

# Ziyanda-May the Blessings continue

## Prologue

Life isn't always as it seems. We're always expected to hold on no matter what. As I was told on my wedding day by my mom's aunts "mosadi o tshwara thipa ka bogale" (a woman holds the knife on its sharp edges).

It seems like it has always been like that for me. All my life I've had to fight for everything, nothing came easy for me-not even my birth. My most favourite person in the world, my grandmother Khanyi, named me Ziyanda meaning may the blessings continue. My own mother however, named me Dikeledi (tears), because apparently nothing but sorrow and heartache came from my existence. I guess that explains why I have never felt her love,

unlike my sister who has been the full recipient of her love and devoted affection. That probably explains why she was named Thando. I could never understand how such a loving woman like my grandmother would birth such an evil woman like my own mother. I ask myself even now, 25 years after I was born why she hates me so much, but then all I ever get from that answer is "if it weren't for you, things would be going according to plan".

I don't know which plan that is, nor do I want to find out, instead I am stuck in a loveless six year marriage. That's my short sad story, Ziyanda Nqobo, wife to prominent millionaire Langa "Dynamite" Nqobo.

## Chapter One

My alarm clock rings at exactly 6:30 in the morning. I'm so used to waking up at this time. You're probably asking yourself why a married woman like

myself doesn't get up earlier, right? Well, I have no children.

Yes, I'm 25 years old with no children it sounds crazy I know. I'm not barren or anything like that. I got married at the age of 19 and fell pregnant at 20. I had a spontaneous miscarriage at 19 weeks of pregnancy, til this day the doctors have no idea what caused it.

Langa and I have been to countless specialists for two years trying to have a child of our own after being pressured by my mother since she says a man like Langa needs an heir and that a married woman who cannot conceive is useless.

Sometimes I wish I could just tell her to marry Langa herself because he's the golden boy according to her.

Anyway, as I was about to leave my bedside Langa grabbed my arm and rubbed my thigh. I know that's

a sign that he wants to have some morning glory, not that it even makes a difference because we always do the same thing.

Me: Langa, we're going to be late and remember you're signing off the Kennedy deal today so you have to be early.

Langa: Kennedy can wait, Zee. Besides, I'm never late you know that. I'll be quick, I promise.

Quick he will most definitely be. One would assume after being married for six years I would have enough sexual experience, but Langa never lasts more than five minutes. So, I let him me.

Langa: (groaning in my ear) "Baby, you're so good. You always taste so good. Promise me I'm the only one who eats this amazing pussy."

With that said, he was done. I got up and went to the shower to do my morning routine. I never really bother much with makeup because I have good skin. I grew up as a bit of a tom boy so I never had the time to be interested in makeup.

I just put on some red mac lipstick and my tight, long red dress with a small slit at the back. It's one of my favourites given to me by Portia, one of my best friends on my birthday last year. She's never seen me in it before so she would be very happy. I greet Mam' Masango, our helper who stays with us but leaves on weekends.

Me: "Good morning, ma. Unjani kodwa (how are you)?"

Mam' Masango: "Sawubona mntwana mi. Ngiyaphila, wena unjani (Good morning, my child. I'm well and you)?"

Me:" Ngi right ma (I'm fine, ma)."

Langa came out of the master bedroom as I was grabbing breakfast made my Mam Masango as usual. He just took an apple.

Me:"Aren't you eating breakfast today?"

Langa:"I wish I could babe, thanks to that hot session I'm slacking a bit today".

I was so embarrassed I was blushing while looking down. How can he say such in front of Mam' Masango, though?

Me: "hayi (no) man Langa, how many times must I tell you not in front of Mam Flora?"

Langa: "Sorry, babe. Anyway let me run. Bye babe, Bye Mama."

He kissed me on my cheek and left.

Mam' Flora: "Haibo (no) Ziyanda! Why would you embarrass Mr. Langa like that? He's your husband and man of the house kodwa."

Me: "Sorry mama, kodwa it wasn't my intention. You know I like to show you respect. Langa knows he cannot say stuff like that in your presence."

Mam' Masango: "haibo (no), don't be silly, Ziyanda. Anyway, I assume things are getting better between the two of you? When are you going to try again for a child, mtwana nami (my child)? Yazi (you know) it's been a while and you're not getting younger."

I hate it when people ask me that question, although I know Mam' Masango means well. I confide in her about everything.

Me: "Ah, ma. Siyazama kodwa (We try but) it's not happening. It's not like I deny Langa any bedroom activities, but it's just not happening. Maybe it's just meant to be. I mean I have already accepted that maybe we're not meant to have children of our own."

Mam' Masango: "Yebo, I hear you, my child. Kodwa put everything in God's hands. Only He knows. You will be blessed with a child of your own soon. I had a vision."

Mam' Masango is a prophet. She sees things, mostly she can predict things before they happen. She has predicted a lot of things in my life: when



Langa had an accident and was shot by hijackers a year ago, when Thando lost her daughter due to being poisoned and when I had my miscarriage. I guess that's one of the reasons why I feel so close to her. She's a church lady and I'm a prayer warrior. I try by all means to make it to church as much as I can, but she never misses church-ever.

Me:"Haibo (no) ma. Please don't get me too excited. I don't want to get my hopes up and Langa also stopped asking about the whole baby thing. Besides, I am making progress and stopped taking anti depressants. I don't wanna go back to that phase."

Mam' Masango:" Trust me, Mntwana wami (my child). You know my visions are never wrong. Anyway, go to work before you get fired. You know you're getting a new boss namhlanje (today)."

Oh yes, I nearly forgot about that. My old boss got

fired from the company because he was embezzling money. We all know we're getting a new boss today, but we have no idea who it is. I just hope and pray that he's way better than Mr. Mahlangu. He was such an asshole, forever touchy and had an endless list of sexual harassment accusations from my fellow employees. Oh, yes.

I never told you what I do for a living. Well, I'm an architect at one of the biggest construction companies in South Africa, Brenner Constructions, owned by Mr. Willem Brenner, one of South Africa's most successful Billionaires.

I didn't want to work for one of Langa's companies, I wanted to have my own success and not only be known as his wife.

I said goodbye to Mam' Masango and on my way driving to work, I couldn't help but wonder what she meant by her vision? I made a mental note that I

needed to ask her about it after work.

As I was entering my workplace getting ready to park, I notice everything is changed. The whole building had new paint, different colours even. What surprised me was the name on the building.

PZ Constructions. I'm so confused, perhaps I took a turn at the wrong street. I decide to ask one of the security guards before I entered. I see Ntate Phiri is standing at the gate ready to check my access card. He's been working for Brenner for over 20 years. I always ask him when he will retire and he keeps saying as soon as he finds a wife.

He's 45, no children and no wife. I never bothered to ask why because it just seemed like a sensitive issue when he spoke about it. He gets teary eyed whenever we speak of children so I don't bother him about it.

Me:" Thobela Ntate Phiri. Le kae na? (Good morning, Mr. Phiri. How are you?)"

Ntate Phiri:"Re gona na le kae Mme Nqcoobo? (I'm well thanks how are you, Mrs. Nqcoobo?)"

Me:"aowa, re gona. Go diragala eng fa? Ke bona lebitso la Brenner le tlogile mo building. Afa ke mo plekeng e right? (I'm well. What's happening here? I see Brenner's name is off the building. Am I at the right place, though?)"

Ntate Phiri: (letting out a slight laugh)" ee, gona o mo teng mma. Ke kwele ba re Brenner o rekisitse company. Re nale bosso e mphy'a. Ke no leboga Modimo gore ga re rekisa le rena (Yes, you're most definitely at the right place. I heard Brenner sold the company. We have a new boss. I just thank God he didn't sell us too)".

He lets out another slight laugh.

I was puzzled since no one was told about this. I mean, I'm one of the head architects here and I didn't even get a heads up. I assumed even Porsche (Portia) would know about this, but she never said anything at all this weekend. If she knew nothing then it meant nobody knows anything. Porsche is the go-to-girl for all news.

Me:"aowa, a gona bothata Ntate. E re ke tsene ke tla gofa update ge ke tlogela gae. (Alright, no problem, sir. Let me go in, I'll give you an update before I go home.)"

Ntate Phiri:"aowa, ska its hwenya ngwanake, Boss o e ncha e re ro dira braai ga fetsa di morning briefing. Ro kwa bose ka ona. (No, don't bother yourself about that, my child. The new boss is hosting a

braai for all of us after the morning briefing. We're going to have a good time with this one.) I can feel it in my bones."

Okay, now I was even more puzzled about this new boss. First, he buys the business without letting us all know, changes the name and building all in one weekend and now he's hosting a braai for all of his employees on the first day? Talk about a people pleaser I thought to myself.

Me:"go lokile geh. E re ke tsena re tla bua ntante (No problem then. Let me go, we'll talk, sir.)"

Ntate Phiri:"Gantle ngwanake (Go well, my child)."

I drove in and I see even the parking has changed. We all have our personal parking space and mine is always next to Porsche. I even see our parking name tags have been upgraded. Hmm, this new

boss is really going out to impress us.

I go up with the lift to the 7th floor where I work. Porsche also happens to be my PA and reports to the boss as well since I worked closely with Mr. Brenner, especially after he fired Mr. Mahlangu. I just hope everything works out really well and that I don't get assigned a new team. What if this new boss hates me and makes all unnecessary changes? You think too much Zee. You just got off your meds with your therapist's approval a month ago. Don't overthink and give yourself a setback, I think to myself.

I take a deep breath and get out of the lift. I'm met by brand new colours and Porsche's desk also looks brand new. I see the name across her desk as well; PZ Constructions. Who the hell is this PZ?

Porsche: "Haibo Zee! You finally decided to wear that dress I bought you on the very same day we

get a new boss? Hehe, why do I get a feeling you are hiding something from me? I mean you're one of the head architects so there's no way you don't know who this Mr. PZ is."

Ai, Porsche. She always has something to say.

Me:"aowa (no) man Zee. Tlogela (stop this) nonsense. Why would I know who he is? I'm just as clueless as you are njena."

Porsche:"Ah chomi mara (ah, but friend). Phela le wena o Mrs. Secrets. I just hope he's yummy as his name sounds and I really hope the P stands for "Pipi" (Penis)." She lets out a hysterical laugh and I can't help but laugh too.

Me: "Porsche, stop it man. You're married hao."



Porsche:"aowa man Robert wa tseba gore amehlo aya geziwa mos (No, man Robert knows that you need to cleanse your eyes once in a while). (She lets out another hysterical laugh) Something must be fishy about this new Pipi boss, I mean my desk mgani has been re-arranged and he put my favourite coloured pens and pencils on it. What's even weirder is that I found sunflowers and jelly babies on my desk and you know those are my favourites."

Me:"Perhaps you have a secret admirer. I mean everyone here knows what you like and most certainly what you don't like."

Porsche:"Maybe you're right. Let me give you the benefit of the doubt."

Just as we were talking, Nozi came from the boardroom's direction and asked that everyone make it to the boardroom. Surprisingly all major

staff members from all floors were there. Just as I was about to enter, I received a text from Langa "Hi, babe. Enjoy your day. You are loved Mrs. N." As I was about to put my phone back into my bag, I hear a voice. It sounds so familiar.

Voice: "Good morning to all of you..."

Porsche: (whispering in my ear) "Oh, my gosh, Zee! Bona ke mang! (Look who it is)"

As I look up our eyes meet. I can't believe it! What's he doing here after all these years?! It can't be!

## Chapter Two

As people were leaving the boardroom after the new boss addressed us, they were making their way to the garden for the braai. He said no work today. I'm still in shock, as I'm literally shaking but trying so hard not to show it. I feel my heart at the pit of my

stomach and I feel like words are about to fail me. Porsche has been talking, but I couldn't even hear what she was saying. It is almost as if I had zoned out.

Porsche:"Hello! Earth to Ziyanda!"

Me;" Sorry, Porsche, ne o reng na (what were you saying)?"

Porsche:"Keng o kare o bone spoko na (Why does it seem like you've just seen a ghost)? I've been talking to yoh for the whole 20 minutes. Can you Phila is back? I mean I would also be shocked if my high school sweetheart who vanished into thin air came back years later and became my new boss."

Me:"ai, Portia man le wena o bjang na (why are you like this at times)? Let's go before he comes towards us."

As I was trying to squeeze through the people leaving, I saw him coming towards us.

Porsche:"Too late, chomi (friend)."

Phila:"Ladies. What a pleasant surprise to see you again. It's been what? 10 years?"

Porsche:"ah, Phila le wena o rata bo clever (you like being clever sometimes). I wouldn't be surprised if you bought this company on purpose because Ziyanda works here now. Keng o kare you've been stalking us bjana (have you been stalking us)?"

Phila:(laughing)" aowa (no) Porsche, why would I do that? I'm a man of many talents. Did you like the flowers and the sweets? Still your favourite I presume?"

Porsche:"Hehe! (Clapping) ka mmao (on a serious note)! You still even remember my nick name. Aowa, I loved them. Kea leboga hle Phila (thank you so much, Phila). I see some things never change. Le gona I see your ring finger is naked. Ga o na mosadi na (Don't you have a wife)?"

Phila:"ah, Porsche, wa itse (you know) man. Zee has always been my woman. I've been saying gore one day I'm going to marry her."

He kept talking to Porsche without his eyes leaving mine. I kept looking down I even felt like I was about to faint. I felt my forehead was a bit sweaty. I couldn't see straight and my vision was about to be blurry.

I missed a step and right there he caught me. His touch made me feel this weird feeling I have never

felt before, not even with Langa. It felt so electrifying, I felt so many weird feelings going through my body. His eyes pierced mine and I felt goosebumps.

Porsche:"aowa Zee man kgante keng na (Zee, what's wrong with you)? O wis a keng (What made you fall)? Wa bona (you see) Phila the effect you have on my friend e sale teng (is still there)? Besides, you're already late now. Zee is married. Six years now since you failed to shoot your shot."

Me:"Porsche man le wena. I'm fine I just felt a bit dizzy. I'm okay now."

Phila:"P, do you mind giving your gorgeous friend and I a moment of privacy please?"

Porsche: "hehe, P-man. Ska re I never warned you (Don't say I never warnes you). Langa ke segafi sa

monna shem (Lunga is a crazy man shame). But only because you hold a soft spot in my heart I will leave. Chomi, re tla bua later (Friend, we'll talk later). Wena Phila, (staring him in the eye and pointing her finger at him) don't try to kidnap my friend."

She walked out. I was still feeling so hot not knowing what to do.

Phila: "You're still as beautiful as ever Yaya."

Phila used to call me Yaya when we were in high school. He was five years older than me and we started dating when I was in Grade 8. Funny I know, he was in matric and after four years of dating he just disappeared without a trace when I finished matric. I was heartbroken. We never even slept together since Lunga was my first, but what we had was amazing.

That was the closest thing to love that I have ever known. He broke my heart and I have never been the same since. I had a mental breakdown and I was forced to marry Langa when I was just 19, which is a story for another day.

Me: "What do you think you're doing, Phila?"

Phila:" What do you mean, Yaya?"

Me:"Don't act stupid. You disappeared for seven years and now you want to act like nothing happened? You just pitch up out of nowhere and suddenly you're my boss?!"

I was fuming. I didn't even realize I was raising my voice.

Phila:"Please calm down, Yaya, I'm begging you. I'm sorry for what I did believe me it was never my intention. I did what I had to do, one day you will



understand. Look, let me take you out for lunch after work and we can talk about everything."

He put his hand on my face and I didn't even realize I had tears in my eyes. The last time I felt this much pain was when I had to marry Langa. I had just received a letter from Phila telling me he's sorry and how he wished he was the one marrying me. I couldn't even speak. I took a deep breath and wiped my tears off my face.

Me:"I need some air. Please excuse me." I stormed out of the boardroom and ran towards the bathroom.

Porsche:"Chomi dints hang bjanong (Friend, what's wrong now?)"

I didn't even want to talk to anyone.

I was sobbing in the toilet when I saw the door open. I knew it was Porsche. She knows me too well.

Porsche: "Aowa chomi kgante what happened? I just saw you run past me. Phila even looked sad a re ke tlo go checka (Phila even looked sad and asked me to come check on you) . Ska lla hle (Please don't cry) . What did that idiot do? Ke tlo mo trapa waits e (I'm going to beat him uo, you know)."

Me: "Aowa (no) Porsche. How could he do this to me? How could he just rock up after seven years like nothing ever happened? He broke my heart, P. Bona (look) now all that pain is coming back and my life was just fine without him."

Porsche: "We both know your life isn't fine, my friend. You and Langa happened as a matter of convenience man. You know you don't love Langa. I mean you did what you had to do and like he said, he did what he had to do."

Me:"He says we should go out for lunch today so that he can explain everything."

Porsche:"so? Wena o reng?"

Me:"I don't know, P. I mean it's been years."

Porsche:" Hai man Zee ska mbora asseblief. I don't want to see you cying all week and going back to living on pills. We both know deep down you wanna go. Hear him out. You really have nothing to lose akere? Besides, you never say no to free food."

Me:"I guess you're right."

Porsche:"Now, let's go before ba fetsa dijo (let's ngo back before they finish all the food). You know I love meat. Plus, I saw some good wine on the tables. A re ye ro utlwa monate, o tla lla morago

(Let's go have some fun. You'll cry afterwards)."

I walked out fixing my face and hugged her laughing. She always knows what to say to make me feel better.

Me;"Thanks so much, Porsche. Kao rata chomi (I love you, friend)".

Porsche:"Le nna kao rata chomi (I love you too) you know mos." We walked out and made our way to the Garden. There were tables full of all kinds of meat and cheese, snacks and some good old wine. We even had a bar with barmen making different cocktails for us. I opted for a Mojito and Porsche decided on some red wine.

Porsche:"Yoh, Zee! Mo ro utlwa monate mfanaka (Wow, Zee! We're so going to have a good time from now on). Mr. Brenner ne a le uptight lekgoa lela (Mr.

Brenner was very uptight, that white man).

He didn't even host a farewell party nyana for us. Cheapskate ya le Billionnaire sale wa e bona kae wena? Bona nou re ja bo di Camembert and blue cheese with Chardonnay. Robbie o tla ntshwarela ko ya gae ke tagilwe shem (Robbie will have to forgive me because I'm going to get home really drunk)."

We both laughed and listened to some music. I must say Mr. Brenner was a but uptight. He never made any chit-chat or asked about your life. I saw Phila eyeing me while talking to some of our colleagues and I just blatantly ignored him. Perhaps this new chapter is exactly what we need. Only time will tell.

Phila

As I was talking to some shareholders and

colleagues and listened to their boring conversations while pretending to be interested, I kept stealing glances at Ziyanda. Damn, this woman is even more beautiful than the last time I saw her.

I mean, I've been stalking her pictures and she looks way better in real life. Her body is even way more gorgeous; those curves and beautiful, perky breasts. She has always been on the fuller side and I really do not mind. I loved her and still love her just the way she is.

Seeing her cry made my heart break into a thousand pieces, I've seen her cry so many times and I vow to never make her cry again. That ring on her finger means nothing to me. I plan on winning her back now full force and there's nothing stopping me.

That cheating asshole husband of hers will be a thing of the past, I just have to play my cards right.

How do I even begin to tell her that her very own parents are the reason for this mess?

## Chapter Three

Ziyanda

We were having so much fun, well, Porsche was having fun for the both of us. A million thoughts kept going through my mind. I felt very uneasy because Phila kept stealing glances at me and smiling. The cocktails were now sinking in. I was on my third, I didn't want to over do it since I will have to drive and probably have another drink to avoid crying later on during my lunch with Phila. Yes, I have decided to go hear him out.

Porsche: "Mgani (friend), yazi we're gonna enjoy working with our new boss Pipi (Penis)". She was laughing hysterically and I couldn't help but laugh as well. Porsche always had something funny to

say.

Ziyanda: "Hai chomi (no friend) man. You'll get us in trouble. Ska mo bitsa bjao le wena (Don't call him that). What if someone overhears?"

Porsche: "Ska wara wena man (Don't worry). O stressa thata (You stress too much). I will just call him Boss P and people will think it's short for Phila but you and I will know its short for Pipi akere."

We both laughed. I must admit. I was in stitches. Porsche can really make your day and no one hates her.

Porsche: "Hey speaking of which, since you never got to taste his pipi vele, aren't you thinking of tasting uMageba?"



Ziyanda: "Hai Porsche man. Stop talking like that. I'm married you that and nawe you're married too."

Porsche: "So? There's no harm in imagining. I mean look at it poking through his suit. His Mandingo screaming at you saying "come eat me Yaya, I dare you". She was laughing so much I just couldn't help but to join.

Ziyanda: "Wa bona, Porsche (You see, Porsche). Stop it man. Besides, you know very well I've never put a penis into my mouth."

She laughed even harder. Luckily music was playing and most people even stuck up Nozi was a bit tipsy, so nobody even bothered to stare. Not that Porsche would care anyway. Porsche was so shocked she just couldn't stop laughing. She was literally in tears.

Porsche:"Aowa Zee (No, Zee). Kgante you were serious? Nna I honestly thought you were joking. So you mean to tell me Little Langa never goes down on you?"

Me:"No". I said that with a little bit of embarrassment, mostly because I kind of told her that Lunga isn't very big down there. Not that I would know because I've only slept with him in my entire life.

His penis is all I know. I don't even know I felt embarrassed so much really because that has never been the norm for me. I always thought only porn stars and freaky people like Porsche do such things, I mean her husband is white and the perfect equivalent to Christian Grey. They even have a secret play room where they do things to each other when the kids aren't home.

Porsche:(shocked) " Aowa Zee (No, Zee). Lunga ke

waste ya Monna waitse (Lunga is such a waste of a man, you know). He's too hot to be such a bore in bed. I must ask Rob to give him some tips."

With that said I just changed the topic. I was feeling a bit uncomfortable that we were discussing my dull sex life at a work function and plus she was getting a little too tipsy for my liking. I decided that we had both had enough to drink for the day and I begged Porsche to drink some water so that she can be able to drive home. Just as we were getting bottles of still water from the bar, Phila came towards us.

Me: (mumbling to myself) "Oh, nkosi yami (Oh, my God)." I just started feeling uneasy and trembling again. I didn't know a blast from the past could have such an effect on a person. His cologne hit my nostrils from a mile away. Damn, I had even forgotten how hot Phila actually is.

Tall, dark and most definitely handsome. He has all the features you would look for in a man. One thing about Phila was that he dresses really well and takes grooming super seriously. So serious that he gets pamper sessions at the spa every week or so. He used to do that when we were dating.

I was never a girly girl, until he came along and introduced me to such things and now I cannot get enough of spa treatments. "Your skin is your best asset in life, so you always gotta look the part" he always used to say.

Phila: "Ladies mantombazana. Ni grand (Are you good)?"

Porsche: "Ah, Phila how can re ska ba grand o le bosso e dese so (Oh, Phila, how can we not be gpod when you're such an awesome boss)? If you keep up the good work I might never retire."

He laughed while looking at me. He always had this manly, contagious laugh that would just hypnotize you. It was unforgettable.

Phila:"Ai, Porsche, some things never change akere (right). Anyway, since its almost knock off time, I wanted to ask you Zee if we could drive to lunch together in my car? I promise I'll bring you back." With a friendly smirk on his face he kept a straight face without taking his gaze off me.

Porsche:"Ah, wa bona bjanong (You see now). Lunga o tlo go trapa wena (Lunga is going to beat you up). O tlo swa o so etse di millions from this company kao jwetsa (You'll die before you reap the millions from this company, I'm telling you)."

Phila:(laughing)"Aowa man (No, man). Ska mpotsa ka di bhari please (Don't tell me about idiots,

please)."

Me:(slightly annoyed at the fact that he just called my husband an idiot) "Please don't call people you don't know idiots. And besides, it's your first day as the boss and I don't want people to get the wrong impression. I'm a married woman after all."

Phila:"I didn't mean to offend you Yaya. And who said I don't know Lunga? I told you, I'm a man of many talents. Anyway, I guess I will meet you there. I'll sms you the details. Ciao, ladies."

Porsche:"Ah, Zee chomi man le wena o rata go ba serious (Oh, Zee friend man, you like being too serious). Bona now o fetsa go ba hectic bjang (Look how hectic that was just now). Relaxer nyana man (Relax a bit, man)."

I was a bit annoyed and all my anger towards Phila

came back nje. We headed to the parking lot and said our goodbyes. Thank goodness Porsche sobered up otherwise I would have had to drive her home.

As I sat behind the steering wheel, contemplating what I'm about to do. I just couldn't help but feel guilty. I have no idea why nje, but the feeling just crept up on me like I had murdered someone.

I don't know why because Lunga won't even bother to call or check up on me. All he does is send me an sms every morning as soon as I arrive at work. One would swear it's probably an automated sms because he always sende the message at 8 o'clock exactly in the morning. My phone beeped and I checked it.

An sms came through from an unknown number. "Let's meet at Cuppaccino's in Menlyn. PS: I never forgot your favourite restaurant. P. I knew right

there and then it was Phila. This seems a bit freaky. He did say he was a man of many talents.

Deep down I couldn't help but smile, yet I had a weird feeling about him. Something about his aura just doesn't seem quite right, which makes me ask myself: How on earth did he get my number?

## Chapter Four

I drove towards Menlyn Parking level G5. It seems quite packed for a work day, but then Menlyn is always packed. At least he chose a place not very far from home. Menlyn isn't that far from Equestria. If I had known I was going to be somewhere after work I was going to bring some flat shoes with me.

I'm still in my heels and you know very well heels and alcohol don't mix. I am a bit tired and overwhelmed and all I want to do is take a long bath and sleep when I get home. I walk towards the



entrance of Cuppaccino's and as I was about to enter one of the waiters walk right up to me.

Waiter:"Good afternoon, ma'am. Your date is awaiting your arrival. May I take you through?"

Me:"Alright, that would be lovely thank you."

As we were walking through the restaurant I noticed it wasn't that packed. The side where Phila was sitting was empty. Oh, gosh, did this man book a whole section of the restaurant? What is Phila playing at?

As I approached the table, Phila got up to pull my chair for me. I was in awe. Lunga never does that for me whenever we go out to eat. Not that it's ever a romantic gesture, we always eat out when it's a work function. I can't really miss any of those stupid functions because I'm the millionaire's wife. I

blushed a bit, I guess it's an automatic response to romantic gestures.

Phila:"I'm so glad you could make it, Yaya. Gosh, you look so beautiful. Oh, I ordered a Mojito for you for starters. I know it's your favourite." He gave me a smile. This man has the perfect smile with perfect, sparkly teeth.

Me:"uhm, thank you. I see you never forget. Did you book this whole section?"

Phila:(faint laugh)"Yes, I thought of booking the whole restaurant for you, but knowing you you were probably going to run away if I did. I know you hate attention."

Me:(blushing) "You really didn't have to, Phila really."

Waiter:"May I take your orders?"

Phila:"May I please have the Nacho special with a greek salad, please?"

Me:"I'll have the pasta Alfredo, with linguini and extra cheese please. Thank you"

Phila:"You still love Alfredo. I guess I didn't make the wrong move by choosing your favourite restaurant after all these years."

Me:"Can we cut the small talk and get to the point please, Nkosenye. Why am I really here? Why did you come back?"

Phila:"Yoh (Wow), you haven't changed a bit. I know when you call me by my second name you mean business."

Me:"If you're not going to answer my questions then I'm leaving." I attempted to get up and he held my hand.

Phila:"Okay, Bona Zee (Okay, look Zee). I'm sorry. Please don't go. I will explain everything to you." I sat back down and took a sip of my drink. I was getting so frustrated. This man woo's me after all these years and I'm a married woman for crying out loud. "Okay, I think what you want to know is why I left. I will explain everything."

Me:"well, don't keep me waiting. Time is running out phela. I have a man waiting for me at home."

Phila:(deep sigh)"Zee, I left because I had to okay. I didn't have a choice. Do you remember we had to meet up on the last day of your matric exams? You were so excited and I had told you I had a surprise

for you?" I nodded in frustration. "Well, that day, I had had planned to propose to you, Yaya."

Me:(shocked) "what do you mean Phila? I don't understand."

Phila:"Remember few weeks prior to that I had been asking you if we were to get married, what kind of ring would you like me to get you? And you said..."

Me:(interrupting him) "Anything with a champagne diamond." I said this with tears threatening my eyes. All this while he never let his eyes off me. I couldn't understand why Phila was torturing me like this.

Phila:"I had asked uGog'Khanyi for your hand in marriage. She said she would speak to your parents and make the magic happen. I couldn't speak to your Parents Yaya, because we both know very well they never liked me. I mean I wasn't exactly from a

rich family like you. I had a meeting with Gogo that day. She was supposed to let me know what your parents said about the whole thing so that I could finalize the lobola. I had already saved up R10 000.

It wasn't much, I mean I knew you deserved the best, but I had promised myself that I would give you the best once I graduated. Anyway, I walked into Gogo's house, but she wasn't alone. I heard voices in the living room and it seemed like she was having an argument because I heard lots of voices, so I decided to ease drop from the kitchen. I overheard her telling your parents about our plans and that there was nothing they could do about it. She said that I was your chosen one Yaya and that if they interfered she would tell you their big secret.

That was when I heard your mom saying you were already promised to Lunga and that she was trying to destroy their whole plan. Your dad agreed with your mom and just when I wanted to hear more I

accidentally dropped a mug and they heard me. They came rushing to the kitchen and they were all shocked to see me and must have gathered that I heard everything.

Your mom said I was a liability and that she couldn't let me leave Gogo's house in one piece. She tried to grab me, but Gogo shouted at me to run. I ran as fast as I could Yaya, I mean you know very well that I am not a coward. I face things like a man, but I feared for your life and I couldn't let them kill me so I ran as fast as I could.

I couldn't even go to my house because that's the first place they would come looking so I went to hide at Sbu's house. I tried calling you that day and I know you were busy with exams but I tried my luck. You obviously weren't answering and right then Gogo found me. She told me I had to disappear fast.

My life was in danger as your parents had already

paid people to come and kill me. She gave me some money and I had to disappear. I made an oath to Gogo that I would disappear and I would come back only when things had died down. Which is why I asked her to give you that letter on your wedding day. It broke my heart to leave you, Zee baby, but I had to. You have no idea how I never recovered til today.

I called Gogo a few weeks ago and I told her that I cannot take it anymore. The fact that you were sold to another man while I was alive sickens me. I had to come back Yaya, I came back for you. I came back for what's mine and I'm not leaving ever again."

He said that with tears running down his cheeks. The last time I saw him cry was when his father was killed. All this while I was trying so hard to cry but tears were streaming down my face. I just couldn't believe what I was hearing.



Phila:"Say something Yaya, please."

Me:"So, Gogo knew all along where you were and never told me?"

Phila:"It was for your own good, Zee. We had to keep it a secret otherwise they were going to kill me. Lord knows how many countries I've had to skip until I made sure that my name was a household name. Now your parents can't touch mdike and they know that very well. That is why I came back."

Me:"This.. This secret you overheard. What is it? What is so bad that my own parents wanted to have you killed?"

Phila:"I can't tell you?"

Me:(raising my voice) "Don't fuck with me, Nkos enye! Don't you dare fuck with me! You came back and now you're telling me half stories! My whole marriage is based on a lie and you refuse to tell me everything?!"

I just felt like I had been betrayed, by Phila, Gogo, my own family. Everyone. Anger and resentment crept up in the pit of my stomach and I was starting to shake. I could feel my blood pressure rising which caused me to start sweating.

Phila:"I can't tell you babe. I'm sorry. Gogo said she would tell you herself when the time came. You should give her a call. She's expecting it."

I cannot believe just how calm Phila is right now. Is he hearing himself?!

Me:"This is just a waste of time! I'm leaving!"

I got up and grabbed my bag from the table. As I was about to leave he grabbed my arm.

Phila:"Wait, there's something you should know. Your husband isn't who you think he is. He's keeping secrets from you, Yaya. Secrets that will destroy your marriage."

Me:"What are you talking about, Phila? Did you come here to ruin my life?!"

Phila:"I would never do that to you, Zee. When you get home, ask him who is Nkosiyabo."

I was so astonished. Is this guy being for real right now?

Me: "What the fuck is wrong with you Nkosenye?!"

Are you trying to be funny? That was the name we were going to give our first born son."

Phila:" Hurting you was never and will never be my intention, Yaya. J ust ask him that one question and his reaction will give you the answer."

Me:"I'm not going to listen to any shit any further."

With that said I just stormed out of there feeling so enraged, confused and damn right upset. Phila just comes back out of nowher and dumps so much baggage on me?! How the fuck will I handle this?

I'm not strong enough. I kept walking with tears flowing. The way I was walking so fast I even forgot I was wearing heels. As I got to the pay point I paid for my ticket with my hands shaking. My face was red and I didn't even notice. I felt a migraine creeping up on me. I headed towards my car,

opened the door and sat in front of the steering wheel and I just let it all out. I wailed without any care in the world. I suddenly to breathe.

I tried to do some breathing exercises, but I struggled. I heard a bang on my window and when I looked it was Phila. This dude even followed me after all the shit he dumped on me?

Phila:"Open the door, Zee please."

Me:"Leave me alone, Phila." With that said I drove off in so much speed I don't even think I realized I was speeding.

## Chapter Five

I managed to get home and I don't even know how because my eyes were blinded by my tears. I managed to wipe my tears off my face and calm down. I looked in my rear view mirror and it is so

obvious that I had been crying. My eyes are almost swollen shut. Perks of being light neh.

My brief and surprising conversation with Phila consumed my thoughts throughout the whole drive. I managed to get my phone out of my bag. 20 missed calls and 10 text messages and numerous WhatsApp texts?! Eh, my phone was on silent that's probably why. I check the time before opening my messages.

It's 18:00 I'm surprised to find Lunga's car parked. He's home early today, that's a first. I scroll through my phone and I see two missed calls from Porsche, one from Gogo, mxm must be her conscience talking to her, one from Lunga.

It must be about to rain cats and dogs because Lunga never really calls me. The rest are from an unsaved number. I read the texts and I notice they are from the same unsaved number, I gather they

are all from Phila. "Zee, please answer your phone. I'm worried about you."

"I tried following you to see if you're okay, but you outdrove me woman. Where did you learn to drive like that?"

"Please call me when you get this message, I promise it's the last one."

Mxm, I don't bother reading the rest and I decide not to respond. I open my WhatsApp and I see few messages from Porsche "Zee, chomi answer your phone bathong. Phila is worried sick about you he says you were crying hysterically." "If you don't respond within an hour I'm coming to your house. Ke worried hle." I see she's online and I decide to text her a brief message: "I'm fine. Talk tomorrow. Sorry for worrying you."

I decide to put up a brave face and face my so called lying husband.

I opened the door and just as I stepped in I'm met by a very unusual scene I have never seen before. There's food laid out on the table, with candles and champagne. I even see a bunch of red roses on one side of the table. What the fuck is this? Is Lunga cheating on me now? Is he having a candle light dinner with his bitch?

He walks out of the kitchen wearing an apron with some flour on his face. I assume he was cooking. He's a good cook, although he hasn't cooked for me in years. Maybe he's trying to poison me.

Lunga:(smiling broadly)" Good evening, my wife. Welcome home. I've been awaiting your arrival."

He kissed me on my cheek. I look at him with so



much shock written on my face. Who's this man in front of me? This cannot be my Lunga.

Lunga:"Oh, honey. Don't look so shocked haibo. Can't I spoil my wife?"

Me:"Lunga, what is all this? Are you okay? Are you dying? Please don't say you're dying."

Lunga:(laughing amused)"Come on Zee. I want us to celebrate. This dinner is also to show you how much I appreciate you. I know things haven't been the same between us for a while now and I would like us to change all that. I really love you Ziyanda Dikeledi Ngobo. I want us to put the past behind us and create a new chapter."

I stared at him and something in his hazel eyes tells me there's something that's not right. My grandma always said a woman's first thought about

something is usually the correct one. So I am following my gut feeling. Perhaps he really is trying to change. I just don't know. There's just something about the look in his eyes that I cannot put my finger on.

Lunga:"Sit, please. Dinner is served by your gorgeous husband." He pulled my chair for me and smiled as he made his way to kitchen I'm assuming to get the food.

Hehe, Modimo wa makatsa shame (God is full of miracles). The table setting seems so professional with proper, red and gold table sets. Red is my favourite colour by the way and I'm surprised he remembers all that. He came back holding two small dishes.

Lunga:"Here is the starter, my lady. Garlic glazed prawns. Bon' Appetite." He poured us some champagne and sat down, while holding his glass

up for a toast while I do the same. "To new beginnings".

Me:"Uhm, to new beginnings." We make a toast and sip. "So, you mind telling me what this is really about?"

Lunga:"I promise you babe, I'm not dying. I secured the deal today. We're going to make billions from this contract Zee baby. And I'm taking this chance to fix things between you and I."

Me:"Congratulations, Lu. I mean you know you're good at what you do."

Lunga:"Thank you, love. So about us, what do you say?"

Me:"uhm, sure. We can fix things. I'm just not sure

what's broken though."

Lunga:"Come on, Ziyanda. I know I haven't been the best husband ever, I just want to make it all up to you. Let's start a clean slate starting now."

Me:(I sat there and had a flashback of my conversation with Phila) "Clean slate, right? No secrets right?"

Lunga:"I'm an open book, Zee and I know for sure you're one as well. I know there's nothing you can hide from me."

That statement made me cringe. He sounds so sure. Why would he say that?

Me:"Why would you say that? What do you mean?"

Lunga:"Oh, uhm, I just mean you're my wife Zee. I know you." He let out a slight laugh. "Come on, lets eat up. I have more surprises coming up." He picks up his glass and takes a sip of his champagne.

Me:"Speaking of a clean slate, who is Nkosiyabo?" He choked on his champagne and drops the glass on the table causing it to spill nearly dropping the glass on the floor.

## Chapter Six

With that said, I'm still looking at him hardly blinking. It is said that a person's eyes hold the truth and right there and then Lunga proved to me that there is more to this Nkosiyabo than meets the eye. He can't even look at me as he tries to dry out the spilled champagne on the table cloth.

Me:"I'm asking again, who is Nkosiyabo?"

Lunga:"Hao, baby. Usho kanjani (What do you mean? Angithi that was the name we decided on giving our first born son? Why would you ask me that? Have you taken your meds today?"

This little fuck. Such a low blow. Is he insinuating that I'm crazy?

Me:"You know very well I've stopped taking medication for a month now."

Lunga:(looking full of regret realizing that statement just hurt me deeply.) "I'm sorry, Zee. I didn't mean it like that."

Me:"Ofcourse Lunga. You never mean it"like that". If you bothered to come with me to my therapy sessions you would know not to ever "mean it like that".

Lunga:"I'm sorry. You're right. I'm willing to make an effort. Tell you what, why dont you go change and I will bring out the main course so long?"

Me:"Don't bother, I've suddenly lost my appetite. I'm tired anyway. Good night."

Lunga:"Hao, Zee, Sthandwa (love), you haven't even opened your gift yet."

Me:(while walking away)"I'll open it tomorrow. You're not dying, Right?"

I walked up to the master bedroom and shut the door behind me. I put my bag on my bedside and took off my heels. My feet are killing me, not to mention my head. I decide to take a quick shower before getting into bed. Something about Lunga's reaction when I asked him that question confirms my suspicions: he is indeed hiding something from

me. I have to get Phila to tell me more about Nkosiyabo. With all those thoughts pondering my head I took two painkillers and managed to doze off.

Lunga

I watched her carefully as she made her way to the bedroom and waited for her to close the door. Shit, I nearly wet my pants. Where the fuck did that question come from and since when does Zee question me? Could that bitch be feeding her information? I decide to call her.

Lunga:"Yey wena. Why is Zee asking me questions all of a sudden about Nkosi?

Woman: What are you on about Lu? How should I know?



Lunga:"Yey wena, sfebe ndini (Hey, you bitch).  
Ungazo ngihlanyisa wezwa (Don't make me go  
crazy, you hear me)? If I find out you had anything  
to do with this, I will wipe you off the face of the  
earth and everyone will forget you ever existed,  
siyazwana (are we clear)?"

Woman: "I'm serious Lu baby. I would never do that  
to you. Besides, Zee doesn't even know that name.  
She knows his other name. Everyone knows him by  
Banele. Come on now."

Lunga:"I'm serious Belinda, I can't afford to have my  
marriage collapse, especially not now."

Woman:"Come on, I know that. Don't ruin things.  
Besides, I miss you. When are you coming to  
service me?"

Lunga:"I'll come by tomorrow at lunch time. Usual

spot. Don't disappoint me. You know what I do to people who don't listen to me."

Woman: "I know, baby. I would never betray you like that. See you tomorrow then. Goodnight, I love -".

I hung up before she could even finish that lousy sentence. Shit. Someone is snooping around and trying to make Zee aware of shit. If she finds out, all this would be for nothing. I can't lose Zee, I can't. I rub my forehead in frustration and decide to call Tony, my IT guy and right hand man.

Lunga: "Tony, ke nale jaive (I have a problem). I need your expertise and it's a matter of urgency."

Tony: "Sho Bozza (Sure, Boss). Couldn't this wait? Gape ke ja marao mo (I'm busy chowing ass right now)."

Lunga:"Yewena, ungazo ngi nyanyisa wezwa(Hey! Don't annoy me)? I just said this is a matter of urgency."

Tony:"Sho sho, Hade Bozza,(Sure, sure. Sorry boss). What do you need?"

Lunga:"I need you to hack into Ziyanda's phone. I suspect someone is feeding her information. She asked me about my son."

Tony:"Eh, eh, eh. Ke jaive e serious mos, Bozza (This is a really serious problem, boss). Bona (look), give me an hour. I will look into it."

Lunga:"Sho (Sure). I know I can always count on you." I hung up and took a sip of my champagne. Fuck, I need something stronger than this. I decided to tidy up since all my dinner efforts went to waste. I decided to go to my study and drink my whiskey

there. I sunk deep into thoughts. If Zee finds out about this, I'm a dead man.

I can't lose her for a bitch like Belinda. I mean, I only had sex with her to have an heir since Zee was struggling so much to tall pregnant. Besides, it was all my damn mother's idea. She promised me all would work out. I made a mental note that I had to see her soon so she could explain all this shit to me.

## Chapter Six

### Lunga

My phone rang and I checked the time. It's 6am. I must have dozed off on my chair in my study. My whiskey bottle is half empty. Eish, I must have drank a lot more than I should have. My head is killing me not to mention my stiff neck and sore back. My phone rings again. It's Tony. Shit. So many missed calls.

Lunga:"Tony".

Tony:"Bozza, aowa kgale ke go belela banna (Boss, I've been calling you, man). E bile medi ya ja e nkwatets e e re ka mo jolla (My girlfriend is even angry at me, she thinks I'm cheating). Bona nou o letse a ntima sebono monna (Look now she even refused to give me some pussy all night)."

I chuckled. Tony naye man ai.

Lunga:"Sorry man. I will make it worth your while. I will send you something to make it up to her. Now give me what I asked for."

Tony:"Sho sho Bozza. Seems like someone is interested in your wife, Bozza. Ke shebile (I checked) and she had no dodgy activity until maobane (yesterday). There's a man who keeps texting her and calling her. I made a few calls and seems like

they even had lunch maobane (yesterday) ko Menlas daars o ba ja bo di prawns le di spaghetti wa bona (at Menlyn eating prawns and spaghetti). Ko daai plek ya ma Italian ba reng ke Cuppaccino's (They were at that Italian place called Cuppaccino's)."

My heart started to beat faster. I suddenly had a million thoughts per second running through my mind. Could Ziyanda be cheating on me? No ways it can't be. I realize Tony has been calling my name. I must have zoned out for a second.

Tony:"Bozza? O sale daar? (boss? Are you still there?)"

Lunga:"J a ke sale hier (Yes, I'm still here). Who's this man that's taking my wife out for di lunch now?"

Tony:"Ke di anne man wa di zaka ba reng ke Phila (It's some guy who's loaded called Phila). Phila Zwane."

I suddenly felt a million feelings rushing through my body. Anger, insecurities, but mostly fear. Phila is back? Kanjani (how)? I mean Ziyanda's parents made double sure that he would be gone for good. They told me he was dead and there was no trace of him for the past few years. How could this be?

Lunga:"Shap Tony. Thanks. I will send you something nyana for all your efforts."

Just as I was about to hang up he tells me something even more worrying.

Tony:"Wait, Bozza. There's more. It seems as if he has bought Mr. Brenner's construction company. Ke the new CEO and owner ya teng (He's the new CEO

and owner). E bile he has changed the name. Ke PZ CONSTRUCTIONS nou (It's called PZ CONSTRUCTIONS now)."

Fuck! This can't be. Phila is Ziyanda's new boss?!  
What the fuck is going on?

Lunga:"Tony. Thanks man. Look into him. Find out all you can and find out exactly what he's doing with Zee and what he's planning."

Tony:"Sho sho Bozza. I'm on it."

I hung up and logged into my banking app and transferred an immediate payment of R50 000 to Tony. If Ziyanda is lying to me I'm screwed. I might have been her first, but God knows I can't compete with Phila.



I checked the time and it's 6:30. Zee must be up by now. So I decided to go to our bedroom. I walked in and I hear the shower running. This is a good time for me to snoop through her phone and see what the fuck this Phila is planning with Zee.

I check her phone. I see lots of missed calls from an unsaved number. It must be that asshole. I check her messages. Most of them from him telling her he's sorry and asking her to answer her phone.

There is one message that catches my eye. "Yaya, please don't run away from me. Please think about what I told you about your husband. I will see you at work tomorrow, P." Oh, so we're using pet names now. Yaya wa masimba.

And what the fuck did he tell her about me? I check her WhatsApp messages and I see a few from Porsche. "Chomi hle, answer your phone. Phila told me you left the mall crying hysterically and he's

worried about you. If you don't answer your phone I'm coming there". Mxm.

I always knew Porsche didn't like me, but to support my wife having an affair? That's just low of her. I don't even know what Robert sees in her ass.

Ziyanda:"What are you doing with my phone?"

Lunga:"Zee, baby. You startled me. Did you have a good shower?"

Ziyanda:"Don't dodge my question, Lunga. Ngithe uyenzani nge phone yami? Are you spying on me now?"

Lunga:"Come on, Ziyanda. I was just checking the time. No need to be so defensive."

Ziyanda:"I'm not being defensive. You could have used your phone to check the time. Anyway, could you please excuse me. I would like to get dressed."

Lunga:"Hao, Zee. You're my wife. Why would you feel the need to hide your body from me?"

Ziyanda:(chuckling) Yazi uyamangaza Lunga Nqcoobo (You are so full of surprises Lunga Ngcoobo). Ever since last night it's "you're my wife this, you're my wife that". Kanti ungenwe yini (What on earth has gotten into you)? Throughout our marriage I never and I mean ever dressed in front of you. You have basically never seen me naked or ever bothered to see me naked. Manje (now) you're telling me this?"

Zee was so cold towards me. I deserved it. I've been a dick throughout our marriage.

Lunga:"Come on Ziyanda. I know I haven't been the best husband but I was serious about us fixing this marriage. I love you Zee and I am prepared to show you."

Ziyanda:"Well, good luck with that. Now please leave. You're making me feel uncomfortable."

I slowly got up from the bed and placed her phone on her bedside. This look I'm seeing in Zee's eyes is one I have never seen before. It's almost as if she really doesn't care about what I do. I no longer see that look of yearning to be loved in her eyes and that scares me. The Zee I married would do anything for me simply because I'm her husband. Now, this one I'm seeing here is someone completely different and it scares the shit out of me. I'm losing my wife. I slowly walked to the en suite bathroom with my head down. Before I entered remembered what Tony told me and I decided to test Zee.

Lunga:"How come you never told me you have a new boss?"

Ziyanda:"You never asked."

And just like that it was confirmed. I am about to lose my wife and I can't let that happen. I need to go see Ma as in yesterday.

Ziyanda

Mxm I didn't sleep very well last night and I woke up in a very cranky mood. To make matters worse Lunga is asking me funny questions and I found him snooping through my phone. I know he was lying about checking the time because I know him when he's lying. He raises his left eyebrow when he is lying. And besides, I found my WhatsApp chat with Porsche opened and it confirmed my

suspicions.

Mxm. Men can really annoy you. I've been with this man for six years. He's probably told me six times that I'm beautiful, which amounts to once a year.

He has never really seen me naked, I mean we always have sex on the bed underneath the covers so where would he have found the time to appreciate my body? I know I'm a bit big and on the chubby side, but if my own husband can't tell me I'm pretty then it means I'm not, right?

I did my morning routine, lotioned my body. I decided to wear my blue maxi dress with flats today. It might not really be a very proper professional outfit, but I'm so annoyed and a bit depressed today.

I'm not in the mood for dressing up. I look at myself in the mirror. I actually look quite good if I must say.

This dress accentuates all the good parts of my body. My cleavage might be a bit exposed, but I really don't care. I put on a low cut sleeveless denim jacket on top and made my way to the kitchen. I found breakfast made as always by Mam' Masango. I smiled.

Me:"Sawubona, ma. Kunjani (Good morning, ma. How are you)"

Mam' Masango:"hai, I'm not so well today, my child. I had a bad dream about you and I struggled to sleep even after I prayed last night."

Me:(puzzled)"Hao, ma. What happened in the dream?"

Mam' Masango:"I was told my spirit in the dream ukuthi the time has come for the truth to be revealed to you. It won't be an easy journey once it's

revealed. There is danger approaching mntwana wami and you need to trust Phila.

I know he left you when you needed him most, but there is a reason why he is back now. All shall be revealed soon. But above all else remember this: mr. Lunga is not who you think he is, but trust Phila. He will help you to reach your destiny."

Seems like weird shit is happening to me lately. This is the second time I hear someone tell me about Lunga. What is going on?

Me:"Wait, ma. You're confusing me now. And how did you know about Phila? I never told you about him."

Mam' Masango:(laughing)"Ziyanda, you forget I know things before you find out about them and I see things before they happen. All shall be revealed



mntwanami (my child). And make sure you go see your gogo today. She's expecting you."

Me:(chuckling)"I keeo forgetting about your spiritual skills yazi ma. Okay I will do that. I will go see Gogo today. Ngiyabonga (Thank you) for breakfast. Let me leave before traffic gets hectic."

Mam' Masango:"Alright, my baby. Hamba kahle (Go well)."

I walked out and drove to work. All along the way to work I just couldn't help but think of what Mam Masango told me. "Trust Phila". Ai, all this is making me tense up. I got to the gate and saw Ntate Phiri. This man always brightens up my day no matter what.

Ntate Phiri:(smiling) "Dumela mosadi o mo botsana. O tsogile lehono (Good morning, beautiful lady. Are

you well today)?"

Me:"Dumela Ntate Phiri. Ke tsogile lena (Good morning, Mr. Phiri. I'm well, and you)?"

Ntate Phiri:"Aowa mme, re tsogile (I'm well). O le tshwere bjang Monna o mo swa (How's the new boss treating you)? Gape rena ma security le di cleaners re kwa bose kudu (He's treating us the security guards and cleaners really well) . O re file le di increase (We got an increase). A ka tshepa gore letsatsi lena le ka fihla phela Brenner n a le ngame kudu (I never thought this day would come since Brenner was pretty stingy)."

We both laughed. I can't believe I'm actually gossiping with Ntate Phiri.

Me:"Aowa Ntate, ke ditaba tse botse tseo. Kea kgola ke thato ya Modimo (Oh, sir. That's good news

indeed. I believe it's truly God's will)."

Ntate Phiri:"ee, ke nnete ngwanaka. O be le letsatsi le le bose akere (Yes, that's true, my child. Have a great day)."

Me:"Le lena Ntate (You too)." I smiled and waved and waved goodbye as I made my way into the parking lot. I got out and made my way up the lift to floor 7 and as usual, Porsche is her usual chirpy self. She is always early, I mean always. She has always been the punctual one amongst the four of us. Just as I was walking out of the lift Porsche came running towards me and gave me a hug.

Porsche:"Chomi hle o shap (Friend, are you okay)? Gape le wena o dramatic bathong (You can be so dramatic at times). Wa no re maeza re go fonela (You just decided to ignore us all when we tried calling). Dints hang (What's up)?"

Me:"\_Good morning to you too, Porsche. How are you this morning?"

Porsche:"mxm. Wa bona (You see?). Don't you dare change the subject. Ke eme ka wena (I'm waiting on you). E tla ka tsona (Out with it)."

Me:"We'll talk later man. I need to get briefed on my upcoming projects. Re tla bua later (We'll seriously talk later)."

Porsche:"Alright. As long as o le shap akere ngwaneso (As long as you're okay, sister)." She gave me another hug and Nozi came towards us.

Nozi:"Ziyanda, we cannot be waiting on you forever. The boss wants to see us. Please hurry, not all of us have a millionaire husband to fall back on." She clicked her tongue and Just as she was about to

walk away, Porsche decided to attack her.

Porsche:"Hai, waitse lena banyana nyana ba go tswa zululand le tena gampe (You know you girls from Zululand are very disrespectful). Ga le na banna ba go lefa monate ko Durban kwa o tswang teng (Don't you guys have nice looking men who can shag you well in Durban where you come from)? O phela o le negative Nozi (You're always so negative, Nozi). No wonder Modimo o go file mmele wa mokekerepa sesi (No wonder God gave you a chicken body)."

I couldn't help but laugh at that statement and Porsche decided to join in while Nozi looked annoyed.

Nozi:"Sorry, but I don't speak bush language. What the hell did you just say?"

Porsche:"Go ask someone who speaks Bush language. Go on, don't keep the boss waiting." Nozi walked away huffing and puffing. I have no idea what's wrong wuth this girl. She has never liked me.

I walked into the boardroom and Phila was sitting in his chair right across us. His eyes followed me all the way until I took a seat. Nozi just looked at me with red eyes, full of hate, but I just wasn't bothered.

Me:"I apologize for being late. I had no idea we had a meeting scheduled."

Nozi:"You would have known if you hadn't been gossiping with the office help."

This bitch is really starting to annoy me. Phila stepped in, I guess he saw the annoyed look I had on my face.

Phila:"Nozi, such behaviour will not be tolerated and you will not address employees as such. If you're unhappy with anything take it up with HR. I will not have such unprofessionalism displayed especially in my presence. Are we clear?"

The sternness in Phila's voice frightened Nozi a bit. Right there and then she regretted her little bitchy outburst.

Nozi:(looking down)"Yes, sir. I apologize."

Phila:"Good. We can continue. Shaun will be taking our minutes for this meeting. In front of you is your profile and assignment which will keep you busy for the next few months.

Nozi, you will oversee the new Wilbur Townhouse project in Pretoria East. The drawings need to be done by the end of the day. You will speak to Mr. Wilbur and his partner regarding the new designs

they require."

Nozi:"Excuse me sir, but I had already submitted my drafts for the designs and Mr. Brenner had approved."

Phila:(annoyed)"Well, in case you have forgotten I bought this company from Mr. Brenner and Mr. Wilbur and his partner rejected the designs. They said and I quote"they were not what they were looking for."

Nozi:"That's ridiculous. I'm one of the best designers here and I bet they loved my designs. There must be a mistake."

Phila tightened his jaw and took a deep breath and let out a sigh. We were all so quiet and you could see Phila was really getting annoyed by Nozi challenging him, especially in front of his new staff.



Phila:"Ms. Sibanda, I am very capable of running this company. If you have a problem with your project I would be more than happy to give you something else, the design and construction of the new complex in randburg perhaps. I can see that this project is clearly going to be a problem-for ALL of us."

Nozi suddenly looked surprised and had her eyes wide opened.

Nozi:"No, sir. I will take the Wilbur project."

Phila:"It's not up for discussion. Shane, you will swap with Ms. Sibanda effective immediately."

Nozi looked so annoyed. If she didn't have such a big mouth and wasn't too full of herself none of this would have happened.

Phila: "Anyway, Ziyanda, you have a new project. Mr. Brenner is retiring, hence he sold me this company and he recently bought a huge piece of land in Cape Town and would like to build his retirement home. He strictly gave me instructions to give you this project."

Me:(eyes wide open and shocked)"uhm, wow. I would be honoured, except I cannot start designing anything until I have seen the area."

Phila:"Which is why you're going to Cape Town on Friday. I'll be coming with you. Instructions from Mr. Brenner himself."

I was so shocked but ecstatic. I mean I wasn't really close with Mr. B but we worked really well together. Believe it or not I am really good at what I do and I'm glad my former boss acknowledged that.

Although me leaving with him for Cape Town, I doubt that was an instruction from Mr. Brenner. Nozi was rather sour unlike the fiery attitude she had this morning.

Phila:"All your previous projects will be handed over to Thato. You will be working solely on this project. You only have two weeks to complete it, Ziyanda. That is all on my side. You may leave, thank you."

Everyone got up to leave except Phila. As I attempted to get up, he came rushing towards me. He held my hand and stared into my eyes. I had to look up because he's so tall. Something about Phila's touch always made me feel safe.

Phila:"Do you have a minute, Zee? I would like to talk to you, please?"

Me:"Sure."

He looked at me surprised for the fact that I didn't hesitate. I have to admit I myself am also surprised.

Me: "We can't talk here. People might get the wrong impression, especially Nozi."

Phila: "Ah, loyo. Leave her to me. She's acting up because I turned her down. She was flirting with me and she's just not my type."

I laughed at that statement and we headed to his office which is right across the boardroom. He closed the door and took both my hands in his.

Phila: "Zee. What's the matter? Are you okay? I was worried sick about you and why haven't you been answering my calls?"

Me:"I'm sorry. I was just overwhelmed by everything you told me. It just didn't make sense. I'm sorry".

I looked down and I could see how sad and disappointed he was. His eyes were glittering with tears and I could see he was trying so hard not to let them fall.

Phila:"I'm sorry Zee. I really am. Whatever happens please don't shut me out. I would do anything for you, you know that. Let's go through this together, please. I just found you again and I'm not prepared to lose you."

I stared deep in his eyes and the sincerity in his voice made me feel like everything will be okay with him by side. I choose to trust him, like Mam' Masango said I should.

Me:"Okay. I trust you Phila. And I trust that you

wouldn't hurt me intentionally. It's a lot to get over, which is why I'm going to see Gogo today after work."

Phila's face suddenly lit up and he smiled broadly. He gave me a hug.

Phila:"I'm so glad. We'll get through this Zee, you'll see. Can I come with you to see Gogo?"

Me:"I don't know, Phila."

Phila:"please? I promise I won't annoy you."

I laughed a little.

Me:"Okay then. Let me head back to work before Nozi starts spreading rumours."

Phila:"Okay. See you later then."

I left Phila's office and felt a sense of relief. I don't know but it just felt so good to have a decent talk without being angry at him.

As I walked towards my office, my phone rang. It's Gogo. I sigh before I answer it.

Me:"Sawubona Gogo. Unjani (Hello, Granny. How are you)?"

Gog'Khanyi:"Weh! Nangu uyaphila umntwana wakho J ehova (Wow! Your child is indeed alive, J esus)! Weh, Ziyanda. Uyangiziba yini (Are you avoiding me)? And don't you dare lie to me."

Me:"Ca (no), Gogo. I could never ignore my most

favourite person in the world."

I could hear her laughing a little bit over the phone.

Gog'Khanyi: "That's good to hear. Now let's get down to business. Phila explained to me that he spoke to you. How are you feeling?"

Me(deep sigh):"To be honest Gogo, I'm angry and confused. I'm angry at you, my parents and Phila but mostly I am disappointed Gogo. I'm disappointed that you never told me. You lied to me all this time."

Tears were threatening my eyes as I walked into my office and closed the door behind me. I sat down on my chair with my phone in my hand while wiping my tears off with the other.



Gog'Khanyi:"I understand, my child. But I shall explain everything to you when you come see me. Uyeza namhlanhe angithi (You're coming today, right)?"

Me:"\_Yebo, Gogo I'll be there."

Gogo'Khanyi:"Good. Now wipe those tears off your face. It's time for you to be strong, mntwanami (my child). All I have been doing all those years was preparing you for whats to come. Be strong Ziyanda. After the storm comes a beautiful sunshine and always remember why I named you Ziyanda."

I smiled. Gogo always says the right things. I guess wisdom comes with age.

Me:"Yebo Gogo, I will do so."

Gog'Khanyi:"Good. And don't forget to bring my son, Phila with you. See you soon."

She hung up. Seems like this is going to be a long day. So I decided to go through my portfolio and check out my next assignment.

## Chapter Seven

Lunga

I'm at work in my office, but I still can't concentrate. I've been pacing up and down ever since I got here. I even asked my PA to reschedule all my appointments for today. Everything such a mess now. I hope Tony can get me the info I need on Phila. I can't afford to slip up this time.

My phone beeps and it's an sms from Belinda. A picture of her in a lacy, beige lingerie bodysuit with the caption "Come eat me." I got hard instantly.

Don't get me wrong, I love my wife, but Belinda can do things to me that Zee never could. She's a lot thinner than Zee and not uptight unlike Zee. I grab my keys and head out to our usual spot.

I arrive at the Sandton Hotel and enter our usual room. Room 226. I open the door and I find her with her legs spread open on the bed. I shut the door behind me and without saying anything I got on my knees on the bed and dug into her juicy pussy. Damn, this bitch does things to me no woman ever could.

Belinda:(moaning)"uh, Lu baby. Your tongue is so good. Suck that pussy baby."

I waste no time and take off my pants. I slide my dick inside her pussy and pound her like crazy. I waste no time and within five minutes I'm done. I've always known that I don't last in bed hence I have to entice these bitches with money. Belinda had a

disappointed look on her face because she didn't cum but I don't give a fuck. I got up and wiped my dick with a towel and threw it at her and put my pants back on.

Belinda:"Baby, when are you and I and Nkosi finally be a family? I mean you promised you're going to leave her."

I got up very irritated at that question.

Lunga:"Yewena Belinda. How many times Must I tell you not to ask me stupid questions? You know very well Ziyanda is my wife and I have no intentions of leaving her. You better stay in your fucking lane if you know what's good for you. Besides, she's your friend, your best friend at that. You should really be ashamed, you know."

She suddenly got angry and got up from the bed

very quickly.

Belinda: (raising her voice)"Lunga, you have no right to speak to me like that! It's not like I made that child on my own. It takes two!

I was seriously getting irritated by this stupid bitch. I walked up to her staring her in the eye and grabbed her by the throat.

Lunga:"Who the fuck do you think you are? That will be the last time you ever speak to me like that, wezwa?! I've told you countless times that you cannot and will never match up to Zee. She's way out of your league. You're just a whore who happens to be the mother of my only son. The only reason I haven't slit your throat and fed it to pigs is because of my mother's fondness of you. Stay in your lane Belinda, I won't tell you twice."

I released my hands from her throat and threw her onto the ground. I took out a few notes and put them on the side table next to the door.

Lunga:"The room is paid for. You can stay here until checkout time. Buy yourself something to clean that dirty soul of yours."

I shut the door on my way out and left her crying on the floor. This is what happens when you have kids with whores. I got into my car and decided on my next stop, a visit to my mother.

Ziyanda

I've been busy trying to figure out ideas and plans that Mr. Brenner would like. Even though I haven't seen the place, I did get a few pictures in my portfolio of the surrounding that the house will be built on. I didn't even have much to eat since I was

couped up in my office since this morning.

Porsche even brought me lunch, she couldn't join me it was a hectic day of which I'm glad. I am not ready to face her and tell her about everything. Before I knew it it was 4 o'clock. Knock off time is always the best time. As I was packing my bag and my denim jacket, someone knocked on my door.

Me:"Come in."

Phila walked in. His cologne is so strong it hit my nostrils in an instant. There's nothing better than a man who smells as good as he looks. He smiled.

Phila:"Hey, I was thinking since we're both going to Gogo, we could use one car?"

Me:"Hai, Phila now you're pushing it. What will

people say when they see me in the boss's car?"

Phila:"Relax. No one will see you. We can exit together and besides, everyone is already gone home. Even Porsche."

