt her. I wanted to be her everything because I knew she was my everything but I guess it wasn't meant to be.

Kgosi: I am so angry right now Morena. I hope you used protection with her.

Me: yes I did.

Kgosi : All the time? Who knows how many men she

slept with. Jesus!

Me: (frustrated) I did Kgosi. Jeez. Is she still out there?

Kgosi: Yes and I am going to tell her to leave and never show her face in front of you.

Me: No tell her to come in. I want to talk to her.

Kgosi: About what Morena? So she can lie to you then you forgive her? No. That's something I am not going to do.

Me: Kgosi I want to end things with her. I can't just keep quiet and let her stand out there. I want her to know we are done.

He looks at me and I can see the doubt in his eyes but he nods his head and leaves the room. Nadia walks in after a few minutes and she has her eyes down from the moment she walks into the room until she sits on the chair.

Me: Hi.. My queen

Nadia: (looks up) Hi.

She stands up to hug me and starts crying in my arms. I don't understand what could have led her to prostituting her body. Why didn't she tell me if her allowance or the money I'd give her from time to time wasn't enough? I would have seen what to do as a man. Didn't I deserve to be given the chance to provide for her?

She stops crying after some time and tries to give me a kiss but I shift my head.

Me: please sit down.

She takes a seat and fixes her dress.

Nadia: I am so sorry Morena. Please forgive me for everything I have done to you. I stopped everything last night because I couldn't take being a Jojo doll anymore. I wanted out and I left. Please forgive me. I am a changed person. I love you and I want to make things work between us.

All her words are falling to the ground because I don't trust her anymore. She has kept a whole other life from me for months. How so I start trusting her now?

Me: Nadia I wish I could believe you. I really do. But I can't. I don't trust you at all. You are not the person I thought you were. I have never felt the feeling I have right now and I realize it's because I love you

too much.

Nadia: babe don't say that. Please don't end us.

Me: But I am. I can't be with someone who isn't honest with me. I feel like I never knew you and I am in love with a stranger. I can't do it. I will eventually learn to stop loving you.

She stands up and tries to hold me but I stop her.

Me: I hope you will find what you are looking for because clearly I am not it. Please leave.

Nadia: (crying) Morena don't do this. You are all I have. Please don't do this to me. I love you so much.

Me: You don't do what you did to someone you love.

Please leave.

Nadia: Babe ple-

Mum: (interrupts) Nadia I think my son has made himself clear. Please leave right now.

Kgosi must have told them. I didn't even see my mum and dad walk in. Nadia looks embarrassed and I feel bad but I am done. I can't live with the pain of loving someone who doesn't love you back. I did it for the past few months and it's enough for me.

She takes her bag and walks past my parents with her head hanging.

Nadia: Gosiame (goodbye)

My parents don't respond as she passes by. They close the door after she leaves.

Dad: Heh banna. Tota Morena ba di entanglement o ne o ba tsaya kae?

I laugh through the pain. She is gone. Where do I go from here? I was so sure that I found the one for me. What now?

[08/31, 17:38] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 30

Tlotlo

Botho: Sis let me go.

Me: Are you sure? Let me go with you.

Botho: no you can stay. I want to go and see my babies.

Me: What about Tyler? How are you going to handle that?

Botho: I don't know. I will know when I see him. I want answers from him. I want to know why he cheated.

Me: (sigh) Cheaters just cheat baby. They justify their actions with a shortcoming of your in order to guilt you into thinking you are the reason they cheated. That it's your fault your relationship or marriage is falling apart. All you will be doing now will be allowing him to break you into blaming yourself.

Botho: So what do you want me to do? Should I just leave him like you left Bogosi? You are stronger than me Soso and even you left after years of heartbreak. Let me hear what he has to say before I decide to let him go.

I concede and hug her before she says goodbye to everyone else and walks out. I don't even know why I am staying behind because I now know Morena is fine. I should just go too. I walk over to Mr and Mrs Morena to say goodbye.

Me: Mama let me go. At least we now know he is fine.

Mrs Morena: Oh thank you my child. We will just wait for him to be discharged which should be two hours.

Mr Morena: Mang? I am going there in an hour to get him discharged.

Mrs Morena: Ae papas. You shouldn't interfere with the doctor's.

Mr Morena: Mmakgosi don't let the title Doctor fool you. These are the biggest gangsters in the world. They make money out of us because we believe whatever they say. Ngwanake o ne a idibadits we ke di entanglement hela (my son fainted because of entanglements) now they want to keep him for three hours? If I was at the accident scene I'd have splashed water in him to wake up.

Mrs Morena: (laughs) kae? (where) You even wanted to cry when you heard he was in an accident. You'd have fainted too.

Mr Morena tickles his wife making her squeal.

Mrs Morena : Papas tlherra we are in public.

Kgosi: Do you two ever know what public means tota?

Mr Morena: Owai just because your wife won't give you o batla go re tsenya pressure?

Mrs Morena elbows him and he laughs.

Mrs Morena: Don't listen to him my boy. I was like that too after Kgotla. I didn't want him anywhere near me for a year. Pregnancies are different so don't let it frustrate you. She will come around.

Mr Morena: Or maybe she is afraid you will sneak another baby in. Itlhoboge o dire vasectomy hela ngwanaka. (just surrender and get the vasectomy

done.

Kgosi: (rubs his face) Leave me alone both of you. I am not in the mood.

Mrs Morena: it's the salt.

Bogosi joins his parents as they laugh at Kgosi. The atmosphere almost makes me miss being a part of this family but I have accepted the facts which are Bogosi will never give me what I want and I won't settle for mediocrity.

After the laughter does down I stand up from the set next to Mrs Morena.

Me: it was so good to see you. Thought it was under sad circumstances.

Mrs Morena: it was good seeing you too. I miss you very much. Why don't you visit me?

I side eye Bogosi unsure of how to respond.

Mr Morena: Akere ngwana wa gago o jesitse team.

Kgosi: thata le gone.

Bogosi looks at his feet and doesn't say anything so I won't either.

Mrs Morena: Well that doesn't change the fact that you are not only the mother of my grandchildren but you were my first daughter in law. Kana if we were in other countries, you'd have been his wife just by giving him children. Three le gone. Mxm bo Bogosi didn't live up to their names. This isn't the behavior of royalty. Not in the least.

Bogosi looks like there are hot coals being poured on his head and the inner me is dancing borankana because he deserves it.

Bogosi: (stands up) How many times do I have to hear the same thing over and over again? Does it look like I am doing fine? Does it look like I am OK without her? Why do you always do this?

He storms out leaving us all shocked.

Me: Heish let me go. I still have to go pick the car up from Botho's house before going to Ramotswa.

Mrs Morena: OK my child. I love you. OK?

I nod my head and give her a hug before standing up. I am hit by a gust of wind as I walk out causing

me to close my eyes.

Male voice: Ha o motho wa Molepolole tota? Ha o tla ka diphefo hela jaana? (Are perhaps not from Molepolole seeing as how wind start blowing at your presence.)

I spit a few times and wipe my face laughing when I see who is talking. It's the paramedic from earlier he is leaning against the pillar by the emergency room.

Me: O ntumolelang ne rra? For all I know, this wind might ne coming from your yard.

He laughs

Him: Heh mma do you know how long I have been waiting for you? Kana I was going to start looking suspicious of it wasn't for my uniform.

Me: (with a frown smile) Why were you waiting for me ele gore?

Him: Is this the thanks I get for being kind enough to offer you a lift because I knew you don't have transport?

Me: (giggling) Ae rra I am not getting in that ambulance again. Your driver drives like he is in the middle of a police chase. And gape is that even allowed?

Him: So ke gore ha o mpona o bona ambulance hela ne mma? My car is parked over there.

Me: Ehe. Akere I didn't know. You can lead the way.

Him: Ee Akere ke ambulance. (because I am an

ambulance)

I shake my head laughing but my hand gets yanked hard forcing me to turn and almost fall over but the paramedic holds me.

Me: What the?

Bogosi: So is this why you left me huh? Is he the reason you left me? Is he the one you ran off to that time? Huh? Answer me before I mop this pavement with your face.

He tries to grab me scaring me but the paramedic shoves him back roughly and looks down at Bogosi. I didn't realize how tall he was until now as he towers over Bogosi.

Him: Ware you will what? Say it again. Bua gape ke

utlwe.

Bogosi: mestah move out of my way. I don't know you. I am talking to my woman.

Having the paramedic between us gives me confidence because I'd have otherwise ran out of here. Bogosi can be a bit of a lost screw when he is angry. Totally unwilling to listen to reason.

Me: (peeing from behind) I am not you woman
Bogosi.

Paramedic: You heard her so disappear sonny before I decide to be the one mopping pavements.

Bogosi: Heela can you go and drive you ambulance and let me talk to the mother of my children. Who do you think you are huh?

Bogosi lifts his arm to throw a punch but the paramedic catches his fist and turns Bogosi's arm forcing him to turn away from him. He then holds his shoulder with his other arms and puts more pressure on the twisted arm forcing Bogosi to grunt.

Paramedic: J ust be glad I am in my uniform sonny. Ke ne ke tla go suputsa gore e re o bona mosadi o o bo o rita ka maragonyana a gago o gopola ka ha ke go beditseng ka teng. Nxla. (I was going to beat you up and drag you around so much that you'd be scooting around on you butt the next time you see this woman.)

He releases Bogosi's arm and pushed him away.

Bogosi: (massaging his arm) I am going to report you.

Paramedic; (run) This place has cameras and they will clearly show you three the first punch. Ebile I'll even lay an attempted assault charge against you. Sonny ako o tsamaye and stop embarrassing yourself.

Bogosi: You are a b*tch Tlotlo and I am going to make sure I get full custody of my children from your broke uneducated a**.

That felt like a slap to my face and I can feel the tears sting my eyes. What does Bogosi want from me? How have I ever wronged this man?

Paramedic: Odnt let him get to you. Hurt people hurt people. He's hurt and the only thing he knows is to throw a tantrum and insult you. If he believed what he was saying about you then he wouldn't be acting like a five year old whose favorite toy has just been taken from him. He knows he lost something worth more than he ever imagined.

Me: (smiling) You are good with words aren't you?
So what is your name Mr paramedic?

Him: (side smiles) my mother calls me Avi
Kemoilwe Thompson.

Me: What does Avi mean.

Him: It's Hebrew and has many meanings but I have two favorites which are one who is born to rule and Gift from God. I am my mother's first child and that was after years of struggling to have a child. Both of my names mean a gift from God because she truly believed that God answered her prayers.

Me: (smiling) you have beautiful names Avi.

Him: (bites his lip) Akere ne mma I also handsome

so my names have to match.

Me: ijaa...she should have named you Boikobo
(humility)

He laughs and leads me to his car. Bogosi almost spoilt my mood. This is why I deleted his numbers form my phone. Mxm.

[08/31, 17:38] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 31

Narrated

Botho got out of the cab and walked into the house after standing next to her husband's car for a few

minutes contemplating the damage she could do to it. How dare he cheat on her after all she had done to make their marriage work. She was never one to complain. She always wanted to see him happy just as he had been acting like that was all he wanted for her too. She truly believed theirs was a story of true love but now she finds herself fighting the emotions that try to consume her when she thinks of his infidelity. She feels herself sinking into a pit she had pulled herself out of years ago when she was an unemployed graduate. Staying at home after all those years of dreaming of all the great things she would become was too much for her and she sunk into depression. She knows the feeling too well and she feels it trying to consume her again.

Botho: Aunty! Yaya!

At this, point, she just wanted to take take her children and go to her mother's house. Crying was no longer an option because that is how it gets her.

She knows can't get out if she gives into the sadness.

Tyler appears from the passage and looks at her.

Tyler: Aunty knocked off and I took the kids to my mum's house. I thought we needed some privacy to talk.

Botho: (folds her arms) what's there to talk about when you don't want to admit to anything neh Tyler? What's the point?

He walks over and tries to hug her but she moves back.

Tyler sighs and puts his hands back down.

Tyler: Can we atleast sit down and talk my love. Come and sit down. I just want to talk to you. Don't I deserve to be heard after all the damage you did to my car? I think I am even getting flu symptoms.

Botho begins to feel bad and walks to the couch to listen to him.

Botho: OK talk.

Tyler walks over and sits next to her.

Tyler: Baby I am so sorry for what I have done to us. I have hurt us so bad all because I couldn't say no to that girl. I see now that she was a home wrecker sent to destroy the good thing we have going in. I should have known she was sent by the devil himself. You know I love you and I would never want to lose you baby. Tell me you know that.

Botho: (frowns) I don't understand. She told me you two met at a sex party Tyler. And she told me how you buy my sex from some J ojo dolls. Why are you still lying to me Tyler? Is this how you say you love me?

Tyler: (frowns) babe what are you talking about? Nna sex party? Me? You know how shy I was when I was asking you out. It took me months to gain the courage to ask you out for lunch now you think I go for sex parties and buy sex. Me Bobo? Nna?

Botho: (Looks at him in confusion) Tyler I have seen your bank statement showing some questionable transactions to J ojo dolls. She told me they are sex workers. Stop lying to me Tyler.

He looks at her for sometime until tears form in his eyes. He squeezes his eyes shut so they can fall before looking back up at his wife.

Tyler: Baby how could you think that of me? Why would you do that to me? After all we have been through together? Jojo dolls is an organization for rape and gender based violence victims that was created to rehabilitate them. I read about it on Facebook years ago and decided to join and show my support. I am very passionate about it so I spend most of my money on it. (sniffles) I never thought that my good deeds would one day be used against me to the point of me being called a solicitor. Ao Botho tlhemma you have hurt me gompieno.

Botho sees the pain on his face and the tremble in his voice and begins to doubt Nadia. Maybe she really was sent by the devil to ruin her marriage. If her husband was out there doing so much good then he doesn't deserve the insulting label this girl was trying to force on him. He deserves better.

Botho: I am sorry. She was just so convincing babe and even asked us not to mention her name to some J olene woman. I honestly believed her.

Tyler: (takes his phone out) Should I call J olene? She is the founder of the organization. I can let her be the one to tell you about her foundation.

Botho: No its not necessary.

Tyler: No I want you to have absolutely no doubt because the fact that you are going through my statements means we have lost trust in our marriage and it's my fault for not telling you about how I use my money.

Botho: Babe no. Don't say that. You don't ask me how I spend my money and I promise I wasn't snooping. It just happened to be in the drawer while I was cleaning. Please forgive me.

Tyler: I forgive you but like I said, I don't want you doubting anything.

He dials Jolene's number and she answers on the third ring.

Jolene: Jolene hello?

Tyler: Hi Jolene. It's Tyler. How are you?

Jolene: I am good Tyler and how are you? How can I please you today?

Tyler: i am fine Jo. Listen,I have you on speaker. I am here with my wife and I was talking to her about your foundation and she would like to hear more about it.

J olene: Oh hi Botho!

Botho: (smiles) Hi J olene. You know my name?

J olene: of course I do. Tyler never shuts up about you. I don't even know why he hasn't brought you to one of our dinners. He always said you have a lot on your plate. You have a keeper there hun.

Botho: (holds his hand) he is too good to me.

J olene: Well let me not keep you and get right to it. J ojo dolls is my brain child. My love letter to every girl out there who feels like she has no one in her corner and no where to run to. Most of my girls have been through all sorts of abuse. It's so heart breaking to know we have a country full of scarred young women but there is very little being done about it. I am their shelter, their comfort and refuge.

Not forgetting my wonderful sponsors such as your husband who is one of our biggest sponsors. He gives his all to my girls and I am so grateful for it. Would you like to come and see our facilities? I keep them out of the city so the girls can feel safe away from the hustle and bustle.

Tyler's heart began to race. Jolene was overselling it.

Botho; I would love to one day when I have time. I will let my husband know.

Tyler's heart eased up because he knew by her saying that, she was never going to go see any facility.

Jolene: Fantastic. Tyler let me leave you now if you don't need anything more.

Tyler: No I am good. Thank you so much Jo. I'll be in touch as soon as possible about the gala.

Jolene: Of course. I hope it will be before the end of the day because I need to tie up some loose ends.

Tyler: I'll call you in an hour or two.

He then hangs up and looks at his wife.

Tyler: Baby I am so sorry for bringing Nadia into our lives. I wronged you and I can only pray that you will eventually forgive me. I will understand if you want some space while you think. I did this to us and I will accept whatever you say or do.

Botho: Well I am sorry for believing that you solicit sex. It is beneath you and I can't believe I fell for her lies like that. I guess she wanted to break us up.

(Tyler nods his head sadly) I can't say I have forgiven you for cheating on me but I want to work things out as long as you promise to never hurt me like that again because I can't take that level of pain from you Ty. You mean the world to me and the very thought of you with another woman sickens me.

Tyler: (holds her face) baby I will never ever hurt you again. You are the love of my life and the mother of my children. You deserve all the respect in the world and I am going to make sure you never regret giving me this chance again.

He then kisses her passionately and slips his hand up her top to squeeze her boob before pushing her down and climbing on top of her to deepen the kiss.

Tyler: I love you so much baby.

Botho bites her lip and smiles as she snakes her

hand down to feel the gift her parents handed her when they accepted his bride price. She began to move her hand along it the way he likes. His groans made her wet as she looked deep into his eyes.

Botho: Give it to me.

Tyler gets up from the chair and fixes himself before lifting his wife and walking to their bedroom with her in his arms. He opened the door and Botho's eyes widened when she saw the decorations Tyler had put up. There were helium balloons everywhere as well as rose petals all over the bed. He looked at the room and was pleased at how it turned out after going to get the things from the bachelor pad earlier.

Botho: Babe you are so sweet to me. When did you plan this? When did you buy all this?

Tyler laid her on the bed and mounted her.

Tyler: That's my secret baby. I just wanted you to know that you are the most important person to me and I never want to lose you.

He then proceeded to kiss her and they began the passionate dance of undressing each other before giving into the pleasure of having their bodies intertwined as they shared the same air and matched each other's thrusts before they both succumbed to the pleasure that was building in their bodies....

After the passionate love making, Tyler snuck out of bed while his wife slept and went outside to make a call.

Jolene: What the f*ck happened Tyler?

Tyler: Me? I should be asking you J olene. I thought you ran a professional business so why is one of your girls opening her big mouth about me to my wife? Have you lost your game J olene? Should I get the word out?

J olene: ncncncnc.. Don't try me Tyler. You think I don't know about how you have been messing around with Nadia? I was waiting for it to come back and bite you so you learn the importance of keeping your love life and sexual escapades seperate. This is your fault. Your mistress went and sang to your wife. It's a story as old as time. I am going to deal with Nadia but you, you are done if you do this again. You are lucky I like you.

Tyler: More like you like my money.

J olene chuckles and hangs up the phone. Tyler then opened the car and takes out some work files to use as an excuse if his wife is awake.

[08/31, 17:38] : Unedited

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 32

Tlotlo

Avi has a stubborn nature that I have already picked up. He made me come to the mall with him regardless of my protests. He said he couldn't just let me go after waiting for me for an hour instead of going home after work. I don't know who told him to wait for me in the first place. He pulls a chair out for me to sit in a restaurant.

Me: Avi I thought you said you'd help me pick up my car. I didn't park my car in the mall.

Avi: Shee Akere I wanted us to chat before you go. Kana Ramotswa is far Tlotlo. When will I see you?

Me: (rolling my eyes) I come to Gaborone everyday except for Sunday.

Avi: Ao. Where do you work ele gore?

Me: I have a clothing stall by Game city.

Avi: Ehe so you are a business woman. Do you sell men's clothes too?

Me: (smiling) yes. I have been buying bales and selling clothes but I want to venture into orderinf

online. And I want to create a sort of mummy market.

Avi: What's that?

Me: Heish it's this idea I have been dreaming up for months but I don't want to bore you.

Avi: Shee who said I'd get bored? Let me go place our order then I want to hear everything when I get back.

He stands up to leave and my face has a smile on it that I can't fight. I don't remember the last time Bogosi took me out. Granted he used to take me out to fancy places back then but he stopped after our last born and I e men forgot what it was like. This may be an inexpensive restaurant compared to the ones Bogosi used to take me to but the company I am keeping right now makes me forget all I had

before.

He comes back with a smile on his face.

Avi: (sitting down) So tell me. What is a mummy market?

Me: (smiling) well, the idea came to me a few months ago when I decided to start making my own money. I came across a post of a woman who was pregnant with baby number eight and was asking for assistance from fellow moms. There were many similar posts of mothers having one plight or another. Even married ones complained about having no money of their own because they are housewives. That's when I thought of the mummy market. I am still trying to locate at least eight more mothers who can join in so we jointly contribute P10 000 each in a period of three months or so. I have a friend who is also interested so the ten of us will have P100 000 start up capital and with that, we

will lease out a piece of land and have a huge container store designed with the mummy market sign and the rest of the capital will be for ordering clothes. With proper marketing it can help change the lives of ten families. And as time goes by, I want to learn fashion design and hire someone too so we can start designing our own clothes with the mummy market brand on them. It's a big dream but I really want to see it fulfilled.

Avi: Wow. I am very impressed. That's a great idea. How are you looking for the women?

Me: Well in as much I'd like to help women who are unable to make much, this dream is big and I need commitment and that comes with knowing how hard you worked to get the money to start. That's why I am talking about five months to raise capital. I put out a post for those interested in starting their own businesses this morning but I've had such a hectic day that I haven't had the chance to check if I

got any responses.

Avi: Nnyaa mma you are an inspiration and I really hope it works out for you.

Me: Thank you. Anyway, enough about me. Tell me more about Avi Kemoneilwe Thompson.

Avi: (bites his lip) what do you want to know?

Me: Everything.

Dikeledi

My life is mess. No one can try help me out of this whole that I have dug myself into. I messed up. The look on Morena's face showed me he wasn't planning on forgiving me anytime soon. I was so

down in the dumps that I found myself sitting in a liquor restaurant with the intention to get so drunk that I'd pass out when I get to my room but I find myself starting down at a glass of wine unable to finish it. All I do is keep replaying the past few months of my life. How did I find myself on this road? I could have had the best relationship and focused on school. I not only lost a man that loved me, but I am also stuck with money I have no use for. Money that just reminds me of my stupidity.

This is pointless. I should just go back to my room maybe I need to cry

Maybe I'll feel better after I have cried. I quickly down the glass of wine and leave.

Two guys approach me while I wait for the taxi. I am not in the mood for them even though I can tell they have every intention of talking to me.

Guy1: Kante why banyana ba Gabs ba le bod jaana Sparks?

Guy2: Ene o ke ene wa summer. Bona hela jaaka a nts'e comernyana. O kare nka mo tsenya mo pateng.

I face away from the in an attempt to ignore them but that makes things worse.

Guy1: Ijaa jah. Ke tse one di tsa lingaray tse one Tse.

Guy2: (laughs) Ha go twe Lingaray tlherra.

Guy1: Gatweng ee?

Guy2: Lefokonyana la teng le a mbaizisa le nna mme ha go tualo rra.

They both laugh and stand next to me.

Guy1: Ao my size. How are you? You look like an English child you.

I just roll my eyes and look away.

Guy2: Owai own goal my guy. Ts wa mo teng. Ba ke ba let's go to sandton tomorrow. O tloga o ipolaya rra a go tlogetse mo mokhukung a palame Raider. A re ts amaye ngwana wa ga nkuku.

The guy who had been speaking to me walks back to his friends while cussing me out.

Guy1: Ba tlo go go ja ma CBD gore o thunye ditlere. Nxla. A reng selo se? Nxla.

A taxi stops in front of me just in time and I jump in. I am glad I am the only one at the back. I greet and wear my headsets to block out the thought that have take over my mind. Let me try call him again. Morena loves me. Surely he is ready to talk to me now. It rings three times before the call is cut. I dial again but I can't get through. He blocked me. Morena blocked me. Was he serious? Are we done?

The tears are burning my eyes as I walk up the stairs to my room. I just want to cry into my pillow. The one thing I am happy for about becoming a Jojo doll is that Arie left the room to me. I'll only have to deal with a roommate next year. I put the key into the lock but it is blocked. There seems to be.. Yes there is a key inside. How is this even possible? I try the door handle and the door opens up to reveal Jolene sitting on my bed while smoking a cigarette. My Wigs! Why is she even here?

Jolene: Hello mie krant. How are you? Close the

door bubu.

Me: What are you doing here J olene? I quit J ojo dolls. I am not doing it anymore.

J olene: get in here now.

I suddenly feel myself getting pushed into the room. There are two gangster looking colored girls behind me. They pushed me in here. Why? What do they want?

J olene: Your problem is you don't listen. There was no reason for you to get pushed around so early but oh well. Here we are. Nadia, meet my top dolls. You must be very special because not many dolls get to meet my three best friends.

Me: Three?

Jolene: oh yes baby. (points at the women) meet Van and Chareldene. Then my best friend of all three. Her name is my b*tch.

I instantly feel the urine run down my thigh. What have I gotten myself into? It's a gun. She just put a gun on my bed.

[08/31, 17:39] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 33

Dikeledi

I instantly feel the urine run down my thigh. What have I gotten myself into? It's a gun. She just put a

gun on my bed.

Jolene: Sit

I can't move my legs. How am I going to get to the chair? A sharp pain hits the bag of my knees and I find myself on the floor wincing in pain. One of the butches hit me.

Jolene: That's better. Now, tell me something little one. Did I not warn you about spreading my business around? Did I not tell you to never open your mouth about Jojo girls to anyone? Yet here you are, one day after quitting and you already have me breaking into dorms? Really? Tell me you didn't understand what a Non Disclosure Agreement is and I will understand. Tell me you didn't.

Me: I...I am sorry.

J olene: (seething in anger) I said, tell me you didnt understand what I said right now. Tell me dammit. I am willing to forgive a lack of understanding. That I am willing to forgive. Not blatant disobedience. That one I won't forgive. So did you not understand?

Me: Yes. Yes I didn't understand. I am sorry J olene.

J olene: (smiles) oh ok. I understand now. Ek froustan (I understand). Van, Chareldene, it's just like I said. She didn't understand. Can you believe it?

All three of them laugh and I am not sure how to respond to this. I am just glad I am off the hook.

J olene:Ladies , help her understand the meaning of NDA. I want her to be singing the first three clauses by the time you are done with her.

With that Jolene lights up a cigarette and takes puff then blows the smoke on my face causing me to cough. She walks out of the room leaving me to the mean ones.

Me: I don't know what she meant by that but please let me go. I'll pay you. I will give you all the money I have. Please.

They look at each other and laugh before a punch lands on my face. The pain is too much and I can't even cry. I feel paralyzed. Van pulls a duffle bag they had put on the table and gets a duct tape and tapes it over my mouth then she does the same with my hands. They switch my speaker on and start playing songs from one of their phones. This must be to mask my muffled screams. What have I done? What am I doing here? How did I even get here?

Morena

Kgosi convinced my mum to let me spend the night at his house with the promise to send me to their house tomorrow. I don't know what all this fuss is about because I feel fine.

Chantelle:(knocks on the door) Morena! Dinner will be ready in twenty minutes.

Me: OK. I am coming.

I get dressed and head out to the living room.

Me: Lea, what are you doing here?

Kgosi: we invited her for dinner when she called earlier.

Lea: I saw the video of your accident so I called

Mmaagwe Bogolo to find out how you are doing and then Rraagwe Bogolo invited me to dinner and I came just so I can see for myself that you are fine. I could have called you but you blocked me and I was honestly worried about you. I can go if you I don't want me here. I don't want t cause any problems I was just worried.

She is rambling. She does that when she is nervous. I always found it cute.

Me:, No it's fine. I am happy to see you.

She smiles and tucks her hair behind her ear. Lea hasn't changed at all. She is still the same girl I met ten years ago. I know her as well as she knows me. We met when she had just transferred to our school and started using the same school kombi as me when I was in standard five and she was in standard four. We became friends after I punched a boy who called her a dwarf. Her growth spurt only

kicked in when she was in Form two and she grew taller. She is still short but then again I am tall so I am not the right judge.

Lea: So what happened to you? You have always been the most careful driver I know so how are you the one who caused that accident?

I rub the back of my head in embarrassment. If only she knew that the girl I left her for is the reason I lost my bearings.

Me: I just had a lot on my mind but I am over it now. I am ready to move in with my life.

Kgosi: I am glad to hear that.

Chantelle: (calls out from the kitchen) Kgosi Morena get in here and leave the young'ans alone.

Kgosi: Ao mma. OK I will keep quiet ee.

Chantelle: Shee (laughs and opens the door) if you don't come here I am not going to give you your gift tonight.

My brother leaps out of the couch and is at the kitchen door in Bolt speed then kisses his wife before closing the door behind him. Worse than teenagers.

Lea: I was so worried about you Mozy.

She has called me that since we were kids. I don't even know how to respond to her right now. She was my closest friend and now here I am tongue tied because of guilt. We used to be so close that even going from friends to lovers was wierd in the beginning. Things only changed when we slept

together for the first time. That was when we finally saw each other as girlfriend and boyfriend.

We had been together for five years before tornado Nadia came in and blew everything away to smithereens. I don't even remember having a fight with Lea. She was always the perfect girlfriend. No hidden agendas and no lies. Why was it so easy for me to leave her? But then again, I am not sure I have ever actually loved Lea. I think it was just comfortable and easy for us both to be together. Maybe that's why I ran at the first sign of being in love with someone.

Me: So how have you been doing?

Lea: School has me breathing through straws Mozy. I sometimes think of quitting medicine.

Me: You would never quit and I don't think I'd ever

let you. You have always wanted to be a doctor. Remember the time I cut myself with the wire and you ran to your house to get your parents first aid kit and poured all the antiseptic on my hand?

Lea: (laughs) I thought you were going to kill me.

Me: heela that hurt a lot! Thrn I was foolish enough to let you try to stitch me up o re you need practice.

She starts laughing and clapping her hands. She always laughs till her tears fall. Why did I leave her?

Lea: You barely let me do anything. I had barely peirced your skin when you pushed me off of you.

I join in and laugh.

Me: Why would I let you do that to me? Kana you would have messed my arm up Lea.

She laughs and wipes the tears from her eyes.

Lea: I miss those days.

Me: I miss them too.

Lea: So why did you leave? Why did you stop everything we had in the blink of an eye?

Me: (looking into her eyes) I don't know how to answer that but I knew I was going to hurt you if I stayed.

Lea: So are you happy now? With her? Does she make you happy because I don't want to see you

suffering at the hands of someone who doesn't appreciate the man you are. So does she make you happier than I did?

Me : I...(silence) Let me check how far dinner is. I am starving.

I stand up and go to the kitchen. I don't know if it's shame or the pain of losing Nadia but I don't want to talk about it. I don't want to talk about her.

Dikeledi

I have heard the phrase beaten to a pulp but I have never imagined that I'd experience it first hand. I have cried and had my tears mix up with snot only for everything to stop as I tried to numb myself from the pain of being beaten up and kicked around. I even tried acting like I passed out but one of them would suffocate me by closing my nose and mouth

forcing my eyes to pop open when my lungs ran out of air. I know I am in bad shape because I can taste blood in my mouth and my swollen tongue makes it difficult to swallow.

After what seems like hours, Jolene walks back into the room with her stilettos echoing on the floor I am lying on. She squats to get closer to me.

Jolene: Nc.. nc.. nc. They moored you neh! Do you understand what an NDA is now?

I nod my head slowly.

Jolene: Nadia, I am using my mouth to speak and I need you to do the same. Tell me if you understand what an NDA is because I never want to be under the impression that you misunderstood. So open the same mouth you used to talk about my business and tell me if you understand because

Van and Chareldene would be more than happy to carry out another lesson.

I pull back the spit that keeps sliding down the side of my mouth onto the cold floor. This act in its self sends sharp pains all over my face.

Me: (slurred speech) I understand. I will never... (I swallow the blood spit again) I will never talk about Jojo dolls again.

Jolene yanks me up by the collar of my dress and roughly pins my back to the wall. This hurts more and I wince in pain.

Jolene: Good because I will never come and remind you what shut up means. The next time I come here, I won't talk to you little girl.

She forces my mouth open by pressing my jaws tightly. After my mouth opens, she shoves her gun with a silencer in my mouth, reviving my tear ducts and sends my heart racing. She releases the safety on the gun and pushes it further into my mouth. I keep trying to scream but I gag instead. This feels like a blow job gone terribly wrong.

Jolene: the next time you try to cross me, I am going to drag you to my farm and kill you after having ten men rape you all week long. I will make you relive the ten years your grandfather used you in the space of a week. You will suffer in ways you have never known. I told you never to cross me but no. Like every fool, you decide to try me. You decide to undermine because I am pretty huh? I will kill you Dikeledi. I will end you. Never ever try me again. Do you hear me?

Me: (shaking) yash.

I am too scared to nod my head. What if I nod too hard and the gun goes off?

Jolene: (smiles) good. I am not the one to mess with Nadia. Never try me again.

She starts to pull the gun out of my mouth then stops and shoves it back into my mouth with a shrewd look on her face.

Jolene: I can't be too sure when it comes to you now can I?

She presses the gun and a sound goes off with pressure in my mouth and my heart stops. I thought she did it. The gun went off. I just saw my life flash before my eyes.

Jolene: (stands up) It will be loaded the next time

you try me.

She puts her gun away and laughs. Her two goons join and and pack up to leave.

Jolene pulls some money out of the duffle bag and throws it on my bed.

Jolene: when I tell you to come and get your last package, you come. What do you want me to do with your money? You were too busy trying to break people's marriages to come and get money that you earned? Mxm. Pathetic. I don't know why all you rape victims are so pathetic and love hungry. Love doesn't exist little girl. (claps) snap out of it!

She walks out with the goons behind her. How does one decision turn your life upside down like this? All I wanted was to forget. That is all I ever wanted. I just wanted to forget the pain of my childhood. How

can I be expected to make sound decisions when no one made good decisions for me when I couldn't decide on anything? Was I wrong to want to be someone else for a change when being Dikeledi has brought me nothing but pain?

I get up and slowly walk to the mirror. My whole body is in pain. More tears fall when I see myself in the mirror. They beat me black and blue. I will be the talk of campus for the next two weeks. My lips is broken and one eyes is half closed. Not to talk of the bruises on the rest of my body.

I grin and reach for my phone in my bag. I unblock Boleng's mum and dial her in tears.

Boleng's mum : Oh my God. Dikeledi mma. Where have you been? Do you know how worried I have been? Your grandmother has been in my dreams thus whole week asking me where you are. Okae Dikeledi ne mma?

Me: (sobbing) Can I please come home? I am so sorry. I just want to come home.

Boleng's mum: (starts crying) come home my baby. We will take care of everything. Just come home my love. Do you need money?

Me: No. I will come after my last paper in two weeks. Thank you for letting me come back.

Boleng's mum: Just come home. Everything else will sort itself out.

[08/31, 17:39] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 34

[Three years later]

Tlotlo

The past three years have been great. I am in love with a wonderful man who has shown me a side of life I forgot existed. Avi and I have been doing great except for one time six months into our relationship when I was visiting his house for the weekend and we had an unexpected visitor. A woman came into the house with a little girl walking beside her and was angry upon seeing me in a gown. That's how I found out Avi had a daughter. Not just a daughter, a daughter with a vile mother. She lives to bore me out of this relationship.

I was honestly livid to find out about his daughter that way. We had a real fight about it and he told me he wanted us to be in a more secure place before

he told me about Tilda and his daughter Tehillah because Tilda is insane. I didn't understand it then but I have come to understand it over the years. Even the fact that she is here now feels like walking on pins and needles.

Me: OK. Thanks for dropping her off. We will drop her off tomorrow.

Tilda: Tlotlo wee. Are you normal? Why are you thanking me for dropping my daughter off at her father's house? Kante di girlfriend le ntse jang? Why do you like involving yourselves in other women's children's lives? Are you that desperate for approval from a man? Doesn't you womb work? Itirele mma o tswe mo go ngwanake. I am waiting for my baby's daddy mma.

I am no longer shocked by her. I am immune to her now.

Me : Avi went to get fuel before we take the kids out.

Tilda: I will wait because I have to talk to him about our future.

Me: (I frown) Excuse me? Did you say your future? What future do you have with my man?

Tilda: (laughs) You mean our man? Kana Tlotlo you take things for granted. This man is ours. Nna mma I will not be one of those women who have choice assorted children. Avi and I discussed how we will space our children before we had Tehillah and it's time for the second baby. I am here to let him know I am ovulating this coming week.

What the heck did I just hear? This cannot be real.

Tilda: Akere o rata dikgang tsa batho and you want know everything. Well now you know. Ebile my mother passed away last year so o tla tla o mpaa botsetsi Akere mogadikane wame.

Me: Naare Tilda o rongwa boloi? O thokolosi Akere?

Tilda: Darling call me whatever you want to call me but it doesn't change the fact that baby daddy and I are making baby number two next week. Who do you want to walk around the mall with smarties for children? I'll be coming for the last born three years from now.

How do you even respond to this? I am too stunned to even speak right now. I walk to the bedroom to finish getting ready. I don't even know if I want this outing anymore. But then again, why should Tilda's madness ruin a well planned out day?

I finish doing my makeup and put on my maxi dress and sunhat and let my braids fall on my shoulders. Avi walks in while I put my sandals on and hugs me from behind and rubs himself against my butt.

Avi: O ntse fresh gore baby. Nte ke utlwe.

I giggle and push him back.

Me: I am not getting ready again Avi.

Avi: Ao mma. J ust a little.

Me: You got a lot last night. Leave me alone monna ke wena.

I fold my arms and lean on the wall.

Me: So did you book your baby making appointment already?

Avi: Hmm?

Me: Tilda says you agreed to have a child this year and came to tell you she is ovulating this coming week.

Avi laughs while getting dressed.

Avi: So she told you? I swear Tilda is crazy and I don't even know what I ever saw in her.

Me: So what did you say to her?

Avi: What do you mean? I told her I am with you and I can't make babies with her. You are the one I want

children with now. I told her to go and find another fool to make a baby with.

Me: I was beyond shocked! I couldn't even respond to her insanity. Gatwe re spacitse? Yeah!

Avi: But she was telling you the truth though about our agreement. And you know I am always asking when we will have a child together and you never respond. You just change the subject everytime.

Me: Avi I am 38 years old. My last born is 12 years old. Why would I want to start all over again at this age? I have three children and you have one. Can't we just be together?

Avi: (frowns) Be together? So you don't want to have a child with me?

Me: I am done having children Avi. I wanted three children and I have them..

Avi: But I am not done Tlotlo. You have those children with another man. What about me? Will I be punished because I didn't finish procreation before we met? I am willing to settle for two children if one of them is with you.

Me: Ah Avi rra. Tota nna I never pictured myself pregnant at this age. I am honestly done.

Avi: Tlotlo wee...

He stands up and heads to the door. I don't know why he doesn't understand my feelings about this. This day has just turned to a pit stain. We are supposed to pick my kids up from Bogosi's house then go out with all four kids but now look where we are..

Dikeledi

Weddings have become one of my favorite things. There is always so much love in the atmosphere and the expression of cultures is always a beautiful thing. Ululation fills the air as women dance around with di tjale on their shoulders. A song breaks out from one of the women in the crowd and we all start dancing to it.

Woman: A ruri le bolelets e malome

All: A ruri le bolelets e malome moja ditlhogo

Woman: A ruri le bolelets e malome

All: A ruri le bolelets e malome moja ditlhogo

Woman: Gore setlogolo se a nyalwa

All: Gore setlogolo se a nyalwa mo lapeng

Dust fills the air as everyone dances their hearts out heading to the tent. I have never been this happy before. This is a wedding I have looked forward to this whole year. I didn't even care how much money I was spending between this dress and my graduation dress. I am happy and that's all that matters.

We head into the tent and take our seats with huge smiles on our faces. Boleng is just besides herself. She has been crying since the vows and she is still crying.

Boleng: kana mme I am happy Diks. I am so happy for my mum but I feel like she is leaving me.

Me: But Bee you know you hardly see her anymore. Do you want her to be lonely forever after you get in with your life?

Boleng : No. Like I said, I am happy for her. She is getting married to a good man who had shown me a father's love.

Boleng's mum got married to officer Motlhabi today. She looks as beautiful as a bride on the cover of a magazine. Mr Motlhabi also looks great. He actually cried when she walked down the aisle. His vows made the whole room cry as he told her how he didn't know that love began and ended with her. That after all he has been through and done, he never imagined that God cared about him enough to give him something as precious as her to love him. He was so sweet and kept touching her face as he spoke. The pastor had to keep clearing his throat a bunch of times to remind him he hasn't been

permitted yet. We would all laugh through the tears.

I was surprised to see him as a regular visitor when I went back home three years ago. Boleng hadn't ratted me out to her mum so she was just hurt that I had cut them out of my life. We spoke and I apologized. It took a little longer to get back in tune with Boleng because she had an idea of the person I had become but after convincing her that I was no longer a blesser babe she forgave me. It hasn't been easy for me to move past losing Morena but I focused on school and found other ways to cope with my pain.

A text comes in and I open the message after checking if Boleng isn't looking.

[hey hot stuff. Where are you? I'm naked and waiting]

My clit start twitching when a picture of his magic stick appears. I don't know what it is about seeing it like that but ii get so turned on. I haven't had sex in three years but I have had so many orgasms that I'd need a hundred page diary to document them.

Me: Bee can I have the key to our room. I need to change my panty liner.

Boleng: (hands it over) You should hurry back. They will be serving lunch soon.

Me: You should get some for me if I delay. Akere you know I might end up getting sent around.

Boleng: Ae you are a bridesmaid. This is your day to do the sending.

I laugh and walk away. We are at Boleng's

grandmother's house. Boleng and I are using the quarters behind the main house. I make my way there while texting.

[You better be naked because I will be calling you in two minutes .]

Once I am in the room, I lock the door and start throwing clothes off and get my dildo from the secret zipper in my bag. I then mirror my phone on the laptop so I can get a clear visual.

I lie on the bed and dial. He calls himself wolf gang on the sex app so that's how I saved him. He is one of five guys I have fun with on the app. He has never seen my face and I have never seen his but we have a lot of fun. He picks up the video call and I aim the camera to my breasts. He loves them.

Wolf gang: hey hot stuff.

Me: (in a sultry voice) Hey wolfy. You are such a bad boy. You got me out of a wedding therra.

Wolf gang: (laughs) Ao sorry tthe my sweet Thang. You know I can never get enough of you. Look how hard I am already.

Me: You got me so wet baby.

Wolfgang : Let me see. Show me your beautiful flaps.

I point the phone so my yoni and open myself for him to see.

Wolfgang: Damn. Look at that. Babe you see so hot. I just want to feel them wrapped around me.

Me: Oh yes baby.

I pull my dildo and switch it on.

Me: We have to make it quick wolfy. I am at a wedding kana.

He massages himself with a lubricant and starts going up and down his shaft. I mimick his movements and pace by shoving the dildo in and out of my yoni. At this point I don't even care if anyone hears my moans.

Wolfgang : Yes baby. J ust like that. Take it! Take it all in!

Me: I am cumming wolfy. I am cumming!

Wolfgang : Cum for me baby. Let's come together.

Me: Faster wolfy faster!

I shove the dildo in and out as fast as I can before my eyes roll back and my body begins to shiver and shake as my toes curl before I start squirting. He ejaculates onto his abdomen and some cover the lens. By the time I open my eyes again my chest is rising and falling as I try to catch my breath.

Wolfgang: Well damn!

[08/31, 17:39] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 35

Dikeledi

By the time I open my eyes again my chest is rising and falling as I try to catch my breath.

Wolfgang: Well damn!

Me: (breathing heavily) I have to go wolfy.

Wolfgang : OK hotstuff. Same time tomorrow?

Me: I am not sure what the day will be like but we will see.

Wolfgang: OK.Bye

I hang up and clean myself up before getting dressed. My clit keeps twitching from the after shocks. Sex is a gift. That's all I can say. I powder my face to eliminate the beads of sweat that had developed during our little tryst then walk out heading to the tent.

Voice: Hi.

I turn to face him. It's Sébastien. My groomsman. He flirts a lot with me and I kind of like it. He is one of those almost cute enough guys who mostly look cute because of their swag but isn't really all that cute.

Me: Seba man what are you doing here?

Sébastien: I have been waiting for you. I thought we should talk.

Me: (smiling) About what?

He puts his hands in his pockets and smiles. He has pearly white teeth that make his smile all the more endearing.

Sébastien: About this sweet tension between us.

Me: Oh.. I didn't realize we have tension between us?

Sébastien: Oh come on Nadia. How long do you want to keep playing this game of chicken with me? I want you and you want me too.

Everyone calls me Nadia now. Well most of the times. Boleng and her mum still call me Diks from time to time but they understand why I prefer Nadia.

Me: (giggling) Ao Sébastien do you really want us to be the typical wedding party dance partners who jola during the wedding and break up after two weeks?

Sébastien: Who said I want that? I heard what you were doing in there Nadia and I want to help satisfy you. No strings attached. Just great pussy dripping sex.

Oh...I am twitching already. I haven't felt the real thing in three years and I didn't know how much I missed it until it presented itself to me. I was just trying to avoid breaking anyone's heart or marriage like I did the last time I had a man but now this is different. It's like the sex app has come to life. And Sébastien's shoe size intrigues me. I am sure he must be packing.

Sébastien: Come on. Don't deny yourself the pleasure you want.

My throat dries up just thinking of him in me.

Sébastien :You can see it live instead of imagining it.

He must have seen me staring at his crotch.

Me: (hitched breath) wh... When?

He moves closer to me and looks around to see there is no one before he wraps his hand around my waist and roughly pulls me to him. He then slides his hand down to my butt and rubs it while inching his face closer to mine. His lips are inches from mine making them tingle in anticipation. He starts to speak and with each word our lips touch ever so slightly that I moan in desperation.

Sébastien: You and I are going to be slapping

bodies and sweating tonight. I am going to do everything you want me to. All you have to do is ask and I will fulfill all your fantasies.

Me: (swallowing) I want you now.

He runs his lips on mine and smiles.

Sébastien: You want me?

I nod my head.

Sébastien:(shakes his head) Ncncnc. Ke tlo go go ja gore Nadia. You are getting f*cked tonight.

With that he walks off and leaves me aching for him. There has to be something wrong with me. I turn back to the room. I need a fresh panty liner.....

Boleng: Heh mma you long left. Ao.

Me: You won't believe what just happened.
Sébastien wants me.

Boleng: (laughs) I long told you gore that guy wants you. What did he say?

Me: Heh mma o ntlogets e ke le maphachaphacha hela telling me what he wants to do to me tonight.

Boleng: Ware tonight? Ele gore you are going to sleep with him?

Me: Yep. You know I don't want a boyfriend and I haven't had sex in three years mma. I just need some release.

Boleng: Mme mma it's been too long. I don't know how you did it but I am glad after all that mess you were in.

She doesn't know about my app friends.

Me: Mma. So will you cover for me?

Boleng: Cover for you? (laughs) my man just got here. There is no way I'd let him come all the way here to support my mother's wedding e be ke mo lesa. I am rewarding him tonight.

I laugh and shake my head.

Boleng: Besides mama will be too busy to notice that we aren't home.

Me: True. Ele gore did he book some place?

Boleng: Let me ask him.

She starts texting.

Me: Where is he?

She points to a few guys by the tree and I see him in the crowd.

Me: Tony itlhele a its hwanela gore mma.

Boleng: Ke a go shapa Diks.

I laugh and take a sip of my drink.

Mc: Can we please have Pastor Mary come and bless the food for us.

We bow our heads, as the prayer starts.

All: Amen.

Boleng: Tota Tony o rileng? Kana he says he thought he would sleep here.

Me: Where?

Boleng: Gone ha.

I laugh.

Me: What did you think dating a Nigerian guy would mean? Do they have meila tota?

Boleng: Mxm what is wrong with this man? He has to look for a place to sleep. Let me go and talk to him.

Me: Ako o Seka wa mo omanyanya Boleng.

Boleng: Ae Tony can't want to sleep in my grandmother's house e ntse e le boyfriend.

She walks away and leaves me laughing. A text comes in. It's Sébastien.

[Keep practicing having your mouth wide open baby. That's all you will be doing tonight.]

Oh my...

Edit: Next insert will be up soon

[08/31, 17:39] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 36

Morena

Lea: Baby run! It's about to start!

Me: Baby kana you can't try to make me get excited
ka your chick flick.

Lea: Mozy Acrimony isn't a chick flick and your

aren't getting out of it this time. This movie is so old but wena you don't even know it. Hurry up with the popcorns. And don't forget the mayo.

Me; Sies baby I am putting mine in a separate bowl. Who on earth eats popcorn with mayo? Ao?

She waddles into the kitchen with her big bump.

Lea: Mxm. Is it my fault your child makes me eat things? Ebile I am craving phaleche with scrambled eggs.

Me: What about the pop corn?

Lea: Ke starter Akere.

I shake my head and laugh then walk out.

Lea: (whining) Baby where are you going now? I want phaleche.

Me: I thought you meant you are cooking it.

Lea: I want yours therra. Yours tastes very nice.

Me: But phaleche has the same ingredients moss.

She pouts and I shake my head before going back and placing the popcorn bowls on the counter. I then boil water to cook for her.

She gets one of the bowls and squeezes mayo into it.

Me: That is just disgusting Lea.

Lea: You don't know what you are missing. But it needs something.

She opens the fridge and gets mustard sauce and squeezes it in then gets a spoon and starts eating.

Me: Sies Lea.

She laughs and leans on the counter and watches me cook. I can't wait for her to give birth next month because joh! My child is eating things in there. And she has really ballooned in her last trimester.

We decided to give our relationship another try two and a half years ago and she is now expecting our first born son. I am more than excited to be a father. She is in her final year of medical school so it wasn't ideal for us to have a baby now but it happened and we are trying to navigate through it

all.

Lea: Mozy go monate gore. Utlwa.

She brings her spoon to my mouth and I shift my head.

Me : Ae Lea. That looks terrible. Eat your things and leave me alone. Can't we watch something else ne mma?

Lea: Nope. We always watch your kind of things on Netflix. It's now my turn. Mozy kana mama says she is coming to my house next week to visit me and check if we have everything the baby needs.

Me: Does that place even look lived in?

She shakes her head with her mouth full . She has big cheeks now and it's funny when she is chewing. She moved into my house when we found out she was pregnant and only goes to her house a few times in the month to check if everything is fine. I feel sorry for her parents who keep paying the rent with out knowing she never sleeps there.

Me: So what are you going to do?

Lea: Ah I guess I will just have to go there two days before to do some cleaning and get groceries.

Me: You can't clean that house in your condition. I will hire someone to do it.

Lea: thank you baby.

She stands on her toes and gives me a kiss with her

mayo mustard lips.

Me: Mxm. (wipe my lips) I'll let my mum know. She mentioned wanting to do dinner with your parents the next time they are in town.

Lea: I am sure she'd love that.

I get back to my cooking before I go and watch what I know will be a soppy love story that has an obvious ending.

Tlotlo

We had a good outing with the kids regardless of the fight we had this morning. Avi hasn't mentioned

kids again and I am glad. We are now on our way to drop my kids off at Bogosi's house.

Avi: Tlamelo can you check if there are anymore drinks in the cooler.

Tlamelo: Sure.

All three of my children were happy for me when I introduced Avi to them, especially Tlamelo. She told me she was worried I might go back to her father and become the unhappy person I was again. I didn't realize how my relationship with their father had affected my relationship with them until I left him. I was always so stressed out when I was with Bogosi that I had no time for them. But now they tell me everything. I even found out about Leano's crush on the headgirl at his school but has no chance because she has a boyfriend. The thought of my son wanting a girl made me sick to my stomach. I even wanted to end this tell me

everything nonsense but I soldiered on because I want to avoid another Tlamelo and big dicks situation. I couldn't take it if I found out my children were living lives that could lead them into situations they aren't prepared for.

Tehillah: Aunty can't we all just sleep over at daddy's house tonight? I want to play with Tlamelo.

Leano and Loago: Yes!

Loago: Please mama then we can play boys versus girls in Charades.

Avi and I look at each other without saying anything but we already know what the other is thinking. Tilda.

Tehillah: please say yes daddy.

Avi raises his brows and I nod my head.

Avi :ok we will get your clothes then head home.

I am not prepared for the havoc Tilda is going to bring my way.

My phone starts ringing. It's Botho.

Me: Hey sis. How are you?

I hear crying in the background.

Me: Bobo what's wrong? Why are you crying?

Botho : He was with another woman Soso. I found them on my bed. My bed Soso!

She wails and my heart breaks.

Me: Where is he? I am coming there.

Botho: (sobbing) He left with her. She is pregnant. He loves her. He wouldn't have left me here if he didn't love her. What am I going to do? He doesn't love me.

I take a deep breath.

Me : I am coming.

She hangs up the phone and I lean on the headrest.

Avi: Tyler?

I nod my head and he shakes his.

Avi: Your sister has to accept that she married a cheater and leave that guy for her own peace of mind. Every other three months there is a Botho and Tyler issue. Ha a lape?

I don't respond but I know he is right. I was shocked to find out they reconciled after the Nadia saga. My sister even foolishly believed that Nadia lied to her about him sleeping with prostitutes. Look where we are now. But I can't judge

I have been where she is. I kept forgiving Bogosi out of fear of the unknown.

Dikeledi

Sneaking off was easier than I thought. Boleng's mum was taken away to her in laws 'place' and that

was how Boleng and I ducked out. She chose not to be taken into the marriage so she wasn't needed for the rest of the activities.

Sébastien: Here we are.

He opens the door to his room in the Bed and Breakfast. The grooms men had opted to sleep here for privacy and I have to admit that it worked out for me.

He throws his blazer on the chair then grabs me and starts kissing me. The whole thing was so unexpected that I barely caught my breath. His hands are all over me and I reciprocate the actions. He breaks off the kiss when my hand makes its way to his magic stick. He holds my hand before I feel it.

Sébastien: How about we freshen up first?

I smile and follow him to the bathroom where we take a quick shower while making out. His shoe size didn't deceive me. The man is well endowed. This is a toy I will certainly enjoy.

Once we are done we head to the room and start kissing again. His hands hungrily feel my body. He leads his hand to my yoni and traces his finger along my flaps and feels how wet I am. He groans into my mouth and lifts one of my legs making it hang on his arm before inserting his finger into me making me moan and #EXPLICIT

[08/31, 17:40] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 37

Dikeledi

I can't feel my legs. I am done. I am spent. He pulls me back onto the bed and wipes me up after wiping himself. We then change the sheets and I get back into bed with my shaky legs.

Me: I didn't know BDSM was this nice.

He chuckles and lies next to me then pulls my head to his chest.

Sébastien: that was light BDSM. I was just introducing different elements of sex I was sure you never tried. But we are not anywhere near where I want to take you.

I lift my head and look at him.

Me: There is more?

He rubs my cheek and smiles.

Sébastien: So much more.

Me: I am now very curious about it.

He bites his lips and kisses me.

Sébastien: In an hour wet wet.

Me: (laughing) what did you just say?

Sébastien: You reminded me of this other song that came out in 2010 I think. Ya ga Ne-yo and some guy called busted baby. The guy says he calls his girl wet wet because when they finish she messes up

his bed set. So you are my wet wet.

I laugh and close my eyes. I have had too many nicknames for one person to keep up with.

Me: I am feeling so sleepy.

Him: Let's close our eyes a bit. I'll wake you when it's time.

I smile and close my eyes. Who would have known that Sébastien was all I needed right now?

Tlotlo

Avi drives into my sister's yard and parks the car.

Me: Guys wait here. We will be right back.

Avi: No let me stay with them. I think she would want to talk to you alone.

I nod my head and step out of the car. I knock and get into the house. I find my sister curled up on the sofa watching their wedding video. I remember it like it was yesterday. They were so in love and happy. What happens when people say I do that things can do a complete 360? Where does the love go? I never imagined that Tyler would be the reason that my sister who has an MBA would be crying into a fleece looking like a hobo.

Me: Bobo.

Silence.

Me: Botho.

She doesn't move. Her eyes are on the TV with tears rolling down her eyes. Where are the children in all this? She has a 6 month old baby. Just like me, she gave a rat of a man three children.

I walk into the house to look for the kids and I find them in the nursery. Yamas a is rocking her baby sister to sleep. She can hardly hold the baby because she too is just a toddler.

Me: Let me have her my love.

I take the baby and wrap her up with a blanket then gather things into her diaper bag and hang it on my shoulder.

Me: Lets go.

The two toddlers follow me out of the room and out of the house. They rushed past their mother. I don't know what happened here but they look scared of her. I get to the car and give Tlamelo the baby.

Me: Loago and Leano go sit at the back with Tlamelo so they can get in.

They do as I say and I sigh.

Me: Babe please go home. To my house. It can accommodate everyone. I can't leave them here. Botho looks like a zombie. Let me get the baby's formula and bottles. Do you know how to make milk?

Avi: Yes I think I still remember. I will read the instructions don't worry.

I nod my head and get back into the house. Botho is still in the same position she was in when I went out. This is bad. I collect all the baby's things and go back to the car.

Avi: Maybe I should just drop Tehillah off at her mother's house because I doubt there will be any time for playing today.

Me: No. That would hurt her. Just talk to Tilda and get her things. The rest are fine. They have clothes at my house. I will find you all home. I will take one of Botho's cars.

Avu: OK. Come here.

I lean into the window and kiss him which rewards us with eeewwws from the back.

Tlanelo: heelang you will wake the baby. Kana I am practicing golo ha.

Me: (frowning) hey wena o Raya o practisa eng?
Don't try me.

Tlanelo: (laughs) J eez mama. Not me. And don't ask me who becasue it's not my place to tell you.

I roll my eyes and walk back into the house. I don't have the energy for Tlanelo's stories.

Me: Botho wee. You need to snap out of this and talk to me.

She doesn't talk so I get the remote and pause the video. She suddenly stands up and grabs the remote.

Botho: What the f*ck is wrong with you? How dare you? Are you trying to f*ck with me? Huh? Don't you dare try to f*ck with me. Not today! Not to-f*cking-day.

I step back and raise my arms in surrender. She sits back down and presses play then goes into her trance again. Botho never cusses out. This is the first time I have ever heard her say anything vulgar in all her thrifty two years of living. What has Tyler done to my sister?

A car drives in after I sit down. A few minutes later, Tyler walks into the house. He looks at me and gives an insincere greeting.

Him: Dumelang.

Me: Hi Ty. What is going on?

He raises his brow and walks away. He is gone for a couple of minutes before I hear the sound of wheels rolling along the corridor. Tyler is pushing bags out. What the heck?

Tyler: Botho. Botho wee. (sighs) I am leaving you. As you saw, May and I are expecting a child. I love her and I want to marry her so I am divorcing you.

My eyes have been wide and mouth open since I saw the bags and the statement hasn't helped matters either. I look at Botho for a reaction but there is none. Her eyes are still on the TV.

Tyler: I hope you find happiness. I am sure there is a man out there for y-

A remote lands on his forehead before he is done talking and before I can respond, Botho pulls out a

shambok from where she was sitting and goes to town on him. She lands lash after lash all over him. Even his face gets lashes. He roars in pain and tries getting the shambok from her but she kicks him on the crotch and the guy goes on his knees wincing in pain which gives Botho more access to beating him.

Botho: (whipping him) You f*cking fatherless bastard! Lebelete la Monna! F*cking son of a b*tch. Whore of a man!

I am just stunned and afraid. I haven't even moved from my seat. She keeps beating him until I see blood trickling down his face. I gather up the courage to get the shambok from her. She fights me and pushes me off.

Botho: Tlotlo! Tlotlo get out of my house! Go now before I kill you here! Are you the one who sent him? Are you the one who taught him how to cheat? Huh?

Tyler tries to stand up but she starts beating him again. The sound of the lash cracking his skin makes my skin crawl as more blood starts oozing out of him.

Me: Bobo it's enough. You are going to kill him.

Botho: Let him die! What use does her have to this world huh? He impregnates his b*tch and tells me he is divorcing me because his b*tch is having puppies? Golo mo go a ntlwaela Tlotlo. I gave him three children! Three f*cking babies.

Kgogomodumonyana o le wa gagwe o na le eng?
Look at me! Look at me Tlotlo!

She starts stripping all her clothes off. Tyler hasn't moved. I think he is unconscious now.

Botho: (squeezing her stomach and muffin top)

Look what his children did to me! Look at all these stretch marks. My breasts are flat because I was feeding his big headed children and he now wants to leave me? I have to work hard to hold pee in because of those big heads and he says what? Tlyer o ntlwaela mas epa a dithala Tlotlo.

She goes back to beating the lifeless man and I try to grab the shambok but she turns to me and starts beating me.

Botho: I told you to leave me alone! You wanted this! You wanted me to beat you! Get out of my house Tlotlo! Go!

The first lash had me running out of the house. She shut the door behind me and locked the door. I try rubbing my back to soothe the pain caused by the lashes as I run to the back door to try sneak into the house but she locked it too.

Me: Botho open the door! Open the door Bobo.
Think about your children! Bobo!

[08/31, 17:40] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 38

Narrated

Tlotlo ran around the house looking for an open window while waiting for Avi to pick up.

Avi: Love

Tlotlo : (panicked) babe where are you?

Avi: I am about to get to Tilda's house. Why? What's happening?

Tlotlo : I need you to rush and drop the kids then come back here. Things are bad Avi. She is beating him up and he is unconscious.

Avi: What? Can't you stop her?

Tlotlo : She locked me out after hitting me too. I called the police but they are taking too long. I can still hear her lashing him but he was unconscious when she kicked me out. I don't know what to do!

Tlameho : Is that mama? Let me speak to her.

Avi passes the phone to Tlameho and turns into Tilda's house.

Tlameho : Mama kana Yaya says her mother says she hates them. She keeps saying she dropped the baby and made her cry. I have heard about Post Natal depression. Maybe she has it.

Tlotlo's mouth dries up as she remembers the time when Botho had cut her wrists and was diagnosed with depression. She was unemployed and stressed and sunk into depression that almost ended her life. She hung up the phone and started furiously banging on the door hoping and praying that the police come before Botho does anymore damage.

At Tilda's house

Avi knocked on the door and Tilda opened after a few minutes.

Avi: Hi Tilda. Tehillah wants to spend the night with

us so I came to get her clothes.

She chuckles and opens wider for him to get in the house.

Tilda: (shuts the door) So your wombless girlfriend wants to play house with my baby?

Avi: Tilda can you just drop the insults you keep hurling at Tlotlo for no reason. You know very well that Tlotlo has children and they are waiting for me in the car right now. So give me Tehillah's clothes so I can go.

Tilda: Akere she removed her womb ee so she knows she can't give you what I can. You and I want the same thing. A baby brother for Tehillah. Let's make one.

She reaches for his crotch but he slaps her hand away.

Tilda : (sighs in frustration) Kante Avi how long will you punish me? You and I should be married by now and making baby number two but you want to keep punishing me for small issues from a million years ago?

Avi: (chuckles) Not a million, four and a half years ago and not small issues. You were sleeping with your hood rat boyfriend in my house and on my bed while our six month old slept in her crib. Because of you, I spent months not seeing my baby thinking she isn't mine until I tested her. You are scum and don't come here belittling my feelings and your actions to make it seem like I am crazy. You are my worst mistake and I am never repeating it. Now get my child's damn clothes so I can go. My woman needs me.

Tilda blinks tears away from her eyes and walks off to the bedroom regretting the day she cheated on her man. He was everything she had ever hoped for but her self destructive character managed to screw that up for her too. She packed up the clothes her daughter would need and walked back to hand the bag over.

Tilda: I am sorry for failing you Avi. I have never said this before because of my pride but I regret the day I cheated on you.

Avi looks at her for a few minutes and walks out shaking his head. He gets into the car and reverses.

Avi: Tlameo What did your mum say?

Tlameo: She just hung up after I spoke about the PND.

Avi: OK I have to rush and drop you guys so I can go and help her. Will you be fine with all the kids?

Tlamelo: yeah don't worry about me and unlike you, I know how to make formula.

Avi : okho! Mxm where did you learn because you were too small to do it for your brothers.

Tlamleo: I like visiting aunty Botho because she let's me try her make up and Wigs on. I helped her with the kids too so yeah. (sighs) I really hope she will be fine. Post Natal depression is a serious thing kana.

Avi shakes his head and continues driving.

In Botho's house

After being satisfied that she had beat him enough, she shook his unconscious body trying to wake him.

Botho: (forcing his eye open) Hey open those eyes and look at me! Look at me dammit! Look what you did to me you piece of sh*t!

She walks to the kitchen and gets a knife.

Botho: So you don't want to look at me huh? Fine then. Die once and for all because you are useless to me. You don't love me anymore. You and your children destroyed me and you now want to leave me?

She begins to stab his abdomen and stops after five stabs then pulls the knife out with her bloody hands. Tlotlo's screams are inaudible to her as she sinks into the whole that has been seducing her and blinding her from what she was actually doing.

She then walks around the house naked and calling out.

Botho: Where are they? Yamas! Yamas come here with those rats of yours! Come here! You all ruined my life and no one is remaining in this house. Tyler and his spawn are all dying today. How do you come and ruin my life and expect to live? Huh? Tlaang kwano dio sh*t!

She kicks doors open and looking under furniture for her children who she believes are hiding. The anger in her builds more as her hunger isn't satisfied. She keeps thinking of how she wants to end Tyler and his seed. If that May girl was here she'd be dead too. Everything that Tyler has touched has to die is all she keeps thinking.

Botho: Dammit Tlotlo!

She follows Tlotlo's voice to the living room window and yanks the curtain open.

Botho: Tlotlo where the f*ck are they? Where are Tyler's children huh? The devil's spawn is dying today. Where the f*ck are they?

Tlotlo's shock is written on her face when she sees her sister with blood all over her naked body yielding a knife .

Tlotlo: Bobo what have you done?

She throws her hands above her head and wails .

Tlotlo: Bathong nthusang! Help me! Neighbors please help me! J esus what have you done Botho? Oh God help me! Oh father God please help me.

She goes on her knees and put her face on the pavement crying out loud.

Botho shuts the curtains after realizing that Tlotlo took her children away. The thought angers her but she can't do anything about it now. It's too late. Her time is up.

She puts the knife against her abdomen and presses it into herself. She shrieks in pain and pulls the knife out after putting a few inches in. She holds her stomach and walks to her bedroom and comes back with a bottle of Tyler's sleeping pills and her anti depressants. She then gets a bottle of vodka from the bar and sits next to Tyler watching him bleed out. She pops both pill bottles and takes five of each and holds the bottle of vodka in the other hand.

Botho: These ones are for the ten years we have been together. Nxla you wasted my time waits e Tyler.

She throws all of them in her mouth and gulps down the vodka to help her swallow. She clears her throat as her body shakes from the taste.

She then takes three more pills from each bottle and holds them up.

Botho: these ones are for the six times I found out you are cheating on me but never left because I was too scared to be alone.

She gulps them down again and wipes the vodka off her lips.

Botho: Damn I can feel it already.

She pours more pills into her hands and drinks them all then lies down next to him and rests her head on his shoulder then puts her hand on his bloody abdomen.

Botho: I am coming for you baby. We will be together forever. No more May, no more children. Everything was great between us before they came and ruined us. (eyes start getting heavy) It's going to be me and you for all eternity. Just you and me. Botho and Tyler. Even death can't separate us. I love y-

Her eyes shut and she begins to drift off into a deep sleep.

Meanwhile outside, Tlotlo stands up at the sound of sirens wailing in the distance. She rushes to deactivate the automated gate and rolls it open. She

runs out and waves frantically for the police and Ambulance to see her.

Once they spot her she rushes back in impatiently waiting for them to come and break down the door or whatever they can do to help her into the house.

Officer: Dumelang mma. We Received a-

Tlotlo: (bangs the door) Heelang open this door right now! Open the door and stop taking.

The officer frowns but moves back to pace himself before kicking the door. It stands firm at first so he gives it a second harder kick. The door shakes but still stands so his partner joins him and they both kick and it finally breaks open.

Tlotlo starts screaming at the sight of her sister

lying next to her husband. She runs past the officers and goes on her knees and begins to shake her.

Tlotlo; Bobo! Bobo open your eyes!

She looks at the empty pill bottles and screams louder.

Officer: Ma'am I need you to step away and let the paramedics do their job. You are also tempering with a crime scene by being in here so please wait outside.

The paramedics start checking for pulses on both Botho and Tyler and doing what they are trained to do in such cases.

Tlotlo: (crying) No! I am not going anywhere.

Officer: (pulls her away) Ma'am I am afraid I am not asking you. You have to step out. You are disturbing us from doing our job.

Tlotlo starts kicking the officer and biting his hand.

Tlotlo: What job huh? I called you and hour ago!
What job do you want to do when my sister is dead?
What do you want to do? Huh?

Avi drives into the yard and sees the commotion as everyone stands around watching Tlotlo kicking the police officer.

Avi runs out of the car and pulls her away just as the officer raises his hand to slap Tlotlo off of him.

Avi: Don't even try it. Go and do your job.

Officer: I am going to charge you for assaulting an office nyla. You will learn your lesson today.

He walks into the Avi leaving Tlotlo wailing in Avi's arms.

Tlotlo: She is dead Avi. Bobo is gone!

Avi rubs her back looking into the house to see what the paramedics were doing. The fact that they weren't pulling out body bags yet is a good sign to him but he doesn't want to get Tlotlo's hopes up in case he could be wrong because she had obviously seen the state her sister is in whereas he hadn't. Tlotlo's heart wrenching cries made the people who had gathered around the yard tear up as well. The sight was just too much to bear.

Don't forget to like and comment.

[08/31, 17:40] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 39

Dikeledi

Me: mmmhh

Sébastien: time to wake up baby.

He moves in and out of me ever so gently. I thought I was dreaming when it all started. It feels so good. Oh my!

Me: (slowly) condom?

Sébastien: it's on. Now open your eyes and look at me.

I open my eyes and turn my head to look behind me. The hunger in his eyes is intoxicating and wild. I want to feel everything he wasn't to do to me. I want to be his submissive. I want to go where I have never gone. He makes me want to give him everything he wants.

Me: Make me yours. Make me your sub.

He closes his eyes like a vampire that just got a taste of blood. He pumps harder into me then suddenly stops and pulls out.

Me:(whinnying) Sébastien why?

He walks off to the chairs without responding and grabs the ropes. Oh boy. The look in his eyes as he walks back to me tells me I have unleashed a beast inside him and I don't know how ready I am for it.

Sébastien: Spread your legs Nadia.

I open my legs and #EXPLICIT

Narrated

At the hospital

Avi: Baby your mother is here. Babe.

He shakes her back to reality and that's when she sees her mother and brother followed by her aunt.

Her mouth starts wobbling as the reality sets in.

Mmaagwe Botho: (rushing to Tlotlo) Oh bathong where is my child? Soso where is my child?

Tlotlo starts crying aching for her mother to hold her and she does. She wraps her hands around her and puts her head on her bosom.

Mmaagwe Tlotlo: Avi what happened?

Avi respectfully rubs his hands together.

Avi: We have been waiting to hear from the doctor. She was rushed into the emergency along with her husband but we haven't heard anything yet.

Aunty: Soso don't cry like that tlhemma when you

haven't heard anything. You scared us.

Avi: She is traumatized tota. She has been like this since she saw them. I arrived after the ambulance so I didn't see much but she was there from the beginning.

Tlotlo: Mama I tried to stop her. I tried to get back in the house. She locked all the doors and the windows were barred. I should have...I should have let her beat me instead of running out. She wouldn't have drank those pills. She wouldn't have stabbed him. She would be fine.

Her mother pats her head and comforts her.

Mmaagwe Tlotlo: Ae Soso this isn't on you. You can't blame yourself for your sister's actions. Don't do that. Let's wait to hear from the doctor. Please.

Doctor: Dumelang bagolo...

At A BnB across the country.

Boleng frowns and looks at Tony who is lying next to her in bed.

Boleng: Ema pele. (hold on) What are you saying?

Tony: You heard what I said Boleng. I said I want to marry you.

Boleng: But we have only been together for a year Tony. What are you talking about?

Tony switches to his Nigerian accent.

Tony: So I should harvest field and finish plantain and go? I swallow all yam and vomit? Khai! Boleng. My father go kill me finish if he hear dis. Please my friend be serious nah.

Boleng laughs after failing to hold her serious face. It is always funny to hear Tony go from speaking proper English to going back home.

Boleng: Tony it's just that I wasn't even expecting this. I mean I am about to graduate and I want to work for sometime before settling down.

Tony: settling down where? I say I go marry you. I don't say I go capture you and put you in cage. Who said I want settle wife? Marry me and go work.

Boleng: Bathong Tony. Why can't we just continue like this?

Tony: (chuckles) Eat your yam for free? Why?

He sits up and looks at her.

Tony: (drops his accent) When I came to Botswana years ago, I asked myself why many people aren't married but have children. I couldn't understand it. It's a foreign concept to me. But now I understand. I never thought I'd hear a woman say no to marriage. Back home it's an honour. I guess to you it's a prison. You aren't some one night stand I picked up from the bar Boleng. I love you and I have known it three months into the relationship that I want to marry you but you always seem hesitant to commit. I don't want you to string me along for years. I want to start a family. You can't even accuse me of wanting anything more because I don't need anything from you. I just need you. My parents raised me to marry a woman I love and not use her. Where do I expect you to go after a whole year of being with you? Think about it and let me know.

He gets out of bed and picks his underwear from the floor and slides it on before putting his pants on.

Boleng: Where are you going now?

Tony: I am going back to Palapye.

Boleng: I thought you said you will be here the whole weekend.

Tony: I thought so too.

Boleng crawls across the bed seductively looking into his eyes.

Boleng: But I still want to be harvested Mr Appiah.

Tony smiles despite his fight against the smile. He looks down at Boleng who starts unbuckling his pants and pulling them down along with the briefs.

Tony: (Softly) I don't want to do this Boleng.

Boleng smiles and massages his dark shaft before kissing it's tip softly.

Boleng: But that's not what my bazooka here says. He wants my cookie. He wants to be inside me so bad. He is rising up and ready to wave his nation's flag up high. He wants to plug himself into me and have me singing the Nigerian anthem. You can go if you want to. But he stays.

He smiles seductively looking into her eyes and she opens her mouth and begins to lick his shaft from the bottom and slowly going up to tip like the longest ice cream. She opens her mouth ready to

take him in and #EXPLICIT

At the hospital

Doctor: Dumelang bagolo.

Mmaagwe Tlotlo: Doctor how are my children?

Tyler's mother and estranged father walk in followed by a swarm of aunts and uncles.

Mmaagwe Tyler: (wailing) Where is my son? Give me my son! Mpheng Tlyer waaka! Busang ngwanake!

The Doctor realizes they are all here about the same

people so he calms her down.

Doctor: Mme please calm down. I was just about to address botsadi ha(the parents here) about the situation. May I ask that you all sit down.

Mmaagwe Tyler: I am not sitting. Point me to my child right now.

Tlotlo and her mother take a seat next to Avi and her aunt while Tyler's clan remains standing. The doctor sighs and gives up. He has no energy for this after the shift he had.

Doctor: Botsadi, we admitted both patients in a state of unconsciousness and tried our best with both of them but-

Mmaagwe Tyler: ijoo wee ba mpolaets e ngwana

wee! Ke wa ga mang wee? (they killed my child!
Who will help me?)