Me:"Okay, but how will my car get to my house?"

Phila:"Yazi Zee. You ask too much. I'll get Frank to take it to your house. Your hubby won't notice a thing."

Me:"Frank? Hehe you have a driver now? It must feel good to be bawling in money neh?"

Phila:(laughing)"Hai Zee nawe. It's not like you're not bawling yourself. Angithi you married a millionaire? Anyway, lets go you know traffic can be a nightmare in J ozi."



We walked out of my office and indeed it was empty. Everyone was gone. We made our way down the lift to the basement parking. We walked towards a Mercedes G63.

This is one of my favourite cars. Phila used to love Mercedes and he would say one day when I'm his wife, he would buy this car for me. Funny enough it's red, my favourite colour. I turn to look at him with a raised eyebrow.

Phila:"What?" (Smiling)

Me:"Really, Nkosenye? A red G-wagon? What a coincidence."

Phila:"It's not a coincidence my love, I bought this car a month ago, for you. One of these days it will be yours."

I smiled as he opened the door for me.

Me: "Some things never change."

As we drove out of the gate, Ntate Phiri was waving goodbye. For some reason I just felt guilty for being in another man's car after work hours instead of going straight home.

Lunga

I walked into my mother's house shouting. I was consumed with anger and frustration. I hate it when things don't go my way. It's time for some answers.

Lunga: "Ma! Ma weh! Ukuphi (Mom! Mom! Where are you)?!"

Zodwa:"Yey wena Lunga Nqcoho! This is my house and you're still a child kimi (to me). Ungazongi rasela la (You're busy shouting here)! Usangene yini (Are you mad)?!"

Lunga:(head down) "Ngiyaxolis a ma (I'm sorry, mom)."

Zodwa:"Woza lana (come here) and come tell me why you pitch up unannounced and why you're shouting like a mad man?"

Lunga:"Ma, Phila is back. You told me he died ma."

Zodwa looked so shocked. More like she was in disbelief with her eyes wide open. She slowly took a seat not taking her eyes off Lunga.

Zodwa:"Usho kanjani mfana wami (What do you mean, my boy)? What on earth do you mean Phila is back?"

Lunga:"Exactly that. And he's already wormed his way into Ziyanda's life. He's the new CEO and owner of Brenner's company ma. They went out for lunch yesterday and he's even contacting her. She came back from lunch with him looking different. She even asked me about Nkosiyabo. Ma, I'm losing it. I can't risk losing Zee."

Zodwa looked even more distressed. Seeing her son going on like a stark raving mad person just broke her heart. She got up and hugged him as a way of consoling him.

Zodwa:"Khululeka wena mfana wami (Relax, my boy). I will fix this. uNomsa is the one who told me she got rid of Phila. Besides, we don't know what she knows angithi. She doesn't even know the

whole story of this arranged marriage. Relax, it will all work out. If all else fails, we will have to visit our family sangoma. Ziyanda is ungrateful man yes es. She's barren ngapha and now ufuna ukuk'jikela (now she wants to turn her back on you)."

Lunga:"Ma, I've told you countless times not to talk about uZee like that."

Zodwa:"Okay, sorry ke. Sit. Let me make you some food. Your favourite pap and mnchus u."

Lunga smiled and sat down while his mother took out a cold beer for him in the fridge. He felt relieved like everything is going to fall in place. His mom has never let him down.

## Chapter Eight

Ziyanda

The ride to my grandmother's place was very nice. I was even laughing. I feel something when I'm with Phila, a moment of peace and serenity. I'm carefree with him and that's something I've never felt with Lunga. Once again I'm comparing. Could this mean that I want to get back together with Phila? Anyway, we finally arrive at Gogo's house. I still don't get why she lives in such a big house all alone.

Thando, my sister, even opted to have one of her kids stay with my granny, but apparently her kids are just as ill-mannered as her and she said they would make her old before her time. My grandmother isn't your typical granny.

Yes, she loves church and attends often, but she loves her wine, any red wine. She loves her space, going out with her girl squad and even gambling. I don't even know why she loves to gamble so much because her husband left her a hefty sum of money

and her retirement fund was also a huge amount.

She retired as a Professional Nurse at the age of 50, saying she had had enough of seeing blood and ill people. Funny enough she runs a mini clinic here for people who are injured or in need of medical attention.

As we walked in, Phila had a cute decorated gift bag with a wine bottle in it. Ai, these two used to get along like a house on fire.

Me:"Knock, knock. Gogo, sesifikile (We're here, Gogo)."

Gog'Khanyi:"Wozani ngapha e lounge (Come to the lounge)."

We walked into the lounge and she had her feet up

on the mini table with a glass of wine in her hand.

Gog'Khanyi:"Haibo! Weh Phila you have grown into a real man! Bona se umude njane (Look how tall you've become). Come give me some sugar." She smiled broadly and opened her arms and Phila went to hug her.

Me:(rolling my eyes)"Oh, don't mind me, your granddaughter. Pretend as if I'm not even here."

Gog'Khanyi:"Hai nawe Zee unehaba (You're so jealous, Zee). You can't be jealous when you see me often. I haven't seen uPhila in years. Wena you're old stock. Unjani kodwa mfana wami (How are you, though, my boy)? I see Italy has been treating you well."

Phila:"Yebo (yes) ma. This is for you". Handing her the paper bag.



Gogo opened the paper bag with so much excitement like a small kid.

Gogo'Khanyi:"Yoh! Pinotage 2016. Hehe mfana wami (my boy). I always knew you would turn out just fine. Sit my children, so we can get down to business. I can already see Ziyanda is getting impatient."

I just rolled my eyes. We went to the dining area and took our seats. I was suddenly nervous and my heart was beating so fast. I don't know what to expect and I'm suddenly not so sure I want to hear it.

Gog'Khanyi:"Alright. Before I start Ziyanda, I want you to know that I did what was best for you. I also need you to remember that what I'm about to tell you doesn't define who you are. Let me start with Phila. That day he disappeared, he overheard an

argument I had with your parents .

They wanted to marry you off to Lunga much to my dismay. I refused and told them about Lunga's interest to marry you. They wanted none of it. Phila overheard your mother telling me that I am ruining their plan.

You see, Ziyanda, my child, your father is not your biological father. One time your mother went to a party with her friends, I don't even know where.

The party was for A-listers, the who's who of South Africa. One of the men apparently drugged and raped her at that party. She woke up on one of the beds naked and disoriented. She doesn't know how she got there but she could tell that she was raped.

Your father asked her to go to the party on her behalf, so she never told him about what transpired

that night. She started feeling sick a few months later and it was confirmed that she was pregnant. I begged her not to abort besides it was too late and too dangerous to abort.

I was shaking so much I didn't even realize I had tears running down my face. I only realized when Phila took my hand in his and started rubbing my back. I could see how painful this story was even to my grandmother because she was also crying. My grandmother is not one to cry, so when she cries you must know it's hectic.

Me:(in a shaky voice)"So, I'm a product of rape. I'm a rape child."

Saying that made me feel so gut-wrenched. It literally felt like a sharp knife was being shoved in my gut and being twisted slowly to enforce everlasting pain.

All this while Phila had my hand in his and his eyes were glistening with tears while he was trying to force them back in. After I made that statement he let them fall down. I guess it broke him as much as it did me.

Phila: "No, Sthandwa sami (My love). Please don't ever say that-ever again. You're a product of God. Yes, how you were conceived was an evil deed, but you were meant to be here, right on this earth, Ziyanda. You were made and carved just for me."

I tried to let go of his hand, but he tightened his grip. I guess that was a sign of reassurance. Now when I think of all that happened, it all makes sense. My whole life was a lie. My own mother resents me and has ever since she found out about my existence within her womb. I get it, I mean who would love a rape child?

Me: "So, how does this all fit into me being arranged

to marry Lunga?"

Gogo sighed and looked down. The last time I saw her this defeated was during when my grandfather died.

Gog'Khanyi: "I begged Nomsa not to let you marry that man, but she was so sought on marrying you to him and the only way to do that was to threaten me. She said if I don't allow it to happen, she would tell you about the rape.

She knew just how much I vowed to protect you. I couldn't let you find out back then especially when you had just finished matric, this secret was going to break you, my baby. I just couldn't handle that. Besides, your father's business had taken a huge knock.

Apparently your sister Thato and her then boyfriend

had hacked into his business and stole over five million. That crippled his financial status and they both couldn't handle that. That was when Zodwa and your mother came up with a plan to let you marry Lunga and in turn Lunga would pay R5 million rand and disguise it as lobola for you."

I was in so much disbelief. Am I a royal? What more could possibly phase me now?

Phila tensed up a bit. I guess the thought of your girlfriend being sold to another man in exchange for R5 million would make anyone cringe.

I tried to make sense of it all. Gogo tried consoling me but I just couldn't hear it. The more she kept talking, was the more I just freaked out. I was suddenly hyperventilating, I felt my whole body heat up and sudden sweat dripping from my forehead. I felt my chest closing up and the more I tried to breathe, was the more my body refused to comply

with my wishes.

Gog'Khanyi:(shaking me)"Ziyanda! My baby can you hear me?"

Phila in the other hand kept slapping me slightly.

Phila:"Sthandwa sami! Focus on me. Can you hear me? Please breathe, Zee, breathe! Ma, kanti what's happening to her?"

Gog'Khanyi:"She's having one of her panic attacks. Let me go get some water."

I saw Gogo getting up and walking to the kitchen. Her image seemed distant and fading. The next thing I couldn't see anything. Everything was pitch black.

Chapter Nine

Ziyanda

I opened my eyes slowly after hearing voices. My head feels so heavy, my throat is dry and my chest feels so heavy like I swallowed something huge. I see a blanket on me and my shoes are off my feet.

Phila:"How long as this been going on? You never told me that she was suffering from Anxiety and Depression, ma."

Gog'Khanyi:"Eish, bekunzima mntwanami (It has been really tough, my child.) She has been through a lot. I'm sorry I never told you, but what could you have done? You were halfway across the world."

Phila looked at me with his eyes wide open and his face full of fear and worry.



Phila:"Hey, uzizwa njani, Sthandwa sami (How are you feeling, my love)?"

Gog'Khanyi:"Let me go and make some food and give you two some space."

She left and closed the door.

Me:(holding my head trying to get up)"my head feels like I've been run down by a train. My throat feels so dry."

I attempted to get the glass of water on my bedside, but Phila beat me to it.

Phila:"Relax. Let me get that for you."

He held the glass for me while I sipped some water with a straw. Phila is such a gentleman. The last time I had a panic attack Mam' Masango was the one who helped me while my own husband said I was seeking attention. He says that depression isn't for black people and claimed I was using it in order to avoid bearing him children.

Phila put the glass back down, took off his shoes and came to lie next to me and held me in his arms and put my head on his chest. All this feels so foreign yet my body responds so well to it.

We lay in silence, not saying anything to each other, as I listened to his heartbeat. That used to be our favourite position back in the day. He would just lay in bed and hold me after we were kissing a bit. One of the nice things about Phila is that he never rushed me into anything. Yes, we would kiss and touch here and there, but we never did anything beyond that.

I just thought of everything. My life with Phila was so perfect. He was my perfect man in an imperfect world. And now, it's about to be disastrous. There is no way he can want me now, not after knowing what he knows now. I started tensing up and I just cried.

Phila: "Hey, please don't cry, Sthandwa sami. Yaya, please ngiyakucela muntu wami (Please, I'm begging you, my love). It's all going to work out just fine. Uzobona (You'll see). I just need you to trust me."

Me: "Ho..how? Kanjani ( How) Phila? I'm basically damaged goods. How can you still want me after knowing that my mother was raped and that's how I was conceived?"

Saying that out loud just made me feel disgusted

with myself. I don't even know why, I mean I did nothing wrong. The only sin I committed was being born, and I will be a constant reminder of the pain my mother went through.

Phila:"Come on Yaya. You honestly think this news is new to me? Gogo told me years ago when we started dating. She said if I was serious about you she needed to know if I was there to stay.

She told me and that made me love you and want to protect you even more than ever before that. It didn't change anything then and it most definitely won't change anything now."

He held me tighter and kissed my forehead. Wow. This guy is full of surprises hey.

Me:"But, Lunga, my parents-"

Phila:(interrupting me)"That's the least of our worries, Sthandwa sami. All we need to do now is to get you the necessary help to deal with this. Lunga, his mom, your parents, leave that all to me."

Me:(Breathing a sigh of relief)"You won't kill them or anything like that, right?"

I looked up at him and he had this funny grin on his face.

Phila:"Haibo, Sthandwa sami (My love), have I ever killed anyone? Don't you worry about a thing. I won't do anything like that. I promise."

The way he said that, so nonchalant. I just don't believe it.

Me:"Okay then. The way you keep calling me

Sthandwa sami. I'm married Phila. What are we doing kahle kahle (exactly)?"

Phila:"There you go again mentioning that guy again. He's a non-factor. I told you I'm here to take you back and I meant every word. You just sit back and watch."

He kissed my forehead. The smell of his cologne and his warm arms just made me feel like the future is bright. I can feel it. I have a lot to get through, but I know I will be able to do it. I have been through a lot, what more can break me?

Gog'Khanyi:(knocking)"Koko, ngi nga ngena na (Knock knock, may I come in)? Phela angifuni ukubona abantwana bami ba nqunu (I don't need to see my own children naked)."

We both laughed.

Phila:"Haibo, gogo. You can come in."

Gog'Khanyi:"Hai, on second thoughts let me rather not. Umamezala wami (my mother in law) always used to tell me that a person should never make it a habit to enter a married couple's bedroom. Ukudla seku ready (Food is ready). Ni ngeza (You may come down).

I heard foot steps moving further indicating she was walking down the stairs.

I looked at Phila and he was smiling.

Me:"Gogo though. Really? Married couple?"

Phila:"One step at a time, baby wami (my baby). One step at a time. Come let's go downstairs before

uGogo comes back. You must be starving."

Come to think of it I hardly ate anything today. I actually am starving. We headed downstairs to the dining area and I saw Gogo had already dished up for us and opened her bottle of Pinotage.

The one Phila got for her. She saw us coming and she smiled broadly opening her arms for me to hug her. You would swear she wasn't in tears a while ago. We hugged.

Gog'Khanyi:"Oh, mntwana wami (my baby) How are you feeling manje (now)? I promise you, you will get through this, my baby. Remember why I named you Ziyanda."

Me:(I smiled faintly.)"Yebo (Yes), Gogo. I will be okay. Let's eat, I'm starving."



As always Phila pulled the chair for me and I sat. I looked up at him and smiled. Gogo was staring at us smiling.

Gog'Khanyi:"Uyabona ke (You see now), Ziyanda. That's how a man should treat you. Not that lousy Lunga. All he's ever capable of doing is making you cry mxm. Speaking of which, he has been calling. I told him you're not well and that you will be sleeping here tonight. He insisted on coming and I told him if he ever sets foot here I will unleash my gun on him. So relax, he won't be coming."

Hearing her saying that actually made me laugh a bit. I was a bit relieved that I won't be spending the night at home. I'm just a bit sad because I didn't tell Mam'Masango that I won't be coming home. Poor woman probably cooked for nothing.

Gog'Khanyi:"Oh, I can see unestress ngo (you're stressing over) Mam'Masango. Don't worry, I called

her and told her you're sleeping here and I gave her the night off."

I laughed a bit.

Me:"Haibo, Gogo. Since when do you give Mam'Masango instructions? She works for me and she's your friend."

Gog'Khkanyi:"Exactly. MY friend. Khululeka (Relax). Enough about all this. Let's pray and bless our food before my wine is his a (gets warm)."

Phila and I chuckled. Gogo made a prayer and we started digging in.

Gog'khanyi:"So, Ziyanda, my child. Have you started packing for your trip to Cape Town with Phila?"

Wow. She even knows about that. These two talk about everything. It's a little annoying.

Me:"Hao Gogo. It's only Tuesday, and besides, we're only leaving Friday after work and the trip is only for two days. Sizobuya ngo Sunday (We're coming back on Sunday)."

Phila(chipping in):"Actually Sthandwa sami (My love), we're only coming back on Monday evening."

I looked at him surprised.

Me:"Oh, uhm okay. I forgot to book a ticket. I hope they'll have space for us."

Gogo:(chuckled)"Yazi wena Ziyanda you can be so slow at times. Ucabanga ukuthi (You really think) you will be booking flights with Phila by your side?"

I looked at her, then at Phila confused and raised my eyebrow.

Phila:"Khululeka Sthandwa wami (Relax, my love). We're going to be flying in my private jet."

Did he just say MY private jet? Wow. Phila must be loaded now. I mean I know Lunga is loaded, but he always hires a private jet. He doesn't own one. I'm impressed. From a poor kasi boy to a rich millionaire.

Me:"How rich are you?"

He laughed with his hand covering his mouth trying not to spill food.

Phila:"I'm not rich, Sthandwa sami. I'm well off."

Me:"Hmm. Modest are we?"

Gog'Khanyi:"And that's one of the reasons why I have always loved him. You two will make great parents one day uzobona (you'll see)"

That last statement put a bit of a damper in my mood, but I tried not to show it. I've had such an emotional turn of events today I really don't need to cry anymore. This wine is going down well, Phila must know his stuff. After all, he was hiding out in Italy all these years. You can even tell by the clothes he wears. All his suits seem custom made and have that Italian feel to it.

The three of us had such a great time. It felt so good to be in my granny's presence as always, but this time it was extra special because Phila was there. Just like the good old days when Phila would

be fixing something broken in the house for my granny while she and I cooked together.

We would always have dinner together with Phila whenever I came to visit. So what if I'm a product of rape? It really doesn't define me. Yes, it stings like a bitch, but at least I am surrounded by loving and supportive people. I still don't know how Phila and I are going to work out. What am I even saying? We're not even a couple. I guess I'll have to trust him as Gogo and Mam'Masango keep saying.

After dinner, Gogo said she wants to have an early night so I offered to clean up-well Phila insisted on helping me. I made a mental note to ask Porsche if this is what love is because she and Robert literally do everything together. Speaking of Porsche she must have been blowing my phone thinking I'm ignoring her. We haven't spoken all day and I'm pretty sure she will be giving me a piece of her mind tomorrow at work.

I realize Phila has been wiping after I washed and he is staring at me.

Phila:"Ucabangani ka ngaga Sthandwa sami (What are you thinking of, my love)?"

Me:"Oh, just thinking about Porsche and how she probably thinks I'm ignoring her."

Phila:(laughing) "Relax about that one. She's been your friend since forever. You should be used to her by now. Don't fret too much, you'll make it up to her at work tomorrow."

Me:"I guess you're right. Speaking of work, I didn't bring any clothes for tomorrow. I won't even make it in time to go home and change."

Phila:"Leave that to me. I'll call Francesca. Since we're in Sandton we can drop by Sandton Mall. She owns one of the boutique's there. She'll make a plan for us, don't worry."

Eish, this guy. He's doing things to me yazi. His thoughtfulness and understanding nature. Old habits die hard I guess.

Me:"Thank you."

Phila:"Don't you worry Sthandwa sami. The dishes is nothing. My woman shouldn't do everything in the house. My duty is to be your better half, to do everything with you by your side. My woman will never be a slave, especially while I'm alive."

Me:"I'm not talking about the dishes. I'm talking about you. Thank you for being so understanding and kind to me."



Phila:"I'm only nice to those I love Sthandwa sami. You are the top recipient of all that. (He smiled and gave me a warm hug.) Let's head to bed, it's getting late and I don't want my new staff to think I'm already slacking.

I gave him a weird look.

Phila:"Yini (What)?"

Me:"You said "let's" go to bed. Are we seriously going to share a bed? Worst part in my gogo's house?"

Phila:"Oh, yes Sthandwa sami. I paid R10 000 lobola already back in the day so practically, you're my wife."

He laughed in such a sinister manner. Phila though. I didn't want to overthink about sharing a bed with another man-my ex on top of that. But I decided to let him be.

Me:"You're just lucky I'm in no mood to argue. I'm only sharing a bed with you because of that."

Phila:(chuckling)"Deep down uyazi (you know) that you're sharing a bed with me willingly. But don't worry, I won't do anything to you, I promise."

We headed upstairs to one of the bedrooms, the one I was sleeping in earlier on. It actually used to be my bedroom whenever I came to visit. Gogo didn't change it much, she always says you can never put a price on memories.

Phila took his his clothes off and was only left in his underwear. I couldn't help but admire this

masterpiece standing in front of me. He had muscles in all the right places-not too buff, he was just perfectly carved. Which tells me he works out-A LOT. I saw his penis poking out from his underwear and I'm not very experienced on size, but I can tell there is one huge snake underneath all that cloth.

Porsche always says you can estimate a man's penis size by checking his buldge. I gulped and swallowed hard, all this is making me super uncomfortable and I think he noticed because I was still fully clothed without my shoes.

Phila:"Don't tell me you're getting in bed with your dress on."

I looked down and fiddled with my hands. I always sleep in my pajamas and my own husband hasn't really seen me naked, so how will I even begin to do this with Phila?

Phila:(walking towards me and holding my hands)"Yini, Yaya (What is it, Yaya). Talk to me. I told you I won't touch you and I meant it. I really want to, but I won't. I'm a patient man, so if it's sex you're worried about, relax. We won't do anything. I'm not that kind of man, you of all people should know."

Me:(looking down)"It's not that. It's just... I've never... I've never slept naked next to a man before. And you and I both know I'm not exactly "sexy". We've both grown and I'm not the same size I was back then, I'm bigger. A lot bigger."

Phila:"Heh, Yaya. Look at me. (I slowly looked up at him) it's me, Phila. You mean to tell me that Lunga has never seen you naked?"

I slowly looked down again and shook my head.

Phila:"S thandwa sami (My love). That idiot doesn't know beauty even when it's staring him in the eye. You're beautiful, you've always been. You're my beautiful BBBW."

I laughed at that.

Me:"BBBW? Really? You watch porn too much."

Phila:(chuckling) "It actually stands for Big, Beautiful, Bold woman. You're a true definition of beauty, Yaya. Don't let anyone else tell you otherwise. And besides, what kind of man would I be if I allowed you to sleep naked with me in your state? I'm not an animal. Just take off the dress and sleep in your underwear. It's going to be lot more comfortable."

I guess he has a point. I slowly took off my dress

not even looking at him. I was shaking a bit because I was nervous AF. He must be so used to beautiful Italian women shaped like German cars and here I was, a hippo.

Phila: "You look beautiful. (He kissed my forehead) One of these days I will show you how to appreciate all this. Come let's sleep."

He held my hand and we got into bed. He put my head on his chest and held me. I need to get used to this. It's such a nice feeling.

Phila: "I love you Ziyanda."

Me: "I love you too Phila. I always have."

Saying it back felt so right. For the first time since Phila arrived, I didn't feel any sense of guilt or

betrayal towards my husband. Could this be a start to a whole new journey? I most certainly hope so.

## Chapter Ten

### Lunga

It's 23:00 at night and I've been drinking in my study since I got back from visiting uMa. I can't even focus much nowadays, like what the fuck is happening? Ma said she would ask her sangoma for me but all this shit is stressing me the fuck out.

I was finally falling in love with Zee. I mean she's a bit fat but nothing the gym can't fix. She just makes my heart feel so warm and fuzzy and I can't believe I never noticed how beautiful her smile is.

Ever since her grandmother called to tell me that Ziyanda is not well and will be sleeping at her house tonight, I've been feeling agitated. Damn, that

woman can be exasperating. I know she has never liked me, she has made it a point to show me she just tolerates me.

Ever since that fucker Phila made a magical appearance, I haven't been sleeping well. I can't even focus at work.

To make matters worse Tony can't seem to find out anything about this guy. All his information seems to be protected by firewall after firewall. What the hell is he hiding? I need enough information to convince Zee he's bad news before he makes a move on her.

I asked Tony to ask around and see what he can find out about him. I keep dialing her number hoping that maybe she would answer but it just rings unanswered, so I decide to send her a message instead. Maybe it might reincarnate her love for me.



Phila

It's 2am in the morning. I'm woken up by Zee's phone ringing off the hook. Shame, she's sound asleep and can't even hear it. Today's emotional events probably wore her out. Her phone rings again and I check it. Mxm it's that fucker Lunga. I decide to put it on silent and an sms comes through. Le Bhari doesn't give up stru and since when is he so persistent and caring when it comes to Zee? The sms reads "My darling Zee. I hope se uright. uGogo told me that you're not well. I'll come see you tomorrow at work. I love you." Mxm. This guy is testing my balls. I decide to delete that sms. Zee is mine and I will make sure she leaves his cheating ass.

I keep brushing her beautiful, sweet face gently. Looking at her right now in her sexy underwear. Damn she's so sexy. She's always been a big girl,

but seeing her beautiful busty breasts cupped in her bra and her beautiful big and curvy ass, I just can't wait to finally make love to her. I will make sure that it feels like the very first time for her. Our very first time. I've been getting hard so many times throughout the night and I can honestly say that I don't wish for this moment to end. I love Zee so much that I wish I could just keep her to myself for all eternity.

Gog'Khanyi

I have been tossing and turning all night. It broke me to see my poor Ziyanda so broken, it literally felt like a piece of my heart had been ripped off and can never be put back together. One thing I am sure grateful for is the weight that has been lifted off my shoulders. I no longer have to carry such a heavy secret. Small lies become bigger lies and give birth to secrets.

Now that that's out of the way, I have to deal with that cheating bastard Lunga. He doesn't know me that one. One secret down, one more to go.

I check the time and it's 3am. It's time for my 3am prayer:

"Dear Lord, The Father of Jesus Christ. You are the Messiah, the God of Mercy, the God of grace. You make everything seem possible in an impossible world. I humble myself before you lord and ask you to please protect my baby Ziyanda. Protect her from all evil and danger and mostly, grant her all the blessings she deserves, oh Lord. Please let her overcome this hurdle in her life. I thank you once again oh, Lord for bringing Phila back into her life. I ask you to please grant me more years to see her and her children through life. In Jesus name I pray, Amen."

Ziyanda

I'm woken up by Gogo banging on the bedroom door. I must have really been out of it for me not to hear my alarm ringing.

Gogo'Khanyi:(knocking on the door)"Vukani nina (Wake up, you two). Isikhathi sokuyenza abezukulu bami ses 'phelile (Baby making time is over). Time to go to work. Hambani niyo gereza nje ngabanye abantu (Go and hustle like other kids)."

Phila and I burst out in laughter as we heard her walking away. I realized my bra was exposed and I pulled the sheets up to cover me.

Phila:"Morning, Sthandwa Sami (My love). You can't hide what I've already seen. I must say, you look good half naked. I bet you look better completely naked."

He smiled and kissed my cheek. I couldn't help but blush.

Me:"Good morning to you too."

Phila:"Before we head out to get ready for work, I need to discuss something with you Sthandwa sami."

I sat up straight and looked at him.

Phila:"Now that we're together, I need you to do one for me. Please stop sleeping with Lunga. I can't share you with anyone and least of all him."

I looked at him surprised. It's not like I actually look forward to sleeping with Lunga, but I'm still hung up on the together part.

Me:"Oh, so we're together now? I don't remember you asking." I blushed.

Phila:"I don't have to ask. All in good time Sthandwa sami (My love). You just wait and see. So, do we have a deal?"

Me:"It's okay, Phila. Yes, we have a deal. I won't sleep with him, I promise."

He suddenly had excitement written all over his face. He kissed my cheek and hugged me.

Phila:"Thank you, Sthandwa sami (My love). Lets go get ready."

We got up, made the bed together and went to separate bathrooms to get ready. Phila offered and I guess he did it out of respect since he saw how

uncomfortable I was being half naked last night.

We said our goodbyes to Gogo and of course she packed us some lunch and made us promise to bring her Tupperware back. We made our way to Sandton Mall and entered Nicci, one of the boutiques there and we were met by Francesca, the owner. She looks quite thin, with long, black hair and gorgeous skin. She must be in her late 50s, but with gorgeous, long legs like that one can't tell.

Francesca: "Mamba, so good to see you again."

Mamba? Yoh hai ke. Phila never ceases to amaze me. I made a mental note to ask him about that name. She kissed Phila on both cheeks. I've seen this kind of greeting on Italian movies. I need to ask Phila about Italy. I've never been there.

Phila: "Francesca. The feeling is mutual. I would love

to chat, but my beautiful Dea (Goddess in Italian) Ziyanda here and I need to get to work. You know J o'burg traffic is a nightmare and we need to make it to Pretoria in an hour and a half."

Francesca:"Of course, of course."

She took my hand and kissed the back of my palm.

Francesca:"So you must be the lovely Ziyanda. Mamba has told me so much about you. Hmm, you're quite a dea (goddess) indeed. Mamba never lies. Anyway, I knew you would be in a hurry, Mamba, so the outfits are prepared for you in the fitting rooms, as requested."

Phila:"Thank you, Francesca. I can always count on you. Sthandwa sami, let's go get dressed quickly. You follow Francesca to your fitting room. We will meet again out here in a few minutes."



I followed Francesca to one of the fitting rooms while Phila went to one on his own. He seems to know his way around this store which means he comes here often.

I thanked Francesca and closed the door. There was a suit cover on the bench. Right next to it was Gold strap-on heels and a gorgeous diamond necklace with a small note that reads "I can't wait to see you in this. I know you'll look amazing in it. P"

Okay, Phila is clearly a man of many talents to have been able to pull this off while sleeping.

I opened the cover and saw this beautiful, red ruched dress with a belt that goes to one side of the waist. I'm in awe. Phila is just amazing. I put it on and I can't believe how well it fits me. Even the shoes are my exact size. How does Phila know my size because I never told him? He can't be that

observant.

Francesca: "Dea, come now. Mamba is harassing me. He thinks I got you kidnapped. You need to go now. Chop chop. Oh and leave your old clothes in there. I will take care of everything."

Francesca seems like your typical Italian mafia lady with the outfit, high heels, jewelery and all. Not forgetting the hair. She quite a coarse voice. Must be from all the smoking because the cigarette scent isn't hard to miss. Other than that, she seems like a very nice lady with a bubbly personality.

I got out and found Phila wearing a really nice navy suit that has Italian written all over it. Italy must really feel like home for him. holding a different bag than the one I had walking in here. His face lit up when he saw me and I couldn't help but smile. I might not have much confidence without clothes, but wearing something that makes me feel good

makes me feel confident.

Phila:"You look amazing Sthandwa sami. Awu shaye iturn around lapho so I can see you properly."

I laughed and his silly request, but I did it anyway. I must say, it feels so good having a man appreciate the way I look.

Phila:"I can't wait to show you off. Let's go. Francesca, I owe you one. I will send payment later on."

Francesca:"Don't be silly. Take this as a welcoming gift to the lovely Dea. Don't be a stranger. Ciao Bella (Goodbye, beautiful)."

She waved goodbye blowing a kiss at us and we made our way out of the mall. Luckily very few

people were making their way to the stores so no one would notice me.

We made it to work and greeted the security guard on duty for today. Ntate Phiri is off on Wednesdays so thank goodness I dodged that bullet. I have made such a good impression on him I wouldn't want him to think any less of me now. We got to the basement parking. Phila took out a gift back from the back seat. This man will keep me on my toes, he never runs out of surprises.

Me:"What's that now?"

Phila:"J ust something to make Porsche smile so she doesn't ask too many questions."

Me:"Hao, Phila. You can't be spoiling my friends soo much. Besides, you're my man and she has hers."

Phila:(smiling) oh, so I'm your man now. Hehe  
Sthandwa sami (My love) You just made my day.  
You're claiming me. Let's go before people see us.  
Go up the lift first, I'll see you in a bit."

Me:"Okay."

I headed up to floor 7 as always. I must say I really look good. I am in love with this outfit. I think it's because Phila bought and chose it for me. This feels amazing. It feels like I'm in my own Romantic movie.

## Chapter Eleven

As I got out of the lift I was met with an unusual scene. Lunga was sitting in the waiting area opposite Porsche. I suddenly felt myself being overcome by panic. What if he knows what I got up to last night? How will I explain me not coming back

home to change for work? I thought of going back into the lift, but Porsche already saw me.

Porsche: "Chomi hle ( Friend). Kgale ke eme ka wena (I've been waiting on you? . E tla mo (Come here). I have your messages right here with me."

Wow, thanks for exposing me, Portia Williams, I thought to myself. As I walked towards Porsche I could see Lunga noticing me. He put his phone back in his pockets and attempted to get up. He had a bunch of lillies in his other hand. He looked dreadful with dark circles underneath his eyes and he smelled like a shebeen. This is not the Lunga I know.

Porsche: (Whispering) "Good morning hle, Khumbul'ekhaya (I miss my home). Monna wago ke ole o go emets e (Your husband has been waiting)."

Ai Portia.

I walked towards Lunga.

Me:"Lunga. What a surprise. What are you doing here?"

Lunga:"I came by to see if you're okay. I bought you these." (Handing me the flowers)

Me:"Thank you, but you didn't have to. I'm fine. You could have just called, you know instead of driving all the way here."

Lunga:"I did call you, but you never answered. Besides, Cornwall Hill isn't that far from home."

Me:"Oh, sorry. It must have been on silent. "

I felt a little bit guilty for lying to him. He stood there for a while staring at me. I'm not used to Lunga staring at me like that. I'm not used to him looking at me at all. I don't know if maybe there's something wrong with me or what which caused me to frown a bit.

Me:"Is there something wrong?"

Lunga:"That dress. It really looks good on you."

Me:"Uhm, thank you. I have to get to work now. I'll see you later."

As I said that Phila came out of the lift. One could tell just by his amazing scent. As I was staring at him, Lunga did the unexpected. He held me by my face and kissed me. I was so surprised and shocked I pulled out and he hugged me. Lunga has



been acting really weird the past few days. The next thing I didn't see Phila anymore. I turned my head and saw him walking towards his office.

Me:"Okay, bye now, Lunga. Ngizokubona later, angithi (I'll see you later, right)?"

Lunga:"Sure." He walked away looking rather disappointed. I wasn't even concerned about him. I was rather worried about Phila. Dammit, how do I explain that kiss to him? I mean I just claimed him this morning and now he saw me kissing my husband. This is a lot more messed up than I thought. I have to fix this. I attempted to walk to his office, but Porsche stopped me .

Porsche:"Heh banna, Khumbul'ekhaya! O kase ndiri so ne (You can't do this to me). You avoid and ignore my calls, you walk in here looking like a million bucks, your semi drunk useless husband decides to bring you flowers which tells me you

didn't sleep home, your ex boyfriend/boss/boyfriend to be/husband to be gives me this cute Givenchy handbag as a gift probably to try and smooth talk me into not being mad at you and you ruin all of it by kissing your husband in front of him? Out with it, Zee. Go ets a gala eng (What's hapoening)? And you won't dodge me this time."

Me:"I'll explain everything during lunch. Order us some pizza or something and come to my office."

I left her there and hurried to Phila's office. I knocked softly, but he didn't respond. I knocked again.

Phila:"Whoever it is, I'm busy."

Okay, that's cold. I decide to take my chances and open the door anyway.

Phila:"I told you I'm busy." He said that without even looking at me.

Me:"Phila, can we talk?"

Phila:"Not now, Mrs. Nqcoobo. I have important matters to settle right now. Perhaps later. (He dialed his work phone) Mrs. Williams, please don't let anyone through to my office, unless they have an appointment."

Porsche:"Sure thing, Mr. P"

He still didn't even look at me. I felt dying right on that floor. Him ignoring me flatly was so painful, I just froze. I think he realized I was still there and he looked up.

Phila:"Are you still here?"

Okay, wow. That was just the ice cream tip. A tear betrayed me and fell down my cheek. The flowers in my hands fell on the floor. I had even forgotten I still had them. I didnt even bother picking them up, I Don't even like lillies to begin with. I just opened the door and ran out. I didn't even bother closing it behind me. As I was walking towards my office with my head down trying to wipe away my tears, I bumped into Nozipho walking towards me. I assume she's headed to Phila's office.

Nozi:"Well, well, well. If it isn't little Ms. Sunshine, the boss' pet."

Me:"Oh, would you just fuck off and leave me the fuck alone Nozipho!"

At that point I didn't even care if she saw me crying.

I'm a very soft person, but if you make me angry, I blow up. Gogo always said I'm a ticking time bomb and one day I will explode. I carried on walking to my office and shut the door behind me. I sat in my chair and sobbed. The Phila I saw right now is one I have never seen before. I've seen him become a monster with other people before in the past, but never with me. Could this perhaps be the 'Mamba' Francesca was referring to?"

Lunga

As I walked back to my car from the 7th floor, I was left defeated. Zee looked so different, almost as if she's glowing. I mean she had a whole new outfit on. I can tell by the smell. New clothes always have that certain smell. I have never seen her radiate so much. Could it be that I never noticed? I saw that fucker Phila and the way he looked at me while I was hugging Zee has confirmed my suspicions. That guy is out to get what's mine.

What surprises me is that I don't see Zee's Range Rover parked here so my question is, where did she really go yesterday? I need some answers so I decide to dial Tony.

Lunga:"Tony, inja yami (my dog). I need you to track Zee's car for me. Check it's whereabouts from yesterday afternoon til now."

Tony:"Sho bozza (Sure, boss). Hold on let me check."

After about five minutes he gave me feedback.

Tony:"Sho Bozza (Sure, boss). Yesterday the car was parked at her workplace, but at 3pm the car is seen moving for about 30 minutes and was parked at the Centurion Dam. It's still parked there."

What the fuck is Zee's car doing at Centurion Dam?

Lunga:"What the hell is happening? All this doesn't make sense."

Tony:"Don't stress, Bozza. I can get Tswaiza to look into it and go get it checked out."

Lunga:"Sho thanks, Tony. I can always count on you Bra yami."

I hung up. I decided to drive to work while I think of all this crazy shit happening to me. Ma had better come up with a plan and fast.

Chapter Twelve

Ziyanda

After this morning's events, I tried working on a preview to show Mr. Brenner on Friday. Despite the migraine I feel coming, I managed to do something. As I was deep in thoughts, Porsche walked in with two boxes of Debonairs Pizza, two bottles of sparkling water and some caramel chocolate cupcakes from Woolworths. Talk about comfort food.

She put the food on the table and stared at me.

Porsche: "Ke ready ge wena o le ready go buwa akere chomi (I'm ready whenever you're ready to talk, friend)."

She kept quiet and started eating. I also started digging in. Seeing that food made me super hungry. I made a deep sigh. I told her everything that happened yesterday at Gogo's house, including



sharing a bed with Phila.

All this while she never interrupted me. Porsche might be talkative, but she's a great and attentive listener. I still ask myself why she never majored in Psychology instead of Public Relations. I could feel the tears building up again and as soon as mine fell off my cheek, she cried too.

Porsche: "Oh, chomi (friend). I hope you know that kea go rata hle (I love you). You mean so much to me and that doesn't change anything akere. You're beautiful and smart and you're just simply amazing."

Me: (wiping my tears) "Thank you chomi. Le nna kea go rata."

Porsche: "Enough about the sad stuff. Now, tell me why you were crying this morning."

Me: "Who told you? Ai, mara Phila o nale molomo."

Porsche: "Actually, I heard Nozi boasting about it. She was telling everyone in the office until I told her where to get off le boer-figure (flat ass figure)."

I laughed out loud. Porsche is funny shame.

Me: "Chomi man. O tlogela neng di insults (When will you stop with the insults)?"

Porsche: "The day she dies. Now out with it. What happened?"

Me: " Well, Lunga came unannounced and started acting weird and kissed me out of the blue. The next thing he hugged me. I figured Phila might be upset so I went to check on him and to try talking to

him in his office. You, Porsche. He was cold AF. He didn't even bother looking at me or hearing what I had to say."

Porsche: "Byanong le wena you just left his office like that wa lla all morning morning?"

Me: "What was I supposed to do? He basically told me to fuck off in a more polite manner."

Porsche: "Ai, waitse (you know) Zee, o slow chomi yaka shem (you can be so slow at times my friend). If I didn't love you I was going to divorce you long time nana. If I were you, I was going to lock that door, take off my dress, put one leg on top of his desk, dip one finger in my pussy and lick it and ask him if he was sure that he wanted me to leave?"

I just burst out laughing. Porsche is crazy. I just knew she would say something hilarious. Porsche

always comes up with the most ridiculous ideas, just like her nick name. Back in high school, one of the teachers used to flirt with her so much because of her body. She is not big and not small either, with a very petite body; small breasts and a nice small ass with cute curves.

That teacher was quite a pervert, but Porsche could handle him. So one day he said to her that her body is so unique, tiny yet comfortable and it can make any man reach his maximum speed withing less than a minute just by driving her. He said "your body is so beautifully designed, just like a Porsche". Her name is Portia, she thought it would be a great combination, so it stuck like glue.

Porsche:"Wena wa ts hameka shame (You like playing). Nna I don't play wa its e le wena (I don't olay and you know that). Some good old Ziyanda pussy will stop him from this whole sulking episode. On a serious note though, he'll get over it. It's not

like he didn't know you're married and that he wouldn't have to compete with your husband. This is a great way to see how far he's willing to go to be with you so he'll come around, you'll see."

Me:" hai, mara le wena Porsche wa e bits a competition (No, man, Porsche, you're actually calling it a competiton)?"

Porsche:" It is what it is, sesi."

Me:" I wanted to ask you, how do you know that a man is really into you and not infatuated by you? I mean Phila has been the most caring and understanding person ever since he came back. I mean last night after dinner he helped me tidy up and wash the dishes and this morning, he helped me make the bed. Get this, he organised my whole outfit for me at Nicci since I couldn't go back home and change. He's friends with the owner."

Porsche: (Flabbergasted)" Eng?! This man is loaded mos. He always told you he would make enough money for you so that you wouldn't have to work. Letsatsi la go hlabela ngwanyana (Better days are coming for you, girl). Anyway, well, a man who's really in love with you will show it. He will go to the end of the ocean just for you.

He will never put you down, never harm or hurt you intentionally and most importantly-he'll never abuse you. A man who loves you will never betray your trust, put you down and will always listen to you. In this case, we both know that Phila loves you, girl. He always has and he has never stopped. He has come back to take what's his. The question is: Are you prepared to go all out and choose him?"

Wow. Porsche has said a mouthful. What she described is quite the opposite of Lunga.

Me: "I am, friend. I've been with Lunga for six years now. Sure, I didn't love him, but I tried, I really tried. I feel like I have sacrificed so much for him that it is really time for me to choose me."

Porsche: (ululating) "Modimo le Badimo ba phela lena (God and the ancestors are alive, guys)! I have waited for you to say that ever since you got married to tonki e la Lunga."

She got up and started dancing and snapping her fingers in a jolly way.

Porsche: "By the way, o e bone tonki ya gao? Yesses ne a nkg a bjala monna (Gosh, he smelled like serious booze). Ke sure ga a so hlape this morning (I bet he didn't even bother to bathe this morning)."

She laughed out and caused me to burst out in laughter until I was in tears. We didn't even realize

we were being a bit loud. The next thing we knew, my office door flung open and it was Nozi. This chick is so annoying o kare (like) a woman's monthly period.

Nozi: "Lunch time is over and ni hleli lana (you're sitting) making noise. Wena, Portia, who's minding the desk while you're here gossiping?"

Porsche: "Ai, ai, ai man. Banyana ba go tswa Durban le bjang na (What kind of girls are you girls from Durban)? You should really go back home some time and go to the beach o hlapa senyama (and go remove your bad luck). You might come back a new person."

I couldn't help but laugh even further.

Nozi: "Mxm. Wena Ziyanda, the boss is looking for you. Probably wants to make you cry again."



She closed the door and left.

Porsche: "One of these days my size 3 foot will be up her ass. I told you he would come around. O sa emetseng? Go before he changes his mind. I'll clean up here before I head back to my station."

I fixed my dress a little bit and walked out. I dreaded looking at him the whole time I was walking to his office. I really won't be able to handle another cold response from him. While walking towards his office, Nozi gave me a smirk and I just ignored her. One of these days this chick will be the recipient of my wrath I tell you. I reach his office door. My heart starts racing. I take a deep breath and knock softly.

Phila: "Come in."

I walk in and I see him looking so sad. Okay, this is

totally different from the Phila I saw this morning. I don't even know what to say. I'm actually afraid of saying anything so I just stare at him after closing the door.

Me: "Nozi said you were looking for me." I say in a low, shaky voice.

He got up and walked towards me. He held both my hands and bend down in front of me on both knees. A whole man on the office carpet in an Italian suit. Talk about remorseful.

Phila: "Sthandwa sami (My love). I'm really sorry about what I did to you earlier. I really shouldn't have. I feel like complete shit, especially after Nozi has been telling everyone she saw you crying and your face was red and swollen."

Mxm. Nozipho has been on my ass since day one. I

really need a plan to put her in her place or else one of us must go.

Phila: "It's just that... When I saw you with him I felt so jealous and when he kissed you I just couldn't handle it. I know he's still your husband and I have to sort of respect that. I'm sorry for being so childish about it, but I meant what I said. I won't be able to share you, baby wami (my baby). Yaya, please forgive me. I won't do it again, I promise."

Looking down at him, I actually saw truth in his eyes. My Gogo always says that you should seek the truth in a person's eyes. At that moment I saw nothing, but the truth and remorse.

Me: "It's okay, Nokosenye. I just felt so pained when you treated me in such a cold manner. Please don't do it again. You know I cry easily. I forgive you. Now please get up. That's a designer suit bakithi (for goodness sake)."

He laughed softly and there it was. The radiant, happy face I'm used to is back. He got up and hugged me.

Phila: "Thank you, Sthandwa sami (My love). I promise you this will all be over soon. You just have to bear with him a little longer."

Me: "May I ask why? I mean you're back and my family is no longer a threat to you so why can't I just pack up and leave him and be with you?"

Phila: "Because Lunga is dangerous Sthandwa sami. Both him and his mother. I'm not afraid of them, but I'm afraid they might do something to you if they find out about us. I'm still trying to figure out why he is so hung up on making you stay with him. I'm working on it, Sthandwa sami. Just please be patient and hang in there. I promise you'll be mine

officially soon and this time I'm not wasting any time I'm marrying you on the spot."

I laughed a little. Phila though. I'm not sure if I would be ready to jump from one marriage to the next, but we will see.

Phila:"Oh, by the way. I see you have a therapy session scheduled tomorrow with your therapist. Can I come with you?"

I looked at him puzzled and made a face.

Me:"How did you know about that?"

Phila:"I told you, Yaya. I'm a man of many talents. Stick with me and you'll see."

Okay. I see he really wants to do this. Only Gogo has been to a session with me. No one else. Not even Lunga has offered to go with me.

Me:"Okay then. You can come with me."

He smiled broadly and kissed my forehead.

Phila:"Thank you, Sthandwa sami. Go back to your office before the office gossip starts. I'll see you later."

He winked at me and I walked out. I walked back to my office and gave Nozi a smirk. She thought she could make the whole office gossip about me and get away with it? Shame. I could she was irritated by my smile and Thato looked at me and then at her confused. I got into my office and closed the door behind me. I smiled just thinking about Phila. I guess I'm in love. I decide to try and finish a few of

my design proposals before knock off time.

Zodwa

I finally decided to call Nomsa to ask her about Phila. She owes me a good explanation this one. Angazongi jwaela kabi. Her phone rings twice and she answered.

Nomsa: "Ufunani (What do you want)?"

Zodwa: "Haibo, Nomsa. That's no way to greet your fellow sister man. Kanti yini ngawe?"

Nomsa: (Irritated) "Ngithe, ufunani (I said what do you want)? I'm busy Zodwa and I don't have time for chit chat."

Zodwa: (Clapping hands much to Nomsa's annoyance)" Heh! Weh Ma (Wow)! So it's true what they say? Imali iyagezana (money changes a person) shame. Not so long ago be udinga ifive million (you needed five million) from me and now that you got it you're acting like you're better than me?"

Nomsa: "Ag, Yazini Zodwa (you know what, Zoswa). That was years ago. And it wasn't your money, it was your husband's money. So if you're not going to tell me anything valuable during this phone call of yours, I'm hanging up."

Just as she was about to hang up Zodwa shocked her with some news.

Zodwa:"Yey wena. Why didn't you tell me Phila is back? You told me he died."



Nomsa was startled and kept quiet for a while.

Zodwa: "I see I got your attention now that that smart mouth of your is out of words."

Nomsa: "What are you talking about? uPhila died. I made sure of that."

Zodwa: "Well, it's either you think I'm stupid or the Phila Zwane that's in town must be an impersonater. Ungazodlala ngami Nomsa (Don't mess with me, Zodwa). We had a deal; You took the money in exchange for Ziyanda. Now that boy is back and messing up all our plans.

You know that Ziyanda has royal blood and Lunga needs to sacrifice her first born son in order to stay rich. If that doesn't happen, unyile ke sisi (you're in shit, sister). Don't make me reveal your big secret yezwa? We both know you had an affair with Chief

Bekumuzi's son and if your husband found out it was all a lie, I can't imagine what he would do to you."

Nomsa kept quiet for a while breathing on the phone. By now I can tell she's scared. There's no way out for her.

Nomsa: "Are you threatening me, Zodwa?"

Zodwa: "I don't make threats, sweetheart, I make promises and unlike you I keep mine. Don't make me repeat myself Nomsa. Fix this or else you'll find yourself on the street."

I hung up with much satisfaction on my face. Now that I have Nomsa where I want her, she just has to finish the job. I took a sip of my champagne and decided to bask in my glory: Zodwa-1, Nomsa-0. They don't call me Zodwa Nqcoobo for nothing.

Nomsa Bhengu

After receiving that unpleasant call from Zodwa, I just couldn't think straight anymore. I even had to cancel my meet up with my girls. What the hell is that low life Phila doing back here? I specifically told Ronza to kill him. I made my instructions very clear. I have to get hold of him, I didn't pay him R50 000 for nothing. So I decided to make the call.

Ronza: "Sho sho, dimamzo. Kuhambani (Sure, sure, ma. What's cooking)?"

Nomsa: "Yey, wena (hey, you), Ronza. Dimamzo wa masimba! Why can't you do anything right?"

Ronza: "Hao, Dimamzo, jaive (what's the problem, ma)?"

Nomsa: "Didn't I give you specific instructions six year ago to get rid of Phila? Now word is that he's alive and well and right here in South Africa. Kanti why ni useless so nina abafana ba se kasi (Why are you kasi boys so useless)?"

Ronza: (Puzzled) "Eish, Dimamzo. Hade (sorry), I gave Sox 20k to do the job. I had a job to do that night and I couldn't be at two places at the same time. Hade, Dimamzo (Sorry, ma)."

Nomsa: (Infuriated) "Yazi, Ronza (You know, Ronza). Don't piss me off more than you already have. Fix this mess. I'm giving you two days. Go finish the job. Call me when you're done."

Ronza: "Sho sho, dimamzo. I won't let you down this time."

Nomsa: "Oh, and Ronza. If you dare fuck up this

time, I'll get rid of you myself."

I hung up huffing and puffing in frustration. I should have handled this myself when I had the chance.

## Chapter Thirteen

Ziyanda

It's knock off time. This day has been a bit too busy for me, emotionally. As I pack my bag and think of going back home, I suddenly get bored thinking of spending another night with Lunga. I mean I still need to find out why I was married off to him. As I walked out of my office a thought hit me. Oh, no! My car. How will I get home? Just then Phila appeared.

Phila:"You took long enough. I just wanted to bring you your car keys." He said that waving my keys with his index finger.

Me: "How did you do that? I mean my car wasn't here this morning when we got back."

Phila: "Frank dropped it off an hour ago. I told you, I'm a man of many talents."

I smiled as I took my keys from him.

Phila: "I'm going to miss sleeping next to you. It won't be for much longer, Sthandwa sami." He said kissing the back of my hand.

As we walked out towards the lift we bumped into Porsche.

Porsche: "Hello, baratani (love birds). What a long day this has been bakithi (guys). By the way, chomi, Belinda and Kele asked if we could do lunch or

dinner tomorrow evening. Since you weren't responding to the WhatsApp texts today, I said we'd do dinner at your house tomorrow evening."

As I was about to answer I saw Porsche rolling her eyes and Phila tightened his jaw at that statement. What's up with him by the way? He's never liked Belinda, but does he have a problem with Kele?

Me:"Ah, it's okay, chomi. I'm going to therapy so I might be a bit delayed but dinner sounds fun."

Porsche:"Fun ka Belinda I'm not sure, but anyway I'll bring the food and drinks. Wena hoster fela (You just have to be the host). Belinda kept insisting on this meet up for what akitsi (I don't know). But anyway, I'm sk tired. I'll see you guys kaosane (tomorrow). Bye." "

We all went our separate ways into our cars. I must

say I feel a bit saddened that I'm not leaving with Phila. Call me weird, but that's just how I feel. I drove home listening to some rnb music, but even that made my mood quite sombre. For some reason it felt like someone was following me. This red BMW was behind me and everytime I made a turn, so did the driver. Once I turned around the corner of my house, the car took a turn into another street. Maybe I'm just overthinking.

I got into the house and was met with a lovely aroma. I see Mam' Masango cooked a lovely meal tonight. Once again, I am met with a decorated dinner table, with white roses on one side of the table. I tried to look around and see if Mam'Masango was home, but I assume Lunga gave her an early night off. Lunga came from the kitchen wearing a very nice tuxedo and a bottle of wine in his hands.

Lunga: "Good evening, my darling wife."



He kissed my cheek which caught me by surprise.  
What is Lunga playing at?

Me: (skeptical) "Uhm, hi."

Lunga: "How was your day?"

As I was about to answer he cut me off.

Me: "It was -"

Lunga: "You know what? Don't tell me now. I ran you a bubble bath, so go take a bath then you can tell me all about it during dinner."

I looked at him and he looked much better than this morning. He still had some eyebags, but he seems

to have cleaned up. I smiled and walked towards the bedroom. I put my bag on my side of the bed and took off my shoes. Just as I took out my phone to charge it a bit, I received a message from Phula which brought a broad smile to my face.

"I hope you got home safely , Sthandwa sami (My love). I dont mean to scare you, but there's a red BMW following you. I'm on it, dont worry. If you see it tomorrow on your way to work please call me right away. I can't wait to see you tomorrow. Goodnight mama we bantwana bami (Goosnight, mother of my kids)."

I smiled and put my phone on the charger. I got into the bathroom and there were small scented candles all around the bathtub and some white roses on the bubbles in the water.

This guy and white flowers. I get in the water and for some reason it's warm. How did he know I would be home at this time? Perhaps he timed me.

Let me not ponder my mind too much about it. I have had a long day and a bubble bath is just what I need.

Phila

I finally got into my house after talking to my brother, Sbusiso. He called on my way home and told me there's a red bmw following Zee today on her way back home. Lunga has sent his stupid lapdog to ask questions about me. My people informed me. I'm not really worried about him, but I'm surprised about this one idiot who goes by the name Ronza that tried shooting at me while I was driving home a few minutes ago.

Luckily my car is bullet proof, and I also got Frank to organise bullet proof windows for Zee yesterday and had her car's tracker dumped right next to the Centurion Dam. Lunga is such an idiot. How can you put one tracker in your wife's car? Anyway, I got

Frank to organise two trackers in Zee's car so that I am able to track her movements in case of emergency. I don't trust anyone around her anymore.

I just got her back and I am not willing to lose her again. Sbu checked the CCTV on the road while Zee was driving home and it seems as if Lunga also sent that Tony idiot to follow Zee. I'll deal with him later. Right now I have to deal with this Ronza motherfucker whom I shoved in my boot. He had better tell me who sent him to shoot at me before I kill him myself.

I got into the house and left Ronza in the boot. I want him to be terrified for a little while so while waiting for Sbu to arrive, I got to my study and poured myself some whiskey. I decided to send uYaya wami a message. Even though she won't respond because that idiot might be hovering over her, but I'm glad she's safe.

After a short while I heard Sbu's car parking in my driveway.

Sbu: (entering the house) "Eh, Mamba. Woza man. Angina ubsuku bonke Come, man. I don't have all night)."

Phila: (walking towards the kitchen) "Nawe wa rasa ka ngaka (Did you have to make so much noise, though)? It's not like you're not sleeping over tonight. Sharon gave you a pass tonight, mos (right)?"

Sbu: (laughing)" Hai, bafo (Hey, brother). Nawe wa khuluma as if ngi hlala ngi ku house arrest, yini (You're ralking as if I'm always on house arrest)."

Phila: "Ushadile, bafo (You're married, brother). Marriage equals to house arrest. House arrest I cant

wait to be under soon."

Sbu: "Hehe. Bona unjani (Look at you). You're so whipped and you haven't even eaten that pussy yet. Hai shem. Ziyanda must be something special."

Phila: "Mxm. Stop talking about my wife's pussy man and go get that fucker from the boot before he suffocates."

Sbu: (laughing) "Ngiyaxolis a bafo (Sorry, Brother). Be ngizidlalela nje (I was just playing)."

He walked out and took Ronza out. Ronza was hand tied and blindfolded. I also taped his mouth so that he wouldn't make any disturbances. I like driving in peace. He had a black eye and it was starting to close up a bit with a bloody mouth. I pulled over and managed to rough him up a bit after he tried shooting at me. The fucker even dented my car

because he failed to hit the breaks soon enough nxa.

Sbu: (slapping Ronza around a bit) "Yes wena! Uzokhuluma (are you going to talk) or must I shoot it out of you?" He threw Ronza roughly on one of the chairs and took out his gun. He pointed it at Ronza's face and cocked it. All this while I just sat there with my glass of whiskey in my hand watching silently.

Ronza: (crying) "Pl. Please, man. I'm sorry. Ne ke no chuna spane saka fela (I was only doing my job). I have nothing against you."

Sbu: (Reeling at this) "You hear that bafo. Ke stuur boy die ding (This thing is a servant boy). Who sent you?"

Ronza:"No..No.."

Sbu: "Khuluma s dididi (Talk, you idiot)!" He said that while hitting his head with the back of the gun causing him to moan out in pain as more tears fell from his cheeks.

Ronza: "Ke Nomsa (It's Nomsa). Nomsa Bhengu. Bona (Look) man. I had no idea you were the Phila she was talking about. I was ordered to kill you six years ago because you were disturbing her plans to get her daughter to marry Lunga Nqobo. My assistant didn't get the job done because apparently you had already gone missing by then, so I had to lie to her and tell her that I had killed you. Look, it's nothing personal, man. It's just business."

Sbu was packing up and down telling this guy all kinds of shit while hitting him every now and then in the process. So Nomsa, Zee's mother sent one of her idiot, unprofessionals to come and kill me. They don't call me Mamba for nothing. She just poked a snake in it's hole and now it's to crawl out and



attack.

Phila: "Manje (So), why does she want mw dead so badly? What is this plan she keeps talking about?"

Ronza: "I don't know much, but something about Ziyanda being of royal blood or something. Look, that's all I know. I'm so sorry. Please don't kill me."

Sbu: "Hmm. We'll let you go under one condition: You have to go to her house tonight and plant this somewhere where they won't easily find it in her house. Preferably underneath the table or couch. You will tell her what we did to yoi and why she should stop sending men to come and try to kill my brother, otherwise Mamba and Cobra will come out for an attack. Do I make myself clear?"

Ronza was no in so much pain and there was fear in his eyes. Nomsa sent this weakling snitch ass

bitch to come and kill me? Mxm. She could have done better, actually, she should've done better.

Ronza:"Ye.. Yes, Crystal clear."

Sbu: "Unfortunately, I can't let you walk out of here in one piece. I have to Send out a message."

He took the gun and shot Ronza's left foot and left arm. Causing Ronza to scream out in agony. He untied Ronza and threw him a R100 note for a taxi. He would have to hike at least two hours before he finds a taxi at this time. He can't even catch an Uber because we took out all the money from wallet. He couldn't wait to get out of there judging by the way he was running with that limp. Hopefully he won't bleed out before reaching his destination.

Phila:"Ah, nawe Sbu did you really have to shoot him right here? On my white carpet? You're so

messy sometimes."

Sbu: "Hade mfwethu (Sorry, my brother). I'll get it cleaned up for you. Now I need a drink."

We walked to my study with me shaking my head behind him.

## Chapter Fourteen

Ziyanda

I finally got done with my bath and put on my silky, pink pajamas and decided to join Lunga for dinner. All I was interested in at this point was the food- nothing else.

Lunga was sitting in one of the chairs and got up immediately when he saw me.

Lunga:"How was the bath, madame? Come and take a seat."

He signalled for me where to sit and didn't even bother pulling out the chair for me. So much for being romantic.

I took a seat and he poured me a glass of wine. The conversation was rather uninteresting. All he did was ask me about my day, my friends and from there we just ate in silence. All I did was just think of Phila and the way he made me feel. When I'm with him we have so much to talk about. There's never a dull moment. With Lunga on the other hand, everything seems like it's forced.

We ate until we were done with dessert. It was a really good meal and I think Mam'Masango should take all the credit.

He tried making conversation once again, but my mind just went blank. I don't really have anything in common with Lunga and sadly, it took six years to realize that.

Me:"That was a very lovely meal, Lunga. Thank you."

Lunga:"I'm glad you liked it. Let me put the dishes in the dishwasher and you and I can take this party to the bedroom, what do you say?"

He said that like he would make it worth my while, rubbing my hand. I quickly removed my hand from underneath his and got up.

Me:"It's been a long day, Lunga and I'm tired. Besides, I'm on my period. Perhaps next time. Let me go to bed. We will talk tomorrow."

I left him standing right there and then. Perhaps Gogo was right. It is time for me to choose me and what I want and right now I know that I won't want Lunga.

I got to the bedroom and received a message from my mother. "We need to talk, Ziyanda. Why don't you even call or visit anymore? Call me as soon as you get this message. Mom" What was that all about? I decided not to reply nor call her and prayed instead. I got into bed and fell asleep minutes later.

Lunga

After dinner, I saw her walking back to the bedroom. I mean since when does Zee say no to sleeping with me? And I bet she's not even on her period. She is lying which confirms it: She's fucking that asshole.

I tried making conversation but she was just off and seemed so uninterested in everything I said. Was I really such a horrible husband throughout our marriage? What's worse is that I can't even track her whereabouts anymore since her car tracker was found next to the Centurion Dam. I must have underestimated Phila Zwane. Good thing I got Tony following her. She's too naive to notice anyway. I gotta call uMa tomorrow. This is getting out of hand. Phila needs to die as in yesterday.

Nomsa Bhengu

I was just about done making dinner when I heard loud banging on my door.

Nomsa: "Ubani man ebusuku kangaka (Who is it at this time of night)?"

I got the shock of my life as I opened the door

Ronza fell right on my kitchen floor. There's so much blood and he seems to have been shot.

Nomsa: "Yini (What is it)?! What happened to you wena?! Who did this?"

I picked him up and dragged him onto a chair.

Ronza: "Water. I need water."

He looked so weak. My biggest fear was him dropping dead on my floor. How am I going to explain this to Khaya? He could walk in any minute now.

Ronza: "He.. They told me to give you a message."

Nomsa: "Who?"



Ronza:"Cobra le(and) Mamba."

I suddenly felt like my chest was about to close in and I felt a sudden heat wave going through my body.

Nomsa:"Kanjani (how)? Those two were the most feared drug lords in South Africa. Word is they retired mos?"

Ronza:"Phi.. Phila is Mamba. His brother is Cobra. They told me to tell you to stop harassing them or else they're coming for you."

Right then and there he passed out and the glass of water fell from his hand. Fuck. This is messy. I decide to call one of my boys to get Ronza some medical attention. I need to sort out this mess. Phila can't be Mamba. There's no way. I have to let

Ziyanda know she's dealing with a ruthless motherfucker. Maybe then she will stop entertaining him. I decide to send her a message and clean up all this blood before my husband comes back from work.

Ziyanda

It's Thursday morning and Lunga isn't on his side of the bed. I don't even hear the water running in the bathroom which is a good sign. I'm not in the mood for any awkward silence. I got ready and did my morning routine. I'm settling for a jumpsuit today.

It's bright blue with a lace top and a bow tied on my waist side. It's a bit tight probably because of my big thighs and bums. I'm a size 38, a lot of people compare me to Ashley Graham. We're more or less the same size, I'm slightly bigger. I'm light in complexion; so light that I turn red when I'm angry or sad. I don't know why I never noticed the

differences between Thando and I. She's slightly darker and so are my parents. I'm the only light one amongst them.

This outfit for today will most definitely make me even brighter. I settle for a red court toe heel and a red feather clutch bag. Porsche says I overdo it with the red at times, but I can't help it. It's my favourite colour. I have nice thing long hair, but I cut it short a few months ago. Naturally, my hair is curly so I don't do much to it other than straighten it most of the time, but today Im leaving it curly.

I finish my look off with red matte lipstick.

I made my way to the dining area and Mam' Masango made breakfast as always.

Me:"Sawubona Ma. Unjani (Good morning, ma. How are you)?"

Mam' Masango: (smiling broadly) "Yebo Mntwanami Good morning, my child). Awus emuhle bakithi (You look beautiful). Are you trying to sweep Phila off his feet or what?"

Me: (blushing) "No, ma. I just felt like wearing this. Is it too much?"

Mam'Masango:"No, no, no. Don't even think of changing. Today they will all see what a beautiful African woman looks like. You're really beautiful."

Me:"Thank you, ma. Before I forget the girls are coming for dinner tonight. Apparently Belinda insisted."

I saw her face change suddenly. She had a deep frown on her face and stopped eating.

Mam'Masango:"Hai, I sometimes ask myself what you see in a friend like Belinda, my child. J ust be careful. She's not to be trusted."

Me: (puzzled) "What do you mean ma? Are you trying to tell me something?"

Mam'Masango: "No, Ziyanda. J ust that you should be very careful of her. She holds the biggest secret that will end your marriage. Although the end of your marriage is near and inevitable, she will be the cause of it."

Wow. So much has happened in a week and now she tells me this? What's happening? With that said she got up and started cleaning up.

Mam'Masango:"You had better leave before traffic catches you, my baby. And remember, please be careful on your way to work today."

She gave me a faint smile and left for the kitchen. Hai, I don't know how to feel about this. As I was about to leave the house my phone beeps with an sms coming through from Phila. "Good morning, Sthandwa sami. Can't wait to see you. Remember, if you see anything unusual, call me immediately-P." So much for morning texts. All this is freaking me out. Suddenly I'm nervous as hell. I get in my car and drive off, but I can't help but check my rear-view mirror as if I owe people money and they're out to get me.

After about 15 minutes of driving, I haven't seen anything unusual. I take a deep sigh and put on some music. I stop at a robot, but funny enough on my left I see a red bmw. It looks like same bmw that was following me yesterday. What's even freakier is that the windows are all dark, I can't see anything in the car but I bet the person driving can see me. I decide to testy theory and see if he's really following me. I hit the accelerator and speed off, as

I change lanes so does he. I'm a good driver thanks to those advance driving lessons I took back in varsity. So, this confirms that I am indeed being followed. I try not to panic but fear is lurking. I decide to dial Phila's number.

Phila:"S thandwa sami (My love)."

Me:"Nkos enye, he's following me." I said that in such a shaky voice with my eyes on the road, all thanks to bluetooth.

Phila:"Don't worry, S thandwa sami (My love) Sbu is on his tail. You just focus on the road and don't panic. I will see you soon. I'm waiting for you in the basement parking."

Me:"Okay."

Phila:"I love you."

Me:"I love you too." I hung up and decide to put all things in God's hands. After a few minutes I make a turn and arrive at the gate and I see the red bmw taking a different turn, with a blue Mercedes following him. I guess that must be Sbu.

I greet Ntate Phiri as hes back on duty today. He lets me in, no time for chit chat today. I get to my parking space in the basement and indeed Phila was right there waiting for me. He got out of his car as I was parking. I got out and went to hug him with tears in my eyes. I was literally shaking. I guess it must be an after shock. Who could be following me? I'm just an ordinary girl, living an ordinary life.

Phila: (brushing my back) "Shhh, It's okay, Sthandwa sami (My love). You're safe now. And you're shaking. You can't be seen like this. Bona ubuso bakho (Look your face) is so red, you look



like a tomato."

I laughed while trying to wipe my tears off my face.

Me:"Phila, you're not funny, you know."

Phila:"Tell you what, let's head to my place. We can come back after an hour or two. I'll explain everything to Porsche."

Me:"No, Phila. What will people say when they see us together? And what if that guy comes back and follows us?"

Phila: (chuckling) "Relax, Sthandwa sami (My love). No one will see us together and even if they do, they know better than to question the boss."

We got in his car and I tried so much to hide my face. Luckily Phila's windows are tinted as well and Ntate Phiri was already far from the intercom.

Phila just put his fingerprint on the access machine and we were off. I felt a bit uneasy and I kept looking out the window, but Phila kept brushing my thigh as a sign of reassurance. His fingers kept moving up and down on my thigh sending foreign signals to my body. My body was once again betraying me, but in a nice way.

## Chapter Fifteen

We didn't drive very long, about fifteen or twenty minutes and we entered Blue Valley Golf Estate. Wow. I mean I live in a nice estate in Equestria, but this is quite Posh. Phila really did well for himself. He must have seen my jaw dropped when he started talking.

Phila:"S thandwa sami (My love) close your mouth, flies might just fly into it."

I hit him playfully.

Me:"I can't help it, Phila. These houses are amazing. The view here is out of this world. This whole place just screams peace, you know."

Phila:"Do you like it here?"

Me:"I love it!"

Phila:"Good because soon you'll be living here."

After a short drive passing amazing mansions, we parked right in front of this one which I assumed is his. Oh, this is magical. It's a really beautiful,

modern house, with an open floor plan and expansive windows that allow light in the house. The glass balconies just do it for me. Not to mention the pool area. I'm in awe. What shocked me is that there are a few big, buffed men in suits walking around his yard. About six of them. What does Phila really do for a living? I have to ask him before we head back to work.

Me:"Wow, Phila. This is amazing. You've done well for yourself."

Phila:"Let me correct you there, I've done well for us, baby wami, for us. Come let me show you to your soon to be home."

Me:"By the way, what are all these men doing around your house? Don't tell me these are your bodyguards."

Phila: (Chuckling) "Yes, Sweetheart. They are my bodyguards."

Me: "What on earth do you do for a living besides the company?"

Phila: "I'll tell you later, Sthandwa sami. Let me take you on a tour of your soon to be new home."

We walked hand in hand into the house. The majestic beauty in this. I really need the name of the architect not to mention the interior designer who designed this place. The kitchen is so big with red and black cupboards. It even has two ovens and enough space to cook up a storm.

There's even a small wine cabinet in here filled with different kinds of wine.

The one lounge is so sophisticated with a beautiful floor and lovely red couches, not forgetting the

white feather carpets. The other lounge seems more like a boy's room because it has a play station and game area and it leads to the pool area.

I guess it is his man cave when he's with his friends. Seeing this house and comparing it to Lunga's you can actually tell the age difference. Lunga is eight years older than me making him 33, and Phila is only five years older, turning 30 in December on Christmas Day. Yes, Lunga is not much older than Phila, but the difference is so obvious looking at their sense of style, from the way they dress to the houses they own, even what they drink.

All I see in here is a wide range of expensive wines and 50 year old whiskeys. The Italians have some real taste in wine and food, much like Phila. I never forgot his birthday. Don't get me wrong I love my house, but it isn't my style. Lunga never bothered to ask me what kind of house I would like, I just moved in with him as soon as we got married.

I guess he's the typical, traditional Zulu man. There I go again, comparing the two. I need to ask Dr. Stein about what's happening to me and why I keep doing this later on today. It has so many rooms I don't think I'll be able to see all of them in these heels.

Me: "Phila, your house is too big for me."

Phila: "Hao, kanjani Sthandwa sami (How so, my love)? It won't feel too big once we have our own kids running around here."

Hearing him say that dampened my mood a little bit. The children topic always makes me sad. I haven't been falling pregnant for five years now. A lot of people say it's God's will, but perhaps they just say things like that to ease a person's pain. I'm guessing Phila saw my face changing and he

stopped to look at me.

Phila:(cupping my face) "Sthandwa sami (my love).  
Look at me. What's wrong? Did I say something  
wrong?"

I really didn't want to dampen the mood by talking  
about my depressing state of mind. I will have  
enough time to do that later on during my therapy  
session with Dr. Stein.

Me: "It's nothing. Let's go check out the garage.  
You've always been a sports car fanatic. I wouldn't  
be surprised if you have a stash of cars hidden in  
there."

He gave me an inquisitive look and decided not to  
ask about it. He took my hand in his and we walked  
towards the garage. There's a door right next to the  
kitchen which requires a password, but this one



seems biometrically encrypted since he opened the door using his hand. Hmm, people have money out here.

Phila: "This is my small collection, Sthandwa Sami (My love)."

Small? Really? Such an understatement. His short introduction to his mobile collection doesn't really do it much justice, but that's Phila, always has been modest. I see a powder blue BMW 2 Series Gran Coupe, a Black Mercedes Benz GLE 300 SUV, a Red Ferrari 812 GTS, a red Lamborghini Centurio, a Black Audi Q8 and a red Golf 7 R.

All in all I'm counting 8 cars including his G63. Wow. Suddenly Lunga's pocket seems small compared to Lunga's. He has four cars parked in our garage, including my Range Rover Evoque with only one is a Mercedes coupe and the rest are VWs. What surprises me is that all the sports cars are red, my

favourite colour. Now you can imagine how huge this house is, seems like the biggest I've seen.

Me:"Nkosenye, these are way too many cars for a man njena. And why are all the sports cars in here red?"

Phila: (laughing) "Is that a trick question, Sthandwa sami (my love)? They remind me of you. I bought them with you in mind. Everyone knows Red is your favourite colour."

Wow. Hearing him say that brought tears to my eyes. How Romantic. Everyone except Lunga knows my favourite colour. He's never bothered to notice. Oh, there it is again, the nasty habit of comparison between my current husband and my soon to be husband, hopefully.

Phila:"Ungakhali (Don't cry), Zee. Uyazi (You know)

it pains me to see you cry."

Me:"I'm not crying, I'm just in disbelief that you still remember such things about me. I cannot believe you still love me evwn after all these years; after all I've been through."

Phila: (Pulling me closer to him while holding my hands) "I told you, Yaya, I'm it for the long haul. I promised you years ago that you would be my wife and I'd do everything for you so you and our children wouldn't have to suffer. And I did it, all this is just for you."

I'm touched. Phila is the true definition of love, a love that never expires.

Phila:"So, do you like it? Do you like the house?"

The look in his eyes, showed how proud he is of his accomplishments and for some reason it seems as if he's searching for approval in mine.

Me:"Are you kidding me? I absolutely love it. All the colour schemes. The red, white and black, they just do it for me. This is the exact house I would want to live in."

He smiled broadly and kissed my cheek. He was so excited and glad like a four year old boy who's just been given a lollipop.

Phila:"I knew you would love it. Come, let's go to the bedroom, I need to change and so do you and make us something to eat."

Me:"Hao, how am I going to change? I didn't bring any clothes. And besides, weren't we supposed to go back to work?"

Phila:"I can't let you go back to work right now until we find out who's this guy that's been following you. Come, let's change first and we'll talk some more."

We walked upstairs and of course there are so many doors up here. We walked into one of the bedrooms of which I assume is the master bedroom.

Phila:"Welcome, to the Love Den, Sthandwa sami (My love)."

I laughed. Love den? Really? I felt a tint of jealousy thinking perhaps he's brought some women here in his "love den" but I decide not to entertain it. This bedroom is huge, with an en-suite bathroom that's to die for. It even has a walk-in closet. I've always wanted one.

Phila: "Would you like to take a tour of the closet?"

I decide to I mean this is every girl's dream, right? I walked in and saw a whole side filled with suits, jeans, some t-shirts and other clothes and I assume it's his. All his clothes are packed in sections: jeans with jeans, t-shirts separate from work shirts. I'm not surprised, though. Phila has always been very neat, even neater than me. He's a bit OCD if you ask me.

What surprised me is the other side of the closet. It had women's clothes and lots of shoes. Lots of dresses, even one side full of sneakers and takkies, hoodies and jeans and shirts. Oddly, most of the items and shoes are red! Oh, wait! Could Phila have bought me all these clothes? No ways, he surely can't be that persistently romantic. All these items have tags on, which confirms my suspicion.

Phila on the other hand had his back on me and

completely changed his work outfit. He settled for a simple Jean, and white T-shirt with a pair of sneakers. I haven't seen him in casual clothes ever since he came back into my life. This man looks like a real God. Once again, seeing him so handsome sent electrifying signals through my body. I decided to come back to earth.

Phila:"Aren't you changing?"

Me:"Are you really telling me that all these clothes are mine?"

Phila:"Yes, Sthandwa sami (My love). I told you, this is OUR house now. I hope I didn't overdo it with the red clothes." He smiled at me. There it is again, that cute, dimple smile of his revealing his perfect teeth.

Me:"I love the clothes, Phila. Thank you."

Phila:"Let me leave to change. I just have to make a quick call. Get comfortable, you can put that jumpsuit back on later when we head out to see Dr. Stein."

He winked at me and left to the bedroom. I took off my wedges and jumpsuit and settled for a pair of leggings and a T-shirt with slippers. He said get comfortable. We're going to be spending a few hours here so I don't need to dress up. I'm still so shocked as to how this guy gets my size right to the T. I walked out of the closet and saw him on the phone.

Phila:"Sho sho, Mfo. Take him to the warehouse and make sure he sings. Keep him there for a few days and make sure he's fed but tied up."

He hung and turned around caught me standing



there staring at him. He didn't seem shocked or worried at all. What's all this talk of warehouses and tying people up?

Phila:"Hey, Sthandwa sami. Come, lets go so I can make us something to eat."

He gave me a wide smile. I decided I would ask later about all this stuff.

Me:"Okay. Who was that over the phone?"

Phila:"Oh, that was Sbu."

Sbu is Phila's twin brother. They are unidentical, though, but equally handsome.

Me:"Sbu as in your twin, Sbu?"

Phila: (laughing) "Yes, Yaya, the Sbuda."

Me: "Wo. I haven't seen him in forever. How is he doing? Is he still a fuck boy?"

Phila: "He's good. He's been based in Cape Town hence you haven't seen him in a while. After I went into hiding he pretty much had to do the same. He's married now."

Me: "No ways. Sbu? Married? To whom?"

Phila: (laughing hard) "Hao, he's also human, Sweetheart. He married Sharon from high school."

I was so shocked. The hell?! Sharon Vilakazi? The bully who used to torment me until Porsche knocked out two of her teeth and set her hair on fire

once in Grade eleven.

Me:"That girl used to bully the shit out of me. How did he end up with a mean girl like her?"

Phila:"Ah, matters of the heart, Sthandwa sami. She's treating Sbu well, though. They even have five year old twin girls now. You'll get a chance to know the new her. You'll see."

Me and Sharon being besties? No way. Anyway, we headed to the kitchen and he took out two wine glasses and poured us some Chardonnay which he took out from the fridge. I'm not really big on wines, but this one tastes as divine as it smells. Must be an Italian thing. I know, who drinks wine at 10am in the morning? Don't judge.

He told me to sit down and relax as he switched on the stove and made us a quick meal. He remembers

my obsession with Pasta and made us some Pasta Alfredo. Seeing him in an apron gave me nasty thoughts. I was never one to fantasize, but I do watch porn once in a while and the stuff I have seen there. I'm surprised people do such things.

I offered to set the table since he didn't want me doing anything else other than watch him. We finally sat to eat, I said a little prayer for us and we dug in.

Me:"So, are you going to tell me what it is you really do for a living or is it meant to be a secret?"

He took a deep sigh.

Phila:"S thandwa sami (My love). My intention is to never lie to you or keep secrets from you. I know that even if I were poor you would still love me regardless. I just hope that what I'm about to tell

you doesn't change the way you feel about me."

I felt my heart sink to the pit of my stomach. I don't know if I am prepared to hear what he's about to say. What if he's a killer or something? I mean these riches do come at a price surely. But, will whatever he tells me change what I feel about him?

## Chapter Sixteen

I sat on my chair frozen, staring at Phila with a huge lump in my throat.

Phila: "When I left South Africa, I had no time to say goodbye to Sbu or my mother. As you know I couldn't even say goodbye to you. Gogo organised everything for me, a one way plane ticket to Italy. Luckily I had finished my Engineering degree and I was about to graduate. I got to do my honours, and Gogo had organised for Pierro Ricci and to take me under his wing and look after me."

That name. It rings a vivid bell. I've heard it somewhere. I just can't put my finger on it.

Phila: "Pierro is Francesca's husband, the one who owns the Nicci boutique in Sandton. He is also the big boss of the Sicilian Mafia in Italy. Gogo sold him your grandfather's business after he died, so in turn Pierro became the biggest drug lord in South Africa. He controls all these big shot wanna bees in South Africa, including your "father" and Lunga's father. They all work for him, but have never met him."

I knew it. I remember seeing a documentary about this Pierro man on tv about his businesses and drugs. He said they were just assumptions because he's a very rich guy and most Italians can't stand him being the richest man in Italy.

Wait, so my grandpa sold drugs? My dad and Luga's

father are drug lords? Whats happening here? Does this make Phila a drug lord too? And where does Gogo fit into all this. All this is making me so dizzy and making me lose my appetite. I was just in so much disbelief that I just kept quiet and stared at him with my eyes wide open.

Phila:"Your mother and Lunga's mother met at one of the parties. See, they have all these businesses but they are a disguise for a drug empire owned by Piero. Pierro took me under his wing and taught me everything I know. I worked for him for years until I decided to retire last year."

Me:"So wait, you mean to tell me you're some kind of drug lord?"

Phila let out a slight laugh.

Phila:"No, Sthandwa sami (my love). I'm a legit

business man. Yes, I ran Pierro's operation when I was in Italy and I do have a few connections tied to him, but that's it. All my businesses are pure and legit. Sbu just runs my finances as well as Pierro's accounts. He makes sure that Pierro's money is clean and legit. I swear I am not dealing in drugs. Every wanna be drug lord in this country knows me as The Black Mamba and Sbu as The Cobra. We are feared, Sweetheart. We only harm those who harm us or those we love. I'm not a gangster, although I do have ganster tendencies."

I've never been so shocked. Honestly, nothing can shock me now. I've heard it all.

Me: "Why do they call you guys by snake names?"

Phila laughed. I think he was intrigued by the fact that I wasn't showing any signs of fear towards him. I was rather curious about all this. This is the kind of stuff you see in movies.



Phila:"They call us that because we had to create an alias so that people don't recognize us for safety reasons. Most people in the drug world are dangerous, even Ministers and Presidents are on Pierro's payroll. I'm the Mamba because the Mamba can kill you slowly. It's a very dangerous snake. Sbu is the Cobra, because he attacks without warning. You know what a hothead Sbu is, but he's more of the professional when it comes to killing."

Hearing him say killing. So they do kill people. My eyes grew wider.

Me:"So... Do you... Do you kill people?"

Phila:"Not really, Sthandwa sami. I don't kill people for fun. I kill when I have to. This is a dangerous business and you cannot enter it or leave it without killing. But you have nothing to worry about. I don't

kill people for muthi like your husband."

I sat there with an astonished look on my face. It almost rendered me speechless.

Me: "Usho kanjani (What do you mean)?"

Phila: (sigh) "Zee, I didn't want to tell you this, but your husband is a drug dealer, same as his father. Your mother in law is a very wicked woman, which I'm sure you know very well. I can only imagine the shit she's put you through, Sthandwa sami (My love)."

I suddenly had a flashback of Zodwa hitting me so hard with a belt saying I'm a useless, barren woman. I have never told anyone that and seeing that Phila has killed before, he might just kill her. She's never liked me, but I don't wish death upon her.

Me:"This is a lot to take in. So when was the last time you killed someone?"

Phila:"Not so long ago. (Looking down) The guy was sent out to kill me by my enemies and I just had to kill him Zee. He came at my brother and I, worst part he had kidnapped Sbu's twins. I couldn't allow that. We both couldn't. So we killed him. I shot him in the head. I don't even regret it. You come at me or anyone I love and I WILL kill you."

He said that with this darkness in his eyes causing his pupils to dialate. I've never seen this side of Phila. It's sending shivers down my spine, but it doesn't change anything about how I feel. As a matter of fact, it's making me love him even more.

Phila:"So, what do you think about what I just told you? About my past, about my life?"

He asked me that holding my hand. I could feel him shivering. I guess he's worried I won't take it well and reject him. How can I when he's accepted me with all my flaws?

Me: "Nkosenye, this changes nothing between you and I. I have loved you when you had nothing and I still love you. I love you even more now. You did what you had to do. There's nothing wrong with protecting your loved ones, but please don't make this killing people a habit."

He smiled and sighed with relief. I'm so proud of him, though and I'm mostly happy that he's open with me and chose not to hide this from me. We got up and took the dishes to the dishwasher and cleaned up the table.

We took the bottle of wine to the Cinema with some snacks. Oh, yes, he has an in-house Cinema. It's really nice and cosy. My Phila has done so well for

himself. From a kasi boy to a sophisticated business man who wears custom made suits and chills in his own in-house Cinema. How amazing is life?

He asked me to pick a movie and I opted for Pretty Woman. Yes, it's an old movie, but I'm an old soul and I love Julia Roberts' movies. I sat with my legs on top of his and he kept brushing my thighs. once again I got weird feelings everytime his fingers stroked my thighs. It sent weird signals, especially down there. It really must be the wine, since I'm on my third glass already. He kept stealing glances at me until I decided to ask him what that's all about.

Me: "You'll lose your eyes if you don't tell me why you keep staring at me like that."

Phila: (smiling and licking his lips) "I'm just staring at how beautiful you are. I'm so blessed to have you in my life again, Yaya. Not many people get second

chances at love. Which is why I can't hold it in any longer. I've been wanting to do this from the day I saw you in that tight, red dress in the boardroom."

With that said he pulled me up and placed me on top of me, spreading my thighs so that I can position myself on top of him. He held my face with both his hands and leaned closer. His lips met mine. He kissed me in such a magical way. Our tongues were communicating with each other, it really felt like our tongues were doing the cha cha. The last time he kissed me like that was the day before he left. I must say, his kissing is even better now.

He stopped to kiss my neck, and using his teeth to bite me a bit. I leaned my head aside to give him more access to do what he wants to my neck. He kept planting kisses on my neck, while stroking my back with his masculine and soft hands.

Me: (moaning) "Oh, Nkosenye."

I could feel his penis poking me from inside his jeans. This is making me feel so weird. I feel so wet down there, almost like I wet myself. While he put his mouth back on my lips I pulled back and stopped.

Phila: (puzzled) "What's wrong? Did I do something wrong?"

Me: (Embarrassed) "No, it's nothing."

I suddenly felt hot and my cheeks probably look red right now.

Phila: (smiling): "Sthandwa sami (My love), what is it? Look, your face is so red right now. Don't be embarrassed."

Me: (Looking down) "It's not that, it's just that I feel weird down there. I think ngizicamele."

Phila laughed so hard he almost cried.

Phila: "Relax, Sthandwa sami (My love). You're wet. It happens when you're sexually aroused. It's not a bad thing, it actually feels nice."

Nice it is indeed.

Phila: "We can stop if you want to."

Me: "No, we don't have to stop. Let's continue."

Phila planted wet kisses all over my face starting from my forehead, to my nose, to both my cheeks and then kissed me deeply again. This time a little



roughly, but in a good way. Lunga has never kissed me like this-ever. Porsche always says that you can tell how good a man's dick game is by the way he kisses you. Judging from this experience, Phila must be good in bed.

He took off my shirt so fast and kept kissing me. He flipped me over to lie on my back as he got on top of me. He unhooked my bra and it dropped on the floor. I've never been seen naked apart from my friends. It's making me feel a bit weird. I tried to cover my breasts with both my hands, but Phila gently removed my hands from my breasts.

Phila:"Relax, Sthandwa sami (My love). This is me, Phila. You don't have to hide the beauty God gave you. I want to see you. I want to see all of you."

His pupils were dialated and his eyes seemed so small. I figured I should allow him to devour me. I put my hands on his back as he cupped both my

breasts. I'm a DD cup, so they don't fit in his hands. He kissed my neck going all the way down to each of my breasts. He licked my nipples in circular motion causing me to moan unexpectedly.

Me:"Oh, Phila. This feels so... So good."

Phila: (Moaning in between kisses) "It's my job to make you feel good, sthandwa sami (my love). Please allow me to do that."

He continued to kiss my breasts, then he kissed my belly all the way down to my waist. My toes were curled up and I was feeling so flushed. He attempted to take off my leggings, but I quickly held his hands.

Phila:"Yaya, please look at me. Look at me, sthandwa sami." (I opened my eyes and looked at him. His eyes filled with hot desire) "I won't do

anything you don't want me to do. I just want to make you feel good without taking my clothes off. Trust me. Do you trust me?"

I nodded. What is he talking about? How can he make me feel good without taking his clothes off?

He took off my leggings and panties all at the same time. I was so embarrassed, I've never had a man look at my vagina. Luckily I shaved, I always shave.

Phila: (with his face staring at my vagina) "Look at me, Sweetheart. Please look at me." I looked down at him with a flushed face. "You have a very beautiful pussy, Sthandwa sami."

I covered my eyes. He started licking the trails of my vagina slowly. I felt so weird, so hot, like I was no longer in control of my body. He spread my legs further apart and parted my vagina lips. He put his

tongue on my clit, flicking it up and down and in circular motions. I let out involuntary moans and screams and put both my hands on his head. This feels so magical. I never knew a person's tongue could do so much. He put his mouth on the entrance of my coochie and ate it. I lost my mind and felt an instant heat wave coming over me.

Me:"Oh, Nkosenye, what are you doing to me?!"

Phila:"I'm eating your delicious pussy ,sthandwa sami (my love). I'm making you feel good as I promised."

I could feel my body tense up.

Phila:"Come for me baby. Shit, you taste so good. Come for me, my love. Let it all go."

I felt something I never felt before overtake my body and I released, causing me to shake. I covered my face. I mean I just had my first orgasm on Phila's face. He cleaned me up with his tongue.

Phila:"Look at me, Sthandwa sami (my love)."

I looked at him with embarrassment written all over me. I'm completely naked to top it all off.

Phila:"You're so beautiful when you com, baby. No need to feel embarrassed."

Me:"It's the first time that's ever happened to me. I don't know how to look you in the eyes."

Phila:"I told you, Yaya. This is me. Phila Zwane. It's always been me. I've never changed. And you don't have to hide yourself from me. You're so beautiful,

Sthandwa sami. Shit. Your body was specially carved just for me to devour. Look how hard you made me."

He said that pointing at his pants. I laughed.

Phila: "Come, let's get you dressed. Sbu is coming over and afterwards we're headed to your appointment."

He helped me get dressed all this while he was smiling like a little kid.

Phila: "I must say, I'm honoured to have given you your very first orgasm. Once I make love to you, you'll never let go. I will show you what you've been missing out on."

We made our way back to his bedroom and I

changed back into my jumpsuit, but decided on wearing pumps instead. No use for heels when I'm not going to work, right. He just changed his shirt since it was a bit wet thanks to my vagina. He washed his face and we walked back to the lounge.

Me: "Phila, how come you didn't go all the way with me? I thought all men do it once a woman's naked."

Phila: "Because you're not ready, Sthandwa sami. And I'm not all men."

He kissed me on the lips. Just then someone walked in shouting. I assume it's Sbu.

Sbu: (Shouting) "Eh, bafo. Ukuphi (Where are you)?"

Phila: "Si lana e lounge (We're in the lounge), man. Nawe uyarasa (You're making noise)."

He walked in the lounge and saw Phila and I sitting on the couch next to one another, holding hands. Phila is so much into PDA. It's going to take a lot of getting used to.

Sbu: (Shouting with hands on his head) "Yoh, yoh yoh! Qhawekazi (Heroine)! Ku dlala ngi ka ku boni (I haven't seen you in forever). Where have you been hiding? Before you answer that, give me a hug please, Sister-in-Law."

I laughed and Phila shook his head. I let go of Phila's hand and gave Sbu a hug. Sbu let go, held my hand and spun me around.

Sbu: "Yoh, mara. I should've picked you while I had the chance. Ah, Bafo, se udla ka mnandi man (Ah, Brother, you have a good meal here). You look good, Qhawekazi (Heroine)."



I just laughed out loud. Sbu has always been such a flirt and character. That's what always got him into trouble at school. He's the total opposite of Phila, but they get along like a house on fire.

Phila on the other hand was less than impressed. He pulled me back to the couch away from Sbu.

Phila: "Hai, man Sbu. This is my woman, man. You have your own woman. You should do that to Sharon, not Zee man, voetsek. (Piss off)."

Sbu: (laughing) "Hade, man bafo (Sorry, man, brother). It's not a bad thing uk'geza amehlo (to look) once in a while."

Phila: "Mxm. Tell me about that loser Tony. What's the status?"

Sbu:"Eish, he sang like a canary that one. After I gave him some ahock therapy. You don't want to excuse Qhawekazi (Heroine)?"

I looked at them talking about me in third person like I'm not in the room. Men.

Phila:"Relax. She knows everything. I don't want to keep secrets from her."

Sbu was so surprised.

Sbu:"And she still decided to stay? Wow. Nkosi'yami (My goodness). uMama is going to be so happy. Qhawekazi (Heroine), you're one of a kind. Phila has never told anyone he's dated about his life. Hell, I don't even tell Sharon about what I do."

Hearing him say that stung a bit. How many girls has Phila dated, really?

Phila: "Hai, man Sbu. Get with the program. We have an appointment in half an hour, dude."

Sbu: "Sho sho. Okay, so he told me that he's Dynamite's IT guru. I must admit he's really good, but not that good to find out who you are and what you do exactly. He told me everything, how Lunga knows about you and Zee and sent him to follow Zee since he found out that her tracker has been removed from her car. He also got instructions to hack her phone. We need to tread carefully and move onto a secure plan, bafo. Especially now that Lunga's mom might also be planning an attack, along with Nomsa."

All this sounds like a fucked up movie. Lunga knows about Phila but he's never even asked about him. He's a lot more dangerous than I thought.

Phila:"Okay, let's catch up later. I have to go somewhere no Zee. Keep me posted."

Sbu:"Don't worry, you'll find me here when you come back. Bye Qhawekazi (Heroine)."

I waved goodbye at him while shaking my head. Phila and I walked hand and as we were about to get into the car I folded my arms and stared at him.

Phila:"Yini (What)?"

Me:"You don't think I'm going to let you drive me to my appointment in your Merc, do you? Let's take the golf and I'm driving."

Phila: (laughing) "Barely a week we've been together and you're already bossing me around? Okay,

ma'am."

I was so excited. He took the car keys and gave them to me. I got into the driver's seat and started the car. The power in this car. I can't wait to feel this beauty. As I was about to head out I see Phila just smiling without his seatbelt on.

Me: "Seatbelt, please."

Phila: "Kasi men don't wear seatbelts, Sthandwa sami (My love) But for you I'll do anything."

I clicked my tongue and he laughed squeezing my cheek. I drove out the gate in high speed, not too high. This car feels amazing.

Chapter Seventeen

We finally arrived at Dr. Stein's office. As I was

parking the car I switched off the ignition and looked at Phila. He looked at me with so much surprise and pride.

Me:"What?"

Phila:"Where did you learn to drive like that? Uyayishaya imoto, Sthandwa sami. (you can really drive, my love)"

I smiled and blushed at the same time.

Me:"Gogo took me for advanced driving lessons back in varsity. She said it would help me one day in case I find myself in a dangerous situation."

Phila:"Hehe uGogo is a real gangster yazi. I need to thank her properly. Come, let's get inside. I'm sure Dr. Stein is awaiting our arrival."

We got out of the car and walked up the stairs. All this while Phila kept holding my hand and brushing it with his thumb. I must say, reaching this level of PDA (Public Display of Affection) is really nice. We walked in and we found Dr. Stein already waiting. She got up to greet us.

Dr. Stein: "Hi, Ziyanda. How are you today?" She hugged me.

Ziyanda: "Hi, Dr. I'm well, thanks and how are you today?"

Dr. Stein: "I'm much better now that I get to finally meet the persistent gentleman in your life in person. You must be Phila, right?" Shaking Phila's hand.

Phila: "Yes, pleasure to meet you."

Okay, what did she mean by Persistent? What did he do now? I gave him a firm look before turning to Dr. Stein.

Me: "What do you mean 'finally meet the persistent gentleman?'" I looked at her inquisitively.

Dr. Stein: "Oh, he kept calling and demanded to speak to the Doctor that saved his wife's life. He practically told me he will be sitting in today with you. I must say, he's quite something." She winked at me. "Please, take a seat, both of you."

We sat down and Phila held my hand. I think this time it was more about reassurance.

Dr. Stein: "So, what have you been up to? What's new, besides your high school love coming back?"



Dr. Stein has always been very warm and welcoming. She has this really lovely and inviting smile that just makes you open up without feeling bad. It's her job, though, but she makes it feel like we're friends.

I took a deep sigh and decided to tell her everything that happened from finding out that I'm a child of rape, to finding out that My marriage was actually arranged, to finding out my husband is a ritual killer and finding out about Phila's past and being a part of his present.

All this while I've been tearing up and wiping my tears, blowing my nose while Phila has been brushing my back and holding my hand through it all.

Dr. Stein has been her patient self, taking notes

while nodding her head and asking me how all this makes me feel in the process.

Dr. Stein: "Well, Ziyanda, that is a whole lot to digest in a space of a few days. I must say you're making immense progress and you longer break down easily. However, I have a question: Have you told Phila why you were on anti-anxiety and depression medication?"

My heart started beating so fast. Dammit. Psychologists and their way of persuading you to talk. I hate their reasoning, even though I know she's right. I felt like I could pass out any moment from now. Nobody knows the whole truth, no one except Dr. Stein. I think I must have zoned out for a second before Dr. Stein brought me back to earth.

Dr. Stein: "Ziyanda?"

Me:"I.. Uh... No... No, I haven't told him."

Dr. Stein:"It's important that he knows. Remember, he told you everything about him, so it's only fair he knows everything about you, not so?"

I took a deep breath. She's right, though. What's a relationship with secrets?

Me:"Okay." (I looked at Phila and started shaking. Phila just kept squeezing my hand and reassured me by telling me it's okay.) "Well, when I was 19 I had a miscarriage. I had no idea I was even pregnant because we had been trying for almost a year and nothing was happening. Phila got so frustrated with me and all I did was cook lamb and he just came home moody. So.."

I started tearing up and shaking in the process. Phila handed me a tissue and squeezed my hand.

Me:"So, I tried making him feel better. I mean, as a 19 year old wife, what do you do to your husband who comes home angry and upset for no reason? I asked him what the problem was and how I could help? He said I had better keep my mouth shut, so I did. He left and headed to our bedroom, while I dished up for him and put the plate before him on the dinner table.

I hoped that he had probably calmed down. He came back down even more irritated. I didn't understand what I had done wrong and so I didn't want to upset him by saying anything more. He sat down on his chair, took one bite of his food and started telling me what a useless bitch I was. He.. He threw the plate across the table and it hit my face. I fell down from my chair with my forehead bleeding. He came at me and started insulting me saying I am barren and useless and how he wished he had married a woman he really loved.

He kicked me continuously like a useless dog, and was only satisfied when he saw that I was unconscious. I didn't even notice that I was bleeding down there because I had passed out by then. I woke up the next day in hospital with a fractured rib, swollen face and a black eye with him next to me and a bunch of sunflowers with a huge Teddy Bear with a small "I'm sorry" card next to it.

I assumed that was his way of apologizing for beating me up like a damn dog, but the doctor confirmed that I was 12 weeks pregnant and so much damage was done to my abdomen that I lost my baby. To make matters worse the fucker told the doctor that I was hijacked and nearly raped. What kind of monster does that?"

It felt so relieving to finally get that off my chest. Phila on the other hand was in so much pain he couldn't hide it. He clenched his jaw and tightened

his hand around mine, not realizing he was doing it a bit too tight. A tear escaped from his eye.

Whatever he's feeling at this moment, I feel it a million times more.

Me:'That's not all. I had to stay im hospital for two weeks because the damage was so bad. I had to lie to Porsche and gogo and go with his hijacking story because I was so afraid of what he might have done next. My parents and own sister never bothered to come see me.

I really felt so alone, so helpless. Porsche was really the best. I told Mam'Masango exactly what Lunga said I should tell her, but she didn't believe my lie once I got home. She nursed me back to health. I recovered few weeks later and things seemed better, until his mother came to visit. She never liked me so I was used to her insults.

She suggested that Lunga take a second wife, and I

refused so she said she would teach me a lesson. She took one of Lunga's belts and kept hitting me with the metal side of it, till I ended up with a concussion. This time I never told anyone about it. I was and still am so petrified of that woman.

I had so many bruises on my back that I had to wear fully covered clothes for two weeks. After those two incidents I just lost it. I had a mental breakdown and that's when Porsche forced me to come see Dr. Stein. She saved me from myself."

Phila just pulled me closer for an embrace.

Me:"I was in a horrible state, Phila. Everyone thought it was because of the miscarriage, but I just lost it. I couldn't eat or face anyone for months. Things got worse when I slit my wrists in the bath tub when I just couldn't handle life anymore. That was when Lunga decided to be a little nicer to me, but it just didn't help. I had to get on medication

and have been on it ever since. I just stopped taking the meds last month."

Phila held me closer for an embrace. His body was a bit tense, but he tried not to show it.

Phila:"So, you mean to tell me that the doctor who treated you never queried domestic abuse? Even after you had returned a few weeks later with even more bruises?"

Me: (sniffing in his arms) "No, I never even asked. I was so terrified of him, I thought if I asked for help he was going to kill me. Not to mention Zodwa."

Phila kept quiet for a while. All this while Dr. Stein was watching us and had stopped taking notes. After a very short deafening silence, Phila decided to say something.



Phila: "I assume you still have the report from both incidents, right Doc?"

Dr. Stein: "Yes, it's standard procedure that the patient's psychologist gets information of the patient's previous medical reports to formulate a proper diagnosis before starting treatment."

Phila: "I'm going to need those reports and a copy of your therapy sessions."

Dr. Stein: "Mr. Zwane, I cannot do that. It's against policy..."

Phila shot her a stern, bewildered look before she could finish her sentence. Dr. Stein figured it's time to comply before she got a mouthful from Phila.

Dr. Stein: "Of course. Let me get them prepared for

you. I will ask my PA to email them to you."

Phila:"Thank you. I will sms you my email address."

Dr. Stein:"Of course. That is all for today. We have made immense progress. Let me leave you two for a few minutes."

She got up from her couch and left the room. I finally composed myself and got my head off Phila's chest. My face was so red and my eyes swollen from all the crying.

Phila:"Are you feeling better, Sthandwa sami?"

He said that holding my chin with two of his fingers, staring me in the eye. I saw something in his eyes I haven't seen in a long time, not since his father was murdered in High School. I saw the look of a

powerless man, his eyes glistening with tears as they threatened to fall down on his cheeks.

Me: "I'm okay, Phila. It's just... I haven't told anyone about all of this. It's okay if you're thinking of leaving me. I'm too damaged."

Phila: "Look at me, Ziyanda. You will stop with this broken statement of yours. You're my Queen, the love of my life. I love you with all of me. I would still love you even if you had cut off your legs. I love you so much, Zee."

It pains me to see how much you've gone through and I couldn't be there to protect you. I promise you from now on I'm going to protect you with all of me. It is time to end this shit once and for all. As of today, you're no longer going back to that useless Lunga. You're staying with me from now on, starting today."

I looked at him puzzled.

Me:"But, won't he come after me? After us? What about Mam'Masango? Zodwa? Oh, no! Zodwa will come after me, I know she will! And my mother! What about my clothes and stuff?! Oh, gosh, Phila I'm scared!"

I started crying again thinking of all the horror Zoda promised to do to me should I ever think of leaving her precious son.

Phila:"Yaya, do you trust me?"

Me:"Yes, yes, I do."

Phila:"That's all you need to do. Don't worry about useless people. I will handle them. And as for

clothes, it seems you have forgotten the closet full of clothes I got for you. If you don't like them I'll get you new clothes, anything you want. Don't worry about Mam'Masango. She can come live with us if that's what you want. All I need from you is to trust me."

I took a deep sigh. Phila has never let me down-ever. I don't have much to lose and besides, anywhere is better than home.

I suddenly remembered that I had dinner with the girls and they were supposed to come to my house.

Me:"Oh, Phila. I forgot that the girls and I were supposed to meet up for dinner at my, well, Lunga's house."

Phila:"It's okay. They can come to our house. I'll forward you the address and they can come, but I'm

warning you. Any funny business from Belinda, and she's out. I don't trust that bitch and neither should you, Sthandwa sami. Be very careful of her, please."

He was so serious. What is it with people warning me about Belinda? Am I that blind?

Me:"Okay, I promise I will watch her. Thank you for all this, Phila."

Phila:"Anything for you, Sthandwa sami. Ngiyakuthanda yezwa?"

Me:"I love you too."

Phila:"Let's go home."

Home. Feels so good to hear him say that. Our

home. We left Dr. Stein's office and he decided to take over the wheel as we drove back to his house - well, it's our house now.

## Chapter Eighteen

Phila

After a short drive back home filled with silence we finally arrived home. I didn't even bother playing any music in the car, as I was filled with so much rage. I'm not angry at Zee, I'm pissed off at that motherfucker Lunga and that saggy, old bitch Zodwa.

Clearly they don't know the Black Mamba. I know Gogo and I agreed on one plan, but this shit is getting tiring. I'll have to call her and tell her I'm moving in for the kill. Everyone who was involved in hurting my Zee will feel my wrath, even that useless doctor who probably got bribed by Lunga to keep

her mouth shut.

I'll leave that bitch Belinda for last. No one messes with my Zee and gets away with it-no one. Zee on the other hand has been rather quiet. I park the car and switch off the ignition.

Phila:"Zee, are you okay? You've been awefully quiet."

Ziyanda:"I'm okay, Phila. I'm just a bit tired."

Phila:"We can always cancel this dinner date with your friends. You mean more to me than them-no offence."

Zee laughed a little bit. At least I managed to make her crack a smile.



Ziyanda:"No, Phila. It's okay. Perhaps some girl talk is just what I need right now. They won't even stay that long."

Phila:"Good, because I want you all to myself tonight. No funny business."

Her phone rang and she frowned.

Ziyanda:"It's Lunga."

Phila:"Ignore it. Remind me to get you a new phone and new number. It's time to cut ties with that guy. For good."

Ziyanda:"I guess you're right. Let me block him for now since the girls will be communicating with me in case they get lost."

Phila:"Good. Let's get into the house. I'll run you a nice bath."

We walked hand in hand into the house. Luckily Sbu was in the study catching up on some work. I had texted him before we left the office and briefed him about the situation. It's time to unleash Cobra and the Black Mamba.

Lunga

I dialed Zee's number again for the fifth time. It just goes mute. Did this bitch just block me?! My life is a mess right now and worst part I can't get hold of Tony. It's so unlike him. I mean, without him I won't have any access to anything around Zee.

His assistant is not as good as him. I can't function right now. The only information he could dish out was that Zee's car was parked at work ever since

this morning. It's still parked there which means she must have left using someone else's car. I'm totally fucked.

Perhaps I can use that bitch Belinda to get me some info on where Zee is and what she's up to. They were supposed to have dinner here tonight, but even Mam'Masango didn't cook or prwpare everything. I fucking hate not being in control of anything! Ma said she would fix this shit. Why hasn't she done anything yet?! I decide to call Belinda.

Belinda:"Hey, Baby."

Lunga:"Belinda, ukuphi (Where are you)?"

Belinda:"That's not a very warm greeting especially since you haven't seen me nor your son in a while."

Lunga:"Yeh, wena Belinda. Don't fuck with me okay? I'm not in the mood. Ngithe ukuphi (I said where are you)?!"

Belinda:"Geez, no need to be so aggro. I'm on my way to meet up with the Girls for dinner."

Lunga:"What?! Which girls? Where? Weren't you supposed to meet up at my house?"

Belinda:"Yes, but Zee changed the location at the last minute. I'm headed there right now."

Lunga:"Hehe uZee uyang'nyela man. Ahe doesn't go to work and now she isn't coming home, busy hosting dinners at her boyfriend's place! Send me that address."

Belinda:"Hao, kanti this is about Zee. You're still

chasing after her. She doesn't want you anymore."

Lunga:"Weh, Belinda, S febe ndini (you bitch). I said send me the location if you know what's good for you. Otherwise, don't ever call me again."

I hung up before she could say anything else. I'm fuming. Belinda didn't take long to send the address of where they will be tonight. That dick Phila won't know what hit him. I'm coming to get what's mine, bro. I take my car keys and take a gulp of my whiskey and leave the house.

Nomsa

I've been trying to contact Ziyanda all bloody week and she's been ignoring me. I don't really blame her, I mean I've been such a horrible mother to her all her life. I need to fix all this before shit happens. I can feel death lurking in my presence and I wouldn't

want to die before making amends.

My biggest mistake was selling my daughter to Zodwa and her son. All her sons died and Lunga is the only one left. How I wish I could turn back the time and make things right. Now my sins are haunting me and I don't know what to do.

That bitch Zodwa is on my case 24/7. Doesn't she have a life though?! If she's not calling she's sending me harassing messages. Let me call her and tell her I'm out. I don't want to step on Mamba's toes. I've heard what he and Cobra do to those who screw them over.

All I've been doing all week ever since Ronza came here that night is drink and think, drink and think. Khaya is away on business, thank goodness not that he's ever home and Thando and her brats have been bothering me for money. Since when is my life such a mess? I dial Zodwa.

Zodwa: "Please tell me igolo lakho loku nuka (your smelly cunt) has finally fixed this mess."

Nomsa: (Sigh) "Yazini Zodwa (you know what Zodwa). A woman of your calibre should learn how to speak properly, man. Your foul mouth is really unattractive."

Zodwa: (annoyed) "You didn't call me for a crash course on mannerisms, Nomsa. Now talk. I don't have all night."

Nomsa: "Look, I'm done. I want out. I can't do this anymore. Zee doesn't deserve such happening to her and you and I both know your son doesn't deserve her."

Zodwa: (laughing hysterically causing Nomsa to roll her eyes) "Heh! Nomsa Bhengu has found God."

Since when do you care about your daughter and her well being? Yey wena. Don't fuck with me Nomsa uyangizwa (do you hear me)?! I think it's time for Khaya and I to have a little chat about who Ziyanda's real father is. I bet your mother will be so angry to hear that you actually lied about being raped. Let's see how she will feel when I finally tell Khaya that you had an affair with King Bekumuzi Gumede's son and when he couldn't choose you over his wife, you cried rape."

I was so drained. I just didn't care anymore. I've been abused my Zodwa for way too long. I'm just exhausted.

Nomsa:"Do what you want, Zodwa. Just do it. You've been threatening me for six years now, so do it. Now is your chance, I don't give a fuck anymore."

Zodwa: (surprised) "Weh, Nomsa. I told you, I don't make empty threats. You think I'm bluffing angithi."



Nomsa:"Do it man, Zodwa. You have Khaya's number so why don't you just send him a message about everything?! Meanwhile I will also tell David that you sacrificed all your children since they were Male and Lunga being the last born, you sacrificed his manhood for mdeva to become richer angithi (right)? That way we will all be even."

Zodwa grew scared and kept quiet for a second.

Zodwa:"You wouldn't dare!"

Nomsa:"I would. It's time I do right by my daughter, which I cannot say the same for you. You're a witch, Zodwa and I can't wait for Black Mamba to hear about this. Pierro is going to execute your husband once he finds out what you and Lunga are trying to do with Kennedy. Don't fuck with me Zodwa, I know all your secrets and I have the upper hand now."

Zodwa's heart was beating so fast you could almost hear it over the phone.

Zodwa:"Wait, Nomsa. Ukhuluma ngani (What are you talking about)? What do you mean Mamba and Cobra? And how do you know about the Kennedy deal?"

Nomsa:"You should know by now that I have my ways just as much as you have yours, Zodwa. I mean Phila is Mamba and Cobra is his twin brother Sbu, you idiot. Now you've really messed up, Zodwa. You and your son are planning to overtake Pierro by stealing his dealers and clients with Kennedy. He's going to come for you. I still have a chance to redeem myself and I'm going to tell Zee everything.

I'm going to tell her how you forced Lunga to marry her so that you can sacrifice all her children

because of her royal bloodline. I'm going to tell her how you put a spell on Lunga so he could beat her to a pulp so that she miscarries and you used that foetus for more power and money.

I'm going to tell her how you got Belinda on your payroll to sleep with Lunga's brother and claim that the child is Lunga's son. You have ruined my life and now you want to ruin Ziyanda's life even further. I'm done with you, Zodwa and I'm about to serve you on a silver platter to Mamba. Game over, bitch.

I hung up before she could say anything and I took a sip of my champagne. I need to go see my mother tomorrow and confess my sins. Zodwa tried calling me back, but I switched off my phone. It feels good to have all the power for once. Redemption feels really good.

Zodwa

I tried calling and calling Nomsa again but it just left me straight to Voicemail. Who does that whore think she is? How does she know all my secrets kanje? I'm literally shaking and having palpitations.

I try to drink some water but the grip let loose and the glass fell to the ground. I fell onto the ground and tried to compose myself. I need a game plan and quickly. I had no idea Mamba and Phila are the same person.

I'm truly fucked and now I can't control Nomsa anymore. I need to think. Perhaps we can make another deal with the Sorcerer and Phila won't come after me. I decide to call Lunga.

Lunga: "Yebo Ma. (yes, ma)"

Zodwa: "Come to my house now. We have a

problem."

Lunga:"I can't talk now, ma. I'm on my way to Phila's house. Zee is there and I need her with me."

I started to panic more.

Zodwa:"No, wait Lunga don't go there! Phila is..."

I couldn't even finish my sentence before he cut me off.

Lunga:"I'll come see you tomorrow ma, after I deal with this."

He hung up. Oh, Nkosiyami (oh, my gosh). What do I do now? I try to call him again but his phone goes straight to voicemail. Oh, no. Lunga is walking

straight into a trap. Ngi nyile straight (I'm in serious shit). I can't lose another son, my only son. I can't. I can't bear anymore of this frustration as I sob loudly on the floor.

## Chapter Nineteen

### Ziyanda

I got out of the bath tub and fixed myself as I prepared for dinner with the girls. There's no need to dress up so I put on a crop Tee with black leggings and slippers. Luckily this t shirt isn't showing any part of my breasts or tummy. I wouldn't want Sbu to get the wrong idea about me. Phila is the sweetest man. He literally got everything in my size and exactly what I like. I noticed I haven't been eating properly nowadays. All this stress is taking its toll on me. I'm so happy he's by my side. I check my phone for any messages from the girls and I notice 8 Missed calls and one message from my mother. "Ziyanda, my baby,

please call me back. It's urgent. I know we're not that close and it's all my fault. Please allow me to fix it. Call me My baby." That's weird. My mom calling me petnames and sounding so sincere. That's very odd. Perhaps she's dying or something like that. I choose to ignore her. I'll deal with her another time.

Phila walked in with a smile on his face.

Phila:"S thandwa sami (my love). Your friends are here. Porsche specially told me if I don't come back with you within 2 minutes she's going to burn down my house".

I laughed. Oh, Porsche.

Me:"Okay, I'm done anyway. Let's go."

As I walked down the stairs I saw Porsche standing in the middle of the kitchen holding plates with food, while Kele is busy pouring some wine in glasses. Belinda on the other hand was looking around with a weird look on her face. It's between disgust and awe or rather surprise, I just can't tell.

Porsche: "Whoo! It's about damn time, "Sthandwa sami" (imitating Phila). Come help me with setting up the dinner table since Belinda a se na matsogo, ngwaneso (since Belinda doesn't have hands, my sister.)"

Phila: (chuckling) "Well, that's my queue ladies. Shout if you need anything."

He turned to me and whispered in my ear before left for his study.

Phila: "Sthandwa sami, don't forget what I said about



your friend."

With that said he walked away and left us. I carried two plates with pizza and Porsche carried another two with salads, while Kele carried two glasses to the dinner table and went back to get the other two. All this while Belinda is just standing looking around, leaving Porsche rather annoyed. I couldn't help but also feel a tad bit annoyed too. I mean it's a bit rude to watch people prepping food while you're just standing doing absolutely nothing.

Porsche: "Eh, Queen Elizabeth, Re kopa at least o tle le (at least bring) the bottle of wine and ice can toe. (Please)"

Kele: "Yes, kgante why vele o sa dire sepe, Belinda (Why aren't you helping out)?"

Belinda: "Oh, sorry man. I'm just admiring the

beauty of this house. I mean, I'm asking myself how Phila affords all this. Must be the benefits of crime."

Wow. I'm used to Belinda talking shit but that's just a low blow. Kele, Porsche and myself we're a bit dumb struck. I think that's because she usually says shit when she's had a bit too much to drink. A part of me feels like she does it on purpose so she can blame it on the alcohol. Porsche on the other hand has always said that Belinda has always been jealous of me. I'm starting to believe it.

Porsche:"Heh! Belinda weh!(clapping hands) Kopa o ska re tena please (Don't annoy us). You just rock up here and barely ten minutes you've been here you're throwing insults in the man's house. The man who invited you here. Ga o swabe waitse (You really have no shame). Kana wa itibala gore (You're forgetting that) your life is a mess and you don't even know who fathered your child."

Okay, this is about to get out of hand. Belinda knows better than to argue with Porsche.

Kele:"Okay, ladies, please. Can we just hang out hle? I mean Belinda, you're the one who kept insisting that we hook up tonight and now you're being nasty. I think you should apologize to Zee, please."

Belinda looked down and I think she was a bit hurt my Porsche's comment. Porsche stood with her hands folded and her eyebrows raised looking at her.

Belinda:"Kele is right. I'm sorry, Zee. I've just been stressed lately. I didn't mean to take it out on you."

Kele:"See, problem solved. Let's enjoy ourselves, ladies. We haven't seen each other in forever."

Kele, short for Kelebogile. She's always been the peacemaker in the group. A bookworm, also an Accounting major like Sbu who graduated with Cum laude and an honours degree, and a total sucker for romance. She wears glasses, but has such a beautiful face. She has a big afro and never wears weaves. She has a tiny waist and curves for days. I just adore her spirit. It brings calmness to the group.

Me:"I totally agree with Kele, guys. Let's enjoy this night."

We sat down and grabbed some food, but I could already tell Porsche's mood was already ruined.

Me:"So, Kele, how are things? It's been a while hey."

Kele:"Oh, well, same old, same old. Brian has been in and out of jobs hey, but I try to keep the family together. Luckily KPMG hired me a month ago and

the salary is great."

Me:"I'm so glad, man. And how's Thato? I'm sure he talks too much now."

Kele: (laughing) "He's so adorbs now hey. I mean he's quite a handful though. I never knew three year olds had so much energy to last them a lifetime."

She said that as she passed her phone onto all of us showing us his pictures. She just lights up when she talks about her son. It's so adorable and I can't wait to have my own.

Porsche:"Speaking of kids, how's Banele, Belinda?"

Belinda seemed a bit caught by that question and took a while before she answered.

Belinda: "He's good, hey, really good."

Porsche: "Kana how old is he now? Five?"

Belinda: "yes, kgante what's with the million questions, Portia?!"

Wow. Okay. Belinda just seems to never like talking about her son. I find that so odd. We've never even seen his pictures. I never really ask. I guess she's ashamed because she says she doesn't know who the father is and he was a one night stand.

Apparently Banele lives with her aunt in Cape Town, while she lives here in Pretoria.

Porsche: "Calm down, sesi. We're just making conversation. Why did you suggest this dinner if you're going to be so grumpy anyways?" She clicked her tongue and poured us some more wine.

Kele:"Anyway, Zee. I saw some guards around the house. What's the deal with that?"

While we're conversing Belinda's phone keeps beeping and she's ignoring her phone and eventually switches it off. Must be a persistent ex or something.

Me: (slight laugh) "Oh, that. Phila likes being safe, you know. Nothing major."

I decide to cut my answers as short as possible. I don't think it would be appropriate to tell them why Phila has so much security around him.

Belinda:"Speaking of Phila, Zee. Are you guys together or what? And where does that leave Lunga?"

Belinda was rather inquisitive tonight. It made me feel a bit uneasy, but I won't show it. I remember Phila's stern warning. Something isn't right about Belinda. As I was about to answer, Porsche jumped right in and did the talking for me, which I'm grateful for.

Porsche: "Well, since you really must know, Phila and Zee are an item now and Lunga is a thing of the past. Since you've always found him hot, Bee, you can have him now. He's all yours."

I trust Porsche to throw a low blow at someone real quick.

Kele: "Well, I'm happy for you, Zee. I've never really liked Lunga. If you're happy then I'm happy."

Belinda: (annoyed) "Kgante Zee ga a kgone go ipolella (can't Zee speak for herself)?"



Porsche: "She can, but I just like talking on her behalf. I have all night you know."

Belinda: "Well, I've never wanted Lunga. And besides, who would want a two-minute noodle? I also don't approve of you fucking an ex while you're still married, Ziyanda."

Kele: (shocked) "Belinda!"

Porsche: "It's okay, Kele. I've got this. No one cares whether you approve of anything or not. Zee doesn't need your approval. Le gona, how do you know he's a two minute noodle? As I remember correctly Zee has never laid out her bedroom issues whenever we're together."

Porsche kept her eyes at Belinda while Belinda looked uneasy. She looked like she was thinking of

something to say until she stood up.

Belinda: "Ag, wena Portia o busy ka di 20 questions tonight (Oh, Portia, you're so busy with 20 questions tonight). Since when o le detective (Since when are you a detective)? Anyway, please excuse me, I need the bathroom. E ko kae (Where is it)?"

Kele: "Come, I'll show you. I went there just when I arrived."

They both left the table and Porsche kept staring at them.

Porsche: "Something is fishy about that skinny bitch. I don't trust her Zee and neither should you."

Me: "You know, Phila said the same thing to me earlier on."

Porsche:"Hehe, Something is up and I'm going to find out one way or another."

We kept sipping on our wine and I filled her in on a few details, including how Phila ate my coochie earlier on. I still can't believe I came on his face. She welcomed me to the orgasm club with a high five.

Phila

I'm in the study with Sbu and he just played me a recording of the phone call between Nomsa and Zodwa. Those two bitches are going to feel my wrath. Now that we finally know why Ziyanda was forced to marry Lunga, she can divorce his ass and we can get married. I can't tell Zee about Belinda and that bastard child, not right now. What's worse is that the son isn't even Lunga's kid. So Lunga is actually impotent.

That's some fucked up shit. I've always known not to trust that bitch, but my Zee always sees the good in people and it will ruin her one day. I heard Lunga telling Gogo Zodwa he's on his way here. Let him come. I'm waiting for him. I already told one of my guys to prepare to shoot him right at the gate. I can't afford him being shot right in front of my house. That might just scare off the women, especially Zee. I don't want to expose her to that kind of life. She's way tok fragile for that. Sbu and I decide to catch up while sipping on some whiskey, patiently awaiting a call from one of my guys telling me that it's done. I can't wait to officially get rid of that leech.

Belinda

I had to think of a way to get out of that messy situation. I nearly blurted out that I'm fucking Lunga. To make matters worse he's been calling and

texting me.

Kele: (Whispering) "What's the hell is wrong with you, Bee? Why did you do that? Wa gafa (are you crazy)?"

Belinda: (annoyed)"Kele man, ska tla ka go ntena le wena (Don't you also annoy me.)"

Kele: "I'm trying to help you here. If you continue the way you're going on, your secret will be out."

Belinda:"Is that so, Mrs. Goody Two shoes?"

Kele: "Bona fa (look here) Belinda. I'm your friend and what you're doing to Zee is not right. I'm giving you a chance to walk away before everyone gets hurt."

She walked away clicking her tongue and I couldn't be bothered. She's annoying as fuck acting like she's better than everyone. Zee has always been little miss perfect and now that She's with Phila, it's my turn to be Mrs. Nqcoobo.

I got in the bathroom and switched on my phone. I check my messages since he's been blowing up my phone. "Where the fuck are you?" "Come out." "The guards won't let me in." I decide to call him.

Lunga:"Why the fuck haven't you been answering my messages, Belinda?!"

Belinda: (whispering)"Sorry, I couldn't answer. I didn't want them to get suspicious."

Lunga:"Ngithe come out now so that I can get into your boot. I can't get in-"

He couldn't even finish his sentence when I heard three gunshots. I panicked.

Belinda:"Lunga?! Lu?! Oh, my God, Lu please answer me! Are you okay?!"

As I burst out in tears someone took over his phone.

Voice:"Take this as a warning from Black Mamba. You're next."

The line went dead and I suddenly felt like I'm about to piss myself while shaking.

Chapter Twenty

Ziyanda

Kele, Porsche and I were chatting away as always

and enjoying ourselves so much that we actually forgot about Belinda for a second. We were having Chocolate cake for dessert when Belinda came storming down the stairs in tears.

Me:"Bee, are you okay?"

Belinda was in serious tears and struggled to speak.

Porsche:"Hao, Bee le wena. Bua man (Talk man)! Go swile mang (Who died)?!

Seems like someone really did die because she wailed even more. I've never seen Belinda like this before. It's heartbreaking to see another woman cry like this. Oh, no. She can't possibly drive in this state. Let me call Phila.

Phila:"S thandwa sami (My love).



Me: "Phila, can you please drop Belinda off at her house? She can't possibly drive like this. She's in a state and I don't know what's wrong."

Phila: "No worries, Sthandwa sami (My love). Sbu will drive her car while I drive her home in mine."

Me: "Thank you so much. I'm really sorry to inconvenience you like this."

Phila: "It's okay, baby wami. Besides, Mooikloof isn't that far from here. We're coming now."

I hung up the phone and breathed a sigh of relief.

Me: "Bee, it's okay. Phila is going to take you home. Sbu will drive your car so that you can be able to go to work tomorrow."

Belinda wasn't even saying anything. She was just nodding which I took as a sign of saying thank you. She was still sobbing though, way less than before.

Phila came with Sbu.

Sbu: "Ladies. Let's go Bee-Bee. O ska lla ne nana (Don't cry, baby). Whomever it is that died ne e le nako ya gae (It was probably time for him/her to die).

Sbu thought. How insensitive. Porsche on the other hand was intrigued and silently laughing.

Me: "Sbu mara. Don't be like that."

Sbu: (with a smirk on his face) Okay, sorry ke. (He rubbed Belinda's back.) Mfe di key ts a koloi nana

(Give me the car keys, baby.). Let's get you home safely."

All this while Phila was just disinterested. They both left and I was left with Kele and Porsche.

Kele:"Wow, guys. It's not nice to see Belinda like this. What do you think happened?"

Porsche: "Karma."

Me:"Porsche mara le wena be serious."

Porsche:"Who said I'm joking?" She said that sipping on her wine not caring about Belinda or how she might be feeling at this point.

Kele:"Ai, guys. Let me love and leave you. I'll check

up Bee tomorrow. Be safe on your trip to Cape Town, Zee. Have fun and show Brenner what you're made of." She said smiling and gave both Porsche and I hugs. I walked her out and she drove off.

Meanwhile Porsche was just sitting in her chair, unbothered, drinking her wine. I stood looking at her.

Porsche:"Keng (what)? O batla (Do you want) some more wine?"

Me: (chuckling) "mara o bjang wena Portia Williams, heh (What kind of Person are you, Portia Williams, huh)?"

Porsche:"I'm a person who loves you very much and who cannot pretend. Now stop complaining and give me a tour of this gorgeous mansion."

I laughed shaking my head. It's no use telling Porsche what to do or how to feel about anyone so I let her be. We got up the stairs with our wine glasses in our hands as I took her around the house for a tour.