Doctor: Mme let me me finish please. Like I said, we tried our best with both of them but unfortunately it wasn't enough. Tyler is under sedation after the surgery he underwent to repair the damage to his organs but fortunately, no vital organs were hit so he will recover. (Tyler's family celebrates) But I am sad to say that Botho didn't make it. The effect of the anti depressants and sleeping pills were aggravated by the ethanol and she passed on while we were trying to perform gastrointestinal decontamination using Activated Charcoal. It-

Tlotlo: Doctor did you just say my sister passed away?

Doctor: Yes ma'am. I am deeply sorry for your loss.

Mmaagwe Tyler: God is so good! Oh Modimo wame ha nke a ntthatlha wee! (my God never forsake me)

Tyler's uncle: Doctor can we see our son?

Doctor: (awkwardly) Umm.. J ust for a few minutes and I can only allow two people to see him. I will ask the nurse to come and take you to him. (turns to Mmaagwe Tlotlo) I am so sorry for your loss mme.

He then walks away leaving a very disturbing moment as Tlotlo's family sits in the shock of the news they just heard while Tyler's mother marches around the waiting room with her sisters behind her singing in celebration while the men tipped their hats responding in their bass voices.

Mmaagwe Tyler and sisters: Re rapela Modimo wa methlolo

Men: Wa metholo

Mmaagwe Tyler and sisters: Re rapela Modimo wa methlolo

Men: Wa metholo

Mmaagwe Tyler and sisters: Re rapela Modimo

Re rapela Modimo

Re rapela wa methlolo

Men: Wa metholo

[08/31, 17:41] : Mini insert.

Blame the little ngwana

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 40

Dikeledi

I can't believe it's already dark out. I spent the whole afternoon and evening having sex. Not just sex, joint breaking, mind blowing sex. Who needs therapy when you can get sexual healing?

I tried the counseling thing after the Jolene incident but it didn't help. I was always irritated by the counselors questions. What did she mean by how did being raped make you feel? I wanted to ask her how asking stupid questions makes her feel. Rape is rape. It makes you feel dirty, used and unloved. If she didn't know that already then she wasn't going to be able to help me anymore than I could help myself. I quit the therapy and focused my energy in

school and pleasuring myself. Speaking of which, I haven't checked my app all afternoon. I haven't gone a day without logging in at least twice. This is a first for me.

OK I need to pee. I roll out of bed leaving a sleeping Sébastien with his head under the pillow. This is a weird way to sleep and I wonder if he doesn't fear suffocation because I can't even cover my face with a blanket.

When I come from the bathroom, I open the closet to look for a gown to wear. All I have here is my bridesmaid's dress but I don't want to sit naked anymore. A camouflage outfit makes my brows rise then I frown trying to process what I am seeing. This cannot be what I think it is. I feel the material checking if it is store bought but it doesn't feel like it. It even has two stars on it.

My heart starts racing as I tiptoe my way back to

the bed to get my phone. I then Google the BDF uniforms and..

Me: Oh my god!

Sébastien stirs from his sleep and lifts his head.

Sébastien: (groggy) what?

Me: You are a soldier? A first Lieutenant?

He tilts his head with sleepy eyes and raised eyebrows.

Sébastien: What's wrong?

I hate soldiers that's what. My father joined the army after he got his degree and I have always

hated them.

Me: O lesole? (are you a soldier?)

Narrated

At the hospital

The nurse came to get Tyler's mother and father leading them to his room. The rest of their family kept chatting joyously about how worried they were.

Tlotlo's aunt's anger boiled over seeing her grieve struck sister lost for words by the uncultured behavior being displayed by their in laws. She stood up and held her hips.

Tlotlo's aunt: Naare le a tlhola boo Rra Johnson?

Your daughter in law has passed away and you are here partying like it's 1999? Do you have any shame at all? How does this seem right to you? In front of her mother? Can you not show and sadness at all?

Aunt: Uhu. Gatwe we should be sad that the person who tried to kill our son is dead while God has saved our son from the death she tried to bring on him? Ao le ba keresete ba ka beela sefapano hale ba re belets a bommatla (even true Christians can put their cross aside to beat us up for being foolish)

Tlotlo's mother bursts out crying for the first time since she heard from the doctor. Her sister sits down and comforts her while Tlotlo cries into Avi's arms.

Tyler's uncle: We should even start planning a welcome back party for our boy when he comes out of the hospital. I will talk to his secretary. I am sure she has access to his bank accounts.

Tyler's aunt²: That's a great idea. I am sure Mmaagwe Ty will support the motion. I think I will even start going to church. This is a miracle kana.

Tlotlo stands up abruptly and fights the urge to splash the water in the jar on the table on their faces. Instead she grabs her mother's hand and pulls her up.

Tlotlo: Mama let's go. Let's go and see her. She is all alone and she needs us. Let's go.

Just as they are about to leave the room, Mmaagwe Tyler comes back in followed by the old man with huge smiles on their faces.

Mmaagwe Tyler: He almost opened his eyes. Oh Jehofa wa mashomoshomo.

Rraagwe Tyler: Ke Timpakgolo ya J erus alema.

Tlotlo pulls her mother's hand before they break into song again. J ust as they reach the door Mmaagwe Tyler says something that stops all four of them in their tracks.

Mmaagwe Tyler : We will contact you about the funeral as soon as we can.

Mmaagwe Tlotlo turns on her heel to look at her.

Mmaagwe Tlotlo: Excuse me?

Mmaagwe Tyler: I said we will contact you about the funeral when we-

Mmaagwe Tlotlo: (interrupts her) whose funeral?

Mmaagwe Tyler: Uhu? Who died? Akere Botho o sule heh mma. We will let you know when the funeral will be.

Mmaagwe Tlotlo: (thins her eyes) Are you having a stroke? Whose child are you burying? So you can dance on my child's grave? Listen, get that idea out of your head right now because I am burying my child.

Rraagwe Tyler: This is the problem with children raised by women without a father. Utlwa dikgang tsagagwe. That is our daughter in law. You gave her away. She is ours to bury. If we decide to put her into a grave wrapped in sheets then you have no choice but to accept it. She is our child. Your child is in there fighting for his life mma. That dead one is ours to do with as we please.

Plotlo's mother holds her hand to her breast feeling a sharp pain run across her chest.

Mmaagwe Plotlo: Ishi...

She then melts to the floor in Plotlo's arms. Plotlo goes into a panic calling her while Avi takes over to support her and check her pulse. Her sister runs out to call for help while Tyler's family stands there unbothered.

Mmaagwe Tyler: Lets go bathong before we witness another death in their family.

Pain chokes Plotlo's throat fighting every instinct to show this old woman what she is made of. But her mother raised her better than that so she just leaves it to God to deal with them. She says a silent prayer for her mother who is still unconscious

[08/31, 17:42] : Mini insert J ust to wrap up
Botho's death

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 41

[A few days later]

Tlotlo

My heart hurts. My soul is drained and has an empty feeling. I sometimes wish I had never gone to Botho's house that day. I wouldn't have seen what I saw. I wouldn't feel like such a failure to her. The pain of it all hits me me more than everyone else because I feel like I could have stopped it.

The most painful thing about this whole ordeal is the painful truth of our culture. My mother and I tried our best to rally my uncles and aunts into going to Tyler's family so we can take over the funeral proceedings because after the day at the hospital, my mother realized her daughter had been married into the worst bunch. The cruel words that sent my mother into a panic attack woke her to the reality of the Johnson's cruelty. My uncles told us how culture doesn't allow us to take over her funeral because she died as their daughter in law. It is all so wrong if you ask me. Their marriage was practically over.

What surprised me more is how my sister always portrayed her in laws as the sweetest people you would ever meet. I don't understand why women do this. Why do we like selling a lie to the world about having perfect lives when we are actually dying inside? If it wasn't for Tyler's only decent cousin, I wouldn't have found out that Botho went to her mother in law to complain the third time she caught

him cheating. And instead of reprimanding him, his family scolded her for failing to satisfy her husband and trying to ruin his reputation by spreading weaknesses caused by her failure. I was floored! Who says that about an adulterer? It became clear to me that she was alone in this in her matrimonial family but why didn't she come to us? Why didn't she tell me?

Now here we are sitting under a tent and feeling like strangers at my own sister's funeral because we were not even consulted for anything. All they asked for was our financial contribution and that was it. I had to beg to put my name on the programme just so I can say my final goodbye to my best friend.

Mc: We will now have the deceased's sister to come and say a few words.

I take a deep breath after my mother gives me a

weak smile of encouragement. I then walk over to the Mc and look into the house where my sister's coffin is. I feel a lump in my throat as I remember the first time she went to school with me. She was so happy to finally be leaving home with me everyday. I always protected her in school and she would proudly tell everyone that I am her big sister.

Me: (shaky breath) Mmh... what do I even begin to say? Botho left me too soon. O nngwegets e nnaka (You left without saying goodbye) I just wanted to say a few words in goodbye to my best friend. (fighting tears) Botho grew up as a sweet and loving person. She always made everyone feel important and she could never watch someone suffering without lending a helping hand. I remember years ago when I decided to start my life over, Botho was my biggest help. She is the reason I have what I have now. She was my little sister but she was also my second mother. (sniffling and laughing) I remember when we were growing up, Botho and I would steal fat cakes from my mother's tuckshop

and I would tell her not to tell our mother. The day would go by until evening when we would all be gathered around the fire. She would suddenly say, Soso o a bona gore ha ke a Bua gore re utswile magwinya ko semausung? (You see that I didn't tell anyone that we stole from the tuckshop?).

(everyone laughs) ah bathong. My sister is now gone and I can't change anything but I want to believe that she is resting where she is and that the merciful God that created us all has forgiven her transgressions and accepted her soul. I can only pray so tota. Bobo used to love it when I sang for her so it is only right that I say goodbye to her in song.

I clear my throat and begin to sing with tears falling down my face.

Me: Ha le phirimile (When the sun has set)

O nneya boroko (You grant me rest)

Ke lala ke ho tshepile (I have placed my trust in You)

Ntate ya lerato (My loving father)

Ho dula le Ntate (To abide with God)

Ho dula le yena (To dwell in Him)

Ho molemo ho monate (Is important, is pleasant)

Ke monyaka ho nna (It is enjoyable to me)

Fi fela bosiu (In the darkness of the night)

Ha ke fadimeha (I am not afraid)

Ha ho tshabo le bodutu (For I am not alone)

Ha ke nale Yena (Whenever I am with Him)

By the time I am done I let out a sob before taking my seat where Avi envelopes me in his arms. I hear cries around me.

After a few minutes of silence from the Mc, he starts to talk but is interrupted by someone clearing

their throat. It is Tyler. He had been sitting in the house with his family and my nieces and nephew. I don't understand what he is doing outside. He has bandages all over and I don't think he should even be standing. He was discharged yesterday so he could attend the funeral. He slowly makes his way to where the Mc is standing. Everyone is stunned by this because it is simply not done.

Tyler: Can I say something?

The Mc looks at the crowd then shrugs and steps away.

Tyler: I know what I am doing looks wrong. I should be in the house with my wife and children but I feel like I would be insulting her memory if I let people remember her as a lunatic that beat up her husband and killed herself. Waking up from that hospital bed to see what I looked like was a shock to me because I don't even remember the incident but I

know my wife and she was too sweet and kind to do this to me without just cause. I was waiting for her to come and see me in the hospital so she can tell me what happened but she never came. My wife loved me and I loved her too. I know I hurt her. That's why she is gone. I don't know how but I know I disappointed her somehow. If I could turn back the hands of time, I would go back to that day and stop myself from doing whatever sent her over the edge. All I can now do is make sure I raise our children to the best of my ability. I will not disappoint you my baby girl. (starts to cry) My baby is gone now and I killed her. I killed my wife. My children lost their mother because of me. Oh God what did I do? So please tell me what I did. What did I do?

He starts crying out loud then his father comes out of the house to pull him back into the house. What just happened? I am so confused right now. Shouldn't he be relieved that he got an easy way out so he can go and be with his May? Or is this just an act? Why is he doing all this?

After the disturbing moment passed the Mc moved on with the programme and we soon headed to the grave yard. Her final resting place. Watching her coffin go into the ground was so surreal. I never imagined this day would come so soon. What about her babies? O ile Botho. She is gone forever.

[Three months later]

[08/31, 17:42] : Unedited

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 42

Dikeledi

I am so nervous. I got called for an interview with a NGO last week and I feel like my stomach is in my throat. I initially thought it was a prank because I have never heard of interview happening on Saturdays but after researching the organization, I jumped around in excitement. I am really praying I get the job because my yoni needs a break from my idleness. All I do is masturbate all day. That or I go see Sébastien at the camp and bring the house down. As much as I am enjoying the sex and everything, there is just this emptiness inside me that needs to be filled. I find myself missing Morena a lot these days. I saw a post of his baby two months ago. He has clearly moved on with his life and I should too. Don't I deserve to be happy? Maybe I could even gather the courage to mother a child. I am morbidly afraid of bringing a child into this sick world. What happens if I die while giving birth like my mother did? What happens to my child? What if my daughter or son grows up in abuse? Where would he or she even go? I have no family. I

can't expect Boleng's mother to take care of my child. Oh my god Nadia! Girl focus on where you are now.

PA: Miss Supang, you can go in now.

I smile and make my way into the office. It is empty. Why did she say I should come in? I look around nervously contemplating on walking out to ask the secretary where my interviewer is. I reach for the door and hear a flushing sound coming across the room. OK there is someone here.

The door opens after a few minutes and God blesses my eyes again with a vision of creation. When does God have time to make such people? This is a man. He is wearing navy blue suit with a crisp white shirt tucked into pants secured by a dark brown belt. His face, oh lord his face is just gorgeous. He looks like a cup of delicious dark chocolate mocha. Beyonce should recruit him for a

brown skin boy video. He has the curliest hair I have ever seen. I swallow hard looking at him and reminding myself why I am here. He might even be my boss. Jeez Nadia.

Him: Sorry about that. I have had a lot of coffee all day. How are you? Please take a seat Dikeledi.

I sit across him.

Me: It's Nadia.

He frowns and looks at the papers on his table.

Him: Aren't you Dikeledi Supang?

Me: Dikeledi is my given name. I prefer to go by Nadia.

He leans back in his chair and fiddles with his pen.

Him: So why not make it official Ms Nadia? Why not change it with Home Affairs?

I raise my brow

Me: I didn't know I could do that.

Him: Well you can. Get it done so you don't go around correcting people that may or may not hire you.

Damn. And I was just starting to relax. I swallow as my nerves set back in.

Him: So my name is Marcus Van Graan.

I raise my brow.

Him: Yes I am colored Nadia. My father won in the gene war. Now do you want to wipe your shock off you face so we can start the interview or should I just send you away now?

I feel tears threatening to come up but I can't let them. What is going on here? Are interviews always this hostile? Should I go? I am clearly not going to get this job anyway.

Marcus: Right. So what made you apply for this job?.....

They had to have been the worst interview in the history of all interviews. Maybe I should just use my Jojo money on the farm my grandmother left me.

It's a good thing Sébastien invited me over. I need something to distract me from the disaster that is my life. Visiting Sébastien at the camp still doesn't sit well with me. If he was any other guy I would have long cut things off with him but he has become my current drug. After the hassle of getting permission to get into the campus I half run to Sébastien's house and knock on the door.

Sébastien: (opens the door) Hey wet wet. What took you so long?

He pulls me into a hug.

Me: I had an interview. Remember?

He closes the door and pulls me to the bedroom.

Me: Aren't you going to ask me how it was?

Sébastien : how what was ?

Me: Sébastien, I just told you I had an interview and you aren't showing any interest. He shuts the bedroom door and starts kissing me and throwing my clothes off. Why do I suddenly feel like this isn't enough for me? I want him to care about more than just sex now. He tosses me on the bed and feels my dry yoni. He grabs a bottle of lube from his drawer and pours it on me then wears a condom before shoving himself in me. Why is this ceiling so dirty? Can't they repaint it? There are so many webs in this room. Doesn't he ever clean his ceiling?

He finally cums and climbs off of me and disappears into the corridor. He is obviously going to wipe himself. I feel my yoni and all I feel is the remnants of the lube. Five minutes go by and he hasn't returned from the bathroom to bring me a towel. This is highly unusual. I get out of bed and go

get cleaned up and then dress up.

This man is watching TV. He left me in the room to watch TV.

Me: Sébastien what the hell? Why did you just leave me in there?

Sébastien: Nadia o simolola go lapisa waitse? (You are starting to become a nuisance) What's your problem? Do you not understand our arrangement? Why does it seem like you want me to be more than what I said I am? Nna I told you what I want and you now want to start catching feelings and ruining the vibe. O dire o tsamaye mma ang find someone who will give you all that. That person isn't me. I want sex. Not just sex, good sex and bona hela what you did today. Not even a little moan hela ya go imarka present. (to mark yourself present) O ne o lebile di ceiling nna ke theneka ha godimo ga gago. (you were starrng at the ceiling while I was busy moving

on top of you.) You have really bored me today.
Tsamaya.

Me: (wide eyed) Shee Sébastien. Was I wrong to ask if you aren't interested in hearing how my day went?

Sébastien: Nadia tthemma leave. I need to find a new bunny and one is on the way for a sex interview. That's the kind of interview I am interested in.

Someone needs to wake me up or slap me out of this trance. I know this man isn't saying all these things to me after all these months of giving him all the sex he wants however he wants. I even gave this idiot anal twice! Twice!

Me: Sébastien are you hearing yourself?

He switches the TV off and stands up.

Sébastien: Nadia I said go. And delete my number. You are too needy for my liking. Go!

He grabs my arm and gets my handbag from the couch and pushes me out the door. What the heck just happened?...

Tlotlo

I love lying in bed on Saturday morning. The nice thing about having grown children is you get to be lazy. They are with me this weekend so I get to sleep in while they clean up the house. The only problem with lying in bed is that I always find myself thinking about Botho. The past few months have been very difficult for me. I tried talking Tyler into

letting me have the kids atleast until Amantle is a year old but he refused saying he wants to raise them himself. To add insult to injury, Tyler now lives with May and her pregnant belly. The thought of that woman in my sister's house makes my blood boil and it convinces me that Tyler was pretending to be broken up about Botho's death. The whole thing frustrates me and I wish I could do something about it.

Avi wraps his arm around me and starts massaging my tummy.

Avi: Morning babe.

Me: Hi love.

Avi: How are you feeling babe.

Me: Why are you always asking me how I am feeling?

Avi: What do you mean? I shouldn't ask you how your are?

Me: Avi you ask how I am feeling. You don't ask how I am. You have been doing that for the past month. Why?

Avi: (chuckles and kisses my shoulder) baby you are being paranoid.

Me: I am not Avi.

A calls comes through on my phone. I stretch over and answer the phone.

Me: Hi Chanty. How are you?

I look at Avi hoping he gets that I am saying it for his benefit. He smiles and looks away.

Chantelle: Tlotlo...waitse Bogolo wants to kill me. That's all this girl wants. She wants to kill me and bury me.

Me: (sitting up) what happened?

Chantelle: Do you mind coming here ne mma? Unless you have plans.

Me: It's fine. Give me and hour.

I hang up and look at Avi.

Avi: What happened?

Me: (calling out) Tlamelo! (to Avi) There is some drama with Bogolo and usually whatever she does usually involves Tlamelo. Those two are like David and Jonathan but all they do is get themselves in trouble. I swear that if they weren't cousins I would have long cut Bogolo out of Tlamelo's life but I can't because of how close their father's are to each other and Chantelle is my closest friend.

Avi: All you have to do is keep doing what you are doing. Being transparent with you daughter and telling her how you feel about Bogolo's behavior. Tlamelo is a good girl. Just be open with her.

I sigh and give him a kiss. A knock on the door stops Avi from reaching under my top.

Me: Come in.

Tlameo: Yes mothers.

Me: Ntlame what is happening with Bogolo?

The look on her face tell me she knows what I am talking about.

Tlameo: What do you mean?

Me: Her mother just called me. Go and bath re
ts amaye. I know you know what is happening.

She walks out of the room looking like she got caught stealing. I roll my eyes and get out of bed to take a bath.

Avi: Aren't you going to give me little bit?

Me: I will give you later. Let me go and hear what is going on.

Avi: I am on night shift tonight. Have you forgotten?

Me: Oh yeah.

I walk away before he tries to convince me to get back in bed....

Chantelle: (gives me a hug) Thank you so much for coming. Heh mma where did all this weight come from?

I chuckle and take a seat. Tlamelo greets and heads to Bogolo's room.

Me: So what happened?

Chantelle: I just found a letter in my makeup bag ke re ke ipaakenyetsa go ya lenyalong (while trying to get ready got a wedding). She wrote a letter saying... You know what? Here read it.

She shuffles some paper and hands it to me.

Dear mum and dad. I am so sorry for being a disappointment to both of you. I know how I let you down by failing my form 5 and it ate at me so much that I didn't know how to handle the disappointment. Now I have gone and made things worse. I just want to die. I deserve to die for hurting both of you like this.

I am five months pregnant. I tried everything to get rid of it but I have failed. I tried drinking stameta and overdosing on pills but it didn't work. I even

punch my belly hoping the baby will die but it has n't worked. I am so sorry for dis appointing you like this. I realized I have to tell you because I am starting to show. I am so stressed that I have even thought of taking my own life. Please forgive me.

Me: What?

She sighs.

Chantelle: Thats it. I don't know what Bogolo expects me to say or do. I am now afraid of expressing my anger incase she decides to kill herself. What am I expected to say to her?

Me: The fact that she dares to threaten you with something so real makes me sick! She isn't going to kill herself. She is manipulating you into accepting her foolishness. Does Kgosì know?

Chantelle: My husband drove out of here like a mad man telling me he will kill her himself if he stays. I think he went to meet Bogosi and Morena.

Me: Have you spoken to her? Bogolo is very manipulative Chanty. I mean even the time we caught them with those texts didn't seem to move her. She didn't care until she was getting a besting. This is her way of avoiding the beating.

Chantelle: I don't even have the strength to talk to that girl Tlotlo. I just want to know who the child belongs to bogolo re ise dikgang tsa tshenyego.

Me: Mxm! OK I will talk to her.

Chantelle: (exhales) anyway, I missed you.

Me: I missed you too. Botho's death just hit me too

hard.

Chantelle: I know. And it still eats me up that I couldn't come.

Me: You were in any other country working Chanty. I know you would have been there if it wasn't for that.

Chantelle: Yeah. Anyway, how about we sign up for a gym membership together. I am failing to lose this baby weight. We can get a personal trainer Ebile. I heard it works better.

Me: agh...mxm I can't right now.

Chantelle: why?

Me: I think I might be pregnant.

Chantelle: what? Are you serious? When?

Me: I am not really sure that I am but I had a spotty period and Avi is acting wierd. He did something that I know. I don't know when but he did something.

Chantelle: Naare what do you mean?

Me: I don't know but that man had been asking me when we are having a baby every two days but a month and a half ago, he just suddenly stopped asking me. Nothing. Then he starts his how are you feeling and rubbing my belly. He did something to me.

Chantelle laughs out loud and claps her hands.

Chantelle: This sounds like a joke. Maybe you are

being paranoid.

Me: Chanty you don't know how fertile I am. It would only take one burst condom on the right day to get me knocked up. I usually start showing signs when I am like four or five months pregnant so I wouldn't have known but because of the fool's behavior. I am suspicious and I am getting tested today.

Chantelle laughs again. I don't. Know why she thinks this is funny. If Avi got me pregnant I am going to kill him.

[08/31, 17:42] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 43

Dikeledi

Why does Sébastien's behavior hurt me so much? I have been sitting on my bed looking blankly at the ceiling for the past hour trying to figure out why I am so hurt. I need to talk to Boleng. I grab my phone and dial.

Boleng: (breathing heavily) Diks this isn't a good time.

I just burst out and cry.

Boleng; Diks what's wrong? What happened?

Me: (crying) Sébastien broke up with me Bee. He kicked me out because I wanted us to be more emotional. Am I not loveable? Why does this keep happening to me?

Boleng: (sighs) Ema Pele babe.....I won't be long I promise.. (kisses) OK, Diks you and Sébastien weren't actually in a relationship so saying you broke up doesn't make any sense to me.

Me: Bee I just want to be loved. Is that so wrong? Why don't I get to be happy? Look how good things are with you and Tony? Why don't I get to have that?

Boleng: OK Diks I am going to do something that is long overdue. I am going to give it to you straight because I can see you are going down a very dark road. You don't get to ask if you don't deserve love. Morena loved you. That man loved you so much that he didn't even delete your pictures from his social media. I mean we live in a time when breaking up means delete like crazy but with you and Morena, all it takes is scrolling back and you find yourself all over his page. That was love. You sabotaged that love by becoming a prostitute. I don't care what fancy name your pimp gave you to

make you feel special but that was prostitution and to top it all off, you had a blesser. A whole blesser while Morena acted like a love sick puppy wanting your attention. You were going to Sandton or you have arrived kante you are killing yourself. Even this whole Nadia thing is more of an attempt to run away from the truth you keep pushing away. You are a victim of rape Dikeledi. Your grandfather raped you for ten years. Ten! You have aborted his babies five times. Your grandmother died because she was beaten up for trying to set you free. Your father rejected you and called you a murderer for your mother's death. You are practically alone in terms of blood relations. That isn't something one gets over in a month. Moving to Gaborone didn't mean everything is over Dikeledi. You hardly slept the first time you went back to visit my mum. You kept having nightmares just because you were back in the village. Stop acting like you are over the rape. You aren't over it and you need to deal with it before you destroy your life further. You need to accept that you are a victim of rape and that you are now a sex addict.

Me: (choked by tears) I'm not a sex addict.

Boleng: Oh yes you are honey. How many men have you slept with in the space of four years? Can you go a day without an orgasm? All that bondage sex you have with Sébastien isn't even healthy.

Everyday? Ae mma. I know about that sex app of yours. More proof that you are a sex addict. Going to the extent of pleasuring yourself and a stranger online Dikeledi.

Me: Stop calling me Dikeledi Boleng! Stop it.

Boleng : That is who you are. That is your name. Until you deal with the reason why you hate that name, you will only do further damage to Nadia. I am all for reinventing yourself but yours is only destroying the new you by trying to bury the old you. Deal with Dikeledi's issues so that Nadia can

actually become someone worth giving up Dikeledi for. You need therapy.

Me: (shouting) I tried that! It didn't work!

Boleng: Shout all you want but it won't change the fact that you weren't taking it seriously. You went there as a rape victim instead of a rape survivor and a sex addict. You heard what my step father told you all those years ago. He was where you are right now. He tried to warn you and told you to get counseling but you chose, how do you call it? Yes sexual healing. There is nothing like that Dikeledi. You need real help.

I hang up and roll onto my stomach and cry. It hurts because everything she said is true. I haven't done anything to deal with my past.

A message comes through. It's Boleng.

[I am sorry but you needed to hear it. I think it's high time I give you tough love because being understanding and gentle is what brought us here. I believe in you Diks. I always have. Get help because I need a healthy maid of honor]

I toss the phone away and cry some more. Where do I even start? Am I actually a sex addict? Why did I do let myself become like this? This isn't who I am. Who am I though? I grew up in so much pain that my character was moulded around my pain. I was only ever happy when I was with my grandmother. She always made me laugh and smile. Does she see who I have become? Is she disappointed in me? She obviously is. I am, such a mess that even my mother would have disowned me. I need to fix this.

My phone rings. Jeez Boleng let me think. Oh it's not her. It's a landline. I wipe my tears and answer.

Me: Hello?

Voice: Good afternoon. May I speak to Ms Dikeledi Supang.

Me: speaking

Voice: I am calling you from Agents of Change. We would like you to come and sign your employment contract on Monday.

What? I got the job? How?

Me: I got the job?

Voice: Yes ma'am. Please confirm what time you can mane it.

I can't believe this. This has to be my second chance. This has to be my new leaf.

Voice: Ma'am?

Me: Oh I am sorry. Is it okay for me to come after lunch? I will be coming from Francistown.

Voice: That is fine. Please ask to see Human Resources when your come. Enjoy the rest of your weekend.

She hangs up and I cover my mouth in shock. I can't believe that I got the job after what I felt was a terrible interview. How did that even happen? OK Dikeledi it's time for step one on your road to recovery. I scroll through my phone hoping I still have the number I am looking for. Oh thank God. It's here. I dial and pray he answers.

Voice: Prosecutor Milton hello?

Me: Hello sir. I don't know if you will remember me.

Milton: Ms Supang. I still have your number.

Me: Oh OK. I hope I am not catching you at a bad time.

Milton: I always have time for a client that somersaulted my career. How can I help you?

Me: I...I need to see him. I was hoping you could help me see him. I don't even know where to start but I want to see him tomorrow before I start work on Monday. I feel like I need to see him.

Milton:Heish on a Sunday...You are really making

me pay for how well I am doing because of you neh?
Well let me see what I can do. Are you in
Francistown?

Me: I'll be taking the train coming there tonight.

Milton: Perfect I will pick you up at the station and
drive you there. Let me work on my contacts in
pris on.

Me: You don't have to drive me there though.

Milton: I insist my child. Like I said, you are one
person I will never forget and if you feel like you
need to see that monster then I think I have to
support you. I will come with my wife. She was
asking me about you two years ago. I hope seeing
you will pit a smile on her face.

Me: OK thank you.

Milton: Sharp let me arrange the meeting.

He hangs up and I start packing up.

Tlotlo

Chantelle's bossiness has me peeing into a stick. She had one left from the time she tested herself five times. This was the sixth one she left after accepting that she really was pregnant. There is too much pregnancy happening in this house. She and I should be talking to Bogolo. Not doing this nonsense.

Chantelle: (knocking on the door) Tlhemma come out so we can see together.

I roll my eyes and cover the tip and wipe before flushing and washing my hands.

Me: (opening the door) I don't know how Kgosi deals with your bossy self.

Chantelle: (laughs) owai. It ends with you guys. That man is as stubborn as an ox.

I laugh and follow her back to the living room.

Me: I think I need a drink.

Chantelle : Nyaa mma we don't want brain damaged children.

Me: I am not pregnant Chanty. We should be dealing with Bogolo and not this foolishness.

Chantelle : Mxm don't remind me. Kana these big bodies of ours can be deceiving. I couldn't even tell she is pregnant.

Me: Ah sometimes you can't tell until someone is like seven months pregnant. But the problem with these bodies that hide pregnancies is how difficult it is to shed the weight after.

Chantelle : Tell me about it! There is nothing I haven't tried. You'd think I gave birth ka ceasar mma.

The timer she set goes off and it's time to check the stick. I pick it up and close my eyes before turning it over.

Me: Oh..

Chantelle; what does it say?

Me: Ah it's negative.

Why do I feel like this? I should be happy. I didn't want to get pregnant. In fact I don't want to ever be pregnant. So why am I feeling disappointed?

Chantelle: Are you OK?

The front door opens and Kgosi walks in with Morena and my worst nightmare, Bogosi.

Kgosi: (points at the stick) Is it positive? Is Bogolo really pregnant? Let me see.

Chantelle : Babe It's not Bogolo's.

He widens his eyes.

Kgosi: Ae babe. You got your tubes tied Akere? A fourth baby? Ae tlhemma wena.

I would laugh at the look on his face if I wasn't feeling so sad. Bogosi's eyes haven't left my face but I don't look back at him. I am not in the mood for him right now.

Chantelle: (laughs) Relax babe. It's not mine.

Then there is silence as Kgosi and Morena look at Bogosi. I look at him too and he looks like has been slapped in the face.

Bogosi: Ao mma. He got you pregnant?

Does he expect me to actually respond to him?

Me: How is that any of your concern Bogosi?

Bogosi :Ao sugar cakes. How can you do this to us?

I can't. I stand up and head to the guest room. I need to cry. I didn't know I wanted this baby. He was going to be so happy. He has been so good to me. Maybe my negative attitude is what caused this. Maybe I would be pregnant if I wanted it too. Agh...

[08/31, 17:43] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 44

Narrated

At Chantelle's house

Tlotlo shut the door behind her and buries her head on the pillow as soon as her body hits the bed. A knock on the door makes her look up.

Tlotlo: Not now.

Chantelle: It's me.

She sighs as the door opens.

Chantelle: Babe and then? I thought you would be happy for the negative result.

Tlotlo: (shrugs) I guess I thought I didn't want to have a baby. But it turns out I do. Avi makes me so happy that I want to make him happy too. I was obviously going to be upset that he got me pregnant against my wishes but just knowing that I gave him something he wanted was going to make me happy too. He is everything Bogosi wasn't and three kids later, the man never married me. Maybe deep down, my fear of getting pregnant is stemmed from the fact that he doesn't talk about marriage. I don't want to find myself in another Bogosi situation. Bogosi kept me under his thumb for eighteen years promising me marriage every year but nothing came of it. I don't want to make the same mistake twice.

Chantelle: If Avi isn't behaving the same way that Bogosi does then I don't see why he should be punished. The problem here is that because of the pain Bogosi left you in, you are now going to double the effect of any pain Avi causes you if you aren't

careful. Don't be one of these people who punish the current for their exes mistakes. It's tacky and immature.

Tlotlo: Yeah you are right. I think I should just open up to him and tell him how I feel without making it seem like I am pressuring him to marry me but hey I am thirty eight going on thirty nine. Ke tloga ke ronwa ke lesire le ke le ratang. (I might end up looking tacky in the wedding gown of my dreams)

Chantelle : (laughs) Never. Americans can get married at fifty and will still wear a sheer lace gown.

A call comes through on Tlotlo's phone. She smiles and answers.

Tlotlo: Hi babe.

Avi: listen.

He increases the volume on the TV and Mafikizolo's Thandolwethu blasts on YouTube.

Avi: Can you hear it? Do you remember?

Tlotlo: (smiles) I do

She puts her phone on speaker for Chantelle who immediately stands up and starts dancing to the song.

Yaz' ngeziny' iimini
Ndikujonga ndinovalo
Ngath' uthandolwethu
Balubek' es'khaleni
Ubona mina ngedwa

Boy, you're so focused I'm adored
And we've been through the most
So here is a toast to our love

Kad' uhleli nam' s'thandwa sami
Kad' ukhula nami ke
And we've been through the most
So here is a toast to our love

Thandolwethu lunamandla
Izitha ngeke zilunge
Bazamile, banamanga
Izitha ngeke zilunge
Thandolwethu lunamandla
Izitha ngeke zilunge
Bazamile, banamanga

Izitha ngeke zilunge

Tlotlo feels a bubbly feeling at the pit of her stomach as she remembers the trip they took to see his mother at the beginning of the year. They played the song on repeat and he told her how much he loved her and that he hopes like the song says, their love will withstand all adversity and any storm that may come their way. He even said he wanted them to dance to it on their wedding day.

Hearing the song now reassured her of his love for her. Her cheeks hurt from smiling so hard throughout the song. She put the phone back in her ear as the song ended sitting Chantelle back down.

Tlotlo: I suddenly miss you.

Chantelle: (whispering) let me leave you.

Tlotlo: (covers the phone with her palm) Call Bogolo in here.

Chantelle nods her head and leaves.

Avi: (deep voice) when are you coming back home?

Tlotlo; (blushing) I'll be home in an hour rato lame.

Avi: mmh.. Hurry up. Nna I miss you kana. I want to see you before going to work.

Tlotlo: ok babe. Let me finish here and run home. The car might even delay me. I will sprint home.

Avi: (laughs) I miss your crazy. Come home babe.

He hangs up and leaves her blushing like a teenager with a crush. Chantelle then knocks on the door.

Tlotlo: come in.

Chantelle: (opens the door) Are you done?

Tlotlo: Yes. Hi Bogolo.

Bogolo looks at her feet.

Bogolo: Hi aunty.

She hates that her mother had to go and involve people in this. Her uncles voices in the living room irritated her even more.

Tlotlo: I hear you are pregnant. Sit done so we can

talk to you.

She sits on the bed facing her mother and Tlotlo who are leaning on the head board.

Tlotlo: How did this happen?

Bogolo: (shrugs) the condom burst.

Tlotlo: That's a lie. Condoms don't break where teenagers are involved. Kana were you sleeping with a man? Condoms hardly ever actually break. It's just an excuse people use. Tell the truth.

Bogolo: (looks out the window) Ah ee we didn't use it.

Tlotlo: (frowns) Ke ene Mr big dick wa last time?

Bogolo: (rolls her eyes) No

Chantelle: Bogolo ke a go clapa right now. Did you just roll your eyes?

Bogolo: (under her breath) sorring.

Tlotlo holds Chantelle's hand to calm her.

Tlotlo : We need his name so we can go and tell his parents about the baby.

Bogolo: His parents are dead.

Chantelle: Bogolo wee. Bogolo!

Chantelle starts crying.

Chantelle: Bogolo what do you want from me? Ke dire eng ne mma? (what should I do?) your father and I are trying our best to parent you but it's like wena you are done being a child. You are so stubborn Bogolo and o a ntena nna. If you want to be a woman then you aren't going to do it in my house. I won't stay with another woman in my house. If you can't give me the name of that boy then you should leave my house. Ke lapile ke wena mosadi ke wena.

Tlotlo: Bogolo do you enjoy seeing your mother's tears? Talk to us.

Bogolo just stares out the window. Chantelle gets up making Bogolo flinch but she walks past her and goes to the living room where her husband and his brothers are talking.

Chantelle: Kgosi I want your child out of my house until she is ready to be a child.

Kgosi: What happened?

Chantelle: She won't talk to us. O dira makgakga hela and I can feel my BP rising. That girl isn't going to kill me when I have a baby who is still learning to talk. Ene because she is eighteen and thinks she is a woman and doesn't need me doesn't mean my other children don't. All these years of Bogolo's nonsense have tired me out. Ke lapile Kgosi. I am tired.

Kgosi stands up and walks over to hug his wife.

Kgosi: It's ok babe. We will get over this. You know you won't even sleep if you kick her out. Let Tlotlo talk to her.

At Tyler's house.

Tyler lifts his head from the bed with a splitting headache.

Tyler: Eish.

He slowly stands up and walks out to get water for his pills. Amantle's scream has him speeding to the living room.

Tyler: May what are you doing?

May gets startled and faces Tyler then looks around unsure of what to say.

Tyler walks over and takes his crying baby. Yamas a and his son Yaone are huddled in the corner of the sofa with glassy eyes.

Tyler: What are you doing to my children May? Were you pinching her thigh?

May: (defensively) no I was changing her diaper. Ngwana wa gago o matepe Tyler (your child is a cry baby). You know that. Nna I am tired of being accused of things in this house. You are stressing my baby out.

She rubs her small bump with a sad face.

Tyler: Yaya what is wrong? Come here.

Yamas a grabs her brother's hand and runs to her

father.

Yaya: (crying) Daddy I want to go and stay with Aunty Tlotlo. Please let's go to her house.

Tyler: Why baby? What happened?

Yamasa looks at May and remembers how she strangled her and her brother the day before after she tried to stop her from beating her nine month old sister. She strangled them and told her that they would die like her mother if she said anything to her father.

Yamasa:(wiping her tears) I...I miss playing with Tlamelo.

Yaone: (looking at May) Me also daddy.

Tyler: OK I will call her. First let me take some pills I have a terrible headache.

May: Let me get you juice to take it with.

Tyler: No just water.

May: You know you hate the taste of pills with water my love. Let me get your juice.

She walks to the kitchen looking back to make sure he wasn't following her. She asked herself why the effects were wearing out quickly these days. She has to go and see her grandmother soon. Tyler is hers and needs him under her control at all times.

She takes a plastic out of her panty and sprinkles something into the juice and quickly stirred as it dissolved then shoves the plastic back in her panty.

She smiles and walks back with pain pills and the juice in hand. She finds Tyler tickling his last born. The baby's laughter makes her blood boil. She couldn't understand why her grandmother said the children need to stay in the house for her to have peace. They give her no peace at all. They should have died with thier mother. That was what was supposed to happen if that foolish meddling woman hadn't involved herself.

She hands the juice over and tries to take the baby who instantly screams out.

Tyler: Ae May. Why is Amantle so scared of you?

May: (smiles) I guess she misses daddy. Drink so you can get better.

Tyler drinks the pills along with the juice. He hands the empty glass back and closes his eyes as his

mind begins to get fuzzy. He tries to massage his temples but it doesn't work. He opens his eyes and Yamas's eyes well up when she sees his red eyes. Bad daddy is back and that means they aren't going anywhere.

[08/31, 17:43] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 45

Narrated

At Tyler's house

Yaone innocently approaches his father.

Yaone: Daddy call Aunty so we go.

Tyler: (frowns) Go where? Kante why le rata go sasankega le malapa? Huh? What don't you babe here? Sit down maan. Nxla!

Yaone scoots back to his sister with his little heart pounding in his chest as Tyler roughly puts the baby on the floor making her cry.

May: (laughs) And you thought you were gojnf to run away? This is your hell for not dying with your mother. You aren't going anywhere until you kill yourselves like your mother. Nxla come here and wash the dishes wena!

She pulls Yamasas hair and drags her to the kitchen filled with dirty plates from last night and this morning.

The seven year old pulls the chair she stands on

and starts washing the dishes with tears in her eyes.

Yamasa: (whispering) God please help us. Mama always said you are good but you are not helping us. Please tell Aunty Tlotlo to come and take us. What if she kills the baby? Please help us God.

May: (yelling from the living room) Hey wena! Shut up and wash before I come and shove your head in that sink. I will waterboard your big head if you open that mouth again. Nxla. Yaone stand up and sweep.

Yaone: But I don't know.

May throws her wedge heela and it lands on his nose. Yaone starts screaming in pain as blood oozes out of his nose.

Tyler: (with a groggy voice) Can you all just shut up!
Damn!

He stands up and walks to his bedroom. The muti always had him weak after taking it so like clockwork, he fell asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow.

Yamasa falls from the chair and runs to the living room when her brother starts crying. The sight of blood coming from his nose sends her heart racing. She pulls him and uses her dress to wipe the blood off.

May stands up and slaps Yamasa across the face. She screams and holds her cheek.

May: Who told you to come here? Who called you huh? Go back to the kitchen before I put this thing you call your sister in that water. She will drown in

there o bo o baka.

Yamasa: (boldly) God is going to help us. (sniffs) He is going to take us away from you.

May: (cackles) a re God! (laughs) that's so cute. How about we see if God will help your drowning sister.

May grabs baby Amantle's leg and carries her upside down with her upper body dangling in the air. She takes a step and Yamasa runs to the kitchen and closes the door then locks it.

Yamasa: Please put her down. I will wash. I will wash. Please leave her. Ke a go kopa Aunty.

May: (banging the door) so you don't trust your God huh? Don't you trust him? Nxla. If you come out of

there before finishing you will see me.

Yamasa kneels down and cries in silence hoping and praying for help.

May turns to Yaone who hasn't stopped crying as blood keeps flowing from his nose.

May: Hey wena! Wipe that crapbog yours before you stainy carpet nyla. I said you should sweep before I sweep you out of this world nyla.

Yaone stands up to go and get the broom leaving May changing the channel.

Morena

Social media can completely divert your attention.

Kgosi went to deal with the Bogolo situation leaving Bogosi and I in the living room. Bogosi isn't good company right now because his mind is on Tlotlo. It's been almost four years now but he still hasn't accepted that he lost her. But then who am I to talk because one post from Nadia of her on the train sent me going through her profile. Why can't I forget this woman. She will be twenty five in six months. I was going to throw her a big party for her twenty fifth. That's how far I had planned out our lives together. I think I still miss her. But why? Lea is so good to me. She respects me and loves me. Why can't I cut off this hold Nadia has over me? Did I give up too soon?

I don't know how I went from stalking her to texting her on messenger.

Me: [O a bo o ya kae mos asankegi ke wena? O ntimile graduation party hela jalo Nadia?]

OK now I am nervous. Is she going to respond to me? I love that she looks like she did the first day we met. With her natural hair out and tied into a puff. I don't know why she started wearing Wigs when she looks so perfect like this.

Text bubbles start showing and my heart starts racing. She is replying.

The text comes through after a few seconds.

Miss Nadia [] ust going back in time to find my healing. Who would have thrown a party for me when you aren't there tota?]

I can feel myself smiling. Yes I am an idiot. She makes me an idiot.

Me: [Owai. Akere you chased me away. You would be on a cruise to Mozambique right now celebrating

your graduation. O bolailwe ke go phapha]

Miss Nadia: [Morena tlherra ha ke rate. Ah the city showed me dust rra. Ke bukatilwe ke the bright lights. I guess it wasn't meant to be. Look where you are now. Congrats on the baby by the way. I got so jealous.]

I don't know why I am uncomfortable with her mentioning my son. I think I didn't want her to know I am with Lea. But why? Our separation is all her fault. She and I would have Morena the third right now if she'd hadn't messed up. I couldn't even give that name to my son because I felt like the name belongs to Nadia's son. She was my queen.

Me: [Thanks. I miss you though]

Five minutes pass and she doesn't respond. I start scrolling around and rush back to messenger as

soon as the chat head pops up.

Nadia: [if you had told me you missed me yesterday I would probably have been on my way to you right now because the truth is I miss you too but I can't be telling you such things right now because I am trying to heal from something. Talking about missing you will only lead back to where we broke up again. I need to heal. I am staying away from men until I can look at a man and not see him as a source of my healing.]

Me: [I will wait for you.]

Why did I say that?

Nadia: [Raise your son Morena. I lost you and that is something I will always regret. Bye my king]

I am not replying to this. It feels too final for me.

I don't know where Kgosi came from or how long he had been standing next to me.

Kgosi: Really Morena? Really? This Nadia again?

Bogosi :What did he do?

Me: Not now Kgosi.

Kgosi: Not now wa eng Morena? You have a son with Lea and wena o busy talking to bo Nadia? Lea loves you man. When are you going to grow up? Don't you remember waking up in the hospital bed because of that girl? What do you want from her?

Me: (frowning) I am in love with her Kgosi. I love

Lea but I am in love with Nadia. Why can't you understand that? Do you think I enjoy this? I wish I could hate her.

Bogosi: Morena do you want to end up like me? Look at me? Forty two and as single as a twenty four year old. I lost the best thing that ever happened to me and she is now pregnant with another man's child. Do you want to be like me? Don't lose a good woman for something temporary.

Me: (standing up to leave) You guys just don't get it. You'll never get it. I am with a woman I don't love watching the woman I love from a distance. This isn't a you and Tlotlo situation Bogosi. Nadia is my Tlotlo to you. I feel like I am cheating on her when I am with Lea. I couldn't even let her name our son after me. Nadia ke ene Mmakgosi. What am I expected to do? Huh?

I walk out to the backyard. Things would be easier if

I loved Lea like I love Nadia.

Tlotlo

There is nothing as stressful as a stubborn teenage daughter. I am emotionally exhausted from trying to pry a name out of Bogolo. We failed regardless of how many threats she got. I have to get home to my man. Bogosi tried talking to me as I was leaving but I didn't give him the chance to. Bogosi needs to get it in his thick skull that he and I are done. I keep going back to the moment Bogolo told her father she is going to be a single mother. Eses Bogolo o a talla maan. I mean single what? Mxm! She is broke and that means that child will be her parent's child so I don't know what single mother she says she will be. My palms are even sweating as I hold the driving wheel.

Me: Tlamele tlhemma ke ka go gata molala if you try the rubbish ya ga Bogolo. (I will beat you up if you try Bogolo's rubbish)

Tlamele: (looks up from her phone) Ah mama. Nna I think I might be a virgin again. Nna I left that sex stuff after I lost my virginity. Tota nna I was saying some things to make it seem like I enjoyed losing my virginity but I didn't. I didn't even plan it. He convinced me to go to his house for a few minutes to get the keys from his sister. Then he told me we should go and hang in his room. I was just blindly following ke le clueless of his intentions. He started kissing me and undressing me. I kept saying no. I don't know if I maybe wasn't being stern enough because he didn't stop. I think I liked him too much to push him off of me but I didn't like it and I was crying the whole time. He was so nice after that and playing music and feeding me that I didn't really think much of it until I got home. I felt so dirty that I took a bath and kept scrubbing hard trying to feel

clean. I kept asking myself why I let it happen. But my fifteen year old mind told me he loved me and it was ok. Come Monday the guy ghosted me. He didn't come by my class like he normally did but I told my friends how romantic it was when I lost my virginity. All they know is that I had the time of my life but I didn't. I only realized last year that it was rape. I just told myself it wasn't because I believed he loved me. I lied to everyone because I didn't want to become a rape victim. I also wanted to have a story to tell when my friends told theirs.

Me: Tlameho...

I can't believe what I am hearing right now. How did this happen to my baby?

Me: (sigh) I had no idea you went through that. I just saw red when I found out you weren't a virgin and I had no idea how you lost it. Listening to your story makes me realize that in one way or another, most

girls that lose their virginity in their early to mid teens usually go through date rape. It's rare to find a girl who is ready for sex at that age. We just ignore the aching feeling of being robbed and wipe it from your mind but it's the reality. The fact that you said no should have stopped him. Worse Ebile your tears didn't stop him. He planned to have sex with you and nothing you said was going to stop him if o bona a paletswe ke go utlwa no wa gago. I wish I was there for you that time. Ebile before because had I been open to you at that time, I would have warned you about boys and teenage horniness. Maybe you could have avoided that. I am sorry.

Tlamele: Thank you for that mama. It's part of life. Re tla reng. But I have told myself that I am now going to wait until the guy is worth getting my cake. The least of all is he should be working so that if at all it happens that I fall pregnant then it should be my problem not yours. Not when your life is about to change like this.

Me: (frowning) What do you mean my life is about to change?

She looks at me and smiles.

Tlameo: Nothing. I am just saying.

That's very suspicious behavior.

[08/31, 17:43] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 46

Narrated

Tlotlo drove into her house while Tlameo tried to

contain her excitement as she texted back and forth.

Tlameo: Mama Leano just texted saying we should use the back door because he just mopped.

Tlotlo: Uhu why would he be mopping st this time? Did these men not do anything today?

Tlameo: You know how they are Akere. Maybe they were playing FIFA all day.

Tlotlo gets out of the car and stops to think.

Tlotlo: This day just got away from me. I was planning on asking Tyler if bo Yaya can visit us today. I don't know how I forgot.

Tlameo: And it has been a while since we saw them.

I have tried calling Yaya on the phone Aunty got them for playing games but the number doesn't go through.

Tlotlo: She probably forgot to charge it.

Tlamelo: mmmh...It's been a month.

Tlotlo frowns as they approach the backyard. Her jaw drops when she sees the huge banner running across one wall to another with the title "LOVE LETTER TO MY LOVE" printed in red letters on it. She goes on to read the letter.

LOVE LETTER TO MY LOVE

Tlotlo themma I love you. Do you know that? You are the sweetest and most kind person I know. You don't have unrealistic expectations of our

relationship but you also deserve the unrealistic. I didn't know how else to tell you how I feel thank having an unrealistically large banner printed out with my declaration of love to you. You have accepted my daughter as your own and ignore all other negative things that come with it. I know you love me because you love her and it makes it easy for me to love your children as my own. I want us to make this official baby. I want your children and my child to become our children. You are the change I needed in my life. You are the answer to my mother's prayers for me. You are the love of my life. Now come here and look behind the banner.

Tlotlo's knees shake as tears stream down her eyes. She looks at Tlamelo after reading the banner with a wobbling mouth. Tlamelo's tears also fall as she records her mother's reaction.

Tlotlo: (crying) What is going on?

Tlameo: It's time look behind the banner mama.

Tlotlo: (holds her knees) I am so scared.

Tlameo holds her hand and walks with her while holding the phone up. She leaves her hand when they get to the banner and moves it slightly so they can make their way into the rest of the back yard.

Tlotlo screams and holds her chest when she sees Loago and Leano holding another smaller banner with the words WILL YOU BE MRS THOMPSON? She holds her knees again in shock. The whole thing is so unexpected because she had never suspected anything.

Tehillah: Aunty look.

Tehillah's voice pops up behind her and she turns

around to find her standing next to her father who is on his knee with a ring.

Tlotlo: Ao bathong Avi!

She covers her eyes and cries out. This for her was a moment she thought would never come for her. After all those years of Bogolo treating her like a nagging girlfriend for feeling like she deserves to be his wife, all the years of him saying he is still saving to marry her, she gave up on it. Even the fact that Avi never talked about marriage made her think maybe marriage isn't for her. But here he was. On bended knee looking nervous. She looked around and it's only then that she sees the scattered cushions and the dinner for six nicely placed on the palette.

Avi: (nervously) So what do you say? Will you be Mrs Avi Kemoneilwe Thompson?

Tlotlo opens her mouth to respond but everything starts spinning and it all goes dark before her body starts sinking to the ground. Avi sees her falling and catches her before her head hits the ground. The kids start screaming and Tlamelo stops recording.

Tlamelo: Mama! Mama!

Avi: Calm...calm down guys. Let me take her to the hospital. Stay here.

He lifts her and walks out from behind the banner. Tlamelo picks up the car keys her mother dropped and runs behind Avi with thd other children it tow.

Tlamelo: We are coming with you.

Avi: No Tlamelo.

Tlameo: Sorry paps but it's not happening. I am too worried to stay here.

They all climb into the seven seater and Tlameo supports her mother's head on her lap. Avi runs back to lock the doors then drives out. The car is on total silence with everyone deep in their thoughts processing what just happened.

As soon as they get to the emergency area, Avi carries the unconscious Tlotlo into the emergency room and spots a familiar face.

Avi: Doreen I need a bed! Tlameo you guys should wait here.

The nurse runs off and comes back with a stretcher bed and drives it into a cubicle

Avi: who is on duty?

Nurse: Dr Achie. Let me call him.

The nurse runs off to get the doctor. Tlotlo begins to stir and slowly opens her eyes.

Tlotlo: (clears her throat) What happened? Where am I?

The Doctor comes in.

Avi: You fainted babe. How are you feeling?

Dr: Mr Avi. What brings you here?

Avi: Doc she fainted.

Tlotlo recalls what happened earlier and looks at Avi.

Tlotlo: oh my God.

Dr: (starts writing) OK. Have you skipped any meals today?

Tlotlo: No.

Dr: Have you been experiencing any dizziness?

Tlotlo: No

Avi: Doc she was fine until. It's my fault. (hand to face) I surprised her with a proposal.

The Doctor looks at him and laughs out loud.

Dr: oh OK. Did she say yes?

Avi looks at Tlotlo who blushes.

Tlotlo: Where is my ring Avi?

Avi laughs and slides the ring on her finger.

Dr: OK I'll ask the nurse to collect your blood just so we are sure you are fine. If nothing comes up then we will discharge you so you can go and celebrate. Congratulations guys.

Avi: Thanks Doc.

The Doctor leaves then Avi stands up to kiss Tlotlo. Their kiss is interrupted by the nurse who comes in to collect her blood then leaves.

Avi: Heish you scared me kana Tlotlo do you know that?

Tlotlo: (laughs) That's what you get for almost givi g me heart attack! How did you even plan this without me knowing?

Avi laughs and begins to tell her all he went through planning the surprise. He then calls Tlamelo to let her and the kids know their mother was fine. Almost an hour later, the doctor comes back with a smile on his face.

Avi: That smile tells me everything is fine and I should never try act like a white man mo kokong ya setswana.

Tlotlo punches him and laughs.

Dr: Well I can safely say that Mrs Thompson to be is absolutely healthy and if I were you, I'd run to the alter before I am too big for my dress.

Tlotlo and Avi look at him in confusion.

Dr: Congratulations you two. You are going to me parents again.

Avi feels a cold feeling running across his joints while Tlotlo tries to process what was said.

Tlotlo: Are you saying I am pregnant?

Dr: Yes you are. We can get a scan arranged to see

how far along you are.

Tlotlo: I don't understand. I took a few earlier today and it came back negative.

Avi looks at her wide eyed.

Dr: Then it was a false negative. It could be that your are still early in your pregnancy and the stick couldn't detect the hormones. But you are pregnant mma. When was your last period?

Tlotlo: I had a spotty period so I wasn't sure. He is the one who knows when he got me pregnant without my consent. How far along am I Avi?

She folds her arms and puts a serious face on.

Avi: (tongue tied) I...Eish babe. Doc I wanted a baby tota nna. She was acting brandnew hela then I poked holes in all the condoms for two weeks. I don't know when it happened but it was almost two months ago. Ah babe sorry mma.

The Doctor laughs at the look on his face. He had heard many stories in his professional life but this one took the cake.

Tlotlo: I knew it! I knew you did something Avi. Tota o ntse jang? (what's wrong with you)

Avi looks at his feet preparing for the tongue lashing. He didn't think this would be how this day ends at all. He was hoping they would be planning their wedding by the time she realized she was pregnant.

Tlotlo: Avi wee.

Avi: mma.

Tlotlo pulls his face and gives him a kiss.

Tlotlo: I love you so much. Thank you for everything.

Avi; So you aren't angry with me?

Tlotlo: I would have been angry if I found out before today but the negative result I got earlier made me feel so robbed of a chance to have a baby with you and I am so grateful that I am actually pregnant. You are going to pay for what you did but I am happy you did it. Doc, I am getting my tubes tied the day I give birth. Write it down.

Dr. (laughs) You will arrange that with your OBGYN.

He then says his goodbyes and leaves the couple kissing once more.

Please don't forget to like, comment and share

[08/31, 17:43] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 47

Dikeledi

I feel like I just woke up from a very deep sleep. The dressing down Boleng gave me was exactly what I needed so I could wake up and look around me to see that I was completely lost and consumed by anger towards not only Ntate but to myself as well.

As young as I was at the time, I sometimes find myself creating scenarios of how I could have stopped the abuse. As ridiculous as it sounds because I was just a child, I still blame myself for at least not reporting him. Well now for the first time in my life, I can actually say I am taking control of my life. I can't believe what a fool I have been all these years. I actually allowed Arie to convince me to sleep with men for money. I thought that I was taking control of how my body is used but I wasn't. I sold myself for a girl who hasn't bothered to talk to me since I quit the Jojo dolls.

I then unintentionally had an affair with a married man and ended up hurting his wife. My heart ached when I saw Tlotlo's farewell message to her sister on Facebook a few months ago. I sometimes ask myself if I contributed to her depression. Then there is the Morena of it all. I hurt that man and I regret it so much. I don't know if he has forgiven me seeing as he told me he misses me but going back to him right now will be a pointless exercise because until I

deal with this pain then I am only going to lead us back to where we were. I wish I could have told him to wait for me to fix myself but I can't do that because he has a son to consider.

Boleng is panic stricken by my decision to go and see Ntate. She kept calling me all night and even went on to tell her mum who in turn asked me why I didn't ask her to come with me for support. The truth is, I feel I need to do this on my own. I need to prove to myself that I can do better.

Mr Milton: (holding his waist) well I'll be! Is this Miss Dikeledi Supang?

I stand up giggling to shake his hand but he hugs me instead.

Me: In the flesh. How are you sir?

Mr Milton: happy now that I have seen you after all these years. Look how grown you are.

He has grown too. I can see a few gray hairs there but I won't say. The last time I saw this man he was tearing Ntate apart on the stand. This has to be the first time I am seeing his smile.

Me: You really didn't have to come all the way to take me there.

Mr Milton: Oh please. I wasn't going to let you go there all alone.

Oh this must be his wife. This woman looks gorgeous. Like a real lawyers wife.

Mr Milton: Oh Dikeledi this is my beautiful wife Elaine. Babe this is Dikeledi.

She smiles and gives me a warm hug. These two are huggers I see. She smells expensive and sweet.

Mrs Milton: Oh darling it's so good to finally meet you after all these years.

I give her smile and she takes my hand leading me to the car.

Mr Milton: Yes we have to hurry over there. The warden gave us thirty minutes starting at 7am so we will catch up on the way there. I want to hear everything about how you have been doing.

Yeah no I am not telling him what I have been up to. The poor guy might get a heart attack. We climb into the car and he drives off.

Mrs Milton: So Dikeledi, how have you been doing? I was very disappointed when Milton told me you declined the states counseling recommendation. Why did you refuse ne mma? You don't just get over that kind of thing.

OK this is kind of awkward but she has something about her that makes you feel comfortable enough to spill yourself out to her.

Me: (sigh) ah I felt like I wasn't ready to forgive him. I felt like therapy would mean me letting go of all the anger I have towards him but that's something I wasn't ready to do. It's a decision I regret up to now but back then all I could see was red and all I wanted to do was to hate him. But if I could go back, I would definitely take the counseling offer because my decision just made me look for other ways to cope.

Mr Milton: What happened?

Me: I don't really want to get into the details but yesterday I came to a realization that I need to confront my fear. He is the thing of my nightmares and maybe seeing him chained up will give me some closure. I honestly don't know why I am going to see him but I feel like it's something I need to do.

Mrs Milton: Well I applaud you for your bravery my darling because the step you are taking is one I always encourage my patients who have suffered any kind of abuse to take. Even if it means looking into a picture and telling the person you forgive them. It releases you.

Me: Your patients?

Mr Milton: She isn't just hot, she is also a psychologist.

Mrs Milton: (smiles) stop it.

We continue the drive while listening to Mrs Milton telling me the importance of therapy to an abuse victim...

My heart jumped to my throat the minute I register my name on the visitor's log. I keep picturing Ntate dragging me into the bedroom and tearing my clothes off. Why did I even come here? What was I trying to achieve? I am not ready for this.

Mr Milton: Dikeledi are you OK?

Mrs Milton: We can come and see him with you if you want.

I shake my head and swallow to coat my dry throat.

Me: No I need to do this by myself. I will be fine.

A man in a suit who looks to be around Mr Milton's age approaches us and shakes everyone's hands.

Mr Milton: Warden thank you so much for arranging this for us.

Warden: Oh don't mention it and to be honest I took it as an opportunity to meet Mr Supang's family member to address something. His son hasn't visited him in eight months so this visit was for my own benefit too.

My heart skips at the mention of my father. The last time I saw him was that day in court. I have never bothered to contact him since moving to Gaborone. I did however bump into his son Joseph two months ago and I immediately regretted trying to greet him. The thing is as foul as it's mother. He

wasn't interested in talking to me at all so I walked away. I can't believe David checks on his monster of a father and has never bothered with me. In what world does this make sense?

The warden leads us into the office after I insisted on the Milton's coming in with me. I don't know this man and I am in a prison. I am not taking risks. Richard could be waiting for me in the office for all I know. We all take seats across him.

Warden: OK thank you for agreeing to talk to me. This is such a sensitive topic but at this point I don't have a choice because things have gotten rather out of hand.

Can someone tell him to get to the point please because my armpits are already sweating with anxiety at the thought of going to see Ntate.

Warden: Well Mr Richard Supang had the unfortunate experience of getting raped upon his first night here but never reported it. A few months later he fell ill and was tested. He was found to be HIV positive and started to take medication then he got better. But he stopped taking his medication five months ago and his health had drastically deteriorated. We have tried to speak to him and at this point, I feel like he needs to hear it from people who care about him. Please talk to him to get back in his medication.

I chuckle unintentionally.

Me: I am sorry what? Sir, are you a Christian?

Warden: (smiles) Why yes I am.

Me: Well good for you because I am not. Maybe if I was I could muster the courage, pull my wills

together and gather all the love in the Bible to beg my serial rapist to drink medication so he can live longer. That man jumped me everyday and night that he could which was very often. I aborted five times! Five of his children were planted in my womb. He gave me STIs and beat up the only mother I have ever had, his own wife is dead because of him and here you are telling me how I should tell my monster to live long? I don't know why I came here but I sure as hell didn't come here to tell him that I want him to live. If a rapist got raped then I stay look at God! I dknt know if that's his style but I will still take it and jump around shouting 'won't He do it? Won't God do it?I don't know how cruel you have to be to ask me to beg my rapist. I can't.

There is silence in the room as I sink back into my seat. My heart is racing and I am breathing heavily through my nostrils.

Warden: (exhales) I am sorry. I didn't know you were

the one he...I am sorry my child. That was very insensitive of me. Please let me call the gaurd to take you to him.

He dials on the landline.

Warden: Will you all be going in?

Mr Milton: No we can wait for her here if you dknt mind.

Warden: Not at all we can even go over the plans for the men's conference. (into th phone) Yes come and show...

Mrs Milton holds my hand and looks into my eyes.

Mrs Milton: Are you sure you don't want me to come

with you?

Me: (calmer) no I need to do this on my own.

The gaurd comes in and I walk out leaving them there. My legs feel as heavy as steel as we walk across over to the clinic wing. I don't know how ready I am to see this man. We reach a door and the gaurd opens it. We are greeted by a terrible odour. Good God what is that? A nurse goes past us with a plastic bag. Is that poop in there? Oh my God!

Gaurd: He is handcuffed to the bed so don't worry. I will be outside by the door if you need me OK?

Me: OK thank you.

He walks out leaving me in the room questioning my decision making process. I see movement on

the bed and my heart immediately starts racing again. He slowly turns his head towards me and a different type of fear creeps in. I can see his skull and I am still standing by the door. I can barely see his form under the sheets.

I didn't even see myself walking towards the bed but I am here. Looking into his sunken eyes with my heart in my throat. His skin looks pasty and his lips are so pink that I think just one little touch would cause them to bleed.

Ntate: (with a raspy hissing voice) Mandu is that you?

That name.. Oh God that name. My skin crawls as soon as he says it. I can feel his rough damaged hand pinning me down on the bed and forcing my legs open. "bula maoto Mandu. Bula maoto ao Monna". I hold myself trying to remind myself that it isn't real.

Ntate: Why are you here? What do you want from me? You and your grandmother want to kill me. I stopped taking the pills so I die so what do you want? Leave me alone! Tell her to leave me alone so I can die on peace! Peace me alone Mandu! Leave me alone!

He starts shaking his hands trying to get the cuffs out. My bag falls to the floor as fear washes over me. I feel arms on my shoulder pulling me back. I didn't even realize how close I was to the bed.

Gaurd: Don't stand so close to the bed. He hallucinates and can be dangerous as weak as he looks. Tota hela as a Motswana who knows how things actually work I can tell you gore motho o o a pokelwa o (he sees ghosts). So stand a meter or two away to be safe.

I not my head because I don't trust my voice right now. He walks out after asking me if I want him to stay.

How is this Richard Supang? Is this the same man who pinned me down and jumped me for ten years? Is this the same man who has been haunting me?

He opens his eyes and looks me dead in the eye.

Ntate: What do you want? You miss me? I knew you liked having me inside you. That's why you are here. You told your grandmother to let you come today huh? Ee come and take it. It's here for you. Take it and ride Mandu.

I feel a fire in the pig of my stomach and fight every feeling of punching him over and over until he dies. I ball my hands into fists as my breathing pattern changes.

Me: (with tears burning my eyes) You pathetic monster! You are nothing but a vile excuse of a human being who doesn't deserve any more power over me. Today is the last day you will ever occupy my mind. You deserve everything you are getting right now and I hope you will get more where you are going. Ba go mpaakanyedits e bankanaago. You took it up the ass and look at you now. Dying like the dog you are. I now believe there is karma because only a bitch can serve it to you this good and cold. (exhale) I forgive you. Not for your sake. You can burn in hell for all eternity for all I care. I am forgiving myself for holding the pain you caused me all those years and allowed myself to get destroyed by you. I forgive myself for thinking I deserve to be used sexually because I couldn't stop you from doing. I forgive myself for thinking sex is the only way I can survive you. O swe jaaka ntswa e o leng yone. (Die like the dog you are). But me, I am free of you today Richard. I am ready to move in from you. I am finally ready for change.

I walk out feeling like a new person. I feel lighter and ready to take on the world. Ready to face my addiction and beat it.

I'm ready

I'm ready for change - Samantha Mogwe

[08/31, 17:44] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 48

Narrated

In the depths of a village very far away from civilization, a car slowly drives down the dusty gravel leading to the last house at the foot of the hill. As the day grows darker, you can already see lights in the house. The only house that has electricity in the whole village. You can hear the sound of the

generator running and powering the homestead. Five children who were playing outside see the car and run to the gate to open it. The oldest of the children is seven years old and her siblings follow a year younger than each other. The youngest one starts screaming out as the car drives in.

Boy: Mama pele! Mama pele!

May steps out of Botho's car in designer sneakers and her long weave tied back. Her glow radiates in the dusty village where cars are only seen during Christmas holidays when the villagers children come to visit.

Oldest: What did you bring for us mama?

May: Remove the plastics in the boot. Where are your cousins?

Oldest: They are watching Rhythm city.

She takes her bags and walks into the three bedroomed house she recently built. It's the only brick house surrounded by five mud houses. She opens the living room door and there isn't a space to place her foot. Ten of her nieces and nephews along with her three sisters have all gathered in her house to watch the television.

May: (frowning) Mighty ke gore you chased my children outside so you can gather your tribes here to watch my children's television?

Mighty: (scratches her punani) Oh tswa tlhe. How does a mother of five call anyone's children a tribe? Ele gore how special are your children that they have to watch TV when their age mates play outside?

Dikgang: Don't mind her. O dirwa ke go tlhokomela bana ba mosadi o mongwe ba gagwe ba tshela ka phane.

All three of her sisters laugh while their children snicker and hide that they are laughing lest they turn their fury on them.

May clicks her tongue and walks past them stepping on their children's toes and hands without a single care. She gets into her bedroom and finds her bed unkempt. She drops her bags and furiously pulls the bed covers attempting to make the bed only to be met by a huge blood stain. As dry and brownish as it was, she could tell it was a blood stain that had clearly been there for a very long time.

May: (frowning) siesness! Nxla!

She walks back to the sitting room and stands by

the passage with her hands on her hips.

May: What on earth is wrong with you people? Who slept on my bed?

Mighty: It's probably Shobe.

May: Mighty wee. My seven year old daughter doesn't get her period. Which one of you women saw herself leaving her blood stains on my expensive Egyptian cotton sheets? Huh?

They all turn back to watch the TV and she storms out of the house leaving a trail of yelps of pain as she walks past feet again.

May: Shobe!

Shobe: Mma?

The seven year old walks over carrying a plastic from the car while her siblings took whatever they could carry out of the plastics.

May: Shobe Mme-Mme okae?

Shobe: She is in her hut.

May: OK put those things in my room and lock the door. Don't let them take anything.

Shobe: Mmamane Dikgang is going to beat me for them.

May: So she beats my children? Nxla.

She walks behind her house and makes her way to the hut that stands alone in the yard. This hut used to scare her as a child but the fear died when she started her period and her grandmother began to teach her the work she does. All her sisters were also taught but she is the only one who has begun to truly show the fruits of her grandmother's labour. May wasn't sure if it's a good thing or not because she has started to feel used. Her sisters were proving to be a problem to her.

She claps her hands at the entrance of the hut.

May: Mme-Mme, I have come home. I need you today. Please let me enter.

There is silence. She repeats the same statement twice and there is no response from the hut but she dares not enter without permission. Tears start to well up in her eyes because she knows what is expected of her. She walks back to the car and

takes her youngest by his hand and walks back to the hut. The little boy's heart pounds in his chest. He hates that hut and hates what happens to him when he goes there.

May takes his little hand and gets a piece of broken glass near the door and cuts his palm. The little boy cries out in pain as his mother squeezes blood out of his palm and into the ground .

Boy: Mama othoko! Othoko mama. (mama it hurts!)

May's tears fall as the blood falls. A voice comes from the hut telling her to enter. She let's go of her son's hand and he runs off crying as more blood spills from his little hand.

May walks into the hut facing backward and clapping her hands over and over until she reaches the grass mat.

Mme-Mme: Sit down my child.

May sits down facing her grandmother who looked like the sweetest grandmother you would ever meet. Her wrinkles barely showing even though she is ninety-five years old. Her gray hair reaches below her shoulders and has the body of a fifty year old woman. Anyone who sees her would never imagine the horrors she has brought in the lives of many people. Her own family included. Many people came from far and wide to seek her help to get rich, find jobs and her favorite one was the one her grand-daughter was currently consumed by. Finding someone to marry. This one was never a problem for her clients as long as they followed her instructions and targeted men who were promiscuous because they were the easiest catch. One of her clients tried to act smart and went after a man who was loyal to his wife. She was jealous of her friend and wanted her man. She didn't know the wife was a praying woman and all the things she

tried backfired on her and sent her mad. That's why she always tells them to find the ones that are eager to buy women beers in the bar. Those ones were always the easiest catch.

Mme-Mme: (smiling) how are you my child? I have been expecting you.

May's anger melts away as she looks at her grandmother. She came here wanting to demand answers for how her children are being treated but as usual, her grandmother's eyes pull her into submission.

May : Mme-Mme the powder isn't working well anymore. I thought you said his wife's hair would strengthen the mixture you made. Why isn't it lasting anymore?

Mme: Are you keeping it on you vagina as I told you?

May: yes I do. I have it even now but I am very sure that when I get back home tomorrow I am going to find a different man. A man that loves his children and all that rubbish who starts to ask me when I moved into his house and how I am pregnant with his child. I am tired of it. Isn't there a more permanent solution? Or atleast a longer lasting one.

Mme-mme's shoulders being to shake and she starts moving her head in circles and burping over and over again.

Mme: (with eyes closed) What you want is possible my child. You just have to make the sacrifice fitting to the price. Only his blood can hold his mind. Only his seed can trap his heart. It's time for his child to die.

May: (smiles) Can we start with the oldest one?

That thing is like a flea in my ear.

Mme-Mme opens her eyes and stares into May's eyes then her pregnant belly. May instinctively holds her stomach as fear washes over her.

May: No. Please no. Not my baby.

Mme: The sacrifice has to be that of his blood and yours. His blood will hold him and yours will control him. That is the only link you two have. His wife's children can't die. Their grandmother is a praying woman and I told you to never interfere with people who pray. This child in your womb is the only way to get what you want and once the sacrifice is made, your womb will close.

May: (with teary eyes) What?

Mme-mme: What you want isn't a small thing. Do you think it was easy for me to kill my only daughter May? I loved you mother but I needed to make a sacrifice for my long life. The blood sacrifices my clients make just supplement the sacrifice I made with your mother. You don't have a choice here. You either do this or go and pack whatever you can pack and come back home because that man will leave you. He loved his wife more than you will ever know. His only weakness was his third leg and right now you don't even sleep with him because you can't stand the smell of his wife on him. Make the sacrifice and it will all go away.

May: But what about his children? I hate them. I can't stand being in the same house with that woman's children while mine suffer here.

Mme-mme closes her eyes and chants again.

Mme: OK for you I will do this. I will go to Ghana for

two weeks for strengthening. When I come back we will be able to turn them. E tla nna bo matholwane. You will marry their father then your husband will bring them here himself so I can turn them. Everything will work out. I will fight that old woman's prayers. I will win. Now lie down so we can start. This is a small sacrifice compared to the riches you stand to gain. I will give you a powder to put in the children's food to weaken the connection they have with their grandmother so that when I work on them it will be easier. Lie down May.

May wipes her tears and lies on the grass mat.

Don't forget to like the insert, leave a comment and share

[08/31, 17:45] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 49

Tlotlo

This has to be the most beautiful Sunday there has ever been since the world was created. Or maybe its the glimmer coming from my engagement ring. I kept waking up and checking if it's still there throughout the night. Avi kept laughing at me all night. It turns out he was lying about going on night shift. It was just his way of ensuring I came home early. He tells me he found a page on Facebook of someone who plans these surprises out for you. All you have to do is tell them what you have in mind and she takes care of the rest. I was beyond excited. I still cannot believe I fainted but it's probably because of the baby. I smile and rub my belly. I know I won't start showing anytime soon but I am still excited. I hope the baby has Avi's big eyes. My man is officially Mr romantic. He is currently making me breakfast and told me not to move a

muscle.

My phone starts ringing and my smile grows wider.
Did my mum also know about this?

Me: (laughing) Mama did you also know that Avi was going to propose? I said yes! I am getting married.

Mmaagwe Tlotlo: Soso where are your children?

Me: (laughing) Mxm those ones are just as bad. They also knew about the proposal. They are in their rooms.

Mmaagwe Tlotlo: Tlotlo I am talking about your sister's children. Where are they?

Me: (frowning) They are at their house.

Mmaagwe Tlotlo: Soso go and take my grandchildren. How many times have I told you that they aren't safe in that house? How many times do I have to tell you to take them away from there?

Me: Mama kana Tyler can agree for me to come and get them today. When I go there he will be angry and sending me away like a dog. He is their father and I can't just take them. He can report me for kidnapping. I want nothing more than to take those children because I don't want my sister's children being raised by the same woman that broke her marriage. But what can I do mama?

Mmaagwe Tlotlo: Tlotlo you need to stand up and go and get those children. I had a bad dream last night. I saw Botho's house surrounded by a very dark mist and I could hear Yaya crying and screaming for help but she couldn't get out of the

house. I saw a woman walking around the house naked and dancing. By the time the door opened I saw three small coffins placed by the door and each child was placed into the coffin but they were still alive. They kept crying to be let of but the woman continued dancing. This felt to real Tlotlo. I woke up to pray but I feel it isn't enough.

Sometimes God speaks to us in dreams and all we can do is pray. But there are times where He warns us so we can prevent something from happening. I strongly feel that those children need to get out of that house. Something very bad is happening in that house. Please take my grandchildren out of there. You know very well that if you were the one who had passed on, Botho would have fought tooth and nail to get bo Tlamelo. Stand up Tlotlo and don't just go there like you are entering a park. Pray Tlotlo. You don't pray anymore but you need to pray before going there. Rapela ngwanaka. Call me after collecting them.

With that she hangs up the phone and I am left with

a racing heart. My mother has specific dreams that tend to come to pass one way or another. It can take years but eventually whatever she tells you will come to pass. This isn't something I can simply ignore. But will Tyler let me have them?

Avi walks in with a tray of food.

Avi: what's wrong? What happened?

Me: We have to go and take bo Yaya. Mama just called.

I tell him everything she said and it's easy for him to take it seriously because he too was raised in church even though he doesn't go anymore. We were both raised by Christian parents. He forces me to eat my food before we start getting ready to leave. I really hope Tyler will allow this.

Narrated

[DISCLAIMER : Not for sensitive readers]

May cries out in pain as a sharp pain hits her lower abdomen. Mme-mme continues to dance around her wearing nothing. This goes on for an hour until blood starts flowing between May's legs.

Mme-mme then grabs her traditional pot and places it on the opening of May's vagina.

Mme: lift your waist.

May presses her lips together and lifts her waist past the excruciating pain she feels. The blood pours into the pot as Mme-mme sings her incantations. She only removes the pot when it's filled to the brim. She then stuffs some herbs into May's vagina and a few seconds later, she has the

urge to push. She lowers her waist and begins to push her six month old pregnancy. Beads of sweat form on her face as she pushes until the little lifeless body falls out of her.

She lifts her head to see but she is too weak and can only see her grandmother's figure taking the baby and putting it in another pot. She then begins to pound into the pot grinding the little body while singing her incantations. Some blood gushes onto her breast and she smears it all over her nakedness. When she is done pounding, she then places the pot over a fire and adds half of the blood from the other pot and leaves everything to cook. She then crawls over to her grand daughter and lifts her head to give her a sip of the blood before smearing the rest of it all over her body. This is to make Tyler love her and do anything for her. Mme-mme continues with her pot and does all she knows she has to do before making the potion May will feed Tyler to control him for the rest of his life. She then prepares the powder to feed the children before dressing up and walking

out of the hut to go and sleep. She leaves May in there so she can gather her strength. Tomorrow is a new day.....

oooo oooo

Meanwhile in Gaborone, Avi drives into Tyler's house with Tlotlo who has been quietly praying since speaking to her mother. Her heart skips a beat as soon as they climb out of the car and she can already feel the heaviness in the atmosphere like she stepped into a different dimension. She keeps asking herself what is happening in this house but gathers her courage and knocks on the door. Yamas a opens the door and screams then jumps into her aunts arms shaking and crying.

Yamas a: I knew you will come. I knew God will tell you to come. Thank you so much! Thank you!

Tlotlo's eyes well up but she blinks the tears away and squats to look into Yamasasa's eyes. Her niece looks nothing like the bubbly little girl she knows. Her hair looks like it hasn't been done in months and she has even lost weight. She used to be a child you looked at and smiled at from distance fighting every temptation to lift her cuteness off the ground for fear of breaking your arms off but now, all the weight is gone. She isn't skin and bones yet but she has still lost a significant amount of weight.

Tlotlo: What happened? What's wrong baby?

Yamasasa: She is evil Auntie Soso. Please take us. Please Auntie Soso before she comes back.

Tlotlo hugs her again and holds her hand and walks into the house. Nothing has changed here. It's like Botho could walk out of the kitchen in an apron to quickly pull her back into the kitchen not wanting to

burn whatever youtube recipe she was trying out. Tears choke her and Avi holds her other hand.

Tlotlo: Where is your dad?

Yamasa: he is sleeping. Today he is good daddy but he has a headache.

Tlotlo: Call him for me and bring Amantle to me. Where is Yaone?

Yamasa runs off calling her brother then goes to wake her father before getting her sister from the nursery. Her excitement almost makes her drop the baby but she balances herself and walks slowly over to her aunt.

Tlotlo takes the baby who is as light as a feather and just cries out. All the emotions she was keeping

in her burst out as she looks at all her sister's children. How did she allow this to happen? Both would never have let this happen to her children.

Tyler drags himself into the living with his eyes barely open and shakes Tlotlo and Avi's hands before taking seat. He supports his head with his hand and looks at them.

Avi: Mestah are you OK? None of you looks fine here. What's going on?

Tyler: (sighs) Ah if I knew I could tell you but the truth is I don't know what is happening in this house. If I am not having a splitting headache, I am losing frames of time. I have even taken unpaid leave from work because this is affecting my work. I don't know what is happening to me. It's just like the day I was told my wife killed herself and beat me up for trying to leave her. I would never have done something like that Tlotlo. I was a mess when it

came to being faithful but I loved your sister and you know it. Now a woman I had a one night stand with walks around my wife's house like it's hers and says she is pregnant with my child and I feel powerless against her

Tlotlo: I don't understand what you are saying Tyler. Ware what is happening?

Tyler: All I know is I have been waiting for my headache to subside then I will pack up what I can and go to my mother's house. The further I can get from this house the better. That woman is doing something to me. I don't know what but she is doing something to me and I have to leave before she comes back. But my headache never stops.

Tlotlo starts crying when she begins to make sense of her mother's dream. She never in her life imagined she would ever come across such things. She had always heard stories about witchcraft and

black magic but never once thought she would see it first hand. Her heart starts racing and she quickly stands up as if feeling heat radiating from the couch.

Tlotlo: We can't stay here. Let's go. Don't take anything. Let's just go. We will buy whatever we need for the children. Akere they still have the account you guys opened for them?

Tyler: Yes. Money isn't an issue. I still haven't claimed any insurance on Botho's death so they have more than enough. Do you mind taking them with you? I know it may be too much of a burden but I am not in any state to take care of them. I need time.

Avi: Don't worry about that. We were already coming her to ask you to let us have them for a few months.

Tyler: (sighs) Thank you so much. I am so relieved you came here today. I was probably going to sleep the whole day and she was going to find me here.

Avi: But what are you going to do? Are you just going to leave her here?

Tlotlo: (walks to the door) bathong let's go. Avi take his car and go and drop him at his mother's house. I can come and pick you up there after dropping the kids off at home.

Avi: No its fine. I'll use kombis. Let's go.

Tyler stands up and looks around the house before collecting all the important things he needs like bank cards and the birth certificates and other important documents. His eyes land on Botho's death certificate and his chest tightens as grief

washes over him. He falls to his knees and cries out loud. Avi follows the sound until he finds him crying by the safe in his bedroom.

Avi: Ae Ty Monna ha a dire jalo. Let's go. Your children will start crying too if you keep doing this.

Tyler: (leaning on Avi's leg) I killed my wife. What have I done? What have I done? I killed my wife!

He continues to cry out while holding the death certificate. Tlotlo tells Yaya and Yaone to go to the car and they run out wishing they could just drive out before May comes back. Tlotlo walks to the bedroom with the baby in her arms. The sight of Tyler crying breaks her heart so she hands Avi the baby and goes on her knees and holds Tyler's shoulders.

Tlotlo; (crying) Hey, you need to stand up and get

out of here Ty. I also feel like I failed Bobo by letting her children suffer like this but I didn't know what was going on and dwelling on my failures won't help the situation. I just have to stand up and do better. You also have to forgive yourself and do better by her and your children. Let's go now while you still can. I don't know what exactly is going on in this house but sometimes running away is the best way to get out of certain things. Your children need you and you can't allow yourself to die here because of guilt. Don't let my sister down like that. Let's go.

She stands up and pulls him up then hugs him as he wipes his tears and sniffles.

Tlotlo: Everything is going to be fine. God is in control here.

[08/31, 17:45] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 50

Tlotlo

I feel like the longer we stay in this house, the higher the chances of whatever evil there is here will consume us. Tyler is taking too long to lock the door and I don't want to leave them here.

Me: (calling out from the car) Bathong can we go.

They finally get into Tyler's car and drive out after me. I immediately feel relief washing over me as I look at Yamasá and Yaone in the back seat with Amantle strapped into her car seat. I dial my mother and put the phone back down.

Mum: Soso did you get them?

Me: Yes mama. I am with them in the car.

Mum: Oh thank God! How are they? How are my babies Soso?

Me: hesih mama things have been bad here. I don't know what actually happened but this May woman is very evil. O kare o jesa Tyler. He looks terrible. Avi is driving him to his mother's house because he has a headache and can't really open his eyes. We are on our way to my house. I want to feed them. I don't even know when they ate. It's just sad.

Mum: Those children need to be prayed for. Even Tyler needs prayers too. Make time to come here today. I will take them to my Pastor's house so he can pray for them. Spiritual things are very sensitive. We don't know what that woman has done so we

have to act fast and pray. You can even come with Tyler if he agrees but I doubt his mother will allow it.

Me: I will call him now. Maybe we can just come straight there. Let me call Avi.

I hang up and dial.

Avi: Love.

Me: Babe can you put me on speaker.

Avi: I've connected to the Bluetooth.

Me: OK. Ty I just spoke to my mum and she is arranging for prayers with her pastor and she said to invite you too just so we can pray against whatever has been done to you and the kids.

Tyler: Heish Soso at this point I'll take whatever can help me because I feel so heavy and bound. We can go straight there if you don't mind.

Me: I was thinking the same thing. Is that OK babe?

Avi: No problem babes lead the way. But shouldn't we get the rest of the kids?

Me: Yeah you are right. I'll drive there now.

I hang up and call to confirm with my mum while driving to my house after telling Tlamelo to tell everyone to get ready to leave. Yamas a gets excited when she sees Tlamelo getting into the car. All the kids are so happy to see each other. Tehillah and Yamas a quickly gel and start chatting about cartoons as we drive to Ramotswa.

Narrated

In Tyler's car

Tyler: You know what? I have really messed up my life. Ke gore when I think of how many women I cheated on my wife with and and it took just one of them to turn out to be a psycho witch and my wife is dead because of it.

Avi: But why did you cheat on her? With all due respect, you had a hot wife and she was kind and brilliant. O ne a shorta ha kae?

Tlyer: I think I felt there were things I wanted to try out but was afraid to do it on her. I thought I was respecting her.

Avi: So you chose to disrespect her more by bringing other women into your marriage? That was bad decision. Nna rra ke a ikopela. (I put in a request for what I want) Sometimes it takes weeks or months before she agrees to trying things out with me but I will never risk losing a woman like Tlotlo over a nut. I have dated crazy women in my day and when I found Tlotlo I was done. I don't ever want to see her walk out of my life or cry because I cheated on her. You should have been upfront with your wife about what you want in the bedroom and understand if she isn't comfortable with it too. Men find it easy to cheat by saying I wanted something more. Would you feel the same way if she went and found a man who chokes her or roles plays with her because wena o Mr missionary?

Tyler quietly listens.

Avi : I know we hardly know each other but I am a straight talker and I don't tolerate nonsense. I feel

bad for you because of how things turned out with Botho but it would never have happened if you had been faithful to your wife. Le na le go leka Modimo because of sex hela. You better get your act together mestah. You owe your wife that much. Those children are too young to be orphans. O bakele banyana rra.

Tyler: Eish mestah I heard you. I know I messed up and I have to work on it. Tota I am done. I have been done since the day I saw my wife's corpse but I couldn't do anything. I am done with that life now. All I want to do is to take care of myself so I can be a better father to my kids. Yaya looks like she hasn't eaten in months. I don't even know if she eats because I never see myself. If I mess around with women after this then all I deserve is to die.

Avi: Nnyaa rra not death. Your children deserve to have atleast one parent who will take care of them. Maybe one day you can actually find a good woman

to help you raise them.

Tyler: Heela mestah I am done with women.
Consider me a eunuch from now on.

Avi: (laughs) Yeah o go bleks ems its e May. Where is she from ne wena?

Tyler: Avi I don't even knows her surname. Kana ke gore you guys don't get when I say I don't understand how she is here. I just remember meeting her at a club I usually hang out in and taking her to a hotel that night. Gore how did she end up pregnant I don't even know because I can't remember anything from after that night. Everything is just fuzzy.

Avi: Esses. Yeah you need an hour slot at the men's conference o rute majita gore go a nyewa out there.

They both laugh and continue their drive.

Tlotlo follows the directions her mother gave her to her pastor's house and they eventually arrive there to find four cars parked outside. They all climb down the cars while Tlotlo dials her mother's number.

Tlotlo: Mama we are outside.

Mmaagwe Tlotlo: ok just come in.

They all walk into the yard and enter the house. There is gospel music playing softly on the TV and eight people sitting around the sitting and dining room talking amongst themselves. Amongst them is Tlotlo's mother who stands up and introduces her children to the pastor, his wife and the five intercessors who came to join in on the prayers.

Pastor: Welcome my brothers and sisters. Your mother is a member of our church and I see her as my mother. I am her first born because I am older than all of you here.

They all laugh except the children who feel wierd about being in a house full of old people.

Pastor: Which one of you is Tyler? Please come over here.

Tyler nervously walks over feeling naked in their presence. The pastor hold his hand and guides him to stand next to him before instructing everyone to start praying. Everyone breaks into prayer and after a few minutes most of the guests open thier eyes waiting for the prayer to finish but it goes on and on until the pastor shouts amen.

Pastor: mmh...Tyler I am not a prophet okay my

brother. I am a child of God and like any parent, He speaks to me and tells me what He wants me to know. I am just going to tell you what I heard so you can pray from a point of knowledge because the pit you are in right now is being extended. They are digging a deeper whole to throw you in and it's not a coincidence that you are here today. God spoke to His child and she instructed her child to get you out. Now listen to what I have just been told. This is your day to be set free. You lost an anchor in your life because of a woman whose evil consumed you. She is the reason your wife is dead and she was supposed to kill your children as well that day. God intervened even then and this angers her so much that she abuses these little ones. She now wants to kill them. She was going to turn them into zombies if you hadn't left. She is currently bathed in blood. Your unborn child's blood is smeared all over her body just so she can control you and force you to love her. She wants your money. Her grandmother wants your money. But today is the day they are brought to shame.

Everyone shouts amen.

Pastor: Today is the day J ehovah rises and His enemies get scattered.

Everyone: Amen!

Pastor: Today is the day the evil they serve will know that indeed there is a God in heaven and He watches over His children. We paralyse their powers today! Today we break all ties you have with that evil woman!

He continues to make declarations and leads everyone into prayer. Tyler's tears fall as he processes all the things he just heard. How does such evil exist? How did his wife die because someone wants money? J ust money? Money that he had because his wife also worked just as hard

as he did? Just like that? Prayers continue and songs of worship break out as the presence of God fills the place.

oooo oooo

In Mme-mme's hut

May slowly opens her eyes and memories of what just happened to her come rushing back in and she starts crying at the loss of her baby. She has never succeeded in anything in life but being a mother always meant something to her. She tried to be the best mum she could be regardless of the three heart breaks she has had from her other children's fathers. They were useless village boys who always left her to marry someone else and she finally had the baby of a rich man but it's all gone now.

She wipes her tears and licks her dry lips. The smell

of her child's blood nauseates her so, much that she wants to just go and bath. She slowly sits up while feeling the remnants of the pain inflicted by her grandmother.

May: (frowns) what the?

She tries to move her legs again but just like before she feels nothing. She runs her hands along her legs and shakes them but still feels nothing. She pinches herself, nothing. Her heart begins to pound in her chest. She tries with all her might to bend her legs but nothing happens.

May: (shouting) Mme-mme! Help me! Help! What happened to me? Help me!

She forces herself on her stomach and uses her elbows to drag herself out of the hut with no regard for the fact that she is stark naked.

May: (shouting) Nthusang the bathong!

Shobe runs out of the house and runs towards her mother's voice. She screams when she sees her mother and runs to the hut Mme-mme sleeps in. She comes back with Mme-mme in tow. Mme panics at the sight of her grand daughter helplessly crawling on her stomach. She tries to help her up but her legs are stiff and they both fall to the ground causing Mme-mme to break her hip. They both scream out in pain making Shobe panic and run to the house to call her aunts for help. Dikgang comes following her and holds her waist and laughs.

Dikgang: Ba le baakantsa! I long told you to stop witch craft. May you look like a demon right now mme o siame tlhemma. I am not getting involved. Mme-mme go and dig up my mother from her grave so she can come and help you. Ke tloga ke wela haatshe le nna ke itewa ka phoso gotwe ke moloi le

nna. (I will also fall because of whatever is happening to you because whoever is doing it will be thinking I am also a witch). Shobe leave these people here unless you also want to fall next to them. Nna I want to watch TV.

Dikgang walks back into the house and tells her sisters what she saw and they go out to confirm and go back into the house laughing.

Mighty: Go lesilo kontle kwa. (lesilo is playing outside)

Mido: Ware lesilo? Go shorta Matlakala ka, suitcase hela.

Mighty: Kana it means we have a car. Go tla bonwa ka rona hela mo.

Mido: Heish let's hope they stay like that. Le driving school re ka e bula kana.

They all laugh and continue eating the yogurts May had brought for her children.

[08/31, 17:46] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 51

Tlotlo

That was so intense! I don't remember the last time I felt so close to God. It must have been while I was still living here with my mum. When the prayer ended there was a bit of singing and dancing done praising God for the deliverance. At the end of the day its all about faith. We all just have to believe

that God will protect us from the evil that was threatening our lives. I personally hope I never see that woman again. That will be enough for me. Even Tyler is in a better mood as we drive to my mum's place. He says his headache is much better. I hope he too stays away from that woman.

I cannot believe such things actually exist. I remember back in school some girl used to have episodes of attacks and she would tell us her aunt is bewitching them but when you live a sheltered life like I did, you don't actually believe that witchcraft is someone else's reality. I now understand the meaning of *go tsamaya ke go bona*. (the longer you live/the more you move around the world, the more experiences you come across)

We all drive into my mum's house and climb out of the cars.

Mum: Tlamelo and your brothers, go and get us all

chairs. It's a beautiful day. Let's sit under the shade.

The kids walk off and come back with the chairs for us to sit then they walk back into the house to watch TV I'm sure. My brother comes out of the house to join us. I don't know how long he is going to wait till he gets a job. Unemployment is such a sad reality in our country. Especially for people who have no business acumen. My mother raised academics. Maybe I too would have had a masters degree like my brother and sister if I wasn't too busy with Bogosi. But life fixed me into having a business mind to be able to take care of myself and my children.

Mum: (feeding Amantle) You don't know how relieved I am to be holding this baby in my arms like this. I was so afraid that I was never going to see them again.

Amantle smiles then my mother laughs.

Mum: Ao bathong. O tshwana le Bobo jang ne mma.
(You look like Bobo)

Tyler: She really does. Yaya and Yaone look too much like me and Botho was so happy to finally have her own copy. (looks down) But now she won't even get to see her grown up.

He starts to blink rapidly.

Mum: No don't do that Rraagwe Yaya. That just brings back the pain I am trying to forget. We have to move on and not allow the devil to win over us. It's not easy but we have to try. My child is gone and I have to accept that and look to doing what she can't. Raising these children so they never have to feel the void of not having a mother. You all need counseling. All of you.

Tyler nods his head as I also blink my tears away.
My mother looks at me and smiles.

Mum: Now that I know my children are safe I can
now celebrate. You were talking about proposals
Ebile you have a ring on your finger.

Me: (blushing) Akere I tried to tell you mmanyana o
bo o nkhabata.

My mother laughs out then looks at Avi.

Mum: Avi my child isn't going to wear a ring for
three years. When are your uncles coming?

Avi: (looking down and smiling shyly) Very soon
Mme. I told them to come here next weekend.

Me: (wide eyed) Ware next what? Heelang! Avi you didn't even tell me!

Mum: Hey wena keep quiet. This is between me and my son in law. Are you marrying yourself?

Tyler and Avi laugh as I fold my arms. I am not impressed at all by my mother's behavior. I am her child here. Who is Avi to her?

Mum: So when were you going to tell me Avi?

Avi: (laughs) A lot has been happening but I was going to let her know so she calls you.

Mum: OK. When do you want to get married.

Me: Maybe-

Mum: Tlotlo are you marrying yourself? I am talking to my son in law.

Again they laugh at me. Mxm.

Avi: I am hoping we can get the traditional part done in a month or two then the actual wedding in three months before she starts showing.

Me: heelang! Avi kante what's happening? How do you have all this planned out without me? Shouldn't I get to decide when we are getting married as well?

Mum:(ignoring me) Before she starts showing? Is she pregnant?

Avi: (embarrassed) Ee mma.

My mother looks at me and laughs.

Mum: Waitse kana you two are naughty. OK I will talk to her uncles so that they know what your plans are.

She laughs again making Amantle laugh.

Mum: I am so happy for you my child. O bona o Avi, I saw the day he came to help you move from here gore ke motho. I knew he will finally give you what you have been yearning for. I am happy for you.

Me:(sulking) I can see. You don't even ask me. O utlwa ka Avi.

They all laugh at me. I don't know what they find funny here. Avi ene is going to explain himself when

we get home. Next thing I know he will already have a venue planned out for the wedding.

oooo oooo

Dikeledi

This is what they mean when they say getting a new lease on life. I feel like I have just hit a re-start button in my life. Going to Francistown came with more great things to help with my healing. Mrs Milton recommended a friend of hers who lives in Gaborone who could help me with my therapy. Apparently she has received many accolades in her field. I am looking forward to it.

I am so glad I took their advice to take a bus back home so I can rest before going for my contract signing tomorrow. I am home and feeling refreshed after a long shower. What am I going to wear

tomorrow? Let me check for some of the clothes I got for job interviews.

I still can't believe I got hired after my very first interview. That doesn't just happen. I assemble three outfits and lay them out on my bed and snap a few pics then upload one to my Facebook with the caption "which one says 'I am here and I am in charge of myself?'"

Likes start piling in as I smile and lie on my bed reading the comments.

Boleng: Oh my God I am so happy sistaz! † ♂

† ♀ Please let the new Nadia be here to stay. The middle one with your black red bottoms will have them watching the radio while listening to the TV

Facebook friend: Yassss Queen! What's the

occasion? All of them are so fire girl

Facebook friend 2: Tlhemma give me a make over!
I love your taste

Facebook friend 3: Nna I want us to talk about your bedding. Haibo! Kana are you in a hotel ne mma? Where did you buy those? Ke tswa pelo gore.

Reply: I thought I was the only one mma These are the people who listen to Dr Gure. E seng rona ba re hupetsang banna ka di tonkana † ♀

Reply2: choma! Then we cry when they run away ngwana wa batho a tshaba les o!

Arie: uhu . Attention seeking much? Don't forget I know what you did last summer.

Reply: And then wena? O nole coke ka chillisi?

Reply 2: Ha o ba itse ba ba di slay queen gore ha ba rate progress ya batho. Mxm

A call comes through interrupting me.

Me: Hello?

Voice: How are you my queen?

Me: (surprised) Morena? You still have my number?

Voice: Yes. Where do you want to go looking that expensive.

Me: (smiling) I got a job tlherra.

Morena: oh congratulations! You will finally learn what making clean money feels like.

Me: (laughing) Morena tlherra ha ke batle wena. Can you go and play with you girlfriend and child o tswe mo go nna.

Morena: Mxm. Why don't you let me take you out to dinner to celebrate tonight?

Me: I can't. I don't want to send you the wrong message.

Morena: What message because it's just dinner? Kante don't you miss me Nadia?

I bite my lip and look down.

Me: I do but I don't want to break anyone's family apart. Not knowingly.

Morena: Who said anything about that? I just want to see you as a friend.

Me: I can't. I'm sorry.

I hang up the call and toss my phone away in frustration. A knock on my door startles me. I don't know anyone who would come to my house. I wear a gown and slide my phone into my pocket.

I walk to the front door and open the door.

Me: (frowning) Sébastien what are you doing here?

Sébastien: (smiles) won't you let me in ne mma?

Me: (folding my arms) what do you want?

He pushed past me and shuts the door behind him before locking it and sliding the key into his pocket.

Me: (frowning) what are you doing?

Sébastien: (frowns) Where have you been? O simolotse bobelete Akere Nadia? I came here last night and you weren't here. Even this morning you werent here. This is the third time I am coming here today. Where were you?

Me: What the hell is wrong with you? How is it any of your business gore where was I? Are you insane?

Sébastien: Nadia ke a tenega. Lesa go ntena. (I am getting angry. Stop making me angry) Were you bitching around on some other dick? Kante ke eng o le lebelete jaana selo ke wena? (why are you such a bitch?)

Me: Sébastien naare o a ntlholela? Aren't you the one who kicked me out of your house o re you are expecting anther woman? Lesa go pekela mo go nna tlherra.

A slap from his backhand lands on my face. Am I deaf right now? I can't hear a thing in my left ear.

Sébastien: A bitch deserves nothing but a bitch slap when she runs her mouth. Lesa go Bua le nna okare o rema tshimo Nadia nxa. Are you cheating on me?

Another slap lands on me. What is going on? How is

this happening right now? This man and I have never even been official. He has never been my boyfriend. What is he talking about.

Me: (crying) Sébastien tlherra o a mpolaya. O mpeletsa eng ne rra? (You are hurting me. Why are you beating me?)

Sébastien: ke go ntsha makgakga le bobete. (I am teaching you manners and purging you of promiscuity)

He pushes me roughly against the wall banging my head against it making me scream in pain. He roughly pulls the rope of my gown off and turns me around then ties it so it runs across my mouth leaving my mouth wide open. I can't scream anymore. Why is he doing this to me?

He yanks my breast roughly and drags me to the

bed. Please don't do this to me. Please God don't let this happen again. Please..

He pushes me on to the bed and tries to force my legs open. I try to kick his balls but it lands on his stomach making him stagger bag.

Sébastien: (chuckles) O a ntlwaela waitse selo ke wena sa lesiela nxla.

He pulls me by my hair and drops me on the floor. I try to stand up and run but a kick to my face forces me back to the floor. At this point my tears and snort are all over my face as I beg and pray for him not to do this, barely audible because of the rope in my mouth.

Sébastien: (taking his pants off) The best thing for you to do is to shut up and save your strength because go go ja ke tšile go go ja. Ha ke tswe ha ke

sa kgora. (takes a knife out of his pocket) Ha ke kgotshe ke a go bolaya. Le tlwaela batho banyana ba Gaborone. (I am going to fuck you until I am satisfied. Once I am satisfied I am going to kill you. You Gaborone girls take people for granted) I am going to get rid of your body and no one is going to find you. Nxla.

He pushes the gown off my thighs and force my legs open. I look away facing the wall as tears keep pouring down my face. I feel his dick pushing into my dry vagina. Does this happen to everyone? Am I just cursed? Is this how I die? In the same shame I was trying to walk away from? What karma do I deserve? Why is this happening to me? Mama o ntlogeletseng?

800 Likes, 50 comments and 10,shares fof the 11pm insert. If not, tomorrow hela

[08/31, 17:46] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 52

Narrated

Sébastien keeps tearing into Dikeledi who lies there helplessly and paralyzed by memories of her childhood. At this moment, Sébastien in her mind is replaced by Ntate. A demon she thought she had just conquered. Sébastien pulls himself out of her and yanks her head up forcing her to sit up. He then unties the rope around her mouth.

Sébastien: Open your mouth.

Dikeledi stares blindly into his eyes with tears falling. He balls his other hand into a fist and punches her mouth. Her head falls back as she

screams.

Sébastien: I said open your mouth bitch! Scream one more time and I will give you something to scream about.

Dikeledi holds her bleeding lips as fresh tears pour down her face.

Dikeledi: Please stop doing this to me. Please just go. I promise I won't report you. I am begging you. Please go. I will just go and bath. I won't report you.

Sébastien slaps her then presses her jaw with his thumb and index finger forcing her mouth open in pain. He then shoves his dick into her mouth and begins to move in and out of her. Dikeledi gains courage and bites onto it making him roar in pain and punch her repeatedly to get her off him. He staggers back in blinding pain which gives Dikeledi

the chance to stand up and run. It's only when she gets to the door that she remembers her has the keys. She begins to bang on the window screaming for help but there is no one passing by and the party next door masks her screams to the outside world.

Sébastien's pain finally subsides and he yanks her hair and pulls her back to the bed then pushes her down and begins to strangles her. Dikeledi scratches his wrists attempting to loosen his grip.

Sébastien: I told you that I am going to fuck you until I am satisfied and when I am satisfied, I am going to kill you. I am not satisfied but it seems like you want to die already. Is your mother calling you beyond the grave? Huh? Do you want to die?

Dikeledi shakes her head as her air supply slowly runs out. He releases his hold on her neck. The poor thing coughs rapidly trying to catch her breath but all that stops when a blinding pain hits her hard but

can't scream because of the strangling she is trying to recover from. She lifts her head to see what caused it and is met by a knife that has sliced into her thigh. She looks at Sébastien in shock and he has a sadistic smile on his face. Watching the pain in her eyes has him hard again so he walks to Dikeledi's kitchen unit to get another knife.

Dikeledi watches in horror as her thigh bleeds out onto her bedding. Sébastien walks back and lands the knife on her other thigh while covering her mouth. He then removes his hand and forces her mouth open again. He spits saliva into her mouth nauseating Dikeledi. He then shoves his penis in and out of her mouth.

Sébastien: Take it bitch! Take it! You know you like it.

The thought of his saliva in her mouth has her gagging which takes Sébastien to an even higher

high at the feeling of her throat pulsating again his dick...

At Morena's house

Morena goes through his Facebook album containing Nadia's pictures with a smile on his face. He puts headsets on to watch a video of a tiktok challenge she once did on him where she recorded a video of him receiving a sexy picture from her while they were at a braai at his parents house. He laughs as his eyes widen on the video remembering the feeling he had that day looking around to see if his brothers didn't see it. They left early that night because he just wanted to bury himself in her.

Lea: Mozy! Babe!

Lea walks over to him holding her son on her hip and shakes his shoulder. Morena looks up and

removes one headset.

Morena: Mma?

Lea: Ao rra. I have been calling you over and over again. I need you to hold Letlotlo.

Morena: oh. OK. Come here buddy.

She hands him over while peeking into his phone.
She sighs and holds her hips.

Lea: Watching another Nadia video again Morena?
Tota why don't you have any ounce of respect for me? How do you expect me to feel when you do this?

Morena: Please don't start Lea.

Lea: Don't start? Morena you are the one acting like a prick here. I am the mother of your son. A son you wouldn't even let me name after you for some reason. And I am beginning to think that she is the reason. Are you planning on leaving me for her Morena?

Morena: Lea can you stop all this nonsense. Not in front of my son.

She chuckles and takes the baby then walks off. He shakes his head and puts the headset back on. Lea puts the baby in his nursery and gives him toys to play with before grabbing one of the baby monitors.

Lea: Mummy will be right back my love OK?

She walks back to the livingroom and sure enough, her boyfriend has a stupid smile on his face.

Lea: Mozy do you even care that you hurt me? Do you even love me at all? When was the last time we had sex? Our son is four months old but you still refuse to touch me.

Morena: Lea I told you I don't feel comfortable having sex with you until he is a year old.

Lea: And who does that? A year? I have been given the green light since my six weeks visit. But wena 'Dr Morena' you give it a year? Do you still love me?

Morena: (sighs) Lea I think you are just bored. Not working makes your mind idle with imaginations that don't exist.

Lea: (chuckles) This from a man who begged me to put off work until our son is two years old? Do you know how foolish I look listening to a boyfriend over my parents?

Morena: Heish Lea go and work if you want to. I don't want you to start blaming me for everything just because both of us decided it was best for our son if you stayed with him until he is ready for school. Accept one of your job offers ee.

Lea: (crying) What did I ever do to you Morena? All I ever do is love you. I don't deserve what you are d-

Morena lifts his hand stopping her from speaking as he answers a call he never expected. He stands up and walks out.

Morena: Hi you. Miss me already?

:

Morena: Hello?

:

Morena: Nadia?

He realizes it just have been a pocket dial and disappointment washes over him. He is about to cut the call when he hears voices in the background. Actually a man's voice and some disturbing sounds accompanying him.

Voice: What the fuck? Nxla! Wipe this shit! Wipe it off right now before I move this knife from your thigh to your chest. I will kill you right now! How dare you vomit on me? Ke go bolaye Nadia?

Nadia: (crying) I am sorry. I am sorry please don't kill me

Morena's joints grow cold as he realizes she is being attacked.

Sébastien: Stand up! Stand up dammit.

Nadia: (shaky voice) I can't. The knives are hurting me.

Morena hears some shuffling and muffled screams as he walks back into the house to grab his other phone and car keys.

Lea: Morena where are you going? I am talking to you?

He doesn't stop to answer her. He just races off to his car with his heart beating against his chest. He is out of his yard when he realizes he doesn't know where she lives.

Sébastien: (roaring in pleasure) oh yes baby. I have long wanted to taste this asshole. It's so tight! Take it baby. Take it!

He hears Nadia crying and hits the driving wheel rapidly with his palms sweating in rage. Listening to this cuts him but he feels like hanging up isn't an option. A bulb goes off in his head and he grabs his other phone and searches for Boleng's number. She answers on the third ring.

Boleng: (breathing heavily) This isn't a good time. I'll call you back.

Morena:(shouts) Boleng don't hang up! Nadia is in trouble!

Boleng sits up on top of Tony.

Boleng: What trouble? Who is this?

Morena: It's Morena. Nadia once called you using

my phone. Listen I need directions to where she stays right now.

Boleng: Why? What's happening?

Tony: Baby what's wrong?

Boleng: I don't know.

She climbs off of his pulsating dick and sits next to him.

Morena: (impatiently) Boleng I don't have time to explain. I need directions. That man will kill her while I am explaining.

Boleng's heart jumps to her throat and she wants to know what happening but complies.

Boleng: She lives in Block 8 near Mancosa.

She tells him which house and he speeds off after hanging up. Boleng starts pacing around calling Nadia's phone that keeps showing its busy.

Boleng: Baby he says someone is attacking her. I don't understand. I just spoke to her on Facebook. She was preparing an outfit for tomorrow. I don't understand what is happening. Why would anyone want to attack her?

Tony: Please stop worrying yourself like this. It will affect the baby.

Boleng: (crying) I can't help it. I don't know what's happening to my sister. I can't even call my mum without knowing what's happening.

Tony: OK then let's go to Gaborone. We will get there before 8pm. That way you can be there for her.

Boleng jumps onto him and hugs him.

Boleng: Thank you! Thank you! But what about your meeting tomorrow?

Tony: I'll postpone it. Let's go and shower so we can hit the road.

They climb out of bed and head to the bathroom...

Meanwhile in Gaborone, Morena drives like a maniac while listening to Sébastien's voice praising himself for raping Nadia. His knuckles begin to hurt from holding the wheel too tight wanting nothing more than to arrive and cave in the skull whoever

this guy is.

At Nadia's house

Dikeledi is bent over and touching her knees and tears stop running as she watches the blood oozing out of both her thighs. The pain suddenly feels good to her. Watching the blood leave her body fills her with hope as Sébastien finally takes the one thing Ntate always threatened he would. Feeling him tear into her anus was the last straw and the loss of blood put a smile on her face because she could finally die. All this pain will finally stop. She will finally rest from all the pain this world has brought her.

Sébastien pulls out of her anus and into her vagina going back and fourth grunting with pleasure.

Sébastien: Fuck baby this feels so good! Damn it!

How am I going to be able to kill you when you taste so good? Kana these flaps are magic! Eses!

Dikeledi's body hitting against his heightens his pleasure as he slaps her ass cheeks until they are red.

Dikeledi watches the pool of blood at her feet wondering how much blood she has to lose in order to die. Her eyes finally grow heavy as a smile grows on her face. The feeling of her body growing weaker surpasses any orgasm she has ever had trying to forget. This was much more final. The best way to forget. All that's left now is for her body to sink to the floor pushing the knives further into her things. She hopes to feel that last pain as she says goodbye.

800 likes, 70 comments and 20 shares BY 3PM for a bonus insert

[08/31, 17:47] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 53

Morena

My level of impatience cannot take this police man's stupidity right now.

Over the phone: Mestah wa re kae kante?

Me: (angry) Listen to me and listen very well. I am going to have your badge for this. I have your name office Seladi. If anything happens to her before you get there you are going to know me.

I hang up the phone and pound the wheel in frustration. Nadia must have run out of airtime because the call got cut and she isn't answering my calls. I don't know when she will ever stop putting her phone on silent. I called the police but that useless guy doesn't seem to be taking me seriously as all.

Me: What?

Why the hell is there traffic on a Sunday? I raise my head and see that there is an accident by the roundabout. Shit! I can't wait for this. I move onto the pavement and drive off. I'd be glad if police follow me right now because I am not stopping until I get to that house.

Narrated

Sébastien grunts and his sweat falls onto Dikeledi's

back as he pumps his seed into her vagina. He lifts his head to the ceiling as the wave hits him. He finally pushes her onto the bed landing her on her side. He frowns when he sees her eyes closed. He shakes her but she doesn't move.

Sébastien: Nadia! Nadia open you eyes mahn.

He feels for her pulse and his heart starts racing when he doesn't feel anything. He puts his hands over his head.

Sébastien: Shit! Shit! Shit! What have I done?

He quickly dresses up and drags Dikeledi's lifeless body to the bathroom where he tosses her into the tub with his heart pounding. He didn't want to actually kill her. It was just tough talk. He wanted to see the fear in her eyes at the thought of death. This could ruin his career. He pulls the knives out of her

thighs and opens the tap to wash the blood off before putting both knives into his pocket. He then begins to vigorously wash her whole body scrubbing off his DNA from her body and hair. He grabs her tooth brush and scrubs underneath her fingernails removing any skin she might have scratched off of him. He then lathers his hands with soap and begins to wash her vagina inserting his fingers and twirling them around hoping to get rid of any trace of semen.

The sound of a car driving in at a high speed stops him. He frowns and listen to the car door banging and feet rushing to the door.

Voice: Nadia! Open the door baby! I'm here! Nadia!

Sébastien listens as the man begins to pound on the door trying to break it down. He paces around the bathroom in a panic.

Sébastien: shit shit shit! Think Sébastien think!

Morena: Nadia! Scream so I know you are in there! I called the ambulance. The police are coming too!

Sébastien slowly walks to the door and quietly inserts the key into the door while Morena bangs on it. He slowly unlocks the door and waits for him to bang it again. When he hears him charge for it, Sébastien quickly opens the door and shuts it again hitting Morena's head causing him to stagger back in pain. That's the only chance Sébastien needs and he ducks out of the door spearing Morena against his car and running off. Morena gets up and chases Sébastien then stops when he remembers him threatening to kill Nadia. As much as he wanted to break that animal's jaw, the important thing now is to see how Nadia is.

He jets back to the house and looks around frantically as the trail of blood leading to the bathroom grabs his attention. He rushes to the bathroom and panics when he sees a tub of blood water around an unconscious Nadia. He paces to the tub and begins to pull her lifeless body out.

Morena places her on the floor and begins to perform CPR on her.

Morena : (panicked) babe don't this to me my queen. Please don't leave me like this.

The sound of the ambulance in the distance gives him hope as he quickly paces back to get her gown and put it over her nakedness.

The ambulance drives in and paramedics rush into the houdrto attend Dikeledi. Morena stands a few feet away giving them space.

Paramedic: Sir what happened here?

Morena: Some guy was raping her in here. She must have butt dialed me because I heard the whole thing over the phone. He ran off when I got here. Is she going to be fine?

One of the paramedics puts pressure over her wounds and dresses them to arrest the bleeding while the other checks her pulse.

Paramedic: Her pulse is weak.

They then place her on the stretcher after performing CPR on her. They wheel her into the ambulance while one of them uses a ventilator to help her breathe. Morena jumps into the ambulance after locking the door. The police drive in just as the ambulance doors close. One of the officers jumps

out of the car to question the ambulance driver. The paramedic sitting with Morena at the back looks at him.

Paramedic: They might need you to stay.

Morena: I am not staying. Where have they been? Let's go. She needs help right now!

The ambulance driver drives off after telling the police officers to follow them to the hospital.

At Morena's house

Lea wipes her tears and puts her phone down after trying Morena's number for the third time and going

unanswered. She buried her face in her hands and cries out. After a few minutes, she gets her phone and dials Chantelle.

Chantelle: Hi Lea. How is my last born?

Lea: (cries) What did I ever do to Morena ne mma? What hold does that Nadia have over him that he doesn't think twice to run after her? He pines over her the whole day yet I am the one making sacrifices for him. What has she ever done for him huh? Why doesn't he love me?

Chantelle: Lea what's going on?

Lea: I don't know! He just ran out of here after receiving a call from Nadia. Morena doesn't care about me Mmaagwe Bogolo. I declined a government job offer because he asked me to but he doesn't care. He doesn't even sleep in the same

room with me. He has been sleeping on the couch in Letlotlo's room for a month now. Ke gore ke romots e Morena by coming back home. (I provoked Morena).

Chantelle: (sighs) Lea you know that I love you and I wish you and Morena could be happy together but my life for you doesn't matter here. You know full well that Morena loves Nadia. Ou even said it when you found out you are pregnant that you are scared of having the child of a man that doesn't love you. If a man doesn't love tlhemma o tla sotlega a go perfomela ka dilo tsotlhe. You were not even supposed to go back to Morena's house after coming from confinement. You should have stayed at your house and focused on your child. I have never supported this nonsense ya gore you are raising your son. Heela mma go and give that baby to your mother while she is still willing and able. She told you to let her take of the baby for two years so you can start work. It's not like people who give their babies to the mothers don't love their children.

They do it so they can make something of themselves before taking their babies back. A whole doctor giving up her career for a man? A boyfriend? Nnyaa mma. Look what happened to Tlotlo. She never even went to school because of Bogosi. These Morena brothers can mess with your head if you don't check yourself. Sutha dikeledi tseo mma o pale dilwana tsa ngwana o ye ga mmaago.

Lea: You don't understand because you are married to a man who loves you. I love Morena and I wish he could see that. Don't I deserve the love he is wasting on that prostitute of a woman?

Chantelle: Nna mma I have said my piece. I can't force you to take my advice. The stress Bogolo is giving me is enough for me right now. You are the only one who can choose what's best for you.

Lea hangs up and begins to type a message.

[Mozy can you please come home so we can talk. I feel like I am alone in this relationship. You don't even show me any ounce of love. Why did you ask me to be your girlfriend again if you know you still loved her? I feel like I am competing with skmekne who has already won and I look like the fool that isn't accepting defeat. I need you to come back home in the next our or I am taking my son and leaving. I can't do this anymore.]

She sends the message and looks st the screen. The blue ticks appear and she waits for o response while wiping her tears away.

At the hospital

An hour goes by with Morena anxiously waiting to hear from the doctor. He has gone through all the pictures he has of Nadia and updated Boleng who told him she is on her way. Lea's text comes through and he frowns while reading it. He begins to type his response.

[I wish you knew how hard all this is for me right now. I feel so bad for how I treat you but my heart won't let me give you the love you deserve. The thing is my heart isn't even mine. She took it more than three years ago and I have tried to hate her for the past three year but go a gana tlhemma. I don't know what I am going to do because she might die. I feel like I have wasted these past three years being angry with her when I could have set my pride aside and forgiven her. Maybe she and I could be married right now. I wish I could love you but I can't.]

He wipes the tear that escaped from his eyes and wipes the message away. These are all the things

he wishes he could say to Lea to set her free but can't bring himself to disrespecting her by admitting that he loves Nadia and not her, the mother of his son. How did everything get so complicated?

Another hour goes by and the doctor finally walks into the waiting room to update Morena who is on his feet immediately the doctor walks in. He told them she is his fiance so they would update him on her status.

Morena: Doc how is she? Please tell me she is fine.

Doctor: (smiling) We have managed to stabilize her. It was touch and go for a minute when she seemed to be rejecting the blood transfusion but she is fine now and just woke up. You can go and see her.

Morena: (relieved) thank you so much Doc. What about, you know, the rape? What happens now?

Doctor: We administered the PEP so she is going to be fine. Our psychologist will be in to see her tomorrow morning. The police just finished taking her statement now so they might come and see you about yours. Let's go. I'll take you to her room. I have a soft spot for young love. My wife and I got married around you guys' age.

Morena smiles and follows him until they get to Dikeledi's room where two police officers had just come from.

Officer: Dumela morena.

Morena frowns asking himself how they know his name then he remembers its a common term used to greet.

Morena: Dumelang.

Officer: Are you the who called to report this incident?

Morena: Yes I am.

Officer: ok we would like to talk to you.

Morena: not now. After I see her.

He opens the door and walks in after thanking the doctor.

He slowly walks towards her bed fighting his emotions. Seeing her face with stitches under her eyes and on her lip makes his hands shake in rage. Her mouth starts wobbling when she sees him. She asks herself what he is doing here and how he knew where she was. Morena tries to hug her but she

shakes her head. She doesn't want to be touched right now. She keeps asking herself why she didn't die. She wasn't supposed to wake up.

Morena: Babe are you OK? You had me so worried.

She just stares at him without speaking.

Morena: I want to hug you so badly but I understand you went through something difficult. I want you to know that I am here for you. I am not going anywhere. I am never leaving you again. I will always protect you. Do you understand?

Tears pour down her face as she listens to him. The tears sting her sores but she can't stop them. He talks to her trying to comfort her for sometime until she finally gives him a weak smile.

Morena: (punching the air) Yes! I can now go and talk to those police men. I also have your house keys incase they want to visit the scene. I will be back OK? I promise.

Dikeledi shakes her head not wanting him to go.

Dikeledi: (with a rapsy voice) Please don't leave me.

Morena: I will be back my love. I promise. I also want to get you toiletries and other things you might need. OK? Ke etla.

Dikeledi nods her head and watches him walk off. An hour goes by after Morena leaves. Dikeledi is woken by the door opening. She is relieved Morena is back but that relief melts away when her father walks through the door dressed in his military uniform. His wife follows behind him and stands by the door with her arms folded. Dikeledi is unsure of

what to feel but a tinge of joy creeps in when she thinks of how he finally came. How he is finally here for her. But again he is a visitor she's wasn't expecting at all.

Rraagwe Joe: Dikeledi gatwe what happened?

Dikeledi blinks tears away. She was hoping he would rush to her bed side and envelope her in his arms. A father's hug that she had never gotten. Maybe for the first time in her life, she could actually feel safe.

Rraagwe Joe: Ke gore wena o nna o re rapilwe hela? Basadi ba le kana kana go tla nna go rapilwe wena o le nosi? (how is it that you are always claiming you have been raped? How is that of all the women in the world, you are the only one always getting raped?)

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[08/31, 17:53] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 54

Dikeledi

Rraagwe Joe: Ke gore wena o nna o re rapilwe hela?
Basadi ba le kana kana go tla nna go rapilwe wena
o le nosi? (how is it that you are always claiming
you have been raped? How is that of all the women
in the world, you are the only one always getting
raped?)

My eyes start blinking rapidly as shock runs
through my veins. I have to have imagined this
man's words. There is no way he just said that to

me.

Me: What... What did you say to me?

Rraagwe Joe: So it wasn't enough for you to accuse my father of raping you and causing my mother's death by your foolishness. You now have to go and drag my junior officer into your lies? Is my father dying in prison not enough for you?

Mmaagwe Joe: (sneering at me) This is what you get for cheating on me with a village whore and getting her pregnant. Bona hela gore go dule eng. (look what came of it) I bet she isn't even your child. She looks nothing like you.

Tears burn my eyes as I look at both of them in complete disbelief. There are too many things being said here and I am trying to process them. Did he say Ntate is dead? Is he saying Sébastien is his

J unior officer?

Me: (shaky voice) so you know Sébastien?

Rraagwe J oe: That boy is one of my best and I don't know why you have to go around accusing him of things he didn't do. You had those police of yours banging on the doors of our barracks looking for him. I told them you are my daughter and you have a history of accusing innocent men of raping you so they should be investigating you before they start arresting innocent people who could end up suing the state.

Mmaagwe J oe: You should have told them to come and arrest her ka gore okare ke motho a kgatlhega jaanong. O tsamaya a phakisa kuku ko kampeng ha go twe a re kgaogane o tla a Lela a re o rapilwe. (because it has become a game to her. She goes around sleeping with every man in the camp and when she is told it's over she starts crying rape.)

Imagine your father dying in prison because of such a thing. Nxla! Kana maybe she is even acting like she didn't know Sébastien was your junior and wants to ruin your reputation using him. Imagine hela gotwe Lieutenant Colonel Supang's daughter falsely accused his First Lieutenant of rape. Bo David le a Sela Sela waitse. I wonder who she is sleeping with to pay for this hospital. I should warn the poor guy gore he is about to walk out with handcuffs accused of rape.

I can't even summon the strength to talk to these people. Why did they come here? To accuse me of lying? For a second time?

Me: (staring at the wall) you need to leave right now.

Rraagwe Joe: You better go and drop that case unless you want to see my true colors nxla!

Blind rage takes over and I grab a glass on the drawer table next my bed and swing it at him. He ducks out of the way and it shatters against the wall

Me: (screaming) Get out! Get out!

The shock on my father's face is priceless and I would enjoy it if I wasn't as angry as I feel. They click their tongues and walk out of the room. A nurse walks in and sees the shattered glasses.

Nurse: Are you OK?

I look at her seething in anger then nod so she can leave me alone.

Nurse: Are you sure?

I nod again. Can she just leave me alone!

Nurse: OK let me get someone to come and clean this up.

She gives me a warm smile and walks out. I then turn my attention to the pieces of shattered glass lying all over the floor. The glass suddenly looks like a gift from God. He is finally giving me a way out. I grin in pain as I pull the cannula off of my wrist. I wipe the blood off and peel the sheets off and that's when I remember my thighs were stabbed. They must have me on some strong meds because I haven't been feeling any pain so much so that I even forgot about that part of my horrific afternoon. I climb down the bed and grab the bigger glass and make my way to the bathroom in my room. You gotta love private hospitals. All the privacy you could ever ask for. And that reminds me. Mmaagwe Joe was right to wonder how I would pay

for this. How did I even come here? It's doesn't matter anymore anyway. Unless they have a debt collector in the after life, I won't be owing them soon enough. I close the door. Damn no key? It's a shower. I step into the shower and get the water running before I slice my left wrist. I place the wrist under the running water and watch the bloody water fall to the floor of the shower. I then slice my other wrist and sit under the shower and cry waiting for the sweet release of death...

oooo oooo

Morena

I had to follow the police to Nadia's house to get a few of her things and let them take finger prints and all that before they went to get the guy from the barracks. Part of me wishes I could see him. I want to bring him as close to death as he did Nadia. I just

want him to feel the pain he inflicted on her. The fact that they say him bathing her removed his DNA making it more difficult to prove makes my blood boil. He did it so he deserves to go to jail for it.

I then drive to my house to get my phone charger, change my t-shirt and explain myself to Lea. I open the door and frown when I see her bags packed next the couch she is sitting on.

Me: what's going on?

Lea: Morena where were you.?

Me: It's a long story and I will tell you but what is happening here? Why are your bags packed?

Lea: I am leaving you. I am done with this game. I sent you a text four hours ago and ke gone o tlang

jaana. I am taking Letlotlo to my parents house and I am going to take the job.

Me: uhu.

Lea: Is that all you can say? Uhu? Uhu Morena?

Me: What do you want to say Lea? You can see I have blood all over me and you tell me all these things when I have a lot on my mind? Ah mma wena o a lapisa kana (you are exhausting). I thought I was coming here to explain myself before leaving again but clearly you have made your own decisions so go ahead. You know I am never one to force anyone into doing anything. O tla tsamaya sentle and good luck on your job and let your parents know that I'd like to pick Letlotlo up every Friday to spend weekends with him.

I walk to the bedroom and open the closet doors to

get a clean t-shirt. I see her standing by the door with her arms folded.

Me: I thought you packed your clothes. Everything is still here moss.

Lea: Just like that Mozy? Are you going to throw our family away over a prostitute?

I bang one of the closet doors shut and give her the look of death. The look on her face shows she understands I am not impressed with her.

Me: (hissing) Don't you ever in your life say that about her. Do you understand me? (shouting) Do you understand me Lea?

She jumps back and nods her head. This isn't how I wanted things to turn out. I have never lost my

temper with Lea and I hate myself for scaring her. Her eyes start shining with tears so I walk over to her and hug her.

Me: I am so sorry babe. I wish this wasn't happening but it is. Everything would be so much easier for us if I had never met her. I am so sorry for hurting you like this. You deserve so much more than I can give you.

Lea: (crying on my torso) why can't you love me? Please don't let her tear us apart. You will learn to love me as time goes by. I promise you will begin to love me.

Me: (kissing the top of her head) I love you Lea. I love you very much which is why this has been so difficult to admit but I am in love with her. I have tried hating her and forgetting about her but she is the love of my life and I can't walk away from her as hard as I try. She almost lost her life today and she

needs me. I can't be here while I know she needs me right now. I hope you will find someone who will love you in the way you deserve but that person isn't me.

I let go of her and grab a t-shirt from the closet.

Me: I need go go babe.

She keeps holding onto me and shaking her head looking into my eyes with swollen eyes. I haven't really looked at her in so long that I hadn't seen how stress ridden she looks now. My chest tightens at the thought that I am the reason she looks like this. Why have I been so bad to this woman? The only mistake she has ever made is loving me. Why can't I love her back?

I force her fingers apart and remove her hands from my waist.

Lea: (crying) Mozy no. Don't do this to me.
(shouting) Don't do this Mozy! Please don't leave
me ke a go kopa tlherra! Morena! Morena!

Walking away from her screaming has to be the
most difficult thing I have ever done but I just have
to. I promised Nadia I will be back and I have been
gone for a while now.

[08/31, 17:53] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 55

Morena

I don't know why Nadia hasn't been answering my
calls. I called her just before my phone went off
wanting to find out what she wants me to buy her
but my call went unanswered.

Me: (bumping into someone) uhu sorry sir.

The man just ignores me and walks out the hospital doors. What a rude couple. Even the woman he is with gave me a nasty look. What's wrong with people? I turn away and walk into the hospital and make my way to Nadia's room. I really hope she won't ask me what the police said because I really just want her to focus on getting better. I open the door and find a woman on her knees. Oh she is cleaning up some glass. I'm guessing clumsy Nadia struck again.

Me: Dumelang.

Lady: Hello sir. I'm just about done here.

Me: No problem. (I look around) Where is she?

Lady: I hear the shower running so I guess she must be bathing.

Should she even be out of bed with those wounds? I nod my head and take a seat placing the bags I bought next to me as the cleaning lady leaves the room. I stick my phone in the charger and switch it back on. A message from Lea pops up. She sent it thirty minutes ago.

[I really don't know what I have done to deserve this type of rejection from you. I wish you had never asked me out again because by saying yes to you, I wound up having a child with a man who doesn't love me and broke my family apart. I don't know what you want me to do with all this heart break. I am a step child who never wants my own child to be a step child so I don't know where to go to from here. You tell me to find someone who loves me and I would have accepted that if I didn't have

Letlotlo. You have really broken my heart and dreams Morena.]

Damn. What do u even say to this? Neither of us went into this planning on having a child. It just happened and when it did happen, I was genuinely happy and excited. I love my son but I soon had to accept that I still love Nadia.

Ten minutes go by and she still hasn't come out of the shower. That's very unusual. Nadia hates showers. She used to complain about them back in school because she hated getting her hair wet. I bought her a couple of shower caps after that but she still swore she hates them and would rather relax in a tub than suffocate under running water.

I stand up and knock on the door.

Me: Nadia? Babe? I'm back. Are you not done yet?

Nadia? (frowning) Babe I am coming in OK?

I open the door and see her figure sitting on the shower floor. I rush over and slide the door open.

Me: Shit! Babe! Nadia?

The shower floor is as red as the tub I pulled her from earlier. I close the tap and run out to get help.

Me: Nurse! Doctor! I need help! Hurry!

Two nurses and a doctor rush in and follow me to the bathroom. I stand at the door so they can attend to her. Shit Nadia why did you do this? I saw a piece of glass in there. Why would she slit her wrists after surviving what she just survived?

The Doctor tells one of the nurses to bring two bags of blood in case she lost a lot of blood. They then gently carry her to the bed. And wheel her out.

Me: (panicked) Where are you taking her? Is she going to be OK?

Nurse: Sir I am going to need you to calm down. We are going to do the best we can for her but we need to run.

They speed off to God knows where. Why would Nadia do this? She was better when I left. She didn't even want me to go. Maybe I shouldn't have left. I should have stayed with her. None of this would be happening.

Me: God please don't let her die. Please save her for me. She deserves nothing but happiness after the day she has had. I want to give her that happiness.

Please God.

I sit on the chair waiting for anyone to come back to tell me what is happening. An hour goes by and my eyes start getting heavy.

oooo oooo

Tlotlo

I see that pregnancy comes with world class pampering in Avi's world and I am not complaining. We are finally home after the long day we have had and he is giving me a foot massage. I got used to it after a few minutes of laughing because I was feeling ticklish.

Avi: (pulling my phone off my hands) love tlhemma focus on the massage mma.

Me: (laughing) sorry therra. Can I just quickly reply Chantelle's message. I will be done in ten minutes, whether she is done or not.

He raises his brow and passes the phone back to me.

Chantelle [Kare he left here looking like he was punched in the gut! I was just sharing the good news with hubby and showing pictures and he happened to be here. Ijo mma he is more than touched.]

Me: [Lare Bogosi o swa leng kante? When will he ever accept that he is the reason we are where we are? It's been almost four years kana. Mxm. He must have bewitched me if he was expecting me to stick around for all eternity. Nna mma I didn't want to find myself fighting people for my children's

inheritance after he passes on gotwe I am not his wife so I have no claim. Imagine after so many year? Jeez! Honestly, starting over was the best decision I ever made. I wouldn't have found what I have now if I hadn't been brave enough to say enough is enough.]

Chantelle: [And that's exactly what I was trying to show Lea. Kana Morena is going to break that girl's heart if she doesn't open her eyes.]

Me: [Morena hela Morena? How would that sweetheart break her heart ne mma? I saw a picture of their baby on Tlamelo's phone. He is so cuuuute! Carbon copy ya ga daddy]

Chantelle: [hmm... Girl trust me when I say a lot has been happening. It seems he never got over that Nadia girl and Lea o hema ka mathumbu mma. She is trying too hard to please a man who loves another woman. Imagine a doctor putting her

qualifications aside to raise a baby when her mother offered to take the baby.]

Me: [Heela you should have sent her to me so I can testify gore nkile ka nna wife material to a boyfriend go fithela material o thunya] (I was a wife material to a boyfriend until the material lost its color)

Chantelle : [I told her gore legaga
la ga Kobokwe le epilwe ke wena o re o aga motse
]

Me: [Mxm sokela koo Monna. (get away)
Let me enjoy tender loving ya my man's mma. Night
love]

Chantelle: [night hun]

I put my phone away and give Avi a guilty smile.

Me: See? I'm done.

Avi: You are five minutes late moss.

I giggle and tickle his stomach with my toes.

Me: I love you so much Avi. Do you know that?

He bites his lip and smiles.

Avi: Amme? (really?)

Me: I really do handsome. Now let's talk wedding venues.

He chuckles and moves my feet off then stands up.

Me: Babe come on!

Avi: (kisses me) I told you to plan the wedding with Tlamelo and Chantelle or whoever. Nna ha ke di tsene nna. I did my part. Love you. Bye.

He walks off then I throw a pillow at him but I miss. Mxm. People set wedding dates by themselves only for them to run off when the real work has to be done.

oooo oooo

[The next day]

Narrated

Morena opens his eyes and leaps out of the chair when he sees Dikeledi sitting up in bed looking at him with an irritated look. He paces to her and holds her bandaged hand.

Morena: Babe are you OK? Please never scare me like that.

Dikeledi: why?

Morena: Why what?

Dikeledi: I hear you are the fool that saved me and I want to know why? Who sent you?

Morena: (confused) Babe why wouldn't I save you?

Dikeledi: (tears running down her face) Do you

know how tired I am of being alive? Do you have any idea how much I just don't want to exist anymore? Huh? What did you save me for? So someone can come and rape me a third time? Not even a third time. For a third person to come and rape me for the thousandth time? (shouting) I am tired of being raped my whole life Morena! I am tired of being a rapist's easy catch! Why didn't you let me die? Why? You want to rape me too? Is that what you want? Rape me then! Rape me so I can die in peace! Rape me! Rape me Morena! Rape me!

Dikeledi starts pulling her hospital robe off exposing her breasts freaking Morena out. He wants to hold her and comfort her but that could send her spiraling even more.

A nurse runs in and sees the scene. She rushes out and returns with an injection.

Dikeledi: Rape me damn it! Tell him to rape me! I won't fight him! Tell him so he can let me die in

peace!

Nurse: Love I need you to calm down so I am injecting you so you can rest ok. You are safe now. No one is Going to rape you.

Dikeledi's eyes begin to close and Morena sinks to the floor with his hands above his head

.

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[08/31, 17:53] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 56

Narrated

Two hours go by while Dikeledi is still asleep. When the medication wears off, she begins to wake from her sleep. She hears music playing and doesn't open her eyes as the lyrics speak to her.

.... Never had love (had a love)

When you was just a youngin', your looks were so precious

But now you're grown up, so fly it's like a blessing

But you, can't have a man look at you for five seconds

Without you being insecure

You never credit yourself so when you got older

It's seems like you came back ten times over

Now you're sitting here in this damn corner

Looking through all your thoughts and looking over your shoulder

See you had a lot of crooks try to steal your heart

Never really had luck, couldn't never figure out

How to love (how to love, how to love)

How to love (how to love, how to love)

Mm see you had a lot of moments that didn't last forever

Now you in this corner tryna put it together

How to love (how to love)

How to love (how to love)

Mm for a second you were here, now you over there

It's hard not to stare, the way you moving your body

Like you never had a love (had a love)

How to love (how to love)

Ooh, you had a lot of dreams that transform to
visions

The fact that you saw the world affected all your
decisions

But it wasn't your fault, wasn't in your intentions

To be the one here talking to me, be the one
listening

But I admire your poppin' bottles and dippin'

Just as much as you admire bartending and
strippin'

Baby, so don't be mad, nobody else trippin'

You seen a lot of crooks and the crooks still crook

You see you had a lot of crooks try to steal your
heart

Never really had luck, couldn't never figure out

How to love (how to love)

How to love (how to love)

Mm see you had a lot of moments that didn't last forever

Now you in this corner tryna put it together

How to love (how to love)

How to love (how to love)

Ooh, see I just want you to know (You to know)

That you deserve the best

You're beautiful, you're beautiful

Yeah, and I want you to know

You're far from the usual, far from the usual

You see you had a lot of crooks try to steal your heart...

[Lil Wayne-How to love]

Morena wipes the tears off his eyes and stops the music when he notices the tears falling at the

corner of her eyes. He snuffles and clears his throat composing himself. He has been trying to process all the things he heard her saying before she was sedated. The pained look on her face and the memory of seeing her on the bloody floor chocked him as he realized how much she really wanted to die. He has been asking himself who else raped her. A thousand times she said. He kept asking himself how it's possible for her to have been raped more than once. Thinking back to the time he found out about the Jojo dolls and Tyler makes him wonder if it happened at that time. Did some of her clients rape her?

Dikeledi slowly opens her eyes and looks at him sitting on the couch with red eyes. Her mouth starts to wobble. He stands up and reaches for hand. She doesn't protest so he takes it in his trying not to hurt her slit wrist. He looks into her eyes and kisses her hand.

Morena: I don't know what you have been through to make you want to kill yourself but I am sorry to say that I can't let you. You may feel like it's the easiest way out for you but I have to be selfish and say I can't let you. I will always break doors down to check if you aren't lying dead on the floor and I will do whatever it takes to wake you up because I can't be in a world where there is no Nadia. It wasn't easy to act like I hate you for the past three years but you now want me to live in a world where you don't exist? No I'm sorry I can't. (wipes a tear) I can't let you go. We will get through whatever you are feeling right now. You aren't alone anymore my queen. You are the love of my life and I am not letting you go. You are my all in all so unless you have space in that coffin for me then you aren't going anywhere do you hear me? Do you hear me Nadia? I am not letting go of you. OK? You aren't going anywhere do you hear me?

She nods her head over and over before bawling out on his chest. He kisses the top of her head

enveloping her in his arms and letting her cry it out.

A few seconds later, the door opens and Boleng bursts in with Tony behind her. She stops in her tracks when she sees Dikeledi in Morena's arms. She knew it was him from the pictures she used to show her. Dikeledi lifts her head from Morena's neck and sees her God given sister. The feeling of loneliness ebbs away when she remembers the day her grandmother left her to Boleng's mother. Morena lifts his head and looks at the people who just came in. Dikeledi releases her hold on Morena and looks at Boleng who has her outer hand over her mouth crying. She runs into Dikeledi's arms as soon as Morena moves. They embrace each other and cry.

Morena: (shaking Tony's hand) Hi I am Morena.

Tony: I am Tony. It's good to finally meet you man even though it's under such circumstances.

Morena: (raises his brow) finally?

Tony: yeah. I have known about you for a couple of years now. I had to pamper Boleng a lot after you and Dikheledi broke up. It was like you dumped her.

Morena: (frowns) Dike-

The door opens again and a woman wearing glasses walks in holding a file.

Woman: Oh hello. I didn't realize you had so many visitors Dikeledi. I am Doctor Hadassah, the resident Pshycologist.

Dikeledi: (sniffling and wiping her tears) Oh. OK. Boleng can you guys give us a few minutes. I want to get out of this hospital and the Doctor said I can't

leave until I get an analysis.

Boleng: (sniffles) OK babe. Text me when she leaves. We will go get you some things OK?

Dikeledi slowly nods her head. Tony opens the door and walks out with Boleng. Morena picks his phone up to walk out.

Dikeledi: No please stay...Can he stay?

Dr Hadassah: if you are comfortable with it then I don't mind.

Morena offers her the chair opting to stand. She opens her file and looks at Dikeledi.

Dikeledi: Your name sounds familiar to me.

Dr Hadasah: That is because Dr Milton recommended me to you and told me about you. I was looking forward to your call not receiving your suicide attempt file. We will deal with actual issues that have been highlighted to me by Dr Milton but for now I have to perform an analysis to determine where you are emotionally and psychologically. Is that OK? And know that there is no wrong or right answer. I just want to know what you actually think and feel OK?

Dikeledi sighs and nods her head. All she wants is to go home.

Dr Hadasah: OK Dikeledi, well sometimes people feel that life is not worth living. Can you tell me how you feel about your own life?

Morena frowns at this Dikeledi name again asking

himself why everyone keeps calling her that.

Dikeledi: (shrugs looking at her hands) I don't know. I don't really know what to think about my life. It's just. Ah I feel tired of it. I don't think it's worth any of the pain I feel.

Dr Hadassah : (scribbling) What are some of the aspects of your life that may make you feel or think that your life is not worth living?

Dikeledi: (bites her lip) Everything. Nothing has ever worked out in my life. I sometimes feel like I am never meant to be happy. My grandfather robbed me of my innocence and everything went downhill from there. Getting picked on in school for having a bad odour, an odour caused by being raped day in and day out by a man that was supposed to protect me. How can my life be worth living when I have been raped since I was eight and just when I thought I had escaped it all, a man I never thought

would harm me raped me in the most violent way I have ever experienced. (blinks and tears fall) It can only get worse from here right? How could this be a worthy life to live?

Dr Hadassah: do you think about a more permanent escape to this life?

Dikeledi: {wipes her tears} I never did until I saw blood oozing from my thighs as I was getting raped. For the first time I realized I could actually escape this painful life. I could finally be free and permanently forget my pain because using sex to cope hadn't worked. It was now being used to bring back the pain by the very person I was using to help me forget. I mean I tried to bury my birth name and called myself Nadia thinking I would be free of all the pain that came with being Dikeledi but look at me. Worse off than where I started from. Isn't it better to just die?

She goes on to ask Dikeledi more questions and the answers emotionally cripple Morena more. It was as if his eyes were opening and for the first time he could finally see reason for the pain he saw that day in the parking lot. When he introduced himself to a beautiful girl who seemed to be carrying the weight of the world on her shoulders. He sits there listening and asking himself what he could have done to get her to open up. Maybe if he had gotten her to open up she would be better now and none of the things she has gone through since coming to Gaborone would have happened. Picturing an eight year old little girl with a man on top of her suffocates him. He wants to step out for fresh air but leaving her feels wrong.

Thirty minutes later, the doctor says goodbye after booking an actual therapy session with Dikeledi.

Dikeledi heaves a sigh feeling emotionally exhausted and leans back into the pillow. Morena

plops himself on the chair and stares at the wall.

Dikeledi: You can go if you want to. I know all this was a lot for you and you don't have to be here. I was never honest with you from the beginning and now you know the real me. I know it's a lot to take in. I wanted you to stay so you can get over the idea of this innocent little Nadia. That's not who I am. I am the damaged and unlucky Dikeledi who was trying to escape her past and now her life.

Morena: (looks at her) Nadia... (shakes his head) I guess you didn't understand me or maybe you didn't believe me when I said I am not going anywhere and neither are you. I hate the fact that I couldn't protect you from this cruel world you have been living in. If I knew what you went through I would have never let you go. I feel so guilty because I feel like Sébastien happened because I wasn't there for you. I feel like Tyler and the Jojo dolls happened because you felt alone. I am sorry to

disappoint you but I am not going anywhere and you are my Nadia. I don't care what name is on your ID. My queen's name is Nadia. Do you know what it means?

Dikeledi shakes her head.

Morena: (chuckles) I am so obsessed that I googled someone's name. Jeez.

He stands up and holds her hand.

Morena: Nadia means hope. You were giving yourself hope when you gave yourself that name. Hope at a new you, a new life and that's what I am going to give you. Do you understand? You are my hope too you know. Hope for true love. So don't bother trying to chase me because (sings) you and me baby we're stuck like glue

Nadia smiles through her tears and puts her wet face on his chest when he hugs her.

[3 months later]

[08/31, 17:53] : MINI INSERT

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 57

[three months later]

Nadia

Going through life is like trying to win a maze race. Each time you think you are about to make it out of the maze, you hit a dead end and have to go back to look for another way out. Some people make it out of the maze but others run the race all their lives without seeing the other side of the maze. I on the other hand am that person who isn't really looking for the other side of the maze anymore. I have learnt to live in my maze and if I find my way out by happenstance then I'd rejoice. Until then I am just here, taking it one day at a time.

I have been having sessions with Dr Hadasah for a few months now and I feel better than I did when it started. I don't think about dying as much as I used to anymore. My job also makes me realize that I am not the only one who has a crappy life. I was worried I had lost my job but it turned out that Morena and my boss Marcus used to play basketball together in school so he spoke to him explaining my situation and he told him I was only supposed to come and sign the contract but I was

only meant to start working two weeks later. I was so relieved.

Sébastien on the other hand was given bail. My father was at his hearing but he and I didn't speak that day. I honestly feel like I am done with him. If I never see him again, then it will be too soon. The case is set for four months from now and I sometimes feel like it's Ntate all over again.

I am going to have to testify in front of everyone again. When Boleng's step father found out about what Sébastien did to me, he was so enraged that he apparently came to Gaborone just to beat his brother up. Boleng says Sébastien had to use crutches for a month after that but I still feel like he deserves more. He deserves the death Ntate got and more.

I stayed with Morena for a month after being discharged from the hospital because I wanted to look for a new house. I never went back to my

house. He even did the moving with his younger brother. I honestly couldn't stomach the thought of going back in there. He tried convincing me to live with him permanently but I wasn't having it. My grandmother used to shun cohabitation so much that she would probably roll in her grave if I did and I think I have made her roll around in there enough. She deserves to rest.

I still get nightmares from time to time. I can't close my bedroom door anymore and I have to sleep with all the lights on in my house. Morena has tried telling me how unsafe it is for me to do that but darkness suffocates me. Dr Hadassah says it's PTSD stemming from my childhood traumas and Sébastien trapping me in the house triggered it. I believe her because if I could, I'd never lock any door in the house.

Boleng's wedding is coming up next month. She planned it out to be a small event despite her

mother's protests. Tony has told her not to expect the same thing when they go and celebrate in Nigeria because his family was planning a feast of kings. She hates everything about it because she is pregnant and feels fat. Not that she looks fat, she feels it. And if you try telling her any different she cries and calls you a liar. I feel sorry for Tony.

I have to finish up and go meet Boleng. She is in town for what Morena was planning to be a surprise birthday party for my 25th but I found out because he kept sneaking around on the phone. My insecurities popped up and I accused him of having another woman so he had to tell me what he was planning. He was disappointed in me but I was relieved. I have never stopped loving Morena and I love him even more now. I feel sorry for how things ended with him and Lea but there is nothing I can do about it because I didn't do anything to break them up. It was his choice. Letlotlo spends two weekends with Morena and two with his mother. She has told Morena not to allow me near her son

until she and I have met and I respect that so I give him space when he is with his son because I hate drama.

Me' (on the phone) Hi B!

Boleng: Hi sistaz! Where are you? I have been waiting for you for twenty minutes now. How do you keep a pregnant bride to be waiting all alone in a mall.

Me: (rolling my eyes) I am on my way. Tell Tony to buy you ice cream.

Boleng: OK. Hurry up.

I hang up and laugh. Miss all alone in a mall can't even stick to her lie.

Me: (shouting) Babe! Boleng just called. We need to go!

Morena: (from the living room) I am done nna! Let me answer my dad's call then we can go.

oooo oooo

Morena

Me: Paps! How are you?

Dad: o Raya nyaps nyao are nyou wa eng Morena? Waitse gore I have failed as father. How secretive can you be that I have to find out from the mother of your son that you left her? Huh? Nna I called her to check on my grandson and when I asked to speak to you she tells me you broke up three months ago. Three months Morena? Why haven't

you told me? Huh? Even your mother didn't know!
Kante le rileng basimane ke lona? (what is wrong
with you boys?) I am asking you a question dammit!