Phila

Belinda got into the car and I drove off and Sbu came following afterwards. This is my chance to get this bitch to cut her nice girl act. We all know she hates Zee. So much that she wants to take everything away from her. She decided to sit at the back, probably so she can mourn her lousy boyfriend in peace. As we drove out of the estate, there were Paramedics on the scene attending to that fuck and his car was being inspected by Police. I think she saw that as confirmation that he might be dead and started crying again. Mxm, Lunga though, whatever happened to Bro's before hoes?

Phila:"So, you want to talk about what happened?"

She shook her head trying to wipe her tears. I kept looking at her through the rearview mirror. J ah, neh. Fake ass bitch.

Phila:"You know, you can cut the act, Belinda. I know you're fucking Lunga and that you have a son with him. What baffles me is that why don't you end your fake friendship with Ziyanda?"

She looked at me so shocked with her eyes wide open.

Phila:"Now, answer me before I put a bullet through your head and feed you to crocodiles, jou shit."

Chapter Twenty One

Ziyanda

I took Porsche on a tour around the house and she absolutely loved it. I was just falling deep in thought ever now and then thinking about Belinda's behaviour.

Porsche: "Tjo! Wa bona chomi (Wow! Just look friend)! Mo ke serious upgrade (This is a serious upgrade). Ke ka mokgwa o joy e jewang ka teng (This is how you live and enjoy life). Bona fela (Just look); A better looking man, a bigger house, a fatter bank account AND Pipi e tona (A bigger dick)! I told you letsatsi la go hlabela ngwanyana (I told you better days await you, girl)."

We both laughed and clicked our glasses together.

Porsche: "Speaking of the D, o mofa neng (when are you giving it up)? Gape I'm pretty sure his balls are blue as fuck, man Zee. Le wena (you also) you need

to experience sex ya ma nnete (real sex)."

Me: (Blushing, feeling a little flushed) "Hai, man (no, man) Porsche. It's still too soon."

Porsche: "Too soon ka (in) 2020?! Haowa wena (no, man). Did you forget that Rob and I had sex on the first date? And besides, it's not like you don't know Phila, this is just one of those to be continued phases. I honestly don't see the reason you're still waiting."

Porache does have a bit of a point, though. Would I be a bit of a bitch if I did sleep with Phila though?

Me: "I hear you, chomi (friend). I just don't know if ke (I'm) ready, hey."

Porsche: "No one is ever really ready for everything,



friend. Sex e ya ka di feelings, wa ntshwara (you get me)? Not di thoughts. That's why o nna le o dry so, tshwanets e o jese kuku eo (That's why you're so dry, you need to feed that vagina)."

She burst out in laughter which left me a bit embarrassed. I just had to change the subject.

Me:"Anyway, did you have any trouble running the office alone today?"

Porsche:"Ska changer subject (Don't change the subject). Think about what I said. We should seriously go lingerie shopping soon, it's high time you got those titties out to play. Ag, how well do you know me? I basically am the face of the company, baby. It was just a bit hectic because I have to deal with placing new staff. Mr. P is merging his construction company with us, hence he revamped the whole building, so we're expecting new staff ka (on) Monday. Your boyfriend wa

nkolota (owes me), since I'll be running the company le (even) tomorrow since you're leaving before noon."

Phila though. I guess he must be really rich to be growing the company so soon after his arrival. And what's this I hear now about us leaving before noon? I thought I'd be heading for work tomorrow. This whole thing of him making decisions for me doesn't sit very well with me and I need to sit him down about it. The last thing I need is to have another Lunga on my case.

Me:"We're leaving before noon? Kanjani (How) Porsche?"

Porsche seemed like she let out a little bit more than she should've and seemed a bit regretful.

Porsche:"Eish, le nna ka phapha man (I'm way to

foward, man). O rile ke ska go botsa (He said I shouldn't tell you). Ke (It's a) surprise so act surprised. And DO NOT tell him I told you.

I was even more confused than when she started.

Me:"Usho kanjani manje (What do you mean now)? Surprise for what because I'm pitching for Brenner?"

Porsche quickly shut me down.

Porsche:"Ey, ey, ey, Zee. Kao kopa toe (Please, I'm begging you). Tswa mo go nna (Leave me alone). Ka re ke (I said it's a) surprise so act surprised. Enough questions le wena. It's bad enough I have to deal le mogete o la (that asshole) ba reng ke (called) Nozi on a daily. Yesses (Dammit) that girl wa ntapisa (wears me out). She can't handle the fact that Boss P o rometse (sent) everyone an email with strict instructions to do as I say these two days

until you guys come back on Monday. Ke re bona I even host di morning briefing net (just) for control. Go lla sehlako sa ka daars o (I'm in charge there)."

I laughed so hard imagining how tough she must be on Nozi and her side kick Thato. I'm pretty glad I won't be seeing those two for a while. I have no idea how Shane deals with them. I just hope Nozi doesn't start spreading rumours about Phila and I.

Me:"I just hope she doesn't spread di rumours ka nna le (about me and) Phila, you know."

Porsche:"Wena, o dlalla Nozipho (you really underestimate Nozipho). She has already started, but you know me. I told her where to get off shame. Anyway, go ba lata (it's getting late). I'm sure Rob must be worn out with the kids. Let me go before he starts complaining. Wa its e banna ba ba bjang (You know how these men are)."

It is getting rather late. 11pm and Phila is still not back yet. I'm starting to worry. It isn't very safe out there especially at this time of the night. Porsche and I hugged and said our goodbyes. I decided to clean up a bit and do the dishes in the sink since they weren't that many, just a few plates and some wine glasses. I tidied up and went to sit in the bedroom. Luckily Phila has a tv in here so I don't have to curl up on the couch if I want to catch up on some tv time. I realize that I had left my phone in here when the girls arrived.

I check my phone and I have 20 missed calls and dozens of messages from both my mother and Lunga's mother. I decide to ignore them all. These two are probably teaming up against me trying to get me to go back home. I brushed my teeth, positioned myself in the bed. I switched on the tv hoping to catch up on the River and came across a disturbing headline: "Prominent business man Lungq Ngcobo shot three times in the early hours of

the evening". Oh my God! I started to panic and tears fell down my face involuntarily leaving my vision a bit blurred. Could this be Phila's doings? I dial his number and it goes unanswered straight to voicemail. Did he really mean what he said? "If you come for those who come after and my those I love, I WILL kill you." His words kept playing like an old record I can't seem to forget in my head. "Please Lord, let this not be true." I thought to myself and said a silent prayer.

Phila

Phila:"I asked you a question, sisi (sister) and you better answer me."

Belinda: (rattled)"I.. I... Phila-"

Phila:"Mr. Zwane to you!"

Belinda:"Mr.. Mr. Zwane. I really don't know what you're talking about."

Hehe, this bitch is playing with fire. Luckily I'm in a good mood today. I eliminated the threat to my and Zee's life, so I won't kill her just yet. I decided to play some Opera Music. Pierro taught me that Opera singers sing to a person's soul, and he always played it in the background before killing traitors. It soothes me a lot too, so whenever I want to calm myself down I play some. My favourite Opera artist is Luciano Pavarotti and I decide to play my favourite song 'Nessun Dorma'.

Phila:"Do you know what the Italian Mafia does to traitors like you? Especially whores who go around acting like wives forgetting their place?"

She just stared at me wide-eyed, as mute as a fish.

Phila:"They invite all the mafia leaders and their wives for a nice dinner party and behead you in front of everyone. If you lie, they cut your tongue. If you steal from them, they cut your arm or both depending how much you stole. If you fuck with their women, they cut your dick off, but in your case since o le magosha (since you're a prostitute) they cut your head off and send it to your loved ones. The rest of the body gets burnt to ash. You don't deserve a proper funeral and you simply become another J ohn Doe."

She looked really scared like she's about to piss on my leather seats.

Phila:"O skabe wa te nyela (don't you dare shit yourself) on those seats. I just got this car last week for Zee. I'd hate to ruin it ka nyo yao ya go kga (I'd hate to ruin it with your foul-smelling cunt).

I was driving the golf seven. Zee likes this car and I



don't want her ruining it.

We got to her gate. Hmm, a really nice and posh nyana neighbourhood, but rather small Townhouses.

Phila:"Open the gate."

Belinda: (crying) "Please, please don't kill me. O ska mpolaya hle (Don't kill me please). I Promise I'll stay out of Zee's life. All I wanted was to be number one in Lunga's life."

Phila:"Belinda, I really don't have all night, you know. Ke rile (I said) open the gate. And o phumule mamina ao a mas epa (And wipe that shitty snot off your face)."

She opened the gate using her remote. I parked the

car and Sbu parked right next to me and got out to take a smoke.

Phila:"E tswa (Get out)."

Belinda walked out shaking like a leaf. It's so visible even at this dark hour, especially since she's skinny as fuck.

Sbu:"Ai, Mamba. Nna akitsi Dynamite o bona eng mo monna (I don't know what Dynamite sees here, man). Mokekerepe o mo serious (she's a serious skinny chicken)."

We both laughed. My phone rang. It was Zee. I decided not to answer it and finish this night off with a warning.

Phila:"Bona mo, Belinda (Look here, Belinda). You

had better come clean to Zee about everything you have done to her. I'm not going to do the dirty work for you. If I ever see you coming near her and throwing insults at her like you were doing tonight during your dinner party, I'll cut your fucking head off and feed it to your bastard son, uyangizwa (do you understand)?"

Belinda (shaking): "Ye.. Yes, I understand."

Phila: "Good. Now you'll send her a nice message apologizing for your behaviour and for calling me a criminal in my own house. I'm giving you a week to come clean otherwise you'll meet your boyfriend in hell. Sbu, a re vaye (let's go)."

Sbu: "Bye bye, nana."

We got in the car, leaving Belinda scared as hell on the driveway. No one messes with Mamba and

gets away with it.

I dropped Sbu off at his house and left for mine. He wanted to sleep over again, but I want to be alone in my house with my woman. He has his own wife, man. I Don't get why he hardly wants to sleep at home if he loves Sharon so much, but anyway I'll have frank drop his car off to him first thing in the morning. It's like he doesn't have any other cars, but I guess you can't separate a man from his toys.

I parked my car in the garage and walked in. I see Zee cleaned up a bit. I headed upstairs and found her sobbing on the bed. I quickly rush to her side and got on my knees.

Phila: "Yaya, baby wami (my baby). Yini? Kwenzalakeni (What happened)?"

Zee:"Di.. Did you... Did you have him killed? Lunga,

did you have him shot?"

My heart started racing faster than usual. How the fuck did this get on the news when I gave strict instructions? People are going to lose their jobs in the am! How do I go about this? I stared at her in the eyes. I know better than to lie to her. I'm so conflicted. Do I come clean or lie to her? What do I do?

## Chapter Twenty Two

Phila

Ziyanda: "I asked you a question, Nkos enye. Did you have Lunga shot?"

Phila: "No. I didn't do it."

Ziyanda looked at me for a while before speaking

again. Her face is so red, I actually feel ashamed for lying to her right now. But I can't have her mad at me when I have such a great weekend planned for us. Call me selfish, but at least I'm selfish with her feelings in mind.

Ziyanda:"But, but they said he was shot right here outside your estate."

Mxm. Stupid journalists. I thought I paid that fucking mayor to make sure this news doesn't reach people's ears. I should have done this myself.

Phila:"People get shot and killed everyday, Sthandwa sami (My love). Maybe he was following one of your friends here or something. Besides, why are you so worked up about this guy? He didn't love you, Zee. I do."

Ziyanda:"I know, it's just that, I don't wish death

upon him or anything like that. He's all I've known for so long, I just have a soft spot for him, I guess."

Hearing her say that made me feel a pang of jealous. Really, Zee? This guy beat you to a pulp and you still have a soft spot for him?! I just thought silently. I don't want to upset her any further so I just let her be on that. Soon enough this soft spot ya masimba (this soft spot shit) will be over. I'll make sure of it.

Phila:"I understand. Listen, get in the covers. Let me go brush my teeth and shower a bit. I'll be with you now now, okay?"

She nodded as I got up from the floor and kissed her on the lips. She got in the covers and I got in the bathroom, and took a shower. As I got out I received an email from dr. Stein with the reports from the time Zee was hurt and in hospital, to the sessions she had with her. I'll deal with these

fuckers after my weekend with Zee.

Just as I was about to leave the bathroom, Sbu called me. Yesses, man. This guy akana (doesn't have) timing. I answered.

Phila: "Sbu, yini mfo (what is it, bro)? I need to cuddle with my wife now."

Sbu: "Hade man, Mamba. Did you check the news?"

Phila: "Nah, I got in here and found Zee crying. She told me about it. What's worse she asked me if I killed him."

Sbu: "Eh, eh, eh. Wena wa thini (what did you say)?"

Phila: "I said no."



Sbu:"Ah, ah, ah, Mamba. Uyabona ke le (You see this)? The day she finds out you were involved uzobona amasimba (you'll see shit) I'm telling you."

Phila (sigh): "I'm willing to risk it, mfwethu. I got such a nice weekend planned ahead for her, I just really need her to love me again, you know. I've been competing with this dick for years and now that he's dead I don't need to compete anymore."

Sbu:"Ini (what)?! Dead?! Akafanga lo rubbish (that rubbish didn't die). He's in a coma as we speak."

I got so frustrated that I banged my fist on the wall. The pain doesn't even matter to me now.

Phila:"Nawe, why didn't you start with that? Why didn't you start with 'Mfo, akafanga lo rubbish' (Brother, that rubbish didn't die)?"

Sbu:"Hade, man, Mamba (Sorry, Mamba, man). I wasn't thinking straight."

Phila: "Ku grand (It's fine). I'll deal with him when I'm back from Cape Town. Don't forget to feed that idiot Tony. I'll see him when I'm back."

Sbu:"Sho sho (sure sure) Mamba. Let me go before Sharon skins me alive. Apparently I've been having an affair."

I laughed. Serves him right for not sleeping home for a whole two nights. I hung up and decided to dial Blazer.

Blazer:"Sho sho, Grootman (Sure sure, Big man)."

Phila:"Yey, wena Blazer. Did I just pay you 250k for

la masimba (this shit)?! Why is that fucker still alive?!"

Blazer:"Hade grootman (Sorry, Big man). Flopo, daai man ke le die hard (Problem is that man doesn't die easily). Ke mo shapile three bullet, ka mo thuba le hlogo (I shot him three times, I even blew him in the head)."

Phila:"Shap. Re tla ringa later (Sure. We'll talk later)."

Blazer:"Ke mo felletse ko hosi daar (Should I go to the hospital to finish him off)?"

Phila:"No, he probably has guards on standby. Besides, I don't want to cause unnecessary attention. Mo maeze for now (Leave him for now)."

Blazer:"sho sho, grootman (Sure, sure, big man)".

I hung up and wrapped my towel on my waist. I walked into the bedroom and found Zee sleeping peacefully with the tv on. Shame, look how red her face is from all the crying, itamati lami (my tomato). She turned to the other side and her crop top revealed a piece of her flesh. Gosh, this woman is beautiful. Whenever I see her I just get an instant hard on. I can't wait to make love to her, to show her how a real man appreciates a beautiful body like hers.

As I was about to get into the covers, her phone rang. I checked and the caller ID read "Mama Lunga". Mxm it's that saggy bitch Zodwa. I decide to answer and taunt her a bit.

Zodwa:"Yey wena Ziyanda! Kunini ngi founa (I've been calling)! Ngiyazi (I know) you've moved on with your drug lord boyfriend, kodwa (but) can't you at least answer your call or come to see your dying

husband? Kanti ipipi esha ikwenza ube nje (Is this how new dick makes you feel)?"

This woman. No hi, how are you. Just skipping straight to insults. She's rude as fuck. I really don't know what Mdeva (David) saw in her.

Phila:"Sawubona Zodwa Nqcobo. Unjani (how are you) you little thief? Or should I say umthakathi (witch)? Which one is it?"

She went silent, but I could sense the fear on the phone.

Zodwa:"Sa..sawubona. Ngikhuluma no bani (who am I speaking to)?"

Phila: (Chuckling)"Yazi (you know) for such a disrespectful old thing, you should know better than

to humble yourself after insulting my wife. It's a bit late don't you think? Anyway, let me cut the chit chat. This is Phila, Mamba to you."

She went dead silent. I could sense an ounce of regret creeping up on her.

Zodwa:"Oh, Phila mfana wami (my boy). Unjani kodwa (how are you)? Ngiyaxolisa (I apologize) for behaving so badly. I'm just so stressed you know, my only surviving child is lying in hospital and-"

I did that even bother listening to the rest of her shit.

Phila:"Yazini (You know what) Zodwa, cut the bullshit. Ungithela amasimba (You're telling me shit) right now. Amasimba straight (Straight up shit)!"

I was starting to get so worked up, I forgot that Zee was sound asleep for a moment.

Phila:"Lalela la (Listen here), ma ufuna ukuphila (if you want to live) to see another day, you had better adress Zee with respect, uyangizwa (do you understand me)?!"

Zodwa:"Ye.. Yebo, Ngiyakuzwa (ye.. Yes, I hear you)."

Phila:"Do NOT make your useless son our problem and if I were you I would stop calling Zee. I'm warning you, I'm going away for a while so that gives you time to practise your apology speech to Zee for all the shit you put her through. When I come back it had better and I had better find you dressed for the occasion, otherwise you and your son will meet in hell, uyangizwa ngithini (do you hear what I'm saying) Zodwa?!"

Zodwa: "Yebo, mfana wami (yes, my child)."

Phila: "Mamba to you. Kiss little Lunga goodnight for me neh." I hung up and Zee woke up.

Zee: "What time is it? Who are you talking to at this time of the night?"

Phila: "No one Sthandwa sami (My love). Come, let's sleep. We have a long weekend ahead." I kissed her cheek and dozed off with my arms wrapped around her.

## Chapter Twenty Three

Ziyanda

I woke up with Phila's arms wrapped around my



waist. His face was on my neck and his thing was poking me. It made me feel so awkward and it just felt so huge. I tried to wiggle myself out of his grip, but he just wouldn't budge.

Me:"Phila."

Phila:"Hmm."

Me:"Let go. I need to pee."

Phila:"Ha, but Sthandwa sami (my love), it's so nice cuddling with you. You're my own human teddy bear."

Me:"Phila man."

Phila:"Okay ke (then)."

He finally let loose and I got up and went to pee. I sat on the toilet seat thinking of Lunga and how heartbroken his evil mother must be right now. It's pretty painful knowing your only child that you're left with is on the brink of death and it's probably your fault. I got done and washed my hands. As I got back to the bedroom, I found Phila had already made the bed. Hawu, he was sound asleep a few minutes ago.

Phila: (sitting on the bed) "Good morning, Sthandwa sami (My love). Ulele njani (How did you sleep)?"

Me: (Smiling like a love struck idiot) "Good morning. I slept well, thank you, wena (and you)?"

Phila: "How can I not sleep well with a goddess by my side?"

Me: (Blushing) "Hayi (no), man, Phila. It's too early for this. What time are we leaving?"

Phila:"It's 7am now. We're leaving at 8 to the airport."

Me:"Eish, but I haven't packed anything, Phila. Why didn't you wake me up and remind me last night?"

Phila:"Don't worry about packing. You go and take a shower. Better yet, how about we take one together?"

I felt a bit weird after that question. I've never done that before. Won't it be awkward? Porsche always says sex in the shower is nice, but are we ready for sex though? I still don't know. I think he saw that something is enthralling my mind, and he decided to speak.

Phila:"S thandwa sami, (my love). Please look at me."

I looked at him hes itantly.

Phila:"Do you trust me? I need you to trust me, Yaya. I told you, I won't so anything you're not ready for and I meant every word. What happened to that Ziyanda who was care free around me? The Zee who was so confident around me?"

I wanted to tell him that Lunga, my mother and Zodwa and killed all that, but I don't want to dwell on the past.

Me:"I do trust you, Phila. I just don't want to rush things making you lose interest in me." I looked down teary-eyed.

Phila: (walking towards me holding my hands) "Zee, I love you. I have no intentions of leaving you-ever. The sooner you get used to that the better. I just want to shower with my woman. I promise I won't do anything funny-unless you want me to." He gave me that cheesy, perfect smile of his. I couldn't help, but return the gesture.

Me:"Okay. Let's go. We walked into the bathroom hand-in-hand, and he wasted no time taking off his briefs. This is actually the first time I see him naked. I couldn't help but stare and my mouth opened involuntarily.

Phila: (Smiling) "Close your mouth, sthandwa sami (my love)."

I quickly brought myself back to earth. The sight of his penis left me feeling flushed which in turn caused my face to turn pink.

Phila:"Bona unjani kodwa, tamati lami (Look at you now, my tomato). Come, let me help you undress."

He took off my clothes starting with my crop top, then went for my legging and he eventually took off my panties. I wasn't wearing a bra as I learnt a lady should never sleep in a bra. Now, I'm officially naked. I'm standing in front this perfectly carved, tall, dark chocolate man while my big boobs are hanging, and my big ass and thighs are exposed.

I can't help but feel so inadequate right now. I ask myself everyday what on earth he likes about this body. Perhaps I need a crash course on self-confidence because one thing I know about Phila is that he hardly lies. If he says he loves my body, then he probably does.

We got into the shower, and luckily it's big and wide

enough to fit six people in here. I don't have to worry about how we would fit in here. It's got a tiny bench in one corner. He ran the water and started washing my back. There's just something about this level of intimacy that I feel not even sex can be compared to. Being completely naked, both physically and emotionally in front of the man you love and your souls being intertwined with one another is totally amazing.

He went all the way down with the sponge and some foam to my bums, then he turned me around and started washing my breasts slowly, going all the way down to my coochie, sending signals all over my body. Phila's hands must have been created by Gods, I mean how else do I explain his hands being able to do all this to me without penetration?

As he kept washing parts of my body while staring at me throughout the whole process and his eyes

never leaving mine, it's almost as if he's looking deep into my wounded soul, searching for a way to heal it permanently.

He leaned down and kissed me and I reciprocated without even thinking twice. I must say I am getting better at this kissing thing. Our tongues were making love to one another, the water made it feel like droplets of rain slow dancing on our skin. He touched and caressed my breasts and I touched his rock hard abdomen. An involuntary moan escaped my mouth into his. I thought of doing the unthinkable-I wanted to touch his Mandingo as Porsche calls it. She always says men feel nice when women do it to them so I thought why not? Let me try it.

We were still kissing and touching one another, and I let my hand travel down to his crotch. I started touching his penis and rubbing it up and down. The size of this thing! I swallowed hard thinking how it



would even go into me the day we have sex. Phila's breathing started to change as he was breathing faster and faster. The more I rubbed his dick, the faster his breathing got. Doing that made me feel wet down there. This is a totally new experience for me. How I wish it was the very first time for us. He broke the kiss and breathed out loud. I looked at him and his eyes became smaller.

Phila:"Shit, Zee! Ungi yenzani (What are you doing to me)?"

I smiled as his mouth traveled down to my neck. He started kissing my neck and sucking on it, while his one hand was on my breast, his other hand was going down to my coochie. He rubbed my clit in circular motions and it drove me over the edge. My head tilted back while I was still rubbing his dick. He inserted a finger into my pussy and I went wild.

Me:"Oh, Phila."

Phila:"Shit, Sthandwa sami (My love). You're so warm. Come for me baby wami (my baby). Come for daddy."

As his finger kept going faster and faster inside my pussy, I also rubbed his dick, going faster.

Phila:"Damn, Zee. Your hands are magic, baby. Let it all go."

As he was whispering in my ear I felt my body tense up. He was also groaning more and more and breathing heavier. I felt a warm wave float through my body and I released, feeling so hot I ended up twitching a bit. He groaned in my ear while releasing his cum on my hand.

Phila:"Shit, Sthandwa sami (My love). Your hand is talented. I can't wait to taste more of you soon."

I couldn't help, but blush. This man though. At least I wasn't feeling weird being naked with him anymore at this point. He turned around and it was my turn to wash his back. He's quite tall so I had to tip toe a little bit. If this is what love really feels like then I don't ever want this to end.

## Chapter Twenty Four

Phila

Zee and I got out the shower after that intense session. Damn, this woman is beautiful and I can't wait to make her my wife. I have to do that as soon as possible. Time waits for no man, right?

We got dressed in casual clothes, I packed my bag and she also packed hers with the clothes I bought her the other day. If it wasn't for Francesca, I wouldn't have been able to pull it off. As she was

busy packing the last bits in her bag, I just couldn't help but stare at her in awe and she noticed.

Ziyanda: "Yini, Phila (what is it, Phila)? You've been staring at me for a while now. Is my outfit not okay?"

I walked towards her and held her hands in mine.

Phila: "You look absolutely beautiful, Sthandwa sami (My love). Even if you changed and got naked you'd still be just as beautiful, if not more. I'm just staring at you wondering just how lucky I am. I am thankful to God for bringing you back into my life, Yaya. I'm not perfect and my life can be messy, but knowing that you love me just as I am makes all this more worthwhile."

I could see she was getting teary.

Ziyanda:"I love you, Phila. And speaking of God, you're going to start praying with me angithi?"

Phila:"Eish, waking up at midnight and 3am. For you I'll do anything."

Ziyanda:"Good. Oh, I almost forgot to ask. Now that Lunga is in hospital, what's going to happen to Mam'Masango?"

Phila:" Don't worry about her. Sbu is on his way to Lunga's house as we speak to fetch her. She finally agreed to stay with uGog'Khanyi, even though she says it's going to be for a little while."

Ziyanda: (Breathing a sigh of relief) "That's good. I was worried about her."

Phila:"Come, before Frank starts getting impatient

with us."

I took both our bags and we walked out of the bedroom and made our way outside to Frank's car.

Zodwa

Seeing my son so broken like that, lying like a useless vegetable makes me so angry. So angry that it makes me sick. How could Phila do this to my son? Why didn't he come for me at least? This is all such a mess. I'm on my way to his house, perhaps I can get something to use against Ziyanda. My son's life and efforts cannot go to waste like this. If he dies I'm surely doomed. As I made my way to my car, my phone rang. It's Belinda. Yazi (you know) this bitch has no timing. I decide to answer anyway.

Zodwa:"Ufunani wena (What do you want)?"

Belinda: (Shaky voice) "Ma, we need to talk. Phila, Mamba threatened me. He said if I don't stay out of Ziyanda's life he will make sure I end up just like Lunga."

Zodwa:"Hai, Belinda man. Since when do you get scared off so easily?"

Belinda:"Since I saw him in person. He's dangerous man."

I then thought of a plan. This might be my last resort.

Zodwa:"Don't worry, mntwana wami (my child). Come to my house. We'll figure something out. I have a few things to do. I'll see you there."

I hung up and made my way to my car. I got in the

back and told the driver to take me to Lunga's house. As soon as I got there I found Florah packing her bags. Good riddance to bad rubbish. I never liked her anyway and I'm sure she left with some of my son's things. I opened the door and saw her carrying her bags.

Zodwa:"Ya, Florah. Barely a day that my son is in hospital and now you're running away?!"

She seemed unbothered by my presence.

Mam' Masango:"Sawubona, Zodwa. Unajani kodwa (Hello, Zodwa. How are you though)?"

Zodwa:"Heh! Ucabangani wena (What do you think)?"

Mam'Masango: (chuckling) "Weh, Zodwa. You really



think ngiya kusaba ne (I'm afraid of you)? You and that Sorcerer Queen of yours don't scare me. Your muthi doesn't work on me. Now, please move out of my way so I can leave."

Zodwa: (Annoyed and frustrated) "Mxm. Ucabanga ukuthi unqono wena ne (You really think you're better ne)? Once you set foot out that door, don't bother coming back. And I'm pretty sure you're going to catch a taxi with those hideous big bags of yours." I said that laughing out loud.

Mam'Masango: (Calmly) "Yazini, Zodwa (You know what, Zodwa), this is your last chance to repent. Your days are coming much sooner than you think. It's bad enough what you did to Lunga and all your other children, not to mention Ziyanda's unborn child, but you can still fix this. God is giving you a chance to fix it before your ancestors turn their backs on you. Fix this and fix this soon."

I felt a chill down my spine as she said that. She attempted to walk away but I stopped her.

Zodwa:"Mxm, Florah, you will never understand me. But how can I expect you to understand anything about children when you failed to have your own?"

She turned to look at me. She came closer and held my hand. I felt like my hand was burning. I tried to let go of her grip, but she held me strongly, looking me in the eyes and it felt like her eyes were stinging mine.

Mam'Masango:"Me not having children was God's will, Zodwa. It doesn't help you throwing it in my face because I'm doing the Lord's work. You on the other hand, are going to suffer first before you die a slow, painful death, Zodwa. You see the pain of fire you're feeling now? You're going to die the same way.

You're going to be burnt alive and watch yourself take your last breath, Mazet. You know, growing up you've always been greedy, always been drawn to the nice life and you did whatever you could to get that taste of success, no matter the cost. Now you're going to suffer and even God won't be listening."

She let go of my hand and I screamed out in agony and I was left with dark marks from her finger marks on my arm.

She looked at me one last time before she left.

Mam'Masango:"Tell David the truth about the son you sold when he and Lunga were born. Tell him the truth about the son he never knew, before it's too late."

I was left shocked. How the hell does she know about that? There's no way. Could the Sourcerer be dealing with her too? I was left in such a devastated state after she burned my hand with her juju magic shit. I decided to walk into Lunga's bedroom and take a dress that seemed like Ziyanda wore not so long ago judging by the smell of it. I put it in my bag. There's no way I am going to go down without a fight that easily. What can I say? Old habits die hard.

Ziyanda

Phila and I finally made it to the airport all thanks to Frank who's quite funny and chatty, actually. Phila is so nice to people who work for him. I've never seen him talk down to them or being nasty to them ever since we got together. We got out of the car and I waved goodbye to Frank as Phila took our bags from the boot. We walked towards this beautiful, huge plane that had "Yaya" written on it in

Gold. Oh my God. He named his private jet after me?  
Wow!

Me:"Phila! This is amazing. You named it after me?"

Phila:"That's not the only thing I named after you.  
Come, let's go in. There's more to come."

I smiled broadly walking into the jet. This is absolutely amazing. Red leather seats with gold and black interior. Absolutely amazing. Phila really has style. I've never flown in such luxury, only in business class with Lunga a few times. This is quite an upgrade as Porsche says. It needs some getting used to, really.

The hostess came and asked us what we would like to drink. I opted for a Mojito while Phila ordered a glass of Glenmorangie Pride 1978 Single Malt Whiskey. The hell?! Those bottles go for 180k a pop.

Phila though. I need to have a word with him about his money splashing tendencies. It's not right spending so much money on alcohol. I realized that we haven't eaten any breakfast when Phila ordered a nice and greasy English breakfast for us. This is the life indeed, but question is, will I be able to fit into Phila's lavish lifestyle?

## Chapter Twenty Five

We finally landed at the airport. I must say, it feels really good not to go through the airport and wait for the plane to be filled. We got out and the sun was blazing hot. And yes, I turn pink or red however Phila says it when the sun burns my skin. I forgot to buy sunscreen. I made a mental note to get it as soon as possible.

Phila took our bags and we were met by a very tall Chaperone who greeted Phila by Mr. Z. I assume he's one of Phila's drivers. The car we walked towards was a black Mercedes Benz GLB 250, with

the words Zwane Chuttle Services written on the side. Is there anything this man doesn't own?

Mandla , the chauffeur, opened the door for me to get in while Phila put our bags in the boot. What a gentleman this guy is. My heart melts every time he does a chivalristic deed. He got in and smiled while holding my hand.

Me:"Where to?"

Phila:"To get you pampered up."

I gave him a questioning look

Me:"But I thought we're headed to Brenner?"

Phila: (Chuckling)"Leave that for tomorrow, baby

wami (my baby)."

I keep asking myself what Phila is up to exactly. Porsche said I'm in for a real surprise this weekend, so perhaps this pamper session is the first of many.

We arrived at the Grand Kloof Boutique Hotel in Fresnaye, which is 1km from Milton Beach. This place is magnificent! I'm in absolute awe. Reminds me of Phila's house because it has a lot of similarities.

Mandla opened the door for us and as we got out, Phila took our bags from the boot. He caught me basking in awe of this beautiful place. The serene view will make you want to stay forever and the air seems fresher here. Maybe it's all in my mind. We walked in and looks like they were expecting us. There were two ladies at reception, looking awfully young to run this place, but I guess success has no age.



Receptionist 1: "Good day, Mr. Zwane. Glad to finally be of your acquaintance. Good day, Mrs. Zwane. Lovely to meet you both."

Hmm. So I'm Mrs. Zwane now? I decided not to protest and gave her a smile. The other lady on the other hand didn't even greet me, she greeted Phila with such a big smile I could literally see the back of her tongue. She held Phila's hand a little too long for my liking, and he seemed to notice that this chick is flirting with him so he just removed his hand from hers and put his hand back in mine since I was standing to his right. Meanwhile, she was looking at me with a sort of disgusted look, eyeing me from top to toe. Phila didn't pick it up, but I did and it made me feel so uncomfortable which caused me to tense up. Will all girls who find Phila attractive look at me like I'm just some fat girl? The first receptionist, finally logged us onto their system and gave us room 105 which seems to be on the last floor.

Receptionist 1: "Here are your keys, Mr. And Mrs. Zwane. Lerato here (pointing at the second Receptionist with a nasty attitude) will escort you to your room. I'll get a concierge to take your bags. Please do enjoy your stay." She gave us a warm smile.

Phila:"That won't be necessary, ma'am. I'll carry the bags myself. They're really not that heavy. Thank you for your kind assistance."

We walked towards the lift while bitchy Lerato walked in front of us, completely ignoring my presence. The whole time in the lift she was busy telling Phila how wonderful this Lode Hotel is and how many men like him leave here with women they end up marrying. Hehe, this bitch uyangijwaela (is messing with me). The whole time Phila was quiet and squeezed my hand because he could see my face turning pink, not from blushing, but from pure

anger and irritation. We finally got to the last floor and as usual Lerato walked in front of us, but this time it's like she was strutting her stuff and shaking her ass a little bit for Phila to notice. Just when I thought the nightmare was over, she acted like she dropped her access card that was in her hand. Don't they usually put those around their necks? This bitch is testing me shame. She bent down exposing her ass since she was wearing a skirt which was too short for my liking.

Lerato:"Forgive me. I can be so clumsy at times."

Phila looked rather annoyed with his jaw tightened and he kept a straight face without saying anything. After what felt like forever we got to our room.

Lerato:"Here is your room, Mr. Zwane. I do hope you enjoy your stay."

As she was about to walk away, Phila finally spoke up.

Phila:"Uh, before you leave Lerato."

Lerato quickly turned with the biggest smile on her face.

Phila:"Please apologize to my wife for disrespecting her from the moment we walked in that door. I'm pretty sure your mother didn't raise a good looking, young lady like you uku thengisa umsunu wakhe (to sell her ass) to wealthy men like me."

Lerato:"I.. That's not..."

Phila interrupted her before she could finish her sentence.

Phila:"I'm not done, yet. Surely this Hotel has a policy against rude bitches like you and their treatment towards guests, am I correct?"

Lerato: (Now looking seriously embarrassed) "Ye.. Yes, sir. They do."

Phila:"Good. Now don't forget that this place you're working at is the reason you can afford that fake shit hair on your head and that hideous make up you're wearing. You had better start respecting yourself and the brand of this hotel the next time you think of throwing yourself at one of the guests.

Now that we're clear, if I ever see you disrespecting my wife like that again, I will have you fired with immediate effect and you will crawl back to the shit hole you came from. Now I believe an apology is needed. Don't keep us waiting."

Wow. I'm so touched. No man has ever stood up for me like that-ever. I was so flushed, not because I was embarrassed for Lerato because I don't give a fuck how she feels, but because the way he stood up for me just made me want him even more. I am truly loved.

Lerato: (looking down in tears) "I.. I'm sorry Mrs. Zwane. It will never happen again."

Phila:"Yea, you're most definitely right. It won't happen again. I don't want to see you anywhere near my wife this weekend. If I so much as see you staring at her, I'll drop you off this balcony myself, uyangizwa (do you hear me)?"

Lerato: (looking down) Yes, Mr. Zwane."

Phila:"Good. You may leave now."

Lerato walked away in shame. I didn't feel bad for her. I'm so tired of people acting like I don't exist just because I'm a bit bigger than them.

Me:"Was that necessary, though, Phila?"

Phila:"Of course, Sthandwa sami (my love). You didn't think I was going to let her off the hook, did you?"

Me:"I guess not. Thank you."

Phila: "You don't have to thank me, Sthandwa sami (My love). And I'm really sorry you had to experience that. She better behave otherwise I'll get her fired."

Me:"That won't be necessary, Phila. No one has ever done that for me before."

Phila:"That's because not everyone is named Phila Zwane."

He kissed my lips. We walked into our room and oh the majestic Sea View just makes you realize heaven really does exist.

Phila:"Do you like it?"

Me:"I love it."

Phila:"Good, now go and change into your robe. The ladies will meet you down at the spa. They're expecting you."

He organised a whole pamper session for me. Wow, Phila. Porsche was right, a man like this deserves pussy everyday, however and whenever he wants it.



Me:"And where will you be?"

Phila:"I'll be down at the bar catching up on some work. (He kissed me on the lips) See you in three hours, Sthandwa sami (My love)."

He closed the door and left. Is this how life in Phila's world will be like always? I love it apart from bitchy hotel girls.

## Chapter Twenty Six

Ziyanda

I changed into my robe which I found hanging in the bathroom. It had a note in one of the pockets which read "Enjoy your spa session, there's more come - Love P". I smiled to myself thinking how lucky I am.

I walked out with my access key in my pocket and my phone in the other one.

I did check my phone for a few messages before I left the room. I only responded to one message from Porsche telling me I must enjoy this weekend and give it up, ai. The rest were from my mom blowing up my phone which I chose to ignore. I'm not ready to allow her to ruin my mood this weekend.

As I got out the lift, I walked past reception since the spa is on the opposite side. Lerato looked down when I walked past her and her face seemed swollen with her eyes red. Serves her right though. I made my way to the spa and was met by a very cute, petite lady.

Lady: "You must be Ziyanda. We've been expecting you."

Another lady came towards me and offered me a glass of champagne which I gladly accepted. The lady said her name was Simone. I assume she's coloured since she has grey eyes.

Simone ushered me to my seat and I saw that there were only five ladies in here. The women who work in the spa area. I don't see anyone else.

Me: "Where are the rest of the people if I may ask?"

Simone: (Chuckling) "Mr. Zwane gave us strict instructions to pamper only you."

I opened my eyes wide in shock.

Me: "Arw you telling me that Phila booked this whole spa for me?"

Simone:"Yes, love. He's quite something. I mean my boyfriend can't even get me a booking to a spa. Not even here where I work!" She said that rolling her eyes with a cute, dimpled smile. I just had to laugh as well.

She was so nice to me. They all treated me well. After my facial and manicure and pedicure, I proceeded to the wax department. It hurts like hell, but it's worth it. Now it was time for the full body massage. Apparently Phila booked me as many massages I can get. If this is going to be a regular thing, I'm really not complaining.

Nomsa Bhengu

I've been anxious for a few days now. I keep looking over my shoulder everywhere I go. My sins are really catching up with me and now Ziyanda is

making it worse by not answering my calls or returning any of my messages. I've decided to go visit my mother. It's about time. I entered the house since the door wasn't locked or closed and to my surprise I find her sitting with Mam' Masango watching tv over some wine and tea.

Gog'Khanyi: "Weh! Nomsa! Do you want to kill me na? Why don't you knock like a normal person? Phela awusahlali lana (You don't live here anymore)."

Nomsa:"Sawubona ma. Ngiyaxolisa. Sawubona, Mam' Masango."

Mam'Masango:"Yebo, Mntwanami (my child). Unjani kodwa (How are you though)?"

Nomsa:"Ngi right (I'm fine)."

Mam'Masango:"Hmmm."

Gog'Khanyi:"Weh, Nomsa. You never visit me-ever. I only welcomed you since you keep blowing up my phone. Manje, ufunani ngempela (What do you really want)?"

Nomsa: (looking down and fiddling my hands) "Eish, ma. Ngi se nkingeni (I'm in trouble).

Gog'Khanyi:"That's obvious, otherwise you wouldn't be here. Now Khuluma (Talk)."

Nomsa:"Eish, ma. I need to come clean to Ziyanda. I have to tell her everything and before I do that I need to come clean to you."

Mam'Masango made funny sounds and kept burping.

Gog'Khanyi:"I'm all ears." She sipped her wine while Mam'Masango sipped on her tea.

Nomsa: (Deep sigh) "I had an affair with Bonginkosi Gumede. That's how Ziyanda was conceived. When I told him he said he welcomes the child, but cannot leave his wife for me. I really loved him, ma. I truly did. I was prepared to leave Khaya for him."

I was now in so much tears, but uMa just looked at me without an ounce of pity.

Gog'Khanyi:"Hao. Se se phelile istory sakho (Is your story finished)?"

That caused me to wail even further. If my mom doesn't help me I'm truly fucked.

Gog'Khanyi:"Yazi, Nomsa (You know Nomsa), your crocodile tears are 25 years too late! My granddaughter carries so much weight on her shoulders because of you. I had to tell her she was a product of rape few days ago meanwhile you lied!"

Gogo was now roaring with anger and she charged at me punching me in the face and I fell down.

Mam' Masango: "Calm down, Khanyisa."

Gog'Khanyi: (Fuming) "Calm down se moer man! Wena, Nomsa. Did I raise you ukuba isifebe (to be a whore)?!"

I was so scared I shook my head.

Gog'Khanyi:"Khuluma man (Talk man)!!!"



I was so scared I literally felt the ground shake.

Nomsa: "No, mama."

Gog'Khanyi: "Dammit, man! Get up! Susa igolo lakho (remove your stinking pussy) from my floor and tell me why you forced Ziyanda to marry that awful man?!"

Nomsa: (Sobbing) "Thando and her boyfriend used to steal money from the business and ended up stealing R4 million leaving us bankrupt. Zodwa offered us the money in exchange for Zee to marry Lunga."

I could see my mother fuming with anger and her eyes bewildered like a Lion that's just wants to feed on his prey. Next thing I knew she threw another punch at me and I fell down once again.

Gog'Khanyi:"I said get up from my floor! So wena you sacrificed your normal and virgin daughter instead of the one who wronged you and you sold her to uZodwa?!"

Nomsa: "Ma, Zodwa didn't want Thando. She insisted on having uZee."

I didn't even say anything further. Blood was oozing from my nose and I was in so much pain.

Gog'Khanyi:"I'm waiting for answers, Nomsa. Tell me why you really sold my child to that woman! What was her plan with my daughter?!"

Nomsa:"She.. She made a pact with a Sorcerer. Zee has royal blood flowing through her veins, so Lunga sleeping with her as a virgin was a way for him to activate more riches. They were going to sacrifice

all her children to keep the money growing."

This time my mother was beyond bewildered. She threw another punch at me and I fell on the floor. I struggled to get up this time and my eyes were getting heavier.

Mam' Masango: "Haibo, Khanyisa! Se umbulele (You killed her)!"

Gog'Khanyi: "I need a smoke. I can't deal with this shit."

I heard foot steps from there all I saw was darkness.  
Lights out.

Chapter Twenty Seven

Nomsa Bhengu

I woke up on the couch with my head feeling heavy. I could barely open my eyes. As I tried to open my eyes, I noticed my left eye failed me. I tried touching it and my whole left side was swollen including half my lips. Tears started flowing down my face when I recall what my mother did to me. Yes, I deserve it, wholeheartedly. I never treats Ziyanda right the way a mother should.

Mam'Masango was busy nursing my wounds. How odd is life? I've never been nice to this woman and yet here she is nursing me back to perfection.

Mam'Masango: (while putting a cloth with some ice in it on my swollen parts) "I'm glad to see you're awake, mntwana wami (My child). How are you feeling?"

Nomsa: "I'm in pain, ma."

Mam'Masango: "Khululeka (Relax). I'll get you one of your mother's hangover pills. They will help a lot with the pain."

I sat there contemplating whether or not I should just apologize and redeem myself even further.

Nomsa:"Ma, I'm so sorry. I've never been nice to you and now look how my life has turned out."

Mam'Masango:"Shh, relax, Nomsa. It's all in the past. You're trying to redeem yourself now and that's the only important thing. Do you think at my age I have time to be mad at people who are rude to me?" She laughed, making me feel even more awkward.

Gog'Masango: "Luke 17:4-5 says "So watch yourselves. "If your brother or sistersins against

you, rebuke them; and if they repent, forgive them. Even if they sin against you seven times in a day and seven times come back to you saying 'I repent,' you must forgive them." I don't hate you, Nomsa. I can never hate you."

I looked up and saw my mother walk in from outside and I jumped in fear.

Gog'Khanyi:"Relax. Is 'khathi sok'shayana ses 'phelile (Time to beat you up is over). I've decided to help you. Next time you fuck up don't sell your kids, Nomsa. Zee is very happy right now and Phila makes her very happy. If you interfere and concoct with Zodwa ever again, uzonya uyangizwa (you'll shit yourself, do you understand)?"

Nomsa:"Yebo, ma."

Gog'Khanyi:"You're lucky Florah is hwre otherwise

Ngabe kudala nga ceda ngawe (I would've been done with you long ago)."

Mam'Masango: (Laughing) "Hai, Khanyi. You're a prayerful woman, man. You must leave your gangster tendencies behind."

Gog'Khanyi: (Laughing) "I will if you join me in drinking." They laughed together and I was even scared to laugh with them.

Mam'Masango:"Yazi, Khanyisa. I keep having these visions, man. Ziyanda is going to be blessed with a child, twins in fact, but now there is great danger lurking. Zodwa will not stop until she gets what she wants, even with Phila in a coma. And wena Nomsa, you're off the hook, kodwa Phila is bloody angry at you for sending someone to try and kill him. You should know better than to mess with him."

Gog'Khanyi:"Uthini, Flora (what are you saying, Florah)?! I'm going to be a Granny again? Oh, Nkosi'yam (My God). My Zee is going to be blessed with a gift we've been long waiting for."

Mam'Masango:"All is not over yet. You need to find Ziyanda's father before these children are born."

I just felt a surge of panic. I'm not ready to talk to Bonginkosi let alone tell Khaya what I did. They'll kill me.

Ziyanda

I checked the time and it was 6pm. I felt so rejuvenating after my spa day. Gosh, I so needed that. I thanked the ladies for their wonderful service and I walked back to the room. Thank goodness Lerato wasn't there, not that I care anyway. I feel so fresh I could do jumping jacks. I got into the room



and found a beautiful red dress, accompanied by long, diamond earrings and a matching necklace, not to mention the diamond stilettos with a note on it "Get ready, I can't wait to see you in this. Meet me at the Bar-Love P." I just smiled to myself. What did I do to deserve such a man?

I picked the dress up and wore it immediately since I cleaned up at the spa bath. Wow! Phila is indeed a man of many talents. This dress is so figure hugging and fits just right. It's a beautiful silky dress that goes all the way down to my ankles with a long slit at the back just up to below my bums. Judging by the feel of it it must cost a fortune. I tied my hair in a simple bun and wore red lipstick.

I walked out of my room and headed to the bar and there he was. Sitting next to the bar in a gorgeous black, button up Italian tux, chatting to the barman.

I stood there across the room admiring him. He's

such a beautiful man. He saw me as he scanned his eyes across the room and smiled immediately. There were a few people around. At Least he didn't book the entire dining hall. I walked up to him and he stood up. He gave me a kiss and put his arm around my waist.

Phila: (Whispering in my ear) "You look beautiful, my goddess. (To the barman) This, Jake, is my lovely wife, Ziyanda."

Phila and this wife thing.

Jake: "Lovely to meet you ma'am. Everything is set, Mr. Zwane. Please, follow me."

I looked at Phila confused.

Me: "I thought we were having dinner here, Phila."

Phila: "You thought wrong, my goddess. Tonight is about you and I want it to be very special."

We followed Jake to an elevator just behind the bar. We went up. I thought that our room was on the last floor, I guess this hotel has more to it that meets the eye. As the lift opened we found ourselves on the rooftop. There was a bed decorated with some red rose petals, a nice and round decorated dinner table and across, a fireplace with the fire already started. Wow. I've seen such on movies I never thought I would be the star in it. I looked at Phila speechless and yes, the waterworks began.

Phila: (with his thumb on my chin) "Don't cry, Zee. You know what that does to me. Come, lets have dinner."

He held my hand and opened my chair as I got to the table. Jake was there to be our waiter for the evening. Everything seems so perfect. I just don't want the night to end.

Me:"Phila, this is so beautiful."

Phila:"The best is yet to come, Sthandwa sami (my love).

Chapter Twenty Eight

Ziyanda

The night was so peaceful and it felt like the sun and the moon were our audience. Nothing else and no one else mattered at this very moment. This was the opening scene of our own movie and I was loving every moment.

The wine kept flowing and Phila looked so handsome and yummy. He kept rubbing my hand, sending tantalizing signals to important parts of my body. The way we looked at each other, it felt like our souls were communicating. For the first time since we got together, it felt like my soul was reassuring his, telling it that it's time, that I'm his-forever.

We were done eating our main course and we were having dessert, which was the best chocolate pudding I've ever had. Vusi Nova's Thandiwe played in the background. I didn't even think of asking where he got the time to organise all this, but it was the most beautiful thing anyone has ever done for me. Now I remember when he told me back in the day that one day he'll make sure that he has enough money to ensure I never have to ask for anything. Right now, even if we were in a shack I'd still be happy.

He got up and asked for my hand so we could dance. Just slow dancing, barely saying much and burrying our heads in each other's skin. His cologne was hypnotizing me and his lips were craving for mine.

Phila: "You're so beautiful, Sthandwa sami (my love). Don't let anyone tell you otherwise. I've waited so long for this moment, Yaya. So long that everything I did, I did just for you. I wanted you to be proud of me, to look at me and see the father of your children, your protector, your hero, your lover and your best friend. I want to love you so much that even the word itself becomes jealous of my love for you. I want to make you so happy that you won't feel like you're on earth anymore. If I could buy heaven, I would just so you could live there and be mine forever. I love you, MaZwane, and I'm never letting you go ever again."

At this point I was in so much tears, it really felt like

he was reciting his wedding vows hey. With that said, he put his lips on mine and we kissed. Once again our tongues were dancing to the same tune. It was more like our tongues were doing the Rumba. So magical, so peaceful and so seductive.

Me:"I'm ready, Phila. Make love to me, please. I want to give myself to you-all of me."

With that said he didn't have to think twice. We made our way to the bed. I stood at the end of the bed and removed my dress, as it dropped on the floor. I removed his jacket and then his shirt. I proceeded to his pants, all this while he was just staring deep into my eyes.

I took off his underwear until he was completely naked. He proceeded to unhook my bra, and then remove my panties.

At this point we were standing, naked looking at each other. There's just something about seeing someone you're in love with naked in front of you. That level of intimacy is very deep. You give up your entire soul in exchange for his, so he could be the owner and lock it away in his heart. That's why when break ups happen and people hurt one another, you feel a heavy pang inside your heart. You literally feel your heart being torn apart. I think that's the soul you promised to protect trying to escape from the tainted claws of your heart. Mending a broken heart takes ages because once the soul is deeply hurt, there's no turning back.

I lay on the bed and as he got on top of me, MAJOR's This is why I love you played in the background. This feels so magical. This is how my very first time should have felt like. But now it's like I'm a reincarnated virgin. I get to give myself to Phila just the way I had imagined it would be all those years.



He kissed me slowly and gently, touching and caressing my body with so much care as if I'm a vase that would break if he made one mistake. I rubbed my hands on his back, the heat of his body made me get wetter. He kissed me slowly on my neck, making his way down.

He sucked gently on my breasts and made trails of kisses on my tummy all the way down to my waist. My toes curled involuntarily as he went down to kiss my coochie. He slowly licked my clit and made his way down to the entrance of my pussy. He ate me until I couldn't hold it anymore.

Phila: "I love you so much, Ziyanda."

Ziyanda: "I love you too, Phila. I want you now, please."

Phila: (Moving his finger in and out of my pussy) "Tell

me what you want, Yaya. What do you want me to do?"

Ziyanda:"I want you to make love to me, please. Please make love to me."

With that said, he slowly made his way up to my mouth and kissed me. He entered me and my gosh! It was so painful that he struggled a few times.

Phila:"Relax, Sthandwa sami (my love). Relax your body and you won't feel pain."

Lunga was nothing compared to Phila. I relaxed my body and he entered. The first few strokes were a bit painful, but as he went on I was overcome by pleasure. Who would've thought my first time with Phila would be on a roof top over candle light dinner with the stars watching us and the moon capturing this moment? He slowly made love to me like it

was his last time.

Phila: "I love you, Sthandwa sami (my love).

Ziyanda: "I love you too, baby."

He wrapped me in his arms and dozed off.

## Chapter Twenty Nine

Ziyanda

I was awoken by Phila kissing my neck and the rising sun. It must be morning already and I'm so exhausted. Phila get waking me up during the night to have some more sex. My coochie is so sore I don't think I can take anymore.

Phila: (Smiling) "Good morning, Beautiful."

Me:"Good morning, handsome."

Phila started touching me down there, rubbing my clit. No ways. Not now.

Me:"Hayi, Baby I can't yoh. Kubuhlungu (It's sore)."

Phila: "I'm sorry, love, just a little bit njena. Kancani (a little bit) please."

Me:"Nope. Nope and Nope. Besides, we have to get up. The sun is about to come and we can't be seen walking down with our clothes from last night."

Phila: (sigh) "Already se uyangincisha nge first day (Already you're refusing me sex on the first day.) Hai ke (oh, well), let's go."

We wore our clothes back on and made our way down the lift. I was really hoping no one would see us and luckily no one saw us.

We made our way to our room and I was just hoping to catch up on some sleep, but nope, Mr. Zwane had other ideas.

Phila:" Woza (come), Zee. Come let's shower. We have lots to do today."

Me: (sigh) "Hayi, man, Baby. You wore me out and now I have to get up. That's just not fair."

I was sulking but he just wasn't having it.

Phila:"I promise you, you won't regret it. Come now, let's go shower."

I got up reluctantly and followed him to the bathroom.

Phila:"By the way, I've finally been upgraded to uBaby now. I'm loving it."

I hit his chest playfully. We got into the shower and got ready. We made our way to the dining area and ate with other guests at least. Jake wasn't around so I assume he was off since it was morning. We ate a nice breakfast, pancakes, sausages, fried eggs, bacon, the works.

I most definitely needed this after the night I had. We opted for mimosas. I know, right? It's barely noon and here we are indulging in some alcohol, but I don't mind. We're not working yet and it's only one glass. I need a bit of energy for when we go see Mr. Bupnner today.

I quickly turn on my phone and decide to check up on some messages and get in touch with the world, I stumble across one that really catches me off guard. "Hey, Zee. Please forgive me for the other night. No words can explain my appalling behaviour.

I'm really sorry for acting weird and most especially for calling Phila a criminal in his own house. Once again, I'm sorry-Bee". It didn't seem very genuine, but anyway I just let it slide. At least she apologized, though. I frowned while looking at the message and Phila noticed.

Phila:"What is it?"

Me:"Ag, Belinda sent me a weird message apologizing for the other night."

Phila: "Hmm."

He carried on eating. I can't shake the feeling that something is seriously off with Belinda, but I'll deal with that another day.

Zodwa Ngcobo

I've been thinking all night on what to do to fix this mess I'm in. There has to be a way in which I can fix this, there's always a way. Adonia, my Spiritual leader and a great Sorcerer promised me that things would work out years ago. Nowhere did she mention Phila's return, so I have to go see her. I cannot wait til dawn, as this is a matter of urgency. Belinda came here yesterday as requested and I decided to go with her since she knows everything. She's a lot stronger than Ziyanda, here in the dark world, which is why I chose her myself.

Belinda and I got to Adonia's house and took off our



shoes before we entered her hut. We found her waiting for us in her traditional sangoma attire and beads covering her face.

Adonia: (Deep voice) "You're late, Zodwa. You know I hate being kept waiting."

Zodwa: "Sorry, Adonia. You know I have a son who's in a critical condition in hospital. I had to drop by there first."

Adonia started making her funny sounds and sneezing as usual.

Adonia: "You've summoned me outside my working hours with you, so I have to fine you. Khipa ithousand rand u ibeke la (Take out one thousand rand and put it here)." She said pointing down before her knees.

Zodwa: (Shocked) "Haowa, Adonia. Manje se u irip-off (You've become a rip-off now). Since when do I have to pay so much for consultation with you?!"

Adonia: (funny sounds) "Yeeeyi! You either take it or leave it. I don't have all day and you know your way out, angithi (right)?"

I got so irritated and took out the money anyway. I really need the money.

Adonia: (Chuckling) "Your love for money and obsession with greed will get you killed, Zodwa Nqcoobo. Now talk, ufunani kimi (what do you want from me?)"

Zodwa:"You know we had plans and now they seem to be ruined. Ziyanda left my boy. He's in hospital fighting for his life and it's all Phila's fault, my secret is about to be exposed and I cannot have that.

David will kill me."

Adonia: "Hmm. We can always put a spell on David. Leave him to me, however si ne nkinga (we have a problem). Phila is Ziyanda's chosen one. Their love is way stronger than before and they are both highly favoured up there. If I do this, there's a high chance it might backfire and it will mess up my whole aura, Zodwa. My ancestors could turn their backs on me."

Zodwa: (Annoyed) "Your ancestors turned their backs on you a long time ago so save me the speech. Will you be able to do it or not?"

Adonia: "Yes, it can be done. Ziyanda is pregnant as we speak, but she doesn't know it yet. That gives me an advantage to consult with the underworld. I can try and take those babies' souls before their even born and since both her and Phila have Royal blood, your businesses will be

strengthened even better than before."

I opened my eyes wide in shock.

Zodwa: "Ziyanda is pregnant? But you told me she's barren now since the miscarriage."

Adonia: "The ancestors have amazing ways, Zodwa. She's pregnant and don't forget that after the miscarriage you sacrificed Lunga's manhood completely so he's basically sterile. I don't know why you're acting so surprised."

Ag, Adonia is frustrating me now. She does have a point, but even after doing that she assured me we would find a way to get Ziyanda pregnant. Did she perhaps lie to me?

Zodwa: "What do you mean Phila is also royal?"

Adonia:"I mean exactly that."

Zodwa:"Okay, do it."

Adonia:"But I must warn you, if this backfires, it's a life for a life. If Ziyanda's babies survive and are born, then I have to take a life from your side. A pure, innocent life. Since you're all tainted, it leaves your grandchild."

Belinda was so astonished she decided to speak up.

Belinda:"No! I can't let you have my son!"

Zodwa:"Oh, thula nawe (Keep quiet)! It's not like he's Lunga's son anyways. Had you waited your turn you would've fallen pregnant for him as planned. Besides, you're still young. You'll fall

pregnant again in no time."

Belinda had tears falling down her eyes, but I wasn't bothered. Not in the least. I sacrificed all my children except Phila to get to where I am. All four of them and she thinks that becoming rich is easy? You need to sacrifice a life in order to have the life you want. I love my grandson, but Belinda will have to suck it up. Life is tough, she should know that by now.

## Chapter Thirty

Ziyanda

After breakfast, Phila and I went to The Point Shopping Mall driven by Mandla of course and he gave me his black card. He told me to go crazy and that he's taking me shopping. I was a bit skeptical at first, I mean I have never really spent a man's money.

All Lunga used to do was give me a monthly allowance of R50 000 to buy necessities around the house. Porsche always has her husband's card since he never allows her to spoil herself with her salary and she always tells me that you should never say no to a man's money, especially if he's yours. Well, I decided to use this chance and I went crazy.

I walked shop to shop with Phila by my side, fitting clothes and shoes. I must say this retail therapy feels so good. I never knew that spending money could make me feel so good. I wanted to try out some make up and lingerie for a change without Phila following me so I asked him to go get some coffee and I would meet him at one of the restaurants once I was done. Luckily he gave Mandla the many bags I had from shopping so I could walk freely and start all over again.

I went to Maq Store and asked for some make up tips and they did my make up for free. I looked really different, but amazingly gorgeous. I never really feel gorgeous or confident about myself, but I figured if I want to fit into Phila's life, I'd have to try different things somehow. I can't go plain and natural forever, right?

I bought all the makeup I needed and headed to the lingerie boutique opposite the store. I was just clueless about all these things and most of them just looked like spider webs and hardly anything in my size.

I asked the manager to help me out in picking out some lingerie and luckily they had a whole section for plus size women. At least these items looked as sexy as the ones for smaller women, just a bit bigger. I didn't opt for fittings since I didn't want to keep Phila waiting too long, I mean I had been shopping for over four hours now and my feet were



getting sore. I took a few red items and some beige and black ones too, all lace of course. All men love lacey underwear. I don't even see the point of lingerie since the whole point is to have him take it off, but I decided to go with it anyway.

I got to the till and placed my items on the desk. I greeted the girl who was processing my items and she looked really young, probably in her early 20s like bitch Lerato. Anyway, she didn't greet me back and sounded Xhosa because she was talking on the phone. How rude.

I decided to keep quiet and watch her. I could hear how she was telling whoever was on the phone that there's a fat girl standing in front of her buying lingerie, asking him/her what kind of man would want to fuck a pig looking like me? I mean, I'm Zulu, but I can understand Xhosa here and there, especially when I'm being insulted. I think she just assumed that I was coloured and could barely hear

her hence she decided to switch languages instead of speaking English.

I called the Manager from the store room and I could feel anger creeping up on me.

Manager: "Is there a problem, ma'am?"

Me: "Yes, there is a problem, Elmarie. (I got her name from her badge) I don't appreciate the way I'm being treated by this young lady who seems to be part of hour staff. I really like your stuff and as you can see I nearly bought the whole store, but because I'm being totally ignored as a customer and being insulted and body shamed by a fellow woman in your store, I'll have to take my moneg somewhere else."

Elmarie was very surprised and upset at the girl. I simply stormed out of there without even hearing

her out. I could feel myself shake and tears threatening to fall down my face when I met Phila at Whoolworths food having a cup of coffee at the cafe with the newspaper in his hands.

Me:"Let's go." I didn't even realize I was crying.

Phila quickly got up and held my hands.

Phila:"S thandwa sami (my love), what's wrong?"

Me:"Nothing. Can we please just go?"

Phila:"Not until you tell me who made you cry like this and made you ruin this pretty make up of yours. Now tell me, who's face am I breaking?"

I giggled. I took a deep sigh and told him everything.

I honestly just wanted to leave the mall already. I really liked Elmarie's items, even though they go for about R500 a piece, but totally worth it. It's just a shame she has such an ill-mannered girl as part of her staff.

After I told Phila I could see him tighten his jaw and getting worked up. I know that look all too well. I saw it when he told Lerato where to get off and seems like he's about to do it with that little girl too.

Phila:"Let's go. Show me the store." He said grabbing my hand and walking faster with me. My heart was beating so fast and I don't even know why I'm scared because I didn't do anything wrong. As we both entered the store, we found Elmarie furiously removing the items I wanted to buy from the counter. I assume she was about to put them back.

Phila:"Good afternoon, ma'am. I believe one of your

staff members was very rude to my wife."

Elmarie looked so shocked and intimidated.

Elmarie:"Ah, yes, sir, I... I dealt with the situation. Once again I do apologize on her behalf."

Phila:"Please do call her for me."

Elmarie looked a bit hesitant.

Phila:"Immediately."

He gave her a stern look. I know that look. I call it the "Don't fuck with me look" but he doesn't know that. Elmarie went to the back to call the girl who looked like she was crying.

Phila:"Weh, Ntombazana (Hey, girl). Ubani igama lakho (What's your name)?"

She looked so scared right now and I felt a little bad for her, but she had no right to shame me like that, especially since she doesn't know me.