Me: (scratching my head) I am sorry for not telling
you.

He chuckles over the phone and I know shit has hit
the fan. I am told I am the one most like my father
and it's true. When that man stops laughing and
joking around anyone around him looks for a space
to hide themselves. He has low tolerance for bull
sh*t and what I have done is bull sh*t Supreme in
his books.

Dad: Morena Morena you boys have clearly
forgotten who I am. Tell those brothers of yours
that I want them in my house in the next hour and
ha ke shename (I am not joking). Koo teng lare le
godile. Ke tla le kopakopanya le mabota gore le
ipots e gore a mme ke rraalona tota. Nxla! (I'll beat

you all up so bad that you will wonder if I am actually your father). ONE HOUR!

He cuts the call and my throat is already dry. Shit!

Nadia comes out of the bedroom and she looks so beautiful. She took her wig off and styled her hair. I love her like this. I asked her to get it professionally styled for her party tonight and she agreed. Why did my dad have to find out today of all days? I hope this meeting doesn't take too long because I have to finalize a few things with the party planner.

Nadia: (shaking my shoulder) Hey where did you go? Are you OK?

Me: (sighing) Yeah I am just thinking about all the things I have to do before tonight.

Nadia: (smiles and kisses my cheek) I could help you out you know.

Me: (standing up) not happening. You ruined the surprise already by making me tell you about the party and I am not letting you take away the last elements of surprise by asking you to help me. It's not happening. Let me go drop you off.

Nadia: OK. If that's all that is worrying you then it's fine. I thought it had something to do with your dad's call.

Me: (rubbing my face) no he just wants my brother's and I go come over.

Nadiia: oh? Is everything ok?

I give her a kiss on the cheek.

Me: Everything is fine. Don't worry about it.

oooo oooo

Tlotlo

Chantelle : Babe you need to stop crying. Do you know how much I am paying this woman to do your makeup? You have to be walking down the aisle in an hour and these tears aren't helping. You are only allowed to cry after Avi sees you. OK?

Me: (sniffing) I can't help it. It just feels like a dream and I am scared I am about to wake up. I am getting married Chanty. And to a man who makes me feel like I am the only woman in the world. I am so happy that this is the second time I am crying since he gave me a lift years ago. He doesn't make me cry

unless it's tears of joy and I just can't believe that he is actually mine. Do such things actually happen?

Chantelle:(wiping her tears) Babe this is happening to you. Some of us find that once in a lifetime type of love that others can only wish for. But I want you to know that just because you are at your happiest right now it doesn't mean it will always be like that. (shows me her ring) O bona e (you see this one) many people yearn to have this on their finger but it doesn't come without its own pains. It doesn't matter how long you have been dating a man or even cohabiting for ten years. The moment you say I do, everything changes. You will now begin to see the real him and he will see the real you. All this that had been happening was a campaign to get to this day. Today both of you are winning the elections and it is up to both of you on whether you will keep the spark alive or not but I promise you now gore don't even expect things to be exactly the same. Accept the change you will see in him as he will have to accept yours because either way, elections

are over and there is no going back. Love your husband, respect him and try your best to still bring the Tlotlo he fell in love with. Wear that lingerie from time to time le itotelle mo roomung and play together before this little guy is born because things will change even more once he is born. All your other kids are grown and this one is square one. Always remember how much he loves you by reminding yourself of these days and in a few years, you two will be used to bring married and a new type of love will be birthed. A more permanent one that says this is mine and I accept him or her. It's a very comfortable feeling that surpasses the honeymoon stage you are in now. Never give up my love.

My tears are basically gone now. I never even thought that far. I honestly thought Avi was my perfect reward for all I went through with Bogosi and I think I might be putting too much pressure on him because of that. I was probably going to feel betrayed if he changed after getting married

because I love the perfect him. Hearing Chantelle's words has really sobered me up.

Me: But what happens if it's a change I can't live with? What if I don't know the real Avi and he has been pretending all along? What do I do if he turns out to be an abusive monster? What will I do? Oh my God I am marrying a man I don't know.

Chantelle: Tlotlo breathe.. Come on do it with me. Breathe in and out. Take another deep breath in and out. Good that's it my love. Now you and I both know that man loves you. There is simply no question about that. And if a man loves you, he will do anything to make you happy. All I was saying is, even if a bad day comes along, don't throw in the towel and give up on Avi. Remember this feeling of being the happiest woman in the world. Let it always be the beacon that leads you home. OK?

I nod my head and smile.

Chantelle: Now stop crying and let these old women come and dress you up so we can go.

I laugh as she walks out to let them know I am ready. I am getting married!

[08/31, 17:54] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 58

Narrated

Brian Nhira's 'Till death do us part' plays in the background as Tlotlo walks along the aisle. Each step she takes has Avi's heart racing. This is the song he asked her to walk towards him with and right now every word of the lyrics tugs at his heart as he realizes he is about to commit his life to this gorgeous woman walking towards him. Her

unveiled face shows that she is also fighting her emotions. To think an accident is what brought them together seems funny to him. Her smile melts his heart as they eyes focus on each other. A tear escapes his eye and he quickly wipes it. His brother pats his shoulder twice as they watch her. Tlotlo's mother wipes tears from her eyes thanking God for finally answering her prayers. Tyler's heart saddens as he remembers the day his own wife walked down the isle and how they promised each other forever. He looks at Amantle who is looking around curiously and kisses her forehead. Tlotlo's children are all dressed according to the themes. Tehillah too is dressed as a flower girl despite Tilda's initial protests.

Tlotlo gets to the alter and Tyler does everything to stop himself from kissing her. He wipes her tears with a smile on his face. Everyone sits down and the pastor begins to officiate the ceremony.

Pastor: Dearly beloved, we are gathered here in the presence of God and all of you family and friends to join Avi Kemoneilwe Thompson and Tlotlo Diseko in holy matrimony.

The pastor then shares a few words of encouragement to the couple and encourages the couple's family to never involve themselves in their children's marriage as this is what breaks couples apart. That they should only give advice when the couple seeks their advice. He then sums up by encouraging Avi and Tlotlo to make God the center of their marriage if they want to stand a chance in staying married.

Pastor: The two have written their own vows so I would like to give them this opportunity to pledge their love and commitment to each other. Avi you can go first.

Avi: (clears his throat) Tlotlo my love. To be

standing here with you is like something out of a dream. I never thought I'd ever stand here getting married to anyone. But you came along and turned my world upside down and changed every value I had. The love you have in your heart is so pure that it deserves all the happiness in the world. I can't dare to promise you the perfect marriage or to be the perfect husband because that would be starting our marriage off with a lie. I will promise you that as long as there is breath in my body, my heart will only ever beat for you and I will always correct myself if I ever wrong you. I will always protect you and our children. I now know what the phrase love of my life means because of you and I intend to make you as happy as I can all the days of our lives. This ring is a symbol of my commitment to you. As this circle wraps around your finger, know that this is my heart and it has you. I love you so much Tlotlo.

Tlotlo's tears are flowing like a waterfall now and she keeps having to pat them off with a handkerchief Avi gave her. Everyone claps their

hands and some men whistle while woman ululate. The pastor signals that its Tlotlo's turn. She clears her throat and tries to compose herself.

Tlotlo: Tlherra you finished me. Look at me.
(everyone laughs) Avi waaka, you are more than what I have ever imagined I could get. Before you, I had given up on love or even the idea of marriage. I mean everyone made it sound like I was too late in the marriage game and getting married with three children is a ridiculous thought but when you look at me you don't see a mother of three. You see me as I am. To you I am Tlotlo who lives with three housemates. (everyone loves) But you love my housemates so much and they love you too so I have no doubt in my mind that you and I could actually make this work. This feels like a new adventure and I am so excited to be doing it with you. You truly are my gift. I promise to be the best wife I can be to you. And please never give up on me. Because I can be a lot you know (everyone laughs). Please know that I love you now, forever

and always.

She slips the ring onto his finger and everyone claps again.

Pastor: By the powers vested in me by the government of Botswana, I now declare you husband and wife. Mr Thompson you may now kiss your bride.

Avi smiles and stretches playfully making Tlotlo and everyone laugh.

Tlotlo: Dira tlherra. (do it already)

Avi: O a mpatla Ebile? (you already want me?)

Tlotlo laughs and that's when Avi lands his lips on

hers kissing her like the world around them doesn't exist. Everyone claps and ululates. Eventually everyone leaves the church and heads off to take pictures before heading to Mmaagwe Tlotlo's house where the tent has been set up. Celebration is in the air and everyone can feel it.....

At Mr Morena's house

Morena and his brothers sit across their parents in the living room feeling like little boys again. Kgosi on the other hand doesn't understand why he has been summoned. Or maybe it's so he can help his father to reprimand Morena.

Mr Morena: Waitse gore I don't even know where to start with the four of you. (looks at Kgosi) Kgosi, your daughter, my grandchild is about to give birth any day now and you still don't know who impregnated her? Tell Bogolo I want to see her this evening. Ke bona gore o a le tlwaela. Where is your

wife? I was expecting her to be here today.

Kgosi: She is at Tlotlo's wedding.

Mr Morena shakes his head and looks at Bogosi.

Mr Morena: Do you hear that? Serious men have taken your wife wena o ha o rwele tlhogo okare koko e tshetswe ka metsi. Where is your life going huh? That man has set a better example for your sons compared to the rubbish you did. How many times did your mother and I tell you to do right by the mother of your children? None of your children even bear your name. O kare Tlotlo o ka bo a go baakantsa a tsenya bana mo nyalong re tle re bone gore o a go itheng. Kana o na le bana ba bangwe rra ke rona re go tsentseng dingalo? (I wish Tlotlo had given your children her husband's surname so we can see what you were going to do. Or is it that you have other children and we are the ones bothering you for no reason?)

Bogosi looks at his feet.

Mr Morena: I am talking to you Bogosi. Open that mouth!

Bogosi:(With a low voice) Nnyaa rra. (No sir)

Mr Morena: Then I better hear you telling me you are going to pay damages for those children soon and give them your name because no grandchildren of mine will go around aimlessly as if they are fatherless. I want to be able to stand proudly when Tlamelo gets married. Lesa go dira matlakala Pele ga o ntena. (Stop all this nonsense before you tick me off) Am I clear?

Bogosi: Yes sir.

Mr Morena: Kgotla!

Kgotla: Rra.

Mr Morena: Kgotla!

Kgotla: Rra.

Mr Morena: Let this be the last time my wife ever catches you sneaking a girl into my house. Golo ha ha se ko ga Mma pereko ha. (this isn't a lawless house). Have you seen any of your brothers bringing girlfriends to sleep in my house?

Kgotla: (Looking at his feet) Nnya rra.

Mr Morena: So ke eng? Ba go lowa? (are you bewitched?) In my house? The next time you try

that nonsense I will put my shambok aside and you and I will fight so we can see if you really are the man you think you are. When you begged us to live in our house instead of staying on campus o re o tshaba tlala (saying you don't want to starve there) , we told you we don't want to see anything disturbing. Now my wife has to scream in the middle of the night thinking a witch has come into her house kante you are sneaking a girl in. And kante ha go aparwe naare? (don't people dress anymore?) How does a girl go to her boyfriend's house wearing a belt and saying it's a skirt? Try me again and you will know who Lekgotla Morena is. Am I clear? Being twenty two doesn't make you a man. I will discipline you as long as you are my son. Moving out makes no difference to me. As long as I have blood pumping in my veins, I will call you all to order. Am I clear to you all?

All of them: Yes sir.

Mr Morena: Wena Morena what is going on with you?
Did you lose your mind?

Morena: No sir.

Mr Morena: Don't even say no sir because only a confused and insane person can do what you have done. What has Lea done to you?

Morena: nothing.

Mr Morena: And that is why I believe you have lost your mind. I hear you left her for that Nadia girl. Ele gore ha o a baka? (Didn't you learn your lesson?) Do you want to actually die in a car accident because of another entanglement with another woman's husband? Someone shows you who they truly are and you choose to not believe them? What happens if she cheats on you again?

Morena: She won't.

Mr Morena: And how do you know this? Tota bona I don't care what you think she is going to do. I want to understand why you left the mother of your child. Tota le tlaare le goditse mang? (who are you learning this behavior from?) You have never seen some person walking into our home saying they are my long lost children. The four of you are the only children I have. But you guys want to go around leaving your children with different women. What nonsense is that? Why get someone pregnant if you have no intention of marrying them? Ke sone se Gaborone? Morena?

Morena: Rra.

Mr Morena: ke a shimisega. (I'm am nauseated)
Your decision making is very questionable and you are the last one I was expecting to behave like this.
Where do you even see your relationship going with

this woman?

Morena: (looks at his hands) I want to ask her to marry me tonight.

Mr Morena frowns then looks at his wife.

Mrs Morena: Morena, you know very well that we are not the kind of parents that stick their necks into our children's relationships and maybe that's why Bogosi did what he did. I don't know. Which is why I want to tell you the truth. I loved that girl the first day I saw her but what she turned out to be is something I can never forget. How do you expect us to accept a woman that not only had an affair with a married man but also slept with God knows how many men for money? High paid prostitution Morena? Nnyaa ngwanaka. (no my son.) I can never accept such. I am sorry but I can't. I can never trust such a woman and I never want to find myself as a wicked mother in law. Sa batle go nteofisa.

(please don't lead me into sin.)

Morena: But I love her.

Mr Morena: then you will have to love her there. If you ask her to marry you then don't involve us because I can't open my mouth to ask my brothers to help my son marry a prostitute. Never!

He stands up and walks off with his wife behind him.

[08/31, 17:54] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 59

Narrated

At Mr Morena's house

After a few minutes of dead silence in the the living room, Morena stands up and walks to his parents bedroom. He knocks on the door and enters when his mother tells him to. He finds his father sitting on the bed with his head against the headboard while his mother is sitting on the couch with her phone.

Morena: Mama, Papa, I need you to understand my decision. I love Nadia so much that I have forgiven her for all her mistakes. Why can't you do the same?

Mr Morena: Morena you are a father now and maybe one day you will understand but let me paint a picture for you. You get a call one afternoon and you are told your son has been in a car accident. You rush to the hospital thinking the worst. Asking yourself if your son is on life support or if they are dead and no one wants to tell you over the phone. You then find out your son is fine and you are relieved only to hear that his girlfriend has been

cheating on him throughout their relationship and not just with one man or two. I don't even want to know how many men she slept with while she was with you or the risk she put you in. What would you say if you were in my shoes? Be me for a minute and tell me.

Morena: But I forgave her. I wish I could explain to you why she did what she did but I respect her privacy.

I want to marry her and I am going to ask her to marry me tonight. Please accept my decision. If you love me as your son then my happiness should mean something to you.

Mr Morena: I think you misunderstand us. Morena I told you that if you ask her to marry you then you shouldn't expect me or Mmakgosi wame to be involved. We can't force you to marry the mother of your child or to break up with your girlfriend. That isn't who we are. But in that same regard, you can't

force us to accept this. Marry her if you want to but she isn't going to be my daughter in law. She will be your wife and I honestly wish you all the best my son. I genuinely hope she makes you as happy as my wife has made me but I can't see myself assist my son to marry the same woman who was playing him. What happens if she gets tempted to cheat on you again? What happens if she tells you she is going on a work trip? Will you trust her? I respect you as my son and I never want to find myself questioning the paternity of your wife's son when she is pregnant. I am sorry but I can't.

Mrs Morena : We will come to the wedding if you want us to but we can't do more than that. E tlaabo e se ngwetsi ya rona (she won't be our daughter in law).

Morena: (swallows a painful lump) So what do you want me to do? You raised us to value paying magadi and you now want to rob me of that pride? I

don't want a wife on paper only. That's not how you raised us.

Mr Morena: OK then Bua le bo malomaago le bo rrangwanaago gore ba go thuse. (ask your uncles to help you.)

Morena: You know they will want to know why you aren't involved. Why are you making this impossible for me? Please help me. Trust my decision and let me make my own mistakes if this is one.

Mr Morena: Like I said, I accept that you want to marry her but I am not putting my name in this. Please also accept our decision to want nothing to do with this. Ask your brothers to help you then.

Morena: (blinking rapidly) Mama..

Mrs Morena stands up and gives her son a hug.

Mrs Morena: You know your father and I love you. We accept that you are grown man now and you make your own decisions lest you point a finger at us tomorrow. But we also made our own decision lest we blame ourselves for not warning you. If she is what makes you happy my son then I hope you have all the joy and happiness in the world. I love you so much my baby.

She let's go of him and kisses his cheek.

Morena stands there for a minute trying to find a way of convincing his parents to help him. He finally sighs and walks out. He finds his brothers sitting in the same spots.

Kgotla: Any luck?

Morena: (shakes his head) Ba a gana (they are refusing). They say I should do it without them.

Bogosi: Magadi?

Morena: They refused.

Kgotla: So are you going to cancel the surprise with the planner?

Morena: (scratches his head in frustration and sits down) I can't do that. So many people already know I am going to propose and if I don't do it Boleng might let it slip then it will be a mess.

Kgosi: So are you just going to do it without their blessing?

Morena: (looks at Kgosi) I love Nadia Kgosi. I know she isn't the ideal wife my family would have me marry. I spent so many years trying to hate her but I loved her more. I know she is a mess but she is my mess. I have accepted her for who she is and I see her beyond her past. I don't know what our parents are going to say tomorrow but I know that tonight I am asking my queen to marry me. The rest will follow.

Kgosi: OK then. If that's how you feel then I will help you as best as I can. I will speak to our married cousins so they can help us because I know bo Rangwane won't be involved without papa.

Morena: (looking shocked) Would you really do that?

Kgosi: it's no secret that I have always loved Lea for you and I am very disappointed you two couldn't make it work but at the end of the day you are my brother and I have your back.

Morena exhales deeply and puts his hands over his head.

Morena: (hugs Kgosi) thank you so much. You dint know what this means to me.

Kgotla: Bogosi wena wa go dira eng ka nna ke best man? (Bogosi what are you going to do seeing as I am the best man?) Kana we wouldn't need many cousins if you were married. Now we have to ask for help from the whole tribe because of you.

Bogosi: (smacks his head) o a swaba Kgotla. (I'll put you to shame) O dirwa ke go tliša banyana ba sa tsala mo lapeng. (The reason you behave this way is because you being naked girls home)

Kgosi: (laughs) What were you even thinking? O tla bolawa ke Lekgotla wena! (Lekgotla will kill you)

Kgotla stands up and lifts his t-shirt to show them the lashes on his back. His brother exclaim and laugh at him.

Kgotla: Thay man is a beast. And he made me feel so secure. Mxm. Kana we were trying to sneak in and I told the girl which room to go to while I was locking the door because I wanted her to be in my room buy incase they hear the locking so they oy find me in the living room. I was locking the door when I heard ma screaming in the passage. Ha ke re mama I hear paps roaring 'Mmakgosi go rileng? Go rileng?' (While I try processing mum's screams I hear paps shouting for his wife and asking what's wrong)

The brothers laugh anticipating the rest of the story.

Kgotla: Heish I thought of opening that door and

running away because cheri ele ene I knew they wouldn't hurt her. I was the one with a target on his back. Then I heard paps shouting 'o moloi naare?' (Are to us witch)

The brother's burst out laughing again.

Kgotla: Ah I had to just walk to the passage. I tried explaining myself and paps gave me his car keys to go and drop her at her house because he wasn't letting he'd sleep in his house. Heish I was so horny that time but I didn't dare say anything. I dropped her off without even touching her because I was afraid of what I was going to find when I got home. I found Lekgotla waiting for me in the living room and I was like yeah ke nnye gompiano. Then your father shocks me by asking me if I got her home safe and if I use protection and if she is the only girl I sleep with. Kana this was around 3am nna ke batla go robala ka nopa yame. (they laugh). Our conversation ends and we both head to our rooms

to sleep. I was deep in dreamland when I dreamt I was a donkey and someone was in top of me beating me. By the third lash my eyes were wide open ke re ke a siya kante your father has locked the door. Heish ke beditswe ke sethakra gompiano!
(I was beaten by a skilled man)

By the time he is done his brothers are in tears.

Kgotla: If 'ke bakile' was a person it would be me.
Stru!

Mr Morena and his wife listen to the if sons lughters and chuckle listening to Kgotla's usual exaggerations. Mrs Morena joins her husband in bed and lies on his chest.

Mrs Morena: Why did they have to grow up and face this cruel world?

Mr Morena: They are tough men. Don't worry about them. We taught them that as long as they have each other, they can overcome everything. They know they are a team and we are team too. Together we can conquer every thing.

He traces his hands along her collar bone and lightly grazes her breast before pinching her nipple.

Mrs Morena: (hitched breath) Papas therra don't.

Mr Morena: (rubs his hardness against her hip) O Raya gore ha o batle nna ke go batla jaana? (Are you saying you don't want me when I want you this much?)

Mrs Morena bites her lip enjoying the pleasure of his hand inside her bra.

Mrs Morena: What if they hear us?

Mr Morena: Ba tla ipona. They will run outside our house then because if I want to give my wife some good lovin' in my house, I am going to give my wife some very good lovin'.

She squeals when he climbs on top of her. He kisses her slowly and passionately running his hand up her dress feeling her thigh until her reaches her panty. He pulls her panty down impatiently as his throbbing member aches for her. He removes the straps of her dress and #EXPLICIT

oooo oooo

Tlotlo

Avi: (Laughs) Am I in for another night of you waking up to constantly check your ring?

Me: (laughing and kissing my ring) I still feel like I will wake up anytime and find my engagement ring back on my left hand. Nka lela gore Avi. (I would cry so much)

Avi laughs and climbs on top of me.

Avi: Maybe this will make it feel more real to you.

He kisses me without resting on top of me. He goes down and kisses my now slightly visible bump.

Me :Baby are we actually going to have sex with your family listening to us? Ke tlhabiwa ke kgala gore rra. (I feel ashamed)

Avi: (chuckles) And your better moan loudly too. I don't want to be accused of not being a man. O kue

hela ba go utlwe ko gating kwa. (you should scream so loudly that they hear you all the way at the gate.

I look at him in shock and push his face off laughing. He lies next to me and pulls me on top of him. Both of us are naked because we just took baths. I feel him rubbing against me and my pregnancy hormones betray me. I wanted to make him beg for it but it seems like I am going to be an easy catch.

Me: (grinding on him) Should you be the one top of me proving yourself to be a skilled lover?

Avi: (squeezes my butt) I want to feel what married woman on top feels like Akere.

I throw my head back and laugh. He quickly lifts me and before I realize it I feel him pushing himself into me. My mouth opens as the thrill travels through

my body. I then gain composure and lift myself off of him and #EXPLICIT

oooo oooo

Nadia

I now understand why Boleng thinks she looks fat. The girl eats like a bear preparing for winter hibernation! She refused to go to a fast food restaurant saying she wants a three course meal. Her starter was a main meal on its own! She ordered steak as her starter. The waiter tired telling her it wasn't a starter then she frowned and pointed at her bump and told the poor guy to tell the Nigerian boy in her womb that. Then she orders mashed potatoes and lamb shanks for her main meal and for desert, she has carrot cake. The heaviest of all cakes. I didn't dare say anything

because I personally have no intention of telling a Nigerian baby that it's mother overeats. I hope I will be nothing like her.

Boleng: (licking the cream on her fork) OK, so now that I am full I can finally listen. What did you want to tell me?

Me: (biting my lip nervously) OK I am not one hundred percent sure yet and I haven't said anything to Morena but I think I am pregnant.

Boleng: (wide eyed) Oh my God! Are you serious? Why do you think so?

Me: Well I missed my period for the first time in my life. It's been a week now. Morena likes to do the withdrawal thing and I missed one pill one time. I don't if that's when it happened. I don't know.

Boleng;ok.. OK.. So.. How do we feel about this? Are we happy? Are we ready for it?

Me: (sigh) I don't know how I feel but I know I am not regretting anything. I love Morena and he loves me too. I guess this is what I need, someone I can actually call mine. You know? Having my own baby is something I never dreamed off after all that mess with Richard but I am actually excited about this.

Boleng: (smiles and squeals) then congratulations mama! This is just perfect and tonight is going to be the cherry on top!

She clapps her hands excitedly. Boleng is a wierd child. What pregnant person gets excited about a birthday party at night even?

The #EXPLICIT will be posted tomorrow. Click the visit page button under the page name to access the group.

[08/31, 17:54] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 60

Nadia

A life like the one I have lived leaves no room for dreaming of fairytales but this right here feels like the beginning of a fairytale for me. Morena got me a dress to wear to my party. It is a gold sequined dress with a high neck and a slit that goes up to my thigh. I haven't worn a dress like this since I stopped going to Jojo parties. But for the first time I feel secure in this dress. I feel like a queen

and not a high paid slut ready to make make money for her beautiful pimp. This feels different. I feel beautiful. The lady at the salon also did a good job with my hair. I look like I could be on the cover of Essence magazine if I could say so myself.

I am so consumed by my image in the mirror that I didn't even see Morena walking into the bedroom. I just feel his arms wrap around my waist and my heart jumps to my thraloar and I almost scream.

Me: (holding my chest) babe please never sneak up on me again.

Morena: (kisses my cheek) I am sorry my queen. It was just taken in by your beauty. I am sorry I scared you.

I tune around in his arms and face him.

Me: Its OK.

He leans in and kisses me. I never bother applying lipstick before we leave the house because this man always wants kiss. His hand hikes my exposed thigh and then to my butt. I grab his hand and pull it back.

Me: I will give you later. Let's go.

Morena smiles and kisses me again.

Me: Babe o thought I could wait to tell you this but I can't. I won't enjoy this party because I will be asking myself how you will feel about it.

Morena: tell me. What's wrong?

Me: Nothing is wrong. Well according to me nothing is wrong. I don't know how you feel about it though.

Morena: babe you are winding yourself up and freaking me out. Just say it.

Me: (exhaling) OK. Here it goes. I think I am pregnant. I missed my period a week ago and nothing has happened yet.

He looks at me without saying anything.

Me: I know this is all too soon and Letlotlo is still too small. I can abort it if you want. I totally understand if you aren't ready for this. I mean I don't know how ready I am for this either. We just got back together and-

He pulls me in for a hug and kisses me.

Morena: Never ever talk about aborting my children Nadia. I have always wanted to have a child with you and for it to be happening now feels like it's meant to be. I was just shocked because to me this feels like a sign. It feels like this is God's way of showing me that I am making the right decision.

Me: What decision?

He goes down on one knee and pulls a box from his blazer pocket. He opens the box and it's a ring! It's a ring!

Me: (stepping back) Oh my God.

Morena: I was going to do this later at the party. I had planned everything out and it seemed perfect but this moment right now feels even more perfect. When it's just the two of us. I love you so much

Nadia. More than I have ever loved before and I want to continue loving you for the rest of our lives. I love you my queen and I would like to do me the honor of being Mrs Morena Morena. I can't wait to see our son and name him Morena the third. The name has always belonged to your son and he is here. So let's make this official my love.

I blink rapidly as tears fill my eyes.

Me: Yes! Yes I will!

I don't know if we are being crazy to do this so soon but it feels right and I want to be happy for the first time in my life. I also deserve to be happy. He slides the ring on my finger and I jump around excitedly then hug him.

Me: (hugging him) But I still want the surprise. I want to see how you would have done it.

Morena: (chuckles and kisses me) Whatever you want Mrs Morena.

At Tyler's old house

On the same evening, Tyler locked up the doors of the house he thought he and his wife would live in for a very long time. He never imagined that he would be selling it when their children are so young but it bares memories that aren't only painful for him, but for his children too. He rushed over to show the house to potential buyers after the wedding. They seemed to be very keen on buying the house Botho had designed so beautifully. They left after promising to call him within the week.

He walks around outside the house to check if everything is fine before he leaves. He bends over to fix the hose pipe that has bent over itself. He lifts his head when he hears a car pulling into the yard.

Tyler: Ele gore who is that with a car with non existent shocks?

The car rumbled a bit before the engine was switched off. From the sound of it, Tyler could hear that the car hadn't been serviced in some time or who ever was driving it was a rough driver. His jaw drops when he makes it to the front of the house. He sees his wife's plate number on a car that has one light cover. The other light is bare and the bonnet has a dent that pushes the plates into it. The passenger side also has a dent from the front door to the back and the paint on the doors have scratches along them. He wouldn't have believed this was the same car if he hadn't seen the plate number first. The shock even delays him to see May

standing by his own car. He finally shakes his head and looks at her.

May: (walking around the car with a limp) So you bought a new car? Where is the old one? I need a car. You can see this one is dead. My sister's have been having the time of their lives with my car. Mxm. (opens the back door) Tswayang moo. (get out of there).

Tyler watches as five children pile out of the car. He frowns and looks at her waiting for an explanation.

May: I have decided that since we love with your children, mine should also live with us. It's only fair don't you think? (starts pointing) This is Shayan. We call her Shobe. Then this Deyjah, Shaniqua, Dayday and my last born Deon. (giggles) I like black Americans. I even thought I would marry one but you will do. (looks at the house) Uhu where are the curtains jaanong?

She limps over to the house with her children following her. She tries to open the door then walks to the window

May: (peeps into the window) Naare Tyler what is going on? Where is our furniture? What's happening?

Tyler puts his hands on his waist then covers his mouth with one hand then back on his waist frowning.

Tyler: (shakes his head then laughs) This can't be real. There is no way this is real.

May limps over to him.

May: Baby what's happening kante?

She tries to touch him but he pushes her back and she stumbles almost falling over.

May: (shouting) What are you doing? Can't you see I am limping huh? How could you just puch me like that? What's wrong with you?

Tyler: Tell me something, are you normal? Ke Raya like a normal human being hela like me? Are you? What are you doing in my house May?

May: (folding her arms) You mean our house? This is our house and I have brought our children home. Look how skinny they are. My sisters abuse my children so I can enjoy myself while they suffer. You have enough money to take care of all our children. Even if our baby hadn't died you wouldn't have failed to take care of none children.

She smiles and pushes her hair out of her face. The once expensive looking wig looks like it has been dragged through a desert full of shrubs.

Tyler: (shakes his head) You are truly insane. Get out of my house now before I call the police.

May: (angry) Tyler! Tyler don't irritate me! Don't irritate me! I am trying to be understanding and not argue about the fact that you haven't checked in me in three months and even blocked my calls. What kind of fiance does that? Huh? O ntenne but I am trying to move on here. It seems you moved out so let's go home. Shobe open that car and get inside. I'll get the bags.

Shobe slowly walks to the door feeling scared of thd man shouting sg her mother. She tries to open the door but its locked.

Shobe: Mama it's locked.

May: Tyler open the door. We have to go our children are hungry.

The shock Tyler had in hearing the words coming out of her mouth is replaced by rage.

Tyler: (shouting) May get your children out of my house right now before I smash your head into the ground! So just because you managed to be witch me and kill my wife you think I am a fool Akere? May ke tla go pantitela kana (I will go to jail for you) just to avenge my wife and children. Get out of my house before I kill you and make these children orphans.

May: (taps her foot) So the wizard you sent to kill my grandmother told you that you can kill me huh? Do you know what I had to do so I can walk again?

Do you have any idea how I suffer at night because I had to become a wife to something I can't see? You killed my grandmother and left me paralyzed. Look at me! I have a limp now but I was born with healthy legs. This is all your fault! If your witch hadn't killed my grandmother, none of this would have happened! I would have been happy! My children would be going to expensive schools right now! You did this! You!

Tyler lifts his hand to slap her but stops himself. He drags her into the beat up car and tells the children to get in.

Tyler: May you better thank the very being you call a wizard and a witch that I am letting you go without a scratch. Thank God every day of your life that I didn't kill you here. The only reason I am letting you leave with this car is because I have no use for anything you have ever touched and I feel sorry for these children. The only good thing that can happen

to them is for you to die. They are better off raised in an orphanage than have a witch for a mother. The only good thing that came out of your evil deeds is I gave my life to Christ the day I was delivered. I have been asking myself if I could ever forgive you or what I would do if I ever saw you and I now know for sure that God had really entered my heart because right now all I feel is pity for you. You are so damaged and lost but you can't see it. You have no remorse for how you destroyed my whole family. My children are going to grow up without a mother because of you. I take full blame for bringing you into their lives but you also played a very terrible role. I want to curse you so much but I feel sorry for you. Now get out of my house before I put my salvation aside. I can always ask for forgiveness after burying you.

May swallows hard and starts the car three times before the engine starts running. She has never seen that look in Tyler's eyes before. There is something about him that is different. She slowly

reverses the car as the loud noises start.

Shobe: (in the passenger seat) Mama didn't you say he is our father? Why doesn't he want us?

May keeps quiet and drives off trying to think of where to go. The thought of driving back to the village fills her with disappointment. Living with her sisters is depressing. They bully her and abuse her children. Tyler's words about her children being better off in an orphanage ring in her mind. She drives to a home she has heard of just outside Gaborone. She parks her car a few meters from the home and turns to Shobe.

May: (teary) Baby girl I need you to do something for mummy. You know that I love you right? (Shobe nods her head) OK now you know I don't work and as you can see, your father chased us away. Don't have anything to give you but there are people in that house who can help take care of you and your

brothers and sisters. I need you to go there and stay with them for atleast three months while I look for a job. I promise that jn three months I will come and get you.

Shobe: (crying) Mama no. We will go with you. We won't eat. I promise I will tell them not to cry. We will drink water and sleep.

May: (shaking her head) No o can't watch my children die of hunger. Listen to me. Have I ever broken a promise to you? (Shobe shakes her head) OK so believe me when I say I will comd and get you but they can't know that I dropped you off so that when I come and get you they will believe me. You have to go in there and tell them you were dropped by a man you don't know. Tell them he took you from your village and took you to a scary place after a few days he brought you here. OK? Say it to me so I knwo you understand.

May wipes her tears and listens to her daughter.

Shobe: (crying) Mama promise you will come back.

May: (kisses her cheek) I promise you I will come and get you when I find something to do. I will not let you suffer. That is a promise.

The children at the back look in front in confusion not understanding what is happening.

Shobe: (sniffles and wipes her tears)

I will say dumelang. A man dropped us here and left us. He took us from our village and brought us here.

May realizes she forgot the scary place part but it's fine. She doesn't want them being treated like freaks.

May: OK good girl. Come here.

Shobe scoots onto her mother's lap for a hug and a kiss. May puts her back then calls the ones at the back and hugs and kisses them before putting them outside the car.

May: OK Shobe hold Dayday and Deon. Deyjah hold Shaniqua and follow your sister. I will come and get you OK? Be good boys and girls for mummy OK?

The cluelessly nod their heads and walk away. May drives off after seeing them get in the gate. Tear blur her eyes after a few minutes of driving so she stops the car and takes her phone out. This is the only hope she has to ever see her children again. She dials her old friends number and wipes her tears as it rings.

Over the phone: Arie hello?

May: Hey girl! It's May. I need your help.

Arie: What's up?

May: Please help me talk to J olene so I can come back.

Arie: Shnukams you know J olene doesn't do take backs. And you quit after week! That is undone.

May: I am sorry. I was a fool. But I am desperate. I just left my children in an orphanage because I don't even know where I will sleep tonight. You are my last hope Arie.

[THREE YEARS LATER]

Don't forget to like, comment and share

[08/31, 17:55] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 61

[THREE YEARS LATER]

At Morena's house

Its a Saturday morning, Nadia and Morena sit on the couch, both on their phones while the TV plays.

Nadia responds to comments on the picture she posted of the surprise dinner Morena threw for her last night.

Morena: (chuckles) Babe waitse Bogolo is just boss. She still claims her son is an albino.

Nadia: (scoffs) How does she expect anyone to believe that a white boy with black straight hair is an albino? I didn't know that a white man's seed can be that strong. Ke gore it's like the child knew she was going to deny his paternity. Where did she even meet a white man?

Morena: Beats me! Ah my brother has his hands full with that one. Apparently she can leave home for a week a timile phone. (with her phone off)

Nadia: And what about her child?

Morena: Akere she knows her parents are there. She is unbothered.

A small boy comes running into the living room holding a tablet.

Boy: Daddy! Daddy look! I am on level five now! I am winning paw patrol! Look!

Morena grabs the baby and tickles him.

Morena: Good boy! Let me see!

Nadia: (scrolling on her phone) It's funny how children can be given to people like Bogolo who don't even care about them.

Morena looks at her before putting his son down.

Morena: OK Letlotlo, go back to your room I am only giving you fifteen more minutes then I am taking the

tablet!

Letlotlo runs off excitedly singing the Paw Patrol song.

Morena turns to Nadia and supports his head with his arms behind.

Morena: Nadia, how many times have I told you that stressing yourself about not falling pregnant will not help you fall pregnant?

Nadia: Morena you don't understand because wena you have a son. You can see yourself when you look at Letlotlo. What about me? Do you know how much pain I go through when I get my period? It's been three years go sa direge sepe. It's frustrating because I feel like maybe we aren't married because you asked me to marry you thinking I am pregnant only for me to get my period the next day.

Batho le bone they frustrate me ka di comments whenever I post us. They keep saying how I shouldn't forget to invite them. Others ask gore did I not invite them. It's boring. I even blocked Arie when she said re rata go ikimetsa di ring re sa nyalwa.

Morena: (rubs his face) Babe you can't put this on me because you are the reason we aren't married. You refused to let my brothers help us marry.

Nadia: Because it doesn't feel right Morena. What happens after we get married? Will you still be going for family dinners without me?

Morena: Again, your choice. You are the one who feels uncomfortable with going there. What should I do? I am trying my best to make you happy Nadia but it seems like you don't appreciate my efforts. Do you think I enjoy saying my fiancé this and that when I asked you to marry me three years ago? Nah man.

Nadia: (sighs) You are right. I am sorry. This is on me but I can't stand the thought of you going against your parents when they are such loving people. I can't even blame them for not accepting me because it's my fault we are where we are and it's also on me to fix it.

Morena: How?

Nadia: I don't know yet but I will.

She stands up then goes to the bedroom to change. She walks back and gets her phone.

Nadia: I'll be back wa utlwa babe?

Morena: Where to?

Nadia: Going to do something about it. I'll tell you when I come back.

Morena: Keys?

Nadia: No I'll use my car. Using yours wouldn't look right.

Morena: Ware where are you going kante?

Nadia kisses him and walks out of the house.

At the hospital

Heavy breathing fills the room with Lea's face plastered on the table biting her lip to keep from screaming as the good doctor pounds into her. He holds her neck slightly choking her and bending her back. His sweat drops on her bare back as he grunts in pleasure. He uses his leg to push her leg open to give him more excess as he drills into her releasing himself into the condom. He remains inside her until the last drop of cum comes out of him. He finally pulls out and gets a bunch of wet wipes from Lea's desk to wipe himself and Lea does the same.

Dr Mason: So how does dinner tonight sound?

Lea: (dressing up) Mase you know how busy our work keeps us. I mean look at us shagging in offices during the little breaks we have. I promised my son I'd pick him up when I knock off so I really can't do dinner.

Dr Mason: You have been saying this for the past six months that we have been sleeping together.

Lea: If you want us to stop sleeping together then it's OK. I understand that you might be looking for more than I am willing to give right now.

Dr Mason looks at her then shakes his head and walks out after checking his reflection to see that everything is in order. A nurse sees him walking out of Dr Lea's office and makes her way there. She knocks and opens the door to Lea spraying air mist and switching the aircon on.

When Lea sees the nurse she smirks before laughing.

Lea: What do you want?

Nurse: Lea tlhemma le a jana bathong! (You guys have sex!)

Lea laughs and sits down.

Lea: I asked you what you want here.

Nurse: Have you finally accepted to go on a date with the good doctor?

Lea: (bites her pen) No. You know I don't want step father dramas for my son.

Nurse: (sighs and looks at her hands) You know I never told you this about myself. I was like you once upon a time. I lost the love of my life at a young age and he left me with a baby girl who became my reason for living. My whole world crashed down when he died but I had to live for my

baby. A few years later, I met a man who wanted me. I tried pushing him away but eventually he made me realize that he was my second chance at love. I was skeptical about being with him because of my daughter but they quickly became best friends and look at me now. Married to a man who loves me and my baby girl. It's not perfect but it is love. I never thought I'd ever love again after Atang died but when love came knocking on my door again, I gave it a shot and I don't regret it. Don't rob yourself of a chance at Love because of fears. Not all step fathers are evil and not all step mothers are evil.

Lea: I am sorry Katlo. I had no idea you have been through that.

Katlo: It's fine. I don't talk about it. I just wanted to tell you my story so I can show you that life is full of endless possibilities.

Lea: The thing is you had no choice but to give up

because he was gone. It's not easy for me. I feel like I will be giving up on the chance to give my son a proper family. Morena isn't married yet so maybe we stand a chance to make things work. Gape mma it's not easy because baby daddy le ene mma is just so delicious looking. The truth is, when I am with Mason I pretend it's Morena. I always tell him not to talk so he doesn't spoil the illusion.

Katlo: (wide eyed and laughing) You are a sick woman! How do you do that to the poor guy? Ao mma! Dr Mason is also a catch mme kana. Do you know how many women hate you in this hospital because he has eyes on you?

Lea: (sighs) He isn't Morena.

Katlo: But that man left you for a woman who cheated on him. Morena loves that girl more than you are willing to admit. The painful truth is, the same way you are using Mason to mask the pain

you feel over Morena is the same way he used you to try getting over that girl.

Lea looks at her quietly as a painful lump lodges itself in her throat.

Katlo: Thats the bitter truth hun and if I were you, I'd get up what little pride I have left and move on with my life. There is no point in you pining over a man who isn't thinking about you. Love your self nana.

She looks at her watch and stands up.

Katlo: I have to go and prepare a patient for theater. She is having triplets. I am so excited for her.

Lea nods her head then Katlo walks out of the office. Lea puts her head on the table fighting her tears. The land-line ringing makes her jerk her head up.

Lea: Dr Lea speaking.

PA: Doc, there is someone here to see you.

Lea: OK send them in and prepare the file for the next patient please.

She hangs up and drinks water to calm herself as the door opens.

At Mrs Morena's house

Mrs Morena opens the door to Nadia standing there looking like a ball of nerves.

Mrs Morena: (surprised) Oh Nadia. I wasn't expecting to see you here at all. Please come in.

Nadia: Thank you.

She follows in and sits on the couch opposite Mrs Morena. Seeing Mr Morena in the living room sends her nerves sky rocketing. She was nervous enough thinking she would only be speaking to Mrs Morena. Now having both of them here made her nervous enough to throw up.

Mrs Morena: How are you?

Nadia: (exhales) I am fine ma. I hope you are all fine too.

Mrs Morena: We are fine. We finally managed to kick Kgotla out of our house yesterday so we are

very happy empty nesters.

Nadia laughs nervously.

Mr Morena: How is Morena? Didn't he come with you?

Nadia: Umm.. He is at home with Letlotlo. He actually doesn't know I am here. I wanted to come and speak to you.

Mr Morena: OK. Is there a problem?

Nadia: (straightens her dress) No problem. I just thought I would come and apologize to your as his parents for what happened six years ago. I feel like I was wrong to expect that if things are okay between Morena and I then everything is fine. It was wrong of me and that's why I have refused for us to get

married without your blessing because I don't want to be the reason there is a rift between you and your son. I loved your family the first time I saw you all and you were so welcoming that you made me want to be part of your family. That's something I have never had and when you grow up in the kind of environment I did, you appreciate wholesome families such as yours. I want you as his parents to know that I am truly sorry for hurting your son and embarrassing him the way I did. I was just so broken at the time and my therapist has taught me that instead of burying my pain, I should confront it and she long told me to come and apologize to you but I was scared. The time I hurt Morena, I was trying to separate my love from my pain. I wanted Morena to see me as perfect and that is why I had Tyler and the Jojo dolls. That is where I let my pain be known. I thought I was dealing with my rape in the best way but I was creating bigger problems for myself.

Mrs Morena: (interrupts) Excuse me, rape?

Nadia: (bites her lip) My grandfather raped me since I was eight years old until I was eighteen and abused my grandmother until one of his beatings caused her death. I didn't know how else to deal with the pain than for me to seek pleasure to help me forget. It was wrong of me but I felt I wasn't ready to spill my pain out to a therapist. I didn't want Morena seeing me as a victim of rape so I never told him until three years ago when I was raped again by someone that had shown me they have no interest in me. The second rape incident broke me down and I almost died because of it. I was tired of life and I don't know where I would be if Morena hadn't come back into my life at that point. I have always loved your son but I didn't know how to love him back when I have never known what love looks like before meeting him. I am sorry for breaking your son's heart the way I did but I couldn't see beyond my pain at the time and I know I am the reason why you don't want to give him your blessing but I can't let him break his relationship

with you. I have never known a parents love but I can see it in you for your children and I can't let him lose it. I understand if you don't want me in your son's life but I just felt I had to apologize. I will let him go if I have to because our marriage would be too burdened by your pain to survive.

Mrs Morena sniffles and wipes her tears.

Mr Morena: Why didn't you tell your parents about the rape? Why were you living with your grandparents if you were being abused?

Nadia: My mother died giving birth to me.

Mr Morena: What about your father?

Nadia: I don't have a father.

Mr Morena shakes his head and stands up then leaves the room. Mrs Morena sits next to Nadia and hugs her.

Mrs Morena: Why didn't you tell me sooner? I would have understood you better if you had told me how you grew up.

Nadia: Being raised in abuse isn't an excuse for bad behavior. I didn't even mean to tell you about my rape. It just came out and it doesn't hurt me as much as it used to so it's easier to talk about it now but I don't use my experience to excuse my mistakes. The man who raped me three years ago claimed he was insane when he raped me and told the court how he was raised in an abusive home. He said he watched his mother get beaten up almost every day and it messed him up. He was granted the temporary insanity plea and given six months at Sbrana and anger management classes. That's all he got and his testimony was a lie. His bosses

clearly had something to do with the ruling but even if his testimony was true, I find it wrong for people to want to be excused for things because of how they grew up. So don't think I was trying to soften you up by telling you my story.

Mr Morena had been standing behind them listening as his wife looked at Nadia intently. He could not understand why anyone could do this to their own blood. The cruel world we live in has no bounds.

[08/31, 17:55] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 62

At Mrs Morena's house

Mr Morena walks out of the room again to make a call leaving Mrs Morena and Nadia talking.

Mrs Morena: I can't imagine what you must have felt growing up and look at you now. It's not everyone who comes out of experiences as painful of yours and is able to stand. It isn't easy for me to swallow the pain I felt the day I heard what you did to my son but I forgive you and I am sorry for judging you harshly. The truth is the world we live in doesn't allow women to make mistakes. We aren't easily forgiven for cheating yet we forgive men. Look at how Tyler's wife forgave him for his countless infidelities only for her to wind up dead. The same woman will be called a fool for staying with a serial cheat but had she left the first time she found out about his cheating, she would have been called a quite and weak. (sighs) We live in a tough world and I am sorry for being one of the people who judged you without understanding you yet we ask women why their men cheated on them. Mxm hypocrites are all we are.

They continue chatting then a few minutes later, Mr Morena walks back in to open the gate for a car to drive in. He opens the door for Morena who walks in holding his son. He has been confused since he drove in. He didn't know Nadia would come to see his parents and he couldn't begin to imagine why his father had called him.

Mr Morena: (takes Letlotlo and sits down) How are you boy?

Letlotlo: I am fine paps.

Mr Morena: Good boy. Morena stop standing there okare o chokilwe ke motlakase. Sit down. (As if you got an electric shock).

Morena sits next to Nadia after his mother moves.

Mr Morena: I called you here because I feel your mother and I needed to talk to you. Your fiancé just opened up to us about a few things in her life. And I know she says it isn't an excuse for her behavior in the past and she is right. It isn't an excuse but the fact that she came here on her own to apologize to us as your parents is very commendable. The truth is Nadia my wife and I changed our minds about you when months went by re sa utlwe Morena a Bua ka lenyalo. We asked him how the wedding preparations are going and he told us you refused to let his brothers do the magadi negotiations. That showed us you have substance because some women would have jumped at that. Akere le a ratiwa lenyalo. You showed us great respect. I kept quiet all this time because I personally felt like you two needed time to get to know each other. I strongly felt that Morena was rushing into marriage. You don't just wake up to say you are marrying a woman after she cheated on you. I didn't want to be called by police telling me my son killed his wife

because he suspected she was cheating. Nnyaa
mma I wasn't about to get such calls. So we quietly
watched you two. Seeing you here today means a
lot to me. I wasn't expecting it at all and I want you
to know that your apology means a lot because who
goes to a boyfriend's house to apologize on their
own without being prompted? Even in family
meetings, couples are asked to apologize to each
other. It's never about the parents. Regardless of
what happens between the couple. So I just called
you here my son to tell you that you have my
blessing. I don't know what the future holds for you
two but for the sake of what happened here today, I
hope my wife and I are in agreement when I say we
will help you two. Kana ke a go patika motho wame?
(or am I forcing you into something you aren't
prepared for?)

Mrs Morena: (shakes her head) Not at all. If they are
ready then we are theirs to use. Like your father
said, we long changed our perspective about the
kind of person we thought she was when she

showed that she values our role in your life. If you chose to forgive her then who are we to stand in your way? We were waiting to hear Morena say again that he wants to marry tota.

Morena: (laughs) Ha re utwang! How would I have known that you are fine with me marrying her if you didn't tell me?

Mr Morena: Monna ha a bata se e leng sa gagwe ha a tshwarege. I don't know why she even helped you by coming here. I was going to look at your foolishness until you man up and tell me what you want.

Morena shakes his head and looks at Nadia.

Morena :(holds her hand) You were so brave to come here. She didn't even tell me she was coming here. I kept asking her where she is going but she

wouldn't tell me.

They all laugh.

Mr Morena: So Nadia do you have relatives who we will see about you?

Nadia: My grandmother left me to someone I call my mother now. She is my friend's mother and has been playing the role of my mother since my grandmother passed away. She is the one I will connect you to. She actually lives in Gaborone now so everything will be easier.

Mrs Morena: Good then. Morena will let us know when we should go and see them.

Mr Morena: o bo o sa ja madi a bogadi wena. (I hope you still have money)

Morena: (laughs) I have money saved up.

Mr Morena: Good. A man pays magadi by himself in my house. We only help with the wedding. Sweating for magadi will make you appreciate your wife more.

Nadia blushes as they continue talking and planning. She has come to discover that she is naturally shy but bold when she has to be. She used up her boldness when talking to Morena's parents and now her shy self has come to the party.

At Tlotlo's house

Tehillah and Yamas a are in the kitchen washing dishes after brunch while Loago and Leano gather

the grass they had cleared up in the morning. Avi holds his son Abotle in his arms while sitting on a camp chair supervising the boys. Yaone already looks like he walked through the desert barefoot. He has been running around and spinning all over the yard chasing thieves and throwing them in his jail.

Avi: Loago wee. If you continue raking like you are running away from that rake then you will never finish what you are doing.

Loago: (frustrated) Kana this soil is too heavy paps.

Avi stands up and passes Abotle to Leano then gets the rake from Loago. He moves the rake back and forth showing him how to separate the grass from the soil before giving it back to him. Loago then begins to take with a smile.

Loago: this makes it so much easier.

Avi: I have now realized gore le bo cheeseboy waitse. Next weekend we are going to the farm the whole weekend.

Both: What? No!

Avi: The problem is I wasn't asking. And we are leaving the ladies behind because when they are there we eat eggs and bacon as if we are white people.

Leano: But paps it's called farmhouse breakfast moss.

Avi: You are going to drink milk from a cow's teat and you will harvest watermelons to eat if you are hungry and you eat what you harvest. If you harvest an unripe watermelon then you will eat and vomit. I won't even buy fuel for the generator. There will be

no TV. We will use paraffin lamps.

Leano: Ah nnyaa this sounds like a hellish exercise I not going to be a part of.

Avi: Oh really? Wanna bet?

Loago: (raises his hands) No we will go! We will go.

Avi: (laughs) Good because you know I can bring the farm here.

Leano: (laughs) Kante don't children's rights exist in this house? We have to fear killing a hundred chickens instead of going to the farm to live like village boys.

Avi: I want you to know that there are other options

in life. If you grow up and find that there are no jobs like the current situation that graduates face then I want you to know that you can make something of yourselves with other means. Farming is something you can depend on. It's been there since Adam and it is still one of the most sustainable business models.

Leano: We hear you paps but ah hei.

Avi; Ah hei nothing. Bring the baby and finish up. I want to go and bath. I am taking my wife out.

Loago: Ao what about us? Don't we deserve a weekend out seeing as you want to take us to the bundus next weekend.

Avi: (sits back down) I said I am taking my wife out. Are you my wife?

They chuckle and go back to raking.

Avi: But when is Tlamelo coming back? I don't trust you two alone with my children. You might bring your girlfriends here and forget to feed them.

Loago: (embarrassed) Ah ah ah paps not me. I'm sixteen. I am still too young to date. You can talk to the eighteen year old man with a beard.

Leano throws grass at him using the rake.

Leano: O a swaba Loago!

Avi: Nnyaa rra. Don't kill my son because you have a beard.

Leano: (laughs) No paps Loago talks too much. I

will deal with him from here.

Avi: So what's her name?

Leano: Who's name?

Avi: Your girlfriend's name egghead.

Loago: Her name is-

Leano pushes him and tries to kick him.

Leano: Loago tthe monna didimala! (keep quiet)
Kante why do you talk too much?

Avi: (laughs) Leano tlogela ngwana o mpolelele
gore ware o jola le mang. (leave the child and tell
me who you are dating.

Leano: (looks at his feet) Nna I don't have a girlfriend. Loago o a Bala bala. (Loago just talks too much.)

Avi: (laughs) Loago wee I will bring you some food because you are the only bins et person here.

Leano: (rubs his head) She hasn't said yes yet. She says she is afraid of her parents. I will tell you her name after she says yes.

Avi: OK. And when you do then we will have to talk about somethings. I don't want Bogolo's albino with white people's hair running around my yard here.

The boys and continue with their task.

Meanwhile back in the house, Tlotlo gets up from

the living room to answer the phone away from Amantle's Masha and the Bear festival. The girl has been watching for two hours and screams when anyone tries to change the channel.

Tlotlo: Hello?

Bogosi: Hi Mmaagwe Tlamelo. Is Tlamelo home?

Tlotlo: huh? Tlamelo came there yesterday akere. We are only expecting her in the afternoon.

Bogosi: Tlotlo tlhemma ke na le stress kana. (I am stressed out.) she left this morning because of the argument we had last night. Kana Tlotlo was dropped off by a Range Rover yesterday. I think she thought we are not home because the cars were in the garage. She looked like she had seen a ghost when she opened the gate and saw me sitting by the benches. Kana that Range is the exact same

one I have. Mmaagwe Tlotlo tell me what our child is doing with a man my age. Please tell me what she expects me to say. Am I supposed to dance and celebrate that my baby girl has a blesser?

Tlotlo: (laughs) What did she say when you asked her?

Bogosi: Neh mma o tshega eng? (what are you laughing at?) She claims it isn't an old man. O nkaketsa a re it's his mother's car. Kana Tlotlo kd tlaa mo shapa. I don't care that she is almost twenty two. That's my baby girl.

Tlotlo: (laughs) Bogosi you need to calm down. The person who dropped her off was a boy called Joseph. He is twenty four years old. That is his mother's car. His father is a soldier and his mother is a business woman.

Bogosi: O sure ne mma?

Tlotlo: (laughs) yes I am sure. So calm down and let my child breathe. I was way younger than she is when you started bothering me so let my child be.

Bogosi; (laughs) heish I am honestly relieved because I don't want her running her life. She has too much potential to waste it off on men.

Tlotlo: (clears her throat) OK let me go. Greet Mrs Morena for me.

Bogosi: Don't start.

Tlotlo chuckles and cuts the call. She walks back to the lining room and tries to change the channel.

Amantle: (cries) Mama pwease don't change! Is the wast one I pwomise!

Tlotlo: (sighs) I am not paying for the internet this month! Re ka lapa ke YouTube ke Masha!

She takes another camp chair and walks out.

Tlotlo: No Wi-Fi next month! I don't care who says what!

She sits next to Avi who laughs at her frustration.

Tlotlo: No seriously. How can we be bullied by a four year old mme? Ae forget it.

Avi: (laughing) I didn't say anything.

Plotlo: (laughs) I almost forgot to tell you. Bogosi just called di BP di le ko godimo a re Tlamelo has a blesser.

Avi: (laughs) But I told that boy to stop using his mother's car after I pulled him out of the car ke re ke hetsa ka Monna.

Plotlo : (laughs) you two are ridiculous. I feel sorry for Tlamelo having two equally insane fathers. I mean what were you thinking? Were you going to actually beat him up if he was an old man?

Avi: Yes I was. Those tinted windows almost got him killed.

Plotlo laughs then tells him what Bogosi was saying in detail. They chat in until they go and get ready for their date .

[08/31, 17:55] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 63

At Tlotlo's house

Tlotlo hangs up the phone in frustration while Avi waits to hear what she is going to say.

Tlotlo: Tlamelo wants to bore me now Avi. She still says she is in her way but you can hear that she is in the house. This is the boring thing about your child being open with you. Now that she knows I don't have a problem with her and Joe, she wants to act like she is married. How long have we been waiting?

Avi: Maybe we can leave them with Leano until she

comes back.

Tlotlo: (gives him a stank eye) You want me to my children with that walking hormone? He will be in his room all evening while the heathens we call children will be destroying our house. Forget it. Let's just watch a movie in our room. We will use the projector and shut the blinds so it's like we are at the movies. How does that sound?

Avi: (shrugs in disappointment) I guess so.

The intercom goes off and Tehillah answers then opens the gate.

Tlotlo: Who is it?

Tehillah: It's Aunty Agape.

Avi: Oh thank God! (stands up and takes Tlotlo's hand) Wena let's go. I want to take you out and eat nice things enjoying the fact that re tima dilo tse.

Tlotlo: (laughs) Ke kopa o buise bo ngwanake sentle. (Please speak well of my children)

Yamasa: Uncle we are not things.

Avi: Sorry ee. You aren't things Yaya. You are just people who inhale food.

Tlotlo: Mr Thompson can we atleast wait to greet your sister, find our how she is and tell her we are leaving her with kids.

Avi: (opens the door) Hi Agape. How are you?
Welcome back. We are leaving you with the kids.
Bye.

Agape frowns as Avi walks past her pulling his laughing wife out the door.

Agape: I am fine thank you Avi!

Tlotlo: (laughing) I am sorry! He just wants to get out of the house.

Agape: (holds her waist) Now I am afraid to go in the house.

She watches the pair drive off before walking into the house and already Amantle and Abotle are fighting for the remote while Yamas a and Tehillah are already applying nail polish on their nails with some spilling on the table. There is no sign of Yaone and the older boys so she knows they are probably gaming in their room. She leans against the door and takes a deep breath before she begins

to take control of the situation.

In Avi's car

Avi's phone starts ringing over the soeaker a few minutes after leaving home. He picks up the call and reduces the volume on the speakers.

Avi: Mestah what's up?

Tyler: I am good. Are you guys home? I wanted to come get the kids. I want them to visit me this week. I can only hope they will agree.

Avi: (laughs) Monna wa modimo go and take your children. Bribe them if you have to because I am afraid of my own house. Imagine having eight children. I had to steal my wife so I can take her out.

Tyler: (laughs) The problem is that your wife over does things. How am I supposed to compete with her cooking? The first three days are always good when I can get away with take outs because they have told me I can't cook. Then Yamas starts sulking saying she misses Tehillah. Yaone ene he says I don't know how to play FIFA. I don't have to know how to play Fifa Avi. I am a forty year old man.

Tlotlo: (laughs) Stop boring my children if you want them.

Avi: I think you can take Tehillah since schools are closed. Her mum isn't around so there won't be a problem.

Tyler: OK. I will be there in ten minutes.

Avi; Mestah I said I stole my wife. We aren't home. We left the with my sister.

Tyler: oh, is Agape back?

Avi: Yes she is. She just got here two weeks ago. She is staying with us for two months while she settles in.

Tyler: OK cool. I am headed there now.

Avi: Sharp.

Avi stops at a traffic light and looks at his wife who had a naughty smile on her face. She puts her hand on his lap and slides it back and forth before rubbing his crotch.

Avi: (smiles) What are you doing?

Tlotlo: Nothing. I am just picturing the blowjob I am going to give you when we drive back home. I want to see how much of a focused driver you are.

She feels him grow harder under her palm.

Avi: (clears his throat) Why when we drive back?

Tlotlo: Because it will be dark and you will be so hard from thinking about it all evening. You will probably cum the second my tongue licks you.

Avi pressed her hand on his hard on with his eyes closed.

Tlotlo: Green light Avi.

He opens his eyes and steps on the accelerator

then looks at his wife.

Avi: f*ck Tlotlo.

Tlotlo laughs then pulls her phone out to check her client's orders from her online store....

At Morena's house

Morena and Nadia walk into the house led by the running man, Letlotlo. He switches the television on and sits Dien to watch. Morena closes the door then pulls Nadia to the bedroom. He shuts the door and presses her against it.

Morena: Have I told you how much I love you?

Nadia: (licks her lip) Not lately.

He cups her face and plants a kiss on her lips while pressing himself against her. Their tongues dance as the breathing patterns change. Nadia snakes her hand down to the magic stick massaging it over his pants making Morena groan into her mouth.

Morena's hand goes down to her skirt lifting then grabs her butt the way he knows turns her on. She moans in response and they start throwing clothes off stumbling over to the bed.

Morena climbs on top of his baked queen with his general oozing precum. He kisses her navel then tongues her nipple before sucking it. Nadia arches her back and squeezes her other breast while biting her lip. Morena lifts his head and looks into her eyes before kissing her forehead.

Morena: I love you so much my queen.

Nadia: I love you too my king.

He tongues her other nipple while his hand makes its way to her cookie. He feels her warm wet flesh and traces his finger along her flaps making her open her legs wider in anticipation. He slides one finger into her cookie and Nadia whimpers in pleasure.

Nadia: Yes baby.

Morena's tongue doesn't stop assaulting her breasts going back and forth between each of them while his middle finger is curved inside her rubbing against her g spot. He uses his thumb to rub her clit getting her wetter and wetter before he bring his head down to drink of the nectar he has created. He licks, sucks and tongue f*cks her until she is a sloppy mess. Nadia has a pillow over face face to hold in her moans so Letlotlo doesn't hear her. Morena feels her clit throbbing against his tongue

as her climax builds. That's when he shoves his magic stick into her wetness making Nadia scream in pleasure.

Nadia: Oh good lord!

Morena: Look at me babe.

He pushes the pillow off her face and looks into her eyes that have grown smaller. The look in her eyes begs for more and he lifts her legs onto his shoulders giving him more access to pound deeper into her. He kisses her mouth and drills into her. He then slides himself out of her and pulls her to the edge of the bed. He stands on the floor and pulls her waist so it's suspended mid air before shoving himself back into her and drilling her until he cums into her.

A knock on the door makes him slide out of her.

Morena : Letlotlo go rileng? (what's wrong?)

Letlotlo: (softly) Daddy, mummy is calling you.

[08/31, 17:55] : MINI INSERT

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 64

At Morena's house

A knock on the door makes him slide out of her.

Morena : Letlotlo go rileng? (what's wrong?)

Letlotlo: (softly) Daddy, mummy is calling you.

Morena: What do you mean?

Letlotlo: Mummy is calling you.

Morena pulls out of Nadia and wipes himself.

Nadia: Does that mean she is here?

Morena: Go Raya jalo. Let me go give her Letlotlo's bags.

Nadia nods her head and gets up to clean the cum dripping out of her.

Meanwhile, Morena walks into the living room and finds Lea sitting on the couch.

Morena: (frowns) how did you get in here? I thought he meant you are calling on the intercom.

Lea: (smiles and ticks her hair back) I told him to open up for me. How are you?

Morena: I'm good. Let me get his bag.

Lea: I actually wanted to talk to you about planning a family outing with our son. You know, create memories with him.

Morena: (leans on the passage door frame) That sounds like a good idea. Where were you thinking of going? Bounce land or something?

Lea (giggles) come on Mozy. We can do better than that. We can save up for a trip to Disneyland in six months. What do you think?

Morena: Disneyland? (laughs) Lea would you be comfortable flying all the way to California with Nadia and I?

Lea: Ao I am sure Nadia wouldn't want to get in the way of us bonding with our son. It would be wierd for her to come. She is a reasonable person.

At that moment, Nadia comes up behind Morena and wraps her arms around his waist making sure not to cover her engagement ring.

Nadia: I am not that reas onable hun. And I doubt any woman would let her husband fly off to another continent with his ex. Is a ngwana lion park a ye go thuma. Why would you spend all that money on a

trip for a baby? He will hardly remember anything. If he was ten years old then that would be an awesome trip for him.

Lea: (squints her eyes and blinks rapidly) Excuse me, husband? Morena is your boyfriend. Who knows if you two will ever marry. My son is the only sire thing here and I don't know why you would want to come between this relationship.

Nadia let's go of Morena and catwalks to the kitchen before tickling Letlotlo.

Nadia: OK hun. He is my boyfriend and I have no say.

Lea: Morena why do you let your girlfriend talk to me how she wants to? She has no right to dictate where we take OUR son to. Tell her to use her womb to make her own child or shut up.

Morena: (calmly) Lea wee, I am not one of those men whose baby mama's will make life a living hell for them. Bot me. Not in my house and definitely not in front of my son. If you try me at all then you will never come to my house. I will take my son to your mother's house for you to pick him up there just so I don't have to deal with your nonsense. I am sorry for hurting you the way I did and I respect you as my son's mother but that woman is about to be my wife and she has a say in everything that has to do with us and our son because Nadia loves my son. And you know she is right. Why would we take a four year old across the world for an outing? Aonnyaa mma that's just reaching. I am not a rich man and I am saving up for my future. I am going to get Letlotlo's bag and let this be the last time I ever warn you. Nna I don't nurse that kind of ratchet baby mama drama.

Morena walks off leaving Lea's cheeks hot with embarrassment. She opens the message Dr Mason

sent her and stares at it for a few seconds before agreeing to go to lunch with him tomorrow.

In the kitchen, Nadia wipes the tear that fell when Lea spoke about her making her own child. She holds in to the sink and says a, quiet prayer for God to bless her womb...

At Tlotlo's house.

Tyler drives into the yard and parks the car. He then checks his reflection in the mirror and throws a mint into his mouth before stepping out of the car. He knocks on the door and Yaone opens the door.

Yaone: Daddy!

He jumps in his father's arms and hugs him tight.

Tyler: how are you buddy?

Yaone: I am fine. Leano said we should take a break from gaming so I am watching TV with Abotle and Amantle but they are watching boring things.

Tyler chuckles and walks into the house. He lifts the babies in both arms and talks to them.

Tyler: Where are your sisters?

Yaone: They were doing make-ups with Aunty Agape. I think they went to their room.

Tyler: OK. Where is Aunty Agape?

Yaone: in the kitchen.

Tyler puts the children back down and walks to the kitchen trying to come up with what to say. She is standing by the stove stirring something. Her butt movements as she stirs have Tyler coughing. Agape turns to him and wipes her hands on her apron.

Agape: Oh Rraagwe Yaya. Tlotlo told me you are coming to pick the kids. How are you?

Tyler: (clears his throat) I am fine Agape and how are you? I didn't know you were back in the country. Are you on holiday?

Agape: No, my company opened a branch in Botswana and I was sent as part of the Executive team. I am still trying to find my bearings which is why I am here.

Tyler: (smiles) so does that mean you are here to

stay?

Agape: (shrugs) I guess you could say that. I will see how things work out but I have to admit I am happy to be back home. I loved Australia and everything but as you grow older, you figure out if living abroad is for you or not and I think I am the grow old back home kind of person.

Tyler: (leans on the counter and folds his arms) Well that's good to hear. I also couldn't stand the thought of living abroad when I finished school. But then again I had Botho waiting here so I couldn't just you know...

Agape nods her head and turns back to her pot. She starts stirring again and Tyler's eyes fall back on her butt.

Tyler: (clears his throat) What are you cooking? It

smells delicious.

Agape: (chuckles) I am cooking a bunch of things tota. Cooking for eleven people isn't a joke so I like to make a little of everything.

Tyler: Did you count me in?

Agape: (walks over to him and continues chopping her vegetables) I was told you are coming to pick the kids up so no I didn't count you in.

Tyler: But you counted the kids in.

Agape: Because I wasn't sure when you are coming.

Tyler chuckles and rubbs his stubble.

Tyler: So will you atleast teach me how to cook because Yaya hates my cooking.

Agape: (laughs) Yamas a is a diva. Was your wife like that?

Tyler: (smiles) Yeah. Botho like things (laughs) she intimidated those that didn't know her but she was a sweetheart. Anyway I asked you a question.

Agape: {puts her knife down) Rraagwe Yamas a what do you want from me?

Tyler: (closes his eyes) can you stop calling me that. You know what u want. I didn't stutter when you were here last year. I told you I want you and that hasn't changed. I have feelings that I haven't felt in years and I want a chance to get to know you. It was almost impossible before but now that your are back home I feel like we can actually build

something together.

Agape: (smiles then chuckles) Rraagwe Yaya wee. Don't ever make the mistake of biting off more than you can chew. I am as loving as my name but I am as impatient as I am short. I have low tolerance for B. S and I look at you and all I see is a bull shitter who will only lead me to jail because I will kill you nna. I don't want nonsense in my life so for both our sakes, get over those feelings like you would the flu because it's never going to be Agape and Tyler sitting on a tree .

Tyler: (chuckles) Tota Agape o le cornernyana jaana, where do you get this mouth? (as small as you are)

Agape: (smiles) Sweetie, if you can't handle boss b*tch Agape then you don't deserve sweet Agape.

Tyler looks at her intently picturing everything he is

going to do to make her regret the words she spoke.

Tyler: (chuckles) Kana mme you will be whispering my name in my ear very soon begging me not to let go of you bo hedile bo boss b*tch.

Agape: (laughs and throws a dish towel at him) Get out of the kitchen Rraagwe Yamas a.

Tyler: Even that name will be too long to call. E tlaabo e le bo 'oh Ty. Don't stop Ty'.

He runs out laughing when she picks a wooden spoon.

[08/31, 17:56] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 65

At Nadia's house.

Morena drives into Nadia's house and parks his car next to hers. Nadia opens the door and stands there wearing loose shorts and a tank top.

Morena: (gets out of the car) Tthe banna ke bolaile banna. Baby tlhemma o montle mma. (I really struck gold. You look so beautiful babe.

Nadia: (blushes) Thank you handsome yaaka.

He chuckles and pulls her in for a hug.

Morena: So will you finally move in with me now since we are getting married in a few months?

Nadia walks into the house with him behind her.

Nadia: Mr Morena, I told you that the only way I am moving out of this house is when the government has given me permission to jola with you permanently. (to date you permanently)

Morena laughs and sits on the couch. She sits between his legs and leans back on him.

Nadia: Did you eat?

Morena: Umm.. Yes I did.

Nadia: What did you eat?

Morena: (chuckles) I had a protein shake.

Nadai: And you call that eating? Waits e Morena bathong.

She stands up and slips into her sleepers.

Morena: O ya kae jaanong ne mma? (where are you going?)

Nadia: To make you something to eat. I don't subscribe to this protein shake things of yours. You have to eat.

Morena chuckles and changes the channel.

Nadia: (from the kitchen) Babe I think it happened this time. I woke up feeling nauseated. All I want to drink is ginger because that's the only thing that stays down.

Morena: What did I tell you? It will happen when it happens. Did you miss your period?

Nadia: It's due next week. I am crossing my fingers tota.

Morena: Don't stress yourself about it babe. Did you talk to Boleng's mum?

Nadia: (chopping and slicing) Yes I gave her a call when I got home yesterday. She was very happy about it and said we should come and see them next weekend.

Morena: OK, sounds like a plan.

Nadia continues to cook while listening to music on her phone.

Two hours later, a car stops outside the gate and a couple walks out of the car and into the yard. The woman fixes her shades over her eyes and follows behind her husband.

He knocks on the door while Nadia washes up the dishes.

Nadia: Babe will you get that?

Morena stands up and opens the door.

Morena: (respectfully) Dumelang bagolo.

Man: okae Dikeledi?

Morena:(frowns) oh Nadia. Let me get her.

He leaves them standing outside and walks to the kitchen.

Morena: Babe there are people outside looking for you?

Nadia: (rinsing) who are they?

Morena: I don't know but they are calling you by your old government name.

Nadia wipes her hands in the dish towel.

Morena: I left them standing by the door because I don't know who they are.

Nadia: OK.

She pauses the music on her phone and walks out holding it. Morena sees the door he left open is now closed. He then sees the couple seated on the couch.

Man: Dikeledi tlhe o a iphitlha. (you hide yourself really well.)

Nadia's heart jumps to her throat and her phone drops to the floor when her eyes land on her father and his wife.

Rraagwe Joe: How far did you think you could run Dikeledi? I am your father and if anyone is going to marry you off it's going to be me.

Mmaagwe Joe: Bo Dikeledi ba rata drama kana. (Dikeledi likes drama) who gets married off by strangers when their parents are alive?

Morena's confused face turns to Nadia who looks ready to pass out. He holds her hand then turns back to the couple.

Morena: Umm excuse me, who did you say you are?

Rraagwe Joe: (raises his brow) I am her father. Who are you?

Morena: I am her fiance.

Mmaagwe Joe: (smiles) oh you are my inlaw? Aobathong I am so happy to meet you. She has been hiding you from us but thank God for the woman she has turned into her mother. She called us to let us know Dikeledi has asked her to help with the wedding process and that's utter nonsense.

Dikeledi why would you rob us of throwing you the wedding of your dreams? Our first child can't get

married without us.

Mmaagwe Joe stands up and walks over to give Morena a hug.

Mmaagwe Joe: Welcome to the family my son.

Mmaagwe Joe : (hugs Nadia) o na le taste mme ngwanaka. (my daughter you have taste) You two look great together. Don't they my love?

Rraagwe Joe: I will talk to him about taste after he apologizes for stealing my daughter. I am sure he is the reason why we don't see her.

Morena's mind is spinning with questions that only Nadia can answer. Who are these people? Isn't she supposed to be an orphan? Why isn't she saying anything?

Rraagwe Joe laughs then stands up. He walks over to shake Morena's hand.

Rraagwe Joe: I am just kidding son. Welcome to the family. I can't wait to get to know you better.

Mmaagwe Joe: (with her hand over Nadia's shoulder) Why wait? Let's go out for lunch!.....

At Tlotlo's house

Agape is sitting in the back yard doing some work on her laptop when a call comes through.

Agape: Agape hello?

Tyler: Hi! How are you?

Agape: What do you want Tyler? I am busy.

Tyler: Agape kante why are you always rude to me?
Am I wrong to want you?

Agape: Have you ever stopped for a moment to think that maybe I have a man? Because I do.

Tyler: (laughs) Agape wee. I said I want you. Did I say I want your man? He is none of my business.
Nna ke batla wena.

Agape: So you expect me to cheat on my man with you?

Tyler: Nope. I am done with that childish behavior. I want you and if you are mine you are mine alone and I am yours alone.

Agape: What about your girlfriend?

Tyler: I wouldn't ask you out if I had someone.

Agape: Wena Tyler? You forget that I have seen the receipts of your track record. Nna I fear heartbreak more than anything because I love too deeply. Ke tsena le ka moriri o kgaogetseng mo sekamong tota. (I love with my whole being) So when I get hurt, it cuts too deep. Ha ke na bo testing the waters. (I don't know how to test waters). If you hear me saying I love you, that will mean I am fully committed to us and from what I know, you can't give me what I want.

Tyler: (sighs) It's unfair for you to judge me according to my past because you don't know how my mistakes affected me. I have been single for years since my wife died because I couldn't get over

what I did to her. I needed to deal with the loose screw in me that made me act a fool and cost me the love of my life. That's a mistake I can never ever repeat as long as I live. I am not the same man anymore Agape and you are the first woman I feel ready to move on with. Don't shut me out without giving me a chance.

Agape: I said I have a man.

Tyler: should I hang up so you can dump him?

Agape: (laughs) Tyler wee.

Tyler: What? Akere neither of us wants to share with other people so you should call him and tell him your husband says you should tell him it's over.

Agape: (laughs) Husband gape?

Tyler: Sheh Agape kana nna I am a grown man. I don't want a girlfriend nna. I want a wife and a mother for my children. Can you be that for me?

Agape: (laughs) Bye Tyler.

Tyler: OK call him and get back to me in an hour so I can come take you out. I will pay Tlanelo to baby sit.

Agape laughs and hangs up then goes back to her work

Meanwhile in the house, Tlotlo is also in the phone with Chantelle.

Tlotlo: Chanty you need to calm down. The Doctor told you to watch your BP.

Chantelle: (crying) Tlotlo I am tired. I am so tired of my life. Why does Bogolo keep doing this? What am I going to do with another child? How can she be pregnant again? Again? What am I even going to say to Kgosi? He is going to kill her.

Tlotlo: Chantelle, Bogolo is too grown to be stressing you like this. Tell that girl to get a job and prepare for the child she is carrying. Akere she decided to go get pregnant again. Let her deal with it.

Chantelle: (sniffling) How did I fail this much? My children are messing up everyday and it's suffocating me. First Bogolo fails form 5 then falls pregnant, then Bofelo starts doing weed and fails from three. (cries) now another pregnancy? it's too much Tlotlo. It's too much.

She starts hyperventilating over the phone.

Tlotlo: Babe calm down. Breathe. I am coming OK?

Chantelle nods her head forgetting she can't see her.
She hangs up and tries to regulate her breathing.

Tlotlo changes into sweatpants and gets her bag.
She finds Tlamelo in the living room.

Tlotlo: I am coming wa utlwa. There is a situation
with Bogolo.

Tlamelo: OK. Tlhemma nzamele hoo. (please send
me airtime)

Tlotlo: mmhmm Sies ele gore J oe ha a beche?
(Doesn't J oe spoil you?)

Tlameo: (laughs) Funny coming from a woman who tells me to never ask for money from a man. Send me airtime mma.

Tlotlo laughs and walks to her car. She sits in the car and sends Tlameo airtime before starting the car. She reverses the car just as Tlameo is running out celebrating the P100 airtime.

Tlameo: (screams with her hands over head crying)
MAMA STOP! MAMA STOP!

Tlotlo stops the car after feeling her car go over something. Tlameo screams, running to the car. She bends over and looks under the car.

Tlameo: Mama! No! Mama!

Tlotlo gets out of the car shaking.

Tlotlo: What is it? What was that?

She bends over and sees her two year son lying by the wheel of car.

Tlotlo: (screaming) OH MY GOD! HEEEEELP!

She begins to frantically pull her baby with tears streaming down her face. She manages to get him from under the car and holds him in her arms as blood flows down his nose. His little hand is clutching his favorite toy car. She tries to open his eyes screaming and crying.

Tlotlo: What have I done? Oh God help me!

Everyone runs out of the house and the children start crying and screaming. Tlamelo has just frozen next to her mother unable to move. Agape comes running and covers her mouth in shock.

Tlotlo: Agape please help me wake him up. I didn't see him! I didn't see him. Help me.

Agape pulls her up and opens the door for her to sit at the back with Abotle.

Agape: (lightly slaps Tlamelo's cheek) Ntlame snap out of it my love. It's time to be a big girl. Go to the house and take care of your siblings while we go to the hospital. Leano! Call your father and tell him to go straight to Bokamoso. I am sure he knocked off already.

Leano runs into the house to make the call while Agape speeds out of the yard driving in silence as

her sister in law prays and cries in the back seat.

800 likes,85 comments and 30 shares by 5pm for a bonus insert

[08/31, 17:56] : MINI INSERT.. got held up

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 66

At the hospital

A few minutes after Tlotlo's son is wheeled into the emergency, Avi runs in still in his uniform and looks all over the waiting area trying to find his wife with his eyes. He spots Agape holding her and he rushes

over to them.

Avi: What happened? Where is Abotle?

Tlotlo breaks away from Agape and throws herself into Avi's arms.

Tlotlo: (crying) I am so sorry! I didn't see him playing. I didn't. I would have told him to move. I didn't see him. I swear I didn't see him.

Avi: (soothing her) Shhhh. Calm down babe. Agape can you tell me what happened because Leano didn't tell me anything. He just said I had to rush over here because something happened to Abotle. What happened to my son?

Agape: (sniffles and wipes her tears) She was reversing the car and didn't see he was playing

behind the car.

She covers her face crying.

Avi: (stammer) Agape ka.. Kante wareng?

Tlotlo: (crying on his chest) I ran over him.

Avi's whole body grows cold and he staggers back moving away from Tlotlo. The few people in the waiting room look on with curiosity as he leans against the wall. That's when he sees his son's blood on his wife's t-shirt and track pants.

Tlotlo: (covers her mouth with her hands) I am so sorry.

Avi: (looks at her) I don't understand. What

happened?

Tlotlo cries with her hands over her face and slides down to the floor.

Tlotlo: I was rushing out to Chantelle's house and I was busy sending airtime to Tlamelo. I didn't pay attention. I thought he was in the house watching TV.

Avi: Did you see him watching TV?

Tlotlo: (cries) I didn't pay attention!

Agape: Guys can we just try to calm down and wait to hear from the doctor.

Avi closes his eyes then walks through the

emergency doors.

Nurse: (walking out) Ao Avi I thought you knocked off by now. Didnt I see you in the morning?

Avi: (Impatiently) Mpho where is my son? A two year old was brought in here. O kae? (where is he?)

Nurse Mpho: oh my God Avi. Was that your son? Ao tsala yame Akere you know you will have to wait for the doctor to tell you? I had already knocked off when they wheeled him in. What happened?

Avi walks past her and begins to move curtains and opening doors looking for his son. A male nurse who knows his son sees his frenzy and walks over to him and stops him.

Nurse: Avi come bra yaaka. You know you can't be

doing this.

Avi: (holds his collar) Where is my son? I am looking for my son.

Nurse: (calmly) He is being attended and the doctor will come and update you when he is done. Let's go and sit down.

Avi: (mouth wobbles) He is my son. The only one I will ever have. What am I supposed to do if anything happens to him?

Nurse: No my guy don't think like that. Don't do that. You know they are going to do everything for him. Where is your wife? She needs you right now.

Avi looks at the ceiling fighting the tears choking him.

Avi: I am so scared. I am angry and scared. I don't know what to do with myself. I don't know.

Another nurse walks over and gives him a hug.

Nurse 2 : Avi pray. If you don't don't know what to do with yourself then tell the one who can do something. Pray and surrender it all to him.

The male nurse walks back to the waiting room with Avi and sits him down next to Tlotlo. He shakes her hand and encourages her before going back to work.

Agape: (exhales) We need to have faith that he will be fine.

Avi: Do you know how many children get run over in their own homes? I am always talking about the

importance of checking where the children are when anyone reverses the car. I am always saying this because of the things I see on my job and the same thing happens to my son? (a tear runs down his face) leotwana ka 4x4 le palame ngwanake? (the wheel of a 4x4 ran over my son?) ah man.

He puts his head in his hands and shakes it.

Tlotlo: (puts her hand on his back) I am sorry.

He feels anger brewing in his chest so he breathes in and out to calm himself down.....

At Nadia's house.

Mmaagwe Joe walks back to the couch to pick her bag up then looks at Nadia.

Mmaagwe Joe: Aren't you going to change? Going to Cappuccinos dressed like that won't work. You should come to my house for fashion tips nana.

Nadia finally breaks out in laughter. She laughs so hard that tears start falling from her eyes while she claps her hands. She stops and looks at her father and his wife. The look of confusion on their faces sets her off again and she laughs again holding her abdomen.

Morena: (frowns) babe?

Nadia: (screaming in laughter) Did you hear her call me nana? She said I am her first born. Oh my God! (laughs) oh God it hurts but I can't stop laughing!

She sits on the floor laughing until embarrassment makes Mmaagwe Joe sit down.

Rraagwe Joe: Dikeledi ha se botho se o se dirang.
(you are being disrespectful)

That just makes her laugh louder. She eventually stops and holds her stomach.

Naddia: Ishi... Heish... Ijoo..

Morena helps her stand up and leads her to the couch.

Morena: Nadia I need you to explain to me who these people are because I am very confused right now.

Nadia: (wipes her tears) heish my tummy hurts so much baby. (chuckles) ah I haven't laughed like this in...ever. I have never in my life had such a good laugh. When all you do is cry in your life and

someone shows up twenty eight years later to claim you as their child it's just hilarious! Baby wee, you don't have to be confused by anything. I told you I am an orphan and that wasn't a lie. This one is my sperm donor and the son of my rapist as well as the protector of my second rapist.

Rraagwe Joe: (shouts) Dikeledi!

Nadia: (stands up and puts her hand up) No! Don't even try me! Not now! What are you doing in my house huh? O bona lona le rongwa boloi ke a le bolelela. Saatane o le he berekisa overtime mo ke ipotsang gore o le duela ka eng. (You two are vessels of witchcraft that Satan uses overtime and I wonder what he pays you with.) Ke gore when I keep quiet and cry in silence you think gore le bone popae akere? (points at herself) Ke bidiwa Nadia nna. (my name is Nadia) Go back to the courtroom to find the Dikeledi whose case you turned to favor her rapist just to spare your ridiculous reputation.

Go back to the Dikeledi you blamed in the hospital bed for getting raped more than once. Go back to the girl you accused of seducing your father and lying about being raped. Go back to the girl you told killed your mother. That girl you that told should have died when she was born like her mother who refused to abort her. Go back to the eight year old girl who couldn't tell you what was happening because you never spoke to her. Go! Le ntwaela mase- (puts a fist over her mouth) Please leave my house right now.

Rraagwe Joe: (breathing heavily) Dikeledi I am your father and I will beat you before I allow you to disrespect me and my wife like that.

Nadia: Your child died when you gave your side chick abortion pills David. O seka wa nteka. (claps her hands) You are trying to make me out to be a disrespectful person neh? This man knows me as a sweet calm person so don't come here as the devils

agents to destroy the happiness I have made for myself here. Get out of my house before I call the police on you.

Rraagwe Joe stands up fuming and lifts his hand to slap Nadia but Morena sees it and pulls Nadia back and stands between them.

Rraagwe Joe: Dikeledi! Dikeledi! Heela wena suta hoo ke bua le ngwanake. O na le ngwana wena?(Move out of my way. I want to talk to my child. Do you have a child?)

Morena: (bodily) please leave the house. She has told you to leave and I am not going to watch you beat her.

Rraagwe Joe: (moves closer to him) Ele gore o leka go nts hosetsa boy? (are you trying to threaten me?)

Morena: I don't threaten elders. I am asking you to leave because she told you to.

Rraagwe Joe: I said move! I want to talk to my child.

Nadia: Mmaagwe Joe can you take your husband and leave my house.

Mmaagwe Joe thins her eyes and clicks her tongue. She stands up and picks her bag.

Mmaagwe Joe: You have cursed yourself ngwanyana ke wena. You will come back begging because you aren't getting married without us. Do you think we won't find your in-laws house if we found this shack you are busy calling a house. Day let's go.

She walks out leaving her husband whose chest is

rising and falling as he glares into Morena's eyes who isn't phased by him.

[08/31, 17:56] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 67

At Nadia's house

Morena closes the door after Rraagwe Joe leaves fuming with rage. He leans against the door and folds his arms waiting for Nadia to explain what just happened. She puts a finger on her mouth thinking and calculating before she walks to pick up her phone from the floor.

Morena: I doubt this is the right time to be going on your phone Nadia. I am waiting for an explanation from you.

Nadia: {dialing} Just give me a minute. I will explain everything after this call. I pro- (to the phone) Hello?

Boleng's mum : Ao monyadi! Twice in less than 24 hours? What have I done to deserve this?

Nadia: (sighs) Mama why did you tell Rraagwe Joe that I am getting married?

Boleng's mum : (frowns) what? Wa reng neh?

Nadia: Rraagwe Joe and his wife just showed up at my house saying you called to tell them I am getting married. Why would you do that to me when you are the person who knows how much they have hurt me?

Boleng's mum: OK I am so confused right now because I don't even have that man's number so

how would I have told him you are getting married?

Nadia: (confused) I don't understand. He said you told him.

Boleng's mum: And why would you believe that? The last time I spoke to that man was that day at the court ka your grandfather's case.

Nadia: (frowns) so how did he even know where I live?

Boleng's mum: Diks I don't even know where you live so that on its own should be enough to tell you he lied.

Nadia looks at Morena with her mind spinning.

Nadia: So who told him?

Boleng's mum: hold on. Tshwarela Mr Motlhabi.

Nadia: OK.

Mr Motlhabi: Hi Diks.

Nadia: Hi malome. How are you?

Mr Motlhabi: Come to our house to see how I am.
Ke gore what is wrong with you girls? Ha ele Boleng
ene she is far worse.

Nadia: (laughs) Sorry malome. We will come and
see you next weekend as promised.

Mr Motlhabi: No problem. I wanted to tell you that

you should be careful because you might find that your phone has been tapped. Unfortunately some of us law officers like to bend the law to our advantage. I mean if someone is claiming to be told things and finds your house without being told then I'll say that he might be finding ways to get the information he needs. Even as I speak to you, I can hear a very faint buzz sound that tells me you are probably tapped. Just get rid of your sim card and phone once.

Nadia: (frowns) What do you mean tapped? This isn't a movie malome.

Mr Motlabi: Nadia ka re this phone has been tapped. I am sure he can even hear this conversation as we speak so don't stress yourself o re my wife is telling him things. He might have bugged you nako ya case.

Nadia: sheh. Ke gore I can't believe that such things

can happen.

Mr Motlhabi: back when I was still a police officer, a colleague of mine was reported by his wife for doing the same thing. He always knew where his wife was and who she was talking to. The guy lost his job when it was proved. He didn't really cover his tracks so o kapilwe phakela! Now I am telling you gore that man is doing the same to you. Just do as I told you. I could say report him but I dont know how well that will work for you since you know how he operates.

Nadia's heart starts beating in her ears.

Nadia: Ah Go siame. I am even afraid of talking now. Even my hands are shaking.

Mr Motlhabi: Don't worry. I am sure he wouldn't do anything to you. That's why I think he did it that time

ya case because he needed to know what you know.
Just get rid of them.

Nadia: (swallows) OK.

Boleng's mum: Are you OK? Should we come there?

Nadia shakes her head.

Boleng's mum: Mma?

Nadia: No.. Nnyaa mma. I will be fine. I am with
Morena.

Boleng's mum: OK I'll call you later to check on you.

Nadia: No I will call you. Bye

She hangs up and looks at Morena who is, sitting next to her.

Morena: Baby what the heck is going on?

Nadia: Morena my life is just one for the books. I had a childhood from hell and that man was the driver of my hellish life.

She tells him everything that happened between her and her father up to the hospital visit that made her try to commit suicide.

Morena: you know I had this nagging feeling that I know those two but couldn't figure out where I know them from. I bumped into them the day I went to see you in the hospital. They were so rude! (sighs) I just can't believe you grew up the way you did. I know it's difficult for you but I need you to trust me

with your life and your secrets Nadia. I love you and I want to make you happy but for me to do that, I need to know who you are. Is there anything else I have to know about you?

Nadia: (sighs) Ah i told you everything now. I just thought they are in my past. I wasnt keeping secrets or anything. They just show up out of nowh-

She frowns and squeezes her thighs together. She bites her lips and closes her eyes before slowly opening her legs. The blood print on her shorts confirms her fears and her head drops as disappointment seeps in. She covers her eyes as tears escape from the corners of her eyes.

Morena: What? What's wrong?

She stands up and walks to the kitchen.

Nadia: I need a drink.

Morena sees the stain on her pants and looks down.
Nadia downs two glasses of wine in the kitchen
before going to get cleaned up.....

At the hospital

After seven hours of waiting in a very tense room, a doctor comes out and asks to see Avi and Tlotlo in his office. Even Tyler's presence did not diffuse the tension between Tlotlo and Avi. Avi had been speaking to Tyler the whole time.

Avi: Doc what happened? Where is my son?

Doctor: We will talk about it in my office.

Avi stands up and follows the doctor. He takes a few steps before realizing Tlotlo isn't following. He looks at her and walks back to take her hand.

Tlotlo: (shakes her head with teary eyes) I am scared.

Avi: Tlotlo let's go. I want to hear about my son.

Tlotlo stands up and moves her heavy legs until they get to the doctor's office.

Doctor: please take a seat.

They both sit down and stare at the doctor. He takes off his glasses and puts his hands on the table.

Doctor: My name is Doctor Mason, your son's
Doctor. Abotle suffered rib damage that caused
blood vessel damage and a puncture in his lung
which filled the chest cavity with air and he also had
liver damage which is why we took so long in
surgery. The damage to the vital organs made his
case very critical and-

Avi: (impatiently) is my son dead?

Doctor: No but he is still in the ICU and you also
have to know that the accident cause Cerebral
Edema which is the swelling of the brain. This has
caused him to go into a coma and we are watching
him to see if the swelling will go down and hopefully
when it does, he will come out of the coma and we
will be able to see if there has been any brain
damage. The severity of your son's injuries make
the next 24 hours very critical.

Tlotlo: (with a raspy voice) Can we see him?

Doctor: I will only allow you exactly five minutes to see him because of the state he is in. From there you will be advised when to see him because we try to avoid stimulation when patients are in ICU. Let me get a nurse to take you to him.

He stands up and leaves them. A few minutes later they are led to the ICU where Abotle's little body has tubes and machines all around him. His little chest rises and falls as oxygen pumps into him. There are tubes going into his navel.

Tlotlo: (cries) Oh God my baby. What have I done to you?

Avi: (firmly) Don't cry. He can hear you. He doesn't need that. He needs to know we are here for him. Your tears won't help him.

Avi holds his little hand with a pounding heart wishing he would open his eyes and sing his baby shark song. Tlotlo on the other side of the bed says silent prayers asking God to help her son out of this. After the five minutes pass they leave and go to the waiting room to update Agape and Tyler.

Agape: (wipes her tears) ok. He will be fine though. He is a tough little guy. He will be fine.

Tyler: Yes. Don't lose hope. We have seen God bring us out of impossible situations. This is just another testimony in the making. You will see. And I have spoken to Yaya and Yaone about moving back with me so don't even worry about a house full of kids.

Avi: (sighs) Agape can you drive back alone? I want to talk to Tlotlo.

Agape: (looks at Tyler) OK.

They walk out and get into separate cars. Tlotlo rubs her hands together and covers her face as Avi puts his seat belt on.

Avi: Tlotlo you have hurt me more than I can explain and what hurts me is you were running to be Chantelle's hero as usual. How many times have I told you that you can't always fix people's problems? Look what happened just because Chantelle called for her hero and of course you had to run to her rescue! Who will rescue my son Tlotlo? What happens if he doesn't wake up? Will Chantelle bring him back? Where is she right now? Is she here? Did she come to your rescue? You have hurt me in the most painful way ever. Pelo yame e bothoko Tlotlo.

He wipes a tear that is rolling down his cheek and starts the car. Tlotlo's cries fill the car as he drives without uttering another word.

EDIT: 800 likes, 100 comments and 30 shares by
11am guarantees a bonus insert

[08/31, 17:57] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 68

At Tlotlo's house.

Tlanelo rests her head on Joe's shoulder as they look up at the night sky. She had cried and prayed and all she can do now is wait. Leano and Loago are also sitting on the back patio each on their phone trying to distract themselves.

Leano: Tlanelo hasn't mama called? Or paps? Their phones are still not going through. It's been hours.

Tlameo: (with a raspy voice) No.

Joe: I am sure everything is fine. Their phones probably died.

Tlameo: Or he is -

Joe: Tlameo don't. Don't think like that. This is the time to be positive.

Leano: Loago let's go play Call of duty. Maybe it can distract us.

Loago stands up and follows his big brother leaving the couple.

Tlameo: (sighs) So how did it go with your parents?

Joe: (shakes his head) Ah tota nna I don't get what the problem with those two is but I think it's because my dad listens to my mum. There is just some evil side of my mum that I have grown to see and I don't like it. She may not be an actual witch but that woman's heart is dark. They came back home fuming bare Dikeledi chased them out with her boyfriend and my mother kept hyping my dad to track down her in-laws house. Honestly I just want to get a job and move out of that house because as long as I work for my mum then she controls my life.

Tlamele: Your family is more hectic than mine. Why don't you check on your sister to see how she is doing then?

Joe: Ke a tshaba. (I am afraid of doing that). I was such a jerk to her growing up because my mother poisoned us to believe she is the reason they almost got a divorce. Kana when you are a kid your

mother is the most important person in your life and what she teaches you grows in you so tota rona we saw Dikeledi as the child who almost broke our parents apart.

Tlamele: But she is older than you so how?

Joe: She was born before my parents got married then dad kept her a secret from my mum. He told her she was the daughter of her sister that died giving birth. It wasn't until I was five years old that my grandmother approached my mother asking her to take Dikeledi. That's how she found out my dad had cheated on her. So she exploded and had a huge fight with my dad threatening to divorce. I still remember how bad things were that time. My dad promised her that he would never make her take Dikeledi in and that's how things ended. We grew up separate from her and whenever we drove to the village my mother would tell us how we should never talk to or play with her because she will teach

us bad things. I spoke to Dikeledi this one time when we found her cleaning our house and my mother beat me up after slapping her. She told me how I want to start learning bad things. That was the last time I tried speaking to her. I even ignored her a couple of years ago when she approached me in a mall. I regret it now but I can't change the past.

Tlameo: So what made you change your mind about her to the point of regretting?

Joe: (clears his throat) I overheard my parents talking about their plans to make sure my sister loses a rape case. That's when I found out she was also raped by my grandfather. I hated myself so much for how I treated her growing up. If I had at least been a decent brother to her, she maybe would have told me what she is going through. Maybe I could have helped her. I am such a bad person Tlameo. Everything about me is bad. My parents, grandfather everything. I am a bad seed

and I don't know why you are still here with me.

Tlameo lifts her head and looks at him.

Tlameo: Joseph you were a child. You didn't know what was going on. That was your mother's doing and the fact that you are regretting how you treated your sister speaks of the person you are. You are not your parents or grandparents and it's up to you to be the man you want to be. I used to tell myself that I am never going to fall in love because my mother loved my father foolishly and wasted her years away. That's why it took me months to say yes to you. I didn't want to end up like my mother. You see her now and think I am crazy because she is happy but that's not the person I grew up with. She was bitter and angry just because she felt unappreciated and sad. I felt like all men waste your life away and when she left my dad, I saw a side to her that I had forgotten. She became happy and loving again and I thought it's because she doesn't

have a man making her miserable. But then she met my step dad and at first I was worried that she was going to become the person she was with my dad but she wasn't. He treats her like a queen and they are happy together. Even if they have a fight, I know it will pass and they will work things out. Seeing this made me realize that it's not about being like my mum. It's about the man I decide to align my life to. I realized that my life is my choice and if I decide to stick around for a man who is wasting my time then that's when I will be making the decision to be like my mum. I am not Tlotlo. I am Tlamelo. In that same way, you are not your father or your grandfather. If you choose to be like them then that will be on you. But it's a choice is what I am trying to tell you. Am I understood?

Joe:(chuckles and kisses her lips) Ee mma I understand. Tlamelo tlhemma you can talk.

She giggles and puts her head back on his chest.

Tlameo: I am wise. I speak sense.

Joe: And all that confidence.

They both laugh.

Tlameo: So try to reach out to your sister. You might find that she is yearning for a relationship with you and your siblings. I know I love being an older sister more than anything. So talk to her, apologize to her and see how things will work out.

Joe: (sighs) I will think about it. I found her on Instagram so I will try reaching out to her.

Tlameo: (kisses his arm) Good boy.

He chuckles and they continue chatting.

An hour later, Tlotlo, Avi and Agape get into the house and sit down in silence. Tlamelo and Joe walk into the house after hearing them come in. Leano and Loago also join them. They take their seats after greetings from Joe.

Tlamelo: How.. How is he?

Avi: It's not looking good right now but we have to be hopeful.

Leano: So can we see him tom?

Avi: We will hear what the doctor has to say. I am really tired right now and I just want to lie down. We will talk more tomorrow. Just pray for your brother.

He stands up and goes to the bedroom. Tlotlo follows him with puffy eyes. Avi begins to take off his clothes and wraps a towel around his waist to go and shower. Tlotlo sits on the bed and speaks as he opens the bathroom door

Tlotlo: Avi my heart is as broken as yours is. I am just as scared if not more. I wish you would stop blaming me so much when I already blame myself enough for the both of us. I need you right now but all you are doing is pointing a finger at me. You aren't being fair to me.

Avi: (closes the door and looks at her) Fair? You want me to be fair? Tlotlo you are lucky I love you because many men have reported their wives after such things happen. I love you Tlotlo and I am allowed to be angry with you because how many times have I told you Chantelle's friendship is one sided? My issue here isn't the fact that you ran over our son. That was an accident. My issue is you ran

over him running to Chantelle. You always do this. You drop everything for everyone but I am the only one who drops everything for you. I am not complaining about making you the center of my life. I am saying you need to stop trying to be everyone's hero before you lose what is most important to you. When Chantelle cries you go running but where is she now? Did you tell her about Abotle?

Tlotlo:(wipes her tears) She said she will come see me tomorrow because Kgosi was shouting at Bogolo.

Avi: r(aises his hands) Exactly! Chantelle focuses on her family but wena you run when she calls. I remember how you used to worry about Bogolo and Tlamelo's friendship but that was the wrong thing to worry about because Tlamelo has outgrown Bogolo. You are the one that's still stuck being friends with your ex's sister in law. Look now. (keeps quiet)
Tlotlo I am honestly too agrry right now and I need

to bath. I don't want to talk before I say things I will regret.

He walks into the bathroom and shuts the door.

At the orphanage

The next morning, Shobe curls herself into a corner and cries after her youngest brother is taken by the family that has adopted him. She cries for a few minutes before wiping her tears and reaching for her diary under the mattress. She takes her pen out and begins to write as more tears fall.

Dear mama

Three months turned into three years. Do you even care about us? Where are you now when your son has been taken? I tried telling them you will come

for us but no one believes me when I tell them you dropped us off here. They say they are giving Deon a better home. Where are you? I hate you now. I am tired of hoping and waiting for you. You never loved us. That's why you left us with bo Aunty to abuse us while you were happy in Gaborone. Other children at school live with their parents but our mother abandoned us. I hate you so much and I hope one day I will grow up and take my siblings out of this place. I hope we will become rich and you will be poor asking us for money. We won't give you anything because you left us.

She closes her diary and wipes her tears and runny nose. Her little sister Shaniqua and brother Dayday come to her bed and sit next to her.

Shaniqua: (touches her hand) Shobe let's go and play.

Shobe: I don't want to play Shasha.

Dayday: But you know the other kids bully us if you are not there. Please Shobe.

Shobe rolls her eyes and drags herself out of bed and storms out. Her brother and sister follow her running to the play area where they push each other in the swing while Shobe sits on a rock watching them play. One of the twelve year old boys comes over to her and sits next to her.

Boy: Hi Shobe.

Shobe: (squint her eyes) I told you not to call me that.

Boy: Ao mma. It's a nice name.

Shobe: Kago I said I don't want you to call me that.

Only my family calls me that. To you I am Shayan.

Kago: But we are all family here Shayan.

Shobe: What do you want?

Kago: To be your friend. You don't have friends and you have been here for three years. Aren't you lonely?

Shobe: I have my siblings. I don't need friends. If you are bored go and hit your head on a brick you will get entertained.

Kago: (pushes her) That's why people hate you. You are rude. Mxm.

He stands up and walks away. Shobe stands up and

dusts herself before running and pushing Kago to the ground and punching him on his back repeatedly screaming and crying. The children start screaming clapping while the social worker comes running to separate them.

Social worker: (pulling her off) Shayan stop it! Stop it now! Shayan!

The social worker manages to pull her off and helps Kago to stand up. He is covered in dust and begins to spit out the dirt that got into his mouth.

Social worker :Why are you fighting? Huh?

Shayan: (points crying) He started it!

Kago: I didn't! You were rude to me!

The social worker holds their hands and walks them to the dining hall.

Social worker: we are always talking to you people about fighting. Wena Kago how many times do we have to tell you to stay away from Shayan kante? O a bo o batla eng mo go ene?

Kago: (sniffling) to be her friend.

Shayan: (screams) I don't want to be his friend!

Social worker: Kago you can't force someone to be your friend and you are now going to clean this room. Sweep and mop.

Kago: but she is the one who was beating me! I didn't beat her!

Shobe: You pushed me!

Social worker: (holds her waist) I said clean this room. And do it in silence thinking about one thing. Wena Shayan, think about how wrong it is to fight others. Kago, think about how you can't force anyone to be your friend. If I hear anyone talking then you will be making beds tomorrow morning.

She walks out leaving the two giving each other death stares.

Kago: This is your fault.

Shobe: Say it again.

Kago: it's your fault.

She pushes him and he pushes back.

Social worker: (standing by the door) You will be making beds tomorrow. Try me again and you will be washing dishes after lunch.

They keep quiet and fold their arms blinking away tears in their eyes.

Social worker: Get the brooms and sweep.

She walks away when they begin sweeping in silence.

Hello. The target wasn't reached and I thought posting the the target at night for a bonus the next

day will give many a chance but go padile. Only the likes reached the target so there will be no bonus. Now I am putting this one up for the chance of a weekend bonus.

900 likes, 100 comments and 40 shares by 11pm for a weekend bonus.

[08/31, 17:57] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 69

At Nadia's house

Early Monday morning, Nadia and Morena share the mirror as Nadia puts the finishing touches of her makeup on while Morena fixes his tie.

Morena: You haven't said much this morning. Are you sure you are OK?

Nadia: What is thee to say tota? I am just asking myself what is wrong with me. I don't get why I can't fall pregnant. I mean we have sex more than many couples do because we are trying to concieve but I am failing. What did I do to deserve this?

Morena: I think you overthink it. All the research I have done shows that stress causes difficulty in conceiving. Maybe we should just focus on the wedding for now and work on getting pregnant later. We have a lot on our plate as it is and it's too much stress on you. (wraps his hands around her waist) I am sure once we are on our honeymoon, you will be so relaxed that you will fall pregnant on our first night.

Nadia: (smiles) You think?

Morena: I know. See, that's what I like to see. That

gorgeous smile. So hold your head high and smile. Everything is going to work out for us. You will see.

Nadia turns around and kisses him. She then wipes the lipstick off his mouth and turns back to the mirror getting ready for work.

At the hospital

Lea: Come in!

Dr Mason opens the door and walks in holding a box of chocolates with a guilty smile on his face. Lea folds her arms and leans back in her chair.

Lea: For a man who has been begging for months for me to go on a date with him, you sure are disappointing.

Dr Mason : Ao Lea I told you I had a critical patient and as head of emergency I couldn't knock off leaving my junior to handle such a complicated surgery. You know I wouldn't just drop you like that. How about a do over tonight? Is your helper back so she can babysit?

Lea: ah I even changed my mind about it because you are clearly not serious about me.

Dr Mason puts the chocolate on the table and leans forward staring straight into her eyes.

Dr Mason : Lea, I think you might think I am a fool just because I like you and I know gore lona batsadi le ila go bona motho a sa tswala. Ka o mponets e o setse o ntlwaela akere? (I know you women tend to lose respect for a man after seeing them naked.) You and I are going out tonight. Be ready at 6pm. I will be there to pick you up. Okare o tla tena ka go rapelwa thata. (Your constant need to be begged is

starting to annoy me.)

His stern voice and angry demeanor makes Lea's clit twitch. She has never seen him angry or heard his voice so gruff. He turns to leave and Lea stands up.

Lea: please don't leave. Lock the door and come back.

Dr Mason looks at her and sees the lust clouding her eyes. He locks the door, shuts the blinds then walks back to her. Her breathing gets heavier with every step he takes towards her. He sits her on the desk and begins to kiss her. His tongue invades her mouth deepening the kiss as their heart rates increase. Her hands reach for his tie. She loosens it and begins to unbutton his shirt while his hands go up her blouse and release one breast from the bra. He then lifts her blouse higher and lowers his head to tongue her nipple causing her to arch her back to

give him more access as pleasure rushes all over her body. She bites her lip and throws her head back. He releases the other breast and repeats the same action while Lea balances herself on her hands. Her mouth is now open as he uses the tip of his tongue to flick her nipples. He then suddenly stops and wipes his mouth then begins to button his shirt back up and fixing his tie.

Lea: (desperately) Mase what are doing? Why did you stop?

Dr Mason : You will get more tonight. I am going to work.

He walks away and opens the door leaving Lea still sitting on top of the table in shock.

In Nadia's car.

Nadia: (on the phone) Hi Roxy. Is Marcus in?

Roxy: No. He said he is meeting you at the orphanage so he will go straight there before coming in to work.

Nadia: Oh OK. I just wanted to confirm. Kana boss man can be forgetful at times.

Roxy: (chuckles) That's why I am the most important woman in his life. I have his life in this iPad.

Nadia: (chuckles) Sharp. Let me hurry over there.

Roxy: Good luck!

She hangs up and drives on until she gets to the

orphanage in the outskirts of Gaborone. She takes her work iPad out and begins taking notes as she walks in. She notes the old paint that needs to be redone, the almost rusty play area that only has a swing and a slide. She walks over to the office following the directions the guard gave her. Even the office is a shed in the corner of the yard. She finds her boss seated across from a woman whose smiles speak volumes. Any woman with eyes can see that Marcus is a treat to look at so of course this woman is doting over him.

Marcus stands up when Nadia knocks on the door. He gives her a warm smile and shakes her hand.

Marcus: How are you Miss Nadia?

Nadia: I am fine boss man. I hope I didn't keep you waiting for too long.

Marcus: not at all. I just came early.

Nadia :Oh OK.

Marcus: Miss Medupe, this is the lady in charge of the project. It was all her idea to actually do this. Meet Nadia Supang. Nadia, Miss Medupe.

Her: (shakes Nadia's hand) Please call, me Lebo.

Nadia: (smiles) It's a pleasure to meet you Lebo. I hope I am not too forward but I have already taken note of the renovations that need to be done like the paint and play area. I'd like to see the interior so we can actually have an idea of the magnitude of the project.

Marcus: (chuckles) I forgot to tell you that she doesn't waste time. Let's all sit down first and talk

about our plans. Nadia can you start by explaining what you want to do.

Nadia: (sits down with an embarrassed smile) I am sorry. I am just so passionate about my work that I always just want to see myself getting things done. We have a list of orphanages that we have selected based on their limited funding. These orphanages will be part of a project called Make a Home. We want to help make the environment children grow up in as warm and comforting as possible for all these children who will grow up in orphanages. We as Agents of Change will host dinners to raise funds as well as host competitions that will help us raise the money we need. Now this home is the first one and our intention is to have worked on ten homes in two years.

Lebo: Wow. This is amazing to hear because honestly things aren't easy for us here. We are grateful for the food parcels we get from shops but

it's not enough. We want these children to grow up as happy as children living with their families would. That is our desire as a home but we can't always make it happen. When we get offers such as yours, it fills my heart with joy. Even the children will be happy to get a new play area. They go crazy when we take them on outings and they get to play on nice swings and slides. Ebile I am so excited. Nadia mma let's go so you can start.

Marcus laughs and stands up. He then ushers them out and follows behind as the social worker shows them around. They get to the sleeping quarters and see two children making the beds with sour looks on their faces.

Marcus: Why do they look so angry?

Lebo: these two are so naughty. They are serving a punishment and I told them not to speak at all because for them, speaking means fighting. They

have no peace.

Nadia: (chuckles) how long have they been here?

Lebo: Kago, the boy, has been here since he was born. His mother died during delivery and none of her relatives claimed him so he had to come here. Shayan on the other hand came here three years ago with three of her siblings. One of them was adopted yesterday and it has upset her very much. She says her mother abandoned them here after promising to get them. At this point we aren't sure what is true because when they came here, it was a different story. We even went to the police so they can help us find their parents but we had no luck.

Nadia: Ao bathong. That's so sad. Is it OK if I talk to them?

Lebo: No problem.

Nadia walks over to the angry pair and stands between the beds they are making.

Nadia :Dumelang tthe bathong.

Both: (without looking at her) Dumelang.

Nadia: My name is Nadia. I hear you two like fighting. Why?

Kago: I don't like fighting. She likes fighting. I just wanted to be her friend but I don't want to anymore.

Nadia: (looks at Shobe) Don't you want him to be your friend? I didn't have friends when I was growing up and I was very lonely until I was eighteen years old when a girl in my class wanted to be my friend. I was always shouting at her and

telling her to leave me alone because I didn't want her to abandon me like my father did and now she is my best friend.

Shobe: (looks up) why did your father abandon you?

Nadia: (sits on the bed and they do the same) I used to think it was my fault and I hated myself for it but now I realize that he is just a bad man and I am better off without him. I became a better person without him.

Shobe: My mother also left me and my siblings. She promised she will come back but she lied to us. (sniffles) now my brother is gone and I am never going to see him again.

Nadia: I don't think so. Did you ask the social worker if you can see your brother?

Shobe: (shakes her head) I was just angry.

Nadia: I am sure the people who adopted him know he has brothers and sisters and may allow you to see him.

Shobe: (lights up) really?

Nadia: We have to ask so we can know.

Shobe: (smiles and wipes her tears) OK I will ask.

Kago: But why didn't your mother tell your father not to go?

Nadia: (sighs) My mom passed away when I was born.

Kago: like me?

Nadia: Yes. J ust like you. But you get to grow up with other kids to play with unlike me. You get to be a child.

Kago: I know. I like being here. One of my friends in school says his father is always beating him and his mother when he is drunk so I think I am better than him because here we don't get beaten. They make us work only when we are behaving badly. I sometimes wish I can get adopted but it's ok if I am not because soon I will go to university and make money for myself.

Nadia: (smiles) wow Kago. You are such a brave boy. I wish I thought like you when I was your age. Never lose that fighting spirit in you OK?

Kago: (nods) I am going to be very rich one day.

Shobe: Me too!

Nadia: (laughs) how lucky am I to be surrounded by rich people? Remember me when you make your first million.

Kago: (laughs) I will look for you. You will see.

Nadia: (laughs and stands up) can I have a hug from my new friends?

They both shyly hug her.

Shobe: You are very beautiful. When I grow up I want to look like you.

Nadia: oh wow. Thank you baby. OK let me leave

you two to finish your work. I will come and say bye before I leave OK?

They both nod shyly and get back to doing their beds chatting with smiles on their faces. Nadia joins Marcus and Lebo who have huge smiles on their faces.

Marcus: you are so good with kids.

Nadia: I just understand them more because I have been where they are. And, if it's ok with you two, I think I have found the faces of our campaign. I'd like to use their faces on the ticket stubs.

Lebo: (smiles) Let me go over it with the rest of my team and get back to you. We like to ensure our children's safety so I can't make such decisions on my own.

Nadia: ofcourse.

They continue their walk around the home discussing their plans...

Tlotlo

Life can kick you in the gutt when you least expect it. How is it that I am in top of the world one day and down on my luck the next?

Avi: (impatiently) Where is the doctor now?

We were directed to the doctor's office and have been waiting for him for ten minutes now and Avi's patience is very thin since the accident. I don't say much to him anymore because I don't want to fight with him.

The Doctor finally comes into the room and greets us before taking his seat.

Avi: Doc how is he? His brothers and sisters are here and would like to see him.

Dr Mason: Unfortunately no one can see him today. His system crashed last night and he had to undergo more surgery. He is still critical and hasn't come out of his coma although the swelling on his brain has gone down.

Me: (licking my lips) Doctor please just let us see him. We hardly slept and now you are telling us about system failures. Please let us see our son even if it's for a minute. Just to see him. Please.

Dr Mason: I know this isn't easy for you but I need you to trust that what I am saying is the best thing for your son right now. You can call towards visiting

hour in the evening to find out if he is in a state to be seen. Like I said yesterday, ICU is very sensitive and sometimes we don't allow visitors at all. This is one of those times. All you can do now if you are believers is to pray for your son. Only God can control his outcome.

OK no. I know what this is. It's a dream. Yes. I am dreaming. I am about to wake up from this nightmare. And Abotle is the the one who is going to jump into my bed and touch my face with tiny sticky fingers that have been stealing sugar. He is going to kiss me all over my face asking me to wake up. I know it. I am dreaming.

Likes didn't reach the target BUT I will still post a weekend bonus for the sake of the comments and shares.

One simple request for the second weekend bonus.

100 shares by 5pm tomorrow for the second bonus

[08/31, 17:57] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 70

[three weeks later]

At Agape's workplace

Tyler walks into the reception area holding a paper bag.

Tyler: (to the receptionist) Hello. Is Miss Agape Thompson in?

Receptionist: Is she expecting you?

Tyler: (smiles) Yes she is. Tell her Tyler is here to see her.

The receptionist dials and speaks to Agape then hangs up again.

Receptionist : You can go and see her.

Tyler smiles and walks off. He knocks on the door of Agape's office and walks in. Agape leans back in her chair and folds her arms.

Agape: What do you want?

Tyler: (smiles and sits down) Kana Agape you don't

know how determined I can be. I am not going to stop coming for you.

Agape: (with a serious face) Tyler do you not understand that I have no time nor energy for this? Bringing me lunch everyday isn't going to change my mind. My family is going through the most right now and you expect me to have time for you when my brother and his wife are going through so much pain? My nephew has been lying in a hospital bed for almost a month and isn't waking up. Those two fight whenever they speak to each other. Do you know what it's like being in that house? I mean I found a house to live in but I can't leave the kids with their parents because there is no peace in that house. I am so strained both at work and at home. So tell me where you want to fit in all this turmoil?

Tyler: (sighs) Agape, Tlotlo and Avi are like family to me and I feel their pain. Amantle asks me where Abotle is everyday. My kids miss their cousins and

this is a painful time for everyone. All I am trying to do is be there for you in all this. Avi and Tlotlo will make it out of this and where will you be when this storm passes?

Agape: I can't think about you right now Tyler and I need you to stop because it's a total turn off for me. I mean can't you take a hint? I don't want to be with you. Maybe if I say it clearly you will finally let it sink into your head. Being handsome and having women drool over you doesn't make you what I want in a man. I don't want you Tyler. Get it in your head and move on to other women because I am not playing hard to get. I don't want you. Why don't men take a woman's no as that? I am not saying fight for me. Smiling with you isn't my way of saying I am enjoying your attention. Ha ke go batle Tyler. (I don't want you)

Tyler leans back in the chair and thins his eyes while rubbing his beard. He looks at her then

chuckles before standing up. He puts the food on the table and walks out without saying anything to her. She is left looking at the bag on the table feeling bad for what she said to him...

In Nadia's office

Marcus walks into Nadia's office holding a plastic bag and places it on the table. Nadia lifts her head from her laptop and pushes her glasses up.

Marcus: (sits down) You work too hard Nadia. You need to eat.

Nadia : I was just approving the ad from the designer. Look.

She is about to turn the laptop but he stands up and goes behind her. He leans in engulfing Nadia in his

strong cologne. He leans so close that their cheeks almost touch. Nadia's heart beats in her ears as she keeps her focus on the screen.

Marcus: OK this is much better than the first one. What do you think?

His lip brushes against her cheek when he turns his face making Nadia's throat dry up.

Nadia: Y...yes. (clears her throat) I told him to go ahead with this one.

Marcus; OK.

He holds his position looking at her enjoying the effect he has on her. Watching her chest rise and fall as she looks straight ahead not daring to look at him makes him chuckle before walking back to his

seat.

Marcus: (takes the food out) how about you put that away so we can eat?

Nadia: (presses the fake call button on her phone)
Sorry let me get this. Hi babe?..... OK I was just about to leave now... Yes we will meet there in less than ten minutes... Ok I love you too.

She 'hangs up' and starts packing up.

Nadia: Sorry I have to go. Morena and I already had lunch plans.

Marcus: (raises his brow) ao.. OK I will just share this with Roxy then.

Nadia nods her head and stands up.

Marcus: Tell him to marry you already. A woman like you shouldn't be toyed with.

Nadia smiles and walks to the door.

Nadia: I will be back in time for the meeting.

Marcus : No need, I just needed a progress report on the ad anyway. You can take the rest of the day off since you said you have a family thing tomorrow.

Nadia: (smiles) Thank you very much sir. I will see you on Monday then.

She opens the door and walks out to her car...

Nadia

Even the slowest person on earth can see the moves Marcus is making on me and it makes me uncomfortable because he is not just my boss but the founder of the organization. I dial Boleng as soon as I get in the car.

Boleng: Bride to be!

Me: (sigh) Friend stress levels are rising.

Boleng: What gives?

Me: Marcus o hema hemela mo go nna mma
(Marcus is, literally breathing down my neck)

Boleng: (laughs) you have hot people problems.

Me: (chuckling) Bee this isn't a laughing matter. Kana Marcus doesn't hide that he wants me and I don't know how to handle it.

Boleng: Doesn't he know you are getting married?

Me: He obviously knows I am engaged but I don't talk about the wedding with people because mum always warns us against that. So he doesn't actually know I am getting married in five months. He even said I should tell Morena to marry me and stop toying with me.

Boleng: So why do you think he wants you if he says you should go get married?

Me: (frustrated) Boleng the man gets unnecessarily close to me and sets up useless meetings between us. I mean I should be reporting to the head of

Orphanage funding but I am the only employee in my position who reports directly to him. What is that?

Boleng: (laughs) But didn't you say Marcus and Morena are friends?

Me: Boleng o ntena gore kana ka setshegonyana sa gago . (you are really annoying me with your laughter) They used play basketball together back in the day. They aren't friends. Mxm you know what? Ha o na mosola waitse. (You are useless to me right now)

I hang up and sigh. Where am I even going? That food smelled so good that my stomach is rumbling at the thought of it and Morena and I are so broke because of the wedding that we pack food from home but the foolish me forgot her lunch on the counter this morning. I open my ashtray and start counting coins. OK at least I can get mafresh and

magwinya. I drive out of the parking lot because I obviously can't leave my car here. That would blow my cover. I can't even buy from the woman I usually buy from across the street because I don't want to be spotted after lying. I drive into the next street and buy from there then sit in my car and begin to eat. Oh God this fat cake is so horrible. See my life....

Tlotlo

I haven't ordered any clothes since Abotle's accident and the shop I rent is practically empty right now but I don't have the energy to care. I am just too strained to think of my business right now. Avi went to visit Abotle right now so I am going to visit him in the evening. We don't talk anymore. If we do, it's only to fight. Sometimes I think I would have been better off if he or the hospital had reported me. I would have been better off in jail for reckless driving than what I am going through right now. I miss my husband so much. I know it is my

fault that we are in this position but I wish he and I were in this together. Abotle has had two replases in the past three weeks and after the third surgery, Avi moved into his bedroom becuase he said he wanted to feel closer to him. I miss him so much but it's like he can't stand the sight of me. I am dying inside.

Voice: Penny for your thoughts?

I lift my head and see Bogosi standing by the door of my boutique.

Me: (surprised) What are you doing here?

The look on his face says he pitties me. I hate that look. I know I look terrible. I don't even look myself in the mirror anymore.

Bogosi: I came to buy lunch and saw you in here.
What are you even doing here?

Me: (faint smile) It's my haven.

He closes the door and walks over with his food
and stands next to me.

Bogosi: You know you are going to make it out of
this Akere?

I bite my upper lip nodding my head and blinking
rapidly but the tears just fall.

Bogosi: Oh sugar cakes don't do that. Come. People
can see in here.

He pulls me out of my chair and leads me to my

small office in the back where he holds me and let's me cry in his arms.

Bogosi: This isn't your fault Tlotlo. You made a mistake. You are the kindest, most loving person I know and you are the definition of a mama bear. You love your children more than anything and would never harm them on purpose. You need to forgive yourself so you can be the strength your son needs you to be OK?

Me: (crying) it's my fault! I should have checked. I always check but I was running to help Chantelle. What is wrong with me?

Bogosi: (holds my face) hey don't think like that sugar cakes. Don't. You made a mistake OK? (I nod) Abotle is going to wake up do you hear me? (I nod) the fact that he is still holding on means he is just about to open his eyes otherwise the doctors would have told you that it's a hopeless case. He is going

to be fine OK?

I nod my head and I don't know how looking into his eyes turned into a kiss or how clothes started coming off but the rise in my heart rate and the pleasure clouded all my inhibitions and now I find myself lying next to Bogosi panting for air after a trip down memory lane that I am beginning to regret. I just cheated on my husband with my ex boyfriend.

Don't forget to like, comment and share

[08/31, 17:58] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 71

At Tlotlo's shop

Tlotlo: oh God! Oh God! Oh God what have I done?

She wipes the tears falling from her eyes and stands up to get dressed. Bogosi has his hands over his eyes while lying on the floor.

Tlotlo: Get up and get dressed dammit! Why did you even come here Bogosi? Is this what you wanted?

Bogosi: (frowns) Me? You are the one who gave me the 'f*ck me' eyes. What did you want me to do?

Tlotlo: (throws clothes at him) I didn't! You took advantage of my pain Bogosi. You know how I want to be touched when I am stressed! You know it and used it! (sniffles) This is going to end my marriage. It's over! I ended the one thing I always wanted and it took the guy that never wanted to give it to me to end it. Wow!

She chuckles and stands in a corner facing the wall.

Tlotlo: I am ruined. That man loves me. He is just in pain but he loves me. How could I do this to him?

Bogosi walks over and holds her. She pushes him back and turns around.

Tlotlo: (Shouting) can you just get dressed Bogosi!

Bogosi: (gets dressed) Tlotlo, Avi doesn't need to know what happened here. We both have something to lose so why would either of us tell him? My wife is pregnant and I don't want to lose her.

Tlotlo: (rolls her eyes) my wife. Oh please! Do you even love her? You probably think this is a chance for us to get back together. You just married her

because you were ashamed of yourself. I am the one who could lose everything here.

Bogosi: (sighs) Tlotlo I loved you and lost you. That was one of the worst mistakes of my life but our lives are different now. I may not have been over you when I got married two years ago but I love my wife now and I don't want to lose her. This was a mistake. We have history and we are familiar with each other. I mean I haven't felt like this in years because you know how I like it and I know how you like it but it was all a mistake that can destroy us both. I am not losing another mother or my children because I can't act right. I haven't cheated in years and I don't see why this one mistake has to turn out lives upside down. Why hurt the people we love?

Tlotlo: (swallows) what if they find out?

Bogosi: how? Who would tell them? (holds her

shoulders) Tlotlo get yourself together. No one is finding anything out. That means you can't tell anyone. Not even Chantelle.

Tlotlo: Ah Chantelle and I had a falling out so I won't be telling her anything.

Bogosi: OK good. (looks at his watch) I have to go.

Tlotlo: What? No we are going to get tested! We didn't use protection.

Bogosi: Tlotlo I got tested with my wife at her first check up two months ago. I am fine.

Tlotlo: No I can't take that risk. Let's go.

Bogosi takes his wallet out and shows her the

testing card with the negative result.

Bogosi: I am fine Tlotlo. I don't cheat anymore. Well except now. But I can't go anywhere with you because it's see stupid mistakes like that, that will get us caught. What if someone see us there together? It's too risky. Go get tested to put your mind at ease but go tshwana hela because I am negative if anything you see the one who could infect me.

Tlotlo: Avi and I got tested last week because we wanted to donate blood for Abole. I was negative too.

Bogosi: You see? So why are you worrying yourself. I have go get back to work.

Tlotlo: (folds her arms) You really love her don't you?
(Bogosi frowns) You used to cheat me like you'd life depended on it and you didn't care when I found out

about it but you changed for her. Was I not good enough?

Bogosi: Tlotlo come on. You know better than that. I cared very much when you found out. I loved you more than you will know. I was just a fool at the time and losing you changed me. I never want to lose anything good in my life again. I just can't risk it. Please get a morning after.

Tlotlo: (smiles) Don't worry. I got ties up after Abotle. I am happy for you though.

Bogosi nods his head and walks out. Tlotlo's phone rings almost immediately and it's Avi. Her heart jumps to her throat and her hands start shaking as fear creeps in at the thought that he somehow knows. The call rings until it cuts off then he calls her again.

Tlotlo: come on Tlotlo relax. (answers the phone)
He.. Hello?

Avi: (excitedly) Baby where are you? Oh God babe he is awake! Our boy woke up! Please come and see him! He is asking for you.

Tlotlo: (trearing up) what?

Avi: God did it babe. He judt opened his eyes. The doctor is checking him now but he is awake and they say if everything is fine he might be coming home with us in two days. Oh God I am so relieved. Are you coming?

Tlotlo: (sniffles and nods her head) Ye.. Yes I am coming.

Avi: Oh my love I am so sorry for how things have

been. I know I haven't been the best husband to you. I was just so scared of losing my son. Please forgive me.

Tlotlo: (guilt ridden) it OK. Let me hang up and come there.

Avi: OK babe. I love you.

Tlotlo: (swallows) I love you too.

She hangs up and balls out in tears as guilt chokes her. The thought that she was cheating on her husband while their son was finally coming out of his coma made it feel ten times worse than it did before. She packs up and decides to go home first to take a shower before driving to the hospital.....

Nadia

Boleng's mum: Mrs Morena to be, how are you?

Me: (giggling and blushing) mama tlhemma ao.

I just arrived at their house after passing by mine to pick up my clothes. Lobola negotiations are happening tomorrow so they insisted that I have to come and sleep over at their house. I don't know what it is about getting married that has me all giddy inside. I always want to be around my Morena and even being here now makes me feel lonely inside although I woke up from his house this morning. He has been trying to bend me into agreeing to move in with him but I am going to be as stubborn as he is so I am not going to change my mind. At least not until the magadi is paid. I wouldn't feel as guilty as I otherwise would if I lived with him now. I am just so excited!

Boleng's mum: (smiles) Sit down I want to tell you about the dream I had.

I sit next to her on the couch while she mutes the TV.

Boleng's mum: I woke up from a wonderful dream this morning. I saw you standing on top of something. I don't know what it was but you were standing on some elevated area while surrounded by many women and children. You were speaking in an what seemed to be an open field and I was among the people listening to you. I had tears of joy in my eyes as I listened to you. I forgot what you were saying but I was so proud of you. Then I saw your grandmother standing behind you with a huge smile on her face. She nodded her head at me and smiled before saying 'she finally did it.' She was saying you finally did it. When I looked around I saw that we were in the middle of a farm. When I woke up, I remembered that farm your grandmother left

for you.

Me: (frowning) What could it even mean? The last time I went to the farm was after I...

I keep quiet before saying too much. I went there after quitting the Jojo dolls. That was the first and last time I went there.

Me: it was years ago.

Boleng's mum: I can't say I understood the dream but I know you have to do something there. I don't know what but you should pray and God will reveal it to you. Do u dven pray Nadia?

Me: (looking at my feet) Ah sometimes.

Boleng's mum: You have to make God your pillar my child. Prayer is important because it gives you peace. You don't have to make noise and sweat to pray. Just open your mouth and speak to a god like you would talk to me. He is your parent. I used to take a chair and put across mine then I would sit down and begin to talk. I would just talk to Him as if He is sitting on that chair and I am telling you I would feel him wrap me up in his arms. I don't know why I felt like saying this to you now but learn to pray my child.

I nod my head and wipe tears I didn't know were there. She holds my hands and begins to pray for me. Blessing me for tomorrow. I am grateful for her in my life. In her I found the love of a parent that I never had. She has organized her relatives to represent me in the negotiations and I am more than grateful for it. I hug her after she finishes praying.

Me: Thank you so much for always being there for me....

At the hospital

Tlotlo runs into the hospital and walks to her son's ward. She finds Avi in the room with her baby boy who is sitting up and laughing. Tlotlo's tears fall when she sees what she thought she would never see again.

Tlotlo: oh my baby bathong!

She walks over and hugs him being careful not to hurt him.

Tlotlo: I am so sorry my baby. Mummy is so sorry. Oh God!

Avi holds both of them and kisses the top of Tlotlo's head.

Avi: It's over now my love. It's all over.

Abotle: (laughing) mama, papa I can't see!

They laugh and release him. Tlotlo looks at him and covers her mouth as more tears fall.

Tlotlo: I am so happy!

Avi walks over to her side and hugs her tight.

Avi: I am so sorry for how I have been treating you.
Will you ever forgive me?

Tlotlo's heart begins to race as she remembers the

day she just had. Gimuilt chickens her so hard that she is ready to pop but the thought of running her family by confessing scares her.

Tlotlo: it's ok. We were both under a lot of stress and stress makes us do things we normally wouldn't do.

Avi looks at her and plants a kiss on her lips.

Abotle: (covers his eyes) eeeeeew daddy!

Avi :(laughs) And he is back.

Tlotlo: What did the doctor say?

Avi: He says they will keep him for observation for two days but he is healing well from the surgeries.

He also said that there was no brain damage and as you can see, he is himself so we are out of the woods in that area. I just can't wait to take him home.

Tlotlo: (wipes her tears) Me too.

Avi: (hugs her) babe the time for crying has passed. It's time for us to celebrate now.

Tlotlo nods her head. At this point she isn't sure if she is crying from the happiness of seeing her son awake or if tears are from the guilt that is consuming her.

The next insert will be much longer

[08/31, 17:58] : Not as long as I wanted it to be

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 72

At Tlotlo's house

Later that evening, Avi and Tlotlo sat their children down for a meeting.

Avi: Guys we have some news for you. Abotle woke up today.

Tlameo, Loago, Leano and Tehillah scream in joy.

Tehillah: Lets go and see him! I want to see him!

Avi: (laughs) You will see him tomorrow since you aren't going to school.

Tlameo: (wipes her tears) How is he really?

Avi: He is fine. He just has to heal from his surgery but the doctor says he is perfectly fine.

Tlameo: Thank God!

Leano has his head down and keeps blinking rapidly.

Loago: Leano are you crying?

Leano: (with a deep voice) No.

Tlameo pulls him in for a hug and let's him cry.

Leano: He wanted me to go and play with him outside but I refused. I wanted to play games online and he wanted me. If I was there, nothing would have happened to him.

Tlotlo stands up and squats in front of her son.

Tlotlo: Don't do that to yourself. I have been feeling like this for the past three weeks and I had no idea you were also feeling this way too. Leano, what happened to your brother was an accident. Do you blame me for running over him? (shakes his head) So why do you blame yourself for not going out with him? It's time for us to celebrate this second chance. OK?

Leano nods his head and wipes his tears. Seeing the otherwise hormonally caged teenager breakdown tugs at Tlotlo's heartstrings as she

stands up and heads to the bedroom. Avi follows behind her and closes the door as Tlotlo sits in the bed.

Avi: You have been so quiet since we left the hospital. I doubt you would have said anything if Leano hadn't cried. I know I have wronged you Tlotlo. I didn't deal with the stress constructively and I pushed you away. The truth is I was scared of losing him and I felt like the more I talked to you, the more we would fight and would end up in a place we can't come back from. I didn't want that to happen to us. But I pushed you away and I am sorry.

He sits next to her on the bed

Avi: Will you ever forgive me?

The guilt burns her throat like hot lava. He shouldn't be the one apologizing. She is the one that has

messed everything up. She looks down at her fingers and twiddles her thumbs.

Avi: babe I am sorry tlhemma.

Tlotlo: Please stop apologizing Avi. All you have been doing is apologizing and I have already said it's fine. I am the one that messed everything up here.

Avi pulls her closer and tilts her head then plants a sloppy wet kiss on her. His hands hikes her skirt up and rubs her thigh.

Avi: I have missed you so much.

Tlotlo swallows hard and bites her upper lip as he puts her hand on his rock hard dick.

Avi: I have missed you babe.

He lays her on the bed and climbs on top of her kissing her and caressing her body.

Tlotlo: (breaks the kiss) please stop. Not today.

Avi: (grinds on top of her) Why not today babe? I want you. Do you want me to go to bed this hard?

He doesn't wait for a response and continues to undress her then himself before shoving himself into her. The guilt ridden Tlotlo finds it hard to enjoy herself but she moans and whimpers for his sake until he cums inside her. Feeling dirty and disgusted by herself, Tlotlo goes off to take her third bath of the day washing out the second set ofperms that have been up her coochie that day.....

In Agape's room

Agape stares at her phone screen looking at Tyler's contact showing that he is online but hasn't texted her since mid morning. After seeing Abotle when her brother called her, she found herself relieved. She tried calling Tyler with the good news but he hadn't answered her call. Now here he is online but won't talk to her.

Agape: [hi]

He reads her message but doesn't respond.

20:01 [I am sorry I was hard on you earlier.]

20:03 [Ty? Therra sorry]

20:10 [I didn't even mean it. I really was just playing hard to get]

20:20: [This isn't even cute anymore. I said sorry and you keep reading my texts just so I know you are ignoring me. Why are you even opening them? Bogolo mblocke Tyler]

21:00: [Never ever bother yourself o re you are talking to me after this Tyler because this isn't on]

She notices he changed his dp to another one of him with his children but still doesn't reply her.

23:00: [wow]

She selects all the texts and presses delete the clicks her tongue because she can't delete for everyone. She deletes hers and blocks him.

Agape: Mxm.

An hour later, she unblocks him again and stares at her phone waiting for something, anything but it's midnight now and she realizes he must be sleeping because his last seen is an hour ago when he changed his dp. She puts her phone away and closes her eyes. A few minutes later she takes her phone again and goes through Tyler's Instagram. His pictures tell a story of the man he was and who he is now. His old pictures show him with a bunch of guys holding whiskey glasses and partying. There are some of his wife as well. Agape notices that like her sister, she too was beautiful and an exact original of Amantle. She begins to wonder what it would be like if they were to be a couple. Could she compete with a dead person? The latest pictures are mostly of him with his children. She scrolls back to an old one of him and his wife at the airport. They looked so young. Probably when he was going abroad to study. She tries to scroll but

accidentally likes the picture.

Agape: (sits up and covers her mouth) No no no no
no no! What did I do?

She switches her phone off and tosses it away then
covers her face with a pillow screaming into it.

Agape: I look like a stalker now.....

At Mma Boleng's house

Early the next morning, a man is heard calling out at
the gate.

Man: Ko-ko! Dumelang!

The man is completely ignored as Boleng's mother,

her husband and some relatives sit chatting in the living room. Nadia peeks out the window one the third shout.

Nadia: Ao Boleng, why don't they let them in? Kana that's Kgosi shouting shouting like a headless chicken.

Boleng: (laughs while feeding her daughter)
Welcome to marriage. And these ones are so cruel mma. Tony's family had to knock for an hour gone kwa. I almost cried.

Nadia: An hour? Ao mma! I can't imagine Mr Morena standing outside with his Mmakgosi for an hour.

Boleng: Kante did that man go around looking for woman with a royal name like his just so they can have a family of royal names? Ke gore Lekgotla

marries Mmakgosi and she gives birth to Kgosi, Bogosi, Morena and Kgotla?

Nadia: (laughs) Mmakgosi isn't even her name mme kana. You know how mama and malome call each other bo honey? Well that's Mr Morena's pet name for his wife and she calls him papas. It's so cute.

Boleng: Ach! Aren't those people in their sixties?

Nadia: Morena says his dad will be seventy next year.

Boleng: (smiles) that's so cute. O setse stocko sa long marriage sistaz.

Nadia smiles and looks out the window again.

Nadia : I will if they let them in. Ao mma. Kana they are just chatting in there.

Boleng: Ha gona tsapa le ba hisang pelo tlhemma. (they aren't even bothered) Morena's family knows they don't have a choice here.

Nadia: Ao bathong.

She plops herself on the bed and gets her phone. She finds a message from Morena.

[I wish we were paying magadi today. I was going to move you out today.]

Nadia: [where are you jaana? Kana Kgosi is screaming his head off batho ba gana go bula]

Morena: [I can hear him. He is going to make me pay for this. Best believe that]

Nadia: [what? Where are you? I thought you weren't supposed to be here]

Morena: [I am not there Akere]

Nadia: [Morena where are you?]

He doesn't respond and watches his brother knocking and greeting while he sits in a car two houses away. Their father and uncles wanted to teach Kgosi and Bogosi how things are done saying Bogolo and Tlamelo will soon get married so they have to know how things are done.

After twenty minutes of calling out, one of the uncle's comes out and let's them in. The initial

greetings are done as members of Morena's family take their seats and get into the business of the day. After going back and forth on the charges, they finally come to an agreement and refreshments are brought in.

A knock on the door silences the room. Boleng's mother goes to the door and opens it to the vile of the earth. Rraagwe Joe walks into the house walking past Boleng's mother and as always, his wife waltz in with her heels clicking against the tile.

Rraagwe Joe : I would like to understand how my daughter's negotiations are going on in my absence. A jewa ke mang magadi a leitibolo lame ke sants e ke tshela? Le chagitse bokae? (who will be taking my first born's bride price while I am still alive? How much did you charge?)

Everyone in the room frowns looking at one another for answers no one had.

Nadia frowns when she hears her father's booming voice.

Nadia: Boleng please tell me that isn't David. Please tell me I am imagining that.

In the living room,

Boleng's uncle: (frowns) J aanong go eng? Who are you?

Rraagwe Joe : I should be asking you since you are here thirsting for what is rightfully mine.

Mmaagwe Joe: Ha le swabe hela le its hokets e magadi e se a lona? (have you no shame for wanting money that isn't yours?)

Mr Motlhabi: (stands up) Listen I need you two to leave my house right now because I don't know who you are or why you are here. Get out of my house.

Rraagwe Joe: (looks at Boleng's mum) Wena ha o nkitse? (Don't you know who I am?) Tell them who I am.....

[08/31, 17:58] : Sorry about last night. I fell asleep while writing.

MINI INSERT

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 73

At Ma Boleng's house

Boleng's mum looks at Rraagwe Joe and sits next to her husband.

Boleng's mum: why are you so cruel to this child? Why do you constantly try to hurt her? Haven't you done enough?

Mr Motlhabi: Honey is this the man who abandoned his daughter and reappears like a ghost whenever it suits him?

Boleng's mum:(nods her head) I don't know why he is so determined to hurt Nadia this way. What do you want from her? Haven't you hurt her enough? Can't you give the child a break?

Rraagwe Joe: (turns to the people sitting opposite them) You must be the groom's family.

Mr Motlabi: (interrupts him) Boo Rra Morena, please do not judge us or our daughter too harshly based on this lunacy. We have had a very successful negotiation and it would be unfortunate for everything to fall out because of a man who has never been in his daughter's life. Nadia was raised by her grandparents and he never bothered himself with her. When her grandmother died, she gave Nadia to my wife asking her to look after her. This was over ten years ago and not once have I seen this man but I too have known Nadia for the past ten years. We may not be her blood relations but God knows this man is less of a parent to her than we will ever be. (to Rraagwe Joe) I don't know what kind of man does the things you do. You are a sorry excuse of a man in every sense of the word. You have hurt this child so much over the years and for you to stand here opening your mouth to claim her shows you are dead inside. Lesa go tlhobosa

ngwana mo go no matsalaagwe. (stop ruining your child's reputation in the eyes of her in-laws) What you are doing is wrong. Leave right now before I decide to make you leave.

Rraagwe Joe: Try me and you will rue the day you were born. (to the Morena's) if at all your son is serious about marrying my daughter then I suggest you stand up and leave this place right now. I will give you the address of my house so we can meet there next week because no one is using my child to get rich.

In the room

Boleng: (fanning Nadia) Nadia can you breathe. Breathe in and out.

Nadia: (wheezing in tears) Why me? Huh? Why me?

Boleng: Nadia stop talking and breathe.

Nadia: Let.. me.. go and.. talk to them.

She tries to stand up but starts getting dizzy so she sits back down.

In the living room

Mr Morena clears his throat and leans forward in his chair looking at Rraagwe Joe. This is a man who has been quiet since arriving. His last words were during the greetings and he had watched the negotiations in silence as his brother took lead. But this, this was the last straw for him.

Mr Morena: (chuckles) can you get out of this house right now before I knock you out. I thought my son was exaggerating your insanity. I told him

that there is no man on this earth who could do or say the things he said to his own daughter. Ha o lathile ngwana o nna le ditlhong. (if you abandoned your child, you have shame over it) I didn't think such a creature exists. Ke lona ba le gogiwang ke basadi ka ditsibe ha o bona o le ha. (you are one of these men who let's his wife control him.) How dare you come here and think you can ruin things for my son? Ole gatwe Morena Morena. Ngwana wa ga Lekgotla Morena. (That one is Morena Morena. The son of Lekgotla Morena) And I am not a foolish man like you. Out of respect for my daughter in law, I will not disclose what you have don to her but believe me when I say you will not touch my son's money. Get out while I am still being nice and respecting my in-laws.

Rraagwe Joe :(huffs and puffs) Do you know who I am? Huh? Don't try to mess with me. I hold this country on the palm of my hands and I will crush you and that son of yours.

Mr Morena yanks his older brother's walking stick and whacks Rraagwe Joe's leg while still seated.

Mr Morena: Mathata le ila go reetsa. (the problem is you don't listen.) I said get out of here!

Rraagwe Joe holds his leg while his wife covers her mouth in shock. Mr Motlhabi and Boleng's uncle stand up and push Rraagwe Joe out of the house while he hurls insults at them. His wife comes running behind them shouting for them to leave her husband. Mr Motlhabi locks the gate once they have pushed them out.

Rraagwe Joe: I am going to deal with all of you!
That is my child! Mine!

Morena sees the commotion and dials Nadia. He hadn't seen Rraagwe Joe go inside. Boleng answers Nadia's phone.

Boleng: Hello? Morena? She fainted!

Morena: what?!

Boleng: (running) I am getting my mum to help. She just fainted.

She hangs up leaving Morena with more questions than answers. He opens the car and almost steps out but he remembers he was told not to get in the yard because he could get fined for it and his in-laws would see him as disrespectful. He dials Kgosi hoping he will answer him.

Kgosi: (panicked) Hello?

Morena: What's going on in there? Gatwe Nadia fainted?

Kgosi: Eish man it looks like she is bleeding. They are taking her to the hospital.

Morena: (gets out of the car) What do you mean she is bleeding? What happened?

Kgosi: I don't know. We are coming to the car.

Kgosi hangs up and Morena walks to the yard hoping to get a glimpse of Nadia while standing outside the yard.

Meanwhile in the yard, Mr Motlhabi manages to carry Nadia inside their car while his wife gets his wallet and their phones from the bedroom. When she gets back into the living room, she finds that everyone is outside except the one person she almost fainted upon seeing when they arrived. It had been so long that she never thought she would

see him again. Even when she learnt Morena's surname, she just figured that people share surnames in Botswana and it means nothing. But lo and behold, here he stands staring at her.

Bogosi: (nervously) was that her? Was that my daughter?

Boleng's mum: You don't have a child with me Bogosi. Didn't you hear what your father said about men who abandon their children?

Bogosi: Lenah don't be like that. I thought you didn't keep her.

Boleng's mum: I didn't keep her.

Bogosi: But she looks like her sister. It's her isn't it? I just want to know. I won't bother you or her if she

doesn't want to meet me. I almost died of a heart attack when I saw you and I was so scared to even talk to you. I was going to leave this place without saying anything but then I saw her. Is she mine?

Boleng's mum: This isn't the time Bogosi. I have a daughter bleeding out and my husband is waiting for me.

She rushes out of the house and goes to the car. Bogosi walks out of the house and joins his family who are standing outside the gate trying to calm Morena down.

Mr Morena: Lets follow them to the hospital. Seeing her now will just delay them. Let's go to the car. I told you not to get out of that car.

Morena turns around and speed walks to the car with his family behind him. All that keeps ringing in

his head is how this isn't how this day was supposed to be.

[08/31, 17:58] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 74

At Tlotlo's house

After a whole morning of checking if Tyler had said anything to her, Agape got fed up and decided to take initiative. Tlotlo and Avi had gone to see their son after promising the rest of the kids they would get them for the lunch hour visit. Agape called Tehillah over to her room.

Tehillah: Yes Aunty.

Agape: Baby do you know where Yaya lives?

Tehillah: Yes but it's far.

Agape: Do you know what it's called?

Tehillah: It's Phakalane.

Agape: Do you know how to get to their house?

Tehillah: Yes it's near the mall. (excited) Are we going there? I miss her.

Agape: Yes I want us to go and visit her. Just you and me. Wear your shoes so we can go there.

Tehillah: (clapping) Yes! (face drops) wait, I want to go and see Abo.

Agape: Don't worry, we will be back before that time. We will even go to the hospital before them. Run and get your shoes. And don't tell anyone OK?

Tehillah: (laughing) OK!

She runs out to get her shoes while Agape ties the laces of her sneakers and grabs her bag walking out in a tracksuit. She goes to the kitchen where Tlamelo is washing the breakfast dishes.

Agape: Tlamelo wee I am going somewhere with Tehillah. We will meet you guys at the hospital.

Tlamelo: (smiles) Where to? Why aren't we also invited to tag along?

Agape: (sticks her tongue out) ko mosadi ha a botswe.

Tlamele: (laughs) paps is going to kill you two for this. You know that right?

Agape: (squint her eyes) For what?

Tlamele: (presses her lips together and shakes her head) Don't mind me. I am just being crazy. (giggles) But I think he really likes you.

Agape: (holds her waist) Who Tlamele?

Tlamele turns back to her dishes and giggles.

Tlamele: Don't mind me. Like I said, I am crazy.

Agape chuckles and walks out and rushes back to Tlamelo.

Agape: Tlamelo themma don't tell him. Not yet anyway.

Tlamelo: (laughs) I kept my boyfriend a secret from paps for two years. Only mama knew about it and even the time he found out was by accident so trust me when I say your secret is safe with me. Mum's the word.

Agape hugs her and pecks her cheek before running off calling out for Tehillah who runs out to join her in the car.

Tlamelo's phone rings on the window sill cutting the music she was playing.

Tlanelo: Hi Joeey.

Joe: (chuckles) how are you doing?

Tlanelo: I am so good. Today is just an amazing day and I am so excited to go and see my brother.

Joe: That's what I was actually calling about. Do you think your parents would mind me tagging along?

Tlanelo: I don't think they would. I mean you were here through most of the crap that's been going on this past month so I think they would understand if you wanted to see him too. But let me call my mum and confirm with her then get back to you. How does that sound?

Joe: Cool. I'll wait to hear from you because the main reason I am asking is because I want us to go somewhere together and it's closer to the hospital than your place so I wanted to just meet you at the hospital.

Tlameo: (smiles) Where are we going?

Joe: (sighs) I actually got in touch with my older sister last night and she sounded like she was willing to get together and talk things out. She said her negotiations are happening at her foster mother's house and gave me directions and said I can come after lunch. I am too nervous to go there alone so I was hoping we could go there together.