Girl:"My name is Aphiwe, Nomzane (sir)."

Phila:"Oh, so now you can call me sir, but you disrespect my wife when you're just a mere cashier? You do know what your name means, angithi (right)?"

Girl:"Yes, sir. It means Gift."

Phila:"Well, you're clearly not owning up to your name at all. So here's what's going to happen now: you're going to catch a taxi back to your little small

town and explain to your mother that you got fired for being rude to the Black Mamba's wife."

Aphiwe widened her eyes in shock as if she just realized who Mamba is. Could he be so well known that even small time girls like Aphiwe have heard of him?

Phila took out his wallet while Elmarie, Aphiwe and I were just staring at him in silence.

Phila:"How much were you earning here as your salary?"

Aphiwe: "Eight... Eight Thousand Rand, sir."

Phila:"Well, now you've just lost your daily bead. Here is R5000 and consider this your last salary. Go home and give it to your mother and start

looking for a new job once you've recollected your manners."

He said that holding out his hand with the money in it. Aphiwe slowly took the money and put it in her small waist bag without even looking Phila in the eye.

Phila:"No, I believe you owe my wife an apology before you go."

Aphiwe: (looking down) "I'm sorry."

Phila:"Now leave this store. You're fired."

Aphiwe stormed out crying while Elmarie just stood there dumbfounded.



Phila:"Next time choose staff with Human Relations skills. My wife really loves your store and everything in it, Elmarie. Don't ruin your brand by hiring low life girls."

Elmarie was so embarrassed, you could see it in her eyes and in her face as her cheeks seemed flushed.

Elmarie:"Yes, sir. My apologies. It won't happen again."

Phila:"How much does her items cost?"

Elmarie: (Going behind the counter and checking the till) "R3500, sir."

Phila took out some more cash notes and handed to Elmarie.

Phila:"Here's R10 000 cash, for your hospitality and for being so nice to my wife. Your store seems rather empty of customers for a store that has such beautiful items. Remember one of the key notes to Business, Elmarie: The people you hire ARE your brand. Fix that and customers will be flooding. Have a nice day."

With that said, we left Elmarie standing behind her counter shocked to the core. Phila held my hand as I carried my paper bag and we walked back to the car. I love it when Phila stands up for me, but I can't help but feel really bad now. Will I get everyone fired for being rude towards me now? Maybe if I lose weight then all these problems would disappear.

Phila

We got into the car and Mandla drove off. I hate it when Zee cries, especially because of other people.

I can't just sit back and relax as a man while some useless bitch decides to be rude to her for no reason. I just wish Zee would see what I see. I wish she could appreciate her body as much as I appreciate it. I don't care about thin, assless women. I love Zee and I've always loved her.

I can see how upset and down she is right now and I just hope this doesn't ruin the next phase of the plans I set in motion for her. After this weekend, uYaya wami will officially be my fiancée.

## Chapter Thirty One

Ziyanda

I must have been deep in thought because I didn't even realize that we had reached our destination. I looked out the window and saw some really beautiful houses, much like where Phila lives back in Centurion. I see a huge board across the gate

"Langebaan Country Estate".

Hmm, it seems like a really nice suburb for rich people. Nice and quiet. These houses are so beautiful and seems like everyone buys a huge acre of land at a hefty price. These owners must be rich because one wouldn't buy R3 million land on credit, right?

Phila: (Squeezing my hand) "Sthandwa sami (my love). Sesifikile (We've arrived)."

He gave me a smile and I just returned a faint one. I was so down after the whole Aphiwe episode. First Lerato and now Aphiwe. I can't say that it's a Cape Town thing because even Nozipho, my mom and my sister, even Belinda make comments about my weight.

Maybe Aphiwe was right, I am a fat pig. Maybe

Phila heard everything Gogo told him and my therapy sessions didn't do me justice, and felt bad for me. Maybe he's with me because he feels sorry for me.

I couldn't help but release a tear down my cheek that's been dying to escape my eye. We were still in the car and Mandla went out and opened my side of the door.

Phila: "Baby wami (my baby), talk to me. Yini (What is it), Zee?"

Me: "It's nothing. Let's go, I'm sure Brenner is waiting for us."

I attempted to get out of the car, but he grabbed my arm gently.

Phila:"Zee, talk to me. Please, don't shut me out."

Me: (Deep sigh) "I'm just, I'm just not okay, Phila. Everywhere we go people look at me funny and call me names because of my size. I mean, you know I've never been small and I was just starting to love myself and now this happens. Will it always be like this? Does being in your life come at this price?"

I could see that the last statement broke him. He frowned and his eyes were shiny with tears, but he fought them back.

Phila:"S thandwa sami (my love). You mean so much to me. If only you would let me protect you and love you, then you'll see that loving yourself will automatically happen.

I want to love you so much that I want to set off a chain reaction of blessings in your life, Ziyanda.

Please don't ever let low life's tell you that you're not beautiful. You have an intimidating presence, Sthandwa sami.

You radiate beauty on all levels and it makes people jealous. Please don't be neagtive. I have so much planned for you this weekend, so please don't allow cockroaches in human form to ruin all this."

I laughed a bit at that last statement.

Me: (Wiping my tears off my face) "Okay. Ngiyaxolis a (I'm sorry)."

Phila:"Don't ever apologize for being you, Sthandwa sami (My love). And if you're thinking of leaving me just know that it will never happen. I won't allow that."

He smiled and we got out of the car. My goodness. I've cried so much this week I'm sure Phila thinks I'm a cry baby, man. We walked towards a huge piece of vacant land and behind it is some woods and trees.

I see a board right in the middle of this land we're standing on "Pam Golding Properties R4 500 000 SOLD". Okay, now I'm confused. Perhaps Brenner bought it long before he decided to hire me to design a house for him.

Phila: (Looking at me smiling) "What do you think of this place?"

Me: "I love it. It's so peaceful and the mountain view is amazing. I can imagine myself drinking coffee on the balcony overlooking the sea."

Phila: (smiling even more) "I'm glad you like it



because it's yours."

My eyes grew wider in shock.

Me:"I don't understand, Phila. What do you mean? Didn't you say Brenner wants to retire here?"

Phila: (Chuckling) "Come on, Zee. Brenner moved to Switzerland right after I bought the company. Do you honestly think a grumpy Billionaire like him would want to settle down and retire in Cape Town?"

I laughed at that statement. He has a point, though. Brenner is originally from Switzerland so it makes sense to retire in your homeland.

Phila:"I bought this land for you, for us. It's going to be our holiday home, well one of many. I wanted to

surprise you and I didn't want to ruin it by telling you right away. The house you're designing isn't for Brenner, but for us. This is your project, Sthandwasami (My love). I want you to make our new house our home."

I got teary-eyed once again. I really need to work on these water works. The make up is so ruined right now I even wiped it off with some wipes on our way here. Phila is so thoughtful, though. Spending 4.5 million on a piece of land just like that?

Me:"It's so beautiful, Phila. I love it so much. Thank you, baby."

Phila leaned down to kiss me.

Phila:"That's not all. There's more to come. Follow me."

Is there anything that can top this? We walked hand in hand towards the woods behind the land Phila just bought for us. I really am not a fan of woods and trees, I mean I've seen enough horror movies to last a lifetime.

Me:"Hayi, Phila. Akuna inyoka lapha (Aren't there snakes here)? You know I'm terrified of nature."

Phila: (Chuckling) "Zee, I've just found you again, why would I offer you to snakes? Besides, I'm the black Mamba, don't worry."

Me:"Okay, but if I see one I'm running away."

Phila laughed at me so hard. Really though? As we were walking I saw a trail of red rose petals leading us towards some grass in with trees surrounded. As we got closer I saw a big, red blanket with beautiful red and white pillows.

There was an ice bucket with some champagne in it, with another one next to it with a different bottle of wine in it. Two wine glasses were accompanied by all kinds of food and fruits, finger food and delicious looking desserts with some chocolates of course.

Hehe, Phila is indeed a man of many talents. Organising a picnic without being physically present. I was in total awe that I even forgot about Phila for a second. I was standing, looking around and as soon as I turned to look at him, he bent down on one knee. Is he doing what I think he's doing?!

Phila: (On one knee with an open ring box in his hands) "Zandile Bhengu, from the first moment I laid eyes on you in that cute, navy school uniform I knew that you would be mine. From that day forward I called you my wife. I'm really sorry it took me so long to finally do this, to finally make your

dreams come true.

I love you so much that it drives me crazy.

Whenever I wake up in the morning you're the first thing I think of until the sun sets in the evening.

Your beautiful, contagious laugh sets my soul on fire. Your beautiful eyes make me realize that your soul is just as beautiful as you are. Your perfectly, carved body makes me realize that God took his time to design you just for me.

This second chance at life, at love proves that you and I are truly meant to be. I would like to start this new chapter in my life with you and show you the world. I'll buy you the world if I have to. Yaya wami (my yaya), Sthandwa sami (my love), Qhawekazi (Goddess), make me the happiest man on earth and say you'll marry me.

Chapter Thirty Two

Ziyanda

Phila was on his one knee with a beautiful, pear-shaped Rose Gold diamond ring. I had tears streaming down my eyes and my heart was beating so fast out of joy. Thank goodness he's just wearing a jean instead of an Italian Suit this time. But then who goes down on their knee in the middle of the woods in a G Star Raw outfit? I swear this guy doesn't wear the same outfit twice.

Phila: "What do you say Sthandwa sami (my love)?"

Me: (crying) "Yes, Yes, ngiyavuma (I agree)."

He got up from the grass and planted a passionate kiss on my lips and hugged me. Then he put the ring on my finger. I swear this is the most beautiful ring I've ever seen, so simple-yet elegant. I love how Phila gets me.

Phila: "Ngiyabonga, Sthandwa sami (Thank you, my love). Thank you so much for making me the happiest man in the world. I swear if it were up to me, this weekend would last forever."

He kissed me again and we celebrated with our own, private picnic in the woods-a few kilometers away from our newly bought land. I'm officially a land owner! Just a week after Phila has been in my life and I'm engaged and not yet divorced. My life is crazy, I tell you.

Me: "But, baby wami (my baby), I'm not divorced from Lunga yet."

Phila: "You leave that to me, Sthandwa sami. Let's enjoy this moment we have somewhere else to be tomorrow afternoon before we head back home."

Hmm, another surprise coming up? What could possibly top this?

Gog'Khanyi

It's been nearly two days since Nomsa pitched up here to confess to her sins. I'm not happy, but I must say I'm proud of her for finally owning up to her deeds. It's never too late as they say, kodwa ke (But) It's time for her to go back home. I need my space man. Florah and I can barely gossip with her depressing vibe all over my house.

I walked down the stairs and found Florah and Nomsa chatting away and laughing like old buddies in the lounge. Nomsa can even show her teeth now so I guess the bruises have on her face have healed.

Gog'Khanyi: "Sanibonani abantu bami (Hello, my



people). Zi right zi girls (Are you girls alright)?"

Mam'Masango: "Hai, Nomsa was just telling me about Thando's children. Kodwa those kids are a handful."

Gog'Khanyi:"A big one hence I don't want them here until they learn some manners and how to behave. Nomsa, you should take them in now since Thando is back on drugs. I wouldn't want those kids to end up like her, or even worse."

Nomsa: (looking down)"Yebo (yes) ma. I'll fetch them today."

Gog'Khanyi:"Speaking of today, it's time for you to go back home-TODAY."

Nomsa started to look very worried.

Nomsa:"Kodwa (but) ma, I'm not ready to go back home. Khaya will kill me."

Gog'Khanyi:"No one is ever ready for anything. I was never ready to have you and now look at how well you turned out. Now pack your bags and head on out. It was lovely seeing you, my daughter." I gave her a smile, but she just returned a frown.

Mam'Masango:"Believe me when I say this, child, he won't kill you. In fact his reaction will surprise you. Go fetch your grandchildren and then go home."

Nomsa dragged her feet off the couch and said her goodbyes. I'm so glad she's gone now. I need to catch up on some few things like finding Ziyanda's father before Phila pays lobola. He wants to pay lobola as in yesterday so I had better be quick. I went through my emails and came across an email

Phila forwarded me.

It was a whole file of Ziyanda's therapy sessions with Dr. Stein, including two medical reports from two incidents, with pictures of Zee attached. Her body and face were so bruised and I can't believe how Zodwa could do this right under my nose. Her useless ass and her low life son will regret the day they ever met my Zee. Bazonya amasimba wok's hisa (They'll shit som very hot shit). But for now, I need to start with this Dr. van Schalkwyk who refused to report these incidents.

Mam'Masango:"Yazini Khanyisa (You know Khanyisa), we need to act fast. Time is not on our side. Zodwa already went to consult Adonia and we need to find Ziyanda's father fast. Phila's paternal family are also seeking him and he's too stubborn to agree to it right now. Ziyanda needs the welcoming ceremony to be done as soon as possible, otherwise I foresee danger. Zodwa won't

stop until she has more money. She's too stupid to even notice that Adonia is taking her for a ride."

Gog'Khanyi:"Yazi (You know) that woman is the devil herself. Uyanginyanyisa (She makes me sick). Let me deal with her for now."

I decide to call her. She's messed with a lot of people's lives and this time she has gone too far.

Zodwa:"Zodwa Nqcoobo hello?"

Gog'Khanyi:"Yah, Zodwa. Money changes people neh. You can't even recognize my voice. Injani kodwa, magosha (How are you though, you prostitute)?"

Zodwa: (annoyed) "Khanyisa. Ufunani (What do you want)?"

Gog'Khanyi: (Chuckling) "I can see you're not in the mood to catch up so I'll get straight to the point. Yekela amasimba uwayenzawo (Stop the shit you're doing) before I burn you alive. I know you're busy trying to kill my unborn grandchildren, Zodwa. So I'm going to ask you one more time to stop the shit you're doing."

Zodwa: (went silent for a while) "I have no idea what you're talking about, Khanyi."

Gog'Khanyi:"Alright. Se uziyenza istarring angithi (You're acting like the starring, right)? Se uzobona ngami (You'll just have to watch what happens). I'll take everything from you: starting with all the businesses your son owns, all that will be left will be his house and a few cars, then after that I'm coming for everything you have. I'll clean you out until you can't even afford a loaf of breas, Zodwa. I warned you. You should have known better than to

sacrifice Ziyanda's first child."

Zodwa:"Wait, Khanyi!"

I hung up before she could finish her stupid sentence. I dialed Sbu.

Sbu:"Ola, Magriza (Hi, grandma). Kuhambani (What's cooking)?"

Gog'Khanyi:"Yey wena (Hey you)! Ungazo nginyela (Don't tell me shit). Ubani uGogo wakho (Who's your grandma)?"

Sbu: (Chuckling) "Ngiyaxolisa mama (Sorry, mama). Zikhipani (What's up)?"

Gog'Khanyi:"Get van Schalkwyk ready. Meet me at

the warehouse."

Sbu:"Sho sho Gangster gogo."

Gog'Khanyi:"Voets ek." I clicked my tongue and hung up.

Mam'Masango:"Yazi Khanyi. Just when I thought you've changed you go back to your old ways. Why unga yekeli labafana (Why don't you leave the boys) to deal with this?"

Gog'Khanyi:"You know this is personal, Florah. If you want the job done right, you have to do it yourself."

My name is Khanyisa Buthelezi, and I don't give second chances.

Chapter Thirty Three

Ziyanda

It's Sunday morning, and I'm so exhausted all thanks to Phila. He kept me up all night, doing things to me I have only imagined in my dreams. I'm pretty sure all other guests heard me because I was screaming so much I just couldn't keep quiet. Porsche was so right, Phila really is "Boss Pipi". I never thought men in real life had such huge dicks. I tried to get loose from his grip, but he tightened it.

Me:"Phila, man. I need to pee."

Phila:"Camela umbedo (pee on the bed) just like you did last night." He laughed and I clicked my tongue forcing my way out of his grip.

Me:"Uyabora yazi (You're so boring, you know)." My cheeks were getting red from embarrassment.



Phila: "I'm kidding, love. You squirted, it's not pee. It's perfectly normal when a man hits your g-spot."

G-spot, squirting. Those are Porsche's terms. I made a mental note to ask her about it. I'm starving. It's 7am and we need to get up anyways, apparently we're going somewhere today and we'll be leaving from there to the Airport tomorrow morning, which means we're checking out of here today. I can't wait, honestly. This hotel is amazing, but I miss home cooked meals. I kept waking up in the middle of the night staring at my ring finger. I can't believe I'm soon-to-be Mrs. Ziyanda Zwane. Life can work in mysterious ways I tell you.

Phila got up and joined me in the shower and of course we had a quickie before we headed out for breakfast. While eating breakfast in the dining hall, I saw Simone, the girl who was so nice to me during my spa treatment and I wanted to give her and all

six other ladies the gifts I bought for them. No one has ever been that nice to me before.

They all seemed so genuine and I wanted to thank them for all their efforts. Hearing Simone tell me that her boyfriend cannot even afford to take her out or get her a spa voucher, I decided to get them all mac make up vouchers and lingerie vouchers from Elmarie's boutique-all six of them. I contacted her via email and she was so pleased and kept apologizing for Aphiwe's behaviour, but I was over that. She was nice enough to get the vouchers delivered to the hotel for me. I love Elmarie's lingerie and I'm most definitely coming back again to buy from her the next time I come back to Cape Town. It cost me a bit, and this time I decided to use money saved in my bank account which Phila used to give me.

I have no use for it anyway. I want to start on a clean slate so I also topped their gift bags with R10

000 each. All in all I spent about R100 000. They really deserve it. I didn't even tell Phila because he would probably flip if he heard that I spent money Lunga gave me instead of his. Men and their egos.

I asked Simone to come over to our table, and she was a bit hesitant at first, but eventually came over. I told her to meet me in the foyer with the other members of her Spa team before I check out. Phila wasn't bothered much, but I bet had Simone been a man, he would have been.

We went back to the hotel and packed our clothes and on our way down the lift we found Bitchy Lerato in the lift. Talk about awkward. She looked down as we entered the lift and Phila started chatting to her, which I suspect he was doing on purpose.

Phila: "Good morning, Lerato. How are you this morning?"

Lerato: (shaky voice) "Good morning, Mr. Zwane, good morning, Mrs. Zwane. I'm well, thanks and how are you both doing today?"

All this while her head was bowed down. Wow. Talk a bout a whole 360 degree turn. Phila can humble a bitch, I tell you.

Phila:"We're doing fine, thank you and as you can see Mrs. Zwane's finger you were right. This hotel does make men like me leave with women they do intend to marry."

I could hear Lerato swallowing hard after she turned her head to look at my ring finger. Phila though, he can be too much sometimes.

The lift opened and we finally got out.

Lerato:"Congratulations, Mr. And Mrs

Zwane. I hope you have a great journey home."  
She left abruptly and made her way to the other side of the hotel, probably to avoid embarrassment. Phila checked us out and I saw Simone and the other ladies standing in front of the Spa door. I went to them and gave them their gift bags. The look on their faces, they were so happy that they even cried. They couldn't stop thanking me. I hugged them all once again and I left. It felt so good to do something really nice without even expecting something in return. I do hope Lerato learns from this experience; it doesn't hurt to be kind, you might just get more than you bargained for out of it.

Gog'Khanyi

I got to the warehouse first before Sbu. This boy is always late man. I decide to take a smoke outside

while waiting. After about ten minutes he arrived.

Sbu: "Hade (Sorry), Gog' G. I got held up. We had to pack some extra clothes for the twins since their going to be staying with uMa from now on. You know how Sharon is sometimes."

Gog'Khanyi: "Yazi Sbu uyang'nyela shame (You know, Sbu, you're full of shit, shame). I'm not your gogo."

Sbu: (Chuckling) "Angithi I moulded it a little bit. Gog' G for Gogo Gangster, uya bo (you see)?"

I chuckled. This boy should count his blessings since I take him as my own son.

Gog'Khanyi: "Stop playing and let's get down to business. Ma si ngene (Let's go in)."

I got in the warehouse and found a fat, white lady with a Doctor's coat on which I assume is Dr. Van Schalkwyk. Next to her is a young, light skinned, thin boy who looks like he's been here for days judging by the smell he reeks of. The smell could make anyone puke their guts out.

Gog'Khanyi: "Hayi (no) man, Sbu. Why didn't you let this boy have a guard to look after him? Bona se kunjane lana (Look how the place looks). Kunyuka amasimba lana man yeses (It smells like shit in here, man). You're so messy sometimes."

Sbu:"Ah, hade (sorry) Gog'G. I had a hectic weekend, eish. uSharon keeps me on my toes."

Gog'Khanyi:"Yazi, that stupid slay queen of yours. I ask myself why you dumped a lovely girl like uKele for her, but that's a topic for another day."

Sbu:"Eish, matters of the heart, Gog'G. Anyway, what would you like me to bring for this white bitch?"

Gog'Khanyi:"Bring me an axe and a hammer and some gloves. I don't have all day. Makusheshwe (Let's hurry up)."

Sbu went to the store room and brought me what I asked for on a trolley. I put my gloves on while Dr. Van Schalkwyk looked scared as fuck. The small boy on the chair next to her was petrified with his mouth still taped and his hands tied behind him. Dr. Van Schalkwyk's hands were also tied so I removed the tape from her mouth and she cried out in pain.

Dr. v. Schalkwyk: "Please, please. I don't know what you want from me, but I have 3 million rand in my bank account. You can have it. You can have it all



if you just please let me go."

Sbu and I laughed so hard it made her even more scared.

Gog'Khanyi:"Do you hear what this bitch is saying? She's saying she can give us i3Million mfana wami (my boy). Do we need it, kodwa (though)?"

Sbu: "Hmm. Nah, we don't need it. Si nawo ama million thina (We have millions already). Si ama (We are) Billionaires thina."

Gog'Khanyi:"Did you hear that? We don't need money, white bitch. We practically wipe our own shit with dollar bills."

Dr. v. Schalkwyk:"Then what do you want from me? Why am I here?"

Gog'Khanyi:"Good question, vettie (fatty). You're here to meet your maker, Lucifer himself. Any last words?"

Dr. v. Schalkwyk:"My husband is a Police Chief. He'll find me and you're going to rot in jail!"

Gog'Khanyi: (Chuckling) "Yazi nina ifebe za belungu ni dina kabi (You know you white bitches can be so annoying). I have ministers on my payroll and you're telling me about your lousy husband Pieter v. Schalkwyk, Chief of Police? He knows you're here. In fact he was more than willing to give us your location. While you were at work stealing more kidneys for money to feed your eating habits, he was busy fucking his girlfriend."

I could see I hit a nerve because she started wailing like a baby.

Gog'Khanyi:"I wish I could give you some counseling, but I'm running out of time. You see, you took money from Lunga Ngcobo not to report him abusing my daughter, Ziyanda Ngcobo. Do those names ring a bell in that fat head of yours?"

Dr. v. Schalkwyk: (wide eyed)"Look, I'm really sorry. He threatened to kill me if I reported it. Please, let's talk about this."

Gog'Khanyi:"Talking time is over, vettie. You're a disgrace to woman kind. You make millions off hiding domestic abuse from millionaires and druglords. It's time for you to die."

She kept begging me and screaming as I started chopping her legs above the knee with my axe. Blood was oozing all over the floor and she pissed herself. Little boy next to her was so scared his

eyes were wide open and he was dead quiet.

Dr. v. Schalkwyk: (weak) "Plea... Please... Forgive me."

Gog'Khanyi:"You can ask God for that. Before you go to hell, say hi Ntando Buthelezi, the Mighty Gorilla for me. He's my late husband. Bye bye now."

I took the hammer and smashed her head in so hard that blood splashed across the room, leaving some blood spats on all of us, including the little boy next to her.

Sbu:"Ah, ah, ah, Gog'G. I have to be in Cape Town in two hours. Now I reek of blood manje."

I turned to the little boy and ripped off the mouth

tape from his lips.

Gog'Khanyi:"You must be Tony, angithi (right)?"

Tony just nodded in fear.

Gog'Khanyi:"Good. You now work for me. Lunga and Zodwa are no longer your bosses. You fuck with me, I eliminate you, uyangizwa (do you understand)?"

Tonh just nodded again.

Gog'Khanyi:"Good. Now get up and take a shower. You'll find new clothes on the bed. Weh, Sbu. Get Blazer and the guys to clean up this mess and make sure you dilute her body in acid. No traces, angithi (right)?"

Sbu:"Sho sho, Gog'G. No traces."

## Chapter Thirty Four

Ziyanda

Phila and I left the hotel and went straight to the airport. I thought we're going back home, but I guess he had one more surprise in store for me. We didn't even fly for that long, about two hours to be exact. Phila kept brushing my thigh and kissing me throughout the flight so I couldn't get much sleep.

We landed and made our way to our car which was awaiting us at the airport. Yet again another Mercedes with "Zwane Shuttle Services" written in Gold on the side. I expected a driver to come out and open the door for us as usual, but to my surprise Sbu came out of the driver's side. Surprised I am really since I have no idea what he's

doing here.

Sbu:"Qhawekazi (Heroine). Congratulations and welcome to the Zwane family." He gave me a tight hug.

Phila: (Clearing his throat) "Hayi, man Sbu. Kunini ngi ku ts'hela (I've told you countless times) about hugging my woman. You have Sharon to give you as many hugs as you want. Speaking of Shaz, uphi (where is she)?"

Sbu:"She's at the house no (with) ma, preparing lunch. Well, the Chefs are preparing lunch so I don't know uyenzani yena (what she's doing)."

Ag, I got annoyed. Something tells me I'm going to see Sharon often since we'll basically be sisters-in-law. I still don't know where we're going and I'm getting really impatient. Phila took our bags to the

boot and left some in the jet since we're headed back to Pretoria tomorrow. We got into the car, Phila and I at the back, while Sbu was the one driving.

Me: "Nkos enye, where are we going?"

Phila: (Chuckling) "Hawu no more 'Baby wami' (My baby)? I'm back to 'Nkos enye' now?"

He gave me a frown.

Me: "Come on, now. Siyaphi (Where are we going)?"

Phila: "We're going to my mother's house. It's time to officially meet your new Mother-in-law after all these years."



Ag, Phila and surprises. Why didn't he tell me before we left the hotel? At least I'm wearing a maxi dress with sandals. I'll get a light jersey and a doek from the boot before we get into the house. I can't disrespect his mother by walking in with a dress that exposes my breasts like this.

Me: "Why didn't you tell me, though? I was going to wear something more appropriate."

Phila: (Chuckling) "Khululeka, Sthandwa sami (Relax, my love). You look fine. Besides, my mom isn't that traditional, you know."

Me: "Still, Nkos enye, I can't walk in looking like this. Look at my boobs. I'll just get a jersey and doek from the boot before we go in."

Phila and sbu laughed. These two can't be serious, man. This isn't how uGogo raised me. We drove for

a while and arrived in La Lucia, Durban. The houses here are absolutely amazing. This family must really have a thing for affluent suburbs.

Sbu waited for the gate to open and it seems like someone from the inside watches you from the cameras at the gate before they let you in. The gates opened and Oh, my goodness. Once again, I'm in awe. This house is really huge, a mansion in fact. There is a really big garden with plenty of flowers all over, with water fountains before the entrance of the house. It looks just like those houses from Real Housewives shows.

Sbu parked right in front of the entrance and got out. He went to the boot and took out our bags. Now I was so nervous. I quickly remembered that I needed a doek and light jersey and stopped Sbu before he went into the house with our bags. I quickly put them on at the back of the car, Phila kept laughing at me and I just shot him a death

stare and he kept quiet.

Phila: "Come on, Zee. Don't be nervous. Let's go."

He held my hand and we walked in. This house is majestic and very well fit for a queen. It has stairways on either side going up. Every room seems too large for me. While we were walking in we were met by two toddlers who look alike. I assume these are Portia and Sbu's twin girls. They came running at Phila and I and he hugged them both, carrying them and throwing them up one after the other. It feels really good seeing him with kids. He'll most definitely make a good father one day.

Twin 1: "Uncle Phila, what did you bring us?"

Twin 2: "No, I'm more interested in knowing who this lady is. Ubani ke lo (Who's this)?"

Okay, the second one seems a lot more forward than the first one. They look so alike, I have no idea how they tell them apart.

Phila: "Your parents don't teach you anything. Buhle, Kuhle, what do we say when we have a guest in the house?"

Twin 1: "Sawubona (Hello), my name is Nobuhle."

Twin 2: "Hello, I'm Nokuhle. What's your name?"

I smiled. They are really adorable. They have Sharon's face and Nokuhle most definitely has Sbu's charisma.

Me: "Hello, my name is Ziyanda."

Nokuhle:"Aunty Ziyanda, are you going to be our new aunty? Phela umalume Phila uyaboreka yoh (Uncle Phila gets bored). And besides, it's really tiring playing with Nobuhle all the time. It's like playing with myself, but a more boring me, you know. Yooh! Umuhle (You're so beautiful). Inwele zakho ze mampela (Is your hair real)?."

I couldn't help but laugh. Kids hey.

Phila:"That's enough now. Go play, you can come speak to aunty Zee later.

Nokuhle:"Okay. See you later aunty Zee."

I smiled as they left. Kids are too gorgeous. Phila took my hand in his.

Phila:"Come, let's go see uMa."

I was getting nervous all over again. We walked into the kitchen and I saw Phila's mother seated on one of the high chairs. This woman has always been beautiful. Fair complexion, which makes me think Phila and Sbu got their darker complexion from their dad. She's not that big, a little smaller than me, but has curves for days and a beautiful, big afro. She smiled as I approached. Just as I was about to greet, Sharon attacked me with a hug. I'm not even sure how I feel about her since she bullied me almost throughout my whole high school life. It became worse when Phila left.

Sharon:"Hey Zee! Welcome to the family, sis! Wow! You haven't changed one bit. Where's the make-up, babe? And what's with the doek? I mean it's 30 degrees outside. You're even still the same size, girl. I must hook you up with my stylist, girl. Yoi cannot be married to a Billionaire and still dress like that. It's so good to see you."

I got so annoyed, but I tried not to show it, more especially in front of Phila's mom.

Phila: "Yey, wena, Sharon. Stop harassing my wife, she's not your friend wena. Especially after you made her life hell in high school."

Sharon seemed pretty unbothered and unapologetic. Still the same old Sharon, just a bit more annoying.

Sharon: (Giggling) "Oh, that. Come on, Zee! Are you still upset about that? We were just kids being kids, right? And besides, it happened anxient years ago and you're still alive, right."

Whe kept blinking and smiling and throwing in her annoying giggle. Sharon has always had a thin voice. People with thin voices tend to get annoying as fuck when they just can't stop talking. I thought

having kids humbled her, but well, I was wrong. I still don't know what Sbu is doing with her though. I just have to ask one of these days.

Sbu: (Holding a bottle of beer in his hand) "Hayi, man, Shaz. Get away from Zee. You're overwhelming her. Uzongi bangela isicefe, yazi (You'll end up irritating me)."

Sharon: "Sorry, baby."

Phila gave her a stern look and she moved away from me.

Phila: "Sawubona ma (Hello, ma). Ngikulethele umakoti wakho (I've brought you your daughter-in-law)."

She hugged him.



Phila's mom: "Yebo, mfana wami (Hello, my boy).  
Suka lana ngimbone kahle (Move over so I can  
greet her properly)."

Phila moved out of the way, while his mom stood up  
and opened up her arms for me.

Phila's mom: "Ziyanda, mntwanami (my child).  
Woza la nkgikubuke kahle (Come here so I can see  
you properly)."

She gave me the warmest hug ever. It made me  
feel so emotional because I've never received a hug  
from my own mother.

Me: "Sawubona, ma (Hello, ma)."

Phila's mom: "Unjani, kodwa (How are you, though)?"

Awusemuhle (You're so beautiful). You must tell Sharon what to eat, she's all skin and bones."

She light out a laugh and I just smiled. I looked over and Sharon was rolling her eyes.

Phila's mom:"It's so good to see you again. Congratulations on the engagement. I hope my boy has been making up for all the time lost, if you know what I mean." (She winked at me and I just blushed)  
"Unga stressi, yezwa (Don't stress, okay)? All the Zwane men have a very good stamina."

Yoh! I wanted to dig a hole and die right there. My cheeks felt so hot, I didn't know what to do.

Phila:"Hayibo, ma. You're embarrassing uZee manje (now)."

Phila's mom:"Okay. I'll stop. Weh, Sharon. Get Ziyanda something to drink, I need to have a quick word with Phila real quickly."

Phila and his mom left for the dining area while I was left with Sbu and Sharon.

Sharon:"So, Zee. What's life like as an architect? I can't imagine myself slaving off doing a 9-5 day job. I would die, hey."

I rolled my eyes internally. This bitch is really condeacending. As I was about to tell her where to get off, Sbu saved me.

Sbu:"Shaz, please go check on the kids and unpack their clothes in their room."

Sharon:"But I'm still catching up with Zee, baby."

Sbu:"I won't ask you again."

He gave her a death stare. She got up and left.  
Ojay, what was that all about?

Sbu:"I'm so sorry about that, Zee. Sharon can be annoying at times."

He said as he gave me a glass of wine. He called her annoying. I thought he was head over heels in love with her, though.

Ziyanda:"How did you and Sharon end up together if I may ask?"

Sbu:"Eish, Zee. I swear I didn't plan it. I cheated on Kele and she found out and left me. So I had no choice but to stick with Sharon."

Wait, what? Sbu and Kele? I thought it was a rumour. People can really keep secrets, hey.

## Chapter Thirty Five

Ziyanda

Honestly, so much has happened this week. Seems like every second day a secret comes out. My grandmother always says small lies produce the biggest secrets.

Ziyanda: "Come again, Sbu? Because I don't think I heard you correctly."

He looked down. I've never seen Sbu so ashamed, at least not since high school.

Sbu: (Deep sigh) 'Eish, Zee. Le ndaba inzima kimi (This issue is so heavy for me). I dated Kele back in Matric. You guys don't know because she said she would tell you guys once she was sure about me. I loved her, Zee. I still love her. I mean I took her virginity on the night of the matric dance. She made me feel something no other woman ever has. Things went well that we continued to date the following year in Varsity.

We were doing the same course so it was really easy to see each other and spend time together. One night, while Kele went home for the weekend, I met Sharon in a club. I was just having a good time with my friends and she and her friends asked to join us. I wasn't even attracted to her in any way, Zee and she had been making passes at me since Grade 8. So, we were having a good time and drinks were flowing.

I was so drunk I don't even know how the fuck we

got to my flat and how we ended up sleeping together. I always remember fucking a girl, Zee, no matter how drunk I get, but this night till today I remember fokol (fuck all). Kele came to my flat to surprise me that morning. I was so out of it the door wasn't even locked. She walked in and found Sharon and I naked in bed together.

The look on her face, Zee. She was so broken that I still remember how she looked at me that day. I tried to fix things, but she wouldn't budge. Instead, she got married to that idiot of hers. I tried breaking things off with Sharon, but she told me she was pregnant two months later. So I had to do right by her and marry her."

Zee:"Wait. You've been married six years now, but the twins are only three."

Sbu:"She had a miscarriage few months after we got married. We struggled falling pregnant after

that. We had the twins via IVF. I just needed to fill that void so badly and my girls mean everything to me. Sharon on the other hand is my wife, but things aren't as good as they were when I was with Kele. I love Sharon, but I'm not in love with her."

Me:"Wow, Sbu. That's a mouthful. You're telling me that you've never seen Kele ever since you got married?"

Sbu: (Deep sigh) "We hooked up one night after having lunch together, a few months after I got married. We slept together a few times. I was prepared to leave Sharon until Kele told me to stay away from her. I haven't been okay since. I try by all means to be a great husband, but every time I have sex with Sharon, I just imagine having sex with Kele. I can't help it. I even sleep at Phila's house at times just to avoid seeing Sharon. I know what I'm doing just isn't right towards her, but I can't help how I feel."



Wow. Sbu has been going through a shit load. This whole thing with Sharon doesn't make sense. I wouldn't be surprised if she faked it all just for him to marry her. Kele on the other hand is one secretive bitch.

Phila

Ma asked me to go with her to the dining area. I assume she wants us to finalize lobola talks because I want to pay Lobola by the end of this week. There's no use waiting. I already got Zee divorced to Lunga even though she doesn't know yet. I have connections and I don't need him in our lives anymore. He can keep everything since the lousy asshole didn't even bother adding Zee's name to anything he owns. Fucking coward.

Phila's Mom: "Mfana wami (My boy). You need to

go find your Uncle. He's the one who needs to do the negotiations for you."

Phila:"Hawu, ma. I've already spoken to Uncle Mzi, angithi. He said it's fine, he'll do it."

Phila's Mom: (Shaking her head) "You know who I'm talking about. I meant your Father's brother."

I suddenly got so worked up and angry.

Phila: "No ma! You know what they did to us! I can never forgive them for what they did to us! They killed our father and left us to fend for ourselves and now that we are successful they want to come back into our lives! Cha (no) ma. Angeke ngi ivume ke leyo (I won't allow that)."

Phila's Mom:"Nkosenye, I know you're very angry

and I understand your pain. You have to let him do this. Ziyanda has to be introduced to your Father's family and they have to do a ceremony for her. You know that very well, Nkosenye. If you don't allow it to happen, all hell will break loose. You'll lose zee and your children won't make it."

I was so hurt and frustrated. Every time I find happiness and peace something comes up and tries to destroy it. I let out a tear from my eye. This is too much for me. I can't forgive my uncle-ever.

Phila's Mom:"Mfana wami, you know that you're royal. You know you have to do this. It's just a ceremony and he has to be part of your negotiations."

Phila:"But he wasn't a part of Sbu's negotiations, ma. And he turned out fine."

Phila's mom: (Chuckling) "If you think he's fine then you aren't as smart as I thought you were. Their marriage isn't right, Nkos enye and we all know it. Sbu doesn't love her, and besides yours is a special case because Zee is royal too."

My eyes grew wider due to shock.

Phila's mom: "Gogo will explain everything to you when you go back home. But please listen to me, Nkos enye. Please do this, for all our sake. Your father has been troubling me in my dreams. If you don't forgive your uncle, your anger will grow and you'll turn against the woman you love. Think really hard about this, Mfana wami (My boy)."

Perhaps uMa is right. Growing up without a father and having to hustle in the streets was too painful for me. I don't know if I'll be able to forgive him for that, but I have to do what I have to do for Zee and I to be together at last.

Phila: (Swallowing hard) "Alright, ma. I'll do it. I'll go look for them some time next week."

My mom was so happy she smiled broadly and gave me a hug.

Phila's mom: "Ngiyabonga (Thank you), Nkos enye. I'm glad to see Zee is getting rid of your stubbornness."

We both laughed. I'll try my best to suck it up with that family of mine, but after my negotiations, I swear I'm done with them.

After a long and emotional talk with my mother we went back to the kitchen to join the rest of them. I found Zee making some pap while Sbu was having a beer chatting to my wife. Ai, Sbu is getting too comfortable around my wife manje (now).

Phila's Mom: "Hawu, makoti. You really don't have to cook. The chefs have already prepared food for us."

Ziyanda: "Ngiyaxolis a (I'm sorry) ma. Phila said he's so tired of posh food and I figured I would make pap since the Chefs didn't make any. I hope you don't mind."

I smiled while looking at her. This woman is so beautiful and thoughtful and doesn't let money change her at all. She remains a humble soul.

Phila's mom: "Not at all, my child. I haven't had pap in a long time and Sharon can't even lift a spoon or fry an egg. (Whispering to me) You chose well, mfana wami (my boy). Your father is surely proud of you."

I felt tears in my eyes as she said that. I was robbed of a normal childhood when my Father's brother killed him because he was next in line to the throne. A throne he never even wanted. I'll be damned if I let my children grow up without me as their father.

## Chapter Thirty Six

Ziyanda

It was dinner time at Mrs. Zwane's house. This house is so beautiful and inviting that you feel at home immediately when you walk in. I offered to set the table and practically begged Sharon to help. I really wish I hadn't because she kept complaining about her nails. This girl is so lazy, I kind of understand why Sbu hates spending time with her. She never does anything-ever.

I even heard from Phila's mom that she hired two

nannies for her kids-before they were even born! Talk about wasting money. The conversation between her and I wasn't flowing either so I just decided to keep quiet while she told me all about these countries she visits just to go shopping. She even has a little clique with the wives Sbu's colleagues and suggested that we do lunch and shopping some time. Wait til Porsche hears about this.

I carried the food to the dining table with Sharon's reluctance. Food was served and we started eating. Phila's mom kept asking me about my life, my job and told me how Sharon refuses to work and instead keeps chowing her son's money.

Sharon didn't seem to care much as she rolled her eyes while eating her salad and kept drinking like wine is going out of stock. Sbu didn't even try to defend his wife, instead he laughed at every statement his mom made about Sharon. The twins



on the other hand were enjoying the food and kept asking what pap is.

I have no idea what Sharon is feeding these kids. Nokuhle kept asking me question after question which I didn't mind until Phila's mom told them to go play in their play room.

We had dessert and I offered to do the dishes. Phila was really impressed with my efforts and so was his mom. Phila's mom insisted to talk to me and said Sharon should clean up and put the dishes in the dishwasher.

She was so annoyed but tried to fake a smile. This woman and her resistance for hard labour. Phila's mom asked that we take a walk outside so she could talk to me. I tried to find out from Phila what this is all about, but he just shot me a thumbs up.

We went out to the garden and it's so nice and peaceful. It has so many lights that you even forget that it's night time.

Phila's mom: "Ziyanda, I'm so glad that you made your way back to my son's arms. He told me all about what you've been through with that cruel man and that evil Zodwa. I'm really sorry, my baby, kodwa (but) the worst is over now. Your king has saved you, Ziyanda."

I felt so emotional. How I wish my own mother and I could have a talk like this.

Phila's mom: "I know that Nomsa hasn't been the very best to you, but please don't let anger and hurt consume you. Give yourself time to forgive her. I want you to know that I'm here whenever you need to talk.

I need you to know that Phila can be possessive at times and he gets really angry at times that he shuts everyone out. I need you to be strong, Ziyanda, mntwana wami (my child). Phila has his demons, but sometimes he may hurt you unintentionally, but one thing for sure is he'll never lay a finger on you."

This is getting really scary. What does she mean by he has his demons and he shuts everyone out?

Me:"Yebo, ma. I hear you. I love Phila with all of me and I accept his flaws just as much as he accepts mine."

Phila's mom:"That's what I like to hear. You must come visit me again soon. Sharon uyavilapha (is lazy) shame. I fear those kids might take after her."

We both laughed out loud and walked back into the

house. It feels so good to be accepted with all my flaws for once in my life. I can't wait to see what the next chapter in my life holds.

We all went to bed after chatting up a storm for hours. It felt really weird drinking wine with Phila's mom but she reminds me so much of Gogo. We headed to bed and I really expected to sleep in a separate room from Phila but he was having none of it.

Thank goodness his mom's room is at the far end of the corridor, while our room was right next to Sharon and Sbu's. If this man really thinks we're going to shag in his mother's house he has another thing coming.

He started touching me as expected.

Me:"Hayi, Phila. Not in your mother's house."

Phila:"Ah, wa timana man (you're stingy), Zee."

I laughed out loud.

Me:"Since when do you speak tswana?"

Phila:"Since I've been spending so much time with Porsche. She warned me that you'd do this."

Ai, Phila and Porsche and Phila and Gogo. Those relationships are just awkward nje. They talk about everything.

Me:"I still won't sleep with you."

Phila:"Alright then. But you know my bedroom policy, no clothes in the bed."

Oh, Phila though. I took off my pajamas, switched off the light and got in bed. He left the tv on and switched on his side lamp.

Me:"Phila, aren't we sleeping kanti?"

Phila:"I've waited seven years to have you, baby wami (my baby). I'm not letting this moment pass me by. He kissed me so passionately and went straight down to my pussy. This man knows how to activate all my girly parts. He ate me out real good and just like that I gave in. I tried my best to be as quiet as possible and we made love all night long.

The morning came and Phila woke me up at 6am. I figured we're going back to work since it's Monday. We've been slacking a lot these past few days and I can't wait to be back at the office. I really wouldn't cope doing nothing all day long like Sharon.

We got up and took a shower together, yes it's become a norm to get cleaned up together now. We found Sbu and Sharon ready when we got downstairs. Phila's mom was waiting for us probably to pray for us and tell us to drive safely. The twins weren't even awake and Sharon didn't look bothered that she was leaving her kids behind and would only see them during holidays.

Phila's mom prayed for us and we were off. We had a driver take us to the airport since we're all going back to Pretoria. I really wasn't looking forward to conversing with Sharon in the jet so I opted to sit right next to Phila.

Me: "Baby wami (my baby), you never told me about the Zwane Schuttle Services."

Phila: (sipping on his whiskey) "Oh, we own a

Schuttle company and have branches in J o'burg, Cape Town and Durban. Mom runs the one in Cape Town from home to keep busy."

Me:"How do you manage such a busy life?"

Phila: (chuckling) "We hire people, love. They run most of our companies for us. We keep tabs on them, though."

I looked at Sbu and Sharon and they weren't even holding hands or speaking to each other. Come to think of it I never saw them hold hands or even kiss yesterday. Maybe Sbu isn't much of a fan of PDA. I was hoping I'd hardly get to see Sharon, but Phila dropped a bomb on me. Sbu and Sharon bought land at Phila's estate, so they're bulding their house as we speak. Yep, we're going to be neighbours. I can't say I'm thrilled to hear about how I need to dress better and how I need to fix my nails.



Anywau, we finally got to the airport and as tired as I am, I can't afford to go home and sleep now. Apparently Phila's merging our company so we need to prepare for the launch that's happening this Saturday evening. That's four days away. When you have billions in your account I'm pretty sure that anything can happen.

Sbu and Sharon made separate ways while Phila and I went to work. We greeted Ntate Phiri as always before driving in. We made our way to the lift and it was awefully quiet, I mean even Porsche wasn't at her desk. I looked at Phila and he just shrugged his shoulders. We made our way to the boardroom and as soon as I opened the door a whole crowd shouted "Surprise!"

Porsche:"Whoo chomi bathong! I missed you so much Mrs. Pipi."

She gave me a hug and gave Phila a hug. Okay, they hosted a whole surprise congratulatory party for our engagement. I'm pretty sure this was all Porsche's idea. I scanned the room and everyone was happy-except Nozi and Thato. They couldn't even fake it but I didn't give a fuck. I'm allowed to be happy without feeling guilty about it.

Me:"Phila! You knew about this and you didn't tell me?"

Phila:"Hawu, Sthandwa sami (my love). I had absolutely no idea, I swear."

He smiled and kissed my cheek. The staff came to give us both hugs. Porsche pulled me to her as Phila went to mingle with the other colleagues.

Porsche:"Chomi hle, we have so much to catch up on. Let me see that ring."

She pulled my hand to look at my new ring and was in total awe. One thing I love about Porsche is she can't pretend. She has that genuine personality and warmth radiates from her face whenever she's genuinely happy or excited.

Porsche:"Ao (Oh), man! Boss P ke lepara toe (Boss P is the man)! Please, please tell me o mo file kuku toe (you have him some pussy)!"

I laughed so hard I genuinely forgot that we were around people.

Me;"Porsche man. We'll talk about it later today. I have lots to tell you. Come to my house later on."

Porsche:"You ain't gotta ask me twice."

Me:"Bjanong (and now)? Why does it seem like you made way too much food?"

Porsche:"Oh, akere the staff from the construction side are coming today. So I want them to know gore Boss Lady o temg ba ska leka nonsense (that there is a Boss Lady and they shouldn't try any nonsense). You must mark your territory, girl."

Oh, Portia Williams. As I was laughing at her, a few people walked in. Some few males and some few females, but one that caught my eye was this particular one. She had a really long weave that went all the way down to her bums, she was really tall and looked like a real model. She was dark, but had flawless skin and had really long heels on.

Luckily she has a jean and vest on otherwise men and women would have been drooling all over her if they saw her legs. Everyone literally stopped talking the moment she walked in. I swallowed

hard feeling a bit inadequate. I couldn't help but feel that she and Phila knew each other by the way he looked at her. The way she smiled at him as she flipped her weave made me feel very small. Thank goodness Porsche didn't notice a thing. Out of all the people who came in, probably about 20 to 30 people or so, I only noticed her. I looked over at Phila and he had shock and surprise written all over his face as he literally froze when she walked towards him. Who is this new woman? Am I already being insecure?

## Chapter Thirty Seven

Ziyanda

I kept starring at this tall chick. If you know Maria Borges, then you'll know how beautiful this girl is, although I could literally wipe off all that make up from her face. She seems to wear too much make up. I just cringed as she hugged my man. Jealousy is a real bitch. I literally zoned out from Porsche

and she finally noticed.

Porsche: "Hello! Earth to Portia!"

Me: "Sorry, man, Porsche. Ne o reng (What were you saying)?"

Porsche: (Clapping hands) "Bathong (Goodness), Zee! Two minutes fela ya manyobi setse o na le mona so (Barely two minutes since you've had sex and already you're so jealous)? Ka e tshaba pipi ya Phila shem (Phila's dick must be doing the things)"

Me: "Mxm, Porsche, man. Tlogela nonsense (Stop with your nonsense)."

Phila clicked his champagne glass with a spoon to signal that it's time for a toast. Call me crazy, call me insecure, but I kept looking at Ms. Model over

there. I can't shake the feeling that there's more to her than meets the eye. Phila just looked a little bit nervous for my liking. He laughs a little in between words when he's nervous and believe me, He hardly gets nervous.

Phila:"Attention everyone. Thank you so much for joining us today. My fiancée and I are very pleased to see such a warm staff behind us. Firstly, I'd like to thank Mrs. Portia Williams for organizing this party and for holding the fort while my beautiful fiancée and I were away. (Porsche gave a bow after Phila said that and they all laughed except Nozi and Thato) It brings me great joy to be a part of you. I don't call you colleagues, we're all family. I trust that you'll acquaint yourselves with the new team from the Construction side of things. The rest of the team will join us tomorrow and as you all know, Saturday evening will be our official launch party, so please stick to the theme and be dressed to the occasion. Oh, and please bring your dates with!"

Everyone laughed once again-except Thato and Nozi. Those two and their little bitch fest. They'll surely die young from all the bitterness they have brewing inside their filthy hearts.

Phila:"S thandwa sami (My love), please come closer."

He held out his left hand and signaled for me to come closer while Porsche pushed me gently towards his direction. She probably noticed how awkward I felt. I wasn't even dressed for the occasion. I was in a floral maxi dress and red heels, but I still wouldn't be tall enough to reach Little Mrs. Pole over here. I walked closer to Phila and I was standing next to the tall girl now. She didn't even move an inch to give me some space.

Phila: (Holding my waist) "This shows that I have indeed chose the right family. Thank you for being a part of our celebration and for choosing to come



and celebrate our love. This woman over here, the love of my life, my heart's keeper, uQhawekazi wami (My heroine), will always be my smile keeper. (People were aww-ing as he said that). I hope to see you soon at our wedding which is a month from now on. Cheers "

Pila though. I couldn't help but smile. He always says the right words, I really wonder what he'll say as his vows on our wedding day. Speaking of wedding day, did he just say a month from now? I'll ask him about that a bit later. I wanted to wiggle myself from his hand, but he held my waist firmly and made me turn to look at Little Mrs. Pole. Gosh, I feel so weird. She's even a bit taller than Phila.

Phila:"S thandwa sami (My love), I'd like you to meet Natasha Mothupi. She'll be the new CFO of the company."

Okay... CFO? That tells me she has brains I guess.

Mothupi? I expected some American or Nigerian surname. She really doesn't look from around here with that flawless skin.

Natasha: (Smiling) "It's a pleasure to meet you, Ziyanda. I've heard so much about you and my goodness, everything was spot on. My God, you're beautiful and how on earth do you manage those curves?! I could never hey!"

She gave a loud, annoying laugh while Phila just smiled looking at me. The fuck is wrong with this tadpole? Did she just call me fat indirectly?! And what's with the fake American accent?

Me:"Same here, hey. I don't know how I manage my curves. I mean, I could never manage your height as well."

I gave a fake smile and she laughed even harder

hitting Phila playfully on his chest. Hehe, this woman is testing me. Did God bring her into my life to test my perseverance?

Phila: "I'm glad you two have finally met. Anyway, Sthandwa sami (My love), let me get to work. There are a few logistics I need to sort out with Natasha before we start working kusa (tomorrow). I'll see you later."

He kissed me so passionately and I kissed him back. I didn't even get flushed from embarrassment this time. I pulled out and Natasha was just giving me her creepy smile. They left the boardroom and went to their office. A part of me really wanted to be a fly on that wall, but I figured he'd tell me all about it if he really wanted to.

Porsche: "Alright, people. Back to work!"

People left the boardroom one by one as Nozi and Thato gave Porsche and I weird looks and started making comments as usual.

Nozi: "Mxm, lo ucabanga ukuthi (thinks she) owns the company just because Mr. Zwane out her in charge. The hippo thinks jumps from one millionaire to the next. Must be some Marabastand Muthi."

As Nozi and Thato were about to leave Porsche put her arm against the door, blocking the from leaving.

Porsche:"Sho, Magosha (prostitute). O reng Mona na (Jealous, aren't we)? Anyway, let me correct you right there: 1. I don't own this company, but I own many hotels in in this country all thanks to my loving husband. 2. Yes, I was in charge and you had better get used to that before I wipe the floor with your crooked teeth. 3. She didn't jump from one Millionaire to the next, she is about to marry a

BILLIONAIRE, but ga ke makale (I'm not surprised). Maths and reading don't seem like your thing. And lastly, if you dare make any more funny comments towards Zee, I'll make sure Shaun dumps your deformed ass!"

Nozi suddenly struggled to speak.

Nozi:"I... I don't know what you're talking about."

Porsche:" Mxm. Ga ke na nako ya masepa nna (I don't have time for shit). And wena Thato, you see this ring (pointing at my ring) this will be the closest thing you'll ever see to a ring since o tlo ba lefetwa fela (since you'll end up being a spinster). If you keep being this bitch's sidekick you'll never find love kao botsa (I'm telling you). Have a nice day now girls."

She flashed a smile as they left.

Me: "Ka nnete (Really), Porsche?"

Porsche: "The sooner you learn to speak your mind and act like a wife, the better. Batho ba tla tlogela go o nyatsa ngwaneso (People will stop undermining you, sister). Now let's get back to work. It's almost knock off time. I'll see you later."

I went to my office as she went back to her desk. I can't help but notice that Phila's office door is still closed. He and Tadpole have been in there for quite some time. I decide to bury myself in thoughts of this past few weekend. At least something good came out of it.

Phila

When I saw Natasha walking into the boardroom I was dumbstruck. What the fuck is she doing back

in South Africa?? Worst part how the hell did she get a position at my company?! Natasha and I used to be fuck buddies back in Italy. I stopped sleeping with her over a year go. I'm a man with needs, theres no way I would have been able to survive seven years without sex though. I didn't and still don't love her, though. She was just a stress reliever and somehow in her small mind, she thought that we would end up together one day.

I had to get her in my office so I could ask her what the fuck she's up to.

Phila: (Closing the door) "What the fuck, Natasha?! What are you doing here?"

Natasha:"P, man. I thought you would be happy to see me."

She came towards me and tried to touch my suit,

but I yanked her arms away from me.

Phila:"Get to the fucking point and tell me what the fuck you're doing here?"

I was fuming. This bitch is getting on my nerves.

Natasha:"Geez, you're so boring when you're serious. Sbu employed me. He was running out of time and had no suitable candidate, so he hired me."

Fuck! Sbu uyenza amasimba manje (Sbu is doing shit now). Why the fuck would he hire my ex fuck buddy when I'm about to marry the love of my life?! I decide to call him.

Phila:"Wena, stay right there and keep your filthy hands to yourself."



Sbu:"Sho sho, Fozas (Sure sure Brother).  
Kuhambani (What's cooking)?"

Phila:"Yey wena Sbu. Yini la masimba (What's with this shit)? Why is Natasha here as my new CFO?"

Sbu:"Ah, loyo (that one). Hade bafo (Sorry, brother), she was my only option. It's hard finding someone we can trust and you know we don't just let anyone into our circle."

Phila:"That's not good enough. Find me a replacement ASAP. I don't want a whore working with my finances. If you can't find anyone, then you do the job!"

Sbu:"Eish, mara nawe Phila. It's not like you still have the hots for her, bafo (brother). I mean ama kilos se a hambile lapho (she's overused). She's slept with all of our guys, man."

Phila:"I don't care. I don't want her here. I don't trust her."

Sbu: (Chuckling) "Alright. Give me a few weeks. I'll find you someone qualified."

Phila:"Sharp."

I hung up.

Natasha:"I see I still have an effect on you."

Phila: "Mxm. Don't flatter yourself, Natasha. I don't fuck whores."

Natasha:"But you used to like fucking me, right? We could just pick up where we left off. I mean, I'm

sure your fat girlfriend doesn't make you feel what I can make you feel."

I slapped her so hard she nearly stumbled on my desk.

Phila:"Let's get one thing straight, Natasha. You and I were never together. It was just sex and nothing more. You'll respect my wife, you have nothing on her. She's more of a woman you'll ever be and if I hear you insulting her again I'll fucking chop your tall ass and send your body parts back to your hometown. You have a few weeks here. Don't fuck up. Uyangizwa (Do you understand)?!"

Natasha: (Holding her cheek) "Yes."

Phila:"Now get the fuck out of my office."

She ran out as quick as she could. I sat on my desk and poured myself some whiskey. I need to come clean to Zee before all this blows up in my face. I don't trust that bitch.

Gog'Khanyi

Now that I sorted out the doctor, it's time for the next phase. I'm going to strip Zodwa of everything she has and leave her with nothing. She will suffer first before she dies. I decide to call Tony, he works for me now.

Tony:"Sho sho, magriza (Sure, sure, grandma)."

Gog'Khanyi:"Yazi nina abafana ba mcane a ni laleli (You know, you small boys don't listen). Who told you to call me Magriza (granny)?"

Tony:"Hade, magriza (Sorry, granny). Nna ba nthutile gore ke hlompe ba golo ko gae (I was taught to respect my elders at home). Especially ba go tshwana le wena (Especially elders like you). Phela o ka nsata nou so and ga ke na le mfana nyana (I know you can kill me any moment and I don't even have a son)."

I chuckled. Tony is a very funny boy. He's a sweet boy with very good IT skills. Pity he found himself working for a dick like Langa.

Gog'Khanyi:"Shap a re ringe besigheid (Let's talk business). O ntshwaretse eng (What have you got for me)?"

Tony: "Sho sho, Magriza (Sure sure, Grandma). All Lunga's businesses ko pitori daar (in Pretoria) have been shut down. I got some few nyaope boys (Junkies) to tip off the cops and it's one operation down."

Gog'Khanyi: (Chuckling) "That's good, mfana wami (my boy). That was Lunga's biggest operation. I'll send you the money now."

Tony:"Sho sho, Magriza (Sure, sure, Granny)."

I hung up and wired R100 000 to Tony. I started humming my favourite song "Modimo a le teng" and sipped on my wine. Meanwhile Florah kept looking at me.

Gog'Khanyi:"Yini (what is it), Florah?"

Mam'Masango:"Nothing. I'm just wondering when you'll change."

Gog'Khanyi:"Yazi, you used to be a serious party girl until you listened to God. Phela God uthi ni phuze

kodwa ni nga dakwi (God says you may drink, but not get drunk). How else was he able to make wine back in the day?"

Florah laughed.

Mam'Masango:"Hayi, man Khanyisa. You know very well I stopped drinking long ago. I promised my husband I'd never touch alcohol ever again."

Gog'Khanyi: "Your husband is dead, mngani (my friend). It's been years man. When are you getting some? Or do you have a battery operated friend I don't know about?"

Florah was getting really embarrassed shame.

Mam'Masango:"No, man Khanyisa. I don't do that. You know very well I have devoted my life to my

calling."

Gog'Khanyi:"Don't stress. I'll get you one as a gift for your birthday since it's coming up soon, neh. You need to cum once in a while, you know."

Mam'Masango:"Hayi, hayi Zodwa. Let me go to church before you corrupt me."

I laughed so hard.

Gog'Khanyi:"Alright. Steve will drive you. Bye bye!"

Ai, Florah. I still ask myself how we can still remain best friends when we're so different.

Chapter Thirty Eight

Zodwa Ngcobo



When Chinua Achebe came up with the title "Things Fall Apart" for his novel he sure wasn't lying. Izinto azihlangani (Thing's aren't going well) for me and it seems like it's getting worse by the day.

David's business is doing okay, but now Lunga's suffering, even when he's in a coma. His side business in Pretoria has shut down. I can't even get it up and running again, apparently they got strict instructions not to work with Lunga ever again. Instructions from the Black Mamba.

Hospital bills are piling up by the day and I can't keep up. I might have to use his main business as collateral. Oh, Nkosiyami (My God), if only I had chosen a different path in life, but it's too late now. I just hope Lunga can wake up and get his long deserved revenge.

Belinda naye on the other hand keeps demanding money from me. Lo mntwana (This child) is going to be the death of me. She even had to move out of her apartment since Lunga can't pay for it anymore. She and her brat are staying with me now and you would think that she would make an effort to do something around the house!

Zodwa:"Yazini (You know what) Belinda! All you do all day is drink and eat! Ekseni uyaphuza, emini uyaphuza na sebusuku uyaphuza (in the morning you drink, in the afternoon you drink even at night you drink)! Lunga is lying in a coma, man for goodness sake! Get off your ass and do something!"

Belinda:"Ngiyaxolis a, ma (Im sorry ma)."

She got up and cleaned up a bit. Yesses! Even Nomsa has blocked my number. Ku rough.

My phone rings and I answer without checking the caller ID.

Zodwa:"Zodwa Ngcobo, hello?"

Gog'Khanyi:"Yebo (Yes), Mazet. Unjani kodwa (How are you)?"

Zodwa:"Khanyisa, all this is you're doing. I can feel it in my bones."

Gog'Khanyi: (laughing) "You don't have to feel any bones, slima ndini (you idiot). I told you I'm coming for everything you've got. Ever heard of the Proverb "Sins of the parents fall on the children"? I told you, Mazet. I'm coming for everything you've got and I'm just getting started. Repent or else you'll find yourself uyi S'gidla waar (homeless)."

She hung up. There must be another way I can fix this. I rub my head in frustration as I try to think. Fuck!

Ziyanda

It's finally knock off time, not that I was doing anything today, really. I was just deep in thought all day, thinking of my perfect weekend and Tadpole Natasha. All I ever managed to do for work was finalize the design for our new house in Cape Town. I just can't wait.

I headed out of my office and found Porsche already waiting for me at reception.

Porsche: (with her handbag already on her arm)  
"Hao, Zee. Kgale ke eme ka wena hle (I've been waiting on you)".

Me:"Askies, friend. I lost track of time. Besides, ke sa emetse Phila since we got here using his driver."

Porsche:"Ai, banna (Oh, men). Mo fonele (Call him).

As I was about to do that, he walked out looking rather anxious. I don't know if he's worried or scared, I just can't tell.

Phila:"Sorry to keep you two gorgeous ladies waiting."

Porsche:"Hey, wena (Hey, you). Watch your mouth, I'm married phela."

We all laughed.

Phila: "Hey, baby. Why don't you go with Porsche and I'll meet you at the house? Sbu is on his way to fetch me since Frank is busy with errands."

Porsche: "Wa bona ke go ratela eng, Boss P (Do you see why I love you, Boss P)? O thoughtful gampe (you're so thoughtful). Zee, a re tsamaye please (let's go please). Mgozi (gossip) is waiting for us."

I laughed and kissed Phila goodbye. He really looks much different from when we arrived here, but let me not dwell on it.

We made our way out of the lift and found Sbu already parking his car waiting for Phila I guess. We greeted him and got into Porsche's VW Tcross and left.

As we were driving she just couldn't wait for me to dish out the details, but I wouldn't budge. I need a

cold glass of wine for all I'm about to talk about.