Tlameo: oh babe I am so happy for you. Thank you for including me like this. Of course I will go with you. I am just glad you actually took this step. Wow I am so excited okare it's me.

Joe: (chuckles) OK so we will meet at the hospital. I don't even need to go see Abotle with you because it might be too invasive. I will just wait for you in the waiting room so I can give you guys privacy.

Tlameo : OK that's fine. Let me finish cleaning up then love.

Joe: bye babe.

Tlameo: bye Joeey...

At the hospital

Morena runs in carrying Nadia in his arms getting his shirt bloody. He jumped out of the car immediately they stopped in the parking lot and ran to Mr Motlhabi's car to get her. She still hasn't

woken up and it is freaking him out. He is met with a bed and she is rolled in with him behind. Boleng's mother fills out the forms in the mean time while the rest of the Morena clan, her husband, Boleng and her grand daughter sit on chairs filling up the waiting room. Mrs Morena joins her by the information desk and watches nervously as she writes.

Mrs Morena: I don't like the look of all that blood. Was she pregnant?

Boleng's mum : I have no idea but it doesn't look good at all.

She continues writing feeling intimidated by the presence of the older woman next to her. A woman who mother's the man that changed her life many years ago.

Meanwhile in the emergency room, Morena blatantly refuses to go back to the waiting room while they attend Nadia. He chooses instead to wait in the corridor waiting for the doctor to get out of the room to give them an update. He paces around biting his finger nails nervously fighting the thoughts creeping into his mind. It was just blood. Stress tends to induce her periods so that's what it was. This is all that's going on in his mind as he waits. He doesn't even see Lea making her way to him.

Lea: (panicked) Mozy what happened? What are you doing here? Are you bleeding? Why aren't you being attended? Oh my God sit down!

Morena: (snaps back to reality) oh Lea. Hi. No it's not my blood. I am fine.

Lea: (searching his eyes) So whose is it? What happened?

Morena: it's, (puts his hands over his head) it's Nadia. I don't know what's wrong. They are taking too long with her and I am losing my mind. She isn't waking up. She isn't waking up. This is the third time I am seeing her like this Lea. What will I do if she doesn't wake up this time?

Lea: Mozy calm down OK. Do you want me to check on her for you?

Morena: Can you? I am worried sick. (points) She is in there.

Lea: OK wait here. Let me go and see how she is doing.

Lea walks into the room and is in there for a few minutes before walking out trying her best not to show emotion. This isn't something she is able to

say.

Morena: (holds her hands) So? How is she?

Lea: (widens her eyes to avoid crying) The doctor wouldn't say anything to me. He was still busy with her. He said he will update you in a few minutes.

Morena: But was she awake?

Lea: (smiles) Don't worry OK? Let me go I have do my rounds.

She gives him a hug and walks away with a heavy heart feeling sorry for him.....

At Phakalane

Agape reaches her hand out of the window and rings the intercom.

Yamasa: Hi! Who is it?

Tehillah: (screams) Yaya it's me! Open!

Agape laughs as the gate opens.

Agape: Wena tlhemmma you are loud. I was the one that rang the bell.

Tehillah :But Yaya is my friend. I am the one visiting her.

Agape rolls her eyes smiling and park's the car. The door opens and Yamasa comes out screaming for her friend who jumps out of the car squealing in the

same high tones. They jump into each other's arms dancing and jumping.

Agape: Yaya am I invisible neh mma?

Yamasa: (laughs) sorry Aunty. I missed my best friend. Are you here to apply the make up you bought us again?

Tehillah: (claps) yes the kiddies one! I want to look like a princess again.

Agape: (laughs) Maybe later. Where is your dad Yaya?

Yamasa: He is building a doll house for Amantle in the backyard. I was telling him that he isn't fair because hers looks nicer than mine.

Agape: (chuckles) sorry. What about Yaone and Amantle?

Yamas a: playing in the play room. Daddy refuses for us to watch TV all day. He can be so boring sometimes Aunty.

Agape laughs and walks into the house.

Agape: OK let me go and see your father then we will see about your make up.

The girls clap hands and run off to Yamas a's room to play. Agape walks to the back yard expecting to see Tyler putting together a plastic doll house following instructions from a manual but her jaw drops when she finds him shirtless with sweat trickling down his back that tightens with every knock of the hammer against the wooden house he is building. His biceps clench and loosen as he

pounds the nail in. His sweat pants reveal the waist band of his breifs and his butt looks like it was made for the pants and for her eyes to feast. She finds herself licking her dry lips as her eyes run all over what part of him she can see. She watched him bend over picking another nail. At this point she has forgotten the whole speech she kept rehearsing on her way here.

He wipes his brow and suddenly feels watched. He turns around and is almost startled by seeing Agape standing there. He removes his headsets and puts his tools down.

Tyler: when did you get here? I mean hi. What are you doing here?

Agape: (swallows) Umm.

Seeing his chest glistening in the sun isn't doing her

anymore good than seeing his back. In fact it's much worse now because she can see the faint lines of his six pack. Exactly how she likes it. Not buldgy like these gym junkies she always sees. Just enough to get her cookie twitching in excitement as his toned abs disappear into the waistband of his briefs. The track pants he is wearing are serving her eyes in platters. She can see the weapon with which she has been threatened with multiple times when she would get cheeky. Oh Tyler.

As if reading her mind, he chuckles and pulls his tshirt down from the tree branch he had hung it on and pulls it over his head wearing it.

Tyler: Agape lesa go ntsola o mpolelele gore o batla eng. (Apage stop undressing me and tell me what you want)

Agape clears her throat and looks all over the place trying to will herself back to the anger she had last

night.

Agape: (clears her throat again) You are too full of yourself. What is there to undress there?

Tyler: (chuckles) A re ye ke tle ke go bontsha. (let's go so I can show you)

Her twitching clit and blood rush makes her suck air in instantly drying her throat.

Tyler: (laughs) Agape wee. (laughs again) Do you know how expressive your face is?

Agape: (walks over to him) Why have you been ignoring me Tyler?

Tyler walks closer to her so her face is almost

touching his chest. This messes her breathing up even more.

Tyler: (bites his lower lip then smiles) Didn't you say I should stay away from you?

His masculine sweaty scent tickles her nostrils as she tries to remember his question.

Agape : (breathing heavily) But I didn't mean it.

Tyler lowers his head and tilts hers so their lips are almost touching.

Tyler: how was I supposed to know?

Agape: (swallows) I said I am sorry but you ignored me.

Tyler brushes her lips with his then steps back leaving her with closed eyes and expectant lips.

Agape: (in a breath) what are you doing?

Tyler: (sits on the bench) You still haven't said what you came here for.

Agape : (bites her lip looking down) I came to apologize and say yes.

Tyler: (folds his arms) Yes to what?

Agape looks in his eyes with anger building.

Agape: (through gritted teeth) to being your girlfriend.

Tyler: I don't remember ever asking you to be my girlfriend. I am a grown man in his forties with three children. What am I doing with a girlfriend Agape? I want a wife and a mother for my children.

Agape: Akere that's what I mean but we obviously have to start dating first.

Tyler: Then we will get married this time next year Akere?

Agape: (laughs) can we go on a date first Tyler? One date hela then you can ask me all those things.

Tyler: (stands up) OK.

He pulls her to him pressing her chest against his torso before tilting her face and planting a kiss on

her lips. She kisses him back with the same passion that has them breathing hard and heavy. Tyler breaks the kiss and takes her hand.

Tyler: Lets go ke go bontshe se o ntseng o se lebile.
(let's go so I can show you what you have been staring at)

Agape: (laughs) Shee Tyler I can't sleep with you a minute after agreeing to be your girlfriend.

Tyler: (continues walking to the house) Agape kana I have been dating you for a year. You are the one who has been in denial. So o ntse o ntima for a year. (so you have been denying me sex for a year). Imagine that! How cruel are you?

Agape: (giggling) what about the kids?

Tyler: (opens his bedroom door) their rooms are on the other side of the living room. This is our side of the house. I don't want them hearing you calling out your ancestors. And you look like the crying type Ebile.

He closes the door and locks it walking toward her while she walks backwards towards the bed.

Agape: (laughs) Ha ke rate Ty. (Ty I don't like it)

She has already accepted that this is happening because she too is as horny as he clearly is. After breaking up with her boyfriend two years ago, she has found that self satisfying doesn't quite hit the spot like having a man breathing heavily on top of you. Both of them have been throwing their clothes off while walking to the bed and teasing each other. By the time they reach the bed, Tyler is in the breifs that had inticed Agape earlier and the bulge he is sporting makes her all the more curious as she lays

down in her lace underwear and thanking her lucky stars she wore them. This would have been a bad day to be caught in granny panties.

Tyler pulls her back up and kisses her while running his hands all over her chocolate colored skin. He takes in how good she looks in black lace and can't wait to see what lies underneath and he has every intention to salvage every moment of it.

Tyler: Come here.

He sits on the bed and sits her on his lap so she is straddling him. He holds her neck and kissed her again while his other hand rubs the mounds of her breasts. The soft flesh had his dick throbbing as she skillfully grinds on top of him giving him pleasure. His hands find her butt cheeks and squeezes them increasing the pressure of the grinding making the tip of his dick force its way out of the waistband. She sees it and #EXPLICIT

The #EXPLICIT will be posted at 11:30pm. Click on the VISIT GROUP button under the page name to access the group.

[08/31, 17:59] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 75

At Tyler's house

Yamasa lies on her stomach on top of the bed. She wipes her tears and sniffles.

Tehillah: Maybe they are just friends Yaya like you and me.

Yamasa: You and me don't kiss. He kissed her. You saw him. And now she is going to be evil like May and make my daddy bad. He became good again and now he is going to change again.

Tehillah: (lies next to her) But Aunty Agape is not bad Yaya. You even said she is nicer than your daddy's sister.

Yamasa: But she is going to be bad if my daddy starts loving her. He loved May and she wanted to kill Amantle. She was always beating us and making daddy shout at us.

Tehillah:, (wipes Yamasa's tear) Maybe she will be your new mummy. I have two mummies and two daddies. It's nice.

Yamasa: (turns away) no I want my mother. I want mama Botho. Everyone becomes bad because they

are not her. I want her.

She continues to sob making Tehillah sad...

Meanwhile in Tyler's room, Agape lies on Tyler's chest circling his nipple with her finger.

Agape: So Tlamelo says Avi is going to kill us.

Tyler:(chuckles) That's an understatement. I violated bro code.

Agape: what code?

Tyler:(kisses the top of her head) You don't touch your friend's sister.

Agape: (lifts her head to look at him) So why did you?

Tyler: (spanks her butt) Have you seen you? (laughs)
I couldn't help myself. Gape mme I tried Agape. Ah I
tried. Le ene he will have to understand.

Agape: (laughs) That's the worst explanation I have
ever heard in my life.

She climbs out of bed.

Tyler: Hey where are you going?

Agape: Visiting Abotle remember?

Tyler: OK let's take a shower then go. I told Avi the
kids and I will meet them there.

Agape: Wes you crazy? You want us to arrive

together? I still have to convince Tehillah not to tell anyone we came here because I can't come up with a good reason as to why I came here.

Tyler: (laughs) So why did you bring her then?

Agape: Did I know where you live Ty?

Tyler: (opens the bathroom door) That's why people call.

Agape: Mxm. We're you going to to answer my calls?

Tyler: Heish and you have serious stalker tendencies mosadi ke wena. (woman)

She laughs and steps into she shower with him letting the water run through her short hair as they

take a, shower while nosing and fooling around...

Tyler: (knocks on Yamasas door) Yaya, Tehillah? I called you to get ready to leave ten minutes ago. We are all waiting for you.

Tehillah: (opens the door) Yaya says, she isn't going.

Tyler: Why?

Tehillah:, she is sad.

Tehillah walks out leaving Tyler in his daughter's bedroom. He sits on the bed and rubs her back.

Tyler: Yaya what's wrong? Don't you want to see Abo?

Yamasa: (sniffles) I don't want to go anymore.

Tyler: why did you and Tehillah fight again?

Yamasa: (shakes her head still facing away) I don't like aunty Agape anymore.

Tyler: Why? What did she do?

Yamasa: We saw you kissing her by the doll house. It means you like her.

Tyler: (surprised) oh I thought you were in the play room. Sorry. You don't want me to like her?

Yamasa: She is going to be bad like May so I don't like her.

Tyler: (scratches his head) Has she ever treated you badly?

Yamasa: (sniffles) No but maybe she is pretending to be good.

Tyler: Did May ever pretend to be good?

Yamasa: (sits up and looks at him) No she was just evil like a witch.

Tyler: Yes May wasn't a good person but Agape is. Didn't you liek her before?

Yamasa : I did.

Tyler: OK so then why dknt you give her chance? If she becomes evil she will go.

Yamasa: You promise?

Tyler: I do. But evil doesn't mean telling you to behave well

You know that right?

Yamasa: Yes. She always tells us she doesn't like nonsense. (laughs) She once made Tehillah stand on one leg because she spilled water in the kitchen and left without wiping it for the third time.

Tyler: (chuckles) Yes. So give her a chance to be my friend and we will see how nice she is. How does that sound?

Yamasa: (smiles) OK.

Tyler: Good now let's go.

At the hospital

The door to Nadia's room finally opens and a nurse steps out.

Nurse: You can go in. The doctor is ready for you.

Morena walks in and relief washes over him when he sees Nadia awake. He rushes over to hug her.

Morena: Are you OK? I was so worried about you.

Doctor: Hello sir. I am Dr Karen. I am an OB/ GYN (Obstetrician / Gynecologist). She asked me to call you in before I could discuss anything. She woke up a few minutes ago and she is still weak from the

blood loss but we are keeping her hydrated and she should be ready to go in an hour or two.

Morena: What happened though?

Doctor:b (looks st Nadia) I am sorry to say that you have suffered an early early miscarriage. We had to perform a sonogram in order to determine whether the baby is still in there because we had no medical history but we found that the embryo bled out completely and according to the scan, who were two weeks pregnant.

Nadia just blinks rapidly listening to what feels to her like a nightmare. After all these years of trying to fall pregnant she finally does and then loses it just like that Morena?

Morena releases his hold on Nadia and sits on the chair next to her bed.

Morena: So she was pregnant?

Doctor: Yes she was. Nadia I have to ask a few questions in order to give a proper diagnosis. OK.?

Nadia nods her head and wipes her tears away.

Doctor: OK, do you have a regular menstrual cycle?

Nadia: Umm.. Not really. Sometimes I get my period a week before I expect it to come or a month can pass and I'll think I am pregnant but two weeks after I can get my period. But when it comes after six weeks, it's always heavy and the cramps are more painful than normal.

Doctor: (takes notes) OK, have you seen a gynecologist about this problem?

Nadia: (sniffles) no. I have never really had a regular period since I started menstruating so I just took it that I am like that.

Doctor: OK I need to know if you have ever been pregnant before, like knowingly? Do you have a child?

Nadia: (bites her lip) I don't have a child. (looks at Morena then the doctor) but I have been pregnant before. Five times.

Moreba jerks his head up and frowns. He tilts his head waiting to hear more. Since when does Nadia have children is all he is asking himself.

Doctor: OK what happened? You say you dont have children. Did you mis carry?

Nadia: (takes a deep breath as her ears heat up) I... I...I had abortions. I was still young and I didn't want to keep them.

Doctor: OK. Don't cry. Did you have it done by a doctor or did you use Mifeprestol? (Nadia raises her brows) Cytotec. The abortion pill.

Nadia: No I was living in the village and there was a woman who helped people with abortions.

Morena stands up then sits down again.

Doctor: Are you OK sir? You can step out if you want to.

Morena: No I will be fine.

Doctor: Nadia backstreet abortions are very dangerous and you could have lost your life. I have seen scar tissue on your uterine lining which is clearly the result of the tools she probably used to cause the abortion. (takes her glasses off) From what I can gather, you might find that the times you thought your period was delaying, you were actually pregnant. Do you experience any pregnancy symptoms?

Nadia: (covering her face) yes I do but then my period comes and then I think it was all in my head. (wipes her tears sniffing) I couldn't have kept those babies. I couldn't have. Doctor I didn't have a choice. I didn't want them. My rapists children? No I couldn't do it.

Doctor: okay Nadia. It's okay. I am sorry you went through that. It's only unfortunate that you are now going through this. We will have to remove the scar

tissue in order to minimize the scarring in your uterus.

Nadia :Will I be able to fall pregnant after that?

Doctor: Falling pregnant isn't an issue for you. But unfortunately you won't be able to carry past your first trimester.

Nadia: (mouth wobbles) J ust like that? J ust like that?
Ao bathong.

She turns over and cries facing Morena who has buried his head between his legs.

Doctor : I am sorry Nadia. I will talk to my assistant to book you in next week for your surgery. (puts her pen down) I know this is a lot to take in right now but I want you to know that you Wil lget through this.

You can always explore other options to have children. We can discuss it after surgery. (looks at Morena) sir I know this isn't easy for you either but she needs you nod more than ever. (stands up) Let me check on my other patients and I will check back in after an hour to see if I can discharge you.

She gives Nadia's shoulder a light squeeze and walks out...

[08/31, 17:59] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 76

In Nadia's hospital room

Nadia wipes her tears and sniffles while facing Morena who still hasn't lifted his head since the

doctor left.

Nadia: (sniffles) Morena. (silence) Babe...

Morena: (still facing down) Ng ng..

Nadia: Babe please talk to me.

Morena: Ng ng..

Nadia: (sniffles) how will we deal with this if you don't want to talk to me?

Morena: (looks up with red eyes) Nadia I don't want to talk to you right now. I don't want to talk. Won't you atleast respect that? I am tired of this. I am tired of always having to find things out from other people. You don't have an honest bone in your body

and I can't even have my anger justified because of what you have been through but what about me? Am I not also human? Don't I deserve better than what you are doing to me? First I find out you are living a whole other life through Botho, then I listen to you tell your therapist about all your years of rape and find out you have a whole other name then years later your father rises from the dead and that's when you tell me you have a deadbeat father and now, now after three years of trying and trying to have a child with you I find out you had abortions Nadia. Not one! Five! Five abortions? Couldn't you have told me that before huh?

Nadia: (wobbling mouth) I didn't know it caused damage Morena.

Morena: (stands up and points at her) You always do this! This is your M. O. Don't even dare to cry here because I am calling you out for being a liar.

Nadia: I never lied to you!

Morena: I asked you the day your father showed up if there was anything else you didn't tell me.

Dammit Nadia you could have said something the day you decided to tell me in front of your Doctor that you grew up being raped. Wasn't that the perfect time to chime that in?

Nadia: (crying) Morena it's not something I ever want to remember. Those were the most painful times I have ever gone through. Literally bleeding out on someone's floor not knowing if you will open your eyes again just because you didn't want to keep reminders of your rape.

Morena: Well look where that got you. You will never have children because of that.

Nadia: Oh and you would have loved me if I came

with a train of five children?

Morena: That is something we will never know now will we?

Nadia: (chokes from her tears) Morena I am sorry for not telling you about the abortions. I didn't lie to you. I just didn't want to be a walking graveyard in your eyes. I am sorry.

Morena: (looks at her) Nadia you don't love me do you?

Nadia: what are you talking about? Of course I love you Morena.

Morena: (wipes a tear that escaped his eye) No you don't because you have made it your life's mission to hurt me. What else don't I know about you?

Maybe you lied and your mother is actually alive.
(chuckles) At this rate I am about to find out you
were born a boy. (rubs his face with his hands)
honestly I am so tired of this Nadia. Like ke
remegile ditokollo gompiano. (you have really
floored me) I can't!

He walks to the door.

Nadia: (sits up) please don't go.

Morena: I need to think.

Nadia: Are you breaking up with me?

Morena: (turns and faces her) I need to think
dammit! I need to think! Can't you respect that? He
opens the door and storms out.

The nurse who had called him in sees him leaving and walks into Nadia's room to see if she is OK. She finds Nadia crying into her hands.

Nurse: Are you OK?

Nadia: (looks at her) I lost him. I have lost him this time. My life is over and it's all my fault.

The older woman walks over and holds her comforting her.

Nurse: Ngwanaka don't ever say your life is over when God isn't done with you. I don't know what you are going through right now but know that as sure as you are that the sun sets at the end of every day, you are as equally sure that it comes back up at dawn. If indeed that man left you then know that this pain will pass and you will be able to smile again. This will be a distant memory.

Nadia: (sobbing) but he is so good. I can't lose him!
I can't.

Nurse: listen to me when I say that not everyone is
for everyone. If he can't support you when you are
going through this kind of loss then he isn't worth it.

Nadia: You don't understand! It's my fault. (wipes
her tears) can I please be alone.

Nurse: OK but you need to calm down and stop
raising your BP if you want to the doctor to
discharge you.

The nurse holds her hand and walks out.

In the emergency room

Everyone sits anxiously waiting to hear from anyone about Nadia's condition.

Boleng's mum; honey let me go to the loo.

Mr Motlhabi: OK.

She stands up and makes her way to the toilet. Once she is done she opens the door and finds Bogosi leaning against the wall waiting for her. She panics and looks around to see if anyone else was there.

Boleng's mum: What do you want Bogosi?

Bogosi: Lenah I just want to meet my daughter. Is that so wrong?

Boleng's mum: (chuckles) Bogosi am I a fool to you? Didn't you say you wanted nothing to do it with my child? You now want her because she is a grown woman? What is it with you deadbeat fathers kante? Do you have a union where you discuss your plans to ruin your children's lives? Well you are a little late compared to your comrade because Boleng has been married for three years now. O late papa ha ele gore le tsoma magadi. (you are late if you are all after bride price)

She walks away from him and goes back into the waiting room.

Mr Morena: (to Boleng) Ao, mme you look exactly like my grand daughter. Nna Ebile ka re a o ngwanake ke go sele.

Mr Mothlabi (laughs) Hey kana you never know. We

live in a small world.

Boleng's mum: (sits down) What's happening?

Mr Motlhabi: No Mr Morena was asking Boleng who her father is saying she looks like his grand daughter.

Boleng's mother gets tongue tied and right on cue, The door opens and Avi walks in with his wife, Tlamelo, Leano, Loago and Joe.

Mr Morena: Sheh Ntlame! I was just talking about you.

Mrs Morena: Ha re ba tshwana gore! (and they really look alike)

Tears sting Boleng's mother's eyes. She looks at Bogosi with so much anger as her heart races. She never wanted this day to come. Especially since Boleng wanted nothing to do with her father. Bogosi on the other hand is having all his questions answered when he sees Boleng and Tlamelo. He knew it wasn't in his head. Boleng too looks at Tlamelo and can see the similarities except for Tlamelo's lighter complexion, they looked a lot alike. She looks at her mother and can see the discomfort on her face.

Mrs Morena: (hugs Tlotlo) Are you here to see Abotle? Do you know I had to hear it from Bogosi that your son wasn't well Tlotlo? Ha o dire sentle kana. (what you see doing is wrong)

Tlotlo swallows as the guilt lava, begins to burn her ears and chest all over again. She thought it would be months or at least weeks before seeing Bogosi again. She feels naked. She feels like everyone is

watching them naked and humping on the floor. She folds her arms and smiles nervously avoiding Bogosi's eyes. Seeing his wife makes it ten times worse.

Tlotlo: I am sorry. I should have told you ma.

Chantelle looks down in shame remembering the heated conversation she and Tlotlo had shared when she had called two days after the accident saying she would like to see Abotle. They had a fight like one they never had before and haven't spoken since.

While there is all this happening in the room, each consumed by their own thoughts, Morena storms through the doors and walks past everyone.

Kgosi: Morena! Is she OK? Is Nadia OK?

Morena doesn't stop to answer him but walks out the door and heads to the car and drives out not thinking about the face that he drove his parents here.

Mr Morena: (stands up) Heelang!

Boleng's mum: (stands up) Let me go and check on her.

She walks away and opens the door leading to the rooms half running.

[08/31, 17:59] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 77

At the hospital

After Morena runs out, Kgosi and Bogosi run out hoping to catch him but all they see is his tail lights.

Kgosi: Dammit! I don't know how many time I have to tell him to stop this thing of driving out when he is angry.

Bogosi: What even happened? I'd she dead?

Kgosi: He wouldn't act like that of s he died. He is angry about something.

Bogosi: Ah Nadia kana le ene o di stunt. (Nadia is also full of it) What has she done this time?

Kgosi: This right here is what I was afraid of and it

seemed like I hate the girl. I can't even call him because that could make things worse.

Mr Morena comes pacing out of the emergency and walks over to them.

Mr Morena: o ile? (did he leave?)

Bogosi: Yeah.

Mr Morena: Ele gore Morena o a peka? (is he mad?)
Why would he leave us here when he drove us? Our things are in his car kana. Nna I long said it that I want to bring my own car but because he needed an excuse to go with us he had to be the chauffeur.

Bogosi: We will drop you off. Don't worry.

Mr Morena: (holds his waist and tilts his head)
Bogosi who is that girl? Is she your daughter?

Bogosi: (scratches his head) Ah tota I was
suspicious of her when I saw her but her mother
doesn't want to talk about it.

Mr Morena: So you know her mother?

Bogosi: (looks around) Yeah but we parted on bad
terms.

Mr Morena: Was she pregnant when you parted?

Bogosi: (scratches head) yeah but I kind of told her
to get rid of it.

Kgosi chuckles and steps back. Mr Morena raises

his hand and smacks the back of Bogosi's head!

Bogosi: Paps!

Mr Morena: o raya Nyaps wa eng? You got someone's child pregnant then told her to abort it? Are you insane?

Bogosi: I was still a kid! I wasn't ready!

Mr Morena: (raises his hand but Bogosi ducks) So why didn't you use protection huh? You are no better than that idiot that has landed his daughter in hospital! What is wrong with you?

Bogosi: I was still young paps.

Mr Morena: Shut up Bogosi! You let my

granddaughter grow up fatherless. o nchimisa gore
and I hope she wants nothing to do with you. Nxla.

He walks back to the emergency room where the
tension is so thick for those who feel it but those
oblivious to what is going through everyone's minds
are at ease.

Mrs Morena: Where is he?

Mr Morena: He drove off. Our phones are in the car
so we can't even call him.

Tlotlo: (awkwardly) Umm let us go. We want to
make it on time.

Mrs Morena: OK which ward is he in? I'd like to see
him as well. When are they discharging him?

Tlotlo: (nervously) Maybe tomorrow. They wanted

to see how his stitches are healing.

Mrs Morena: OK then maybe I can come and see him at home because we have to see what's happening with Morena. Let me go and check Nadia.

She stands up and gives Tlotlo a hug then walks away. Tlotlo and her family walk away after the kids exchange pleasantries with their grandad.

Joe: (takes a seat) Tlameho I will just wait here for you.

Tlameho: OK babe. I won't be too long.

Her eyes widen when her grandfather frowns. She quickly dashes away before he starts asking her embarrassing questions.

Avi: (holds her waist) Love are you OK?

Tlotlo: (clears her throat) Yeah. It was just awkward seeing Chantelle.

Avi nods his head and they continue walking to Abotle's ward.

Tlotlo: Agape was supposed to be here by now.

Avi: Even Tyler.

Tlameo chokes on her saliva but they don't question it and continue walking.

Back by the emergency, Mr Morena leans back on the chair and folds his arms looking at Joe.

Mr Morena: O baby ya ga mang?

Avi: (clears his throat) Rra?

Mr Morena: you heard me. Why is my grandchild calling you baby?

Avi:(scratches his head) I am her friend.

Mr Morena :So all your friends call you baby?

Avi: (presses the fake call button) Rra? Oh sorry I have to take this.

He walks away leaving Mr Motlhabi laughing.

Mr Morena: These boys today have it easy. I would never have thought of going around with my

girlfriend's parents. I was an inigma to them until the day my uncles went to pay magadi. Bo baby baby in front of parents? Let him come back. He will tell me how he married her without my knowledge.

Mr Motlhabi, Chantelle and Bogosi's wife all laugh.

Chantelle: Papa these are different times.

Mr Morena: Different times my foot. Gatwe o mang? Boleng?

Boleng: rra?

Mr Morena: did you alps do this with your husband before you got married??

Boleng: (smiles) no. He is Nigerian so they are very

different from us in how they relate to in laws.

Mr Morena: Nnyaa mma they aren't different from us. We are the ones who have lost our culture.

He continues chatting with Mr Motlhabi while Boleng looks at him wondering what it would be like to be part of his family. She thinks about all the times Nadia told her about how close Morena was with his family and all the get togethers they had at their parent's house and realizes the possibility of her having missed out on all that. She is lost in thought as the men chat on.

In Nadia's hospital room

Boleng's mother hugs and comforts her while Morena's mother sits on the chair watching her sadly as she narrates what happened.

Nadia: (crying) I didn't know aborting them would leave me in a place like this. I have lost him forever now.

Mrs Morena: Nadia you don't know that. Or thinking I know for sure is that my son loves you. He is just angry now. Give him time. That's the one thing I hate about him and my husband. They are like rhinos when they are angry. Even making them talk when they don't want to is going to leave you in pain because they lose their filter when they are angry. It's better to let them leave and cool down. But this driving off thing ya ga Morena is what irritated me more. Mxm. But just give him time to cool off. You guys can explore other options of having children. These aren't the 1900s.

Nadia's phone rings and she grabs it thinking it's Morena. Her blood boils when she sees who is calling.

Nadia: (seething) Never ever call me again do you hear me Joseph? Are you the one that sent your parents to me huh? Of course you did! I changed my phone number so they used you to get to me. I knew it was too good to be true that you and your spoiled brother and sister would want me in their lives. Never talk to me again! Nxtla!

She hangs up and throws her hands over her face crying.

Boleng's mum: Who was that?

Nadia: (looks at her with puffy eyes) My half brother. He has been talking to me for a few days and wanted to meet so I told him to come and see me today. I wanted him to come to your house so I wasn't alone but look where that got me. He was clearly in a mission for his parents.

Mrs Morena shakes her head in disbelief while Boleng's mum wraps Nadia in her arms. Meanwhile outside, Joe looks at his phone in confusion. He tries to call her back but his call is cut then he can't get through. He slowly walks to his mum's car and sits in it waiting for Tlamelo.

[08/31, 17:59] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 78

At the hospital

Mrs Morena comes back to the waiting room and sighs.

Mrs Morena: Papas let's go home. I am tired now.

Mr Morena: but how is she?

Mrs Morena: She is fine. Well she will be fine. Let's go. I will tell you in the car.

Mr Morena stands up and shakes Mr Motlhabi's hand.

Mr Morena: At least we know she is fine. I will talk to my son and we will be seeing each other again in a month when we come and pay magadi.

Mr Motlhabi: Ee rra. Le tla, tsamaya sentle.

Mr Morena: (to Boleng) O tla Sala sentle ngwanaka. (pinches her daughter's cheeks) Kare she looks nothing like you. O go jesitse two nnoto mosimane wa mo Nigeria. (his genes overpowered yours)

Boleng: (giggles) I have accepted that I was just an incubator here.

Mr Morena: (laughs) We will see you again in a month Akere?

Boleng: if I can take time off from work. I live in Palapye.

Mrs Morena: Ao! Kgakala jang! (that's so far away)

Boleng: Yes but we try to visit often.

Mr Motlhabi: lying to elders Boleng?

Boleng: (laughs) ijo let me go and see Nadia.

She stands up leaving her daughter sitting next to her step father. She immediately stretches her hand out and he chuckles then hands her his phone so she can play the game he keeps for her.

In Abotle's room

Tyler, Agape and the kids walk into the room with Agape trying her best to act as natural as possible.

Avi: Wena Tehillah, after making so much noise about wanting to see your brother you decide to come late?

Tehillah: but daddy it wasn't me! It was Aunty! She is the one who was to go to-

Agape: Ao Tehillah mma. How can you throw me under the bus?

Tlotlo: Where did she take you nana?

Agape: Sheh Tlotlo bathong! (laughs) We are here aren't we? I wanted to get her hair done ko my hair dresser but her queue was so long that I had to just drop the whole thing. I booked her in for next week.

Tlameho fights her laughter and a text comes through on her phone.

Joe [babe I think I should just go. My sister just lashed out at me out of the blue telling me never to call her again then blocked me so we aren't going there anymore.]

Tlameho frowns and sends her reply.

[Ao just like that? Did anything happen? Bona wait

there I am coming]

Joe: [what about your brother? Don't worry. I will be fine.]

[No. I am coming. The Doctor says they are discharging him right now because he is healing properly. I will meet them at home. Wait there.]

Tlameo sends the message then looks at her mother.

Tlameo: mama can i leave you guys? There is a situation with Joe and his sister.

Tlotlo: Okay. Be home early though.

Avi: Tlameo don't make a habit of dropping your

family for your boyfriend. Those don't always last, but family is forever.

Tlotlo: Of course paps. It's just for today.

Leano: Yeah right!

Everyone laughs.

Tlamelo: Leano keep talking and I will sing like a canary.

Leano: (puts his arms over her shoulder) Ao sis you know I was just joking. I would never ever mess with you. Not me.

She pushed his face away and walks out of the room leaving laughter behind her as she heads to

the car.

In Nadia's room.

Boleng's mum walks out after Boleng gets in.

Boleng: What happened?

Nadia: Ah my past never remains my past that's what. I might be my own worst enemy Bee. It turns out my thousand abortions are the reason I can't get pregnant. Wait no. Apparently pregnancy isn't my issue. My issue is I can't stay pregnant. Turns out Mma Tlhong did a number on my uterus and now Morena seems fed up because he says I never told him about it.

Boleng: But why didn't you?

Nadia: (chuckles) how do you tell a man you had abortions? I honestly didn't even think it was a big deal because I knew I was always falling pregnant. I mean I got pregnant immediately after getting my first period and then every year after that. I remember the last time it happened, I passed out for hours at Mma Tlhong's house and only went back home just before midnight. She said it was because I had delayed to come and it was now a baby. Yeah that must have been the one that did it because I never fell pregnant after that.

Boleng: Ah wena mma Nadia your life le yone is just.. It needs someone with a heart of steel. I love you and everything but when I put myself in Morena's shoes for a minute, I can understand his reaction because you never just spill your guts out to someone. I am hearing this abortion story for the first time but you and I have known each other for so many years. Now imagine a man who wants to marry you hearing this after years of trying to have a child with you. Why didn't you tell him before or

atleast see a doctor because of your history?

Nadia: Boleng.. Ah you know what? It's fine. I am wrong for not telling him. Let him leave me. Ke tla reng because the truth is that my past will always be a factor in our marriage. Every mistake I make will be weighed against my past and also Morena want to have four children and I can't give him that. Maybe I am better off cutting my losses now than sign myself up for a life of misery with a man that feels like he isn't complete.

Boleng: So you want to break up with him?

Nadia: (sighs) I don't think I can even find the words because I love that man Bee. I love my man so much that even the thought of being without him gives me chest pains but what choice do I have because he is clearly done with me. The Morena I know would never have left me after finding out I lost our baby. He is done with me.

Boleng: (rubs Nadia's arm) Don't give up on him just yet. Yours is a love that is very forgiving. I mean that man forgave your level hundred cheating! He can forgive anything! I cannot even dream of cheating on Tony. That man would have my head on a pole in his village by dinner time.

Naddia: (laughs) Heish my brother in law bathong! I don't even know why he didn't come with you. His jokes always give me life.

Boleng: Motho o o lapisa tlhaloganyo tlhemma. (he is exhausting) I can't even take anything he says seriously because he is always joking or trying to get me naked. (rolls her eyes) Trust me when I say that this is a vacation for me. Kana morobalo o a lapisa Diks. (sex is tiring)

Nadia: (laughs until tears fall) You know Morena

once asked me if you are always having sex because whenever I call you when I am in the car, you are always breathing heavily and telling me it isn't a good time.

Boleng: (wide eyed) I told you never to call me when you are in the car Nadia! These bluetooth rubbishes of yours will have me looking like sex addict.

(laughs) kana ke gore if I wasn't half way mad, I would tell Tony to get a side chick just so I can get breaks but my half brain will have me breaking people's doors down or burning their houses down just to get my man out of there.

Nadia throws her head back and laughs.

Nadia: And I don't doubt that you would do that.

Boleng: (puts her hands together) Now that you are laughing again, I think Morena might be my uncle.

Nadia: (frowns) what? What do even mean?

Boleng: Well his father started off asking me who my father is and Akere nna I am fatherless. Well then he said I look like his granddaughter then the girl walks in kana gatwe Tlamelo. And she really does look a little like me.

Nadia: (chuckles) Tlamelo as in Bogosi's daughter?

Boleng: Yeah and that man had been looking at me for the longest time in the waiting room. I even got creeped out ke re maybe he wants me.

Nadia: This is just, but have you asked mama?

Boleng: Mama is acting wierd. Even when she was told about what Mr Morena said, she didn't even

respond or atleast laugh it off. She went mute and acted shifty hela. She now seems to be avoiding me. Akere you saw gore she just left when I came in here.

Nadia: I just thought she was giving us privacy.

Boelng: Nope. There is more to this but I don't want to have to ask that man. I want to talk to my mum first.

Nadia:, And then? Will you want him in your life?

Boleng: I honestly don't know.

Nadia: I wouldn't think twice about it knowing the kind of family they are. They make you want to have what they have but then again considering your mums side of the story about the whole abortion

thing.

Boleng: (shakes her head) Ke gore God saw two almost abortions like us and brought us together?

Nadia: (laughs) Mxm

She gets a notification on her phone and checks.

Morena: [I am waiting for you in the parking lot. Let me know once you have been discharged so I can, come get you.]

She sighs and shows Boleng the message.

Boleng: Atleast he came back.

Nadia: I guess so.

[3 months later]

[08/31, 18:00] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 78

Nadia

I didn't know what being with someone who seems trapped in a relationship looks like until three months ago. Morena isn't the man I used to know I feel like he is just passing time with me and I am honestly so tired of it. I have so much going on at work with the Make a Home project. We just aired it on television last night and my mail is already flooded with companies that want to meet their CSR targets using us and we really don't mind being used that way. All this work pressure and Morena's unending tantrum is just throwing me off. I initially thought it was all in my head but then today he went

to his cousin's wedding without me. Never mind the fact that I have spent his week at his house. I kept myself busy with work all day but I couldn't help but feel the ache in my heart. He just drove in and I am just going to let it out and let the chips fall where they may.

Morena: (opens the door) Dumelang.

Me: (with a hard voice) Hi

He walks past me and heads to the bedroom. No kiss nothing. I get up and follow him to the bedroom where he starts taking his clothes off. I stand by the door folding my hands for a while watching him.

Morena: (looks at me) What?

Me: What's going on with us Morena?

Morena: (sighs) what do you mean?

I walk over to the bed and sit down.

Me: Please sit down so we can talk.

Morena: I am still changing.

Me: Ao Akere you can sit so we talk first. It won't be long.

Morena: (impatiently) I listen with my ears so just talk. I am listening. I don't need to look into your eyes to hear you. I don't know why you like telling me what to do. Everything has to be done according to your wishes. Bua mma ke reeditse. (Speak I am listening)

Tears start stinging my eyes. This is one thing I hate about myself. I am overly emotional, especially when it comes to Morena. I don't even want him to see me cry right now because I don't want him to see me as weak. I quickly wipe the tear that escapes my eyes and look up to the ceiling.

Me: Morena I feel like you aren't in this relationship anymore. What I don't understand is why you don't just tell me you don't want me anymore so I can go.

Morena: I have never said I don't want you. I am still here.

Me: You aren't here Morena. We are supposed to be getting married in two months but you don't talk about it anymore and that's nothing compared to the fact that you still haven't paid magadi which were due two months ago. If you are still here then

what's going on?

Morena: (facing the closet) I am still waiting for the rest of your secrets.

Me: Morena what secrets? There is nothing more to tell you.

Morena: (chuckles) and where have I heard that before? I believed you only to find out we can't have children.

Me: Morena we have options. We can always adopt.

Morena: (chuckles) of course we can Miss Nadia. Why wouldn't we? I was born to please you and soothe all your aches akere? I mean what are my dreams of having my own children compared to pleasing you? Sure. Let's go and adopt. You will

choose the child you want us to adopt and where they will school. Heck you will decide whether the child takes my name or not.

The damned tears again.

Me: Baby why are you talking to me like this?

Morena: (turns around and points at me) Because you are selfish Nadia! You are a selfish human being who expect me to bend over backwards for her just because her past is more painful than mine! Have you ever considered that I want children of my own? Has that ever crossed your mind?

Me: (shouting) I never forced you to be with me Morena! Why did you come back for me if I am a selfish bitch?

Morena: Because I love you dammit! I hate you so much for the pain I feel in my heart but I love you! I love you Nadia and it hurts! Loving you hurts! My joy is never prolonged and I hate you for it!

Me: (crying) Then leave me Morena! Breakup with me and stop stringing me along!

He keeps quiet.

Me: (standing up) you know what? I am going to make this very easy for you.

I stand up and pull my mini suitcase out of the closet and start throwing my clothes in.

Morena: (sighs) Nadia what are you doing?

Me: (packing) I may not have a lot in my life and even a blind man can see that I can't run away from my past but one thing I am not going to do is humiliate myself by staying with a man who doesn't love me.

Morena: (shouts) Are you kidding me? I don't love you?

Me: (look at him) You don't love me Morena. You are just afraid of looking like a bad person by leaving me. Guilt is the only thing keeping you in my life and I am not going to degrade myself any further. I am not a charity case Morena. I don't need to stay with a man who can't even stand to touch me. We haven't had sex in three months! And if I don't come here, you don't visit me. If I don't call you, you don't bother yourself. At least you kept your money so I don't have to pay back magadi.

Morena tries to hold my hand but I yank it away

Me: No Morena. I am doing what you clearly can't do. We are done.

Morena: Nadia.

Me: No Morena. I will not stay with a man who makes me feel like he is doing me a favor by being with me. I would rather not owe you for loving me.

I zip my bag up and pull it out of the bedroom then gather my things from the livingroom while he stands there watching me with his hands in his pocket. The last thing I do is remove his house keys and gate remote from my keys then remove mine from his that are hanging on the door. The man is just watching me do this and isn't even trying to stop me. That's how I know this is what he wanted in the first place. He wanted me to leave. He didn't want to be the one breaking things off with me.

Me: (standing at the door) I know that I am the reason we are where we are and this time it's because of something that is too permanent to ignore. You want children and I can't give you that. And even if I were to suggest surrogacy, I feel like we are at a point where there has been too much damage done to our relationship. You don't trust me anymore and aren't willing to learn how to. It's ok Morena. I love you so much but I think it's time I learn to love myself. Not everyone can get a happily ever after in life.

I walk out while he stands there looking at his feet. Oh God my heart hurts. It's hurts so much. Every step I take to the car feels more painful and heavy than the last but Morena isn't stopping me so I know this is it for us. This is the end for Morena and Nadia. I really can't blame him though.....

Tlotlo

Guilt is like a cancer that eats at you slowly. Just when you think nah I am fine now. I accept the fact that I cheated, something happens and it reminds you of your infidelity. Even something as simple as my kids saying they are going to visit their dad used to throw me into the pit. The worst one was the memories that would come flooding in when I was in my office. I used to cry everyday when I went to the shop but I acted fine in front of Avi and he doesn't suspect a thing. The problem lies with me. I don't know if I will ever get over it.

Today is Abotle's third birthday and I have been a crying mess all week while preparing for his birthday party. I kept thinking how he almost didn't see this day and I would just bawl out. Initially Avi sympathized with me but he got to the point of telling me I am being too emotional and I don't blame him because everything seems to make me cry now. Like when I cried after I tried wearing the pants I bought for the party this morning and they

wouldn't go past my hips even though I have been wearing the same size 38 for the past three years. I even called Avi in to help me while I lay on the bed and the things wouldn't budge. I cried so hard that he laughed at me and told me to wear one of my dresses. I never wanted to wear a dress! I eventually wiped my tears and wore a stupid dress because I had to supervise the decorations.

A bunch of kids from Abotle's school came and fun was had. Seeing him running around and screaming sent me to tears again and Tlamelo just shook her head while looking at me. When the party was over, everyone went home and we are now having a braai in the backyard with Tyler and Agape who moved out after Abotle came back home. The kids are in the house while the teenagers that think are grown enough are outside with us. I have been trying to finish a glass of my favorite wine for the past hour but I can't seem to do more than a miniature sip and I think that must have been thirty minutes ago.

Me: Babe what's wrong with this wine kante?

Avi: (lifts his cider bottle) you are asking the wrong guy. What's wrong with it?

Me: (sniffing it) it smell off even the toast is bad.

Avi: Let me taste it. (takes a sip) Ah it tastes fine to me. As fine as wine can taste to someone who doesn't really like wine anyway.

Me: Agape does it taste fine to you?

Agape: (waves her glass) I'm on my third glass so yeah. It's great.

Tyler: (chuckles) You are so beyond slow down

Agape. Didn't you say you will drive the kids and I home so I should relax?

Agape: (laughs) I didn't know Tlotlo was going to serve my favorite vintage. Sorry

She gives him this smile that makes me frown smile but then it can't be. I chuckle thinking about the possibility then Avi looks at me.

Avi: What are you laughing at?

Me: Nothing.

Loago and Leano have taken over the braai stand and I don't know how well this is going to work out because these two men say I overworked them so they aren't lifting a finger.

Avi: Loago ako o lese go shashola! (Loago stop eating the meat off the stand)

Loago: (blowing air on a piece of meat) Ah paps you always do it too. Let us enjoy our fringe benefits.

Tyler: (laughs) We do it to taste the marinade you guys are wolfing everything down.

Avi: (stands up) Let's go and take over rra before they walk into the house leaving an empty braai stand ba heditse di benefits.

We all laugh as they go and shove the boys away and braai while they watch. I notice Tlamelo is on her phone so I lower my voice.

Me :Agape what's going on with you and Ty?

Agape: (giggles) I don't know what you are talking about.

Me: (laughing) owai! That's all the confirmation I needed. Kana Tyler has changed hela and I could tell there was a woman in his life but I never thought to look this close.

Agape: {puts her glass down and turns serious) You don't mind do you?

Me: Not at all. My sister is gone and nothing I can do will bring her back so if my nieces and nephew have a shot of having a loving a mother figure like you then I will be the first to celebrate. I was always scared to think of who he will end up with because not everyone is cut out to be a step mother. But I trust you.

Agape: (smiles) I love him so much Tlotlo and I am

just excited about everything. I thought I would be bored by now but that man is just... (blows air on her face with her hand) shuuuu!

Me: (laughing) Eeeeeew. That's my brother in law you are talking about!

Agape: (laughs) Hmmmm. Ijo OK let me keep quiet now.

Avi: (from the braai stand) le a bo le seba mang lona? (who are you two gossiping about?)

Me: Ah ah Avi you will burn the meat. Focus.

Agape and I laugh then she lowers her voice again.

Agape: please don't tell him yet.

Me: And die? (laughing) I think not. I don't even know how you two plan on telling him but it definitely won't be me telling him.

We continue chatting while they braai. Avi eventually brings me a plate and I immediately cover my mouth.

Me: What did you put in here? Oh my God take the plate!

Agape: (drunk) Babe tlherra o ntsenyetse boroso hoo. (babe please put boerewors for me.

Tyler: Sure thing.

Avi frowns and looks from Agape to Tyler then Agape again. I think I would be laughing if I wasn't

feeling this nauseated.

Avi : (looking at Agape) Babe?

I quickly stand up and run to the guest toilet where I puke my brains out.....

[08/31, 18:00] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 79

At Tlotlo's house

Avi: Tlamelo please check on your mother. Leano and Loago go and give the children meat.

Tlamelo stands up and runs into the house with Leano and Loago behind her while Avi looks at

Agape.

Avi: Agape o Raya mang o re baby?

Agape: (sobers up) Rra?

Tyler: (clears his throat) Avi

Avi: (closes his eyes) I am talking to my sister golo ha.

Tyler: I get that but I just-

Agape: Ty it's ok.

Avi: Ebile o mmitsa Ty? (you actually call him Ty?)
Tyler wena I think you are my firend kante you are here to scout for women? My sister Tyler? Nnake?

Tyler: It just happened.

Avi: Really? When did this just happen?

Agape and Tyler give two different answers at the same time.

Agape: Last month

Tyler: Three months ago.

Avi: (points at Agape) O maaka wena! Get in the house. I want to talk to this guy.

Agape: But Avi you aren't being fair.

Avi: (sternly) Agape I said get in the house. Do you want to answer the questions I have for this man? Tsena mo ntlung.

Agape drags her feet into the house and closes the door then stands by the window to eavesdrop. Avi sits on the chair and Tyler does the same.

Avi: Tyler ele gore what makes you think it's ok for you to sleep with my sister? That's my mother's last born and I thought you and I are friends. Do you want me to just ignore this when I know who you are? I will not let you hurt my sister Ty.

Tyler: Avi I have no intention of hurting your sister. I didn't just plan everything out. The feelings just came and I couldn't fight them. I even gave up after a year of pursuing someone who would keep telling me she has no interest in me. I am not the same guy I used to be Avi. I won't hurt her.

Avi: Really? And what happens when she doesn't satisfy your fantasies. You want me to watch you hurt my sister with your sex dolls?

Tyler: (rubs his head) Avi I am not that guy anymore. I haven't done any of that since my wife died. You and I spend so much time together that I would think you would know me better by now. If I am not here, I am at home with my kids. Why would you bring up things you know I haven't done in a while? Your sister isn't some a** I am tapping. I actually love her and she knows I want to marry her. I am not playing her and she is my second chance at happiness. She loves my kids and they love her too. Yaya used to be scared that she is going to turn out like May but these days she asks me when Agape is coming for a sleep over. I don't look at her as a girlfriend. She is God's gift to me. A gift that I don't even deserve after robbing my children of their mother. Agape is how God chose to show me He still loves me. I love your sister Avi and I know I did

you wrong by falling for your sister but not falling for her would have been the worst mistake I could have ever made. Don't judge me based on my past because that guy doesn't exist anymore. Let me love Agape. Let her love me. You will never regret it.

Avi: (looks at the door) Agape tlaya kwano. (Agape come here)

Agape opens the door and walks over feeling embarrassed that her brother knew she was eavesdropping.

Agape: Rra

Avi: Does this man love you?

Agape: (bites her lip) Yes he does.

Avi: Do you love him?

Agape: (blushes) Very much.

Avi: (leans back) OK then. I know how stubborn you are the same way I knew you were standing behind the door. I know nothing I can say can change anything so all I can say is Tyler, if you hurt my sister I am going to bury you myself. Agape, if he hurts you, call me.

He stands up and walks into the house.

Tyler: (raises his brow) is that it?

Agape: (kisses him) Yep. Avi Thompson just gave us his blessing.

He pulls her down and sits her on his lap.

Tyler: Well that can only mean one thigh for me.

Agape: What?

Tyler: One step closer to having you as mine.

He kisses her deeply under the night sky...

Avi finds Tlameo in the kitchen pouring water in a glass.

Avi: Where is she?

Tlameo: In the bedroom. She says she needs to lie down because her side hurts.

Avi: OK let me check on her. Is that water for her?
(she nods her head) OK let me take it to her.

Avi walks to the bedroom where Tlotlo is on her phone on her cycle tracker. She sees that she had noted that she had a light flow in the past two months. She is due for a period in two days but the nausea, weight gain and how emotions she is getting become red flags. But she doesn't understand how because she had her tied. She closes the calendar and goes on Google to check if someone can get pregnant after tubal ligation. Her heart starts racing when she sees that there is a 1 in 200 chance of it happening. Another result shows malpractice cases where the surgery wasn't done correctly. She puts her phone down and covers her face with her shaking hands and begins to pray.

Tlotlo: (whispers) God please don't let me be

pregnant. Please I swear I will never ever dare to cheat on my husband again. You know I am not a cheater. I was in a bad space. Please God save me this one time and I will never disappoint you like this again.

The door opens and Avi walks in as she wipes her tears. He gives her the glass of water and sits next to her.

Avi: How are you feeling?

Tlotlo: I think I am better now. I was feeling some pain but it must have been from the vomiting.

Avi's eyes land on her phone screen and he frowns lifting it so he can read better. Tlotlo gets a cold chill down her spine. This is escalating too quickly for her. She hasn't even formulated a plan yet. He wasn't supposed to see that.

Avi:(looks at her) Do you think you are pregnant?

Tlotlo: I don't know. I was just researching on the possibility but like you see, it's very rare so I doubt it could be the case. Maybe I have a stomach bug.

Avi: (frowns in thought) no but comd to think of it, you were like this when you were pregnant with Abotle. You cited a lot and could never keep anything down. Then there is the woeght gain as well. No babe. I didn't even pick up on anything before because I no longer think about you getting pregnant. But if it's a possibility then I say we should go and see the doctor tomorrow.

Tlotlo: (swallows) it's not necessary. My period is due in a few days.

Avi: You know you didn't stop getting a period until

the end of your first trimester. Being pregnant at forty-one is risky babe and I want you to be safe. Let's just go to the doctor tomorrow and rule everything out. How does that sound?

Tlotlo: (with a dry throat) I guess..

Avi: OK let me go get my plate then I will come join you.

Tlotlo: No I am fine. We can go sit with them. I just wanted to settle myself first.

Avi: OK let's go.

She takes his hand and follows him with her mind racing a mile a minute. This isn't good for her because at this point she doesn't know what will happen if she is pregnant. What if she is pregnant

with Bogosi's child? Bogosi and Avi are men who equally have strong genes and there is no way she can pass off Bogosi's child as Avi's. Her knees grow cold at the thought but she tries to calm herself so no one sees the guilt she is masking. She silently repeats her prayer as they sit down next to Agape and Tyler who are now openly lovey dovey.

Avi: (bites on his meat) Agape ako o lese Tyler o je.

She giggles and sips more of her wine dying to leave because as usual, the wine is going straight to her cookie and wants her man's attention. Yamas and Tehillah come busting out of the house.

Tehillah: Mama can Yaya sleep over?

Tlotlo: Tehillah just like that?

Yamasa: Aunty please! We are having fun.

Tyler: Wena Yamasa who did you ask?

Yamasa: Ao daddy Akere I first have to ask the owners of the house I want to sleep in before I ask you. What if you agree but they refuse?

Tyler: (shakes his head and chuckles) ijo mma.
Never mind.

Avi: Tehillah you know your mother is coming to pick you up in the morning. What will Yaya do after you are gone?

Yamasa: My daddy will ckme and get me.

Tyler: Nna gape? What if I say no?

Yamasa: Daddy therra please wait. I am going to ask you. I promise.

They all laugh at her frustration.

Tlotlo: Fine. But that will mean everyone is sleeping over because Yaone and Amantle will refuse to go.

Yamasa and Tehillah: Yaaaaay!

They hug Tlotlo and run into the house.

Tyler: (shouts) Yamasa you didn't ask me!

Yamasa: (peeks through the door) I know you won't refuse because you are the best daddy in the world.

With that she shuts the door and runs off leaving the grown ups in laughter.

Agape:(laughing) Children are such terrorists! They know they have you wrapped around their fingers.

Tlotlo: Mxm and ha e le kids today! I don't know if it's the TV or school but they talk to well for their age and their reasoning is just over board. I would never have dreamed of trying to convince my parents of anything when I was twelve years old.

They continue chatting while Tlotlo fights off the nausea she gets from the aroma of the meat they are eating.

[08/31, 18:00] : MINI INSERT

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 80

At Mrs Morena's house

On the same night, Mr Morena lies in bed while his wife applies lotion on her body while sitting by her vanity after a bath.

Mrs Morena: I honestly don't understand what is going on in Morena's head.

Mr Morena: Nyaa o a talela jaanong. He told us he has paused negotiations and gave no valid reason then today he shows up with his son and Lea at my niece's wedding?

Mrs Morena: I was honestly too shocked to react. I actually called Nadia to find out where she was and she said she was home. Why would Morena do this?

Mr Morena: Morena o batla go re tshegisa batho. That's why he just ran away after the wedding. He knew we were going to confront him. Tota bana ba ba rileng Mmakgosi?

He takes his phone and dials Morena's number. It rings for sometime before he answers with a low voice.

Morena: Hello.

Mr Morena: (puts it on speaker) Morena wee. I want you in my house tomorrow morning at eight. I want you to explain what you thought you were doing today and I want to know exactly why you postponed magadi because we can't make people

wait indefinitely. O tle hela o re bolelela gore ware go eng ka wena le Nadia.

Morena: (sighs) No need, she dumped me.

Mrs Morena: when?

Morena: J ust now. She just left.

Mrs Morena: O go dirile sentle ka gore o dira dilo hela Tse di shimisang Morena. What were you doing with Lea at the wedding?

Morena: (sighs) What is wrong with me bringing my son and his mother to a family event? They are my family, aren't they?

Mr Morena: Morena don't get cheeky with my wife.

Ke tla go latela gone koo. (I will come there right now)

Morena: Sorry. I am just stressed.

Lea: (in the background) Mozy where are Letlotlo's sleepers?

Morena quickly hangs up then Mr and Mrs Morena look at each other in shock.

Mr Morena: (dialing) waitse kana...

Morena: hello?

Mr Morena: Why did you hang up?

Morena: I was on another call.

Mr Morena: Ao? So Lea is asking for shoes that are in her house? Do you sleep there?

Morena: (exhales) paps can we go this tomorrow?

Mr Morena hangs up the call then looks at his wife who is now lying next to him in bed.

Mrs Morena: Ah nnyaa nna ke heletswe. Ke swabile nko go feta molomo gompieno. (I'm shocked beyond words)

Mr Morena: (shakes his head) I wasn't expecting this from Morena.

Mrs Morena: And why not? We always say he is the one that is most like you and you were just like this and even worse when you were his age. I used to

cry myself to sleep every night o ntlogetse mo
ntlung o ile banyaneng nna ke amusa ngwana wa
gago. (when you left me to go be with other women
while I was breastfeeding your son.) ke wena o
ntshenyeditse eng bana ka dilo tse go lebega di
tsalelwa. (you are the one who ruined my son's
because clearly these things are genetic)

Mr Morena: (tries to hold her but she moves away)
Ao Mmakgosi, will you let our son's foolishness
spoil your mood to the point of bringing up things
from over twenty years ago?

Mrs Morena: It's easy for you to say because you
aren't the one who still remembers the tear stained
pillows. To you it's ages ago. To me it's a painful
memory that I love to forget. I almost lost Kgotla
because of stress.

Mr Morena: And I haven't cheated on you since that
day. Ao Lelentle wame. Ao Mma Morena, Mmakgosi

waaka. (rubs her cheek) Tlhemma sa utlwise pelo bothoko ka dilo Tse di hitileng ke a go kopa. O kare ke go rata yaana motho wame. (Please don't cause yourself heartache because of things that have since passed.)

She blushes and rolls her eyes.

Mr Morena: (deepens his voice) Leba kwano tlhemma. (please look at me)

Mrs Morena: (blushing) Ng ng..

Mr Morena: tlhemma sa gane mma. Bona. (please don't refuse. Look)

Mrs Morena: (giggles and looks at him) What?

He smiles and pulls her chin then rubs his lips on hers before kissing her.....

Nadia

I feel like my heart has grown ten times its normal size because my chest hurts so badly. I didn't know that a heart can literally ache until now. I called Morena when I arrived home. I wanted to check on him and I think I also wanted him to tell me we can still work things out but all that went out the window when Lea answered his phone. I froze when I heard her soft slow voice on his phone. I tried to think of all the reasons why she would be at his house so late at night but nothing made sense to me because it has never happened before. I hung up when she called out my name and I have been crying for an hour. I want to scream out loud but I piece in a complex and I don't need security coming to my door.

I cover my face with a pillow and scream into it.

Me: OK Nadia. OK you will get over it. You have been through so much already. This is nothing in comparison.

I press my lips together and try to stop the pain in my chest but I start crying all over again. I take another gulp of wine from the bottle and I can now feel the buzz. This is some good wine. I switch the TV on and go on YouTube then play Adele's Hello.

The lyrics have me singing and crying at the same time as I dial Morena's number. I can knljy blame the wine for this level of foolishness.

Morena: Hello?

Me: (slurred speech) Remember when you said you

love me and hate me? I think you lied. You hate me. Just hate. The fact that you are already shaking up with your baby mama confirms it. (sniffling) I don't blame you though because she can give you what I can't. Go ahead and have those babies with her. Akere nna I am just a waste of vagina. Go on!

Morena: Nadia wee don't try to bore me. You are the one who left me. Not the other way around.

Me: It's been two hours since I left your house
Morena! Two blood hours! Did you have her on stand by? Was she already on her way before I left? Had you promised her that you were going to break up with me? Is she the one you have been sleeping with ha o ntima pipi eo ya gago?

Morena: (sighs) I really can't do this with you. You are clearly drunk so judt go and sleep.

Me: Hey wena! Don't tell me to go and sleep. You don't get to tell me what to do anymore so just go to hell!

He cuts the call and I throw my phone on the couch before sinking to the floor in sobs. My heart hurts. It really hurts.

80 shares by 1pm for a bonus insert

[08/31, 18:01] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 81

At Morena's house

Morena rolls over in bed with a terrible hangover.

He reached for his ringing phone and answers.

Morena: (groggy) hello.

Lea: Hi Mozy. Therra try to find those sleepers.
Letlotlo is still whining about them.

Morena: (impatiently) can't he just wear his other
slippers?

Lea: Those are his favorite slippers Mozy.

Morena: fine.

Lea: You don't sound too good. Should I come over?

Morena: (yawns) no I have to go see my parents. I
am actually late already.

Lea: How about later then? We can go for a picnic with Letlotlo.

Morena: (sighs) I thought you are dating that doctor guy.

Lea: (sighs) Mozy you know I don't want my child having a step father and if there is a chance of making things work with us then I will take it.

Morena: I am just not in the right space for all that right now.

Lea: Morena you and I both know that I can give you the one thing you want more than anything. Our son is six years old and it's high time we make him a sibling. I would like a girl but I know you probably want another son.

Morena: (sighs) Why would you want to be with a man who left you for another woman?

Lea: You needed to get her out of your system. I am no different from a woman who stays with a man who cheats on her and she keeps forgiving him because she loves him. I have never stopped loving you and I am waiting for you.

Morena: (sighs) Let me go see my parents. You can plan for the picnic. I can't say we are getting back together yet because I need to get over her first. Maybe I will have an answer for you in a month or two.

Lea: I have been waiting for three years. What is a month or two?

She hangs up and he tosses his phone then

massages his temple before going to take a shower.

At Nadia's house

Boleng unlocks the door with her keys and shakes her head looking at the messy living room. There are cushions scattered on the floor and an empty bottle of wine. She walks back to the car to talk to Tony.

Tony: How is she?

Boleng: I haven't seen her yet but I think it's best I see her alone.

Tony: No problem. I will drop Tashy at your mum's house then I'll meet up with the guys.

Boleng: OK babe. I love you.

Tony: I love you too.

She leans in and kisses him then he rubs her stomach.

Tony: See you later buddy.

Boleng: (rolls her eyes) Who said it's a boy?

Tony: God isn't cruel enough to have me outnumbered by talkative women.

Tashy: Daddy!

Tony: Sorry!

Boleng opens the back door and kisses her daughter who is buckled into her booster seat.

Boleng: I love you soba.

Tashy: I yove you mama.

She closes the door and walks back onto the house where she finds a disheveled Nadia dragging herself to the kitchen.

Nadia: Uhu what are you doing here?

Boleng: I am supposed to meet Bogosi today akere.

Nadia: (swallows a pill and water) OK I thought you came all the way here for me. It would have been so

unnecessary. (smiles) You know I am a tough cookie.

Boleng: Tough cookies don't call talking about how I dissed your high-school bully and you need me to go tell Morena off for leaving you for his stupid baby mama.

Nadia: (laughs) I did that didn't I? Mxm Morena o nkutlwisitse bothoko gore Bee. Even this laughter is just a smoke screen. How does a man claim to love you then leaves you like that? (takes her phone out) Bona hela. This man has the nerve of taking her to his cousin's wedding nna ke le busy ke le makante mme ke sa hirwa. (while I was busy guarding his house for free)

Boleng: (raises her brow) uhu.

Nadia: (raises her hands) Exactly! Morena o nkala

ka sekale sa mabudula tlhemma. Sulking is one thing but for him to actually cheat on me with his baby mama after lying to everyone a re he is getting married!

She shakes her head and finishes her glass of water.

Boleng: So did you actually end things with him?

Nadia: (looks at her ring) Yep. I think I just need to accept that love isn't in the books for me. I was so much happier when it was just me and my app. I just had to open myself up to humans then I got raped and later heartbroken by a man I love. Mxm.

Boleng: Nadia you can't possibly be talking about going back to that life. Remember you were deep in sex addiction. Do you really want that life again?

Nadia: (walks out) No. I don't mean that. I am just saying I am not meant to have the life you have. The very fact that I can't have children makes it impossible for a man to be happy with me because men want heirs. Ebile most Batswana don't understand adoption and I honestly feel like that is something I would want to do.

Boleng: (sits next to her on the sofa) I don't know. Maybe I am just a hopeless romantic but I honestly believe there is someone out there for everyone. I really thought Morena was it for you but and I am sad that it didn't work out. I think you just need to learn to be more open. No one likes a secretive person. That just says you are dishonest and trust is lost that way. I love you with all my heart but you know I never let you think you are right when I can clearly see you are in the wrong.

Nadia: (sighs) What are you trying to say Bee?

Boleng: Umm. I honestly feel like both of you messed up and more on your side. Had you told Morena everything after the Sébastien thing, you wouldn't be where you are right now because that would have been the deciding factor of your relationship. You might find that Morena's behavior the last few months might not be because you can't have children. Some people can't accept abortion. Maybe that's what it is for him. So if it is, had you told him that time, the two of you wouldn't have gotten back together and all this heartbreak would have been avoided. That or he would have taken you back knowing full well that there might be a chance of infertility and you guys would have gotten checked out years ago. (sighs) all I am saying is the truth will always set you free Nadia. Rather someone leaves you for who you are than stay with you for someone you aren't then leaves you when they see your truth.

Nadia: (sighs) I hear you.

Her phone starts ringing and she picks up.

Marcus: Hi Nadia.

Nadia: hi boss.

Marcus: Sorry to bother you on a Sunday but we seem to have a situation at the orphanage.

Nadia: (sits up) What's going on?

Marcus: Apparently Shayan's mother showed up guns blazing saying we want to use her child to make money and we have to pay her.

Nadia: (frowns) uhu. What are you saying kante?

Marcus: she claims she has been looking for her

children and she saw her daughter circulating on Facebook and wants us to pay her for advertising our fund raiser with her child. I am on my way there now and I just thought I'd let you know so you can come with me if you are free because you are calmer than I am.

Nadia: (chuckles) OK let me get ready. I will meet you there.

She hangs up and looks at Boleng then tells her what's going on.

Boleng: ijo. OK you will drop me ko ga mama Akere since it's on the way to the orphanage.

Nadia: of course. Kante how come you are only meeting Bogosi now even though the DNA test confirmed he is your father two months ago?

Boleng: Heish mma I didn't want to do anything that would hurt my mother because she was hurting at the time. I think the memories of the past were just too much for her at the time. She just gave me her blessing to see him and have a relationship with him if I want to.

Nadia: Do you want to?

Boleng: I don't know. You know how it is growing up without a father's love. Those daddy issues always creep up on you and I am not yet entirely sure how I want to handle this because the man did tell my mother to get rid of me. I will see how today goes. Who knows maybe the one meeting will make me realize he is not worth wondering what it would have been like to have him in my life.

Nadia: Highly unlikely. The Morena men may be lacking in the faithfulness department but when it comes to being fathers, they are just amazing. I

have seen Bogosi with his kids and he is a great dad. I think with you it's might have been that he was still young and not ready. I would have forgiven my dad if he came to me genuinely and asked for forgiveness for what he did to me but that man is just a piece of scum. I initially wanted nothing to do with my siblings but I eventually got in touch with Joe again once I realized he too might have been bugged like I was. We met up and we are getting to know each other again. I am glad I did that because I finally get to have a relationship with my real family.

Boleng: Wait! When did this happen and why am I only hearing of this now?

Nadia: (Sighs) it was last week when I felt in the dumps about how Morena has been treating me. I just thought back to the day of negotiations and how everything unfolded and that's when I realized that I over reacted. Actually Dr Hadasah helped me

realize it.

Boleng: (hugs her) I am so proud of you.

Forgiveness is hard but once you do it's a weight off your shoulders.

Nadia: (stands up) OK let me go and get dressed mma before my boss tears down a shack office with his voice.

Boleng: ulala boss Bae kana bathong o hot gore. I bet he is such a turn on when he is pissed.

Nadia: (laughs while walking away) Tony will beat you wena.

Boleng: mang? I am just admiring a snack my man knows he is my whole entire meal and then dessert.

Nadia laughs as she takes a quick shower and dresses casually before both women get into the car and drive off.

Thank you to everyone that shared last night's insert. The bonus will be posted in a few hours.

Don't forget to like share and comment

[08/31, 18:01] : BONUS INSERT

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 82

Tlotlo

In the Doctor's office

Sometimes having a loving husband can be a pain. I tried my best to make Avi think this is nothing but the pain I was in this morning gave him all the more reason to bring me to the doctor.

We just sat down to speak and my mouth keeps drying up.

Doctor: So what brings you here Mr and Mrs Thompson?

Me: (nervously) Ummm...Dr Karen didn't I get a tubal ligation when I gave birth three years ago?

Doctor: (looks at her computer screen) Yes you did. Are you having any complications?

Me: Umm no I don't think so. I just had to confirm.

Avi: (frowns) Tlotlo what are you doing? Doc she is vomiting and keeps complaining of a pain on her side. Is there a possibility that she could be pregnant?

Doctor: (frowns) Can you describe the pain.

Me: (wince) It's sort of like period pains but it's only on my right side.

Doctor: When was your last period?

Me: I got my period last month. I am not pregnant.

Doctor: OK I need us to rule everything out so I am going to conduct a pregnancy test. (hands a

container) please urinate in there and give it back.

Me: is this even necessary?

Avi: babe just do it. Better safe than sorry.

I drag my legs into the toilet in her office and pee. I have half the mind to pour water in this container but that would make things worse for me. I look at the container after closing it and washing my hands.

Me: (silent prayer) God tthe I am begging you to come through for me. I have never cheated before and it's something I would never do I again. Please don't do this to me.

I blink back the tears that threaten to fall as I tap my foot in the floor.

Avi: (calls out) Babe, are you ok in there?

Me: (irritated) I am coming!

Ke tenwa ke bofebe hela ha gona sepe. Mxm. (the only reason I am getting irritated is because of my b*tch tendencies) I sigh and walk out then hand the container to the doctor who has gloves on and begins to conduct the test.

Me: (nervously) But how can I be pregnant? I got tied up.

Doctor: It is rare but does happen. If it comes out positive we will have to check the baby.

Why do I have to be rare? I am not rare. I am as common as they come and I am not pregnant. I am not pregnant.

Avi: (rubs my arm with a huge smile) Babe, did you hear that?

Me: (raised eyebrows)hmm.. what?

I had zoned out.

Doctor: I was saying the test came out positive. You are pregnant.

I literally feel the hair leave my lungs and I go into a coughing fit. Avi pats my back trying to help me.

Avi: Are you OK babe?

I nod my head and finally stop coughing.

Doctor: OK I need you to get on the bed so we can check the baby.

Me: I don't understand how I am pregnant.

I think I would be very angry and causing a raucous if I wasn't currently praying. But what prayer because ke ha I am pregnant. Oh God. And Avi is so happy. Mxm.

I get in the bed and look at the sonogram.

The Doctor squeezes a lubricant on my belly and begins to move the device on me. I am sure she could hear my heart beat all the way down there. Avi is holding my sweaty palm as I say my final prayer. God let it be two months or less bogolo. (at least)

Doctor: OK. You are twelve weeks pregnant.

Oh God! Ao bathong. I just messed up one time and I have to be punished this severely? I want to ask if it can show the exact conception date but it's pointless because I slept with two men in the space of ten hours. And even asking that question could raise alarms. I am too tongue-tied to respond while Avi looks like a six year old at Christmas.

Doctor: But it's just like I feared. This is an ectopic pregnancy.

Avi: What does that mean?

Doctor: Since her tubes are tied, the sperm fertilized her egg in the fallopian tube and it planted there instead of the uterus. This puts her under a lot of risk and I don't even know how she only started feeling this pain yesterday. It is very dangerous because her fallopian tube can rupture.

Avi: (panicked) So what now?

Doctor: I have to book her into surgery and remove the foetus. I am admitting her right now. I can't take the risk of discharging her.

Avi: OK so that will mean no baby.

Doctor: unfortunately. (looks at me) Do you understand Tlotlo?

I nod my head in silence. I am just shocked that this is even happening right now. I can't believe I am pregnant with a child whose father I don't know and this would destroy my marriage. Avi doesn't tolerate infidelity regardless of your excuse. This pregnancy could have ended everything for me but here I am hearing that keeping the child could kill me. I mean how? Does God really do things like this? Never

mind that. This is my miracle and I am grateful. Avi wipes the tears falling from my eyes and kisses my forehead.

Avi: it wasn't meant to be my love. We have five wonderful children and that is enough for us.

I nod my head as the doctor walks out of the room. I can see the pained look on Avi's face and I feel sorry for him but I am not going to look a gift horse in the mouth. This is my second chance and I am going to take it in my stride. The Doctor comes back with forms for us to sign and we do. I have surgery in three hours. This is the last lag I have to go through then I will live my life to make my husband happy. That was such a close call!

At Mrs Morena's house

Morena takes a seat after greeting his parents.

Mr Morena: Bua.

Morena: (sighs) Paps what do you want me to say? I love Nadia but love isn't always enough. I don't trust her anymore and I can't marry someone I don't trust. Atleast not yet.

Mrs Morena: (chuckles) a re at least not yet. Ele gore Morena are you conseated enough to think that Nadia is going to wait for you to get over your trust issues? Kante le teetswe gotwe batsadi batsholetswe lona kante? (where you told that women are born to please you?)

Morena: Mama she lied to me about everything! Everything!

Mr Morena: Don't come here and act brand new Morena. That woman told you what she could when

she could. You took her back after all the rape issues she had. Didn't you ever once think she fell pregnant at one point? Kana do you know of rapists who wear condoms?

Morena: Paps I want to have children of my own.

Mrs Morena: Exactly! Say that! Say that and stop hiding behind trust issues. You are the one who decided to take Nadia with her scars. You made her believe that you loved her despite who she is and now that she can't give you the one thing you want it' got too much for you. Stop claiming you don't trust her because she has lied to you before and you never left. Leave her in honesty Morena and don't hide behind a toothpick.

Morena: (looks down) I don't want her feeling bad about not being able to have children.

Mrs Morena: So you would rather make her feel like you don't trust her? Morena a man has to make decisions and stand by them. You deserve to be happy the same way she does. If you stayed with her, you were going to blame her for not having children and your lives were going to be miserable. Own up to your decision and set her free o lese go dira matlhapolosa a o a dirang le Mmaagwe Letlotlo.

Morena: I am not doing anything with her.

Mr Morena: Rra wee, you need to set Nadia free if that's what you want to do.

Morena: She left me last night.

Mr Morena: Nnyaa you are the one who left her but you were too much of a coward to actually do it. We have to let her parents know that the marriage is off and you both have to be there because you will

have to explain the reason why you are ending things.

Morena: (frowns) Isn't that extreme?

Mr Morena: Everything became extreme when you turned us into liars by sending us to tell people we want to marry their child o bo o re rogis a le ka Monna wa lesole o suleng mowa. (then we got insulted by that senseless soldier) I will call Mr Motlhabi to set up a meeting with them. The sooner the better. O tloga o dia ngwana go bona nyalo. (you will delay her from actually getting married)

Morena looks down unable to maintain eye contact with his mother who has been looking at him like he has two heads.

[08/31, 18:01] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 83

At Tyler's house

Tyler throws more kicks and punches on the boxing bag in his backyard. He decided to work out at home today while Agape makes breakfast.

Agape jumps back when the bacon sizzle lands on her wrist. She hears a knock on the door and looks out the window. Tyler has headsets on so she knows calling him is a pointless activity. She wipes her hands on a paper towel after switching the stove off then walks to the door and opens it.

She is surprised to see an elderly woman standing there with a large suitcase and a handbag under her

arm.

Agape: Dumelang.

The woman frowns and looks at Agape from the top of her head to the bottom of her feet and back again. She has a disgusted look on her face which confused Agape.

Agape: Le ka tsena mme. (you can enter)

Woman: Ele gore which tree did you fall from that you tell me whether I can or cannot enter my son's house? O le mang wena?

She walks into the house leaving her bag outside. She turns back and looks at Agape's feet.

Mmaagwe Tyler: Shenamologa tthe o tsenye beke eo mo ntlong.

Agape chuckles under her breath and breathes in and out to calm herself down while reminding herself that she wouldn't want to offend Tyler's mother on their first meeting. She pulls the bag in and sets it near the couch Mmaagwe Tyler is sitting on. Mmaagwe Tyler runs her finger along the coffee table and looks at her clean index finger but still blows 'dust' off.

Agape: Ke ka le direla tee? (can I make tea for you?)

Mmaagwe Tyler: (cackled) Ware o mang ne mma? Kante ke eng le rata baswagadi jaana? (who are you? Why are you people always running after widowers?) Where are my grandchildren?

Agape: (takes a deep breath) They are at their aunts

place.

Mmaagwe Tyler: So wena what are you doing in my son's house mma? Tyler le ene ka go sela sela. Ke gore you saw that he has money and came running like that lunatic he married. I will not allow it this time. Take your things and leave my son's house right now! Bo mmaalona ba le Ruta gone go bapala mo banneng ha ba le tsenye dikolo. (your mother's only teach you how to get everything form men instead of putting you through school.)

Agape loses all the will to hold her tongue when she feels the disrespect aimed at her mother.

Agape: (sits across her and sighs) Mmaagwe Tyler, let me introduce myself to you. My name is Agape Thompson. The daughter of Monica and Tumelo Thompson. I am a VERY independent woman who does not take crap from anyone, not even the male chauvinists that I have to deal with in the

boardroom everyday so if you think for a second that I am the one to talk to that way, please think again. I will never disrespect my elders because my parents raised me better but I will never allow anyone to insult my parents. Please never do that again.

Mmaagwe Tyler: Ty will you let her speak to me like this?

She stands up and sees Tyler standing by the kitchen door so she walks to the bedroom where she changes into her shoes and begins to collect her stuff. Tyler walks into the room all sweaty and closes the door.

Tyler: And then? Where are you going?

Agape: Home. I know your type. The fact that you mother can walk into your house and start talking

like she did to a stranger tells me that she controls your life and you are a mama's boy. I don't have it in me to tolerate that kind of man or your mother's speech nor will I stand to hear you tell me how I should be understanding of your mother and accept her for who she is. I told you that I have low tolerance for bullsh*t and this reeks of sh*t that has been stuck up a bull's colon for a week. I can't stick around to watch us fall apart because of you mother.

Tyler takes the bag she is holding and starts taking things out of the bag.

Agape: (tries to take it) Tyler stop it! I want to go.

Tyler: ke a gana. (I won't let you) You were quick to judge me because of my mother and you chose to run to the bedroom when you saw me instead of hearing what I had to say to my mother. I don't tolerate my mother's behavior and that is why I

never let my children sleep at her house. They aren't as used to her as they are Tlotlo's mother. That is because my mother is the kind of woman I don't want rubbing off on my children. She knows this and that is why she decided to just show up because I hardly ever let her visit. She is my mother and I love her, but I don't tolerate her behavior either. She used to bully Botho so much and it was easy because of Botho's nature. She chose to endure the abuse and I hated that because no wife of mine is a slave to abuse. I love the fact that you stood up to her and still respected her although she insulted you (looks at her) Don't let my mother make us lose something so good.

Agape: (sighs) I just don't want in-law drama in my life Ty.

Tyler: that will never be you. Come here.

He pulls her in for kiss.....

Nadia

This May woman is unbelievable! She claims her children were kidnapped three years ago in her village yet there is no police report to show that she looked for her children unlike the orphanage that has a case number to show they tried looking for her. Shayan refused to see her and told me she left them here. The orphanage called the police to get assistance but she disappeared after saying she is going to the toilet. Marcus and I are now sitting under the shade by the play area.

Me: I don't understand how a woman abandons five children in an orphanage and only shows up to claim money. You can even see that she doesn't need the money because that wig on her head costs 8k.

Marcus: Ah the people who are blessed are always the least grateful for the gifts they have.

Me: (sighing) tell me about it.

I feel his eyes on me so I look at him.

Marcus: (looks into my eyes) Kante ware Morena a re o nyala leng? Kana nna my heart is tekateking because of you. (when is Morena marrying you because my heart yearns for you)

The way he said just has me laughing so loud that I almost forgot I was talking to my boss.

Marcus: Ao mma. O ka ntshega gore o Lele? (how could you laugh at me till tears fall?)

Me: (wiping my eyes) I am sorry. It's just the way you said isn't something I ever expected coming from you.

Marcus: why?

Me: Well because you are you.

Marcus: And who am I? I am just a boy standing in front of a girl asking her to love him.

Me: (laughing) How are you even misquoting Notting Hill?

Marcus: My mother liked watching Julia Robert movies and would repeat them over the weekend. I hated them so much but here I am using it to pick you up.

Me: (laughing) well it didn't work.

Marcus: Why? Is Morena actually going to commit?
Kana nna that's all that's holding me back. Nkabo o
le Mrs Nadia Van Graan jaana.

Me: (laughing) oh God! Come one boss. That
sounds wierd. Le wena you know it.

Marcus: Why is it wierd?

Me: (sighing) OK look, Morena and I broke up but I
am honestly so done with relationships.

Marcus: (smiles) eish I tried not to smile at the
mention of your break-up but nna mma my heart is
dancing.

Me: (chuckle) Don't bother your heart. Let it rest because I am seriously done with dating.

Marcus: why?

Me: Because I have bad luck with love and I can't give a man everything he wants.

Marcus: Why should you give a man everything he wants? Are you God? I never asked you to give me anything. I just want you to accept my heart.

Where have I heard this before. Boleng's words come ringing in my head and I know exactly what to do to end this lustful pursuit. I turn my whole body so I am facing him in bench.

Me: OK, first let me tell you who I am. If you still remember, my name was Dikeledi.

Marcus: of course I do. You would still be Dikeledi if I hadn't told you to get it changed officially.

And I remember how rude he was to me that day now here he is claiming dancing hearts.

Me: OK well what you don't know is that I grew up living with my paternal grandparents after my mother died while giving birth to me and her parents took me to the house that would become my hell. My grandfather started raping me at the age of eight until I was eighteen. My first pregnancy was at the age of twelve and I aborted that child along with the four that would follow up to my last pregnancy at the age of sixteen. My grandfather got arrested for raping me and assaulting my grandmother when I was eighteen and my grandmother died that same week. Then I came to Gaborone to school and I got into high class prostitution. (he raises his brow so I know I am finally hitting a nerve) Morena and I were

dating at that time but I also met another man and started dating him too then he turned out to be married to someone Morena knew. That's when we broke up and I became a sex addict. Then I met a guy called Sébastien who went from being my sex partner to being my rapist. Oh by the way, my father's wife hates me and had convinced my father that hating me is the best thing for their marriage. So my father helped my rapist to win a rape case against me. That rape is what brought Morena and I together again but he found out about my abortions on the day my father showed up to ruin our magadi negotiations. Now I found out that I can't carry full term and Morena isn't interested in that. So I am now a, single woman who is too much for any one man to handle.

I breathe out and look at him. The look on his face is one I can't read.

Marcus: Why would you tell me all that? You hardly

know me.

Me: (shrugging) I want you to get over the idea that you like me or whatever. Knowing my truth will show you why I don't want to waste my or your time. Let's just stay professional while you mull over the thought of how I am not who you thought I was.

Marcus: I still don't understand why you think it's ok for you to spill your guts out to someone you have only had professional conversations with.

Me: I have been told that honesty will set me free.

Marcus: (sighs) I have a low sperm count. Like so low that I am almost infertile. I plan to adopt one day.

I raise my brow and look at him.

Me: Really?

Marcus: mhm. Some of us have to accept the hand we are dealt and move on. Not many women are willing to accept the thought of being with a man that can't give them children. One woman I was dating actually asked me if I feel like a weak man.

Me: Do you?

Marcus: no. Do you feel like less of a woman just because you can't keep a baby in your womb?

Me: Not really. I actually became afraid of having children because of how I grew up. But when you meet someone you love and want to make them happy, some of your dreams change.

Marcus: Well not everyone would want to change you. Especially not me so just give me a chance to prove my love to you.

Me: (sighing) Ah tota I have never actually been single since I started dating. I just want to stay single for the next six months to a year. Just to be by myself because I have grown so dependent on having a man in my life to help ease the pain of the men that disappointed me.

Marcus: Damn! So I have to add six months to the three years that I have been waiting for Morena to screw up?

Me: (chuckling) I didn't say that. I said I want to be single. I didn't say anything about you.

He looks at my engagement ring then raises his brow.

Marcus: So why are you still wearing it?

Me: oh this? Nah I have plans for this. Ha ke tswa ha ke a go iphimola dikeledi ka yone. (when I leave here am I going to comfort myself with it)

Marcus laughs and continues chatting with me while we wait for thd officers to come and collect our statements about the May saga.

100 shares by 1pm for a bonus

[08/31, 18:01] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 84

At a Bogosi's house

Later that afternoon, Tony drives in with Boleng who keeps nervously biting her finger nails in the passenger seat. They left their daughter at her mother's house for this meeting.

Boleng: But why are there so many cars here?

Tony: Maybe they all wanted to meet you.

Boleng: (holding her chest) Jesus I just want to run away!

Tony: I am here for you babe. Let's go and get this over with. If you choose to never set foot here again then you would have at least tried.

In the house

Mr Morena: J ust don't overwhelm her.

Mrs Morena: Too late for that Papas. The fact all of us are here is overwhelming on its own. In fact, I think we should all go and wait in the backyard for her to meet with her father then we can all come see her.

Kgotla: Ah nna le nna nka boa ha kgorong. (I would also just hit a uturn by the door)

Bogosi: And I am so nervous. Babe Akere wena you will stay?

His wife: OK.

Leano: Le rona? Akere she is our sister.

Morena: (pulls him up) Heta kwa!

The rest of the family walks out to the backyard to give them privacy. Morena taps on a message he just received.

Lea: [Hey Mozy. We are ready! Are you coming to pick us up or will we meet at the park?]

Morena: [Damn! Kana nna ke ne ke le mo dibabalas eng when we spoke in the morning. I forgot we were meeting a niece of mine today. Sorry. Rain check?]

Lea: [oh OK]

Morena: [sorry tthemma]

He shoves the phone down his pocket and listens to Kgotla.

Kgotla: Ah Morena doesn't know what he wants anymore. Today it's this. Tomorrow it's that.

Kgosi: Akere he refused to listen to me when I tried telling him to leave Nadai alone. Looks like we are back at square one all over again.

Morena: (sighs) I really don't need this right now. I have a lot on my mind and this is the last thing I need to hear.

Kgotla: Easy for you to say. Kana your problem is you ran to commitment. Nna hela ke lebile jaana, you aren't ready to be cuffed. Be like me, nna I am all about sowing my wild Oats before I settle down because nna I don't want to stress anyone's child. I

don't even want dikgang tsa no Bogosi tsa khumbulekaya kana ke utatakho? I keep it wrapped up and even check for leaks because nna ha ke senke di baby mama nna. (lowers his voice) Bona paps, he used to play the game but ha go ise go nne utatakho mo lapeng.

Kgosi: (laughs and smaks his head) What do you know about that wena because we are the ones who lived through that?

Kgotla: (shrugs his shoulders) You can tell he was a GOAT back in his day.

In the house.

Bogosi's wife opens the door to let Boleng and Tony in. Greeting are exchanged and they take their seats. Boleng looks at Bogosi not knowing what to say as she fights her emotions.

Bogosi: (clears his throat) Umm OK. Wow! I had a whole speech in my head but it's all gone now. I even thought you weren't going to come.

Boleng: (sighs) I almost didn't.

Bogosi: And I wouldn't have blamed you at all. OK.. I think I should start with introducing myself to you. In an official sense atleast. I am Bogosi Morena. I am the second born son in a family of four sons so you have three uncles, four cousins and and two nephews. One of your cousins has two kids. Then you have a younger sister who is four years younger than you and two younger brothers as well. Then my wife here is expecting another girl. Oh and both your grandparents are still alive and can't wait to meet you.

Boleng: wow OK. That's Umm...well I am Boleng

Appiah. This is my husband Anthony Appiah. We have a three year old baby girl called Natasha. She is at my mum's place (smiles) we are also expecting another baby.

Bogosi: (leans back) wow I can't believe I have a son in law and I am a grandpa.

He chuckles and stands up to shake Tony's hand.

Bogosi: it's too late for me to start warning you like I did with my second born boyfriend. A father takes pride in scaring the crap out of his daughter's boyfriends and you got lucky.

Boleng: (chuckles) he still got some threats from my step father who is a former police officer.

Tony: (laughs) yeah I received threats of being

thrown in a cell for a weekend if I try to hurt her.

Bogosi: (smiles) I am glad you atleast had a father figure in your life when I failed you.

Boleng: Not really. He only came into my life when I was eighteen. My mother didn't want to date while I was young because she had fears of dating a pedophile who would molest me. She made sure I was never lacking in anything but there was always that yearning to also call someone papa you know? (shrugs) I didn't have that and I wondered about you. She told me who you are and gave me screenshots of the conversations you had with her telling her to get rid of me so I never bothered to look for you though I had your full names. But she told me you were a soldier.

Bogosi: (sighs) Yeah I used to be a soldier when I was young. I worked for the army for five years then left when I got a job. I was such a fool Boleng. Tota

I was always haunted by what I told her. I always asked myself how old you would have been. I can't give you explanations that will justify my actions but I am not the same man I used to be. I know you are a grown woman who doesn't need me anymore but I am hoping to have a relationship with you and get to know your family. I would like to be there for your children since I failed you I can imagine that Tony's parents might be far away and I would like to be able to play my role as their grand dad. Even your siblings have voiced their disappointment in me about how I handled things and they want to meet you. Especially Tlamelo. She keeps saying how she finally has an older sister and can be a little irresponsible. (Boleng laughs emotionally) She is dreaming though because that's not happening.

Boleng: (wipes her tears) I would like to meet them actually. I thought I was going to find a full house when I walked in here because of the cars outside. I wanted to run away.

Bogosi's wife: (laughs) There is a whole clan waiting to be called in here to meet you. Be warned that this is a very loud family. I was so intimidated the first time I met them. They have zero filter so you need to have thick skin.

Bogosi: (laughs and holds her hand) Come on babe, we aren't that bad! You will chase her away

Bogosi's wife: Oh please! I wanted to cry feeling out of place when I met your family.

Tony: Don't worry she will fit right in because she doesn't even know how to spell the word filter.

Boleng: (covers her wet face) oh my God Tony.

They all laugh then Mr Morena walks in holding his wife's hand.

Mr Morena: Nnyaa bathong we have waited long enough. Laughter means no fighting so we are coming in.

Kgosi: sa le re its hokile!

Loago: I am even tired of running back and fourth to tell them what is being said.

Kgotla: Heela wena! What kind of spy reveals his missions kante?

Loago: I told you guys that his dreams of being a Interpol agent are far fetched. Loago is more of a snitch than a spy!

Laago: Ah ha re utlwang tanki ya Motswana! After all my energy!

Chantelle: (claps her hands) Heelang tlheng le tla tshosa motho!

Chaos just breaks out as they each hug Boleng and Tony shouting their names out for her to hear. Laughter fills the room as they chat. Chantelle, Tlamelo, Bogolo and Bogosi's wife start serving food and drinks and everyone gets merry...

Nadia

I have never felt this free. I honestly thought losing Morena would break me whenever I imagined leaving him. I mean I could see that he was done with me from the day we came from the hospital but it took me three months to finally accept that he was done with me. I just came from doing a whole lot of shopping. My engagement was valued at P5200 so I sold it and went shopping! It's mine after

all and I deserve some compensation dont I? I turn
up the volume and fix my brand new shades and
sing along to Sam Smith.

[Chorus]

But every time you hurt me, the less that I cry

And every time you leave me, the quicker these
tears dry

And every time you walk out, the less I love you

Baby, we don't stand a chance, it's sad but it's true

I'm way too good at goodbyes

(I'm way too good at goodbyes)

I'm way too good at goodbyes

(I'm way too good at goodbyes)

A call comes through cutting the song. It's Joseph.

Me: Hi!

Joe: Hi! Sasa and DJ want to meet you.

I hate that he was named after his father. I can only hope David Junior is nothing like his Senior.

Joe: I thought we could make it next weekend because I would also like you to meet my girlfriend

Me: No problem! I'd actually like that. You guys can come to my place if you don't mind.

Joe: Wow that would be great actually. OK I will tell them.

Me: Cool. And David senior, if you are listening to me right now, know that I will set my dogs on you if

you shoe up at my house!

Joe: (laughs) I was so confused. I replaced my simcard so this one isn't bugged anymore.

Me: oh OK. You never know. Bye!

Joe: bye!

I don't have a dog big he doesn't know that and I am honestly so done with him that if he tries me again, I am reporting him to his superiors. If that doesn't work, I am taking it to the commander in chief. The presidents office because this man can't live to terrorize my life when I have done nothing to him. The song comes back on and I continue singing along. DR Hadassah will be so proud of me!

[A WEEK LATER]

Thank you to all those that shared the insert. The bonus will be up in a few hours.

Don't forget to like and comment

[08/31, 18:02] : BONUS INSERT

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 85

At Nadia's house

Nadia takes a seat across her siblings then looks at Tlamelo who is sitting next her.

Nadia: Shee! Le ha go twe small world! Tlamelo!

Tlamelo: (blushing) mma

Nadia: So you are dating my brother? Waits e kana!
This is just amazing!

Joseph: Ah kana nna I always referred you to as
Dikeledi and she knows you as Nadia so it never
clicked for her.

Tlamelo: it really didn't. Even when he told me his
dad messed up his sister's wedding it never
registered at all. And I am sorry about you and
Rrangwne Morena.

Nadia: oh don't worry about that honey. Besides, it
would have been so wierd for my brother to be

dating my niece. (laughs) anyway, how are you Salome?

Sasa: (smiles) I am fine. Just a little nervous to be here.

Nadia: Ao, don't be.

Sasa: I can't help it. We have just always felt so bad about how you were treated when we were growing up then one day we stopped going to the village all together and I kept wondering where you were.

DJ : Yeah and when Joe said he met you, we thought you would hate or something.

Nadia: I am not a spiteful person DJ . And besides, you guys were kids. I never had a problem with you and I still don't. I just kept my distance when I came

to Gaborone because I wanted to avoid drama with your parents.

Salome: (wipes her tears) I just don't get why they are like this. I can't wait to move out of their house and stay away because I am tired of seeing them hurt everyone around them. And I overheard papa talking about a farm nkuku had and kept a secret. He suspects you know something about it and I just wanted to warn you. Be very careful Nadia because our father isn't a good man.

Nadia: (with a racing heart) What? How does he know about that? I don't understand.

DJ : There is nothing that man doesn't know Dike- I mean Nadia. He is part of the military intelligence.

Nadia feels a cold rush and her ears heat up.

Joe: (frowns) Sasa why didn't you tell me?

Sasa: Ah it was way before you told us you found Nadia. I thought speaking about her was still taboo.

Joe: So why didn't you tell me after?

Nadia: Calm down Joe. She is a kid. Umm.. OK.. Umm...I am even scared to say anything now because wow. Am I even safe here? Jeez...

Sasa: No you aren't.

Joe: Salome!

Sasa: What? You know it's true! Why do you think they have been trying to snake their way back into her life? They haven't quit either. Mama even wants

to have an event venue. You know that one she always talking about. Where do you think they want to get it down because to them free land means they same on buying a farm that could cost 300k or more.

Nadia: (shifts about) wareng ne mma wena? But they have never said anything to me. My grandmother left me that farm. Why don't they use Ntate's farm?

DJ : Probably because of its location.

Sasa: Or simply because your wicked mother thinks Nadia doesn't deserve anything.

Tlamele: (shakes her head) J oh! Your family is so intense!

Joe: You don't know the half of it.

Tlamele: Kana my family is filled with step children mo e leng gore you wouldn't know who is who because out of a family of five children, only one is my mom and step dad's child but to them re tshwana hela. Then my dad is also about to have another child and I recently acquired another half sister. Ke gore I am a step child twice over. Ha go na ka tshaba. Ke gata ha ke step child, ke gata kwa ke step child!

Her words lighten up the mood and everyone chuckles.

Nadia: (shakes her head) kana that half sister of yours is my best friend.

Tlamele: no! (laughs) Gaborone tle ke khonanyana bathong! Kana I said that if they actually bring

uyajola 99 here the bouncers will be the ones beating people up when they find out their girlfriend is the one getting caught with another man. Ke gore e le three in one okare di DVD ts a ma Nigeria!

That sets everyone off and they laugh.

Nadia: Is it in something you are given when you were born?

Tlamele: what?

Nadia: I mean every Morena is like this. From the head to the last born. Kana even Boleng is like this. Is that how you are marked?

Tlamele: (laughs) Ao bathong. I am nothing like those crazy people. (covers her mouth and looks at Joe) oh God.

Joe: What?

Tlameo: Don't you realize what this means?

Joe: (frowns) what babe?

Tlameo: I feel sick to my stomach. (closes her eyes)
Our parents have met Joe! I heard my gramps beat Nadia's father and apparently my dad and uncles were ready for him to try anything and they were going to beat him up. This is so bad!

Joe comes over to her and holds her hands while squatting in front of her.

Joe: Stop panicking babe. Everything is going to be fine. We will figure something out when the time comes.

Tlameho: Are you kidding me? There is nothing to figure out. This is it for us. The second your parents walk into my parents house for introductions, chairs are going to start flying my gramps a batla go kgalema lenyatso. This is never going to work.

Joe: (rubs her cheek) We will get married at the DC then. Just slam down.

Nadia: (sighs) never going to happen. That doesn't fly with Morena's unless you want her estranged from her family and that is something I would never allow you to do to her.

He plops himself down and sits next to the couch looking up at Nadia.

Joe: So what do you want us to do? We can't risk the chaos that will implode if our families meet.

Nadia: That is why you have to have a meeting with your parents Tlameho. Your father, mother and step parents. You need to sit them all down and tell them exactly who Joseph is. Don't hide it. Tell them and let them know you guys want to get married one day and would want to do things right when the time comes. Then request that your father talks to his father too. The right thing would be for my father to apologize to your parents and he might get charged for that before any negotiations can be done. Le gale I am not sure but that's what makes sense to me. Just telling them who Joe is will help diffuse the explosion of a surprise meeting.

Tlameho: OK that makes a lot of sense actually.

Joe: (smiles) The joys of having an older sibling.

Nadia; (chuckles) more like having a sibling who got

burnt by not being transparent. I wouldn't want you to go through that.

They continue chatting and later go out for a meal....

Nadia

I don't even remember driving to work after leaving the mall but here I am sitting behind a desk facing the window and thinking about everything Salome said. Why would she say I am not safe? Would he actually hurt me? Does he actually know the farm is in my name? Can he access landboard records? I feel sick at the thought of having no privacy because of my father. I think I should move houses. What if he sends someone to kidnap me or something? People disappear everyday and it doesn't seem to be taken as seriously as it should be.

The door opens and I turn around screaming so loud that tears form in my eyes. What is he doing here?

The 11pm insert will be up before midnight

[08/31, 18:02] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 86

Nadia

Oh God my heart! I clutch my chest feeling my heartbeat in my ears.

Marcus: (frowns and walks over) Hey what was that?
Kana you freaked me out!

Me: (breathing heavily) wait.

I put my head on the desk and try to regulate my breathing as he sits down.

Me: Never do that again. Knock or something. What are you even doing here?

Marcus: I saw your car in the parking lot. I forgot some files that I have to work on so I came to get them. What has you so jumpy?

Me: (leaning back) Don't worry about it.

Marcus: Isn't it a little too late for that? I already know so much about you that at this point you have to tell me everything that goes on in your life.

I chuckle and shake my head as the conversation I had with my siblings replays in my head.

Me: Turns out that monstrosity of a father I told you about might want my head.

Marcus: (frowns) Is that a riddle? What do you mean?

Me: Well, apparently his wife wants to run some wedding venue business and wants the farm my grandmother left me and them showing up wanting to be involved in my wedding was their way of trying to find out if I got the farm. I don't know what they planned to do after that and I am just freaking out because if my own father can set my rapist free to save his reputation, what more will he do if he finds out I own a ten hectare farm he will feel belongs to him? I don't even know how I ended up

here but I am scared of going home. I feel like he sees everything I do. (I cover my face with my hands) I am getting paranoid now. I know it sounds like I am over thinking things but nothing in my life has never worked out well for me and I can't act like there isn't a possibility of that man hurting me to get what he wants. I am so scared.

I start crying into my hands. I didn't realize how much this actually affected me until now. I feel him hold my head against his body and let's me cry while he stands next to me. I cry for a little while before I realize my cheek is against his groin. The thought tickles my clit but I move my face away and wipe my tears then grab some wipes from my desk drawer and wipe myself. He leans on the table and looks at me.

Marcus: Ele gore what's this guy's name? Have you ever reported him?

Me: (I shake my head while wiping my nose) No. His name is David Supang. I feel like it's useless to report him to his bosses because if he is part of the intelligence then he can get away with anything.

Marcus: (looks at me in a wierd way) No one gets away with anything. Every dog has its day. Trust and believe that.

I sniffle and rub my face.

Marcus: So what's your plan? Aren't you going home? (naughty smile) If not you can always come for a sleep over at my house.

Me (chuckling) Tota o bua eng Marcus?

Marcus: Sheh! Ebile you know how to say my name? I hate it when you call me boss. From now on call

me Marcus at work and call me love bug when it's just the two of us.

I can't help but laugh through the tears. Marcus is too buff to be telling me to call him love bug.

Marcus: (tilts his head) o tshega eng ne mma?
(what are you laughing at?) Nna I will call you sweet thang. So I am your love hug and you are my sweet thang.

I think the tears in my eyes are now from the laughing fit I am having. I wipe my eyes and look at him. He gives me a pearly white smile and winks at me.

Marcus: Lets go home sweet thang.

Me: Sheh (laugh again) I am not going anywhere

with you mister. I told you I am a single woman. I will go to my mum's house for a week while I find a new house.

Marcus: (frowns) Do you like where you live?

Me: Yeah. It's a really nice complex and I was hoping that when I get my raise next year I can buy it and start paying for it. I really like it.

Marcus: So don't move then.

Me: Ah Marcus you don't know that man.

Marcus: Trust me when I say he would never hurt you. He would lose his job. You are actually safer in a complex so don't let him terrorise you. Stay where you want to stay. Running away only gives him power over you.

I lean back and take a deep breath. He is right about being safer in the complex. We have security guards and alarms so I AM probably safer there than wherever I will go.

Me: I guess you are right.

Marcus: of course I am. So let me sleep over tonight just so you feel safe.

Me: (thinning my eyes) Marcus wee.

Marcus: I mean sleeping on the couch woman! Why are you so dirty minded?

I smile and shake my head.

Me: Who would have thought?

Marcus: What?

Me: That I would be laughing with you in an office. I mean you were such a jerk to me when we first met.

Marcus: You were being too mousy like you were afraid of existing. I wanted to get you rattled up so you stand up for yourself but it just made things worse o kare o koko e tlobiwa. (you were like a chicken getting defeathered)

Me: Heelang! It was a job interview Marcus! My first one eblie then I meet a man who tells me to change my name if I don't like it so I don't waste people's time by explaining my name.

Marcus: (laughs) I think it was also a defense

mechanism for me because you were hot le wena.

I chuckle and pull my phone. It's a message from an unknown number.

: [he knows we met you today and kept asking us what you told us. He was angry and threatened to hurt you. Please stay safe Nadia. Salome]

My hand is shaking like a leaf and my mouth is dry.

Marcus: What's wrong?

I can't speak. He takes the phone from me and reads it frowning before he chuckles.

Me: What are you laughing at?

Marcus: This guy o a go tlwaela waitse Nadia. Who is this?

Me: (swallowing) my half sister.

Marcus: Nxla such men disgust me.

Me: Well it doesn't matter because I am going to my mother's place until I find a new house. I can't risk my life like this.

Marcus: I told you not to run away. Don't fear him.

Me: (shouting through tears) I do Marcus! I am shit scared of that man! I could pee my pants thinking of the day his J unior almost killed me and the thought of what David could do to me paralyzes me! I know I look like I am overreacting to you but I have to because I have never had anyone to protect me

before! I am my own best bet and the best thing I can do for myself right now is run!

I stand up to leave but he holds me in his arms and his cologne wraps me up again as I cry on his chest.

Marcus: Let me take you home. You can't drive like this.

Me: What about my car?

Marcus: we will use yours. I will take a cab from your place.

I nod my head and follow him out. He is right. I am too scared to drive. We drive in silence and I only speak to direct him and he keeps texting on his phone which is something I hate but choose to keep quiet because the man is helping me. We finally

arrive at my place and I open the gate.

Me: I am just packing up a few clothes then I will be going to my mother's place. I can drop you back at the office to pick up your car. My nerves are calmer now.

Marcus: (looks at his phone) I was actually hoping you would let me rush off somewhere. I will come back and pick you up in less than an hour. I promise. I just have to go there right now and going back to the office will delay me.

Me: (frowning) oh.. Umm.. OK I guess. But you shouldn't take too long because I don't like driving at night.

Marcus: I won't. I am just meeting someone then I will be back.

I get out of the car and watch him drive off.....

At a farm just outside Gaborone

Marcus steps out of the car in his sneakers and unlocks the five padlocks on the gate then drives in and locks up again before driving off. He gets to another gate and unlocks the one big padlock and drives the rest of the distance passing fruit trees as far as the eye can see on both sides of the gravel driveway. He stops in front of a farm house and walks out. He then walks behind the house where there is a shack. He knocks on the door and keys rattle before the door is opened. He steps into the shack and fist bumps the three colored men inside.

Marcus: waar is hy (where is he?)

One of the huge men walks behind the tarp that seperates the room and drags a tied up David out.

He pushes him to his knees in front of Marcus and the look of confusion he had had since his blindfold was removed when he found himself in the shack returns when he looks at another man he doesn't recognize.

Marcus: (puts his hands in his pockets and tilts his head) Well hello David. I have heard so much about you. Nothing good though.

David: Who the f*ck are you?

Marcus: (chuckles) Ek is jou ergste nagmerrie. (I am your worst nightmare)

Lets get it to 150 shares by 1pm for the bonus

[08/31, 18:02] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 87

At the Farm

Marcus sits on a chair and watches as one of the guys punches Rraagwe Joe on his stomach while being held up by another. The guy gets a few good licks in before Marcus stands up again.

Marcus: Piet wag. (Piet wait)

Piet stops punching and steps back then Rraagwe Joe falls to his knees wincing in pain.

Piet: Ek het lekker baas gehad (I was having fun boss)

Marcus chuckles and squats in front of Rraagwe Joe.

Marcus: OK, now that you know I mean business, I want you to give me a very good reason why you are such a dick.

Rraagwe Joe: (wincing) I don't know who you are. Let me go right now before this turns bad for you.

Marcus: (chuckles and shakes his head) You really don't get it do you? (squeezes his jaw) David, things are already bad for me because you are messing with something that belongs to me. (squeezes tighter making Rraagwe Joe tear the flesh of his inner cheek) No one and I mean no one messes with what is mine.

Rraagwe Joe: (in pain) I don't know what your talking about!

Marcus: (raises his brows and tilts his head) Really? Dikeledi.

Rraagwe Joe's eyes widen for a second then confusion sets back in.

Marcus: (releases his grip) That's it! Now that you are up to speed, explain to me why you are such a dick because thats all I want to know.

Rraagwe Joe: What does that b*tch have to do with-

Piet lands a punch on his lip causing him to cut his lower lip on his teeth. He groans in pain and looks at Peit in rage.

Marcus: (frowns) are you basically an idiot? Is that what you are David? You are in a place you don't

know, surrounded by men you have never seen and one of them tells you that you are messing with what is his (deepens his voice) and you decide to call what is his a bitch? Really? Are you a fool? Or do you just have a death wish?

Rraagwe Joe: That bitch ruined my life! I was happy before she was born and now I am going to kill her for this! Do you know who I am? I will destroy you and these cunts of yours.

Piet folds his fist but Marcus raises his hand to stop him.

Marcus: (with a growl) David open your mouth one more time to spit that kaak and I will break your knee caps right now! Who the f*ck do you think you are? Huh? Ek sal nou jou kakebeen breek. (I will break your jaw right now) And no one can stop me. I will cut you up and feed you to my pigs. (stands up and looks at Piet) This guy! (squats back down and

raises his brows) David I will kill you kana. Do you get that? You can die right here and no one will ever know where to find you because we are that good. You keep asking me if I know who you are but you need to ask yourself who I am poi (boy) . I am Marcus Van Graan.

Rraagwe Joe frowns before fear washes over him.

Marcus: (knods his head) That's right. And right now, you just threatened to kill the soon to be Mrs Van Graan. (frowns and leans his head forward) Now how does that look for you right now?

Rraagwe Joe: (blinks rapidly) No. Mr Van Graan no. My daughter is marrying some other Morena guy.

Marcus: Oh so I'm lying?

Rraagwe J oe: No I am saying I didn't know that you know my daughter.

Marcus stands up and fixes his pants.

Marcus: The only reason why I am going to let you go is because killing you would be too easy after everything you put Nadia through. I want you to live in fear of me. I want you to know that I am watching your every move and if you miss a single step I will tear you apart limb from limb including that dick thirsty wife of yours. You are so focused on terrorising an innocent child and can't deal with your dick buying wife?

Rraagwe J oe: (stammers) what.. What are you talking about?

Marcus: (laughs) You are such a punk. I can't believe Nadia is so scared of a prick like you. Piet

make sure he sends that text.

Turns to leave.

Marcus: You have been warned. Act your age man!

Rraagwe Joe: (shouts) please don't tell Gerhard!

Marcus: (turns to face him) Oh you know my uncle loves good stories. I can't deny him that can I Piet?

Piet chuckles and nods his head to the two other men and they force Rraagwe Joe to his feet.

Marcus: What are you doing now Piet?

Peit: Baas this poephol (this a**hole) called us cunts and I for one need him to know I have huge

dick that I like to use.

Marcus(Chuckles) do you man!

He shuts the door and walks to his car while Piet unbuckles his pants terrifying Rraagwe Joe when he pulls his hardening dick out.

Piet: (to the two guys) Leave us.

Rraagwe Joe: (panicking) no! No please forgive me! I am sorry! I am sorry.

The men walk out and shut the door listening as Rraagwe Joe shouts for Piet to stop.

At Nadia's house.

After pacing around the living room and peeking out the window for over two hours, Nadia dials Marcus' number while holding the curtain in one hand.

Marcus: (with a deep voice) Hi sweet Thang. Miss me already?

Nadia: (shouts) Marcus you promised you would be back by now! Where are you? I want to go! It's getting dark.

She sees the car driving to her gate.

Marcus: sweet thang, never shout at me like that. I am not a child. OK?

Nadia: (opens the gate) hurry up I have to leave.

Marcus hangs up and drives in. Nadia rushes to the door and stands there with her hands on her waist.

Nadia: Where were you? You delayed me kana.

Marcus: (bites his lip and smiles) Babe stop raising your voice at me. Who are you inviting to our conversation ka gore ke bapile le wena? (since I am standing next to you?)

She walks into the house furious with him.

Nadia: I told you I hate driving in the dark then you decide to go where ever with my car! Bona hela it's already getting dark.

Marcus: (with his hands in his pocket) Nadia wee. Kana if you were my woman I'd have you bending over that couch ramming into you until you

understand that I don't want you raising your voice at me because that's something I would never do to you.

The thought tickles Nadia's clit as blood rushes to her cookie.

Nadia: (calmer) I am sorry.

Marcus: (sits down) Good. I am sorry too. I just had to take care of something. I can drop you off if you want but I really don't think you have to move. This place looks very safe to me.

Nadia gets a notification on her phone. She opens the message and reads it with a frown.

[I am sorry for all the wrong I have done to you Dikeledi. I have never been a good father to you and

I was wrong to try to involve myself in your marriage. Forgive me and know that I will stay away from you. I almost lost my job with the Sébastien thing and I wouldn't risk it a second time. I am sorry.
D. Supang]

Nadia plops herself on the couch staring at her phone in shock.

Marcus: What's wrong?

Nadia: (tilts her head and thins her eyes) It's my father. At least I think it's him.

She passes the phone to him. He reads the message and shrugs his shoulders.

Marcus: Maybe he is turning over a new leaf. He probably regrets everything. You might even find

that his wife is the one who has been behind how he has been treating you and he has had enough.

Nadia: (frowns) David? Just like that? You don't know my father Marcus. He probably wants me to let my guard down before he strikes.

Marcus: (sighs) Bathong Nadia this is Botswana. We aren't in some crime ridden country or some movie. Nothing is going to happen to you.

Nadia: (puts one finger in her mouth while holding her chin) I still don't buy it. But I will stay. If he wants to kill me he will do it even if I am at mama's place so I would rather die alone than cause a massacre.

Marcus: (chuckles) You have an over active imagination. (grabs the remote and switches the TV on)

Nadia: What are you doing?

Marcus: Lets watch a movie. Do you have Netflix?
Or we could watch Money Heist. Can you believe I
still haven't watch season four?

Nadia: (frowns) Heela Marcus. Your car is still
parked at work kana.

Marcus: So? We have security there.

Nadia: So? How will you get home? OK you can
come give me my car tomorrow morning.

Marcus: Ah nna I can't see well and it's already dark.

Nadia: what do you mean Marcus? You were just

offering to drop me off. Take a cab then.

Marcus: Ah nna ke a sitwa Nadia. And I am hungry. Lets go and cook before we watch Money Heist. We will binge watch. Akere go Sunday kamoso. (it's Sunday tomorrow anyway)

Nadia: Sheh Marcus go home!

Marcus: Ao sweet thang mma. I will sleep on the couch Akere. I just want to watch Money heist because I hate watching TV alone. And now I am hungry because the last time I ate was in the morning. (sulking) O ntima dijo ne mma? (are you refusing to feed me?)

Nadia: (rolls her eyes) I liked you better when you were a jerk boss.

She stands up and drags her feet to the kitchen with him smiling in tow

Nadia: I am locking my room tonight so don't get any ideas.

Marcus: I'd never do that. The day I get into bed with you, you will be the one pulling my clothes off aching to have me inside you.

Nadia stops walking and takes a deep breath with her eyes closed before proceeding to walk in silence fighting the urge to look at him.

Thank you to everyone who shared the insert. The bonus will be up before 6pm

[08/31, 18:02] : MINI BONUS INSERT

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 88

Nadia

It turns out televisions can watch themselves. I didn't know this until today. We finished cooking and came to eat while sharing a couch. I got tired of moving from couch to couch not wanting to sit next to Marcus. He is relentless so I just gave up. He played Money heist on Netflix but has been talking since he pressed play.

Me: Marcus what was the point of playing this if you aren't going to watch?

Marcus: Ao come on. I'd rather get to know you

sweet thang. Gape I told you not to call me Marcus when we are together. I am your love bug.

Me: (side smiling) Marcus how old are you?

Marcus: Ng ng. O batla go reng? (what are you trying to say?)

Me: No I just want to understand why a man your age wants to be called a love bug.

Marcus: Being a love bug doesn't come with age Nadia. It comes with love.

Me: So why should I call you that if I don't love you?

Marcus: (tilts his head and smiles) You do. You just aren't ready to admit it yet.

Me: (fighting my blush with laughter) I don't Marcus.

Marcus: I wouldn't be here if you didn't.

Me: you refused to leave!

Marcus: And you let me stay because your heart is tekateking for me too.

With that he puts food in his mouth and starts chewing while I laugh.

Me: Tota tekateking o raya eng Marcus?

Marcus: (swallows) Wanna see?

I thin my eyes as he puts his food on the coffee table and takes mine and does the same.

Me: I was still eating that.

He turns and puts his knee on the couch while lifting himself over me and then lowering his body with his eyes looking into mine while supporting himself with one arm on the couch. I keep leaning back trying to move away from him but my chest is suddenly so full and my heart is beating like a ritual drum. My mouth is open because I want to talk but I think an invisible cat took my tongue . He bites his lip when it's an inch away from mine and that makes his lips brush against mine as we share the same air. His lips look so juicy up close that my eyes are now fixed on them as my chest rises and falls. He uses his free hand to run his hand from the nape of neck to my cheek as I hold my breath so he doesn't see the effect he has on me but that all falls apart when his thumb rubs my lower lip. I

release a shaky breath and close my eyes ready to accept his juicy lips.

My eyes fly open when his hand leaves my face and I feel him move away from me. He has this side smile as he takes his plate. My breathing is still very sharp as I watch him eat a spoon full of rice. He looks at me and takes my hand then puts it on my chest.

Marcus: feel that? It's tekateking.

He leaves my hand and chuckles.

Marcus: I am thirty two years old by the way.

What the hell? Is he going to continue our conversation when I have a throbbing clit?

Marcus: Eat. Your food is getting cold.

Die Marcus! I should kick him out! Mxm.

At Rraagwe Joe's house.

Rraagwe Joe drives into his yard a few minutes after midnight and sits in the car for a few minutes taking in what happened to him. He can still feel that pink cock in his anus and he fights the feeling he has to poop fearing anymore pain.

Rraagwe Joe's chest rises and falls as rage fills him. He starts pounding on the steering wheel over and over until his fist feels numb. He then let's put a loud cry as he leans against the head rest covering his face with his hands. He cries until his shoulders shake. He tries to wipe his face with his shirt but the memory of Piet cumming on his clothes and pissing on him nauseates him and he quickly opens

the door and throws up on the pavement. The tightening of his stomach muscles as he vomits loosens his anus making him wince in pain as he stretches the tears. The loud groaning wakes Mmaagwe Joe who comes running out in her gown and stops when she sees him vomiting. She runs back to the house to get him a bottle of water. She stops by the back door of the car and passes the water bottle to him.

Mmaagwe Joe: Day what's wrong? Where have you been?

He lifts his eyes and looks at her with rage.

Mmaagwe Joe; I was so worried about you. Why didn't you answer my calls?

He takes a gulp of water and rinses his mouth without saying anything to her. He then steps out of

the car avoiding the puddle of vomit and stretching his leg hurts his anus again.

Rraagwe Joe: Fuck!

Mmaagwe Joe walks over to the tap and drags the hose pipe and splashes water over the vomit while Rraagwe Joe slowly walks to the house where he takes his clothes off in their bathroom and steps into the shower. He lets the water wash over him with his hands against the wall. His head is bent over looking at his manhood and crying. Piet's hard veined dick is all he sees when he looks at his. The thought of another man using him like that has him silently crying in the shower.

Mmaagwe Joe: Day ne rra go rileng? (what's wrong?)
Are you crying?

Rraagwe Joe: Bontle leave me alone!

Mmaagwe Joe: Ele gore ke tlaabo ke le semaumau sa mosadi neh if I leave you alone when you come home at this hour vomiting and crying? Are you cheating on me David?

He starts breathing heavily remembering Marcus' words. The possibility of his wife cheating on him after all he has done to satisfy her suffocates him.

Mmaagwe Joe: So you want to bring another bastard child into my house David? Are serious right now?

Rraagwe Joe quickly slides the door open and paces to her ignoring the pain between his butt cheeks. He grabs her neck and pressed her to the wall squeezing tight.

Rraagwe Joe: (shouting) I told you to leave me the

f*ck alone! I told you to leave me Bontle!

She keeps slapping and scratching his arm trying to loosen his grip as her air way begs for oxygen. Her eyes roll back as he tightens his grip. Joe bangs on their bedroom door trying to get in. It's instances like these that make their father's rule about everyone locking their rooms when they sleep seem like the worst idea.

Joe: Papa! Mama! What's going on?

DJ and Salome come running out of their rooms.

Sasa: What's happening?

Joe: I don't know . I heard papa drive in and there was some noise outside then I came out when he started shouting at mama

DJ : (bangs the door) Papa! Papa! Open the door!

Rraagwe Joe squeezes tighter then let's her loose and she falls to the ground. She gets into a choking fit as she tries to get air into her lungs.

Rraagwe Joe: (shouts) Robalang lona! (go back to sleep)

He walks back into the shower while his wife clamms out of the bathroom on her knees trying to stand up.

[Two weeks later]

[08/31, 18:03] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 89

Nadia

I honestly feel like this meeting with the Morena's is very unnecessary. Morena and I haven't spoken in a month and I thought that should have been clear that things have ended with us. They have kept trying to set this meeting up every week and I would keep postponing with my family because I feel like it's so unnecessary. But Boleng's mum eventually made me realize that it's a meeting that needs to be had so that both families can acknowledge that there isn't going to be any marriage between us. She also mentioned how it is a way of avoiding complications with any other family that comes seeking my hand in marriage. I laughed that off because I am so done with all that marriage stuff. It's clearly not in the books for me.

We are currently gathered in mama's house. I even had to wear a doek. I don't understand why because I am not married nor am I marrying into their family. There are fewer people here than at the previous meeting. Only one of Boleng's uncles and his wife are here with Boleng's parents and on the Morena side there is only Mr and Mrs Morena, Mr Morena senior (Mr Morena's older brother) and his wife as well as Morena who keeps stealing glances at me. I have to admit that there is this small corner of my heart that misses him but the rest of my heart overpowers that part by reminding it that I don't have what Morena wants. He was there for me at a time I felt I had no one and at a time when I feared being alone. I am not that person anymore and keeping him in my life would have only been selfish on my end. Our parting may have been sad but I can't act like he was never good to me and I honestly hope he gets what he is looking for. He was my first love and an amazing one at that.

Mr Morena Sr. Bagolo, thank you finally allowing us

to come here. We felt it is very vital for us to part on good terms which is why we requested this meeting. We never know what tomorrow holds would have been something I would have said before but we already know what binds us outside of these children here. Our son has a daughter in this home and I think maybe this proposed marriage might have happened as a way of God bringing our daughter home. I don't think Boleng would know who she is if Morena and Nadia never met. God works in mysterious ways and that is what I want us to think about as we have this meeting. Please accept our sincere apology for what has happened. We called you here proposing marriage to your daughter and we kept you waiting for magadi. Children can cause us to make mistakes. Please accept our most sincere apology.

He bends his head and puts his hands together respectfully. My eyes lock with Mrs Morena's and she gives me a quick smile. She is such a good woman. I would have been lucky to have her as my

mother in law.

Boleng's uncle: Re a utlwa Phuti. (Bangwato totem)
But I think we would like to understand your reasons for disappoiting our daughter who was so sure she was getting married.

Mr Morena Senior: Ee Kgabo (Bakgatla Totem) That is understandable. It's better to hear it from the horse's mouth. Dikgang tsa batho ba babedi di itsiwe ke beng. (The internal affairs of a relationship are only known to those in it). (looks at Morena)
Morena, ke eo kgang. Bua ba go utwe. (Morena, you have the floor. Speak so they can hear you.)

Morena clears his throat and runs his hands together. This makes my heart skip a beat. I don't know what he is about to say and I haven't heard his voice in a long time. A vibration in the pocket of my dress widens my eyes. I am so glad I put my phone on vibrate. I hope I remember to check the

message. Another vibration. Jeez! Boleng's mother pokes me. They can hear it. I clear my throat and look straight at Morena waiting to hear his speech so this thing can end.

Morena: Dumleng bagolo. (Greetings my elders) I can't apologize enough for having to bring you together under such circumstances. Nadia and I were so sure that we were going to get married and I personally thought we were going to spend the rest of our lives together. A lot happened between us and I thought I could move past everything that challenged my love for her but one weakened every defense I had and I couldn't man up and step to the task. That one is on me. I don't want to divulge her personal information by going into the reasons but I want to say here today that I am sorry for disappointing you this way Nadia. You were my queen and I thought you and I were going to be together forever but I guess I was wrong. I loved you with all my heart and I am sincerely sorry for disappointing you. I don't want you burdened by

anything that happened with us and you can return my ring so it's doesn't become a reminder to you.

Heh! Heelang!

Silence befalls the room and I am guessing this is where I am supposed to speak because everyone is looking at me. What do I even say? I rub the back of my neck and look and the patten of my dress on my thigh because I really can't look at anyone.

Me: (clearing my throat) Umm.. Heish.. Ah nna ke iphimotse dikeledi ka ring tota. (I sold the ring and spent the money)

Boleng's mum nudges me and I almost laugh but that would be a bad idea right now.

Mr Morena: Don't mind him. That was yours. O dirile sentle. (you did the right thing)

I have always loved this man. I look up and see that Mrs Morena is also holding her laughter in and this almost sets me off laughing. I clear my throat to stop myself.

Me: But I would also like to say that our parting was the best thing for both of us. We weren't going to make each other happy in the long run and I have no hard feelings. Some things just weren't meant to be. I think it's like Rre Morena said in the beginning that God works in mysterious ways. I will always find comfort in knowing that my sister found her family through my heartbreak. I wish you all the happiness in the world Morena. You were so good to me and you deserve all the goodness in the world and everything that I couldn't give you. I don't blame you for what happened to us. It was simply not meant to be. That's all I can say and I can only hope that what has happened will not affect anyone else in terms of the Morena's relation to my sister.

I bow my head and listen to my racing heart. I am not a public speaker so I don't even know how I was able to say so much.

A few words of advice are given to both of us before a prayer is said to disperse the meeting.

Boleng's mum: Tota wena o rileng? (what's wrong with you?) First your phone then you admit to selling someone's ring?

Me: sheh mama!

She claps her hands and laughs.

Boleng's mum: Why didn't you tell him bogolo so he doesn't embarrass himself by asking for it?

Mr Motlhabi: o siame. (he is fine) who asks for an engagement ring back because it's up to the receiver to return it? O diregile sentle! (it serves him right!)

I walk away from this conversation and pull my phone out of my pocket and immediately roll my eyes when I see who it is.

Love bug : [Babe tlhemma wena I am sick. I have been stuck in bed all day and I have a blinding head ache.]

Love bug :[Please get me some pain meds and bring them to my house. I can hardly see anything]

I frown and dial his number but he doesn't answer. All this love bug nonsense on my phone is his doing.

He changed his contact name on my phone the night he slept at my house and changing it back has always felt like too much admin for some reason. I am kind of worried about him. For all the years I have worked for Marcus, I have never once heard that he is out sick though some of us know how to use our sick days. To hear him say he can hardly see has me a little worried and he and I have become really good friends over the past few weeks. This of course has earned me more evil looks than usual at work but I have developed thick skin and I really don't care because I have never made friends at work anyway.

I didn't see him walk towards me. I only see his feet next to me. I look up from my phone and return his smile.

Morena : How are you my queen?

Me : (chuckling) that's not my title anymore.

Morena: Of course it is. You will always be my queen. Even if I may not always be your king.

I raise my brow then set it back and decide to be nice. I just smile and wait for him to say what he wants.

Morena: no we were about to leave and I just wanted to come and say good bye and wish you the best.

Me: Thank you and ditto.

He smiles and looks at me a little longer.

Morena : You look great.

OK that's it!

Me: Thank you. How is Lea?

Morena: (chuckles) O a simolola Akere. (Don't start.)
how about a good bye hug?

I thin my eyes before hugging him because I want to go. I break the hug and walk away waving. I walk over to mama and say goodbye before running to my car while trying to dial Marcus. He still won't answer my call and it's making me more nervous...

At a logde

Mmaagwe Joe looks herself in the mirror one last time and fixes her lipstick before typing a message on her phone.

[I have just arrived. Where should I go? I am so excited and wet Bobby]

Bobby decor supplier.[#attaches a dick pic# I am naked and waiting in room 12. J ust come straight here.]

She giggles and shifts about like a teenager then gets out of the car locking up as she secures the belt of her waist coat. She has been sexting with Bobby for two weeks and he had proved himself to be one of the best guys she has ever met and she didn't even have to pay thousands of pulas to get him. In fact, he spends on her. The red little number she has under the coat was a gift from him that he had sent to her office. She walks to the room feeling giddy and excited to finally meet the owner of the amazing dick that has been the star of her many orgasms these past two weeks. Her husband's erectile dysfunction is what led her here and she has never regretted it because he isn't even willing

to deal with it. Seven years of not getting back breaking sex from a man who promised you forever is too much of a punishment for her to bear.

She knocks on the door and a text comes through.

Bobby decor supplier: [I am finishing up from my shower so get in and get ready for me. I want to find you in nothing but that lingerie.]

She smiles and opens the door then locks it. The click of her heels echoes in the room as she looks around the room. She places her bag in the chair near the bed and takes her coat off as instructed. She climbs on the bed and goes on all fours just as Bobby said he liked. Her crotchless lingerie leaves her pussy exposed to the bathroom door as she waits in anticipation with her head turned to the bathroom.

Mmaagwe Joe: (seductively) Bobby, I am waiting.

The door slowly opens and her heart almost stops when her husband walks out of holding a gun.....

At Marcus' house

Nadia opens the door after Marcus told her to let herself in when she arrives because he can't lift his head. She opens the door and drops the paper bag of food and the medication. Her hands go over her mouth when she sees Marcus on the floor. She gets dizzy and supports herself on the door frame before calling his name.

Nadia: (teary eyed) Marcus!

200 shares by 1pm for the bonus

[08/31, 18:03] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 90

At the hotel.

Rraagwe Joe walks out of the bathroom pointing his work rifle at his wife who is frozen in shock. The anger that has been building in him the past three weeks chokes him and shock at the realization that she was actually cheating on him makes his eyes tear up.

Rraagwe Joe: Bontle. Ke wena o ka ntirang jaana Bontle? (Are the one who is doing this to me?)

Mmaagwe Joe's shaking legs give in and she sits with every inch of her shaking.

Mmaagwe J oe: (teary eyed) Honey it's not what it looks like.

Rraagwe J oe: (thins his eyes) The f*ck do you mean it's not what it looks like Bontle? Huh? Aren't you sitting with your vagina out in the air for some guy to come f*ck you?

Mmaagwe J oe: (puts her hand over her mouth crying) I knew it was you Day. I thought we were role playing!

He slaps her with the back of his hand and her body falls flat on the bed while she holds her cheek. He points the cold rifle on her forehead and she screams.

Rraagwe: (hissing with red eyes) Shut the f*ck up Bontle! Scream one more time and I will blow your

brains out!

She covers her mouth with a shaking hand and begins to cry uncontrollably. He grabs the TV remote and switches it on and increases the volume but doesn't make it too loud.

Rraagwe Joe: (sits next to her) I am going to ask questions and you are going to answer me honestly is that clear Bontle?

She continues crying with her mascara running. He stands up and slaps her again. She covers her mouth so she doesn't scream.

Rraagwe Joe: I said is that clear dammit!

She nods her head over and over again.

Rraagwe Joe: How long have you been cheating on me Bontle?

Mmaagwe Joe puts her hand together in a praying position.

Mmaagwe Joe: I swear I have never cheated on you Day. I knew it was you!

He bites his lower lip and punches her mouth throwing her head back. The numbing pain on her mouth heats her ears up as blood fills her mouth. She coughs and almost swallows a tooth. She sits up and spits the tooth out with bloody saliva all over her hand.

Rraagwe Joe: You forget who I am Akere? I have tortured actual criminals and you are just a lose bitch who can't keep her legs closed.

Rraagwe Joe opens the closet door with his rifle in one hand. He pulls his duffle bag out and throws it on the bed while Mmaagwe Joe continues begging and crying.

Mmaagwe Joe: OK I almost cheated. I am sorry. Please forgive me Day. Think about our children.

He b*tch slaps her again and empties the contents of the bags onto the bed. Pictures of Mmaagwe Joe in different hotel rooms fill the corner of the bed and he starts throwing them at her. There are pictures of her with different men over the past years.

Rraagwe Joe: So you heard me telling you Dikeledi was a Jojo doll and you decided to get yourself Jojo junks huh?

Mmaagwe Joe blinks rapidly looking at the pictures with so much confusion you'd swear she was being

framed. With her heart pounding in her ears she goes on her knees and begs with blood, tears and mucus all over face.

Rraagwe J oe: I didn't believe you were actually cheating on me until I looked into your activities. All those event meetings you were always going to were all sex appointments Akere?

Mmaagwe J oe: It's not me! I am being framed! It's not me David!

He frowns and drops the rifle on the floor then mounts on top of her and strangles her making her gag with wide eyes.

Rraagwe J oe: (enraged) Do you know what I have been through because of you huh? Do you? That twisted colored f*ck sends me pictures of his dick in my mouth and his cum all over me every f*cking

dady! Every f*cking day! He came in my mouth! In my mouth! All because of Dikeledi!

He loosens his grip when her eyes roll back. She holds her neck and coughs while he sits on the bed and cries with his hands over his head. He cries while she coughs for a few seconds.

Mmaagwe Joe: (wiping her face with her hands) I am sorry Day. I will never cheat on you again. I swear. And we will report whoever did that to you OK?

She tries hold his shoulder but he holds her hand and turns her over and holds her neck to pin her down.

Rraagwe Joe : (shouts with tears in his eyes)
Tonosa marago ao! (lift you a** up)

Mmaagwe Joe: Day tlherra you are hurting me.

He tightens his grip on her neck and presses her down more.

Rraagwe Joe: I will not repeat myself! O ne o ba tonosetsa o palelwa ke go nneela! (You were doing it for other men and not me.)

She lifts her butt exposing the crotchless lingerie while crying. Rraagwe Joe uses his free hand to push his pants down to his knees and begins to rub himself on her trying to wake his dick but the sight of her a** hole brings a flashback of the picture Peit sent this morning that showed him bent over with his pink dick in his a**. His chest tightens as more tears fill his eyes. He tries to fight the thought by rubbing himself against her pussy but his erection softens when him being hard gives him another flashback. He turns her over in rage and strangles her again pressing hard on her neck while her legs

kick as she tries to fight him off. He doesn't release his grip until she passes out.

He then pulls his pants up and sits on the floor crying...

At Tlotlo's house

Tlamelo walks into the house with a smile so wide that her mother raises her brows while feeding Abotle. She just came home after a night out with Joe and the excitement on her face speaks volumes.

Tlamelo: Where is paps?

Tlotlo: He just went to put his plate in the kitchen. He is going to work. Why?

Tlanelo holds her excitement in and runs to the kitchen.

Tlanelo: Paps!

Avi: Mma!

Tlanelo: (waves him over) Come!

She rushes back to the living room and sits down waiting for her step father to sit down. She then opens her bag and pulls out a small American Swiss box and opens it.

Tlanelo: (smiling) look. Joe asked me to marry him.

Tlotlo covers her mouth in shock and looks at Avi who looks just as shocked.

Tlanelo: He asked me to marry him!

Avi: What about school though?

Tlanelo: We agreed to get married only after I graduate next year.

Avi: Doesn't he still live with his parents?

Tlanelo: He moved out last week when he got his second pay check from his new job. He doesn't work for his mom anymore.

Avi: oh. OK. That satisfies my worries. (looks at his teary eyed wife) babe?

Tlotlo: I just can't believe my baby is getting married!

She puts Abotle down and walks over to Tlamelo and opens her hands for them to hug. Tlamelo stands up and hugs her mother as they both cry. Abotle's mouth turns and he blinks rapidly looking at them crying then he looks at his father and puts his arm over his eyes and cries. Avi chuckles and picks him up to shush him.

Avi: Lesang go tshosa ngwanake tlhe bo mma! (can you please stop scaring my child)

Tlotlo and Tlamelo break their hug and laugh while wiping their tears. Tlotlo walks over to Avi and gets Abotle.

Tlotlo: (patting his back) Ao my boy sorry. We weren't crying tlherra. OK?

Abotle: (sniffling) mmh..

She gets him to stop crying and they all take a seat.

Avi: so I am guessing that means everything will be done gone next year Akere? Because you know that your father is the one who will be heading it with your mother right? So they logistics need to be worked out where will his family go for introductions and the likes.

Tlameo: Yeah it will only be next year. I just hope it will be peaceful.

Tlotlo: (smiles) Don't worry. You guys did well by letting us know that he and Nadia are related after the blow out between your grandfather and his father. It would have been messy if you hadn't.

Tlameo: And that was all thanks to Nadia. (sighs)
OK. Now is the taks of telling papa I am getting

married. He still hates the fact that I am dating that man's son.

Avi: Don't worry he will be fine. He would hate him even if your were getting married to a pastor's son. No father wants to see his little girl love another man except him.

Tlameo: (smiles) I hope you are right.

Tlotlo: So why aren't you wearing it?

Tlameo: (looks at the ring) I wanted to tell my parents first before wearing it.

Tlotlo: (holds her chest emotionally) You are my greatest achievement. I am so proud of the woman you have become Ntlame and I hope to God that he gives you all your heart desires because you

deserve it.

Tlameo wipes her tears and closes the ring box.

Tlameo: Thank you mama. (cocks her head to one side) So can I use your car to go and tell papa?

Avi: le bolope o bo pasitse tota. (you are also a very good boot licker.)

She laughs and runs to their bedroom to get her mother's car keys then runs back to leave.

Tlotlo: you better fuel my car!

She shuts the door laughing and runs off.

Avi: So what are you going to do? Or will Agape

come and pick you up ka le ne le re you are going out?

Tlotlo: (sighs) Ah di morning sickness di a mo nyesa shem. (morning sickness is showing her flames) She canceled on me so I am home today.

Avi: Mxm. I can't believe my friend got my sister pregnant! Okare ke ka mo latela ke mo papaitela tlhogo ke mmelets a go robala le nna ke a sa mo nyala. Nxla. (I wish o could go and panel beat him for sleeping with my sister before marrying her)

Tlotlo: (laughs) Heelang! And who beat you for doing the same to me Avi?

Avi: (smiles) No that was different.

Tlotlo: How?

Avi: (stands up and kisses her) Bye baby. I love you.

He rushes to the door leaving Tlotlo laughing at him.

At Marcus' house

Nadia lowers her shaking hands and tries to find her balance but her knees are so weak that she leans back against the frame looking at Marcus.

Nadia: (teary eyed) Marcus!

Marcus presses play on the song he had paused and it plays from where he wanted it to.

How many times do I have to tell you
Even when you're crying you're beautiful too

The world is beating you down, I'm around through
every mood

You're my downfall, you're my muse

My worst distraction, my rhythm and blues

I can't stop singing, it's ringing, in my head for you

My head's under water

But I'm breathing fine

You're crazy and I'm out of my mind

'Cause all of me

Loves all of you

Love your curves and all your edges

All your perfect imperfections

Give your all to me

I'll give my all to you

You're my end and my beginning

Even when I lose I'm winning
'Cause I give you all of me
And you give me all of you, oh oh

The song ends and he looks at her still on bended knee with rose petals arranged to spell out 6 MONTHS LATER. He has a velvet box in his hand and the sunlight bounces off the diamond ring making it sparkle more. Nadia plops her butt on the floor giving into her knees and stares at Marcus in shock.

Marcus: I know you have said you aren't planning on dating for the next six months and the truth is I don't want to date you either. This may seem sudden to you but I am a man who has been in love with you for three years but never acted on it out of respect to you. You are free for me to love now and I want nothing more than to see you happy but I

want to be the one who makes you happy. I want to know everything that makes you smile, everything that makes you happy and what pisses you off. I want to know what turns you on and what makes your toes curl. I want to know what your biggest fears are and what your greatest wishes are because all I want is to make you happy Nadia. I want to be your everything because your already are mine. And it all starts now. I don't want to wait. I want to marry you and begin my forever with you because trust me when I say i am never ever letting you go. So here is a boy, kneeling in front of a girl, asking her to marry him.

Nadia chuckles and wipes her tears then crawls over to him not trusting her knees to hold her up. She stops in front of the rose petals and puts her left hand out.

Marcus: (smiles) is that a yes?

Nadia nods her head and he slips the ring on her finger and stands up then lifts her up in his arms and spins her around making her laugh and scream.

Marcus: (puts her down and holds her face in both of his hands) I didn't think you would say yes.

Nadia: (laughs looking into his eyes) Me neither. I guess my heart won over my mind. And you are such a liar! I was worried about you because you are sick.

Marcus: As if you would have just come if I had asked you to.

Nadia laughs and looks at the ring sparkling on her finger.

Marcus (smiles) : You will never regret this.

He looks deep into her eyes then her lips and inches his closer to hers. She parts her lips as his touch hers. His cold minty lips make her moan as he deepens the kiss and puts his hand on her back pressing their bodies together finally feeling their warm bodies against each other. Marcus finally breaks the kiss after a few minutes and Nadia slowly opens her heavy eyes wanting so much to tear his clothes off.

Marcus: I can't wait to make you Mrs Van Graan.....

Don't forget to meet the target on last night's insert for your bonus

[08/31, 18:03] : BONUS INSERT

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 91

Nadia

If someone walks up to me right now and asks me what is going on in my head right now I wouldn't have an answer for them. I went from declaring my single lady status to being engaged to a man I have never dated before. A man who intoxicates me with his sex appeal. A man who looks at me with so much hunger in his eyes that my nipples harden when his smoldering eyes meet mine. I don't know if it's the fact that I haven't had sex in four months or what but my clothes feel so hot right now. I want him to bend me over like he promised he would if I was his woman. I don't know if I made the right decision for myself but who knows anymore? I

know that, as he likes to put it, my heart is tekateking for him and I miss him when I am not with him. I know that we have the same passion to help the unfortunate. He was so excited when I told him I wanted to build a women's shelter at my farm the night he slept at my house. He told me how he wanted to build a private secondary school for orphans. Imagine that! Having private school education for free. He wants the school to be a boarding school so they don't have to live in orphanages anymore. The teachers would be paid by his, well soon to be our NGO. Gosh I can't believe I said yes to marrying Marcus of all people.

We have been cuddled up on the couch for a few minutes now and he is now starring at me.

Me: (blushing) What?

Marcus: (brushes his lips against mine and leans back) I still can't believe you said yes. Me asking

you was crazy enough and the fact that you said yes makes me question both our sanity.

Me: (laughing) the funniest part is the fact that I just came from answering about an engagement ring I sold and I am already wearing another.

He chuckes while I look at the rock on my finger. A bigger one at that!

Me: How much did this even cost?

Marcus: (laughs) What you wanna sell that one too?

Me: (laughing) Breaking a promise for marriage is a crime and it needs compensation. I collect compensation for wasting my tears and my yes.

Marcus: (laughs) Do you know that you always looked so quiet at work but I could always tell you are just in a shell. I like the real you a lot.

Goodness! This man!

Me: I am actually discovering the real me. I always adjusted my character to what was happening in my life and three years ago, I decided for the first time to figure out who I am. It turns out I am a bit snobby if I don't know someone, a little stubborn, kind and unwilling to settle for less than I deserve after the crap I have been through.

Marcus: (smiles) ek is baie lief vir jou Nadia.

Me: hmmm. What does that mean?

Marcus: (kisses me) it means, I love you very much

Nadia.

Me: (blushing) I still can't believe you are part colored. I mean, except your curly hair, you are darker than me!

Marcus: (pushes my face away laughing) o a swaba Nadia. I am a yellow bone inside.

Me: Sheh!

I start laughing at him then he suddenly stands up and scoops me up in his arms making me feel like a little girl in his big buff arms. He is like a big teddy bear without the huge gut. My very own intoxicating superman. I giggle until I realize he is leading me to a part of the house I have never been in. My throat dries up at the thought that this could be it! I have been curious about what it would be like to have him inside me since he said it three weeks ago. He

kicks a door open and it opens to a huge bedroom. He puts me down and I see the rose petals that have created a walk way leading to the bed. My breathing has already changed because I can feel his bulge on my back. I press my thighs together to calm my already throbbing clot that is in desperate need of servicing. He holds my waist and presses himself into me with my head against his hard chest. I want to turn to face him so I can kiss him but he holds me in place and puts his hand on my stomach. I wish I could stand on my tip toes so his hand goes lower because he is almost where I ache.

Marcus whispers in my ear which makes my eyes roll back when his lip grazes my ear.

Marcus: I want you to walk over to that bed naked and lie there waiting for me. I want to be inside you.

Jeso! This man is going to be the death of me. I am ready to run to the bed but he is still holding me. His

hand goes up to my chest and he squeezes my breast and groans into my ear. If this is foreplay I really don't need it because of the pool I feel between my legs already. He unbuttons my button down dress still standing behind me. He only stops on the button near my navel and I already feel the sexual frustration building up.

Me: (breathing heavily) Marcus please.

Marcus: (nibbles my ear lobe) Please what my liefie? (my love)

Me: (desperately) I want you.

He slides his hand down the rest of my dress and lifts the waist band of my panty and finds my already wet clit. My mouth flies open when he flicks it and slides #EXPLICIT...

At the lodge

Later that night, Rraagwe J oe stands up and drags his wife off the bed.

Mmaagwe J oe: (crying) David you have kept me here all day! Why don't you just kill me if that what you want to do? Kill me!

Rraagwe J oe: (with an evil look) shut up!

Mmaagwe J oe: Ae! I am tired of this! Since you saw those pictures and refuse to believe that I am being framed, just kill me! Nna ke lapile rra. (I am tired!)

Rraagwe J oe clicks his tongue and throws her coat at her.

Rraagwe J oe : Aparare tsamaye! (dress up so we can leave)

She puts the coat on and wears the heels she had taken off while he puts the pictures back in the bag along with the rifle with his head hanging low. She feels relieved that he is letting her go. He opens the door and holds her hand leading her to the car.

Mmaagwe J oe: (rubs his hand) Thank you honey. I love you so much for this.

Rraagwe J oe: give me the keys so I can drive. I am sure you are tired.

Mmaagwe J oe: (pulls the keys out of her pocket)
Yeah gone o Bua nnete (you are telling the truth)
and I don't even have my glasses.

He takes the key and unlocks it then goes to the passenger side and opens the door for her. Something he hasn't done in ten years.

Mmaagwe Joe: Wow! I forgot what this feels like.

She climbs into the car then he secures her belt before giving her a kiss. He breaks the kiss and climbs into the driver seat and starts the car then drives out of the lodge.

Mmaagwe Joe: I think we really have to sit down and talk about our marriage Day. We can still make it work between us if we try hard enough. Today has taught me something and I want us to go back to how we were before. I feel like this was a wake up call. Kana jang? (what do you think)

Rraagwe Joe: mmh..

Mmaagwe Joe: yeah. I think we should even go for marriage counseling. We are not a lost cause. You still love me Akere?

Rraagwe Joe: mmh.

She continues talking while he just gives the same answer over and over again. His mind keeps replaying everything Piet did and the pictures he saw of his wife with other men's dicks in her. His hate for her builds as he pressed the central lock button while she babbles on. He increases the speed as the approach the highway.

Mmaagwe Joe: Heh Day hokots a therra. (please lower your speed)

Rraagwe Joe: OK.

He holds the steering wheel with one hand and quickly unbuckles her seat belt with another hand before pressing his foot down on the accelerator then turning the wheel at the summit of the highway. Mmaagwe Joe screams at the top of her lungs as the car crashes against the barricades and flies over the bushy area opposite the SADC building. The lights of their car shine on the trees as the car plummets down to the ground. Mmaagwe Joe has her hands over her eyes shaking in fear while her husband looks at her as much as he can with all that is going on. The car lands bonnet first with a loud crash that is heard kilometers away as the whole bonnet folds into the car breaking the windscreen and all the windows shatter from the impact. Glasses fly everywhere and bodies flail about tossing in the car. Other drivers stop their cars on the side of the highway putting their lives at risk just so they can see.

Man 1: Esses! Did you see that?

Man 2: Ele gore how did that even happen? Kana the car just turned on its own!

Woman: (crying) Tthe bathong help them! What if it explodes?

Woman 2: Heh who should help them? Whose man do you want to die there? When will they even get down there? Honey call the ambulance ke bone ba itseng dilo Tse. O ka tla go swela batho o sa ba itse? (they are the ones who know how to deal with such. You can't come and die for people you don't know.)

The highway comes to a standstill as more people gather recording the scene while the woman's husband dials the ambulance.

[ONE YEAR LATER]

I WILL TRY TO POST THE EXPLICIT TONIGHT. IF I DON'T IT WILL BE TOMORROW.

[08/31, 18:03] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 92

At an event garden.

It's wedding season and flowers have bloomed all over the garden. A short Natasha walks along an aisle scattering flowers following her mother's instruction as she walks beside her. Boleng occasionally throws more petals to help her daughter. A baby starts crying in the crowd and she looks at Tony who stands up to shush their nine month old son who started crying when he saw his mother. They finally make it down the aisle and

make it to their seats. Boleng waited until the bridal party walks down before she sneaks out to go and attend to her baby who squeals in joy when he sees her. She takes him and leads Tony back in then seat at the back of the ceremony area.

The music changes and Kwesta's Khethile Khethile starts to play over the speakers. Everyone turns their heads waiting for the groom who waits until Kwesta starts the chorus of the song. He walks down the aisle in his perfectly tailored black suit that matches his pitch black hair. He takes his time walking down the long aisle while occasionally flashing a smile to the crowd as per his bride's instruction. She made a huge fuss about how great it will look on their wedding video but he hates having all these people looking at him and he feels like he is at an auction. He makes it to the altar just as they had rehearsed for what felt to him like a thousand times. He looks on his side of the family and there is still no sign of his mother who had promised to be here this morning. He turns just as

the song switches up and his heart begins to race in anticipation of the woman about to walk down the aisle. He rubs his face as white lace appears from around the corner. She walks to him just as the lyrics change to

Dali wami

sthandwa sami

Lovey wami

Bambo lwami

Ungo wami

Ngingo wakho

Woza baby Woza baby

The blushing bride makes her way to her handsome groom fighting her tears. Seeing how handsome he looks in the suit she had begged him not to get makes her smile at how the simple suit just brightened up the man who has been nothing but

good to her. Their eyes lock through her veil and the emotion on his face makes her tear up as he puts his fist over his mouth and turns away from her. She giggle-cries when she sees that he is wiping tears from his eyes before turning back and walking over to the aisle to receive her from her uncle who gives him a firm hand shake before walking away.

Him: (whispers) You look so beautiful sweet thang.

She smiles and takes his hand to walk back to the alter with him as people take their seats.

Pastor: Dearly beloved. We are gathered here today to celebrate and witness the union of Mr Marcus Van Graan and Miss Nadia Supang as they declare their undying love for each other in the presence of God and their family and friends.