We arrived at Phila's estate and as always Porsche was very impressed.

Porsche:"Yoh, chomi (wow friend)! E ke upgrade e serious bathong (This is a serious upgrade). And then? Banna ba di thunya (What's with the gunmen)?"

Ai. I can't keep secrets from her so I might as well tell her.

Me:"Ke ba Phila. Akere he's a prominent businessman. He used to be a druglord.

Instead of being shocked she laughed hysterically.

Me: "What's so funny?"

Porsche: "Eh, banna. Kgante o serious (You're being for real)? Iyo (wow) Zee. Your life e monate hle (please). Adopt me."

I laughed at Porsche's craziness. We got in the house. And I just can't get enough of the beauty. It always feels like the very first time I walked in here. Funny, hey. I walked in here a week ago as Mrs. Ngcobo and now, I come back as future Mrs. Zwane. Life.

I went to the kitchen and got a cold bottle of white wine out the fridge. Phila always finds the time to put some alcohol in the fridge. Anyway, I took two glasses and poured some for Porsche and I as we sat on the couch. She didn't even bother to switch on the tv since she just likes gossip.



Porsche: (moaning in her mouth) "Wine e e monate bjang chomi (This wine is divine, friend). E maruru ga monate hle (It's so nice and cold)."

All thanks to Phila and his fine taste in wine.

Porsche:"A re ye (Let's go). E tla ka tsona (I'm waiting on you)."

I started from the beginning, telling her everything from Phila's drug days in Italy and how he got here, to my fabulous weekend and how I finally got laid good. I didn't even forget to mention the whole Aphiwe and Lerato saga. I even told her about what Sbu told me about him and Kele, and I told her about the dreadful Sharon and how she didn't even have an ounce of remorse. I told her about the cherry on the cake, which is Sharon and Sbu coming to live close to us.

Porsche: (clapping hands) "Ka mmao! Gwa nyewa, gwa nyewa mo lifeng (It's really happening in life)! Wa re Boss Pipi o go jele ko rooftop ka first time, chomi (Are you telling me Boss Dick chowed you on the roof top for your first time)? Aowa, Die man ke lepara shem (This guy is boss, shame). I mean, I thought white people are romantic, but o wa gao (yours) is the boss, hey!"

I laughed. Porsche though.

Me:"J a, chomi (Yes, friend). It was e really awesome. To make things worse I pee'ed on the bed. He said it's called squirting."

Porsche laughed so hard she nearly choked on her wine.

Porsche:"Haowa wena (No, man). Is he really that good? Wow man. Give that man a bells, wa kwa

(You hear me). Bjanong wena you have to step up. You can't always let him initiate, you have to do the things le wenaan Zee. He sucks on your coochie so le wena tshwanetse o mone pipi eo (you also have to suck on that dick)."

My eyes grew wider as I was astonished. I've never done that before. I swallowed hard in the process.

Porsche:"Ska ntomolela mahlo (Don't stare at me). Trust me, all men go wild for a blow job."

Me:"Bjanong (So) how will I know if Im doing it right?"

Porsche:"Oh, you'll know. He'll tell you. All those tips I've been giving you should come in handy right now. Ska wara (Don't worry). I'll send you a PDF book that teaches you some sexual techniques on WhatsApp."

I'll have to read it as soon as possible. Speaking of Phila, He's still not back yet from work. Maybe I should ask him to bring us some food since we're catching up. Just as I was about to call him, he walked in with Sbu.

Me:"Hi, Sthandwa sami (My love). Sorry I'm a bit late. We stopped by to get you some food."

I got up and went to him while Porsche switched on the tv.

Sbu: "Qhawekazi, Porsche."

Porsche:"Sho, Sbuda".

Me:"Hi, Sbu. I was just about to call you and ask that you order us some food. Thanks baby."

I kissed him on the cheek.

Phila: "We'll be in my study, Sthandwa sami (my love). Call if you need anything."

They left and went to his study. They bought us some Debonairs Pizza so I got Porsche and I a few slices and we shared a plate. As I went to sit back on the couch, she refilled our glasses.

Porsche: "Hehe, so bjanong, chomi (so now friend). Ore Sbuda le Kele ne ba di betha (You're saying Sbu and Kele used to date)?"

I laughed just thinking how shady Kele is. Keeping such a secret for so long, though. Makes me wonder what else she's hiding.

Me: "Ska rasa le wena (don't make noise) they might just hear us. Yes, apparently they dated since Matric, but they didn't last very long. Sbu o re (says) he woke up in bed le Sharon. How, he doesn't know. She found them in bed together and left him on the spot."

Porsche: (Clapping hands) "He he! Wa re Kele o breakile ke Sbu vele (You're saying Sbu was Kele's first)? Wow."

Me: "That's not all. He wanted to win Kele back, but Sharon claimed she was pregnant. So Sbu thought it would be best to marry her. Apparently she had a miscarriage a few months later, and he hooked up with Kele that same year. They had sex a few times, but Kele ended it and got married Brian."

Porsche: "Eng (What)?! Eh bann (wow)! Kele ke tsotsi e serious mos (Kele is sleezy). My mom o nna a re (always says) 'Stille waters, dieper grond'

(Quiet people have a lot of secrets)."

Now that I think of it Kele has always been the peacemaker and the one gives sound advice, the quiet and calm one, but never divulges any of her secrets.

Me: "I guess you're right, but I just can't help but feel sorry for Sbu, hey. He's so broken, I mean he and Sharon have been together for like six years, but they're not even affectionate towards each other. It seems as if they're forcing it, you know."

Porsche: "Well, nna I've never liked Sharon and I'd be more than happy to play match maker."

As I went to the kitchen to get some more wine, Porsche calls me.

Porsche:"Zee, tiao bone (come see)!"

I ran to the lounge thinking she saw something hectic and I saw the News Headlines: "Prominent Business man Lunga Ngcobo awake after a week long coma".

## Chapter Thirty Nine

Phila

Sbu and I got into my study and poured ourselves some whiskey. I'm stressed as fuck right now. This Natasha shit has got me on edge, but nothing beats how Sbu is feeling right now.

Phila:"Wanna talk about it?"

Sbu had his hands on his head with his face down. I hate seeing my brother like this.



Sbu:"Eish, Bafo (brother). Angikho (I'm not) happy, man. Sharon doesn't make me happy. I've tried, you know. I've tried to love her for six years, even after the girls were born, I took her to Hawaii as a way to rekindle the spark, but truth is there was no spark to begin with."

Phila:"Eh, foza (brother). Kanti ku rough ka nje (I didn't realize it's this bad)."

Sbu:"Eish, you have no idea."

He saw Zee and Porsche talking in the lounge on the monitor on my laptop since there are cameras all over the house-except the bedrooms ofcourse.

Phila:"No, man, Sbu. Kucala nini ubuka abafazi bekhuluma (Since when do you watch women while their talking). That's eavesdropping man, cisha

lento (Switch off that thing)."

Sbu:"Lalela man (Listen, man). They're talking about me."

We heard Zee talk about what Sbu told her about him and Kele and Sharon in the mix. Seems like he wasn't bothered much until he heard Porsche say she can play match maker.

Sbu: (Jumping up) "That's it! Porsche can help me get uKele back!"

Phila:"Hayi, man. Sbu. It's a bit too late for that. She's married and nawe you're married and there are kids involved angithi (right)."

Sbu:"Phila, man. Come on, bafo (brother). I see how you and Zee look at each other and that's how

Kele and I used to be. I wish for that nami."

Phila: (Deep sigh)" I hear you, bafo (brother). Eish, this thing is tough because you'll hurt Sharon in the process, but ke, who am I to step in the way of love?"

Sbu:"I can't wait, Bafo (Brother). I can't wait to make her mine again and this time I'll make sure she doesn't get away this time."

Phila:"Hayi ke. Manje aren't you going home tonight?"

Sbu:"Hawu, se uyang'xosha manje (Are you kicking me out)?"

Phila:"Nah, man. Ngifuna ukudla irago nge peace (I want to chow ass in peace) without worrying about

your sorry ass."

Sbu chuckled and took another sip of his whiskey.

Sbu:"Alright. Let me get some pizza then ngizohamba (I'll leave)."

Zodwa Ngcobo

I got a call from Lunga's current doctor since van Schalkwyk went missing. He said Lunga is awake. I just couldn't wait to get there to see my boy. Belinda wanted to come, but I left her lazy ass behind. I rushed into his room and just before I could speak to him, his doctor, Dr. Manyane stopped me.

Dr. Manyane: Good evening, Mrs. Ngcobo. May I have a word with you, please?"

Zodwa:"Can't it wait, Doc? I've been waiting for this moment."

Dr. Manyane:"I'm afraid it can't wait. Your son's hospital bill is in areas. We need an immediate payment of R637 000, otherwise I'm afraid he'll have to be transferred to a public hospital."

I started panicking. Where am I going to get so much money?

Zodwa:"But doc, we've already spent over R1 million this past week."

Dr. Manyane:"I'm afraid you knew the risks when you entered this hospital, Mrs. Ngcobo. Your son canceled his medical aid a month before he got shot, therefore if you cannot make the payment before you leave here, we'll be transferring him to a

nearby public hospital."

It felt like my world was being shattered piece by piece. This can't be happening.

Zodwa:"Okay, thank you, doc. Let me make a plan. I'll speak to you soon."

He left to make his rounds and I needed to make a few calls. I decide to check on his side business in J o'burg. Surely they sold enough drugs to make a million this week. Turnover per week is usually 1.5 million per week. I called Stix, Lunga's main man in Alex.

Stix:"Sho sho mamazala (mama). Eish, you called me at a bad time. Cops came and raided us. They took everything, including the stash of money we were hiding. I'm looking for cover as we speak."

I felt a big pang hit my chest and I nearly collapsed.

Zodwa: "What?! How much money did they take?"

Stix: "They took over a million. Hade mamazala (Sorry mama). We'll talk."

This can't be happening. I only have R50 000 in my account and I had to give Adonia more money for rituals. I have no choice but to beg and I hate begging. I decide to call Nomsa with a private number since she blocked me.

Nomsa: "Nomsa Bhengu".

Zodwa: "Nomsa, it's me. Please don't hang up."

Nomsa: "Heh! Today you're begging. You and the

word please have never been friends. Ufunani (what do you want)?"

Zodwa: "Ngi dinga isizo lwako (I need your help)."

Nomsa: "I got that as soon as you said the word 'please'."

Zodwa: (Deep sigh) "Please lend me 700k. Lunga's hospital bills are piling up and his businesses are all dying."

Nomsa: "Sorry, Zodwa. I'd love to help, but I'm trying to become a new person. I can't associate myself with people like you anymore. You made my daughter's life hell and for that, I can't help you. Please do me a favour. Stop calling me."

Nomsa Bhengu doesn't even want to help me after I



grovelled like a poor person. I'm fucked. I and I made my way to Lunga. Thank goodness his eyes are wide open now.

Zodwa:"Lunga, mntwanami. Unjani kodwa?"

Lunga:"Who are you? Where am I?"

Oh, my God! This can't be happening.

## Chapter Fourty

It's Saturday morning, which means there's only a few hours left til the launch party. I didn't do much since Porsche handled everything. This girl is truly heaven sent. I haven't seen much of Tadpole Natasha which is great for me. Ever since that day Phila has been a bit weird, but I try not to dwell too much on it. He probably has a lot going on plus the launch and all.

I'm even glad all this is happening so fast, since Phila told me he got me divorced from Phila without him even being awake or present. I don't know how he did that, but I'm not complaining. Just that he likes doing things without consulting me at times and it scares me.

Porsche:"Hehe, chomi (friend). Your man better pay me pasella (a bonus) after tonight. I've worked my ass off njena."

I laughed, ai Porsche.

Me:"Don't worry. I'll make sure he gives you a nice, fat bonus."

Porsche:"I invited Kele and Belinda to the launch. I only invited Belinda because I know Kele was going

to ask her if o tlo tla na (she's going to make it). To my irritation, she accepted the invitation."

She said that rolling her eyes.

Me:"To be honest, I'm not looking forward to seeing Belinda, you know. After the other night, ai."

Porsche:"You've got me in your corner. One mistake o tlo nyela (she'll shit herself)."

I laughed at that last statement.

Porsche:"Speaking of Kele, Sbu asked me to play match maker."

Me:"Heh banna! What did you say?"

Porsche:"Ke rile a mfe hundred gori (ne hundred thousand rand). I was joking, but well, he agreed and wired me the money same time."

Me: (Laughing so hard) "Bathong (Goodness) Portia Williams! Exploitation e kana (so much explanation)?!"

Porsche:"I'm trying to save for my kids phela. They need to have their own houses and cars at least when they start working. I don't want them to suffer like I did."

Porsche only has one child with Robert, a three year old son, while Robert has a 16 year old daughter. She calls both of them her kids. It's pretty weird for a child 9 years younger than you to call you mom, but they seem to have it all under control. How Porsche got to be a mom to a 16 year old is a story for another day.

Porsche:"But anyway, I decided to help."

Me:"How are you going to do that?"

Porsche:"J ust watch chomi (friend)."

J ust then, Tadpole Natasha walked in from the lift wearing a very short dress, no bra and most likely no panties, with very long heels. She came in holding a file under her arm, two cups of cola and a plastic bag from Burger King If I didn't know better I'd say she came here on a mission: to seduce someone.

Natasha:"Hello ladies. Long time, no see."

Porsche:"Well, you know. No news is good news."

Natasha laughed. There is that annoying laugh again. I can't say I missed it.

Me:"So, aren't you supposed to be working on floor four?"

Natasha: (Flicking her long ass weave with her very long nails) "Oh, yeah, I am, but I'm here to see Phila."

Oh, so we're on first name basis now?

Porsche:"I think you meant to say Mr. Zwane."

Natasha:"Oh, no, honey. Phila and I go way back. There's no use in me calling him Mr. Zwane. Anyway, let me go through. You don't mind, do you darling?"

She said trying to touch my hair, but I pulled back.

Me:"Actually, He's busy right now and you don't have an appointment so..."

I didn't even get to finish my sentence and she interrupted me.

Natasha: "Oh, honey. I know I'm hot, but there's no reason for you to be insecure. I mean you've got enough going on as it is, like worrying about your wedding dress fittings. See you now now."

Did that bitch just say that to me? Porsche was fuming and for the first time she was quiet.

Me:"Did you hear that, Porsche? Did you hear what that bitch just said to me?"

Porsche:"Heh! Modimo ka lekwa! (God, I'm being tested). Ntwe e simple, Zee (This thing is simple, Zee). Tshella mpya poison (Poison on the dog)."

Me:"Hayi, man, Porsche. A re mo shebe nje (Let's just keep a close eye on her). Let's leave her for now."

Porsche:"Wa reng (What)?! Leave her in that outfit alone with your man in his office ka dijo nogal (With food on top of that)?! O dlala ka mollo (You're playing with fire)."

Me:"I trust Phila, Porsche. Don't be negative."

Porsche:"Alright, Mrs. 'I trust my man'. One piece of advice: Banna ke dimpya (Men are dogs). If you throw a bone at him, he'll most definitely eat it. Just saying."



Okay, now I'm getting really concerned. Should I really go and check on him?

Phila

I was working on some logistics and my speech for tonight. All the planning went well all thanks to Porsche. Just as I was about to call my wife to come to my office for some lunch, Natasha walked in without even knocking. The bitch is even wearing a very tight and very short dress and had some food in her hands. It's quite clear what she came here to do. The disrespect.

Phila: "Who the fuck told you to come in? Didn't they teach you manners where you come from?"

Natasha: "Hello to you too, P. I just thought you might be hungry."

Phila:"I am hungry, but not for you. Get the fuck out of my office."

Natasha took off her dress, exposing her small breasts and perfectly shaved pussy. I got hard instantly, but I'm not about to give in. I love my wife.

Natasha:"The sooner you stop playing hard to get, the better things will be for all of us, P."

She came towards me and tried to touch me, but I slapped her so hard she fell on the floor. I got close to her and put both my hands on her throat.

Phila:"What the fuck do you think you're doing? Do you think I go around hiring sluts like you?! You had better listen Natasha and this time, let it stick into your empty head because I hate repeating myself. I don't want you and you better stop coming into my

house like you're my wife.

You don't deserve that title and you never will! Now get the fuck up and put on your cheap outfit. Take your fucking food with you as well. The next time you come in here, it had better be by appointment. Get yourself some dignity and self-respect, s febe ndini (You bitch)."

I let her go and she quickly put her dress back on. Her stupid weave was a mess and some of the cola spilled on her dress. She picked up her food and ran out of my office crying. I don't feel bad for laying my hand on her, I feel like shit for allowing my body to respond. My dick belongs to Zee and only Zee.

Just then Zee walked in as I stood there overcome with shock and panic.

Zee:"What's going on, Nkosenye? uRight (Are you okay)?"

I didn't even know what to say.

Phila:"I'm.. I'm fine. I was just about to call you to come over for lunch."

She looked at the table and it was a mess, and saw the spilled drinks on the floor and then looked back up at me.

Zee:"What happened here? Why did Natasha leave your office in such a mess? Wait, why do you have a boner, Nkosenye?"

Oh, shit. This is it. Zee is going to leave me. I'm fucking shaking right now.

Ziyanda

I stood there in shock and disappointment. I mean Phila's reaction pretty much says it all. Natasha stormed out of here with her hair out of place, crying and her dress wrinkled with stains unlike when she arrived here a few minutes ago.

Me: "I asked you a question, Nkosenye."

Phila: (shaken) "S thandwa sami (My love). Let's sit down and talk, ngiyakucela (please)."

I was starting to shake and felt my breathing change. I didn't even realize my face was turning pink. So Phila is cheating on me with ms. Perfect? He walked towards me attempting hold my hands. I tried to walk back, but my body failed me and I found myself on the floor.

Phila:"Sthandwa sami (my love). Zee, talk to me. Can you hear me?!"

That's the last thing I heard.

Phila

I feel like shit. Zee was on the floor and wasn't moving. This is all my fault. I should've put that bitch in her place the moment she got here and look now. Zee walked in on me with a boner and a messed up desk. What does that look like to someone who would've walked in on me like Zee? I placed her on my couch and tried to wake her. After a while she finally woke up and I tried to make her sit straight.

Phila:"Oh, thank God you're awake, Sthandwa sami (my love). Phuza amanzi (Drink some water)."

I tried giving her a glass of water, but she wouldn't take it.

Phila:"S thandwa sami (My love). Please, talk to me."

Ziyanda:"Am I not good enough, Phila? Barely a week we've been engaged and you're already fucking some thing pole. I've always known that I'm not the hottest girl in town, but for you to do that to me especially right here in your office, hurts. It hurts badly."

I was so disappointed. She didn't even give me a chance to explain.

Phila:"Ziyanda..."

Ziyanda:"No, Phila. You've got the perfect body, the

perfect life, which I don't fit into. And now you have managed to get the type you've always wanted, right? It's bad enough she tells me how fat I am every time she sees me, but to fuck her, Phila?"

Phila:"I didn't sleep with her..."

Ziyanda:"Please leave. I need to be alone. Oh, I forgot this is your office, I'll leave."

She attempted to get up, but I stopped her. I'll go. You stay. As I approached the door, I decided to give her my two cents.

Phila:"The day you realize just how much I love you will be the day you understand that I would never cheat on you. You're too broken to realize just how amazingly gorgeous you are."



I closed the door and left. What hurts the most is that she never even gave me a chance to explain. Love doesn't hurt, people do. I've got to sort Natasha once and for all. I can't lose Zee, I cant.

Ziyanda

I sat on Phila's couch sobbing my heart out. How could he? Just as I wailed, my phone rang. It's Gogo. I have to take it since I haven't spoken to her in days.

Me: (Sobbing) "Sawubona (Hello) Gogo."

Gog'Khanyi: "Weh Ziyanda. Iyangziba yini (Are you ignoring me)?"

Me: (Sniffing) "Cha (no) Gogo."

Gog'Khanyi:"Yini manje (What is it now)? Ukhalelani (Why are you crying)?"

Me:"It's nothing, Gogo."

Gog'Khanyi:"Yazini (You know what), Ziyanda? I can still beat the shit out of you through the phone, now out with it."

Me:"It's Phila, Gogo. He... He... Uyang'jolela (He's cheating on me)."

Gogo laughed out so hard I felt so stupid. Here I am pouring my heart out to her and she's laughing.

Me:"It's not funny, Gogo."

Gog'Khanyi: "Okay. What do you want me to say ke

(then)? M'yeke (Leave him)".

Me: (Puzzled) "Gogo?"

Gog'Khanyi: "Angithi, uyajola (He's cheating) , so leave him."

Me:"It's not that simple, Gogo."

Gog'Khanyi:"Hawu, Ziyanda. You saw him angithi (right)? You caught him on top of another woman angithi (right)?"

Me:"Well, no. Natasha walked out of his office with her dress and hair messed up and when I walked in he had a boner, so..."

Gogo didn't even wait for me to finish.

Gog'Khanyi:"Uthi ubani (You said who)? Natasha?  
As in Natasha Mothupi?"

Seems like Gogo knows everything.

Me:"Yebo, Gogo (Yes, grandma)."

She laughed even harder and even called  
Mam'Masango to come hear the story. I wanted to  
hang up right there and then.

Me:"Gogo, this isn't funny."

Gog'Khanyi:"Weh, Florah! Listen to Zee. Uthi uPhila  
uyajola (She says Phila is cheating). Listen to this,  
uthi ujola no (he's cheating on her with) Natasha  
Mothupi."

While Gogo was in stitches, Mam'Florah told her to stop laughing. What's so funny?

Me:"Gogo, you're making my pain a joke now."

Gog'Khanyi:"Okay, okay keh (then). Let me stop and be serious for a minute. You're not serious, Ziyanda. So you saw him with a boner and assumed that uyajola (He's cheating)? Lalela la ntombi (listen here, girl), if uPhila wanted to cheat, he would've done it a long time ago and NOT in his office. That girl is a know magosha (prostitute) in expensive hair. You should know by now that he isn't into those type of girls."

I suddenly felt so bad about my reaction.

Gog'Khanyi:"Did you at least hear him out?"

My heart sank even deeper.

Me:"No."

Gog'Khanyi:"Hayi, Ziyanda. You have a lot to learn. Everytime you think he's cheating once you're married, are you going to walk away and cry like a baby? Lalela la, you're his wife-to-be, a title he chose to give you and only you. Stop giving these low life bitches a reason to get to you. Show them that you're a goddess, a diva and you're here to stay."

Me:"I hear you, Gogo."

Gog'Khanyi:"Tell Phila to get you a gun so that next time you think he's cheating, just confront the bitch. People always tell the truth under duress."

I chuckled at that. Gogo can be so crazy.

Gog'Khanyi:"Now, stop crying and go fix your nonsense. Suba weak (Don't be weak), man. Am I the only woman with balls in this family? Yesses man. We'll talk later. Bye bye!"

## Chapter Fourty One

Zodwa

I had to bring Lunga back home since we can't afford all the medical bills anymore. Since all his businesses have crumbled, I've had to sell his house, at less than market value at that. Selling my son's house at R250 000 when he bought it at R3 million isn't what I pictured myself doing at this age.

Belinda came down the stairs, from a different

direction than her bedroom. Why is she coming from my side of the corridor instead of hers? I decided not to dwell on Belinda. I have bigger problems than her right now.

Nomsa Bhengu didn't even want to help me after I once gave her R4 million. Some bitches are really ungrateful. Since she didn't want to help me, I decide to play God with her life. I diales her precious husband's number.

Khaya: "Khaya Bhengu."

Zodwa: "Hi, Khaya, it's Zodwa Nqcoobo."

Khaya: "Oh, Nkosi yami (My God). Angina mali (I don't have money) , Zodwa."

Wow. So everyone knows I'm broke, now?



Zodwa:"That's not why I'm calling, Khaya. I have news about your wife and daughter, Ziyanda. Nomsa lied to you all those years ago. She had an affair with Bonginkosi Gumede. Ziyanda is his daughter."

Khaya:"Are you done?"

Wow. That's not the reaction I expected.

Zodwa:"What do you mean am I done?"

Khaya:"Yazini (You know what) Zodwa? Please, don't call me for bullshit. Don't tell me shit I already know. Save your airtime, you're going to need it. And stop trying all these tactics to ask for money, man. Have some self respect."

With that, he hung up. I can officially say I'm at the lowest point in my life. People who were once lower than me laugh at me now.

Phila

I've been looking all over for Natasha and that bitch is nowhere to be found. I swear once I find her she'll be next on the missing person's list. Thank God Zee and I took separate cars to work. I got rid of that Rover that useless ex husband of hers bought her. I need to buy her a car that she loves. Anyway, I'm sure she's home now. The launch party is one hour away. I walked in and found her dressed already. This woman is gorgeous. She always makes me weak. That gold figure hugging, silky dress that exposes her cleavage, with a high slit in front. I'm so proud to call her my wife.

Ziyanda: "You're back. Can we talk?"

Phila:"Yes, but before you say anything, I'd like to go first."

Ziyanda:"Okay."

Phila:"Zee, I love you so much it scares me. I have never cheated on you-not then and most definitely not now. I'm many things, but not a cheater. I need to be completely honest with you: Natasha and I were sex buddies back in the day when I was in Italy. I never loved her and I still don't. I stopped sleeping with her over a year ago, Sthandwa sami (my love).

She came on to me today and I told her where to get off. I was so pissed I beat the shit out of her. I'm pissed that she tried that especially at my workplace, but one thing I'm sure of I would never disrespect you like that, Sthandwa sami (my love).

What disappointed me the most is that you didn't even give me a chance to explain, you just assumed the worst.

If Gogo didn't reassure you, you weren't going to hear me out. If you want to marry me, you have to communicate, Zee. In marriage, you don't just walk away from one another. I need you to know that I chose you: out of all the women in the world I still came back and chose you. You're so beautiful, Zee, but you just don't realize it. Women throw themselves at me, but I still want you. You're going to be exposed in the limelight when you're with me, I need a confident woman by my side who won't throw a fit every time a woman tries to come on to me."

Ziyanda: (Looking down) "I'm sorry, baby wami (my baby). Ngiyaxolis a (I'm sorry), Mkhonto (clan name). I promise to do better. I promise to treat you like the man you are. I'm sorry I doubted you.

I'm not angry about your past. It's just that-your past. Please forgive me."

I smiled and my face lit up as she said that. She called me by my clan name. No woman has ever done that, except my mother.

Phila:"So, I'm Mkhonto now?"

Ziyanda: (Blushing) "I did some research."

Phila:"Well, I appreciate it, Sthandwa sami (my love). Ngiyakuthanda yezwa (I love you, okay)?"

Ziyanda:"I love you too. Now please go get ready. Porsche is going to be mad at us if we're late tonight."

I gave her a kiss and quickly ran upstairs and got ready. After half an hour I was ready to be side by side with my woman. The theme is Gold and Black, and well, my suit says it all. I can't wait to introduce uYaya wami (My Yaya) to the world.

Ziyanda

After today I learnt that I need to grow some balls as Gogo said. It's high time I learn to grow a thick skin. Well, I guess this was Phila and I's first official fight. With love comes growth as they say and I'm ready to grow and be the woman Phila needs me to be. Phila is the one driving us tonight in his Lamborghini. I'm not a fan of small cars, but the horse power of this baby is making me horny.

We finally arrived at our venue for the evening; the Royal Elephant Hotel. I see so many people out here, a red carpet and a section where we take pictures before we go in just like on tv during

celebrity events.

Speaking of celebrities I see a couple of celebrities, even ones I love. Lira, Zonke, Amanda Black, Ntsiki Mazwai, and so many more that I lost count. I have to behave myself and try not to act like a groupie. Phila opened the door for me and I started to panic. I hate attention. What if I mess up or trip and fall?

Phila: (Whispering in my ear) "Relax, Sthandwa sami (My love). Just follow my lead."

I took a deep breath and walked with him. So many cameras flashing and people watching. I see Phila smiling so I tried smiling too. These lights and cameras are so bright I don't know how people handle it. We stood behind a big wall paper with the company's logo printed probably a million times. We smiled and took some pictures together. He whispered in my ear.

Phila:"You need to stand over here alone for a few seconds, Sthandwa sami (my love). They need photo's of you alone."

He left my side to stand aside as he watched me pose for the pictures.

I tried to change poses and smiles as much as I could, mimicking the celebs on tv. He came back to my side and whispered to me again.

Phila:"You did great, baby wami (my baby). My turn now. I won't be long."

I stood aside and watched him pose for the cameras in his beautiful black Italian button suit, with gold lining and gold buttons. This man is a god, man. He came back to my side and I could hear the photographers shouting "Who is your new



woman, mr. Zwane?" "Where did you meet her?"

Phila and I just ignored and walked into the Hotel. I guess he's used to such. We walked into the hall and my goodness, Porsche did such an amazing job! The decor is to die for. Each round table has its own style and can accommodate about ten people. There was music playing and a band on stage, while waiters were walking around with finger food and champagne glasses. There were a few people here, but I only noticed Porsche. I saw her approaching us and as always, she looks to die for. It's nice having a tiny body like hers because you can get away with pretty much everything. She opted for a straight up this time. Very different, but suits her oval shaped face.

Porsche:"Oh, thank God you guys are here. I was starting to get really bored. Aowa (No), Phila, why o sa re fa (why didn't you give us a) warning gore (that) your colleagues ba bora so (are so boring"

We both chuckled.

Phila:"Well, hello to you too, Porsche. I love what you did with the place. You should consider a career change."

Porsche:"Stop planting thoughts in my mind, P. I might just take you up on that."

We all laughed.

Phila:"Let me love and leave you ladies for a bit. I have to say hi to a few people. Are you going to be okay on your own, Sthandwa sami (My love)?"

Me:"Don't worry, I'm a big girl. You go ahead."

He smiled and kissed my lips.

Porsche:"Yoh, mara. New love e monate hle (New love is so nice, though)."

Me: (chuckling) "ai, Porsche, mara. You and Rob are always kissing and you've been together for years."

Porsche:"Ag, that's different. Rob ke lekgoa (Rob is white). Everyday for them ke (is) romance day. If it's Monday, we celebrate, he can even buy me flowers just because ke (it's) Sunday."

We laughed so hard.

Me:"Speaking of Rob, where is he tonight?"

Porsche:"Ag, Bailey isn't feel well tonight so Rob offered to stay le ena (with him) and gave me my chance to shine."

Oh, Porsche though.

Me:"Did you see all those celebrities?"

Porsche:"Yes, babe. Better get used to this life. It's about to be a bumpy ride."

She said as she sipped on her wine. Just then Kele and Belinda walked in together. Kele looks so beautiful as always in her natural afro tied into a bun. Tonight she's surprisingly not wearing glasses and I think this is the very first time I see her without them. I never noticed how gorgeous her hazel eyes are. She's wearing a black, silky dress with a slight on her right thigh that exposes her beautiful curves. She has those small boobs, small

waist, but big bum and big curves kind of body. One would be shocked to hear she has a five year old. Belinda on the other hand just looks like a junkie on steroids. She looks a lot thinner than usual, but well, I guess she tried to look nice for the occasion.

Kele:"Hey guys." She gave Porsche and I hugs.

Belinda:"Hey." She just gave us a faint wave. Okay...

Porsche:"Kele, ngwaneso (sister), bona o montle jwang (Look how gorgeous you look)! I've never seen your beautiful eyes, sesi (sister) and that body! Mfe di khefa tseo (Give me those curves)!"

Kele laughed shyly.

Kele: "Thank you, Porsche. I tried."

Porsche: "Ah tlogela bo modest ngwaneso (stop with the modesty, sis)."

Me: "Belinda, how are you?"

Belinda: "Ah, what can I say? I'm doing okay. Congrats on the engagement by the way. It's not everyday a girl like you gets engaged twice, right?"

And there she goes again. The old Belinda is back and about to fuck up our evening.

Chapter Fourty Two

Ziyanda

Sometimes I ask myself why we're even friends

with the likes of Belinda. She's barely been here for five minutes and already talking shit.

Porsche:"Heh?! Wa reng Belinda wa Sfebe (What did you just say bitch! Bua gape (say that again) and I'll get security to escort you out. Ga re na nako ya masepa (We don't have time for shit) tonight."

Me:"It's okay, Porsche. I got this. Yazini (You know what) Bee. All I've ever done in life is be nice to you, but you've been nothing but a real bitch to me. Yes, I might not be the most beautiful girl in the world, but at least I'm not miserable like you. You better behave tonight or I'll send you back to the trash you just crawled out of. I won't stand your shit tonight."

Kele, Porsche and especially Belinda were shocked. I've had it with people more especially women walking all over me.

Porsche:"Hehe, I like this new you, babe."

Belinda:"Askies, Zee. I'm just stressed. I didn't mean to take it out on you."

Ziyanda:"I'm not interested. J ust behave and if you can't just keep quiet."

I said that sipping on my wine.

Porsche:"J a ne. Modimo o dira mehlolo (God does wonders). So, Kele, kana you said you work at KPMG, right?"

Kele:"Yes, I just started a month ago. Why?"

Porsche:"J ust wait and see I'll tell you why."



Just then Sbu walked in looking so handsome with Sharon by his side. Even a blind person could see how Sharon was clinging onto him. She has an over the top long and curly weave on with a very shiny gold dress. It probably cost a fortune but it most definitely isn't classy.

Sbu: "Hey, ladies. Kele, o kae (how are you)?"

Oh, no. Sbu is making it so obvious how he really likes Kele. This night won't end very well.

Kele: (blushing) "Hi, Sbu. Ke shap (I'm fine)."

Sharon: (annoyed) "Hello?! Isn't anyone going to greet me?!"

Porsche: "Sharon, ke gona o tsena (you just walked in). You're supposed to greet us, like your well-

mannered husband just did."

Sbu:"I'll see you bit later, ladies."

Sharon:"Hawu, Sbu. Let me come with you."

She attempted to go with him, but he stopped her.

Sbu:"Chill with the ladies, I'll see you just now." He left without even giving her a kiss.

Sharon:"So, what are drinking? You guys look nice. You tried, shame."

I rolled my eyes. This woman is annoying.

Porsche:"Re tla bona di newspaper di reng kaosane akere (We'll see what the Newspapers say

tomorrow)? They'll be the judges".

As we were trying to absorb Sharon's presence, Tadpole Natasha walked in with ridiculously high heels and a long dress that has a slit up to her waist. You can see her butt cheeks. Can this night get any worse? She walked up to us as everyone tried to ignore her, except Sharon.

Natasha:"Hello, Ladies. You're looking nice tonight."

Porsche:"Ja, Natasha."

Sharon:"My God. I love your dress. It's so classy. And your nails, girl you need to give me the name of your beautician."

Natasha:"I'd love to, but I doubt you'd be able to afford it judging by your outfit. Excuse me."

She left us as Porsche and I burst out in laughter.

Sharon: "Le tshega eng lena (What are you two laughing at)?"

Porsche: "Kana what was your favourite line back in high school? "Stay in your lane, girl. Bona nou (Look now) that line is following you."

We both laughed so hard we were in tears. I even saw Kele laughing a little bit until Sharon gave up and left us.

We sat and spoke for a while and I excused myself to the ladies room. I needed to release all this champagne since we hadn't started the night yet. As I was about to walk into the toilets, Phila pulled me.

Phila:"S thandwa sami (my love). Uyaphi (Where are you headed)? We're about to start now."

Me:"I won't be long, babe. I just need to pee real quickly."

Phila:"Okay, don't be too long."

He kissed me and I went in. After doing my lady business, I went to wash my hands, and Tadpole Natasha walked out of one of the cubicles and stood next to me. How convenient. Is this the part where she knocks my teeth out for stealing her man?

Natasha:"You think you're all that, don't you?"

Me:"Excuse me?"

Natasha: "mxm. Don't try acting stupid. O nagana gore Phila a ka nna le tlou ya go lekana le wena (You really think Phila can stay with an elephant like you)?"

Me: (Chuckling) "Hao, kgante wa kgona go bua (Oh, so you can speak your language)? I thought you had buried Tswana all under that fake American accent of yours. And you guys really need to get a whole new line of insults. This thing about my size is seriously getting old. You should really save yourself some of the dignity and little self respect you have left, judging by those marks on your neck you tried to hide with your ridiculously thick make up. I didn't steal anyone. So if you'll please excuse me, my fiancée is waiting for me."

She clicked her tongue and decided to speak as I was about to walk out of the door.

Natasha:"Well, since you think you've got it all under control, you wouldn't mind playing stepmom to Phila's son, would you? I mean two year olds can be quite a handful."

She gave me a smirk as I was standing right there in shock. Nah, she's testing me, right. Gogo told me not to trust her and if Phila really had a son, he would tell me. I decided to enjoy my evening. I won't show her that I might believe what she told me.

I walked out and found Phila waiting for me outside the ladies' toilets.

Phila:"S thandwa sami (My love). Are you okay? I saw Natasha walking out of here."

Me:"Don't stress, I'm okay."

Phila:"I promise you, baby wami (my baby). She'll be history after this evening, trust me."

Me:"I trust you, Mkhonto."

He smiled and I side-eyed Natasha who was staring at us with a smirk on her face, but I decided to give Phila a nice, passionate kiss just to irritate her. I refuse to let some vain girl walk all over me. We took our seats as the MC started greeting us. By now, our table only had seven people since Kele, Belinda and Porsche didn't bring any dates. Natasha squeezed herself in at Nozi's table and kept giving me weird looks, but I truly didn't give a flying fuck.

Sbu kept eyeing Kele the whole time and I think Sharon noticed.

Kele:"Who's that tall girl by the way?"



Porsche:"She's about to be a thing of the past if you agree to Phila's offer. How would you like to be PZ constructions' new CFO? Benefits including an apartment and a salary of 100k a month?"

Kele's eyes grew wider due to shock while Sharon looked annoyed. Sbu was anxious to hear her answer judging by the way his eyes were glued to her.

Sharon: "Hawu, Phila. Are you running a charity now?"

Sbu quickly reprimanded her.

Sbu:"Voetsek, Sharon?"

She quickly kept quiet and looked down.

Porsche:"I need an answer as in now, Kele. O reng ka taba e, my chomi (What do you say, my friend)?"

Kele:"I.. Okay. I accept."

I could see how Sbu's face lit up as he smiled. Belinda just kept drinking paying no mind to us. Porsche nodded to Sbu which I'm assuming is a signal of her plan that worked well.

The MC introduced the main staff members, starting with the construction staff. When he got to the CFO position, Natasha positioned herself, but she didn't expect the bombshell the MC was about to drop.

MC: "Please allow me to introduce the new CFO of PZ Constructions, Mrs. Kelebogile Molefe."

As people were clapping Natasha quickly sat down in humiliation. Kele was just in serious shock. Shame, my friend.

Porsche:"Well, what are you waiting for? The stage is yours, friend."

As Kele got to the stage, Sbu's face was beaming with pride. He even stood up to clap even further. I think at that point the only two people who mattered were Kele and Sbu. I think the only clap she heard at that particular moment, was Sbu's. We even forgot about Sharon who just couldn't stand it anymore and stormed out crying. Sbu didn't even attempt to go after her. Ouch. I hope my marriage with Phila doesn't reach that stage. It must be painful as fuck being married to someone who doesn't love you.

Chapter Fourty Three

Ziyanda

Since Sharon stormed out of here a few minutes ago, Sbu became more relaxed. He even went to sit next to Kele and just can't stop smiling at her. I can't help but feel a bit bad for her. Natasha also stormed out of here in a dramatic state, but I don't care. It's not nice finding out at an event you planned on ruining that you you're fired.

Everyone on the Construction side was introduced, and then the Architecture staff was introduced, leaving Phila and I for last. I don't know why I wasn't introduced along with Nozi and the rest of the crew, but I guess I have to get used to being the Boss's wife soon. The MC introduced Phila as the owner and CEO of PZ Constructions, and he pulled my hand so that I could walk up to the stage with him. I'm so nervous right now I could really piss myself. We got up to the stage, much to Nozi's

annoyance, but I just smiled.

Phila:"Good evening ladies and gentlemen. Thank you all for joining us tonight. Tonight is more than just a celebration of our company, it is more about inviting you into our lives. This woman right here, is Ziyanda Bhengu, my fiancée. She is also one of the head Architects of PZ Constructions. Now you get to see who's the beautiful woman behind my smile."

People were laughing and I could see that more flashes were going off and reporters were taking a whole lot of pictures. I tried to smile but the flashes were so disturbing to my eyes. Phila just seems like such a natural. He's always been one, doing public speaking and was the head boy at school with Sbu as the deputy. Sbu never had a problem being out of the limelight. He just has his own way of doing things.

Phila:"I'd also like to let you know that you're invited

to our wedding which will be taking place on Saturday, 20th March. I can't wait to make things official and on that note, please don't bother my wife, she's very shy. Enjoy the evening."

They clapped hands and we walked off the stage with his arm on my waist. He said we're getting married on the 20th of March, that's my birthday! That's the least of my problems, its less than two months away! Kodwa (But) Phila and his habit of doing things without notifying me. I'll deal with him later.

It was time for the main course and we had to dish up for ourselves, buffet style. Sbu went to dish up for Kele, while Phila went to dish up for Porsche and I. Belinda decided to leave saying she wasnt feeling well, but we all know that's not true. I'm just glad she left us, we don't need anymore negativity.

Porsche:"So, Kele, chominaiza (my friend), wena le

Sbu la di betha nou (are you and Sbu dating now)?"

Kele was blushing. Porsche though.

Kele:"Haowa (no) Portia. We're both married."

Porsche:"Married to two equally useless people. I mean we never see Brian. He doesn't support you. He wasn't even there on your graduation day. No hard feelings."

I trust Porsche to be harsh and straight to the point.

Kele:"Portia..."

Porsche:"Lena mara le gana nnete ngwaneso (You guys don't like the truth). Bona o blusher bjang, mara e re ke go tlogele (Look how you're blushing,

but let me leave you)."

After a while Phila came with our food.

Phila:"Here's your food, beautiful ladies. This idiot here (pointing at Sbu) wasn't even interested in catering for you. All he's worried about is Kele. 'Kele doesn't love mushrooms, she likes potatoes. Oh, she hates mayonnaise, but loves carrots. It's good for her eyes'."

He said that as he was imitating Sbu and we laughed out loud, including Sbu. Kele was just smiling looking down in embarrassment. I really don't know how Porsche does it, but she's just good at everything she does. We dug into our food and the alcohol kept coming. The conversation was flowing so well, even Kele was starting to become more relaxed, giggling at everything Sbu is saying. The guys got up again to get us some dessert. Phila left his phone on the table next to me and it



beeped. I checked it out of curiosity and I was shocked to the core. It's an sms that came through from Natasha "I have no idea wht you're being so mean to me. I guess I'll see you in court. I'm suing you for child maintenance, and I'll make sure you never get to see your son-ever! Natasha".

He didn't save the number, but clearly its from her since she mentioned her name at the end of the message. I suddenly froze and zoned out deep in thought. This cant be. She's bluffing, right? Probably seeking Phila's attention. Porsche noticed how withdrawn I became.

Porsche:"Chomi, dintshang (Friend, what's up)? O shap (Are you okay)?"

I didn't even know what to say so I showed her the message and she passed the phone over to Kele.

Porsche:"Ah, o rata go wara ka bo magosha le wena, Zee (You like stressing over bitches, Zee)."

Kele:"I agree with Porsche, Zee. This girl is trying to grind your tits. Etswa daar (Leave it)."

I guess they're right. Let me leave it for now and enjoy the rest of this evening.

Sbu

The moment I walked into the lauch venue and saw Kele, I just knew she was the one for me. Seeing her in that beautiful black, silky dress I bought her few years ago just made my heart jump for joy. I knew that I didn't have anymore time to waste. I even forgot about Sharon from that moment. Call me selfish and cruel, but to be honest I just never loved Sharon.

Thinking about Kele being underneath that useless junkie she calls her husband just makes me cringe. I know he's a junkie because he buys from one of Pierro's boys here in Pretoria. The asshole even steals money from her account just to feed his habit.

He hasn't worked a day in his life and he's just making my poor Kele go bankrupt. I don't get why she doesn't leave that idiot, but I guess she probably asks herself the same thing about Sharon and I.

I kept whispering sweet nothings in her ear and I'm really surprised by how open minded she is tonight. For once, she's not throwing insults at me and begging me to leave her alone. Instead, she's all over me. I even managed to kiss her hand and she's been blushing all night long. We're so wrapped up in our own bubble, we didn't even notice how Phila, Porsche and Ziyanda were staring

at us.

Porsche:"Yoh, aowa aowa (Oh, no no). Ga ke tlo tshwara keres e nna (I'm the odd one out). Ke ya tsamaya nna shem (I'm leaving)."

I hugged her and so did Phila and we both thanked her for tonight. He promised her a well deserved something for her efforts. Porsche left and then there were four.

It was getting rather late and thank God the journalists left since Zee and Kele hate attention. I just can't get enough of my beautiful, Nubian queen. I don't even want this night to end. I'm hoping she spends the night with me, but I don't want to ask and scare her off.

Phila:"Foza (Brother), siya ekhaya manje (we're going home). Niyeza or kanjani (Are you two

coming with or what)?"

Both Zee and Phila looked at us. I didn't know what to say hence I don't want it to seem like I'm taking advantage of a tipsy woman. Before I could answer, Kele beat me to it.

Kele:"Yes, we're coming with you."

Ziyanda

The word "Shocking" doesn't describe what came over me when Kele said she's coming with Sbu to our house. Tjo (wow), I guess quiet girls are full of surprises indeed. She seemed a bit tipsy for my liking, but I guess she's a big girl. She and Sbu probably hook up every now and then so who am I to judge or interfere?

We left the venue in separate cars. Phila drove us in his Lamborghini, while Sbu drove behind us in his BMW. We left Kele's car at the Hotel as Phila said Frank would come fetch it. Poor Frank, though. I haven't heard him complain, I guess his services must come at a hefty price.

We arrived at our house and honestly I was a bit tired and I wasn't in the mood for some coffee or chit chat. I thought Sbu and Kele would chill and talk in the lounge or something, but they went straight to the bedroom Sbu uses when he's here. Kele man! I have to ask her about this thing between her and Sbu tomorrow morning.

Phila and I got in the bedroom. I wiped off my make up and I doubt I'd wear any again after tonight. It seems like so much trouble. I brushed my teeth and got into bed, thinking Phila would let me rest tonight, but no. Not while Mkhonto is awake. He kissed me slowly, so passionately. The way he was

touching me it felt like it was his way of apologizing for early today. We made sweet love like it was the last time.

On the other side of the wall, Screams were filling the room and overpowering the whole house. Hehe, I never took Kele for a screamer, you know. But I guess she's full of surprises. Phila and I laughed out loud when we heard what was happening in the other room. It was a bit awkward, but we managed to doze off after a while.

## Chapter Fourty Four

Ziyanda

Morning came and I felt tired as hell. Phila kept me up all night, not to mention Kele screaming all night. All I wanted to do was sleep, but I had to get up and make some food for our visitors, but Phila had already beat me to it. He's always been an early

bird. I have no idea how he does it.

He's wearing one of his gym outfits. Oh, yes, I forgot to mention he's got an indoor gym he uses few times a week. Even Sbu joins him when he's here. I don't know why he likes it so much here since he's also got a gym in his house. I guess Sharon must be that unbearable to live with. I got downstairs wearing Phila's shirt and leggings underneath. I don't want Sbu to think I'm not a proper wife for his twin brother.

I found him making some omelettes, pancakes and some fruits and yoghurts on the table with some juice and of course, some Mimosas. If I didn't know better, I'd say Phila is turning me into an alcoholic, though.

Me: "Good morning, Baby wami (My baby)". I kissed him on his lips.



Phila: "Morning, Sthandwa sami (My love)."

Me: "Hawu, Phila, so much food, kodwa."

Phila: (Chuckling) "It's a celebratory breakfast, Sthandwa sami (My love). Sbu has finally found the love of his life."

Me: "Yoh (Wow), baby. Ubazwile izolo ebusuku (Did you hear them last night)? Yesses uKele uyarasa (is noisy)."

Phila: "Hayi, Sthandwa sami (My love). Don't gossip, man."

Me: "Alright. Speaking of Kele, where is Sbu?"

Phila:"I left him in the gym, he must be on his way out by now."

While we were chatting, Kele came running down the stairs in last night's outfit and her heels in one hand.

Phila:"Hawu, Kelebogile. Where are you rushing off to? I just made breakfast."

Kele:"Sorry guys, I really have to go."

Kele seemed really panicky and scared, which is highly unusual. Just as she was about to run out the door, Sbu came.

Sbu:"Hawu, Kele, Themba lami (My hope). O ya kae (Where are you going)?"

Kele: (Shaky) "I.. I'm sorry, Sbu. This was a mistake. I'm really sorry, but I had to go."

As she was about to turn back to the door, she accidentally dropped her phone and heels. She dropped on the floor and burst into tears. Sbu was about to go to her and hold her, but I offered to instead. Kele needs some girl talk right now.

Me:"Let me, Sbu. Kele, come with me."

We took a walk outside and went to sit on the patio, leaving Phila and Sbu in the kitchen. I wouldn't want Sbu eavesdropping on our conversation. Meanwhile Kele was shaking and still in tears.

Me:"Kele, keng, chomi (what is it, friend)? Bua le nna (Talk to me)."

Kele:"Zee, I shouldn't have done what I did. I shouldn't have slept with Sbu. I shouldn't have spent the night."

More tears fell down her face. I've never seen Kele so distraught before. It breaks my heart.

Me:"Kele, why are you crying and shaking so badly? Is it Brian?"

She kept quiet for a while and finally nodded in distress.

Me:"Does he hit you, Kele?"

She looked at me with so much pain in her eyes and cried even further. Oh, my God. No wonder Kele is always so withdrawn, that fucker beats her up.

Me:"Kele, how long has this been going on?"

Kele:"For a while now. Pretty much ever since we got married. It got worse over the past year."

Wow.

Me:"Does he hit Thato?"

She nodded her head in shame. That bastard.

Me:"Yoh, Kele. You have to tell uSbu."

Kele:"No, please! Please don't tell him anything."

Me:"Okay, but at least let me help you get out of this situation. This is obviously not healthy for you and it's most definitely not healthy for Thato."

Kele:"Okay, but promise me you won't tell Sbu."

This is going to be a tough one.

Me:"I promise. Now wipe those tears off. You're going to make Sbu hold you hostage."

She smiled and chuckled a little bit as she wiped her tears off her face.

Me:"Hehe, le wena Kele wa rocka man (you rock). Why didn't you tell us about you and Sbu?"

Kele: (Smiling) "Ag, chomi (friend). I wanted to be sure he's the one, you know. But after I caught him with Sharon in bed, I just lost hope. He took my virginity and then when I wasn't around he took the first chance he got to sleep with her."

Oh, my poor friend. Something still isn't right about this story.

Me:"Ai, Sharon le ena. I'll have to sort her out. Don't you worry about a thing."

Kele:"I still have to go."

Me:"I can't let you leave in this state, babe. At least stay for breakfast. Besides, Thato is with your mom for the weekend and if Brian calls, I'll answer. O ka sefe Sbu monate so (you can't give Sbu such a nice time) then leave him hanging."

She laughed out loud. It's good to see her dimpled smile again.

Phila and Sbu came out of the house with all the

food to the Patio. I assume Sbu peeped and saw us laughing and took it as the green light. So much for having a house made out of glass.

Phila kissed me on my cheek and placed the food on the table. Sbu just looked so depressed. Love can make you do funny things, hey.

Sbu:"Kele, may I have a word with you, please?"

Kele:"Sure."

Just as they got up Phila's phone rang. He spoke briefly and hung up.

Phila:"That was the security guard, Bafo. Sharon ubanga iscene (is causing a scene) at the gate. You need to hide now before she drives in here. Zee and I will stall her."



Kele started shaking again and Sbu pulled her into the house and they disappeared off to who knows where.

Me:"Hehe, Phila. Your brother doesn't sleep home and now you and I are a tag team? Aowa you're on your own."

Phila:"ngiyakucela, Sthandwa sami (I'm begging you, my love). I promise, I'll make it up to you."

Me:"You better."

Just then someone came driving into the Estate in high speed in a BMW Coupe. Im assuming it's Sharon. She walked out in a blonde weave, with huge shades and a tacky desperate housewives floral outfit holding a pink bag, and a puppy pug. I'm starting to think this bitch wants to be white.

She walked towards fuming in her peep toe blue stilettos.

Phila:"Sawubona (Hello), Shaz. Ngingakusiza (Can I help you)?"

Sharon stood in front of us with her pug in her arms, while tapping her foot. I just couldn't help but chuckle a bit.

Sharon:"Ungazo ngihlanyisa (Don't piss me off)  
Phila! Iphi indoda yami (Where's my man)?"

Me:"Hawu, Sharon. Do we look like Sbu's keepers?"

Sharon: (fuming) "Yey, wena, you dumb fuck, was I talking to you?"

Phila:" Sharon! You'll not talk to my wife like that, uyangizwa (do you hear me)?!"

Sharon:"Don't fuck with me, Phila. I know Sbu is here. His car is then outside!"

Yoh. Men are stupid. Couldn't he just hide his damn car in the garage?!

Phila:"Yey wena, Sharon. Ngithe (I said) Sbu isn't here."

Sharon lost all control of herself. She let her pug go on the floor, reached for her bag and took out a gun and pointed it at us.

Sharon:"Since all of you think I'm an idiot, perhaps this will get you talking! Now, one last time: Where

the fuck is Sbu?!"

The next thing I saw Phila's gunmen were surrounding us with different kinds of guns. Phila warned Sharon not to do anything stupid, but Sharon was so angry, she took a step further. Next thing all I heard was two gunshots going off one after the other.

## Chapter Fourty Five

Phila

Sharon decided to come here for a shit fest and now everything is a fucking mess. She tried to shoot Zee, but I quickly jumped in front of her. As a result, she shot me in the arm. While Blazer took the shot and wounded Sharon in the shoulder. Sbu and Kele came running out and found us both on the floor with blood everywhere on the floor.

It wasn't my first time being shot, but for Zee to see that just pisses me off. Sharon has to go. Sbu has to put his bitch on a tight leash, otherwise uzofa lo msunu (This asshole will die).

Ziyanda:"Oh, my God! Sharon! What have you done?!"

Sharon looked at Sbu and saw Kele next to him and wailed immediately.

Sharon: (crying hysterically) "Look what you made me do, Sbu! Is my love for you not enough for you?!"

Seeing her so broken made me a bit sad. It hurts loving a man who really doesn't love you back, no matter what you do. Kele on the other hand was crying and Sbu was at crossroads. My gun men were standing by but I told them to do damage

control before cops come rushing in here. I need to get our in house doctor, Drake to come sort us out before this bitch bleeds to death on my floor.

I called Frank to bring Kele's car over here so she could go home. Sbu wanted to drive her, but she assured us that she would be okay. Zee helped me get up even though I wasn't in much pain. Sharon on the other hand kept screaming much to our annoyance. I think she's faking it, but hey who am I?

As soon as Kele left, Drake walked in with his medical kit. Drake, is my high school friend. We all call him Drake since he looks like the real drake, but his real name is Thabiso. He followed his passion for medicine, so we use him for any medical attention we need. And yes, it comes at a price just like everything else.

Since well Sharon was screaming like a damn bitch and bleeding on my white couch, I asked Drake to

attend to her first.

Sharon: (Sniffing) "Sbu, Sbusiso Lethukuthula Zwane! Do you see what you made me do? All this is your fault! All of it! If you had just come home instead of going home with that whore I wouldn't have done this!"

Zee was getting seriously irritated.

Zee:"Sharon, voetsek (piss off), man! Sbu make her shut up, please! My man is bleeding out here and you're saying this is all Sbu's fault?! Uyagula (You're sick) wena shame."

Sharon:" Hayi, nawe Mafikizolo uyadina (You just came yesterday and already you're tiring). Who said he should try and be a hero?! I was trying to shoot you! I know you're the one who put him up to this! Kele is your friend after all!"

Sbu: (Fuming) "Sharon fokof man! Since when do you act like a desperate bitch following me around and shooting people, heh (huh)?!"

Sharon: "Sbusiso! You'll not talk to me like that! I'm your wife!"

Sbu:"Yazini (You know what)? Who are we fooling here? We both know that it hasn't been working between us for years, Sharon. I don't love you, I never did. I want a divorce."

Yoh, Sbu just decides to drop a huge bombshell on all of us.

Sharon:"You don't mean that, Sbu. You know you love me, please."



Sbu:"Eh, Drake. Please give her something to make her shut the fuck up and sleep throughout the night."

With that said he took some whiskey and poured himself some and went outside.

Gog'Khanyi

It's been a while since I've heard from Zodwa. I can't even kill her because Florah says my hands will be tainted if I do. None of us can kill her mxm. Florah says that Zodwa's death is coming soon, we just need to be patient.

The person who is meant to kill her is one who comes from her womb. Whatever the hell that means. It can't be Lunga, because she confirmed that it's not him. From my knowledge all her kids died and Lunga's the only one left, but who am I to

argue with the Gods?

Anyway Florah has gone to church to help out some people ai. She goes to church almost everyday. Yoh hai. I'm so glad she's not home today, it gives me time to enjoy my new Ben 10 Toy Boy Tony. Yes, we've been fucking. A LOT. He kept making passes at me and one day I just gave in to test the waters and my goodness! I've never had mind blowing sex like that before! Not even my useless dead husband would fuck my brains out like that!

Tony is a bit on the skinny side, but I love a man who can work my curves out like he does! I had just quickly went to the kitchen to get us some ice. Watching all this porn has taught me a few tricks. I haven't had sex in ten years! I relied on my vibrators, but thank God for Tony I'm not going back there anytime soon.

I got back into my bedroom and found him lying

naked, face-up on my bed with his huge, long dick standing up. He rubbed it gently as he saw me. I took off my robe since I was naked underneath and got on top of the bed with the bowl of ice in my one hand. I stroked his penis gently and put an ice cube on his penis, stroking it at the same time.

Tony: (Moaning) "Yesses, Gog'G! O nketsang mara (What are you doing to me)?"

I put one ice cube in my mouth and sucked on his penis while at it. The more he moaned the faster I got.

Tony:"Yoh, nna mma weh (Oh my goodness)! Ne o le kae bophelo ba ka bohle (Where have you been all my life)!"

He turned me over so I could lie on my back and kissed me so passionately. In all my life I've never

been kissed so good. It's nice being alive in the 21st Century. Thank the Lord for saving me to witness this moment. He went down to suck my breasts. I might have given birth to Nomsa, but my breasts are still perky as a teenager. I'm a big woman, a bit smaller than Zee, but we're both busty and curvy. He travelled his lips down to my navel, licking me all the way to my pussy.

Gog'Khany:"Oh, Nkosiyami (Oh, my God)! Mfana wami uyay'shaya into yakho (You know your business)! Whooo! Mona ntweo (Lick that thing)! Eat it! Ke ya gao kaofela (It's all yours)!!!"

He came back up and kissed me. It feels so good to taste my own cum. Oh, Lord, please don't take me now. I have a lot to live for! He put on a condom and inserted himself in me. Oh, I can't get enough of this pleasure. If I was stupid like Nomsa I would give this boy all my money I'm telling you.

Gog'Khanyi: (Moaning) "Oh, uh, Tony! Shit! Fuck me! Take me right now! I'm all yours!"

Tony:"Mpots e o nyaka ke go direng, Gog'G (Tell me what you want me to do to you, Gog'G). O mfa monate san (You give it to me real good)."

Gog'Khanyi:"Ngi ifuna yonke lento yakho (I want all of your dick). I want you to fuck me."

Tony:"O batla ke go nyobe, baby G (You want me to fuck you, baby G)? E re Tony a gofe monate san (Let Tony give you a nice time)."

Just as I was about to release I heard a loud bang on the door. Fok man! Who's this person disturbing me at this time if the day?!

Gog'Khanyi:"Tony, ska tloga, man (don't get off).

Fellets a hle (Finish up)."

Luckily we were both nearing our climax. He went faster and faster and we both came at the same time.

Tony:"Fok, magogo (Fuck, granny). Wa di busa, yesses (You rock, damn)! Le medi ya ka ga e mfe monate so (Not even my own girlfriend gives it to me this good)."

I smiled. I guess I still rock after all these years. Thanks to pussy power. I got up and got dressed quickly.

Tony:"O ya waar (Where are you going)? Ga re shape round two (Let's go for round two)."

Gog'Khanyi:"Hayi, man Tony. Get dressed.

Someone is banging down my door. You need to leave asap."

What I love about Tony is that he still respects me outside the bedroom. He quickly got dressed and gave me a peck on my cheek before we left my bedroom. As we approached the kitchen door Florah opened the door.

Florah:"Hawu, Khanyisa. uNomsa has been knocking for over ten minutes. Why be ungavuli (weren't you opening)?"

Gog'Khanyi:"Hayi, man. I was still busy taking care of some business. I was estudy (in the study) and you know how far that is from the kitchen."

Florah opened her eyes widely before she asked and pointed at Tony's pants.

Florah: "Manje Mfana wami (So, my boy), why is your zip not closed properly?"

Yoh! uFlorah uyaphapha (Florah is nosy) man.

Chapter Fourty Six

Gog'Khanyi

Eish, Florah just had to burst my bubble and embarrass Tony like that. I didn't even bother answering her, instead I just told my Toy-Boy to leave. I let Nomsa and Florah in and as usual, Nomsa was crying. Ai, Seng'khathele ukudlala u Dr. Phil manje (I'm so tired of playing Dr. Phil now). These two want to damper my mood after that hot session with Tony. I went to the kitchen and got Two glasses and a bottle of red wine, and orange juice for Florah.

I walked into the lounge and she just gave me a



weird look.

Gog'Khanyi: "Yini, manje, Mngani (What is it now, friend)?"

Mam'Masango: "J a neh, J esus is coming soon. Wena se ulala na bafana, Khanyisa (You're sleeping with small boys now, Khanyisa)?"

Gog'Khanyi: (Chuckling) "You wouldn't call him small if you saw what's in between his thighs."

Florah and I burst out in laughter.

Mam'Masango: "Hehe. The day that girlfriend of his comes for you, uzonya (you'll shit yourself) I'm telling you."

Gog'Khanyi: (laughing) "Ma se uthukana (When you start swearing) I know you're serious."

Mam'Masango:"She's unstable that one. I guess what's between his legs must be pretty addictive."

We burst out in laughter again and Nomsa started crying again. I rollwd my eyes.

Gog'Khanyi:"Oh, Nkosiyami (My God). Yini Manje, Nomsa( What is it now, Nomsa). Se ukhalelani (Why are you crying)?"

Nomsa: (Sniffing) "It's Khaya, man. Zodwa called him and told him everything regarding uZee. He didn't even seem bothered. He says he knew all along, he was just waiting for me to tell him. He just packed his bags and left, ma. He said he's in love with another woman, my cousin, Shirley, man! He says he doesn't even see a reason why he

should hang onto this marriage. He called mw a failure. Saying I gave birth to a junkie and a bastard child. He said I can keep the house and the cars and 50% of what we own and that I shouldn't even try to contest the divorce as he's happy. Imagine, ma! After all we've been through he just packs up and leaves!"

I took a sip of my wine, while Florah shook her head drinking her juice.

Gog'Khanyi:"Se ucedile (Are you done)."

Nomsa:"But, ma. You don't understand..."

Gog'Khanyi:"Yey, yey, yey, Nomsa! Ungazo ngits hela amasimba wezwa (Don't tell me shit, you hear me)?! Uze lana kwami ukukhalela idoti ye ndoda (You came all this way to my house to cry for a rubbish of a man)?! Lalela lana (Listen here) and

you better listen good because I hate repeating myself: You don't need that asshole, man. He practically gave you everything on a silver platter! Manje wena ukhalelani (why are you crying)?! Ukhalela ipipi yok's whabana (Are you crying for a wrinkled dick?!"

Florah couldn't help but laugh out loud.