Marcus looks at the crowd and sees his mother's

empty seat feeling disappointed. This one time she had to actually show up for him and she doesn't. He shakes it off and looks back into the eyes of a woman who has quickly become his entire world.

Pastor: Marcus, say these words after me. I Marcus Van Graan, take you Nadia Supang to be my lawfully wedded wife. To have and to hold, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, forsaking all others, till Jesus comes.

Marcus repeats word for word and Nadia does the same.

Pastor: The two have prepared their own vows.
Marcus.

Marcus clears his throat and holds Nadia's hands as the light breeze sways her veil.

Marcus: My love, my angel and my sweet thang. I have known you and loved you from a distance for a few years now but I never imagined that being loved by you would be what I have been experiencing for the past year. You are the best decision I have ever made and my love for you grows everyday and just as I promised you when I asked you to marry me, I will continue to make it my life's mission to love you, to make you smile, make you laugh, protect you, (lowers his voice) turn you on and make you scream. (Nadia's eyes widen before she blushes) I love you Nadia. Just as you are, scars and all. Everything about you is exactly what I want in my life. You have made me a better man and this ring doesn't really match up to showing the symbol of my love for you. I would lay down my life to show you that my heart belongs to you. But take this in the mean time because laying down my life would mean leaving you and that's not something I am willing to do. I love you sweet thang.

He slips the ring in her hand while Nadia sniffles

and pats her eyes with her right hand. His vows overwhelm her emotions. He never seemed to be taking the wedding planning seriously so she didn't think he would say all these things. The pastor indicated to Nadia to speak.

Nadia: (wobbling mouth) You made me cry!

The crowd laughs and claps while Marcus wipes her tears underneath the veil using his handkerchief.

Nadia: (clears her throat) oh God. I had all the words in my head but now.. (breathes out and smiles)
Marcus, my love bug, you have no idea what you mean to me. I tell you I love you but I feel like it's not enough. The words I need to describe the love I have for you haven't been made up yet. All the books in the world do not have the proper vocabulary for me to use to tell you how much I love you so I can only promise to live the rest of my life showing you exactly how much I love you. I didn't

even know that I would feel this way about you. Your love has consumed me (shakes her head crying and he quickly wipes his own tears) and I just can't live without it. You have quickly become my everything and I never want to lose you. If there is a God in heaven, I need Him to hear me when I thank Him for finally giving me you. I didn't know I deserve what we have. I didn't know that a man could love me with all that I have been through. Your love doesn't make me feel like I need to be someone I am not. I know myself better because of you and for that I promise to love you and only you for the rest of our days.

She slips a ring on his finger and the crowd claps and ululation breaks out from the back side of the few wedding guests.

Pastor: By the power vested in me, by the government of Botswana, I now declare you husband and wife. You may now kiss your bride.

Marcus smiles and lifts the veil. He holds Nadia's face in his hands and looks into her eyes.

Marcus: I love you so much Mrs Van Graan.

He plants a kiss on her lips and holds her back pressing her to him and groaning into her mouth before breaking the kiss that already has her eyes heavy with desire while the crowd claps and uluates.

Pastor: (raises his hand to silence the crowd) It is with great pleasure that I present to you, Mr and Mrs Van Graan!

Marcus takes Nadia's hand and walks down the aisle while the crowd throws white rose petals at them as they run through laughing. They get to the car and Marcus opens the door for Nadia to get in then he gets into the driver seat and starts the car.

Nadia: (laughs) babe we can't leave the driver!

Marcus: Ae they will find us there. J ust tell Boleng we are going to the hotel. We will be on time for the pictures.

Nadia: Shee I dont even have my phone. She has it.

Marcus pulls his phone out and hands it to her while reversing out of the venue. She dials Boleng and waits for her to answer.

Boleng: (out of breath) Heelang! Where are you going? Mma malome o a go batla kana. (My uncle's wife is looking for you)

Nadia: Tlhemma he kidnapped me mma.

Marcus: (shouts) She is mine!

Nadia: (shakes her head and laughs) He says we are going to the hotel. Please give the driver a ride. We stole his car.

Boleng: Shee! Nadia kana even my Nigerian husband knew we had to follow the elders instructions. They are going to shout at me.

Nadia: I am sorry themma.

Boleng: (chuckles) Yeah right! He probably wants a quickie and you are probably already wet for it.

Nadia giggles and hangs up.

Marcus: How angry is she?

Nadia: She is pissed saying you probably want a quickie and I am already wet for it.

Marcus: (side eye) Is she right about you because she is right on the money with me.

Nadia :(blushes) Of course I do. A month of not getting some isn't a joke!

Marcus: (laughs) and whose bright idea was that again?

Nadia: (laughs) Wait! You didn't even introduce me to your mother bogolo. Was she sitting somewhere else? Her seat was empty.

Marcus: (shrugs) She didn't show up. She promised to be here and I don't know why she didn't come. After a year of not seeing her, I was really looking forward to seeing her.

Nadia: I am sorry. Maybe her flight delayed or something. What kind of business does she do that keeps her abroad so much?

Marcus: (looks at her then back at the road) I'll tell you about it later.

Nadia: OK.

They drive on until they get to the hotel their reception will be held in. They get to the reception and all eyes are on them with the eight meter tail of her mermaid gown trailing behind her.

Marcus: Mr Van Graan for the honeymoon suite.

The lady behind the desk begins to click away at her computer before passing them the key card.

Woman: Shall I send your complimentary champagne up?

Marcus: no. No later today.

He takes Nadia's hand and she follows. He stops and helps her carry the tail until they make it to the room. He then opens the door and begins to kiss her.

Marcus: How do we get you out of this?

Nadia giggles and turns her back to him.

Nadia: Untie the string then loosen the corset.

His phone rings in his pocket.

Marcus: Wait let me get this. Maybe they are looking for us. (frowns) Hello?

Voice: Good day sir. Is This Mr Marcus Van Graan?

Marcus: (frowns) Yes it is.

Voice: You are speaking to Merapelo Tau. I am calling from Medlife private hospital. We need you to come down here.

Marcus: Why what's wrong?

Merapelo: I can't discuss it over the phone. We need you to come here.

Marcus: (impatiently) Heela ware o Merapelo?
Listen, it's my wedding day today and I can't just leave here so you better tell me what this is about.

Merapelo: OK. I am sorry sir but your mother suffered a brain aneurysm last night. She was found by her maid this morning and was then brought here by medics. We need you to come here to identify the body.

Marcus' whole body turns cold and he sinks to the floor with a blank look on his face.

Nadia: Babe what's wrong? What happened?

His phone falls off his hand and she picks it up with

a frown on her face.

Nadia: Hello? This is Marcus' wife. What happened?

Merapelo: I am sorry ma'am. I just let him know that his mother died of a brain aneurysm.

Nadia: (overs her mouth) Oh my God!

Merapelo: We need him to come down to Medlife Private hospital to identify the body.

Nadia: Umm.. OK. Couldn't you have called his uncle or something?

Merapelo: The maid gave us his name and number. I am sorry.

Nadia hangs up and squats down to face Marcus who still has a blank look on his face.

Nadia: (holds his face) babe, love bug, look at me.

She begins to tear up.

Nadia: My love, I am calling Boleng to bring my suitcase then I am changing out of this dress so we can go okay?

Marcus: (starring at the bed) To go where?

Nadia: To the hospital my love.

Marcus removes her hands and stands up then helps her up.

Marcus: No. Lets go and take pictures. I am sure the photographer is waiting.

Nadia: (frowns) babe what are you talking about? We have to go. You have to tell your uncle so they can come with us.

Marcus: (looks at her) Nadia it's our wedding day. Going to the hospital will not change the fact that she died. Or do you have resurrection powers that you never told me about?

Nadia: (frowns) Babe we have to g-

Marcus: (shakes his head) Lets go finish off this day. The hospital can wait.

He takes her hand and opens the door leading her out where they find most of the wedding party

already taking pictures. Nadia looks at how everyone is smiling and clapping oblivious to what has just happened.

200 shares by 1pm for today's bonus. I am starting to write the explicit I owe you and today's morning insert. I will post them when they are ready

[08/31, 18:03] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 93

At Joe's house

Joe rushes into the house and runs to the bedroom to get the baby bag from the closet before running back out of the house. He finds Tlamelo standing outside the car grunting from a contraction. He

hangs the bag strap on his shoulder and walks over to her.

Joe: Salome why did you let her get out of the car?

Tlameo: (shouts holding her bump) I am not a child Joseph! I needed to stand! Am I wrong to stand? Huh? Are you the standing police now? Do you control when people stand and sit?

Salome: (arms stretched out) See? She is pissed off! I should have remained with DJ at the wedding. Bo Salome we like things waitse!

Joe opens the back door and holds her hand.

Joe: (calmly) My love, we have to go now. Akere you are done standing? We need to go to the hospital. Your mum said they are already there so we have to

go. Akere my love? Let's get in the car.

She nods her head with a pained look on her face as she sits down. Joe runs to the driver's side and climbs in next to Salome then drives out heading to the hospital.

Joe: Sasa, I was supposed to check the goods at the warehouse this evening so I am going to need you and DJ to go there and meet the truck drivers. I don't know how this day is going to turn out but I don't see myself going to that meeting.

Salome: (rolls her eyes) I don't know why you didn't let this business die with those people.

Joe: (frowns) Those people you are referring to are your parents and we can fault them for a lot of things but that logistics business is a legacy not only for us but our children too. Our mum did a lot

of wrong but she was a good business woman and I am not asking you to take over. I am asking you to stand in for me with DJ because DJ can be very impatient and I need you there to keep him calm.

Salome:(rolls her eyes) fine.

Joe: You hate the business but enjoy the money. Maybe we should stop giving you that allowance.

Salome: (smiles) ao o a lwa jaanong Mr Supang?

Tlameo is hit by another contraction and puts her legs on the seat while screaming out.

Tlameo: Will you two shut up!

Joe and Salome look at each other and keep quiet.

Once her contraction fades, she calms down and leans her head on the window.

Salome: You know I heard that the worst thing to do when you are in labour is to scream because you waste the energy you are going to need to push.

Tlameho: Joseph kgalemela kgaitso. (Joseph, talk to your sister.)

Joseph: Salome stop irritating my wife.

Salome laughs and looks back.

Salome: How did you go from being obsessed with me during your pregnancy to hating me during labor.

Tlameho: lesa go ntena Salome. (stop irritating me)

Salome.)

Salome laughs and turns back to face her front as they pull into the hospital.

After their parents car got blown up at the bottom of a highway, their lives changed completely. Joseph had to go and see burnt bones as what was left of his parents. They had to plan a funeral with very little help from their mother's family and their father's other relatives who he only ever saw at their grandmother's funeral. As silent as they were about the contributions that needed to be made for the funeral, they became very vocal after the funeral when their mother's brother called a meeting to discuss the deceased's property. They had an elaborate discussion about who would get what without leaving anything for Joe and his siblings. They let them talk on and on until they were ready to adjourn the meeting. That is when Joe stood up to tell them that none of them is in their parent's will

and can therefore get nothing. The protests were very local as uneducated uncles started making noise about how they were going to run their sister's company to the ground. Joseph's response to them was that it was better for them to be the ones who squander their parents money than opportunistic vultures who knew nothing about running a business. The huffs and puffs of crushed egos and dreams where all that were heard after.

That was the last day they saw their relatives and he couldn't call them to help him marry Tlamelo. What happened instead was Bogosi asked Avi to speak his family into playing the role of Joe's family. He was more glad to never have to see David anyway so the wedding went by without a hitch. Salome who is in her final year and DJ who works at their company are the current inhabitants of their parents home while Joe and his wife live alone. David and his wife remain unmis sed by anyone...

Nadia

OK this isn't right. Marcus and I posed for pictures but the photographer had to keep reminding me to smile because my mind keeps going back to the news we had just got. He is trying to act like everything is OK as people give their speeches but nothing is OK. I asked him to tell his uncle who is the closest person to him but he refused to tell a man who practically raised him that his sister died. This was the conversation we were having during our first dance as husband and wife.

I am sure people thought we are so in love that we can't stop telling each other how much love each other. They didn't know that my husband's world has just been flipped upside down. I have never met his mother because of all her traveling but I know that he loves her very much and has some unresolved issues with her concerning his father's death. It's now time for him to give a speech and I

don't know how he is going to do it because he isn't himself. I don't know if he is going through with this reception for my sake or because he is afraid to face his mother's death but it all feels wrong to me. I hope I can listen without drifting off in wonder.

Marcus: (clears his throat) Thank you so much to all of you for gracing us with your presence on this special day. Don't worry, you are about to get up and dance. (they laugh) But I want first tell you all about how I met this gorgeous woman sitting next to me. (he flashes a smile at me and looks back at the crowd) Our NGO put out an ad in the paper and she applied for it. I like to conduct interviews myself because I like to know that whoever is walking into my organization has passion for the work we do. I found her standing in the middle of my office looking lost and on edge. Ke ha se le shy gore. (she was so shy)

I poke his thigh while everyone laughs

Marcus: I have to admit that, that had to have been the worst interview I ever conducted! (people laugh and clap while I burry my face in my hands) She looked good on paper. She qualified but was a terrible interview candidate and she was also sure that she wasn't getting the job. I have to admit, that was the first and last time I ever acted in bias to anyone in my organization. I hired her despite her terrible interview. The candidates before her were so much better than her but I wanted to see her again so she got the job kante I didn't know she had a man.

The people start clapping and laughing with their interests peaked.

Marcus: Do you know the pain of watching another guy with your woman for three years even though you aren't her man? She never even looked twice at me even though I also wasn't trying much. I chose

to respect her relationship while praying to a God I hardly ever spoke to for the guy to screw up.
Heelang ha re Modimo o itse go araba di thapelo!
(God really knows how to answer prayers)

More laughter breaks out and I feel so embarrassed!

Marcus: The guy lost focus a bo a jes a team and that was my opening! I told myself that it's now or never! I just asked her to marry me ke feela gore if I waste time, the guy might come back. She said yes and here we are today. (looks at me) She is everything to me and I can't wait to spend the rest of my life with her knowing she is mine. (pulls me up to my feet) I love you sweet thang.

I giggle as he plants a kiss on my lips while everyone claps their hands.

Mc: I think you heard the man! When you get a

chance, shoot your shot because you never know how long the goalie will be away from the post.

The men start clapping and making sounds of approval.

Mc: Now let's hear from Mrs Van Graan herself to hear if there were any embellishments.

They laugh and clap as I stand up again. The nerves set in as I take the mic in my hand.

Me: (nervous laugh) Thank you MC and thank you all for coming as my husband (blushing) has already said. Umm.. Embellishment number one, he was a cruel interviewer! He was so arrogant that I could barely construct a sentence without getting a wierd look from him.

They laugh and my nerves calm a bit.

Me: (holding my fingers up) Number two, he didn't just stay away. This man had me reporting directly to him even though I had two superiors directly above him. I was the only person on my pay grade that had access to his office and I hated it because it was.... You know what I mean right? He was right about me not giving him the time of day though and the rest of the story is true. I also to this day do not know why I said yes to marrying a man I had never been on a single date with but I have gotten to know him a lot better this past year and he seems to be the best decision I have ever made too. We compliment each other very well and that is why I have to do this. (I look at him and clear my throat) Marcus and I are going to have to leave you now because of an emergency that has come to our attention. Please stay and enjoy yourselves in our absence. We have the place till midnight so enjoy yourselves and thank you for coming.

I switch the mic off and take a seat to tell Boleng what happened and she is horrified that we are still here. I take his hand and he kisses me.

Marcus: Thank you.

I nod my head and we stand up. He speaks to his uncle on our way out and a group of colored people follow behind us as we rush out to the hotel parking lot.

Don't forget to like, comment and share babadi

[08/31, 18:04] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 94

At Morena's house

Lea brings a tray of lunch and sets it on the coffee table.

Lea: Mozy, here is your food.

Morena: (staring at his phone) mmh..

He removes the headset he had in his ear and puts his phone aside fighting the tightness he feels in his chest.

Lea: (smiles) Go ahead and open your plate.

Morena: (frowns) why did you even cover it since I am home?

Lea: (giggles) you will see. Open it.

He sighs and takes the tray from the table and sets it on his lap. He uncovers the plate and looks at her in shock then looks back at the plate and back at her again.

Morena: Are you pregnant?

Lea: (covers her mouth and giggles) Yes! I missed my period for three months and took the test yesterday. It was so hard for me to keep it in. Happy Birthday babe!

He lifts the pregnancy test from the empty plate and sighs before smiling.

Morena: Want to get married?

Lea: (surprised) are you serious?

Morena: (shrugs) Yeah. Why not? We can't have a second child on the way and not get married. We can get it done in three months. I still have my savings from- I have money.

Lea (tears up) of course I will marry you! Oh my God! Do you have the ring?

Morena: (stands up) Lets go buy it together.

Lea jumps on him and gives him a hug before running off to get Letlotlo. Morena picks his phone up and exits Facebook leaving the live feed recap he just watched of Marcus and Nadia's vows as well as their first dance. Seeing it took him by total surprise because he didn't even know they were engaged. She was no longer as active as she used to be on social media and even this feed was

posted by one of the mutual friends he and Marcus have. He closes his eyes and puts his hands over his face before punching his chest with one arm repeatedly trying to ease the tightness he is feeling. Lea comes back into the room holding Letlotlo's hand.

Lea: (touches his arm) Babe are you ok?

Morena: (opens his eyes and looks at her) Yeah no I just have some chest pains. I will be fine though. It might be heart burn.

Lea: OK. You should take some Gaviscon then. Let's go. We will get some at the pharmacy.

She walks out of the house filled with excitement and looking at her left hand.

Lea: Bubu daddy asked mummy to marry her.

Lotlotlo: (smiles and looks up at her) So we are going to stay in one house forever?

Lea: (lifts him and kisses his cheek) Yes my love and you will be playing with your baby brother.

Letlotlo: Wow! Really?

In the house, Morena looks at the one seater Nadia bought for him and gets a flashback of her riding him on the chair after blindfolding and tying him up. He closes his eyes and gets another flashback of her walking around in lingerie to see how long he could resist her. He remembers how she would push him away whenever he would try to touch her. It wasn't until an hour later that he carried her over his back and spanked her butt as he walked to the bedroom where he had his way with her. He shakes

his head at the realization that he was hard. He fixes his boner before walking out of the house and locking up. The thought of his birthday also being Nadia's wedding anniversary to another man just makes it all hurt inside

He gets in the car and starts the car. Lea puts her hand on his thigh and giggles when she feels his hardness. Letlotlo is seated behind his father's chair so she rubs him a bit.

Lea: (lowers her voice) we will take care of this when we come back.

Morena: (looks at her) I want to move in with you and sell this house. It will help me clear my mortgage so we don't have two mortgage debts when we get married. How does that sound?

Lea: Ao, I thought we would live here since yours is

a bit bigger than mine.

Morena: I'd really rather not. Too many memories.

Lea: oh...yeah.

She quiets down and looks out the window realizing she had been in Nadia's house all along. That's what that house is to him and selling it is a great idea.....

At the hospital

Marcus pulls into the parking lot and takes a deep breath before taking Nadia's hand. He turns his head to look at his cousin and best man.

Marcus: Luca give us a minute. Ek moet met my

vrou praat(I have to talk to my wife)

Luca: geen probleem. Ek sal binne wag (no problem. I will wait inside)

He climbs out of the car and walks away. Marcus looks at Nadia and covers his face with his head against the head rest.

Nadia: What's wrong babe? Why aren't we going out?

He removes his hands from his face and looks at his wedding ring. He begins to twirl the ring around and then takes a deep breath.

Marcus: This isn't how things were supposed to turn out. You were supposed to meet her before we got married and now I am so scared that I am going to lose you.

He rubs his mouth and looks at her with a racing heart.

Nadia

What is this now?

Me: what do you mean? Why would you lose me?

He looks at me and opens his mouth then closes it again and looks out the window. The rest of his family is walking into the hospital. I don't think they know we are still in the car. I am just glad I changed my dress before leaving because this would have been quite the spectacle. This man is now freaking me out. I have never seen Marcus looking nervous until now.

Me: You are scaring me. Just tell me.

Marcus: Umm...remember the night you told me all that has happened to you and how unfazed I was about it?

I nod my head.

Marcus: Well.. (breathes in and out) Baby tlhemma don't leave me ke a go kopa. (I am begging you)

Me: (impatiently with a racing heart) Marcus bua tlherra. (please speak)

Marcus: (rubs his well shaped beard) It's because I knew about it already.

Me: (frowning) What? How?

Marcus: (breathes out) I kind of.. Actually I ran a background check on you after our interview. I found out everything about you but not up to the rape by that soldier guy. I only found out about when you told me last year.

OK what is this man saying? What?

Me: Kante wa reng Marcus? (what exactly are you saying?)

Marcus takes a deep breath and tries to hold my hand but I pull it away.

Marcus: There is still so much you don't know about me. Who I am and I don't know how you will react once you do but I want you to know that I love you Nadia. I am still the same man who slept on your couch with you just so I can get to know you.

Me: (frowning) Marcus, you either speak clearly or I get out of this car.

Marcus: I did a background check on you and found out you were a Jojo doll. (rubs his face) OK. My mother's name is Jolene Van Graan. Not many people know her surname and I don't look like her so I understand why you never made the connection. I wanted you two to meet before we got married. She knew who you were and was fine with us and she admired you but I was afraid you would leave me even though I knew I had no choice but to tell you.

My mind has been spinning since he said Jolene's name. I have been putting pieces of the puzzle together and it all begins to make sense. His father died while his mother was pregnant like Jolene's story. But wait.

Me: (shaking my head) No, you can't be Jolene's son. When I heard the story, I was 18 and according to that, her son had to have been a year older than me and you are five years older than me.

He smiles. I don't even know why he is smiling because this isn't the time.

Marcus: Mum always wanted people thinking she was young so she always told her girls she had a son when she was 20. (laughs) Yeah that story was doctored.

I lift my shaking hand to my lip. He tries to hold it but I give him a death stare.

Marcus: No sweet thang. Don't do that. I didn't want to risk losing you.

Me: (shouting) so you made me marry my pimp's son? A woman who threatened to kill me and have ten men rape me for a week? Are you serious right now?

Marcus: (looks out the window) Babe stop shouting at me. Bua le nna sentle. (talk to me properly) I never shout at you akere ne mma?

My chest is rising and falling with rage and he is telling me to what?

Me: (still shouting) I have never lied to you dammit!

He turns his head so quick and has a deep frown that shakes me a little. He opens the door and bangs the door then walks away. How can he just leave me like that? I check the ignition and he took the key. Nxla. What now?

The last insert will be up before midnight

[08/31, 18:04] : MINI INSERT

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 95

At the hospital morgue

Marcus walks over to his family members who are crying by the entrance of the morgue. His uncle meets him halfway and gives him a hug.

Marcus: is it her? Have you seen her?

Uncle Gerhard: No. I told them we have to wait for you. (looks behind him) waar is jou vrou? (Where is your wife?)

Marcus: (rubs his face) she is pissed off because I told her about the background check.

Uncle Gerhard pulls him further away from their family.

Uncle Gerhard: Even after I told you and Jolene to never tell her that you knew who she was? So what is this? Are you too grown a man to listen to me anymore? First you didn't listen to me when I told you to never run a background check on a woman you are interested in. To let her be the one to tell you and if you have doubts then you can check. But you went ahead and did it and also told her you did it! verkeerd met jou. (what's wrong with you?)

Marcus: Well I wouldn't have to do background checks if you guys were honest with me about who I am. I do those check to see if there are any ties between the woman's father and my mother just to be sure that person isn't my sister or cousin.

Uncle Gerhard: (sighs) So what now? Are you going to tell her everything now? Are you going to tell her that you are the one who killed her grandfather after she left the prison? While he was on his deathbed? What about that poephol of a soldier? Does she know you killed the guy that raped her? What about how you had Piet rape her father?

Marcus: (breathes in and out) All those f*ck heads deserved to die for what they did to her.

Uncle Gerhard: So what? Are you going to tell her?

Marcus: (rubs his face) No. She wouldn't

understand. She doesn't have it in her to understand who I really am. She is better left in the dark.

Uncle Gerhard: (smacks the back of his head)
Which is why you should have told her anything you idiot! (you idiot!)

Marcus: ouch! I was testing her!

Uncle Gerhard: And what happens if she decides to leave you? O batla go re Tena (you want to annoy us) the way you did while she dating that punk?

Marcus: (looks at his feet) she won't leave me.

Uncle Gerhard: how? Are you going to tie her up in your basement?

He shakes his head still looking at his feet.

Uncle Gerhard: (walks off) Lets go and check the bloody corpse!

He walks away while throwing afrikaans cusses at him.

Marcus: (under his breath) Way to beat a man when he is down.

Marcus, Uncle Gerhard and Luca walk into the morgue together while the rest of the family waits their turn.

A few minutes later, they walk out of the morgue and Marcus finds Nadia standing with his family outside. Her arms are folded which is something he has learnt happens when she is very angry. The last

time she was this angry was when her brother told her about how their father's funeral is on them and no one is willing to help them. She had no interest in going but decided to go on the last day just to get closure that the monster and his witch were actually gone. His conversation with his uncle replays in his head and he thinks about how she would react if she knew everything.

He walks up to his aunt and gives her a hug to comfort her.

Aunt: Is dit sy? (is it her?)

Marcus: J a dit is. sy is weg. (Yes it is. She is gone.)

She wails and turns into her husband's arms while Marcus walks away and stands in a corner ignoring Nadia as more of his family goes into the morgue to see his mother. He puts his hands in his pockets

and leans against the wall putting one leg over the other and looking at the floor. He sees her feet first and sighs lifting his head.

Marcus: What do you want?

Nadia frowns and he thins his eyes.

Marcus: (raises his thick brows) Nadia gaan! (go) Go back to the car or where you were standing.

Nadia: What?

Marcus: I will not tolerate this insolence Nadia. I leave you in the car after warning you not to shout at me. I don't know how many times I have told you that but you do it anyway. Now you come here and frown at me. Ke eng? O batla go mpetsa? (what is it? Do you want to beat me?)

Nadia: (lowers her voice) you don't get to be angry with me right now Marcus. You are the one who lied to me when I told you everything about me.

Marcus: (sighs) What do you want?

Nadia: (looks away) I want to see her. I want to see that it's actually her.

Marcus: You will go in with Chareldene. (calls her over)

Nadia: But I want to go with you.

Marcus: You could have gone in with me if you didn't decide to act bratty.

Nadia: (wide eyed) Bratty?

Chareldene: Yeah?

Marcus: can you go in with Nadia when it's your turn? She never met ma.

Chareldene: No problem.

She walks back to her mother and leaves the couple in their tension.

Luca walks over to them while tapping on his phone. He begins to speak in afrikaans so Nadia doesn't understand them.

Luca: laat ek gaan kyk na ons goed. dit sou dertig minute gelede opdaaglet. (let me go check our stuff.

It was said to arrive thirty minutes ago.)

Marcus: seker. neem Piet saam met u in geval hulle enigiets probeer. (Sure. Take Piet with you incase they try anything)

Luca: OK. (nods at Nadia) Later sis.

Nadia: (smiles) Bye.

He walks away leaving Nadia starring at Marcus with a lot to say but not having the guts to with the way he looks. Chareldene finally comes over to call her and they walk into the morgue together. They stand back as the attendant pulls the shelf out. His arm is tired from all the pulling and pushing but he can't complain because he was paid well to allow them all in to see J olene.

Chareldene: (holds her hand) Are you OK? Is this your first time in a morgue?

Nadia: Yeah. It's kind of daunting to know these shelves might be full of dead people.

Chareldene: (shrugs) Don't worry. You get used to it with time.

Nadia frowns and is about to ask what she means but the attendant pulls the tray and she sees her legs first. Chareldene pulls her so they can get a good look at the corpse and that's when she sees her. Still as beautiful as she was ten years ago. She looks at her and wonders if she isn't just sleeping. She gets a flashback of her Splitz Party and how warm Jolene was that night. She made prostitution look like a glamorous job. Nadia then plays back their last encounter in her dorm and shakes her head before walking out with Chareldene in tow. She walks back to Marcus and he is still standing in

the same place.

Marcus: So what now? Are you leaving me since you are now sure that I am your pimp's son?

300 shares by 1pm tomorrow for a bonus. I will keep this same schedule tomorrow because I want the book to end by Sunday afternoon in preparation for the live session. This is what you are going to see though

[08/31, 18:04] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 96

At the hospital morgue

Marcus: So what now? Are you leaving me since you are now sure that I am your pimp's son?

Nadia blinks rapidly fighting the tears while looking at him.

Nadia: Do you want me to leave you?

Marcus: That is up to you. Do you want to leave me or not?

Uncle Gerhard walks over while hanging up on a call.

Uncle Gerhard: Marcus, we have to go now. I will call a meeting tomorrow to discuss the funeral arrangements. (looks at Nadia) Are you okay mie kind? (my child)

Nadia looks at him with glassy eyes and smiles.

Nadia: (nods) I am fine.

He looks at Marcus and frowns.

Uncle Gerhard: Oh come on man. You know better than to make your wife cry on your wedding day.

Nadia: (wipes her tear) No it's not him. I am just sad about his mother.

Uncle Gerhard: Nadia I am too old a man to be unwise. You didn't know my sister so you can't cry for her. Don't let him bully you. You are his wife. He is hard headed but the idiot loves you. (looks at Marcus and frowns) Act right.

With that he walks away and the rest of the family leaves. Nadia takes one more look at Marcus the turns on her heel to leave.

Marcus: Is that your final decision Mrs Van Graan?

Nadia increases her pace with her arms folded and tears streaming down her face. Everyone climbs into their cars and drive out while she makes her way to Marcus' car. She tries to open the door but the bloody thing has locked itself. She hits the door then rest her head on it crying her heart out in a hospital parking lot.

She feels his arms wrap around her waist. His scent had already announced his presence before he touched her. He lowers his head and rests in on her neck.

Marcus: I am sorry. Please don't cry. I took things too far but I honestly hate being shouted at. I have a hot temper and I control it by never raising my voice at anyone so I equally don't like it when someone does that. Especially not a woman I love and would never ever hurt. I would lose an arm before ever letting you see that side of me Mrs Van Graan.

He turns her towards him but she looks down while sniffing in quick breaths. He puts his hand under her chin and lifts her face so she can look at him.

Marcus: I know you might have a lot of questions right now but one thing I never want you to question is this. (puts her left hand on his chest) This heart only beats for you and that is never going to change. I am nowhere near perfect but loving you is the most perfect thing I have done all my life. I am sorry for invading your privacy and never telling you about it until now but I was scared I would lose you.

He sighs and puts her hand back down.

Marcus: (with a pained look on his face) My uncle asked me what I would do if you left me and I said you wouldn't. I said it because I was afraid of processing that kind of thought but he is right. I can't force you to stay with me even if you leaving me might be the death of me. (cups her tear stained face and wipes the tears with his thumbs) I have wronged you my love and I want you to be happy. If what I have done is something you can't forgive then ke tla reng? We can have our marriage annulled so you aren't a divorcee. (his eyes redden as he says this) I can only hope it won't come to that but I won't have a choice if all this is too much for you. And who knows, maybe you are better off without me anyway.

He looks up then back down. He let's her go and takes the car keys out of his pocket and puts them in her hands.

Marcus: if you want to give us a shot you can drive to our home. If you decide it's too much for you then you can go to your house. I will have the clothes we moved delivered back to you tomorrow and have the annulment papers ready by Friday. The thought of you deciding to drive to your house terrifies me but I can't force you to stay just because I love you too much. I can't do that. But please allow me this one thing.

He lowers his head and plants a kiss on her lips. He sucks on her lower lip wanting so badly to deepen the kiss but Nadia doesn't return his kiss which has his chest tightening and his eyes itching but he has never let anyone see his tears so he just stops kissing her and gives her a baby kiss. He looks at her blank face and walks away with an aching heart dialing for Chareldene to come pick him up.....

At the warehouse

Later that evening, DJ climbs out of the trailer of their 18 wheeler truck after inspecting the goods when he sees three colored men walking towards Salome.

He walks over to her holding his clip board and looks at them.

DJ : Evening gentlemen.

Luca: yeah howzit?

DJ : I'm good.

Luca: Did I just see you climb out that truck?

DJ : Yes you did.

Luca: (frowns) Since when do you open our trucks up without us?

DJ : (chuckles) Your truck?

Luca: As long as our goods are in that truck then you better believe it's ours and you went in there without me. Why? Did you steal something in there?

DJ : (laughs) Yoh dude you better chill because all I did was get in there to confirm the number of crates which is something we do when our trucks arrive. All your crates are still sealed.

Luca: (folds his arms) So you think I am funny? This is why I don't like dealing with children. Where is Joe?

DJ : Children? And how old are you?

Luca tires to take a step but Piet stops him.

Piet: Relax mie bra. This laaitie is boss lady's little brother. Didn't you see him at the wedding?

Luca: No. I was too busy to notice.

DJ : I did and I don't get why we are fighting here.

Piet: (rubs his chin) Yaah...I actually knew your father. He and I were like this (crosses his fingers) once.

DJ : (frowns) really?

Piet: (chuckles and rubs the back of his head) Yeah!

We were very close.

He looks at Salome and nods his head checking her out. She blushes and looks away as he admires her hips and imagining the bubble but that might come with them.

Salome: DJ , I am going to wait in the car neh?

DJ : OK. Call J oe and find out how things are.

She nods and walks away confirming Piet's hypothesis. He smiles and turns his attention back to the two bull heads and listens as they conduct their business. Luca and DJ climb into the trailer to count the crates together leaving Piet and the other guy outside.

Piet: I'll be back neh.

The guy nods and he turns to leave. He goes to the parking lot and walks to the only other car parked there. He knocks on Salome's window and she slides it down while hanging up on her call.

Salome: (raises her brows) Yes?

Piet: Hi beautiful. How are you?

Salome: (smiles) I am fine. You?

Piet: Fantastic now that I have seen you in person.

Salome: (frowns) meaning?

Piet: (chuckles) Your dad once showed me pictures of his children and I was caught by your beauty.

Salome: (blushes) Where how did you know my dad because all his friends were old men he works with? Or are you in the military?

Piet: (laughs) I could never be a soldier! All those months of training away from everything would drive me insane.

Salome: oh please. You look like you work out a lot already.

Piet: (smiles) that's different sweetheart. Listen, I have to get back to those guys so put your number in my phone and I will give you a call later. How does that sound?

Salome looks into his hazel brown eyes and smiles taking his phone and punching the numbers in before handing it back to him. He slides it into his

pocket and takes her hand then plant a kiss on it.

Piet: I will see you tomorrow okay?

Salome: (blushing) OK. Your name?

Piet: Piet but you can call me whatever your heart tells you to because my heart tells me your name is baby girl.

She blushes and closes the window as he walks away leaving her with tantalizing thoughts...

Nadia

I have been driving around aimlessly, afraid to make a decision. I feel like there is so much I don't know about the man I married but I am so in love with him

that the thought of leaving him makes me feel sick to my stomach. At one point I drove into his neighborhood but hit a u-turn just as I was about to arrive at his house.

I keep looking at the ring on my finger as I drive and everything just hurts. My head hurts, my heart hurts, my eyes hurt, even my fingers hurt from how tightly I have been gripping the steering wheel. I don't know if my problem is with the fact that he did a background check on me and trying to figure out just how much he knows about me. Does he know how many men I have slept with as a Jojo doll? Does he think of me as loose? All those times he gave into my sexual fantasies without asking any questions now make me wonder if he thinks I am just a sex bunny. Or maybe what bothers me is the fact that he is Jolene's son. A woman who had two buff women panel beat me when I had no way of defending myself. Can I leave him though? He has become a part of me and I know he loves me but... God!

Don't forget to keep sharing last night's insert.
Please don't share it to the group

[08/31, 18:05] : FREE BONUS INSERT

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 97

At Marcus' house

The next morning, Marcus turns over in bed out of habit and reaches over to pull Nadia closer but he is met by cold sheets where her body should be. He opens his eyes and frowns as yesterday's events come rushing into his mind along with a pounding

headache. He looks at the half empty bottle of scotch and grunts in pain massaging his temples while sitting up on bed. He is still wearing the shirt and pants he got married in as he goes off to the bathroom to piss. He looks at his haggared face on the mirror before brushing his teeth. He then walks over to the closet and pulls some track pants and a t-shirt then changes into them. He walks back to the bed rubbing his hair then gets his phone and sees he has missed calls form his uncle and Luca. He then dials Nadia while looking at his wedding ring. It rings unanswared and he tries a second and third time until he sighs and types a message.

[How are you my love? I just wanted to check if you arrived home safely last night. Please just confirm so I don't get worried.]

He sends the message on whatsapp and she opens it immediately but he doesn't see her typing. After staring at his phone for 5 minutes waiting for her to

reply his message, he sighs and exits whatsapp then dials his lawyers number.

Lawyer: Mr V! How is my newly wed client?

Marcus: (sighs) Hi Leruo. Umm I need you to draw up annulment papers for me by Wednesday morning.

Leruo: (frowns) Uhu? Why? You two just got married literally less than 24 hours ago Marcus. Why would you want to annul your marriage?

Marcus: (rubs his beard) It's a long story and I don't want to get into it. Can you just speed up the process for me. The marriage wasn't consummated and I doubt the filing has even been finalized anyway.

Leruo: (sighs) Marcus come on. You know you are more than a client to me. I can't just simply glaze over this. Why do you want to this?

Marcus: I don't want to do this Lele. It's what she wants and I can't force her to be with me. I let her take a peek through the veil and she didn't like what she saw so ke tlaa reng ne mma?

Leruo: (sighs) What about the trust fund?

Marcus: She doesn't know about it. It was supposed to be a gift I would give on our honeymoon.
(chuckles) we are supposed to be on our honeymoon right now but my mother's death turned everything upside down.

Leruo:Death? What do you mean? When?

Marcus: My mum passed away the night before our wedding. That's why we had to leave the reception. (sighs) eish I have a pounding headache Lele. Can you just take care of the anullment for me? I'll pay you for the rush.

Leruo: No the normal fee is fine. I will have them ready for you by Wednesday. Will you deliver them yourself or should I take care of it?

Marcus: Do it. I don't think I am strong enough to face her with that kind of thing. (chuckles) I might end up kidnapping her instead. The best thing is for me to keep my distance and respect her choice. (gets chocked by tears) ah fuck! Sharp Lele.

He hangs up and throws himself on the bed. He swallows the painful lump and covers his face with his hands taking breaths to calm his beating heart. Knowing how the call he just made makes everything final breaks his heart but at this point,

the ball is in her court and she made her choice. He sits up and dials the moving company he uses.

Movers: Mr Van Graan. What can we do you for this morning?

Marcus: (clears his throat) I need you to send a truck to my house to pick up the clothes you brought then send them back to my w- to Miss Supang's house in an hour.

Movers: OK sir. I will have someone over there.

He hangs up and lies back down thinking about everything that has happened. Hating himself for letting his guard down and finally truly loving a woman. His uncle might have been right about putting trust in letting someone open up to you and not always playing God. He thinks back to the day he called his contact in the prison to get rid of

Nadia's grandfather. In that moment, he didn't care how close to death he was. He wanted him gone for all that he had done to her and the same thing with Sébastien. He shakes his head realizing how toxic this love he has for her. is. That was the first time he ever had anyone killed and it was all for her. But what was it even for. All he is left with is regret and guilt for having people killed as easily as one would an animal. He always preferred to use other means to make his point but the thought of those men violating a woman who had his heart blinded his conscience and he did what he had to do in that moment. But what was it all for if he wound up losing her in the end? He closes his eyes and tears run down the corners of his eyes and into his ears. He wipes them and dials her one last time. She still doesn't answer so he sends a message.

[I now understand why I have never loved anyone for the thirty years I existed before meeting you. Love hurts. You walked into my life and everything I believed changed and I was consumed by you. I

know for you it's just been a year of love but for me, it's been four years of loving one woman who loved another man for three out of the four years. Maybe that's why it's easy for you to just leave me but it's hell for me because I want you to love me back. I can't force you to stay with me. Anyway, let me not bore you with my pain. My lawyer will have the annulment papers delivered to you by Wednesday morning and your stuff will be delivered to your house in the next two hours. Good bye Nadia. Always know that I love you Mrs Van Graan.]

He sends the message and grabs the scotch bottle and gulps some down. A knock on the front door makes him put the bottle down. He gets on his feet quickly and rushes to the door hoping it's his wife at the door. He opens it and is disappointed to see his uncle and cousin there. He lets them in and follows them to the couches.

Uncle Gerhard: so I will take it she left you from how

terrible you look.

Marcus: (rubs his face) Ah. I don't want to get into it.

Uncle Gerhard: Fair enough. I wanted to come see how you are doing because you haven't been answering our calls.

Marcus: I just woke up.

Uncle Gerhard: OK. I was calling to tell you that there will be a meeting at 5pm to discuss the funeral arrangements. The family will all gather at my house. I thought we could host the funeral from there.

Marcus nods his head and listens as his uncle and Luca talk about the funeral.

At Lea's house

Lea sits up in frustration after trying to turn Morena on for almost thirty minutes with no luck. He would get semi hard then get soft again just as she would climb on to his lap to put him in .

Lea: (sighs) Morena what's your problem kante? You have been like this since last night when I tried delivering on my promise. We just got engaged. We should be all over each other right now.

Morena: (sighs) Sorry. I just have a lot on my mind.

Lea: What is it Morena? Are you having second thoughts about marrying me now?

Morena: No I am not. OK come here. I'll tell you what to do. How does that sound? But in return, you

can't talk or ask questions. You just follow my every instruction. Are you OK with that?

Lea: (smiles) That's different. But sure.

She climbs on to him and does what he says she should do.

Morena: J ust hold my dick and rub it along your opening until I get hard.

He closes his eyes and let's his mind wonder to a memory he has as his dick grows harder.

Morena: OK now use your mouth. Lick me like you would an ice cream..... Yes baby.. J ust like that. Take it into your mouth. F*ck! Yes!

She bobs her head up and down as he gets harder than he has all morning which gets her excited.

Morena: OK stop and turn over. I want to take you from behind.

He sits up and gets on his knees behind her while massaging his now hard rod before shoving himself into her.

Morena: (pushes her down) Put your chest down.

Her upper body falls to the bed as he ramms into her like he never has before.

Morena: (grunting) Reach under and flick your clit. I want to see you squirt all over these sheets.

She does as she is told but she knows she has never squirted before. But who knows?

Morena: (spanks her butt with his eyes closed)
Move back and forth and meet my thrusts themma.

At this point her mind is all over the place trying to keep up with all his instructions. She tries to meet his thrusts but keeps falling out of sync with him.

Morena: (harshly) Just stop!

He continues pumping into her with his eyes closed and blocking her moans out which leads him to a climax like one he hasn't had in months.

Morena: Ah Fuck Nadia!

Lea's eyes fly open and her hand drops from her clit as he continues to pump his seed into her while tears fall from her eyes...

Don't forget to like and share. 80 comments please

[08/31, 18:05] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 98

At Lea's house.

Morena slides out of her with the realization that he had just screwed up. She slides her legs down and lies flat on the bed and takes a deep shaky breath as tears blind her.

Morena: babe I am sorry about that. I don't know what happened.

She nods her head in silence and continues sniffing.

Morena: Please turn over so we can talk.

Lea: please get me a towel so I can wipe myself.

He walks over to the closet and gets one of her small towels. He tries to wipe her but she turns over and takes the towel then begins to wipe without looking at him.

Morena: Baby themma don't do that. I am so sorry. I didn't do it on purpose.

She nods her head and gets up from the bed and wears her gown. Before walking out of the room to go and take a bath. She meets Letlotlo in the passage on his way to the living room.

Letlotlo: Morning mama.

Lea: hi bubu. How are you?

Letlotlo: I am fine mummy. I want to watch cartoons.

Lea: OK. Let me switch the plug on for you then.

He runs ahead of her and seats on the couch with a remote in his hand while she switches the plug on. She then goes to the bathroom and finds Morena sitting on the closet toilet seat with boxer short on.

She sighs and takes her gown off then steps into the shower.

Morena: Babe I am sorry tlhemma.

Lea: I said OK akere Morena.

Morena: no I feel like you are just saying that and you have every right to be angry with me but...

She opens the shower tap and mutes him as she let's the water fall on her body. He sits on the seat and watches her shower through the glass door feeling like a complete prick for what he just did.

Lea steps out of the shower and wipes herself up.

Morena: Please tell me how to make it up to you.

Lea: (wiping herself) I need you to watch Letlotlo for less than an hour. I need to go somewhere.

Morena: (holds her hand) Please talk to me. Shout, hit me. Anything.

Lea: (looks at him blankly) will you watch him or should I drop him at my mother's house?

Morena: (releases her hand) Of course I will watch him. Where are you going?

Lea: there's some research work I need to do for the hospital and I left my laptop at work.

Morena: (nods) OK. ...

In the doctor's office.

Dr Abdullah: (smiles) Dr Lea what brings you here today?

Lea: (releases a deep breath) I am less than twelve weeks pregnant and I need you to terminate it.

Dr Abdullah: What? Why would you do that?

Lea: (shakes her head) there is no way I am having a second child with a man who doesn't love me. (a tear falls) I mean I knew I was competing with his ex but I thought I would finally win because I could mother his children but owai. If I don't leave now, I will wind up with five children to a man who has to imagine another woman to get a boner.

She sniffles and wipes her tears looking at the

Doctor who is looking at her with pity.

Dr Abdullah; OK. You can change into the hospital gown and climb on the bed. I hope you won't regret this decision you are making though.

Lea: I will regret staying with him more than I would regret this decision. I left a man who was genuinely interested in me for a childhood sweetheart fairytale. I have to do this so I don't have anything else tying me to him. Just give me the pills to make it look like a miscarriage because I don't want any noise from him. Once the pill starts working I will come back for cleaning up.

Dr Abdullah: OK.

He unlocks the bottom drawer of his desk and hands her two pills.

Dr Abdullah: You know what to do right?

She nods her head and stands up.

Lea: Thank you.

He nods his head and she walks out. She gets into her car and pops one of the pills and swallows it with water from the bottle in her car. She looks at the ring on her finger and shakes her head before slipping it off.

Lea: Hurt me once, shame on you. Hurt me twice, shame on me.

She puts it in the ash tray and drives out.

When she gets back home she climbs out and takes

the laptop bag she had left in her boot out and hangs it on her shoulder. She finds Morena watching cartoons with Letlotlo.

Morena; you were quicker than I thought.

Lea; (sighs) can I speak to you in the bedroom please.

He stands up and follows her. She sits on the bed and takes the ring out of her pocket and puts it on the bed. Morena frowns at her and is about to speak but she holds her hand up.

Lea: There is nothing to say Morena. Go padile. (it has failed) I tried to be patient with you ke re you will love me but ga gompieno go mpaakants e sekopo se! (but what happened today was the last straw). I have finally accepted gore you never loved me. You just liked me a lot when we were growing

up while I loved you with my whole being but come on man, to call me Nadia after asking me to not to talk and telling me all these things I should do was just! Le ha go twe ke loilwe ae! (even if I am bewitched, that was just too much). So take your ring and go give it back to the woman you actually love because it has never been me. I know that now.

Morena: Lea don't do this.

Lea: Go back to Nadia Morena. That's the person you love Akere.

Morena: (raises his voice) She is married!

Lea: (pulls her head back and thins her eyes) Wait so you only asked me to marry you because she is married? (he keeps quiet) when did she get married Morena? (silence) Was it yesterday? (silence) you know what? I don't care. Leave my house and never

show your face in front of me. We will do what you told me we would do if I was rude to Nadia four years ago. If you want Letlotlo you will pick him up from my mother's house. You will text me and I will drop him for you. Please leave my house.

Morena: Please don't do this. You know I want to be part of your pregnancy.

Lea: OK. I will let you come for doctor's appointments with me. Leave Mozy. I tried but ours was never meant to be.....

At Uncle Gerhard's house

A few days later, a large group of people are seated under a tent listening to the MC.

MC: we will now head to the grave yard to lay the

deceased to rest in her final resting place. A group of women she worked with have requested to sing a song as we take her home. Ladies, you can be on your feet and sing.

The well dressed Jojo dolls stand up and they make almost half of the population that has gathered there.

Arie: (leads) Every night in my dreams

I see you, I feel you

That is how I know you go on

Far across the distance

And spaces between us

You have come to show you go on

All: (softly) Near, far, wherever you are

I believe that the heart does go on

Once more you open the door
And you're here in my heart
And my heart will go on and on

They continue to sing as people cry at their beautiful harmony while the casket moves to the hearse. Marcus is overwhelmed by emotion by the time he has to stand up. Luca helps him up and pats his back before they turn to leave.

He stops in his tracks when he spots Nadia standing at the back of the crowd in a large hat. He hasn't heard from her in a week even after getting the annulment papers. She gives him a tight smile as he walked over to her with his heart pounding in his chest. He is supposed to follow the hearse in his car but his feet carry him where his heart belongs. He walks up to her and pulls her into his arms then holds her tight oblivious to all the eyes looking at them. She returns the hug equally desperate for his touch. He finally let's her go and looks at her with

red eyes.

Marcus: Nadia..

Nadia: (shakes her head) We will talk after the burial.
Let's go.

Marcus: Will you drive down with me then?

She nods her head and he takes her hand leading her to his car. They climb into the car and drive out after the hearse.

Marcus: Why have you been ignoring my calls?

Nadia: I just had a lot to think about and I wanted you to deal with your mother's funeral without having to deal with our issues.

Marcus: But you left me Nadia. You left me alone.

She wipes her tears looking at his haggared face. Seeing how bad he looked makes her regret staying away for so long.

Marcus: Did you sign the papers? My lawyer hasn't called me yet. I thought she had been waiting for the funeral to pass.

Nadia: I don't want to leave you Marcus. I didn't sign them.

Marcus: (looks at her) So why put me through all that then?

Nadia: I am sorry for putting you through that. I just got scared.

Marcus: You don't run when you are scared. You talk to me. You ask me questions. You don't ignore me the whole week when I have to bury my mother Nadia. You don't do that.

Nadia: (puts her hand on his lap) I am just a fool who is new to this love thing Marcus. I know I shouldn't compare you to anyone else but it didn't make sense to me that you would still love me after knowing all that you know. A man claimed to love me and eventually left so I have been asking myself what your end game is and I can't find it. I don't understand why you still love me.

Marcus parks the car at the grave yard and looks at her.

Marcus: If you question my love and want to know why then you will leave me tongue tied because

that's a question only my soul can answer. I just love you Nadia. Always have and if you let me, I always will. I have my own issues and I choose not to judge people based on what they do to survive this world. I don't love you out of pity for what you have been through. I love you because of the woman you are despite what you have been through. Many have killed themselves for far less but you stood up from a suicide attempt and came out swinging. That's the kind of woman I want by my side. A fighter. Now if you are going to become a woman who runs at every sign of trouble and leave me in turmoil then you better leave me now because I never want to feel the pain I have been feeling this past week. I don't think I have even had the chance to process my mother's death because all I could think of was you. I can't go through that again. I would rather learn to live without you than live in fear of losing you.

Nadia: (holds his hand) I don't fault you for feeling that way Marcus. I acted childish and I was wrong. I

should have stayed and addressed my worries with you. Please forgive me.

Marcus: OK. So will you move back home?

Nadia: I woke up from our home this morning. Chareldene told me you were spending the night here so I took the liberty to move in and check if you cheated on your wife.

He laughs for the first time in days.

Marcus: So what if I refused to take you back?

Nadia: It was humiliation I would deserve for what I put you through. I know you might doubt it but I love you my love bug.

He smiles and pulls her in for a kiss.

Marcus: I missed you sweet thang.

Nadia: I missed you too. I don't know why I got so dramatic. We have to go but I have one more thing I need you to do for me.

Marcus: What?

Nadia: I want the J ojo dolls.

[08/31, 18:05] : Sorry it took so long. Had to get it just right

Wigs and Weaves

Insert 99

At the grave yard

Nadia: I want the J ojo dolls

Marcus: (frowns) what?

Nadia: I want you to hand me control over the J ojo dolls.

Marcus: why? Why would you want that?

Nadia is about to speak but a knock on Marcus' window interrupts her. It's Luca. He rolls the window down.

Luca: I was told to come and call you.

Marcus: OK. Just give me a minute.

Nadia: No babe. Let's go. We will talk about it at home.

She opens the door to get out but he pulls her hand and holds her neck planting a sloppy wet kiss on her that has her breathing heavily. Luca walks away to give them privacy and she hikes her skirt up and climbs onto him as he pushes his chair back to give her room. She wraps her arms around his neck deepening the kiss and moaning into his mouth while grinding on top of him waking his sleeping beast. He cups her buttocks under her skirt and squeezes them pressing her harder onto his dick as their heavy breathing fills the car. He tries to move her panty aside but she holds his hand and breaks the kiss.

Nadia: (looking into his eyes) Lets go and bury my mother in law. When we get back home, I am going to give you exactly what I have owed you for the last 7 days. (she moves her waist making him throw his head against the head rest) I have missed you so much Mr Van Graan and tonight, I will be all yours to do with as you please.

Marcus: (opens his lust filled eyes) Anything?

She kisses him again then climbs off of him.

Nadia: Lets go love bug.

She steps out of the car and fixes her skirt while he shoves his hand down his pants trying to fix his throbbing boner. He looks at her as she bends over to fix her shoe and mutters under his breath.

Marcus: f*ck Nadia.

He covers his face and takes a few deep breaths before stepping out. She puts her hat back on and covers her eyes with shades then comes over to his side and he puts his hand on her waist as they walk towards the group of people.

Marcus: Baby ne mma won't you fall? This lawn is too wet for those heels. Why didn't you wear shorter ones?

Nadia: (chuckles) The shorter ones weren't going to have you thinking of me in nothing but them and the lingerie I have under these clothes.

Marcus stops walking and grunts as his blood begins to rush again.

Marcus: Nadia tlhemma don't do this to me.

Nadia: (turns and bites her red liquid matte lips)
What did I do?

Marcus: I am the one who should be punishing you. Not the other way around. Now you have me wanting to tell the pastor to get to the last part just so I can get home and rip those clothes off.

Nadia giggles and walks away. He rushes over and puts his hand back on her waist as if sending a clear message that the sexy woman in black belongs to him.

One of the Jojo dolls, Arie in particular, raises her eyebrow shocked by what she is seeing. She had heard rumors that Marcus was married and seeing the ring this morning left her feeling sucker

punched. But now seeing his arm around Dikeledi's waist who also had a ring with a rock the size of a fist has her feeling hot inside. She stares at them until they go and take their seats under the family tent. She sees that a lot of the Van Graan's look happy to see Nadia and keep patting her shoulder in greeting. One of the Jojo veterans pokes her.

Amy: (whispers) Heela. Is that Nadia?

Arie: (rolls her eyes) Nadia o raya mang? That's Dikeledi.

Amy raises her brows and turns to another doll.

Amy: Naare do you see Nadia sitting next to Mr Van Graan?

Nicky : Girl I thought ke a mo tshwants hanya! (I

thought it wasn't actually her) Did you see that hair?

Amy: (smiles) if it flows like water, you know it's got the paper.

They giggle annoying Arie.

Arie: Le a tlihodia re mo phitlhong. (you two are making noise)

They roll their eyes and giggle.

Nickey: And then?

Amy: She is feeling guilty. Akere you remember that one night stand?

Nickey laughs covering her mouth with her

gorgeously manicured nails.

May: (frowns) Heelang tlheng le a re tena. (you are annoying us) Should we ask the pastor to hand the ceremony over to you?

Amy: Heish kana bo nkuku ba a lapis a ah.
(Grandmothers are so exhausting)

They laugh then listen as the pastor continues to encourage the family of the deceased who keep wiping their tears.

Marcus puts his head down and listens as it finally sinks in that his mother is gone. She left him too soon and with so many questions. The thought of never getting those answers has him shaking his head. Nadia holds his hand and squeezes it. He looks at her and gives him a smile and mouths 'it's going to be okay'. He smiles back and realizes how

right she is. Everything IS going to be fine. He just had to make peace with his past like she has and move on with his life.

The ceremony goes on and eventually the burial is completed.

MC: Thank you all for being here to help us lay our sister to rest. We will be heading home for refreshments now and after that you are all free to leave.

The crowd disperses and Marcus is in a lighter mood when he walks over to his uncles car while holding Nadia. Uncle Gerhard sees the man's chest out and head held high and chuckles as they walk over to him.

His wife: what are you laughing at?

Uncle Gerhard: I am pretty sure he is coming to tell us they won't go with us for lunch.

His wife: (chuckles) Can you blame the man? No honeymoon and his wife went MIA. I remember when you were just like that with me. I had you wrapped around my pinkey.

He laughs and kisses her slightly wrinkles cheek.

Uncle Gerhard: You still do.

Marcus and Nadia greet them then Marcus rubs his beard.

Marcus: Oom, tannie Clara. (uncle, auntie Clara) I think we are going to have to leave. Nadia het 'n hoofpyn. (Nadia has a headache)

Tannie Clara: (frown smiles) Oh? I can give you some pain meds Nadia. You don't have to go home.

Nadia: (Surprised) Ma?

Tannie Clara: Meds, for your headache.

Nadia: (looks is at Marcus then shakes her head)
No thank you. I don't like to self medicate.

Aunt Clara: ofcourse you don't mie kind (my child)

They say their good byes and walk away.

Nadia: I can't believe you lied about me and spoke in Afrikaans just so I don't understand what you are saying.

Marcus: (laughs) I didn't think she would ask you.

Nadia: She did that because she didn't believe you!

Marcus: No! If they don't believe me then it's because of that head shake of yours. What was that?

They continue their back and fourth laughing as they drive home. Marcus wouldn't let Nadia go and get her car saying he would have Luca bring it in a few hours.

They finally arrive after a life threatening drive where Marcus had one hand on the wheel and another digging into Nadia's panties.

When they get into the house, Marcus stops and looks at the bare wall in the living room in shock.

Marcus: (frowns) the fu-

Nadia: Relax. It's was me. I needed it in the bedroom for something. We need to have speakers in that room Marcus.

Marcus: (gives her a wierd look) You dismantled a TV?

Nadia: (unbuttons her shirt then walks away slowly) Are we going to get into semantics or are you going to get what you are owed?

She drops the shirt on the floor then stops to slide out of her skirt. All she is left with is a barely there red lingerie and the red bottom heels that have Marcus excited as he follows behind her also leaving a trail of clothes behind him. She stops again and slides out of her panty bending all the way down to give Marcus full view of his treasure

chest. His dick is already out and ready for her. He tries to touch her but she spanks his hand and walks into the bathroom where she drops her bra.

Marcus: (with a deep voice) What are you doing jaanong?

She takes her shower cap and stuffs her wig in before stepping into the shower which further frustrates Marcus.

Nadia: (uses her finger to call him) Come and join me.

Marcus; Can't we bath after?

Nadia shakes her head and steps under the running water letting it cool her body off. Marcus gets into the shower and stands behind Nadia. His dick

pokes her back so she moves forwards.

Nadia :You can't touch me yet baby. For now you watch and don't even touch yourself either.

Marcus: (with hooded eyes) Nadia themma.

She smiles and faces him while leaning against the wall. She lifts her leg over the shower head holder then begins to touch herself while looking him dead in the eye watching his chest rise and fall. She opens her pussy lips exposing her pink flesh making him mutter under his breath as she inserts her finger and moves it in and out of what he knows is the warmest and sweetest place to be. He takes a step toward her.

Nadia: (breathing heavily) Don't Marcus. Watch me.

She pulls the small shower head and fixes it to the pressure she wants before aiming to over her clit.

Marcus: (rubs this throbbing dick) Let me do it for you.

Nadia: Stop touching yourself Marcus or you aren't getting anything. Will you give me what I want?

Marcus: (looking at her pussy) what?

Nadia: I told you I want the J ojo dolls Marcus. Will you give them to me?

He nods his head and she smiles

She switches the water from the over head shower to the one she has in her hand and the water

splashes over her clit which has her screaming in pleasure at contact. Her eyes roll back as her body turns alight from the water bouncing off her clit as she tires to balance herself by holding the wall. The looks on her face sends Marcus over the edge and he walks over and grabs her hand. They walk out of the shower with Nadia still feeling very horny. He carries her and pins her to the wall guiding his dick to her pussy.

Nadia: (with a heavy voice) Not here. Take me to the bed.

He obliges and lays her down. She gets up and pushes him down before climbing on top of him and kissing him while rubbing their wet bodies together. Neither of them is bothered by climbing into bed as wet as they are because the sheet will still get wet anyway. .

Nadia breaks the kiss and turns her body as if to do

the reverse cowgirl but instead she pushes her butt up and lowers her head over his dick and holds the base then massages it with her other hand before taking him in her mouth while giving him full view of her pussy. He puts another pillow over the one his head was resting on then he holds her ass cheeks and spreads them open while enjoying the blow job he is getting from his sexy wife. He buries his head between her portable butt and begins to lick and tounge f*ck her pussy while occasionally running his tongue along her ass crack which makes her moan on his dick. All this gets to a point where he pushes her down and gets behind her. She quickly lifts her butt waiting for his invasion and he doesn't disappoint. He blocks her entrance and pushes himself into her making her maon-cry.

Nadia: sh*t babe.

He begins to move his length in and out of her. Whenever she can, she squeezes her inner walls

gripping his dick which has him grunting with his head thrown back.

Marcus: (spanks her butt) yes just like that! F*ck babe.

He lowers his head and plants a kiss on her shoulder as she moans into the sheets. She clutches the sheets tight as she feels it coming. The wave that will have her whole body shaking and aching. It hits her and she clutches the sheets and cries out as her clit throbs. Marcus reaches under and begins to flick her bean the way she always does and that let's the tap loose. Her juices begin to trickle down his hand and thighs and onto the sheets as her body quakes and shakes. Just as she calms down, he pulls out and aims his dick between her ass cheeks.

The realization of what is about to happen hits her but she is too weak to protest and her body is still

quaking. He reaches for the baby oil on the dresser and squeezes it between her ass cheeks.

Nadia: (with a groggy voice) baby..

Marcus: (massages her hole with his thumb) this one is punishment for what you put me through.

He points his pussy juice coated dick over her hole and begins to push in. She jerks her head up and tries to move away but he holds her waist and pushes deeper trying to be as gentle as possible as he begins to slide in and out of her. Her mouth is wide open feeling a pain she has never experienced before as her anus tries to accommodate his thickness.

Marcus: (grunting) you are my wife Nadia. Do you understand that?

She nods with her mouth still open.

. Marcus: Never leave me like that again am I clear?

Again she nods.

After a few strokes, she begins to enjoy the feeling and begins to moan. That is when he slides out then into her pussy then back to her anus. He does this a few times while she moans before finally buries himself in her pussy and pulls her up so her back is on his chest giving him access to her clit again. He rubs it as he pumps his seed into her making her moan and quake in another splashy orgasm.

Marcus:(Breathing into her ear) F*ck I love you.

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[08/31, 18:05] : Wigs and Weaves

Insert 100

Nadia

Marcus pulls out of me and plops himself on the bed next to me after another mind blowing session. He has me breathing heavily and sweating on wet sheets.

Me: (wiping my brow) We really need to change the sheets now.

Marcus: (chuckles and rubs my sensitive clit while lying next to me) I am just glad I bought the waterproof bed because joh!

I smack his chest while laughing.

Marcus: You still haven't told me what the TV is doing here.

Me: Mxm I had a plan and you ruined it by carrying me from the shower so o jelwe.

Marcus: Ao tlhemma don't say that.

Me: (giggling) We will see later. So babe how soon can I take over?

Marcus: take what over my love?

Me: huh Marcus, you promised that I could get the J ojo dolls.

Marcus: (rubs his face) That was unfair of you Nadia. You can't ask for things during sex. You have the unfair advantage.

Me: (chuckling) As if! You use intimidation and I use what I know you want. That's the tool in my arsenal and I intend to use it very well.

He looks at me and shakes his head with a smile on his face.

Marcus: But babe, Chareldene is set to oversee all the Jojo dolls worldwide and Arie will be running things under her in Botswana because she had been Jolene's second for the past three years. Then other seconds will do the same in the other countries.

Me : Babe I don't want Jojo dolls international. I

want the Bots wana one hela.

Marcus : Why Nadia? I hate that business. Why would you want to do it? I can't have my wife being a Madame.

Me: (sighing) You need to trust me babe. Please don't break your promise to me. This will be your wedding gift to me.

He sits up and looks at me.

Marcus: I just don't understand why you want them Nadia. It's not like you need the money.

Me: (smiling) I will tell you after my first meeting with them. I promise.

Marcus: (sighs) Fine. I will talk to Chareldene to hand over everything she has on the Botswana girls. She had called a meeting for them next week so you are going to have to attend it.

I sit up and climb on top of him squealing in excitement. I hug him then baby kiss his sulking mouth.

Me: (with my hands around his neck) So when you say I don't need the money, are you saying that you don't touch the Jojo dolls money?

Marcus: (shakes his head) No. That was my mum's business and I haven't taken money from her since I went to University.

Me: (biting my lip) Good then.

Marcus: Let's go bath and attend the meeting with my mother's lawyer.....

At the Airport

A week later, Mrs Morena wipes her tears and fans her face making her bracelet dangle around her wrist.

Mr Morena: (rubbing her back) Don't cry like this Mmakgosi. This is our son's dream come true.

She nods her head and hugs him. Bogosi and Kgosi chest bump with their little brother wishing him luck.

Kgotla: I still say you are running away because mjolo o go nyisitse. (because relationships did a number on you)

Morena laughs then rubs his head and pulls him in for a hug before breaking it and looking at his family.

Morena: That may be true but the thing is at the end of the day, this is me actually pursuing my dreams. I will get to work in London in the Ambassadors for Botswana's office. Then who knows, maybe I will be a Diplomat in five years or more. I lost a lot this past year and I have come to realize that I lost something precious to me. I don't know if Lea's miscarriage was God's way of delivering His final punishment for how I ended things with Nadia. (shrugs) All I know is that it made me finally accept a post I have been declining for months. I just wish my son would have made it today so I could say goodbye to him but I guess go padile. (to his brothers) Please try to have him over at your houses for visits so I can video call with him. (looks down) I will probably only see him next year.

He looks at his watch and sighs before giving his

mother one final hug.

Morena: Thank you guys for the farewell party yesterday. I was really touched. I am going to miss you guys and I hope you can visit soon. I told you *gore le tlo go bona mahatshes burg ka nna akere*. (I told you that you will see different countries because of me)

They laugh and his father rubs his head and hugs him one last time.

Mrs Morena: I am very proud of you my son. I am looking forward to the day I will be telling people my son is a diplomat. You may have failed in the family front for now but don't give up on love. Don't live in regret over losing Nadia because you two were clearly not meant to be. Sometimes your soul mate isn't meant to be your spouse. That's how life is. Maybe your wife is waiting for you in London. Don't close your heart OK?

Morena nods and kisses her cheek before putting his bag over his shoulder. He turns to leave when he hears a voice that has his heart skipping a beat.

Letlotlo: Daddy wait!

He turns around and sees Letlotlo running towards him with Lea trying to catch up with him. Morena sets his bag down and gets on one knee ready for his son to jump into his arms. He wraps his arms around him and gives him a tight hug feeling emotional.

Letlotlo: (crying) I don't want you to go daddy.

Morena breaks the hug and looks at his son's face then wipes his tears.

Morena: Don't cry papa. I am going to be back vey soon and I will bring you lots of presents. Or maybe mummy will let you come with unlce Kgotla during christmas.

He lights up and hugs his father. Morena looks at Lea and mouths 'thank you'. She nods her head and gives him a smile. Knowing that he was going away and would be oceans away is comforting to her. Getting over him will be much easier. Her phone rings and she walks away to answer it.

Lea: Hi.

Dr Mason: Are you going to cancel on me after being the one who suggested the lunch with our kids?

Lea: No. I promise I am coming. I just had to pass by the airport so Letlotlo can see his father before

he leaves the country.

Dr Mason: oh...

Lea: Please don't overthink it. It's just for my son.
Morena and I are over for real now.

Dr Mason: I really hope so because I am too grown
for this game.

Lea: I will be there in less than ten minutes you can
place and order for us. Just get Letlotlo whatever
Sofia is getting.

Dr Mason: OK. Bye.

She hangs up and sighs. This is worth a shot.

Morena gives Letlolo one of his favorite watches and puts it on his tiny wrist.

Morena: Whenever you miss me, just look at this watch and know that I am thinking about you too. You are the most important person in my life and everything I do is for you OK?

He nods and smiles while looking at his too big for his wrist watch. Morena gives him one last hug and stands up to wave at everyone before walking away.....

Tlotlo

I still can't believe my baby girl is a mother. Her son already looks chubby after a week of being born. She came to our house and will be here for six weeks so I can help her while her stitches heal. Avi refused to let me go to her house because he felt

like six weeks was too long so here we are! The sun is setting on a beautiful evening and we are seated on the back patio with Tyler and Agape watching Loago and Leano braai with Yaone playing on Loago's phone. Tehillah and Yaya are also standing by the braai stand watching them. Being teenagers has changed them. They don't play like they did last year. They literally told us that their new year resolutions were to act like classy young women. (eye roll) And they woke up on the first of January talking like they have lived for thirty years. They no longer want to play with their younger siblings and they are always giggling in a corner. I hope they turn out to be responsible young women.

Abotle: (runs out of the house) Daddy Netflix is refusing!

Avi: Why? (looks at me) Babe didn't you pay for Netflix?

Me: I told you people that I am going to watch television for one month! Just one! I took leave from my shop and I intend to enjoy myself without hearing pigs and Masha.

He looks at Abotle and shrugs.

Abotle: But mama...

Me; Nope!

Abotle: Mama themma please!

Me: Fine! Just a week. A ko le lebe Nickelodeon ao!
(Just watch Nickelodeon)

He sulks and walks back to the house.

Me: So Agape, any plans for your wedding anniversary? It's next week Akere?

Agape looks at Tyler and blushes as he rocks their son to sleep.

Agape: We were actually thinking of going to the Okavango for a week and we wanted to leave the kids here. We will obviously take TJ though. The thought of leaving my seven month old gives me anxiety.

Tyler: she didn't even want to go so this is a compromise I choose to accept.

Me: that's so sweet. And of course we will watch the kids because you are going to have to return the favor soon.

Avi holds my hand and kisses it.

Agape: oh? Going somewhere?

Me: Well, since some of us lucked out in the husband department, your brother got tired of hearing me talk about my mummy and me store so he talked me into us taking a business loan so in a month, we will be touring Europe on our savings before going to Turkey then Thailand for stock. (I giggle) I don't think there is a person alive as excited as I am right now. We have been talking about traveling for years but our finances never allowed us to so now, we are finally going to do it!

Agape: Nxaaaaw..

I hear Tlamelo's baby crying so I stand up to go check on them. As happy as I am right now, I never forget to thank my lucky stars that my husband has

no clue I once stepped out on him because that would have ended all that I have now. Bogosi and I don't speak anymore, because we really don't have to. All our children are grown and there is nothing left to say to each other. I can only hope I remain this happy and content for all my days.....

At the J ojo dolls headquarters

The ladies sit in the basement of J olene's favorite house listening to Arie who is standing in front of them with a tablet that she is clutching to her chest.

Arie: Thank you all for coming. I know it's because of sad news that I am standing in front of you like this but we have no choice but to move on.

Chareldene, J olene's niece, will be overseeing everything but I am in charge of the Botswana group so all I can do is ask for your complete cooperation as you would have with J olene.

She continues to talk and give them updates.....

In the office upstairs.

Nadia pages through the files and quickly lifts her head.

Nadia: Chareldene! 50 million pula? Is this real?

Chareldene: (laughs) as real as you and me. This is nothing compared to the South African books. Your eyes would pop out. Sex sells. That's why J olene never quit.

Nadia: wow! I am just shocked!

Chareldene: So will you reconsider your plan then?

Nadia: (shakes her head) No Chay. This is something I have to do.

Chareldene: OK. Do you sis! I just know I became a multi billionaire in a week so you better believe I am going to flourish just as Tannie J olene would have wanted. The only reason why she didn't leave it to Marcus was because he's never wanted anything to do with the business.

They finish up their discussion before Nadia goes down to the basemant after seeing Chareldene off.

Arie: So that being said, one of you is going to have to find a new recruit to replace me.

The click of her heels is heard from inside the basement and the ladies look at the stairs as a pair of crisp white pants descend. Arie frowns when she

sees Nadia walk over to them in a white body hugging jumpsuit that accentuates her medium sized hips with her natural hair styled in a bun.

Nadia walks over and stands next to Arie.

Nadia: (smiles) Hi Arie! It's so good to see you after so long. (waves at the ladies) Hi ladies! Wow! I forgot what a room full of fifty gorgeous women looks like.

The ladies clap their hands with huge smiles on their faces.

Arie: Umm... We are kind of in the middle of a meeting.

Nadia: (smiles) I know. This is my meeting.

Arie: (raises her brow) Excuse me?

Nadia: (giggles) oh. Didn't Chareldene tell you? I am in charge now.

Arie feels a sudden acid build up in her chest as she tries to hold her composure.

Nadia: You can take a seat shnukams. I have an announcement to make.

Arie bites her inner lip and sits down with a racing heart.

Nadia: Hello again beautiful ladies. Like I just said, I am in charge of this group of dolls and I have come to a decision. When I look around this room, I see some women who I used to work with and I know for sure that my decision couldn't be more right. I

am going to give each of you ladies P300 000 as well as all the money you will make in their next six months. Take this as your employer giving you notice. (the ladies look at each other in shock) If I remember correctly, J olene always wanted her girls to grow and encouraged leaving the trade to better your life but your are all still here and this is a cause for concern. It's not right to live your whole life as a sex object for men ladies. You can be better and do better. Maybe you got comfortable but there are other ways of making money out there. Most of You already have an audience on social media. Do something about that. Take the money I will be giving you to make something of yourselves because you can't be a J ojo doll forever.

Amy raises her hand.

Nadia: yes..it's Amy right?

Amy: (nods) Yes it is. I just need to clarify. Are you

saying that for the next six months, if I make 20k a night, it's all mine?

Nadia: (nods her head) Yes but in order to actually make it something feasible, you will only get your normal cut at the end of the night, then the rest will be kept to top up your 300k.

The ladies start chatting and giggling amongst themselves.

Nadia: If there are no more questions right now, I will be in the office for an hour. Anyone can come see me if they need private clarity.

She turns and walks out. A few minutes later, the office door opens and Arie comes marching in. She slams the tablet on the table making Nadia raise her brows.

Nadia: And then?

Arie: What the hell was that? Where do you get off shutting down J ojo dolls?

Nadia: (smiles) What? I thought you would be happy. That money can help you change your life.

Arie: The f*ck it will! Where is Chareldene? I need to talk to her because I don't know how you are even involved in this. This is none of your business. I brought you into this game and you left! So what the f*ck are you doing here acting all madam superior?

Nadia: (moves the chair back and puts one leg over the other) I don't blame you for thinking you can talk to me o kare o mo pit latrineing (as if you are in a pit latrine). (chuckles and twirls her ring around) you think I am still the naive first year you manipulated

into becoming a J ojo doll while claiming you want to be the world's best mother. I am not that girl anymore Arefa. (lifts her eyes and looks her dead in the eye.) I am Mrs Nadia Van Graan...

THE END!!!!

Well not really. 500 likes, 100 comments and 50 shares by 3pm for a, surprise announcement.