Gog'Khanyi:"Where was Khaya when you gave birth to my grandkids? Where was he when they had school meetings and sport practise? Where was he when his kids needed him most? While you were busy with mani's and pedi's, he was away doing who knows what! When Thato started doing drugs as an escape because both parents were absent, he was nowhere to be found. When Zee was going through the most neither of you were there! So please, I've had enough of tears, bakithi (For goodness sake)!"

Nomsa: (Deep sigh) "Yebo (Yes), I hear you, ma."

Gog'Khanyi:"Good. Now you're going to wipe off those tears, and fix your damn life, man. You're a beautiful woman who has made plenty of stupid choices, but it's not too late. Not while I'm alive. We're going to see my lawyer and get your divorce finalized tomorrow. From there we're going to see Zee and you'd better tell her the truth. Yesses, ni ya khataza man (you're exhausting). You need to work on this shit of you crying when shit gets real!"

Florah:"Ai, Khanyisa, nawe."

Gog'Khanyi:"Now phuzale wine before is his a (Drink that wine before it gets warm)."

Two days Later

Ziyanda

Its been two days since the whole incident. I must say I've never been so scared in my entire life! Seeing a gun pointed at me was just rough as hell. I haven't been able to sleep well for the past two nights and Phila keeps saying he's getting better. He's wearing a shoulder sling now, so it seems as if his shoulder is getting better.

Sharon on the other hand, has been a shitty mess. Sbu has been staying here with us and I don't mind at all. Sharon has been calling him non stop blowing up his phone with over 50 missed calls and texts a day. She's been in hospital ever since the shooting.

Apparently the bullet broke her collar bone so she has to stay in hospital for a while. I get the feeling Sbu asked Drake to put her there for longer for peace of mind. I haven't gone to work in two days

and neither has Phila, under my strict instructions.

I explained everything to Porsche and as usual, she wants all the gorey details. She's coming over for dinner later on and since Kele has been working for Phila, we're going to see more of her now.

Sbu on the other hand has been a real mess. He hardly showers, all he's been doing for these past few days is mope around and ask about Kele since she's been ignoring him. I would also ignore him if his wife showed up with a gun.

Anyway I walked towards the lounge to ask them what they would like me to prepare for dinner. Phila is chilling with his sling and some beer in his other hand, watching some soccer. Sbu also has a beer in his one hand but his phone in the other. He keeps checking his phone ever two seconds to see if a message from Kele might pop up. Shame man.

Me: "What would you boys like for dinner?"

Phila: "Anything, babe. As long as it's made by you."  
He gave me a smile, but Sbu just sat there. As I was about to walk back to the kitchen, Sbu came running after me.

Sbu: "Zee, wait up. When last did you speak to Kele?"

Me: "Last night. Why?"

Sbu: "Come on, Zee. You know she's been ignoring me. At least call her now and ask her to come for dinner, please, I'm begging you."

Me: (Deep sigh) "Okay, I'm not promising anything, but let me try." I dialed Kele and it rang a couple of



times before she answered.

Kele:"Hey, Zee. What's up?"

Sbu: (Whispering) "Put her on speaker."

I put her on speaker and rolled my eyes in the process.

Me:"Ag, nothing much hey."

Kele:"How's Phila doing?"

Me:"He's getting better, hey. How are you doing?"

Kele:"I'm okay I guess."

Me:"So, listen. I'm hosting dinner tonight. Wanna join? It's just you, Porsche and I."

Kele:"I don't know Zee. Will Sbu be there?"

Sbu looked at me and signaled a no, shaking his head.

Me:"No, he won't be here. Do you want him here?"

Kele:"Honestly, no. Not after what Sharon sent me."

Me:"What? What did she do this time?"

Kele:"Uh, nothing. Forget I said anything. Okay, I'll come by. See you later then."

She hung up. Yoh, Sharon doesn't give up. She has

seriously gone psycho. A lot has happened this week. So much has happened that I even forgot about Natasha's message. I didn't even confront or ask Phila about it and he didn't mention anything. I guess I really do have nothing to worry about. Just as I was thinking, Sbu grabbed his keys and walked to the door.

Me:"Sbu! Uyaphi (Where are you going)?!"

Sbu:"To see that bitch Sharon."

He banged the door on his way out. I've honestly had enough of drama for one lifetime.

Sbu

I drove to the hospital in high speed. I'm so sick and tired of Sharon trying to control me like I'm one

of her kids! Where the fuck does she get the balls to threaten Kele?! I stormed into the hospital, not giving a flying fuck about visiting hours. I went straight into her private ward.

Sharon:"Hey, baby. I was hoping you might come."

I didn't even wait any further. I closed the door and went straight for her throat.

Sbu:"Yazi (You know) wena Sharon, ung'jwaela amasimba (You're full of shit). You think you can just threaten Kele and get away with it?! I don't love you! I don't fucking love you, sfebe ndini ( you wore)! The sooner you get that into your head the better! If I ever, I mean ever find out you even breathed a word to Kele again, uzonya (you'll shit yourself), uyangizwa (you hear me)?! I'll fuck you up so badly forgetting you're the mother of my kids!"

I let go of her throat and she coughed breathlessly.

Sharon: "Sbu, please. I'm sorry. I'll do anything, just don't leave me. If you want to make her your second wife I'll agree, just please don't leave me."

I looked at her in disgust and slammed the door and left.

Ziyanda

It was 6pm already and as usual Porsche is punctual. Sbu came back an hour ago looking furious. Phila and I didn't bother to ask him what was up so we just let him be. At least he went to take a shower. One positive thing came out of his visit to Sharon today. Porsche and Kele walked in and as always, Porsche brought us a nice bottle of wine, Chardonnay this time.

Kele helped Porsche set the table, while I went to call Sbu and Phila from the lounge. Things were so awkward at first because I had lied to Kele and told her Sbu wasn't going to be here.

Kele:"I thought he wasn't going to be here. I'm leaving."

Sbu:"Kele wait. Please don't leave, I'm begging you."

And then the soapie continues.

Kele:"I can't be here. I can't. Sharon..."

Sbu:"I'm divorcing her for you, Kele. Please don't leave me, I'm begging you. I'll do anything."

He even went down on both knees. Wow. He's on the floor in his G Star RAW jeans. These men have a thing for expensive jeans.

Kele: (hesitantly) "I.. I can't promise you anything, Sbu."

Sbu: "Just give me your time tonight, please. I promise you I won't let anyone hurt you."

Kele: "Okay".

They came to join us at the table.

Porsche: "Ja neh. Go monate go jola ga Zwane (It's so nice to date one of the Zwanes). Banna ba teng ba no rapela ba rapetse (The men will beg you till kingdom come)."

We all laughed out loud. We said Grace and started eating.

Phila:"So, Kele, how is it going at the company? Are you settling in alright?"

Kele:"Oh, yes. Thank you so much for the opportunity once again, hey. I'm enjoying it so far and the apartment and company car. My son just loves the big bedroom he has now."

For a very smart girl, Kele was surely stupid to marry a guy like Brian. He never worked-ever and I know Chartered Accountants earn a decent amount of money. What I can't understand is that she doesn't own a house of her own after working for so long. This Brian guy must be chowing her money. Probably beating her up for it. I didn't even tell Phila or Sbu about that. I can't betray her like that.



Kele was wearing a scarf around her neck with her work suit on. What I can't understand is why she doesn't at least take off her jacket since it's super hot. She was even starting to sweat.

Sbu: "Kele, Themba lami (My hope). Why don't you take off your jacket? It seems like you're getting really hot."

Kele started to become really uncomfortable.

Kele: "No... I.. I'm fine. I'm a bit chilly anyway."  
(Wiping the sweat off her forehead)

Porsche: "Aowa (no), man, Kele. Bona o rotha sethitho bjang (Look how you're dripping of sweat). Tlabe sa wela dijo (Your sweat will fall into the food)."

Just as Porsche was about to touch her scarf, Kele stood up and made a scene.

Kele: "I said leave it now fucking drop it!"

We were all so shocked. This abuse shit was much deeper than I thought.

Porsche: "Eh."

Sbu noticed she was uneasy and kept wondering why she was apprehensive about taking off her jacket and removing her scarf from her neck. Those are signs of abuse. I think he noticed it too.

Sbu: (Standing up) "Kele, take off that jacket."

Kele:"No! You can't tell me what to do, Sbu!"

Sbu:"Kele, if you don't remove that jacket and show me what that fucker did to you,I'll rip that jacket off of you myself."

Sbu was so serious. He's always making jokes and laughing, I've never seen him so angry.

Kele: (pleading) "Please, please don't make me do this, Sbu. I'm begging you. He'll kill me if he finds out I told anyone."

Sbu didn't waist time and went closer to Kele, but instead she got frightened and stepped back. All this while we're watching them like a soapie being unfolded.

Sbu: (Softly) "I won't hurt you, Kele. I could never

lay a hand on you."

Kele looked down in shame with tears streaming down her face and removed her jacket first.

Porsche and I gasped in serious shock, while Phila and Sbu had their fists and jaws clenched. She removed her scarf next and we gasped even further.

Just as when we thought she was done, she removed her top next. There were so many bruises with different colours on her neck, arms and belly.

This whole process must feel really daunting because she cried so hard. Porsche and I hugged her while Sbu just completely lost it. He started throwing things around leaving us ladies so scared. I took Kele and Porsche to the study since it's closer to the kitchen, while Phila pinned Sbu to the wall with his one arm, forcing him to calm down.

Porsche and I were also in tears I mean no one wants to see a friend broken like that all because of a man she devoted her life to.

Just when I thought this night couldn't get any worse, one of Phila's gunmen came towards me with an envelope. I looked up and saw it was Blazer.

Blazer: "First lady, a courier dropped this off."

He gave me the envelope and he left.

I opened it and my mouth went open voluntarily. It was court summons which read as follows: These papers prove as a summons to the court for child maintenance due to appear on 20 March 2020.

Plaintiff: Natasha Mothupi, Defendant: Phila Zwane.  
Tadpole Natasha has gone too far. This is war, bitch.

Chapter Fourty Seven

Ziyanda

I feel like digging a huge hole and just staying there forever. It's blow after blow whenever you're in Phila's life I guess. Sbu is a mess, Kele is in a mess and now I'm honestly just pissed. If Phila really doesn't have a son with tadpole Natasha then why is she summoning him to court?

Porsche helped me cover Kele. She is in no state to drive home and we just can't allow her to go back home to that asshole. We took her upstairs to the bedroom she was in with Sbu the other night. Before we got up the stairs I saw Sbu looking down crying with Phila next to him at the dinner table. I didn't even say a word, I just tossed the papers along with the enveloped to Phila and went upstairs with Porsche and Kele. Porsche and I got Kele in bed. She was in such a state, I had to give her a sedative.

Porsche:"Yoh! Chomi! Brian ke mpya man (Brian is a dog)! Why would he beat Kele to a pulp like this?

Judging by all these bruises, this has been happening for a while."

I didn't say anything nor react to her statement.

Porsche: (Clapping hands) "Heh! Ziyanda! Ne o tseba ka taba e (Did you know about this)?"

Me:"Wa rasa hle Porsche (You're making noise, Porsche). O tlabe wa tsosa Kele (You'll wake Kele)."

Porsche:"Heh wena! Ska ndocha man (Don't avoid me). She's sound asleep. Those pills knocked her out. How could you not tell us or even Sbu when she told you, Zee?!"

Me:"She begged me not to. I couldn't break her trust like that, Porsche."

Porsche:"Tjo, ngwanyana (wow, girl). O tlets e mehlolo (You're full of surprises). E re nna ke tsamaye pele di pitsa di fofa ka ntlong (Let me leave before pots start flying all over the house). Call me if you need me."

She hugged me and greeted Sbu and Phila goodbye. At least Sbu was cleaning up the mess he made. Phila was infuriated. Must be from the papers I tossed at him. I went to our bedroom and he came in moments after.

Phila:"S thandwa sami (My love).

I kept quiet and didn't say anything.

Phila:"Oh, so is this how it's going to be now, Zee? What did I tell you about communication?"



Zee:"I'm all ears, Nkosenye."

Phila:"I don't know anything about a child, Ziyanda. If she had one, it most definitely isn't mine."

I kept quiet and tears streamed down my face.  
Phila took off his shoulder sling and got on the bed.

Me:"You'll hurt yourself."

Phila:"It's just minor pain, Sthandwa sami (My love). Look, I'll get Sbu to get on top of this. I swear, she's lying and I'll prove it to you."

Me:"Don't bother Sbu right now. He's got so much going on with Kele and all. Please, baby."

Phila:"Okay."

I can't get my mind off Kele right now. My problems seem small compared to hers. Brian broke her, physically and mentally. It's amazing how she managed to put up a brave face each and every day.

Me:"I have something to tell you."

He looked at me puzzled.

Me:"The other night Kele slept here she told me Brian beats her up and sometimes he hits Thato."

Phila:"Kodwa (But) Ziyanda! Why didn't you say anything??"

Me:"I'm sorry. I was peotexting a friend and her secret."

Phila:"It's okay. Let's sleep. We'll deal with it some other time."

He kissed my cheek and we dozed off after a short while.

Sbu

I went into the bedroom after a short while of sitting alone and thinking in the dark. Seeing those bruises on Kele's body just made me go crazy. Thank God Thato is with Kele's mother. I'll make sure that shitface is thrown out of the apartment by tomorrow morning.

I'll be damned if she goes back to that fuck. Looking at Kele now, I don't love her any differently. I love her even more now that I saw her in such a vulnerable state. I'll make sure I'll sort him out.

Nobody messes with my loved ones and gets away with it. I got in bed and held her close to my chest. I dozed off a few minutes afterwards.

Ziyanda

The morning came and I got up extra early and for a change I left Phila sleeping. I went downstairs to make some breakfast since the last breakfast was ruined. I made more than enough and took some to the gunmen outside. They guard our lives so it's only fair that they get a chance to eat. At least they don't walk around with guns 24/7. They do get to rest every now and then. My friends don't even get scared by them anymore.

As I set the table, Phila came walking down.

Me: (Smiling) "Morning, Baby wami (my baby).  
Take a seat. Breakfast is served."

Phila:"Hehe, Sthandwa sami (My love). Don't think you'll take away my early bird crown from me."

I laughed softly. I noticed he isn't wearing his sling.

Me:"Hawu, Phila. Where's the sling?"

Phila:"I don't need it anymore, Sthanda sami (My love). I'm healed, look."

He twisted his arm and swung it back and forth. Perhaps he is healed. I guess bullets don't do shit to the Zwane men.

Just then Kele walked down the stairs without Sbu.

Me:"Good morning, babe. Sit. I made breakfast."

She still looked a bit ashamed. She shouldn't even be. Brian deserves to be in a shit hole.

Kele: (Looking down) "Thank you."

I think Phila noticed how uncomfortable Kele was and he decided to leave us and go sit on the patio and eat with his gunmen.

Me: "How are you really, chomi (friend)?"

Kele: (teary-eyed) "I'm trying, hey. I'm really sorry ,Zee. I didn't mean to trouble you with my problems like this."

Me: (holding her hand) "Hey. Don't be like that. I'm here for you, we're all here for you. You just focus on getting better and trust Sbu, please. I can

organize you some sessions with my psychologist. She's helped me a great deal."

Kele:"Td appreciate that, Zee. Thank you so much."

Me:"It's a pleasure."

Just as we were about to finish eating I saw Gogo's car driving in and parking in our driveway. Why would she come here unannounced? She looks like she's here with Mam'Masango. Just then another passenger door opened from behind and my mother came out. My heart started beating faster and I felt like I was losing my breath. Why would she come here with her?!

Phila came rushing in before they walked in. I think he noticed that this could get pretty ugly since my mom never visits me.

Kele decided to finish her food in her bedroom.  
Gogo, Mam'Masango and My mother walked in.

Gog'Khanyi:"Sawubona (Good morning), Ziyanda  
my baby. Unjani (How are you)?"

Phila held me by my waist.

Me:"Ngiyaphila, Gogo (I'm well, Gogo). Ni bekwa  
yini la (What brings you here)?"

Nomsa: "Sawubona (Hello), Zee."

My lips failed to respond. My mom has never in the  
25 years I've been on this earth humbled herself like  
this before me-ever. Maybe she's dying of cancer  
or something. I've longed to see her like this, all I've  
ever wanted from her was to be nice to me.



And now that she finally is, I'm heartbroken instead of angry. I just let the tears flow down my face. She was also crying. I couldn't understand what was going on. She just hugged me out of nowhere and we both sobbed in each other's arms.

Phila, Gogo and Mam'Masango were all quiet. I think they realized just how deep this moment was, for all of us. I've never felt the warmth of my mother's arms. Thando was the one who received all her love and warm hugs.

Now that this moment is finally here, it just brings me to tears. Thinking of all those times I was hurt and in deep pain, coming from school crying my eyeballs out after being called a fat fuck.

I just needed to hear my mother's soothing words, I needed a hug from her telling me that it would all be okay. That time I was in hospital after being beaten to shit by Lunga, I needed her to comfort me

and tell me she would deal with him. All that never came until now. Is it too late?

## Chapter Fourty Eight

Ziyanda

After crying in each other's arms for about ten minutes, but felt like eternity, the five of us sat down at the dinner table. Mam'Masango cleared the table and came back to sit with us.

Gog'Khanyi:"Mntwana wami (My child), uNomsa has a lot to tell you. So please just allow her to tell you everything and why she did what she did."

I nodded in compliance.

My mother started telling everything from her relationship with my biological father, Bonginkosi

Gumede. Apparently he's a prince and next in line to the throne. So I'm royal now? Wow. How weird is life? One minute I was being called a fat pig and now I find out I'm the daughter of a village Prince?!

She went on to explain why she treated me the way she did. It hurts a lot to relive all those times, but it makes me feel so much better that my mother doesn't hate me. It won't be easy to forget, but I would really love to have a relationship with her. She apologized a million times and told me that she and my "dad" Khaya are now officially divorced.

This makes me think of Porsche's situation with her own mother. Her mother was an abusive drunk pretty much all her life. Porsche would get beatings for no reason, yet she strived to be an A student and made it to University.

She's always been a very intelligent girl. She never gave up on her mother. And now, her mom hasn't

touched alcohol in six years. Their relationship is so strong, you'd swear she wasn't abusing the shit out of her back in the day. She's been through way worse than I have with her mom, but she's grateful for a chance she got to make up with her.

She bought her a nice house in the suburbs not far from her house. She lives with her sister who has three kids, but that's a story for another day. Gogo's favourite verse about forgiveness which she likes quoting is Ephesians 4:31-32: "Get rid of all bitterness, rage and anger, brawling and slander, along with every form of malice. Be kind and compassionate to one another, forgiving each other, just as in Christ God forgave you". Dr. Stein always tells me that Forgiveness is letting go of captivity and now I finally understand what she meant. I never thought that a day like this would be here this soon. I guess Porsche was right when she said "Letsatsi la go hlabela (Better days are coming)".

Phila ended up making ud lunch so we could catch up and talk some more. This man is just perfect. Mam'Masango then decided to start with the serious talk. Phila was now sitting with us again after eating.

Mam'Masango:"Ziyanda, now that you finally know the truth you should know that the ancestors need the lobola to go to your biological father. We need to find him soon, otherwise things will become a mess. And wena mfana wami (my boy), why haven't you gone to see your father's brother yet? He's expecting you and time is not on your side."

Phila grew uncomfortable and clenched his fist and his jaw. He didn't say anything, instead he looked down.

Mam'Masango:"You know what you have to do. Have you told your soon to be wife that you're also a Royal?"

What? Phila is a Royal? Why does it seem like everyone knows shit except me? I'm always the last one to find out.

Phila: (Looking down with tears threatening his eyes) "Cha (No), ma."

I squeezed his hand as a sign of reassurance and he reciprocated.

Mam'Masango:"You two are going to face a lot of challenges. The longer you delay these two families meeting, the more danger you'll be in, especially wena Zee. You'll find out soon enough. Zodwa isn't a threat for now, but her son will be very soon if you don't act fast. Phila, I know this is tough on you, but you need to act fast. An old enemy is coming out to get you and he has sent Natasha as a pawn in his game. Tell your hotheaded brother to

marry Kelebogile very soon and he should learn to control his emotions. One slip up and Sharon will strike. Be very careful of her."

We both just looked at her in shock. That is quite a lot to take in. All these warnings are too much.

Mam'Masango:"I hope you heard me, my children. Zee, remember this: your life will no longer be your own. You'll have to fight and be stronger for those you'll bear. You'll know soon enough."

What does she mean by that? With that, she was done. They decided to leave since it was getting a bit late and apparently my mom had to fetch Thando's kids from school while she tries to sort out her life. She's not ready to go to rehab so she's currently AWOL.

I got so freaked out by all this that Mam'Masango

said and I could sense Phila's sudden discomfort and sadness. Something deep went down with his dad and his brother, but he'll tell me when he's ready. As we sat there in silence with our hands locked together, we were deep in thoughts. Sbu walked in looking like crap. His shirt was full of blood and his knuckles were totally bruised. I hope he didn't do what I think he did.

After a short while Phila and I gathered our thoughts and came back to our senses when we saw Sbu hyperventilating like he just killed someone.

Phila: (Getting up) "Bafo, wenzeni (Brother, what did you do)?"

Sbu: "I taught Brian wa masimba (shitty Brian) a lesson."



Me:"Did you kill him?"

Sbu:"No, I beat him to a pulp, the same way He beat Kele and Thato. I was awake in the middle of the night. Kele ended up having a nightmare. The things she told me, Bafo. That monster broke my Kele."

He sat down and sobbed in frustration.

Sbu:"I got to the apartment and beat him to a pulp and threw his ass out on the street. I filed the divorce papers and they'll be divorced first thing in the morning."

Me:"Why didn't you kill him?"

They both looked at me puzzled with shock.

Me: "You should have killed him. I'm so tired of people thinking they own other people. If he tries to fuck up again, kill him and this time don't miss!"

They both kept quiet and looked at me shocked as I walked back to my room to take a shower.

After a while Phila came to the bedroom and found me in bed reading my Bible. He took off his clothes and lay next to me.

Me: "How is Sbu?"

Phila: "He'll live, Sthandwa sami (My love). He's a man after all."

I could see his mind was far off.

Me: "Do you want to talk about it?"

Phila: (Deep sigh) "My life and sbu's life wasn't easy after uBaba (dad) died, baby. It was hard. My uncle, uBaba's (dad's) brother killed my dad because my dad was older and next in line to the throne. My dad never wanted to be King. He chose my mom and didn't want anything to do with their tradition of marrying someone chosen for him. My uncle didn't believe it. He thought my dad would come back one day to claim his seat. They never got along, but one night he called him to come see him. My mom begged him not to go but as stubborn as he was, he went and he never made it back home.

The following morning we received a call that he died of food poisoning. Ever since then, uMa was never the same."

My heart bled as he shed a tear. I wiped it with my finger.

Me:"So, how sure are you that your father's brother is the one who killed him?"

Phila:"He's the one who called him and he's the one who had a motive. There really was no one else to think of."

Me:"And your grandparents? Are they still alive?"

Phila:"Yes although my grandfather stepped down as King years ago when my uncle took over."

Me:"I hope you get to the bottom of this very soon. I'm sorry you had to go through that."

Phila:"Me too, Sthandwa sami (My love). I thought long and hard about what Mam'Masango said, which is why I'm flying to Italy tomorrow morning.

I'll be back in two days, I promise. I have to sort out Natasha before she becomes a real threat to us. I'll come back with proof so you can trust me again, Sthandwa sami (My love). I promise."

Me:"I trust you, Baby wami (My baby). I always have."

He leaned over to kiss me and then broke then kiss after a while.

Phila:"I need you, Sthandwa sami (My love). I need you right now."

I didn't hesitate. I gave myself to him the way he wanted to. He was a bit rough but I let him be. He needed that, to release the tension, the hurt and anger.

Chapter Fourty Nine

Ziyanda

It's Thursday morning and I just woke up. I still haven't gone back to work yet, I figured I need to watch Kele for a while until she's ready to get back on her feet. Sbu is still here and so is Kele. I don't mind the company at all. I was so used to lonely nights back then when I was married to Lunga.

I looked next to the bed on Phila's side and he wasn't there. He left a note instead which read "Morning, Sthandwa Sami (My love). Off to Italy. You can start planning our wedding so long. Call this number. Love-P". The number he left me was a wedding planner's number. Oh, Phila though.

I wasn't planning on having a fancy wedding, but well, I'm in the limelight now so I guess I have to go big or go home. I suddenly got so excited since I

never really got to plan my own wedding with Lunga. My mom and his mom did everything. I hated everything about that wedding and the last thing I want to wear right now is a white wedding dress.

Speaking of my mom, she sent me a nice message last night. Yes, I respond to her messages now. It's amazing how that evil mask she wore just came off in an instant. I love this new her and I truly hope it lasts. Gogo would never lie to me so I guess if she says she's changed then I have to believe it.

I decide to take a shower and go downstairs to make some breakfast, but Sbu already beat me to it. I really hope today's breakfast won't be ruined because it seems as if ruined breakfast is a new trend in our house.

I found Sbu setting the table on the patio alone without Kele. She must still be sleeping I guess.

Me: "Morning, Sbu. I didn't know you were good with the pots. This smells delicious."

Sbu: (Chuckling) "Sho sho, Qhawekazi (Heroine). uMa made it a point to make sure that we know how to cook. She said she doesn't want to see us suffer and make our wives slaves in the kitchen."

I laughed softly. Their mom is truly a God sent.

Me: "Nawe, Sbu. Why do you keep calling me Qhawekazi (Heroine) instead of Zee like everyone else?"

Sbu: "Because I'm not everyone else, and also because Phila told me what you went through. You went through so much yet you managed to stand tall and face the world. I admire that. So, emehlweni ami (in my eyes) you'll always be



uQhawekazi (a heroine)."

I smiled. Wow. I'm touched. I've never really seen this emotional side of Sbu. I must say, it's a new breeze, but I like it.

Me:"Ngiyabonga (Thank you), Sbu. Injani uKele (How's Kele)? Is she coming down for breakfast?"

Sbu:"She's taking a shower, but will be down in a moment. After breakfast I'm taking her shopping and I've booked her an appointment with Dr. Stein. I'm going with her."

This thing of taking charge of women's lives must be a Zwane thing. I guess that gives me a chance to call the wedding planner. Maybe he or she will be free today so I can go see what we can do so long for my upcoming wedding.

Sbu:"Oh, before I forget. Don't stress ngo (about) Phila, Qhawekazi (Heroine). He'll be back in no time. If I were you, I'd be relaxed because Natasha is just a whore trying her worn out luck."

Perhaps he's right. I shouldn't be stressing over bitches like Natasha, especially not when I have a wedding to plan. Kele walked down the stairs and came towards the Patio. Sbu's face lit up immediately and he went to kiss her and hug her. All this love is making me miss uPhila wami (My Phila). Kele shied away as usual. She'll have to get used to this. I never knew Sbu was a fan of PDA like Phila, but they're twins after all.

Sbu:"Morning, Themba lami (My hope). Sit. Eat up so we can get started with our day."

Kele:"Morning Sbu. Morning, Zee. O kae (How are you)?"

Zee:"Ke shap, chomi and wena (I'm well and you, friend)? O robetse bjang (How did you sleep)?

Kele:"Much better than yesterday hey. I managed to sleep well, thank you. Once again thank you so much for your hospitality, Zee. I'll be out of your hair soon."

Sbu frowned and stared at her.

Sbu:"You're going nowhere, Kele. We spoke about this, angithi (right)?"

Kele:"Askies, Sbu. I really don't like imposing."

Me:"No, man Kele. Ska wara (Don't worry). We'll be family soon. Yoi and Sbu can stay here as long as you want."

Sbu:"See? And besides our house is almost done that side, so we'll be neighbours. You don't have to worry about a thing."

Kele: (Looking down) "Okay."

Sbu:"Let me go change so we can leave."

He kissed her cheek and ran upstairs like a little boy high on a sugar high. Love neh.

Me:"Do you want to tell me what's on your mind?"

Kele: (Deep sigh) "It's just that all this is happening so soon, Zee. I mean, I'm really scared. There's so much I haven't told you guys and le Sharon ka mo (on the other hand). She keeps sending me these weird messages and threats. She even threatened

Thato. Ke tshaba le go botsa Sbu (I'm even afraid of telling Sbu)."

Okay, we all know Sharon is a bit crazy, but threatening a child? That's just low.

Me:"You need to tell Sbu, babe. Allow him to spoil and love you. Please don't push him away. I know this is different from what you're used to, but believe me it's going to be okay. Sbu is a lot like Phila, they can be a bit too much at times, but they'll never lay a finger on you and they do all they do out of genuine love."

Kele:"I guess you're right, hey. Ke sure Belinda o tlo nagana gore ke tikiline (I'm sure Belinda will think I'm a whore)."

Me: "Mxm. Belinda is a fine one to talk. Don't worry about her, she's miserable as it is."

I saw Sbu coming down the stairs.

Me: "Don't forget what I said, Kele. Communicate."

Sbu: "Themba lami (My hope), are you ready?"

Kele: (Standing up) "Yes."

Me: "Don't worry, I'll clean up. You go."

Phila has a cleaning company coming in once a day, so I hardly do much cleaning. Its such a huge house in any case. There's no way one person would clean this whole house alone. I decided to keep myself busy by washing the dishes and gave some food to the gunmen.

Phila said I'm spoiling them and I'm making them lose focus, but he needs to treat all his workers the same. As I was humming some gospel songs, my phone beeped. I quickly checked it because I thought it might be a message from Phila. Instead, it was a WhatsApp from an unknown number. It's a photo of a DNA test.

I didn't understand all the gibberish written on top with something about chromosomes and DNA particles. I scrolled right to the bottom: In conclusion; the DNA test samples taken from the alleged father Phila Zwane and the child concerned, result in 99.9% probability, which deems as Positive.

The caption at the bottom read: "I told you Phila was the father, but you just wouldn't listen. Stay away from my man."

It can't be. There is no way this is true. My gut feeling is telling me that all this is fake. I tried

calling Phila, but his phone went straight to voicemail. I refuse to cry and Give Natasha all the credit for my tears. She clearly underestimates me. I will not let some low life, Pole intimidate me.

I decided to go upstairs and call the Wedding Planner. Phila asked me to trust him and that's exactly what I'm going to do.

After about an hour, I decided to freshen up. The wedding planner Phila got for me is Sophie La Grange, the most expensive and most sought after wedding planner in South Africa. I didn't know much about her so I decided to google her before she arrived. Her work is absolutely amazing. She must know her stuff pretty well, hey.

While I waited on her as she was making her way to Centurion all the way from Cape Town, I decided to catch up on some tv, a decision I regret taking. My face was all over the news; some headlines were



positive and nice, while others were just down right nasty.

There I was, trending on tv, my pictures that were taken at the launch splashed all over the news headlines. Some were pictures of Phila and I beside each other while most were of me. There were more pictures of Phila and I when we were in Cape Town.

How the fuck did those pictures get leaked? Who took those pictures? There was even a picture of Phila and I in bed together on the roof top with our clothes on the floor. There was even one particular photo of a visible unhappy version of myself alongside Lunga at a function we once went to over a year ago.

The headlines were disgusting to say the least.

"Billionaire Mogul gets engaged to Millionaire's

wife"

"Bedhopping: From Billionaire to Millionaire"

"Billionaire shagging overweight married woman on rooftop of snazzy hotel"

I couldn't watch any further. My phone was suddenly beeping with messages. Porsche and Kele texted me to ask if I'm okay. My mom and Gogo as well. The same unknown number that sent the DNA test texted me again "I told you, you're way out of his league."

My phone was flooding with tweets and Facebook tags. I checked Twitter and I was trending! One with the hashtag #BBWwife, which had over 1.2k tweets, another one with #Hands offZee, which had over 3.5k tweets.

"She should just stay away from men with money, word is she's the cause of her husband's coma #BBWwife"

"Come on, guys. She is divorced and engaged to Phila Zwane. Why can't y'all be happy for a fellow black woman? #Hands off Zee"

There were so many I just couldn't keep count.

There were pictures of Lunga and Phila next to one another and one with the caption: "Who chows her best? #BBWwife"

One person tweeted pictures of Nats ha and I alongside each other with the caption: "From Model to FastAss. I guess money can't buy you class #BBWwife."

That particular one was a new account created today. It's probably Natasha or Zodwa who knows? I'm just beyond broken right now. I tried calling Phila but his phone was still off. I just succumbed to the pain and tears which were flowing continuously down my face.

Kele and Sbu came rushing in. When she saw me she just came towards me and hugged me while I cried. Sbu was on the phone screaming at someone to fix this fucking mess. They always say Social Media can either make or break you. At this point, I'm broken beyond repair. I can't even face the world and especially not my wedding planner.

## Chapter Fifty

Ziyanda

I've been curled up on the couch for about an hour

now. Kele even brought me a blanket and made us some food. Sbu was still busy in Phila's study, probably trying to do some damage control, but well, the damage is already done. It's already 3pm and my phone has been ringing off the hook. I decided to put it on silent mode.

Kele brought me some nice comfort food, pap, chicken and cabbage on a tray with some juice. For some odd reason I couldn't handle the smell of chicken. I've never had a problem with chicken before, but now the smell just hit my nostrils almost causing me to vomit. I didn't want to make her feel like there's something wrong with her food, so I opted for the juice. Gladly, she understood. She wanted to switch off the tv, but I told her to leave it on.

I was everywhere on tv. People are calling in on Today's show of Dave's Diary and yep, I'm the hot topic of the day. Dave is a well known gay

presenter who has been running his own talk show for the past ten years. He has interviewed so many famous people.

I have no idea how he comes up with a topic everyday from Monday to Friday, but he does it. I guess it's natural talent. His show's setup is quite similar to the Ricky Lake show. He has a big audience cheering him on and interacting with him while he's on stage. You're even allowed to call in and give your opinion or ask questions.

I always record his show and force Phila to watch it with me before bed, even though he hates it. I haven't heard from Phila and I've been receiving some nasty mentions and DMs from that same account that posted the pic of Natasha and I next to each other.

There's not much to find out about this account since the Twitter handle is @TallestBitchInTown. It

doesn't take a genius to figure out that it's indeed Natasha. Not all of what I'm seeing and reading is bad because apparently there's a campaign created for me by people who are on my side.

Some are plus-size models and some have been through a lot of body shaming, while some say they are my fans. I decided to turn up the volume for interest sake, I mean it's not everyday your picture appears on tv and people talk about you all damn day.

Dave: "Welcome to Dave's Diary to those who just tuned in. As you know, a young, beautiful woman has been trending all day today and for all the wrong reasons. Women can be so cruel to fellow women, which is why I always bring you a positive platform. I have a few guests lined up and I do hope that you're watching, Ms. Zandile Bhengu, wherever you are. Now before I bring out my first guest, I would like to take this moment to speak my

heart out: I don't know you personally, Zandile, but I can say that people have hurt you a lot from the tweets I've read.

No woman is above another in this world. You're beautiful inside and outside and I can tell that the person who did this is probably a bitter, ugly guest. No beautiful person can do such a thing to another human being."

A picture of Natasha and I next to one another popped up again with the caption:"From Model to fat ass, I guess money can't buy you happiness."

Dave:"This is exactly what I'm talking about. This tweet comes from a ghost account created in the early hours of this morning. This tweet is from @TallestBitchinTown. Is it a coincidence? I don't think so.



So, my team decided to do some digging. This account belongs to a Natasha Mothupi, the girl on the left of this picture. Natasha was an acquaintance to Mr. Phila Zwane, and was recently fired from his company for allegedly blackmailing and harassing the future Mrs. Zwane. Now, if that doesn't sound bitter, I don't know what is. Natasha, you're an evil person who has no regard for other people's feelings and thank goodness not all of South Africa is bad."

All this while I was glued to the tv not realizing that Kele and Sbu werw watching with me.

Porsche stormed in while we were watching.

Porsche:"Bathong (Goodness)! Zee! Kgale ke founa hle (I've been calling). Are you watching Dave'a Diary?"

Kele: "Didimala hle Porsche o nne fase (Please keep quiet and sit down)."

Porsche sat next to me while Kele and Sbu sat next to each other.

Dave: "... With that said, let's welcome our first guest."

The guests started clapping and my heart skipped a bit as I saw him walking on stage. He looks handsome as always in his Italian suit. He looks so drained like he hasn't slept in a while.

Dave:"Good day, Mr. Zwane. It's a pleasure to have you here today."

Phila:"Thank you, Dave. However, I do wish the circumstances were a lot more pleasant."

Dave:"I understand. Please tell us about Natasha and her allegations against you."

Phila:"Well, Dave. Natasha used to work for me. We had a no-strings attached relationship a few years ago and I ended it a year ago. She didn't take it very well as you can see. She filed for child maintenance and had court summons sent to my house for a child that's not even mine."

The guests were gasping.

Dave:"And is there proof of all this?"

Phila:"Yes, as you can see on your screens she had paternity tests faked and sent to my wife's phone. The doctor who took the bribe from her is getting fired as we speak. The real paternity tests are the second ones on your screen, proving that I'm

indeed not the father of her child. The messages you see on your screens are messages from Natasha threatening me if I don't get back with her. I even have a voicemail message she left me."

They played the message:"Phila Zwane! You'll regret ever dumping me! No one messes with Natasha and gets away with it. I'll make sure of it! I'll ruin your entire world and that precious fat girlfriend of yours! Mark my words!"

The crowd gasped once again, while we just remained speechless and glued to the screen.

Dave:"Wow. That's quite a mouthful. Natasha Mothupi is a cruel woman. Is there anything you'd like to add, Mr. Zwane?"

Phila:"Yes. (looking into the camera) Sthandwa sami (My love), I know you're watching this

because Sbu told me. I'm sorry you had to go through this all without me by your side. I'm sorry for the world being so cruel to your sweet, kind soul.

You're my beautiful goddess, I love you Qhawekazi wami (My heroine). I can't wait to have you in my arms soon and rest assured, that Natasha will never bother us ever again and everyone who messed with you will live to regret it. By the way, please answer your phone.

Sophie has been trying to get hold of you for the past hour. She's waiting for confirmation to enter at the gate along with Francesca. Make sure you choose the wedding dress of your dreams. I cannot wait to marry you, Ma Zwane (Mrs. Zwane)."

The crowd just clapped and were in awe. Dave was smiling and even shedding a tear. He thanked Phila and he left as he carried on with his show.

I took a moment to grasp what just happened. I didn't even realize I was in tears once again.

Porsche: "Wow! Phila ke laas number man (Phila the man). Zee, botsa ma security ba bule gate man (Tell security to open the gate). O tsamaye o hlapa sefahlego seo, Sophie le Francesca ba ka se go bone o le skobo so (Go and wash your face, Sophie and Francesca can't see you in this ugly state)."

Kele laughed while wiping her tears off her face and Sbu held her waist. I called the men at the gate and let them know it's okay to let Sophie and Francesca in. Porsche fixed everything for them. Some snacks and champagne, while I went upstairs to wash my face.

After washing my face I received a message from Phila "I hope you choose the finest dress and plan

the best wedding of your dreams. You deserve this, Ma Zwane (Mrs. Zwane). You deserve heaven because you're God's finest creation. See you soon, Love P."

## Chapter Fifty One

Ziyanda

I smiled as I read Phila's message. I looked at my face in the mirror and my gosh, my face is swollen. My eyes are nearly shut closed. I got downstairs and found Sophie already on my couch with a huge book that has paper clips and some sticky notes. I assume that's her wedding book. Francesca on the other hand had a huge rack filled with dress covers.

There's probably about 20 dresses on this rack. How on earth did she carry them all here? Porsche served them some champagne and snacks while Kele cleaned up and washed the dishes. Sbu

wasn't around anymore, I assumed he was back in Phila's study. Sophie saw me walking down the stairs. Sophie has short blonde hair and beautiful skin, with gorgeous, bright blue eyes. She has amazing legs, much like Francesca.

Sophie:"Thank Goodness you're here! I was starting to think you changed your mind about the wedding! Not to mention all the drama that's been happening today, babe. How are you feeling?"

She said all that while hugging me. She didn't even greet me properly, I guess this is her way of greeting since she is such a huge ball of energy.

Sophie:"Oh, my word! You look much better in person! Your face is so gorgeous and that hair! Girl, I'm going to have so much fun with you!"

I didn't know what to think really. Porsche is quite



energetic, but this, is outrageously bubbly.

Francesca came towards me and held my cheeks with her hands.

Francesca: "Dea (Goddess), tutto andrà bene (all shall be well). You so pretty, Dea (goddess). Let's get you in prettiest dress. Phila's instructions, yes?"

I smiled and nodded. She hugged me and whispered in my ear.

Francesca: "Mamba sorted out the mess. Natasha is no more threat to you. Natasha is morta (dead)."

I felt a cold shiver down my spine. These people don't waste time. I can't really say I feel bad for Phila killing Natasha. Does that make me an official mafia wife now?

Francesca smiled at me and gave me the first to try. We were in the lounge so no boys were allowed. It was perfectly safe. I felt a bit weird having to take off my clothes in front of Francesca and Sophie but they didn't even seem bothered. Luckily Francesca gave me a body suit to wear underneath before trying out any dress. It made me feel a bit better.

Porsche and Kele were looking at me in so much excitement and I just felt so happy for the first time in a long time. I get to enjoy planning my wedding without any stress. I'll be damned if I let anyone take that away from me. The first dress was an Elegant Deep V-Neck Sheer Floral Lace Maxi Dress with Floor Length, a Casual Fluffy Swing and A-line.

It had flower beading on my chest and showed some of my cleavage. Francesca also brought a nice, huge mirror for me to be able to look at myself clearly. I couldn't help but get emotional. Luckily

this dress was a light purple colour. I meant it when I said no white wedding dress. I like it, but I need a dress that I'll love, right?

I changed into the second one, which was a Red Sequined Velvet Mermaid Wedding Dress, with a Sleeveless V Neck. Francesca said it's a custom made Bridal Gown by her. Tears just dropped down my cheeks. This is it. This is the one. Call me cliché, but red is my favourite colour. I think Phila had something to do with this. He told her to design something specially for me.

Porsche: (Teary-eyed) "Chomi weh (Oh friend). That's the one! I've never seen a red wedding dress look this good on someone before."

Me: "I love it. This is it, Francesca. This is the one."

Francesca: "You only want one dress for wedding,

Dea (Goddess)?"

Me:"Yes, just one is fine."

Francesca:"Alright, then. I tell Mamba which one you love. I'll make some adjustment. Nothing big, just small-small. I just want your wedding to be perfect, Dea (Goddess). Mamba is like son to me and Pierro."

Me:"Thank you, Francesca. Thanks so much for everything."

She kissed me on my cheeks, Italian style and headed out with the dresses. She had a lot to do for the rest of the day. Now it was time for Sharon and I to get started. Porsche and Kele were there for input and I really loved that they were there with me.

I chose the same venue for the launch: the Royal Elephant Hotel, and yes, Porsche and her husband own it. It was her suggestion. We would have the ceremony outside and the rest of the events inside. I went with a red and black Theme, and chose the bouquet, the center pieces, cutlery, the drapings. It was so easy to work with Sharon since she knows everyone who did everything.

She even deals with Traditional weddings so I will most probably use her for our traditional wedding as well. I took a few pictures to show Phila when he comes back. All this was now getting me so excited. The more planning we did the more I just saw myself in my wedding dress. I really cannot wait to be Mrs. Zwane.

Sophie left after three hours of planning and Porsche had to leave too to go and cater for her family. Kele gave the remaining food she made in the afternoon to the gunmen outside and made

some supper. I feel bad. She shouldn't have to cook so much. She made some chicken a la king this time. I love pasta, but I couldn't stomach the chicken parts. I had to remove all chicken in order to eat and she gave me a look.

Me: "I don't like chicken."

Kele: (laughing) "Ska nhlolla (Don't be silly), Zee. You've always liked chicken."

Me: "Ah, people change."

Kele: "Don't play stupid. I saw you this afternoon. I saw how you made a face when I gave you the plate of chicken. If I didn't know better I'd say you're baking."

Me: (Chuckling) "Don't be silly, man."

Sbu:"Kele could be right. Sharon hated the smell of chicken when she was pregnant. Not to mention the taste."

I started thinking and then it crossed my mind. Shit! Phila and I never used condoms and I'm not even on any contraceptives. But I could never fall pregnant easily. No ways. It's probably a stomach bug. Kele noticed how deep in thought I was.

Kele:"Hmm, kea bona wa nagana bjanong (I can see you're thinking now). When was the last time you saw your period?"

I went quiet.

Kele:"Alright. Let me wash the dishes and head to bed. Porsche said I have to go back to work tomorrow. Seems the press has been at the offices

all day today."

Me:"No, leave them, babe. I'll do them. You already cooked twice today. Go sleep. Sbu is waiting on you."

She smiled and went upstairs to their bedroom. I can't stop thinking. What if I'm indeed pregnant. So soon after we found each other? I decided to keep myself busy with the dishes and headed to bed.

Belinda

I can't believe my life is such a shit hole now. I lost my penthouse because this idiot Lunga leased it and never bought it for me. I had to move in with Zodwa and David and let's not forget that Lunga is now a semi-Vegetable. He is still using a wheelchair which means he can't even use his useless dick anymore.



He remembers me, but for some reason doesn't remember Zee at all. The doctors said that he doesn't remember anything from before the shooting, but it is a bit odd that he remembers me. If I didn't know any better, I'd say hes changed, but I know Lunga. He's faking it.

I saw the news today and Zee has been trending. For once bad things are being said about her. She's always been Queen B and stealing all the spotlight. Even Zodwa offered some of the press damaging information about Zee in exchange for money. They gave her a measly R30 000. She twisted the truth here and there, but I guess I would do the same in her position.

David doesn't do shit to help Zodwa anymore. All he does is buy food and that's it. I can't survive on food only, I mean I even had to sell my car. I do all the cooking and cleaning in here and Zodwa treats

me like a slave.

So I decided to start fucking David. He's also as lousy as Lunga in bed, it must be a family thing. He gives me an allowance of R10 000 a month. It's not as much as Lunga used to give me, but at least I get to pay for my son's fees and I bought a cheap car on finance.

Zodwa kept asking questions about where I got this money from, but I lied and said I got a job. She can't even go visit Adonia since all the money she steals from David goes towards Lunga's medical fees. I'm sitting on the toilet seat after taking a pregnancy test.

It was part of my plan to fall pregnant, so that David can chase Zodwa out of the house and I can finally be Mrs. Ngcobo. Beggars can't be choosers as my mother always said. A woman has got to do what she has to in order to feed herself. If that

means I have to fuck both father and son to do it, then so be it. My own father used to fuck me from age 8 until I was 18, so it's not like I'm not used to being abused and no one believing me.

The test showed two stripes. I'm finally pregnant. I can't wait to tell David.

## Chapter Fifty Two

Ziyanda

I went upstairs to my bedroom after washing the dishes. I switched on the tv in the bedroom to avoid thinking of the possibility of me being pregnant. I wouldn't be angry about it, in fact I would be happy, but I have had such a horrible experience of pregnancy. I fear I might not be able to carry a child full term. I wouldn't want Phila to go through that with me. We've had enough heartbreak to last us for eternity.

I decided to catch up on the rest of Dave's show since I recorded it. After Phila left the stage, Elmarie, the boutique owner came on the stage. What a shock.

Dave: "Good day, Elmarie. Please tell us about why you're here."

Elmarie:"Thanks for having me, Dave. I am here as the founder of my new campaign #Hands offZee. We've achieved over 20 000 tweets and I have personally met Ziyanda. I can tell you that she is too sweet of a woman to be attacked like this. No woman deserves to be attacked, especially bodyshamed.

I met Ziyanda a few weeks ago when she came to Cape Town with her fiancée, Mr. Zwane. They are such a lovely couple. She came to my boutique to

buy some lingerie and even ordered some more for her friends who work at the mentioned hotel. I created this campaign as soon as I noticed how fellow women were ganging up on her because of her looks. They don't even know her. I expanded my plus size range all thanks to Zee.

Mr. Zwane gave me some great business advice and as a result I've managed to expand and franchisey boutique. I would like Ziyanda to be the face of my new plus size range. I hope she accepts my offer as I have already tried contacting her. It's high time we change the way women bash other women. Let this be a new revolution for women like Ziyanda, to encourage us to love ourselves."

Wow. Elmarie has said a mouthful. A few other guests went on stage including Simone from the hotel, who said good things about me and started bashing Natasha and all other people who were negative about me. Some even on Twitter

apologizing for not having the full story. Some even said Phila is romantic to have sex with me on the rooftop of a hotel.

I read a few tweets and apparently a few journalists got fired for reporting and posting lies about me and my relationship with Phila. I bet Phila had everything to do with that. Others even leaked the divorce papers, while some claim it's all fake.

At least something good came out of this day. I decided I would deal with everyone tomorrow, for now I just need to get some shut eye. I prayed and dozed off.

I woke up in the middle of the night with someone's arms wrapped around me and the tv on. I jumped and heard Phila's voice and immediately calmed down.

Phila:"It's me, Sthandwa sami (my love). Don't be afraid."

Me:"You scared me, Phila. What time did you get here?"

Phila:"Not so long ago. I missed you, Sthandwa sami (My love)."

He held on to me so tight. He smelled of fresh soap and lotion, I guess he took a quick shower before coming to bed. I must have been really tired not to have heard him. He had this faint smell of fire or chemicals or something. I just can't put my finger on it. I switched on my side lamp so I could see him properly.

Me:"I missed you too, Baby wami (My baby)."

I looked at his hands and his knuckles were really bruised. Badly.

Me: "What happened to your hands?"

Phila: "Nothing to worry about, Sthandwa sami (My love)."

Me: "What happened to Natasha?"

Phila: "Ngim'cis hile (I killed her)."

I got so frightened. He just told me he killed another person without any feeling or remorse.

Me: (Deep sigh) "Okay."

He leaned forward to kiss me. I reciprocated and he



went on to touch me. He kissed my neck and sucked my breasts, while his one hand was playing on my clit. I can never get used to his amazing hands. I took off his boxers and wasted no time. I rubbed his penis gently and I pulled it towards my pussy. He entered me so slowly and went on with a passionate rhythm. We both came after a long while and lay in each other's arms.

Two weeks later

Gog'Khanyi

It's been two weeks since we told Ziyanda everything concerning her biological father. It wasn't easy but I'm really glad uNomsa is mending her relationship with her daughter. We even started to bond again and she's learning a thing or two from me. It took a lot of work to finally track down Bonginkosi Gumede. Yerr for a King he sure likes to keep a low profile. If it wasn't for his flashy wife

posting pictures on social media, we wouldn't have found him.

Florah, Nomsa and I are on our way there, after flying six hours. Thank goodness Phila have us his Jet for the weekend. Bonginkosi lives in Eshowe in Kwazulu-Natal. We're beyond exhausted, but there's nothing some lunch and a few drinks cant fix.

We went to the mall to grab something to eat at one of the restaurants. It's only now that we realize how hungry we are. Nomsa and I had a few glasses of wine, while Florah had juice. What's new? I got a take away for the driver and we were off again.

We finally arrived at their village. Their house is the biggest of them all, with a nice little garden and some security at the gates. The security refused to let us in until I told them it's about the King's long lost daughter.

They sent someone to inform him, leaving us to sweat some more in this scorching heat. I have no idea how they survive in this heat. Must be horrible for a person's skin. Hayi, abo Nomsa ba ya dobelela man (Nomsa sure knows how to pick them).

The guards finally opened the gates and we drove in. The yard is filled with flowers and some water fountains. Hai, it's amazing what people do with our tax money. As we were about to walk out, a very curvy woman with a very big ass came out and started shouting at us.

Woman: "Ba funani laba (What are they doing here)?!  
I told you not to let them in!"

I took out my cigarette and lit it. I took a few puffs while looking at this disfigured bitch.

Guard:"Sorry, Ma'am. We followed the King's instructions."

Woman:"I'm the Queen and I demand that you send them back! Angibafuni abathakathi la emzini wami (I don't want witches here in my house)!"

Oh, so this must be the wife. Queen Zinhle of Eshowe, who flaunts the King's money on social media. This is going to be fun.

Nomsa:"Sawubona (Hello), Zinhle."

Zinhle:"Yey, yey, yey! Wena, Nondindwa (whore)! Hamba lana (Go away)! And take your ugly mother and whoever this is with you!"

I won't stand here in this scorching heat listening to

this bitch ranting and raving. I've had a long ass flight and I need to do what I came here to do and leave this shitty place.

As she was about to start screaming again, I walked up to her and burnt her with the remaining part of my still lit cigarette on her face. She screamed in agony as the guards came running. Surprisingly, they didn't do anything, I guess they must despise her as well. I held her by her throat.

Gog'Khanyi:"Good. Now that I have your attention, Zinhle. We greeted you in a polite manner and we didn't come here to fight. I don't have time to stand here and listen to you bitch and moan. Kuyashisha ngokunya lana (It's fucking hot). Now, Lead us to where your husband is."

I let go of her throat and threw her on the floor. She held her cheek with her one hand while the other was on her throat which was now red with finger

marks. She clicked her tongue and led the way. Nomsa and florah followed shaking their heads.

Ziyanda

It's been two weeks since the Natasha saga and the whole media thing. Things have died down and Phila got a few people fired which was a bit unnecessary. I haven't been feeling too well for the past few weeks. I can't seem to keep anything in and Kele still insists on me taking a pregnancy test. I'm a bit scared to do that so I keep avoiding that topic. Phila has been so worried and has been insisting on taking me to the doctor, but I refused. Today is my bridal shower.

I don't want to do it when the wedding is nearer. Porsche insisted on planning the whole day for me so I let her. I don't have a lot of friends, so she wanted to invite some few friends of her own, but I didn't want it to be awkward. I don't like having

people I don't know in my circle. Phila invited a few of his friends to chill with him in his man cave. He decided to host a small Bachelor party for himself as well. He said he didn't trust his friends, so it's better if they host it with us in the house.

The only other woman who will be here is Drake's wife, Melissa. We all know Drake, but it would be the first time we ever meet Melissa, she's coloured by the way.

Kele and Sbu have been doing great. She's been attention her sessions with Dr. Stein and has had remarkable progress. Sharon on the other hand refused to accept the divorce, even after it was final. She still keeps blowing up Sbu's phone and he had to change his number and Kele's as well.

I decided to wear a simple white, short Maxi dress with red sandals. I left my hair curly today and put on some red lipstick. I got downstairs and

Porsche already had everything set up. Food was already here and not to mention the drinks. I saw an unfamiliar face and I guess it must be Melissa. She came up to me and hugged me.

Melissa: "Hi, Zee. I'm Melissa. So nice to meet you. I love your house."

She flashed me a smile. She is beautiful with hair a bit similar to mine, but hers is shorter. She had a petite figure, much like Porsche's.

Me: "It's nice to meet you, Melissa. Please, feel free."

The guys were outside on the Patio chilling along with the guards. Things seemed to be going really well and Porsche refused to let me do anything. Just then Belinda walked in.



Belinda:"Hey, guys. I hope I'm not too late."

Here we go again. Where there's Belinda, there's drama.

## Chapter Fifty Three

Gog'Khanyi

I was so exhausted and this Zinhle bitch wanted to ruin my already ruined day further. The three of us walked behind her and she led us to King Bonginkosi. He was sitting on his big, high chair with leopard skin on his chest. So dramatic though. Ai, abo Nomsa and bad taste in men.

His eyes grew wider when he saw us. I guess he must have noticed Nomsa. He quickly stood up and Zinhle bowed before him. We also did the same out of respect.

Zinhle: "My king, these people are here to..."

Bonginkosi: (Quickly interrupting her) "I know why they are here. Leave us."

Zinhle: (Annoyed) "But, my love, they were so rude to me. This ugly woman even burnt me with her cigarette and you're going to dismiss me?!"

Here she goes again. I don't blame some men for killing their wives. I also killed my annoying husband.

Bonginkosi: (Shouting Irritably) "I said leave us!"

He roared and Zinhle rushed off to who knows where.

Bonginkosi: "Please, my guests, rise and take a seat."

We stood up and sat down on the couches. This house is big and beautiful, but Zinhle's is a serious mess. Brown colours everywhere and not an ounce of class. For a wealthy king he can surely do better.

Bonginkosi: "Let me get you something to drink."

Gog'Khanyi: "That won't be necessary, Bonginkosi. I think you know why we're here so I'll just cut to the chase. Nomsa here, my dear daughter, told me about your little affair 25 years ago which resulted in my grand daughter being born.

I don't appreciate you running out on your responsibility as a father and failing to own up to your mistakes. Nomsa raised that child in such a

painful way, you'll never comprehend. Anyway, my Ziyanda is getting married soon and we need you to do a ceremony for her."

Just as Bonginkosi was about to respond, Zinhle came rushing in. This bitch must have been eavesdropping on us.

Zinhle: (Fuming) "Over my dead Body, Bonginkosi! You chose to sleep with that whore and now you want to have a ceremony for her?! I'll not approve! It won't happen, not while I'm alive!"

I couldn't take it anymore. I promised Florah and my ancestors that I would behave today, but I don't even have to humble myself before these morons. I stood up and took my gun out of my bag. I cocked it, pointing at her.

Zinhle suddenly kept quiet while Bonginkosi stood

up in great shock.

Florah: "Khanyisa, calm down, please."

I didn't even listen to her.

Gog'Khanyi: "Lalela la wena, stjumama (Listen here, you fat ass). I've had a fucking long day. I don't need this shit right now. Either you go away as your darling husband told you or you die here on the spot. You choose."

She was so scared I could see a trail of urine flow down her legs since she was wearing a dress. I doubt she can find any size of pants with that huge ass.

She was about to run out of the lounge before I stopped her.

Gog'Khanyi:"One more thing, Zinhle, if you dare disrespect us or my daughter ever again, I'll cut your fucking tongue off!"

She quickly ran out of the room leaving a small puddle of urine on the floor.

Florah: "Kodwa nawe, Khanyisa."

I put my gun back in my bag and sat back down.

Gog'Khanyi:"So, do we have an understanding?"

Bonginkosi: (Shaken)"Ye.., yes of course, ma. I will do everything in my power that things go right this time. When would you like to do it?"

Gog'Khanyi:"Next week Saturday."

Bonginkosi:"No problem. I can make all the necessary arrangements. I'll have your rooms prepared. You must be exhausted."

Gog'Khanyi:"You have no idea. You need to put a tight leash on that bitch of yours and get someone to clean up her filthy urine from the floor."

Ziyanda

We all froze, except Melissa of course. She doesn't know what's going on.

Melissa: (Extending her hand) "Hi, I'm Melissa. Nice to meet you."

Belinda gave her a filthy look looking at her from her head going all the way down before accepting her handshake.

Belinda: (Fake smile) "I'm Belinda. Like wise."

Porsche: "Ai, ai, ai. Belinda, o memile ke mang (Who invited you)?"

Kele: "I did. I'm sorry, I thought it would be nice for her to be here. We've all been friends since forever."

Me: "It's okay, Kele. Just as long as we don't have any drama tonight."

Belinda tried to gossip about Melissa, but one thing about Coloureds is that most of them are multilingual, so she made a big mistake. Melissa comes



across as a sweet woman, but you had better not step on her toes.

Belinda: "Bjanong le kereyets e Sbu motho nyana wa le coloured (So, did you get Sbu a coloured girlfriend)?"

Me:"Belinda.."

Melissa interrupted me before I could warn Belinda.

Melissa:"No, honey, angina skhati sa loko (I don't have time for that). In case you're blind, here's my lovely ring my husband bought for me. You see that man you've been eyeing ever since your skinny ass rocked up in here? That's my Drake. My HUSBAND and father to two amazing kids. And in case you have forgotten, Sbu belongs to Kele now. So next time uzokhuluma amasimba (you're going to talk shit), observe your opponent."

We all kept quiet for a while. Wow. I know for a fact Porsche and Melissa will get along just fine.

Porsche: "Hehe! Wena (You) Melissa, I'm going to love and enjoy you, ngwaneso (sister). Let's eat, the boys can come take the food themselves."

Melissa smiled as we left with the food and drinks to the lounge, while Phila, Sbu, Drake and Robert (Porsche's husband) and the gunmen stayed outside on the patio.

We got to the lounge and had a lot of fun. We played some games, 30 seconds and Melissa and Porsche were giving me some sex tips, and surprisingly Kele gave me some too. We played truth or dare while Belinda was just drinking non-stop. Qe even forgot she was even here.

Porsche: (laughing) "Okay, Zee. Come on. Please tell me you've given Phila some blozza (Blow job) nyana?"

Me: (Embarrassed) "No, I havent."

Porsche:"Aowa (No) man. I give up."

Melissa:"The key is to not think about it. Start small by licking the tip of his penis and then gradually put more of him in your mouth as you go along."

Porsche:"Yebo (yes)! Wena Melissa kao rata shem (I like you, Melissa)! O bua nnete go tshwana le nna (You tell the truth just like me)."

Kele:"You should try giving him a blowjob using black halls. Sbu has always liked that."

I nearly choked on my wine.

Porsche:"Heh banna (my goodness)! Kele the sex queen! O tsotsi wena kgale ke go shebile (You've always been naughty)."

We all laughed, except Belinda of course.

We went on to talk about sex and relationships and how to treat our men better. I must say I'm learning a lot. An hour later, the guys decided to join us, leaving the gunmen outside. It was getting a lot better, except for Belinda who was the only one without a partner. While we were all conversing about relationships and how we all met our partners, Belinda decided to be a party pooper as always. She was so drunk she was struggling to speak properly.

Belinda:"J a, neh. How nice life must be for all of

you bo Mr. And Mrs. Perfect. You're forgetting one thing, all your fucked up secrets. You know, secrets can destroy everything. I'm asking myself if I shouldn't ruin your perfect little lives by exposing you all."

Kele:"Belinda, stop it, please. I invited you here out of the goodness of my heart and you embarrass me like this?!"

Kele was starting to panic. I couldn't understand what was up with that. Perhaps Belinda has a deep secret about her.

Belinda:"Ag, wena perfect girl. Little Miss Sunshine. I wonder what Sbu will think of you after I tell him that your precious son Thato is actually his son. Oops! I just let the cat out of the bag."

Kele:"Shut the fuck up, Belinda!"

Sbu: "What the fuck?! Kele, is this true?!"

Belinda:"Oh, yes, Sbuda, it is. She also forgot to mention that Sharon drugged you that day Kele found you two in bed together. That's why you couldn't remember shit. Oh, I forgot to mention the juicy part. Kele, why didn't you tell him Brian fucked you up so badly for refusing to give him money for his drug habit, that he nearly sold Thato, Sbu's son, to his drug dealers and he offered a night with you instead? Why didn't you tell him his drug dealer fucked you right there in front of your son while Brian was doing a line of coke?."

Everyone was just so quiet while Sbu was staring at Kele with so much rage in his eyes.

Porsche:"I'm warning you, Belinda, Sfebe ke wena (You bitch)!"

Belinda:"Wena, Portia Williams, Mosadi wa lekgoa. Have you even told your husband how your precious mother used to sell you to her clients just to put bread on the table? Sfebe ke mang nou (Who's the bitch now)?!"

Porsche stared at Belinda with tears threatening to fall. I never even knew that but for Belinda to dish out their dirty laundry like this especially on my special night is just uncalled for.

Me:"Wena Belinda! That's enough now! You should get your ass out of here!"

Belinda:"Oh, darling Ziyanda. Precious Ziyanda Ngcobo, while you were busy trying to fix your life, I was having the time of my life fucking your husband. Pity his dick is as small as my son's pinky. Oh, my son. I almost forgot.

I slept with him for so long I fell pregnant. He thinks its his, but my son actually belongs to Lunga's dead brother. While you had your precious mis carriage, Zodwa and I took your precious baby's remains and used it for muthi. You're so fucked up it's not even funny."

I felt like my head was spinning. I was losing control of my balance.

Phila:"Yey wena, Sfebe (bitch), shut the fuck up and leave my house before I skin you alive!"

Belinda:"Oh, and that leaves you, Prince Charming. Dis you forget to mention to your brother and dearest Zee that I walked in you with Sharon back in high school?"

Phila:"Shut the fuck up, Belinda, uyangizwa?"



I started feeling pain in my abdomen. I thought it was maybe constipation but then a sharp pain came back again.

Me: (crying out in pain) "Ah!"

I held my tummy while Phila rushed to me.

Phila: "Yini, Sthandwa sami (What is it, my love)?"

Me: "Pain... My stomach...."

The next thing I heard a gunshot and I saw darkness.

Chapter Fifty Four

Kele

I'm so sick and tired of Belinda and her behaviour. I've been nothing, but good to her. All she's ever done was take advantage of my kindness. Today, I just lost it. I couldn't take it anymore. She just went on and on spilling all of our secrets and I couldn't take it anymore.

How could Belinda be so evil? After all I've ever done for her. When she kept rambling I just couldn't take it anymore. Without even thinking twice, I took Sbu's gun which he had put at the back of his pants. And I pulled the trigger. I just wanted to hurt her, I didn't mean to kill her. The bullet seems to have gone straight to her head. Drake was attending to her and Phila was attending to an unconscious Zee, while everyone else was just in a blank state. From there my mind just went blank. My senses were starting to come back to me, and I didn't even realize I still had the gun in my hand.

Sbu:"Kele, give me the gun. Give me the gun, baby."

I gave him the gun without hesitation.

Sbu: (to Drake) "Is she alive?"

Drake:"There's a faint pulse. We need to get her to a hospital, quickly."

Sbu:"I'm on it."

Sbu called an ambulance and I have no idea how I'll be able to handle interrogation from the police. I stood where I was, not moving an inch. I just killed my friend. I'm going to jail and my child will be motherless. Porsche just sat there on the couch with her husband holding her waist, in a deep, trans-like state.

The ambulance came after a short while and the paramedics didn't really have much to do since Drake goes everywhere with his medical kit. Zee wasn't conscious yet so Phila decided to drive her to the hospital before the ambulance came. Robert took Porsche home, and Drake followed Phila to the hospital. Melissa stayed with Sbu and I. Sbu had to call a few of his gents to come and clean up all the blood.

I must have been staring at the blood until Melissa gave me some warm Chamomile tea.

Melissa: "Here. This will help you calm down."

I took the tea cup with shaky hands and tears started streaming down my face. Melissa was being so supportive as she held me close to her, consoling me.

Melissa: "Hey. It's okay, babe. I would've shot her too. She's not dead so you can relax."

Kele: (Sniffing) "But she could die, Melissa. I'm a murderer."

Melissa: "Listen to me. Take a good look at me and listen to me very carefully."

I looked at her reluctantly with my tears blinding me.

Melissa: "You did what you had to do. Sbu will fix this, they always do."

Kele: "How can you remain so calm after seeing all that?"

Melissa: "Because it wasn't my first time seeing

someone being shot in front of me. I have had to kill my own father for trying to rape my sister. Trust me when I say this: You will get over this."

I just kept sniffing as she held me closer to her chest. Sbu was in the kitchen drinking whiskey, just sitting on a high chair staring at me. I'm scared shitless right now. I'm scared I won't make it til tomorrow morning. What if he kills me when Melissa goes home?

Phila

I drove to the hospital in high speed not even worrying about jumping any red light. I had my hazzards on and all I cared about was Zee's safety. As for that Bitch Belinda, I hope she's dead and if not, I'll finish her off myself.

We got to the hospital and luckily Drake had already

prepared everything for us. I carried Zee in and the nurses brought a stretcher and put her on it. We were led to one of the private rooms. Drake checked her vitals and all necessary things. Then he asked me a baffling question.

Drake:"So, do you perhaps know when last Zee had her period?"

My eyes grew wider in shock. How the fuck would I know? Come to think of it a woman has her period once a month and one month later, I haven't heard Zee talk about her period or anything. We haven't even been using condoms ever since we started having sex. A wide smile grew on my face. I'm going to be a father! I've been longing for this moment and it's finally here. It's a pity we had to find out this way.

Phila:"I don't know, Drake. Is she going to be okay?"

Drake:"Yes, she'll be fine. She fainted due to shock and stress. She should take it easy though, considering her history with pregnancy."

As he said that Zee woke up.

Zee:"Where am I? Phila, what happened?"

Phila:"You fainted, Sthandwa sami (My love)."

Drake:"Now that she's awake I need permission to perform a sonar scan. Zee, may I?"

Zee:"Sonar for what? Drake, am I pregnant?"

Drake:"You could be. I'd just like to make sure."



Zee:"Fine. You can do it but without Phila in the room."

My heart broke as she said that.

Phila:"Zee.."

Drake:"Let me give you two a moment. I'll be right back."

Drake left and gave us a few minutes to talk.

Phila:"Zee, what did I say about communication?"

I just saw tears streaming down her face.

Phila:"So, you go around believing Belinda, manje (now)?"

Zee:"Well? Did you sleep with Sharon?"

Phila:"I thought you knew me better than that, Zee. Sharon came on to me that night. She found me taking a nap on the couch and she came on top me. I told her to fuck off and she tried to get on top of me but I slapped her and she went away. I swear to you I didn't do shit."

Zee:"Okay. But please, Phila, no more secrets. I agreed to be your wife, but no more secrets."

Phila:"I promise, Sthandwa sami (My love). No more secrets."

I kissed her forehead and Drake came back with a small machine.

Drake:"Is it safe to walk in, now?"

Phila:"Ngena wena (Just come in) man. We want to see our baby."

Our baby. I like the sound of that.

Drake:"Okay. This is going to be a bit cold, Zee. So I just need you to relax okay?"

He lifted Zee's dress up which made me a bit uncomfortable, but I guess he's used to such. Zee seemed like she was familiar with this whole process, but she tensed up a bit and I squeezed her hand tighter.

Drake moved the sonar point on Zee's stomach. All I could see on the monitor was a bunch of blurry stuff. I don't know how doctors do it.

Drake:"Well, I see something there. There is the cervix and that black thing that looks like a small ball, is the baby. It's still too small to tell whether it's a boy or girl and whether to tell if there's only one or more in there, but you're definitely pregnant. 2 weeks and 4 days pregnant. Congratulations, guys!"

I was so happy I literally jumped up. I kissed Zee in the lips.

Phila:"Ngiyabonga (Thank you), Sthandwa sami my love). You've made me the happiest man alive. I can't wait to be the husband you've always wanted."

Zee gave me a faint smile but I could see she was a bit worried. Drake gave us a prescription of pills Zee has to start taking and we would be back in a month to check the baby's progress. Zee just made

me love her more. I can't believe I scored so soon.

Sbu

I kept taking sips of my whiskey in the kitchen as I thought of everything that happened earlier on tonight. Drake came to fetch Melissa and I thanked her for everything. Now the house was just quiet. It was only me and Kele left. The tension between us was intense and she looked so scared of me.

Sbu:"Why, Kele? Why didn't you tell me?"

Kele:"I wanted to, Sbu, believe me I really wanted to, but Sharon came after me with a gun. She threatened me when I wanted to tell you that I was pregnant. She said she would shoot me even before I got a chance to give birth. I couldn't risk that, Sbu. I'm really sorry, I just couldn't risk it."

She broke down in tears and it just broke me. I'm overcome with so many emotions; my son, my first born son suffered at the hands of another man while I'm alive. I cupped her face in my hands and wiped her tears off. I removed her glasses from her face.

Sbu:"Tell me about Brian, is it true? Did he do that to you?"

Kele couldn't even look me in the eyes. She nodded in shame. I kissed her and took her upstairs to our bedroom. I reassured her that everything is going to be okay. All I know is people are going to die tonight. They'll regret ever hurting my Kele and Sharon, oh, Sharon. She had better run because I'll make sure she never lives to see another day.

I decided to call her.

Sharon:"Hey, Sbu, baby. I knew you would make up your mind."

Sbu: (shouting) "J a wena Sfebe (Yes, you slut). You really thought I wouldn't find out about you trying to seduce my brother back in the day? You thought you could drug me and trap me into marrying you and I wouldn't find out? You kept my son away from me for five fucking years and you thought I wouldn't find out?!"

Sharon: (panicked) "Sbu, wait. I can explain."

Sbu:"Save that for Lucifer, Sharon. You had better run. Run as fast as you can to the furthest place possible. Don't even try to go back to your parent's house because I'll find you and fucking kill you myself. Go back to where you come from, Sharon. It's time to find your roots. I've taken everything from you. The only thing you have in your name now is your car. I've frozen all your accounts. Run,

bitch. Make sure I don't find you because if I do, you'll be nothing but a distant memory."

I hung up and lay in bed next to my Kele. No one messes with my woman and gets to live to tell the tale.

Phila and Ziyanda came back after about half and hour and I wasted no time. Zee went to bed and I briefed Phila on the situation. We headed out without thinking twice. It's time for a few people to meet Cobra and the Black Mamba tonight.

## Chapter Fifty Five

### Gog'Khanyi

It's the morning after we came to Eshowe and I just can't wait to go back home. We slept on real comfy beds, but this house just isn't peaceful.



We kept tossing and turning in our beds and even Florah struggled to sleep. She kept saying she saw skeletons and weird shit here. She says we shouldn't eat anything Zinhle prepares for us and we have to leave as soon as possible.

I wasn't even planning on staying any longer, so we got up and didn't even bother to take a bath. My spirit just feels so heavy after sleeping in this house. Lo mfazi umthakathi (That woman is a witch).

We got to the lounge with our bags and Bonginkosi was quite shocked to see us leaving, while Zinhle looked pleased and unbothered.

Bonginkosi: "Hawu, ma. Se ni ya hamba (You're leaving already)?"

Gog'Khanyi: "Yes, sorry we can't stay any longer. We

have an emergency to attend at home. We'll be in touch for the arrangements. Don't let me down. Wena, Zinhle, til we meet again, mthakathi (witch)."

We left her there shouting and insulting us. I couldn't care any less. I need to go to church after sleeping in the devil's house.

We got into our car and the driver drove off.

Mam'Masango:"Thank God we're out of that house."

Nomsa:"Yoh! Kanti you also felt it?!"

Mam'Masango:"I feel everything, mntwana wami. All the good and the bad energies, I feel them. Nomsa, do you know what happened to Bonginkosi's first wife?"

Nomsa: (Surprised) "No, ma. When I met him he was already with Zinhle and she was the only one."

Mam'Masango: (Shaking her head)"Bonginkosi had another wife, the first wife. When Zinhle joined the marriage, she welcomed Zinhle with open arms, but Zinhle couldn't handle being in the shadow. Bonginkosi loved his first wife dearly, even more than Zinhle."

Nomsa:"But why did he marry Zinhle then?"

Gog'Khanyi:"Ukugala nje (Greed)."

Mam'Masango:"Yes, greed, my baby. Zinhle poisoned the first wife and she died a very slow and painful death. Bonginkosi was so heartbroken, he never thought he would find love again until he met you.

Yes, your affair was unorthodox, but it was pure love. Zinhle couldn't handle being in the shadow once again and tried to get you killed using dark magic.

It didn't work because your ancestors are very strong, mntwana wami (my child). She put a spell on Ziyana instead when you were pregnant. That is why her birth was such a painful birth. Bonginkosi has long been under Zinhle's spell, but even with that spell he still can't love her.

Zinhle is much like Zodwa, but more dangerous. Now that her spell didn't work, she is trying it on Zee's unborn twins as we speak. Zee is in grave danger and the sooner Phila can go see his paternal family, the better it will be for all of us."

Gog'Khanyi: (Sighing) "Manje (So), what about Zinhle? Can't I just kill her?"

Mam'Masango: (Chuckling) "No, you can't. Fate awaits her much like Zodwa. Her time is coming. Just be patient."

All this is too much for my baby. Every time she seems to find happiness some cunt wants to take it away from her and I won't let it happen.

Phila

Sbua and I headed out to look for Brian. Tony tipped us off and told us he stays at one of these wanna be dru lords' place in Mamelodi. It didn't take very long to find him. We drove into a dark street with no street lights on and found his exact location.

There was a locked four roomed house, and a shack with a few rooms at the back of the yard. Sbu and I

barged into the shack and found Brian sniffing some cocaine with these two idiots; the idiots he got to rape Kele in front of my nephew while he was busy smoking drugs.

Sbu: "Yes, Nina izinja (you dogs). Kumnandi lana ne (It's nice here, hey)."

Guy1: "Nxa, voetsek wena (piss off). E le gore o mang wena o no itahlela kamo Parliament ya ka so (Who are you to just barge in my place like this)?!"

Sbu: "Ke wena Sghidli ne, plus ba mpoditse gore o ringa thata (So, you must be Sghidli, right, they told me you talk too much)."

Guy 2: (Looking worried) "Ah, ah, Sghidli, ke bo mang die bras bjanong (Who are these guys, now)? O re tliseditse magata (You brought us cops)?"

Sbu:"Relax, mfana kithi (my boy). Ga re magata, but re tlo go di direla mas epa tonight (we're going to show you shit tonight)."

Guy2:"Ah, ah, ah, bona my bra, tseyang die man (look, my man. Take this guy). Nna ga ke di tsene (I had nothing to do with it)."

Phila:"Mxm o bua mas epa nou, mara ne gole monate le raper vrou ya my bra (You're talking shit now, but it was nice when you were raping my brother's wife). Sbu, ba ringa kakhulu la bafana, asibathate (these boys are talking too much, lets take them)."

We wasted no time and kicked them. Sbu got on top of Brian and started punching him. He wouldn't stop until I begged him to. Killing him now would be too easy. These guys deserve a proper send off, torture style.

We knocked all of them with our guns on their heads until they were unconcious. We took out cable ties and blind folds and some tape and tied them up, blindfolded them and taped their mouths.

We brought Sbu's Mercedes Viano. We usually use that when we have more than one person to kill. We left our women waiting for us at home so we can't waste much time.

We drove to the Warehouse and found two guys we hired waiting for us. They both helped us with getting them out of the car and putting them on their own chairs in the warehouse. We threw buckets of cold water on all three of them and they woke up. Sbu is running the show tonight. He's in pain so I'll just sit and watch.

Sbu:"Yes, dimpya (dogs). Le tsogile na (You're



awake). Now I can finally get started."

Sbu ripped off Sghidli's mouth tape first and then Guy number 2. We didn't even get his name, we just weren't interested.

Sghidli:"Please, man, kao fraisa (I'm begging you). Ne ke sa itse ke vrou ya gao dai cherry (I didn't know she was your woman)."

Sbu:"It was nice when you raped her all night in front of my sin, right? So I think its only fair if you get the same treatment, or bjang majita (right guys)?"

The other two guys: "Sho, sho."

Sbu:"Well then, get ready, fozas (brothers). It's time to have fun with these two bitches. They're all

yours."

The two guys we hired kicked both Sghidli and his friend off the chairs and took off their pants. They both wore condoms and fucked their asses. They screamed out in pain while Brian was scared shitless, so much that he pissed himself.

The two guys were in a lot of pain, begging and screaming. I could see Sbu's eyes, they were red with rage. Those two guys we hired had some Viagra before we arrived, so they should keep themselves busy fucking these two for a few hours, just as they did to Kele.

While Sghidli and his friend were busy getting raped, Sbu turned his attention on Brian. He ripped off his mouth tape.

Brian: "Please, Sbu, man, Please. Ska e chuna die

ding (please don't do this)."

Sbu: (laughing) "Umzwile (Did you hear him), Mamba? He's begging me. Kanti wasn't Kele begging him to stop while he was beating the shit out of her? Wasn't she begging while he had those two fuckers rape her in front of my child? Angithi wena you love drugs more than you love life. You used your fists and stick legs to beat up my woman, so I think I shouldn't waste any more time and give you a slow, painful death."

Brian: (pleading) "Please, please, Sbu, man I'm begging you."

Sbu: "Too late. Your tears will not redo what you did to Kele."

Sbu took out a hammer from the famous trolley and started hammering Brian's legs. He screamed out

in pain as Sbu hammered his dick and balls. Brian gasped out of pain with tears failing to come out of his eyes. He then proceeded to hammer his abdomen continuously. Brian was in so much pain, he was starting to bleed from his mouth.

Sbu: (Holding the hammer up)"This is for my Kele. Rest in peace msunu (asshole)."

He hit him on his head so hard that his brains splashed out.

## Chapter Fifty Six

Sbu

We arrived at Phila's house just after midnight. I hope Kele isn't awake yet because I'm tired as fuck. I don't regret killing Brian, he should've known better than to fuck up Kele like that. Worst oart he damaged my son. Sghidli and his little friend will be

traumatized forever.

They'll probably end up committing suicide. Speaking of my son, I have to fetch him and get to know him. I also need to introduce him to uMa. I also don't want to waste anymore time and get married to Kele as soon as possible.

Phila and I smell like shit. No one can get used to the smell of blood. I headed to Kele and I's bedroom. I walked in slowly hoping she would be asleep. Thank goodness she was sound asleep. I quickly headed to the shower and rubbed off this disgusting smell off me. I got out and wiped myself. As I was about to lotion my body, Kele spoke to me.

Kele:"O tswa kae (Where do you come from), Sbu?"

Sbu:"I just had to sort out some business, Themba lami (My hope). Go back to bed."

Kele:"I can't sleep. I had a nightmare."

I got in the covers and put her head on my chest.

Sbu:"Want to talk about it?"

Kele:"I dreamt of Sharon killing me. It was so scary Sbu."

Sbu:"Hey. It's okay. Sharon will never come near you ever again. You can trust me, Themba lami (My hope)."

Kele:"Sbu, do you hate me?"

Sbu:"I don't hate you, Themba lami (My hope). I just hate the fact that I missed out on five years of my

son's life. I hate the fact that our lives got ruined, all because of Sharon.

I hate that my beautiful twin girls come from that monster's womb. I wish they were yours. I could never hate you, Kele. You're my world. For the first time in a very long time, my life is starting to make sense."

Kele:"I love you too, Sbu."

Sbu:"Tomorrow we're fetching our son from your mom's house. It's time he gets to know me, but first we must take him home to uMa. Now sleep. We'll talk tomorrow."

Kele tried to touch me but I just couldn't. I can't make love to her after killing that fucker. I still have everything Belinda said playing in my head like a damn record player and I just can't. Not right now.

Sbu:"Not tonight, Themba lami (My hope). I can't have you after I killed your ex husband."

Kele:"Well, I'm glad you did.

I kissed her forehead and dozed off after a short while.

Phila

I walked in and found Zee already waiting up for me. It must be that she just finished praying.

Zee:"Phila, thank Goodness you're back! You just left without telling me where you were going. Ubuyaphi (Where were you)?"



Phila:"Forgive me, Sthandwa sami (My love). I had to run an important errand with Sbu."

Ziyanda:"Is this how things will always be? You'll go around killing everyone who comes in your way?"

Phila: (sigh) "Zee, not now, please. It's not like that. I just need to shower and sleep. Can we do that?"

Zee:"Okay."

She got in the covers and I went to take a quick shower. After I finished I got in bed and cuddled Zee. She tried to push me away, but I didn't let her. She eventually gave in and dozed off. I did the same after a short while.

Zodwa

I got news that Belinda was shot in the head and was in hospital. Good riddance. I wish she would just die. She sleeps with both my sons and gets pregnant by one of them and now she got pregnant by my husband?!

No one gets away with doublecrossing me. Sure, David and I haven't had sex in over a year, but he's still my husband. I have to do something to regain my power. Surely my life can't be all this bad.

I see Zee is still happy as ever which means the tabloids and body shaming did nothing to her. Mxm. She must have grown some balls. It's time I go visit Adonia. She needs to know her place. How can she refuse to help me now after all the money I have spent on her?

Lunga

Everyone thinks that I've lost my marbles and that there's no hope for me. They think I don't remember anything before the accident, but I remember it all. I even remember what uMa did to me with that evil bitch Adonia.

I remember how she hypnotized me and made my manhood weak, made me sterile, plotted with Belinda and acted like Nkosiyabo is mine when indeed he was my brother's seed.

I'm acting stupid because I'm waiting for the right time to attack. My mother is the reason I'm in this position. Had she just let nature take its course between Zee and I, things wouldn't be the way they are now.

I keep stalking Zee, checking her Twitter, Facebook and Instagram accounts. She seems so happy with

that guy. She's supposed to be mine. I married her first. I love Zee so much, I just can't stop thinking about her.

I'm thinking of a master plan to get her back. I love Zee and no one is going to stop me from getting her back. My memory is back and I want to fix things. Zee is mine.

Ziyanda

The following morning came. The morning after my ruined bridal shower. Everything is a mess, and everyone is even more of a mess. Kele seems to be doing okay, but I'm so worried about Porsche.

I've tried calling her but Robert said she doesn't want to speak to anyone. The office won't function without her at work. I hope she gets better soon. Phila, Kele, Sbu and I are headed to Cape Town to

see his mom. We're going to fetch Thato first.

We first drove to Kele's mom's house in Randburg. Kele was just so anxious. I've never been to her house and now I get why. Her mom's house was very uncared for. The walls were extremely dirty and it looked like she hardly cleaned. I don't know how Kele coped with all this.

She didn't want us to go in with her, but we had to for moral support. We all come from a dark place and it's important to make Kele see that we're here for her. Kele didn't want us to in with her, but We decided to all go in with her for moral support. I could see tears glistening in her eyes, and Sbu squeezed her hand as she walked by his side.

Just before we entered the house, Thato came running towards us and ran into his mother's arms. The sight just broke me. I couldn't hold my tears in anymore and Phila saw that. He just brushed my

back. Thato looked so dirty, and probably hadn't been bathed in days. His shoes were so broken we could see his toes peeping out of them.

This is odd. Kele loves her son so much, I don't get why her son would look like this. Sbu just looked so sad and enraged at the same time. He wanted to let the tears fall, but he tried to hold them back.

Kele:"Boy, boy. Why o le di tshila so (Why are you so dirty)? Kgante di kae diaparo tse ke go tletseng tsona (Where are the clothes I brought you)?"

Thato:"Ah, mama, nkgono o di file Tshwarelo (Granny gave them to Tshwarelo). O rile wena wa mo kolota so Tshwarelo o tla nka di aparo tsa ka (She said you owe her so Tshwarelo will take my clothes as form of payment).

Mama, please tell me you came to fetch me? I'd

rather live with you and Brian even though he beats you. At least I didn't go hungry then. Mo ba ntime dijo, ke ja ga one ka letsatsi (Here they don't give me food. I eat once a day)."

I could see how crushed Kele was. The look of a broken and hurt mother. The fact that Thato called Brian by his name showed how much he hated him, which is understandable. Sbu was about to murder someone. He finally let the tears fall down but he quickly wiped them off.

Kele:"Ska wara (Don't worry) boy boy. Go tloga fa o tsamaya le nna (You're leaving with me today). Ga re sa tlo nna le Brian (We're no longer going to stay with Brian)."

He jumped up in excitement. This poor boy. I can only wonder how much more abuse he suffered at the hands of his grandmother, Kele's mom. They had glasses half empty of beer, with one Hansa

quart in between them on the floor.

Kele:"Go play, I'll come fetch you when I'm done talking to your granny."

Thato went back to play with his friends. She had tears streaming down her face and she was even shaking.

Kele:"Please, Sbu. Please, let's just leave."

Sbu:"No, Themba lami (My hope). I need to see the bitch who is treating my son like a fucking hobo. Let's go."

Kele just froze at the gate.

Sbu:"Don't make me drag you."



Kele reluctantly walked into the yard, while Phila and I followed. We had to see this monster. We knocked on the kitchen door. The foul stench of alcohol was drowning the whole house. An unpleasant sight of piled up dishes with fleas flying around in the kitchen welcomed us. I couldn't understand why people lived like this in such a nice house and a very pleasant neighbourhood.

Voice:"Kena (Come in)!"

We entered with the already shaken Kele looking down with her glasses blurred with tears from her eyes. We found a rather thin, pale looking woman, probably in her sixties with a younger version of herself sitting next to her. I assume it's Kele's mom and sister.

Older woman:"Hao, Kele. Wa se re bots e gore o tla

le baeng ba ba botsana so (you didn't tell us you're coming home with such good looking guests).  
Nkabe ke kolomakile mos (I would've cleaned)."

So she only cleans when she expects visitors?  
Wow. Kele just remained quiet.

Younger woman: "Heh banna! Kele setse o le semumu bjanong (have you gone mute now)?"

Sbu was getting rather irritated and so was Phila.

Sbu: "Are you Kele's mother?"

Older woman: "Heh! Utlwa o bolela sekgoa bots e bjang (He even speaks English so well). Aowa, ke stepmother sa gae (I'm her stepmother). Her stupid father died and left me to take care of her. Ke serathane selo seo (that thing is an orphan)."

Those words just cut deep. Kele can really keep a secret. Now I understand why she never wanted us to visit her-ever.

Sbu just lost his marbles.

Sbu:"So you decided to take advantage of her, probably used up all her Father's savings on your useless bitch of a daughter and now you're treating my son like shit?!"

Older woman:"Hey wena, e le gore o mang wena o tsena ka ntlong ya ka o tlo iketsa starring (Who do you think you are coming to my house and acting like a starring)?"

Kele's stepmother didn't see it coming because Sbu charged at her. He slapped her so hard she nearly fell on the floor. Kele's sister just screamed and

started cursing. Sbu slapped and kicked her as well then went back to the mother and held her by her throat.

Sbu:"You're so fucking lucky Kele is here. I don't want her to witness me killing you. You'll fucking regret ever treating my woman like shit, I'm telling you. I'll be coming back for you rest assured. I'll fucking burn you alive in this shit hole you call a house!"

He let her throat go and she coughed continuously.

Sbu:"Let's get you out of this shit hole."

He grabbed Kele by her hand and Phila and I followed. We took Thato with us without even changing him. We were running out of time so we had to take him looking just like that.

We got the airport and entered the Jet. Everyone was just dead quiet with Kele silently crying. I felt so emotional I was crying as well. Pregnancy hormones were already kicking in. The first thing Kele did in the jet was order Thato some food and juice. The way he gobbled up his food broke us all. Sbu just cried silently and Phila shed a tear as well. I think once this is all over, Kele's step mom and sister are next on the Zwane's hit list.

## Chaper Fifty Seven

Kele

As we were riding in the jet on our way to Cape Town to see Sbu's Mom, I just couldn't stop letting the tears flow. I tried so hard for my boy not to see me in this mess I'm in, as I kept wiping them off. I even had to remove my glasses from my eyes due to the constant tears. Sbu's eyes were so red, he looked at Thato with so much sadness, almost like there's so much grief in his eyes.

It's like he's mourning the loss of time lost, mourning the damaged Thato right now. My father always said there's always light at the end of the tunnel, but he died when I was just at the tender age of 13. I had just started high school. He was one of the big guys at Eskom, so he had left me a lot of money.

He got married to my stepmother Mary when I was five. My mother died during childbirth and I guess my father was lonely. He was searching for someone to be a mother to me. And that's when he met Mary.

The plane ride was hell for the four of us, except for Thato who was so happy just to have a proper meal. I had to let him stay with my stepmother since last month because things were just getting worse with Brian. I could see how much it had started affecting Thato, so I had no choice but to beg my evel

stepmother to look after him.

The Jet landed and we all headed out. Sbu took Thato in his hand, telling him all about where we were going. He was so excited. We got into two separate cars; Phila and Zee got in theirs as Sbu, Thato and I got into ours. The drivers took care of our luggage. I honestly don't know if I could get used to such a life. It's a bit too much for me. Everyone always ends up disappointing you when things seem to be just too good to be true.

We arrived at their Mother's house. Zee wasn't kidding when she said these people are loaded. Such a huge mansion, with a huge garden. I love the peace it screams. We got out of the cars and found these two little girls who look alike. They must be Sbu's twins. They came running towards Philw first as he hugged them, then they hugged Zee.

Nobuhle:"Uncle Phila, what did you get us today?"

Nokuhle:"Aunty, Zee, did you bring us something today? Because uncle Phila never brings us anything."

The second twin who talks too much. That must be Nokuhle. Sbu and Phila have told me a lot about these two.

Phila: (Chuckling) "I didn't have time to go to the shops, but tell you what. When we're done talking to Gogo we'll take you out and get you something, okay?"

The twins:"Yey!"

Nokuhle:"Yazi (You know) Uncle Phila, you're so much cooler than my dad. He's always so serious



just like my mom."

Philw and Zee laughed.

Sbu:"Yey, nina (Hey you two). Ngitheni (What did I say) about greeting?"

Nokuhle:"Eish, sorry baba (daddy). Old habits die hard. (Looking at me) Did you being us a new auntie?"

Nobuhle:"Is this our new brother?!"

They looked so excited.

Sbu's mom saved us from all these questions and appeared.

Phila's Mom: "Yey, nina man (Hey you two)! Kunini ngin'tshela (I've told you countless times) about harassing people as they walk through that door! Hambani niyodlala (Go and play)!"

Nokuhle: "Hawu (But), Gogo. We want to go and play with our brother."

Phila's mom: "He'll join you later. Hambani (Go away)!"

Nobuhle: "Kodwa Gogo uyabhora (But granny you can be so boring) sometimes."

They left and ran towards another room, I'm assuming it's their play room. This house is so amazing. Sbu's mom has so much taste.

Phila's mom: "Wozani, bantwana bami (Come in, my

children). Let me greet abakoti bami kucala (my daughters in law first)."

Zee smiled and hugged her. Then she came to me and smiled. She looked me in the eyes and hugged me for a long while. I couldn't help, but shed a tear. I've never experienced the love of a mother. Only Zee's Granny showed me such love and warmth. She then looked at me and wiped my tears off.

Phila's Mom: (teary eyed) "Khululeka (Relax) Kelebogile. Umyeni wami (My husband) told me this day would come this soon. You're home now and you've found a mother in me. Phephis a mntwana wami (Take it easy, my child)."

She bent down and looked at Thato. Tears started streaming down her face, causing the four of us to cry as well. She hugged him for a long while. Poor Thato didn't understand why we were all crying.

Phila's Mom: "Hello, my boy. I'm your new granny. Would you like to stay with me in this house and be taken care of?"

Thato nodded with a big smile on his face.

Phila's mom: "Good. Let's go and get you cleaned up first. Gogo is going to give you a nice, warm bath and put you in some very nice clothes."

Thato: "Koko, o nale di aparotsa Ben 10 (Granny do you have Ben 10 clothes)?"

Phila's mom: (Laughing) "No, I didn't know you like Ben 10, but I promise after we eat some lunch we're going shopping, neh? You can get all the clothes and toys you want."

They walked hand in hand towards one of the bathrooms I assume leaving the four of us standing there. It was a bitter sweet moment, especially for Sbu and I.

Sbu: (Holding my hand) "Let's all go freshen up. Zee and Kele, go to your bedrooms, Phila and I will bring the luggage."

I looked at him puzzled. I have no idea where "our" room is.

Kele:"But I don't know where our room is."

Zee:"Come, I'll show you."

She took my hand and we walked up the stairs. She took me into one of the bedrooms. It had a huge bed, a plasma tv attached to the wall and an en-

suite bathroom and some of Sbu's pictures from when he was a baby on the walls. Phila's mom took such an effort with this house. I'm guessing her favourite colour is white since almost everything is white. The bed has white and gray sheets on it while the dresser is white.

Zee and I hugged for a while.

Zee:"Chomi (friend), why ne o sa mpots e (didn't you tell me) about your family situation?"

Kele: (looking down) "It wasn't easy for me to open up about that. Not even Belinda knew that part of my life."

Zee:"I'm so sorry you went through all that. Please, please trust Sbu from now on. I'm sure you saw how much he would do for you. He loves you and Thato will be okay. You'll see."

Sbu walked in with our luggage and Zee walked out. Sbu put the luggage on the floor and held my hand.

Sbu:"Come lie next to me on the bed."

We lay next to each other still in our clothes. He held me closer to him.

Sbu:"Why Kele? I understand that Sharon threatened you, but why didn't you risk it and tell me? I would've have taken care of you."

Kele: (Deep sigh) "My dad married Mary, my stepmom when I was five. My mom died during childbirth, well that's what my dad told me. She would treat me so badly Sbu when my dad wasn't around, but as soon as he came back she would act like an angel. I would always wash the dishes, scrub the floors even do her and her daughter's

laundry.

Lebo always beat me up if I tried to speak up, and so did my step mom. I could never tell my dad, I didn't want to ruin our relationship. My stepmother began drinking excessively when my dad died. I was only 13, I had just started high school. I got a bursary to go to our school, I was a hard worker.

Lebo would always be jealous of my marks because she repeated every grade and dropped out in Grade 11. My dad's pension was paid out and a few policies and I never received a cent. I had to do some piece jobs just to buy myself sanitary pads, Sbu. Do you know how hard that was? Lebo had her first child at Seventeen and her second child at Eighteen. I had to sleep on the couch and move out of my bedroom to make room for her kids.

One day I was at school writing my matric exams, and she had left the kids alone to go and drink at a



local shebeen. She came back and found the youngest baby blue in the face. The baby suffocated in her sleep. When I got home Mary shouted at me and started beating me with a shambok. The neighbours rescued me and I slept with them that night. I had an exam to write the next day and I did even though I was in serious pain.

The neighbours were so kind to me, they gave me shelter for the rest of the coming months. Luckily after my exams I stayed with Zee for the December holiday awaiting news of my Bursary. I thank God that my bursary approved me in January, and Zee's granny helped me out with registration fees. She's the only one I told and I begged her not to tell a soul. I stayed away for years and when I found you with Sharon in bed that day, my heart broke.

I met Brian when I was doing my second year. He seemed so perfect and Asked me to marry him within a month of dating. As soon as we got

married he changed. He started demanding money from me. As soon as I started working I had to give him half my salary. He was deep into drugs and had a serious debt of over R200 000. I didn't have that much money on me and they wanted to take Thato. I couldn't let them do it so I.. I offered myself instead. I gave my body up for my son, our son.

I couldn't leave him because I tried running away back to my stepmom's house. It was hell, but much better than living with Brian. She called him and told him where I was, he found me and beat me to a pulp. I nearly collapsed that day. I begged her to take Thato in and I sent money every week. R3000 every week, but she still managed to treat my son like a slave."

All this while Sbu just kept quiet and held me close to him. I could feel his salty tears fall on my face as I laid my head on his chest. That moment of

silence, it was almost as if the mourning period was over. In that moment we let out all the pain we had buried deep within our souls. Sbu looked at me and kissed me. We slowly took our clothes off and made love, real passionate and slow love. We let go as we came together.

Sbu: "Marry me, Kele."

I was shocked and in disbelief but I remembered Zee's words "Trust Sbu". I didn't even think twice and I answered.

Kele: "Of course I will. I will marry you, Sbusiso."

Chapter Fifty Eight

Ziyanda

Phila and I have been curled up in bed ever since we

got here. We've been making sweet love from the moment we got in our bedroom. I assume Kele and Sbu have been doing the same since they haven't been out. Phila's mom told us she's going shopping with the Thato and the twins. The Chef had already made lunch so it's about time we got up.

We arrived here at 11am and it's 3pm now. I don't want Phila's mom to think I'm getting lazy and too comfortable now. I dragged Phila out of bed and we took a shower together. We got dressed and headed downstairs. A few minutes later Sbu and Kele headed downstairs holding hands, smiling. I assume things have been sorted between the two of them.

Kele helped me set the table, and Sbu and Phila brought the food and drinks to the table. These two are really sweet. Now that I think about it, they are equally romantic and equally possessive. Phila is a lot calmer than Sbu. Sbu is a hothead and does

things without thinking at times, but somehow Kele brings out the calm boy in him. I guess that's love. Phila's mom walked in with the twins and Thato just before we started eating. They were carrying so many plastic and paper bags. Talk about spoiling her grandkids. Kele quickly got up and fetched some plates for all four of them.

Phila's mom: "Yoh, yazi la bantwana ba idlile imali yami (You know, these kids finished all my money). Wena, Sbu, uyang'kolota (You owe me Sbu)."

We all chuckled and the kids didn't even seem bothered with food. They just took their clothes and bags and headed to their play room. Sbu offered to take the rest of the bags to the kids' rooms and came back a while later. We said grace and started eating.

Phila's mom: "Manje ke Sbu, uphi uSharon (So noe Sbu, where's Sharon)? Why ungam'cishanga vele

(Why didn't you kill her)?"

Kele and I looked so surprised. Kele almost choked on her food and was coughing.

Phila's mom: "Don't be so surprised. You two are joining the family. You'll soon learn that some people are just a waste of space. It's easier to get rid of them before they pollute the world even further."

I couldn't believe it. Phila's mom looked so fragile and sweet. I guess looks can be deceiving alright.

Sbu: "Ngi sam'cabangela (I'm still thinking on what to do to her). Angifuni a fe manje, kumele a khale kucala (She must suffer first)."

Phila's mom: "Do it soon because I bumped into her

at the mall trying to persuade the twins to go with her."

Sbu got so upset and clenched his fist.

Phila's mom:"Khululeka, Sbu (Relax). Those girls know better. They started screaming and she ran away. Kumele umkhuze ( you need to warn her) otherwise I'll do the job myself."

Sbu:"Yebo, ma."

Phila's mom:"Kele, mntwanami (my child). You need to get this idiot in check, you're his chosen one and you're the one meant to calm him down. Don't be impatient, you need to learn to understand him and his way of doing things. I hope he's treating you well instead of going all ganster on you."

Kele smiled while Sbu laughed a bit.

Sbu: "Kodwa (but) ma..."

Phila's mom: "Thula, angikhulumi nawe (Hush, I'm not talking to you). I'm talking to my daughter."

Kele: "Yes, ma. Ontshwere sentle (He's treating me well)."

Phila's mom: "I hope so. Otherwise (She showed Sbu her fist and we all laughed). Manje wena, Zee. How's it going with the pregnancy?"

Okay, so it's pretty obvious they tell their mom pretty much everything just like they do Gogo.

Me: "It's going okay, ma. Just some morning



sickness every now and then."

Phila's mom: "Manje, what are you two boys going to do about Belinda now? What's the plan for when she wakes up?"

Phila and Sbu looked at each other until Phila decided to speak.

Phila: "We haven't thought that far, but I want her dead."

Phila's mom: (Shaking her head) "That's too easy. She needs to suffer. When she wakes up, make her do it herself, make her kill herself. Decide on a slow yet effective method like poison or something. She got herself into this shit so she must take herself out."

I looked at her and she was dead Serious. She wasn't kidding at all. I wonder if they kill everyone who gets in their way.

We finished eating lunch and Phila's mom called us into the lounge. Phila and Sbu took a beer each and a glass of wine for their mom, while I had a glass of apple juice in my hand and so did Kele. She didn't want to drink in front of Phila's mom.

Phila's mom:"Now, let's get down to business. My brother Mzwandile called me. I notified him that both his sons are ready to get married and he said we need to do the ceremony quickly. I told them to come here this weekend, but it can't happen this weekend because we need to go to Eshowe to Zee's father's house for her ceremony. They wanted us to go to Alex, but what's the point? So, bafana bami (my boys), when are you going to see your father's brother?"

Wait, did she say both Phila and Sbu are getting married? So Sbu proposed to Kele? Wow. Things are looking up.

Phila and Sbu clenched they just kept quiet. This thing about their father cuts really deep.

Phila's mom: "Yazi nina ni two ni so ngi bhora kabi (You know you two are going to bore me). Let me call Florah and put her on speaker. Perhaps ni zo lalela makukhuluma yena (you'll listen when she speaks)."

She dialed Mam'Masango's number and put it on speaker immediately.

Mam'Masango: "Sawubona Ivy (Hello, Ivy). Kunjani (How are you)?"

Oh, so Phila's mom's name is Ivy. What a nice name.

Phila's mom: "Ngi right, mngani (I'm fine, my friend). Here are my stubborn boys and their wives. You're on speaker. The stage is yours."

She took a sip of her wine and put the phone on the table.

Mam'Masango: "Yoh, yazi nina ni two (You know you two) are such a headache. I asked you to do this weeks ago, now all thanks to your hot heads, everything must be delayed. I told you Phila your old enemy is back and he's coming for everything you've got.

Zee, your life and the babies' lives are in danger. You need to protect those babies, but we can't do that without those two idiots making peace with

their uncle. There is more to the story than you think, boys. You need to see your uncle as soon as possible. Time is not on your side. Wena, Zee, when we go to your Father's house for your ceremony this weekend, remember DO NOT EAT ANYTHING, uyangizwa (understand)?"

Me: (I started to panic) "Ye.. Yebo, ma."

Mam'Masango:"And wena Kele, why didn't you tell your soon to be husband ukuthi (that) you're pregnant?"

All our eyes widened and we all looked at Kele.

Kele: (Shaky voice) "I.. I wanted to go to the doctor to be sure, ma."

Mam'Masango:"No need for that. You're definitely

pregnant, also with twins. It's too early to tell now, but they are in you. Do this as soon as possible, boys, then we can deal with Kele's family. You're in for a heavy storm before the calm. I hope I made myself very clear this time. Ni yekele amasimba lawo man (You must stop with your shit). Ivy, sizokhuluma (We'll talk) my friend."

Ivy:"Shap shap."

Mam'Masango hung up. Kele is so secretive though, I just hope that one day it doesn't blow up in her face.

Phila's mom:"Well, I hope ni zwile. Sbu and Kele, hambani ni yo khuluma (Go and talk), isikhathi se tv manje (It's tv time now)."

Phila and I laughed while Sbu and Kele left and went to the kitchen.

Sbu

I took Kele in my hand and walked to the kitchen with her. I'm so upset right now. I thought we were over this secrets shit. Did she plan on killing my unborn children?

Sbu: "Khuluma (Talk)."

Kele:"I. I was going to tell you. I just wanted to go check with a doctor first."

Sbu:"Are you sure about that?! Were you going to keep them away from me like you did That?"

Kele widened her eyes and became teary immediately. Okay, I shouldn't have said that, but it slipped out.

Sbu:"Look, Kele. I'm sorry, I didn't mean it like that."

Kele:"Is that how it's going to be from now on? Are you going to throw that in my face everytime you're angry?"

Sbu: (Looking down) "No, Themba lami (My hope). I don't want us to fight when we've just received such good news. I'm sorry I said that. I'll work on my temper, I promise."

I looked at her and I saw what I feared most-doubt. I can handle fear and everything else, but once you see doubt in your woman's eyes, then there's trouble.

Sbu:"I've been meaning to do this since the moment I saw you at the launch. I went and chose it the morning I took you shopping. I just couldn't wait



any longer, Kele. I knew you had to be mine."

I took out a small black box from my pocket and opened it. I bought this ring a while ago and have been carrying it with me ever since. I have been waiting for the perfect moment, but with all this happening so fast, I have to do it now. Kele was in tears at this point with her mouth covered by her hands.

Sbu: "Themba lami (My hope), I've loved you from the moment I saw you in your cute afro and those cute printed glasses. I've never stopped thinking about you Kelebogile. You were named Kelebogile and I thank God for that because your father knew you would be a gift to mankind. Your dimpled smile makes me weak to my knees.

Everytime I'm angry I just think of your amazing smile and my heart melts immediately. Your beauty brings peace to my life, your beautiful scent

hypnotizes my mind, my soul, my spirit. You're my everything, Kele and I want to show you just how much I love you.

Allow me to love you and you'll see what you've been missing out on. I swear on my life no one will ever hurt you again as long you're mine. Please bless my day and say you'll be mine forever?

## Chapter Fifty Nine

Kele

I looked at Sbu just after he got on one knee and took out this gorgeous white gold ring with this huge diamond. It's a bit too big for me, but what's a girl without diamonds?

Sbu: "Themba lami (My hope), my knee is getting painful. Manje uthini (What do you say)?"

Kele: "Yes, Yes, I'll marry you, Sbusiso!"

He got up and kissed me. His mom was shouting from the lounge.

Sbu's Mom: "Ni ze ne Champopo lapho (Bring some champagne) so we can celebrate."

Sbu kissed me as he laughed.

Sbu: "Ngiyabonga Themba lami (Thank you, My hope). Thank you for making me the happiest man alive. Kea go rata lerato la pelo ya ka (I love you love of my life)."

Kele: (Blushing) "Le nna kea go rata, motho wa ka (I love you too, my love)."

We took the champagne bottle to the lounge and celebrated. Zee and I obviously can't drink but Sbu's mom told us a little sip wouldn't hurt the babies.

We had a great night with Sbu's mom telling us about how Sbu and Phila grew up and were very mischievous. It took a lot of hard work for Sbu and Phila to get here, and yet they still remain humble. Thato was settling in nicely. His mom asked that he stays here with her and the twins when we go back to Pretoria. I'm not excited about leaving my boy behind, but perhaps it's better.

We're headed for Sbu and Phila's paternal home tomorrow morning. Apparently we can't wait any longer. I hope we get welcomed with open arms, but Sbu and Phila aren't very happy about going there. Sbu took quite long to fall asleep as he was tossing and turning all night, but eventually he

drifted off to sleep.

Ziyanda

It's Wednesday morning and we had to get up early so that we could help get the kids ready. I'm a bit tired to say the least. We packed as many clothes as we could with lots of dresses and doeks. Phila couldn't care much since he's really not interested in going to see his father's "killer" brother. Something tells me there is more to this story, but anyway.

We went downstairs and found Kele and Sbu ready and the kids were dressed. Phila's mom asked that we go to their sacred place behind the house to go and speak to their ancestors. Luckily Kele and I were wearing dresses and doeks.

Phila's mom did the talking for all of us and let them

know that we're on our way. She proceeded with their clan names and we were off. We got a Mercedes Vito since we're eight people in total.

We made our way to the airport and of course Nokuhle just kept us company the whole way. She kept asking and question everything. It gets tiring at times but she's super cute. Nobuhle isn't that talkative and Thato was just beeming with excited.

We entered the jet and as always Nokuhle was talking the whole way. She kept ordering milkshakes and fries. I think she had about three before Phila's mom told her to stop. She was on such a sugar high it was a bit exhausting. This is now making me fessr having kids. How will I handle my own?

We finally landed after a few hours. Apparently we're headed to Nyanini, not far from Eshowe. These people must be my father's neighbouring

kingdom. We drove for a while, probably about 30 minutes or so until we reached a really big house. It has big gates, much like I had expected. Phila's body tensed up and I squeezed his hand as a form of affirmation. I just hope nothing and no one messes this up for us.

As we approached the gate, the guards let us in when they saw Phila's mom. We entered the yard. It's really big and has a really nice garden, much like Phila's mom's house. The house looks like a really big mansion, fit for a king.

We exited the vehicle and approached the house. We were met by someone who led us into the house. We were led to the lounge, a really big lounge with about six couches. This must be where the king holds his meetings.

We sat and waited and by that time the kids were fast asleep. The journey must have worn them out.

A woman with a really tiny figure came out. She was a bit thin, but you could tell looking at her face that she was middle-aged, probably older. She looked really displeased to see us.

Phila's mom: "Sawubona (Hello) Lindiwe. Unjani (How are you)?"

Lindiwe: "Mxm. Yazini mfazi ndini (You woman). Unesbindi sokuveza ubuso bakho la endlini yami (You have the nerve to show your face in my house.)"

Sbu got really angry and tried to stand, but Kele held him back down.

Phila's mom: "Asizelanga wena lana (We didn't come here for you), we came to see Shaka."



Lindiwe got so irritated and wanted to come towards Phila's mom, but both Phila and Sbu got up. Sbu was so angry at her, his eyes were bewildered. He charged at her and grabbed her throat. This is going to be a long day.

## Chapter Sixty

Phila

I looked at this woman and the way she spoke to my mother made all my anger towards her come back. This very same woman chased my mother out of a house my father left us, she even refused to let us receivey Father's inheritance. Meet Lindiwe Zwane; wife to my Uncle Shaka and one painful bitch in the ass.

She let us go hungry and refused to help us when we needed her most. As soon as my Father's funeral was over, she kicked us out like dogs. Sbu

and I had to fend for ourselves just to make sure our mother eats at least.

We even had to do house breakings once upon a time. I remember this one time when we were working for Mr. Zakes, a big shot gangster at the time. He sent us do to mini heists and soon enough Sbu and I upped our rank and started doing big heists like cash in transits. Imagine being a high school kid during the day and a thief at night.

That's the kind of life our royal family subjected us to. Slowly we moved from a shack to a four roomed house. I remember the night we made our first kill. We never intended to hurt anyone while stealing, but that night things took a bad turn and we had to kill one of the guards, well Sbu was the one who shot him. It was either him or Sbu, a kill or be killed situation.

Sbu couldn't sleep for days and he kept having nightmares. It was so bad we ended up having to

tell uMa about it. She got Mam'Masango to help Sbu, but it was still hard. Luckily we worked hard during high school and we had secured bursaries to go study at University. Gogo helped us here and there, but we couldn't live on handouts forever.

Sbu had his hands on this bitch's throat and she was struggling to breathe. If it wasn't for uMa, Sbu was going to kill her right then.

Ma:"Sbusiso, Let her go!"

Sbu let her go and she dropped on the floor trying to catch her breath. We heard voices coming towards us. Two women were coming, one elder, who's my grandmother and Aphiwe, the tiny bitch from Elmarie's boutique who was rude to her. The bitch I got fired!

Grandmother:"Kwenzakalani lana (What's

happening here)? Ni ras elani (Why are you making so much noise)?!"

Her eyes turned to us and she immediately changed her face.

Grandmother: "Weh, Ivy, ulethe itandane zako lana (you've brought your orphans here)?"

The kids were starting to wake up. Aphiwe looked shocked as fuck when she saw me and Zee.

Aphiwe: "Gogo, ungakhulumi kanjalo nabo (Don't speak to them like that). That giy is the one I told you about. He's famous and rich." (pointing at me)

Grandmother: "Mxm! You think just because se uvela e ma tv (you appear on tv) now you can come back and ruin our lives! I want you gone right now."

Ma:"Sorry to burst your bubble, but that just won't happen. As you can see I've brought my boys here to come and set foot on their Father's home land. We need you to do a ceremony for them and we need Shaka to be present during the lobola negotiations."

Grandmother:"Sies! (she spit on the floor) Over my dead body!"

Phila:"That can be arranged."

She gave me a look and kept shouting.

Phila:"Lalela lana (Listen here), you old fuck, angik's abi mina (I'm not afraid of you). You might have killed my father, but it will be the last person you've killed!"

She widened her eyes while everyone kept quiet.  
Uncle Shaka appeared out of nowhere.

Shaka:"Weh Lindiwe! Weh Mama! Why ni banga umsindo kangaka (Why are you making so much noise) instead of giving our guests a proper welcome?! Why are you embarrassing me, the King like this?!"

Lindiwe: (Looking down) "Ngiyaxolisa myeni wami, kodwa (I'm sorry my husband, but) ..."

She didn't even get to finish her sentence.

Shaka:"I didn't ask for your opinion. Go prepare a room for the wives and the children. They'll follow you now. Leave us at once!"

Grandmother:"Mina angiyi ndawo (I'm not going anywhere)."

Uncle Shaka looked so frail and much older than he should look. He was even using a stick as an aid to walk. This doesn't look very right.

Shaka:"Weh, ma. I'm the king of this kingdom and I said LEAVE!"

He roared and she quickly left.

Phila:"Our wives are going nowhere. I don't want them to come back in bodybags."

Zee stepped in and I just wish she hadn't.

Zee:"It's okay, Phila. We'll be fine. We'll call if we

need anything. The kids need some rest."

She left with Kele and the kids, leaving uMa, Sbu and I with him. Aphiwe also disappeared with Zinhle and followed Zee and Kele.

Shaka:"I was hoping you'd come Ivy. As you can see I'm not well."

What I couldn't get is why was uMa so calm about this?! This man killed her husband. The very man who was supposed to be my Father's brother!

Ma:"Yebo, Shaka. Mxolisi kept bothering me to come see you. I can see you're frail. Why haven't you been to the doctor?"

Mxolisi is my late Father's name.



Shaka:"I need to tell you something, but I'm afraid the walls have ears. Please follow me to the garden."

We followed him reluctantly. We went to the furthest end of the house. This house must be under deep surveillance but with kids like Aphiwe, I wouldn't be surprised if they spy on him.

Shaka:"I think I know who killed your father. uMxolisi came to our house saying I had called him for dinner. I never did that in fact I never recall doing such a thing. When I checked my phone, there was no trace of the call to your father, bafana bami (my boys). Your father and I were so close, just like you two. We got on like a house on fire.

uMa never liked it. She always favoured me more than Mxo and I never understood why she did such a thing. When he came that night, I was surprised but we had dinner anyway. To my surprise he

started complaining of a stomach ache after we were done eating.

We both had the same thing to eat yet he died that night. I held him in my arms and I tried my best, but he died right there in my arms. I don't know who told you I never liked your father. I loved him dearly, and he was my elder brother. He was destined to be on the throne and yet he never wanted it."

Sbu:"Mxm, how do we know you're not lying to us?"

Shaka:"Because a week ago I ate some food as usual prepared by my wife and I started feeling the same way your father felt that evening. Luckily I didn't have much of an appetite and I didn't eat much. I was vomiting so much but my wife insisted it was a stomach bug.

I got my traditional healer to visit me in secret and

she gave me some herbs. She told me I was poisoned by the very same poison your father had in his system when he died. As I'm standing here before you my kidneys are shutting down and it's all because of the poison. History is repeating itself, bafana bami (my boys). I would like to do right by you before I go to my resting place."

What the fuck?! Lindiwe killed my father and now she's out to get my uncle?! Sbu and I gave each other the look. That look we give each other when we know we have to kill someone and this time make sure she is dead!

## Chapter Sixty One

Phila

All this now makes sense. Lindiwe's reaction doesn't surprise me much, but my grandmother's. I wouldn't be surprised that she was in on this. She

really hated my father and now she is passing it onto us. uMa knew about this since ubaba (dad) had been visiting her in her dreams for the past few weeks.

Lindiwe is going to pay big time. She took my father away from me and I'll make sure she pays.

Ziyanda

Kele and I followed Lindiwe and Aphiwe to one of the bedrooms. I still dislike Aphiwe and I can't believe she and Phila are somehow related. She was even afraid to speak or say anything to me. Lindiwe on the other hand was very nasty and it was getting really irritating. Maybe it's my hormones but lately I just don't have time for bullshit.

Lindiwe:"Come in here. Don't get too comfortable.

We don't always host commoners in our grand palace."

Kele and I just kept quiet and got the kids in bed.

Lindiwe:"Aphiwe here is my niece. She told me all about the scene your little husband caused and got her fired. I don't even know what Phila sees in you. You're just a fat goat. Aphiwe here could look really better beside him."

We still kept quiet and I tried to remain calm but I was on my very last bar of remaining calm. I could feel my calmness running out.

Lindiwe:"Hehe, yazi (you know), your husbands might have some money, but they'll still be low lives. They will always be lower than dirt in my eyes. I don't even know what you two are doing here, you're not even married yet and you sure as hell aren't

royal."

I couldn't take it anymore and I just lost it. I got up from the bed and stared her right in the eye. I thought of Joyous Celebration's 'Ska nsheba wang nyatsa'.

Zee:"Listen here, you toothpick and you better listen good! Angizelanga wena la (I didn't come here for you), I came here for Phila. I don't get your useless fuss about this shithole you call a house because compared to mine, it's a fucking tin!

Take a good look at Kele and I; we're here to stay. If I were you I wouldn't mess with us because once Cobra and Mamba are unleashed, you'll be sorry. Now get the fuck out of my face so we can rest!"

Aphiwe was so frightened she nearly pissed her pants. Lindiwe was so appalled, but she just

wouldn't stop. The next thing I knew she slapped me so hard I nearly lost my balance. I don't know where I got the confidence from, but I was so fed up with people thinking I'm nothing but a pushover. I looked at her and punched her in the face and watched her as she fell on the floor.

Aphiwe:"Aunty! Yoh, nawe! Mr. Zwane is not going to like what you did. Masihambe (Let's go)."

Kele:"Zee, please calm down. It's not good for the babies."

Lindiwe became even more shocked when she heard the last part. She got up and started insulting me again. I was so tired and ready to get out of there. The next thing she kicked me in my stomach. I felt such a hard blow I fell on the floor on my knees and I screamed.

Me:"Ah!"

Kele:"Look what you've done, you evil woman!"

Aphiwe was trembling as she ran out. I was still on the floor while the kids were crying. They must have woken up when Lindiwe started shouting and swearing at me.

Lindiwe:"Sies! You will never be a part of this family. You and those filthy men you call your husbands! I should've gotten rid of them when I had the chance."

As she was about to leave, Phila, Sbu, King Shaka and Phila's mom rushed into the room. There was so much chaos, but all I kept focusing on was the pain I was feeling.



Shaka: (Angered) "Lindiwe, kwenzalani la (What's happening here)? Is it true what Aphiwe told us?"

Phila rushed to my side and I could see how bewildered he was. Lindiwe started crying and acting like a victim holding her bruised cheek.

Nokuhle: (Crying) "Uncle Phila, lo mama umshayile uAunty (This woman hit aunty). She slapped and kicked her in the tummy calling her names."

Phila got so angry the next thing he was on top of Lindiwe punching her non-stop. Phila's mom kept begging him to stop, while King Shaka just kept quiet. I've never seen Phila so angry and I've never seen him snap so much. Phila's mom tried to get me to stand and the next thing I felt something warm flow down my legs.

Kele:"Oh, no, Zee! You're bleeding!"

From there it was lights out. All I saw was darkness.

Phila

When Aphiwe rushed to us and told her that Lindiwe attacked my wife, I just lost it. When we walked in there and saw her bent over on the floor, I just couldn't handle it. We just heard the news that she might have poisoned our father and now she tried to kill my wife and unborn children when we haven't even been here for a full day!

I was lost in my own world. I was no longer Phila, I was no the black Mamba. I suddenly came back to my senses. Killing her right now would be far too easy. I heard Kele and My mother screaming that Zee was bleeding and I quickly got up. Lindiwe's face was badly bruised and she was bleeding. My grandmother came rushing and she also started

sweating.

Grandmother: "Kwenzekalani lana (What's happening here)?! Wena (You) Ivy, you brought your two savages here to kill my daughter-in-law?!"

She wanted to open her mouth even further, but Sbu held her by her throat.

Sbu: "Ungazong'nyanyisa (Don't annoy me) wena! You never loved our father, you never loved us! We're going to the hospital and were taking uMalume with us. Ma si buya lana (When we come back) you two had better hope and pray that Zee and the babies make it, otherwise it's going to be your last day on this earth today."

He let go of her throat and she kept gasping for air.

Grandmother:"Shaka! You're just going to stand there and watch them humiliate us in our own kingdom?!"

Uncle Shaka said nothing and walked out with us. I picked Zee up, while Kele and Sbu took the kids. uMa helped uncle Shaka walked towards the car. We all drove off leaving my grandmother shouting and screaming behind us.

I'm pissed as fuck. This is just why I didn't want to be here. I called Drake and asked him to fly over while we're on our way to a nearby hospital. I sent a helicopter over to fetch him so he can be here sooner.

I can't wait any longer. I don't trust these rural hospitals and Lindiwe had better hope and pray that my wife and kids make it, otherwise she can start preparing to meet her ancestors.

## Chapter Sixty Two

Phila

We rushed to the hospital in high speed. The ride to the hospital was very quiet, you could hear a needle drop. Zee was still bleeding and I just didn't know what to do anymore. I just had tears in my eyes. Dear God, I just found my Zee again, I can't lose her now. We cannot lose our unborn children. Not now.

We rushed inside the hospital and the nurses assisted us. They took Zee away and we all sat on the benches. I booked rooms at a nearby guest house for us since we can't let the women and kids go back to that evil house. I couldn't get a hotel since they are a bit far from this area. Drake arrived after an hour. The nurses told him where Zee was but I was still not allowed into the room.

I kept pacing up and down the waiting area, while ma kept praying silently and Sbu just had a blank stare in his eyes.

Ma: "Hlala phanzi (Sit down), Nkos enye. You'll make us dizzy with your pacing."

Phila: "Ngiyaxolis a (I'm sorry), ma. Angis azi ukuthi ngiyenzeni (I just don't know what to do anymore)."

Sbu: "Kuzolunga (It'll be okay), Bafo. Let's just wait for Drake to come with some good news."

Just then Drake walked out wearing his white coat and gloves. I quickly got up and so did everyone else. All this while Uncle Shaka was sitting on his chair with holding his cane.

Phila: "Drake, mfwethu (my man), please tell me

she's okay."

Drake: (Looked down)"She suffered a serious blow to her abdomen. She woke up and explained what happened. She said Lindiwe kicked her on her stomach. She lost a lot of blood..."

Phila:"J ust tell me the babies are okay, please."

I was pleading and hoping for thr best.

Drake: (Shaking his head) "I'm sorry, Mamba, she lost the pregnancy."

Those words felt like I was being cut deep my a sharp knife that would stay there permanently. I fell on my knees and let out a loud wail. uMa held me and told me it would all be okay. Sbu had tears in his eyes while Uncle Shaka let his fall down his

cheeks. How can the world be so cruel? How can we get good news and have the babies taken away from us so soon?

Ziyanda

I woke up in a hospital bed with drips attached to my wrist. I still felt a lot of pain in my stomach. I tried getting up, but Drake stopped me. When did he get here? I suddenly had a recollection of what happened earlier on. Lindiwe kicked me in the stomach. How can a person be so cruel?! I hope my babies are okay, oh dear Lord please let them be okay.

Drake:"Please relax, Zee. You suffered a lot of trauma. You can't get up."

Me:"Are my babies okay, Drake?"



He kept quiet. I know silence after a question is not a good sign.

Me:"Are they okay, Drake?! Please tell me they're okay?!"

Drake just looked at me and I had tears flow down my cheeks.

Drake:"I'm sorry, Zee. You lost the babies. I'm so sorry."

I cried out loud as he left the room. How can the world be so cruel to me?! I've been nothing but obedient, but I still am always the recipient of pain. Barely three months into my relationship with Phila and already I've had so many misfortunes. I've lost three babies and I'm not even 30 yet.

Phila walked in after a short while with red eyes. I couldn't help but break down when I saw the sight. I'm such a failure. I couldn't give Lunga the one thing he needed and now I have failed Phila with the same thing. Maybe it's high time I accept that my life is a mess and I'm too damaged to be loved.

Phila hugged me as we cried together.

Phila: "I'm so sorry, Sthandwa sami (My love). I'm really sorry. I shouldn't have let you go into that room without me. I'm so sorry for letting you come with me. Please forgive me, Ziyanda, please."

I cried even louder. Now he feels like it's all his fault. My presence in people's lives just opens up room for collateral damage.

Me: (sobbing) "I... It's not your fault, Phila. It really isn't. I shouldn't have punched her after she

slapped me. I just couldn't handle it. I lost it and now my babies are gone forever even before we could know how far along I was. Maybe we should call it quits, Phila. I'm bad news. Nothing ever goes right in my life."

I could see how that statement broke him to the core. He looked at me with pain in his eyes.

Phila:"You're not leaving me, Zee. I'll never allow it. This wasn't your fault. Lindiwe has gone too far and it's time for that bitch to die."

I didn't even feel scared or upset by him saying that this time.

Me:"I hope you do it soon and make it slow and painful."

He stared at me with shock but he nodded his head in agreement. It's high time people knew I'm not anyone's doormat.

Phila

I let Zee sleep after an hour of crying and consoling her. She's a mess, I'm a mess, but I need to sort out this shit as soon as possible. I checked my phone and saw dozens of missed calls from Gogo and Mamasango. I was wrapped up in all this chaos that I didn't even hear my phone ring. I decided to call Mamasango back.

Mam'Masango: "Weh, mfana wami (my boy), kunini ngi founa (I've been calling). Unjani uZee (How's Zee)? Abaphansi (the ancestors) were warning me when I called you, but it's too late now. I'm sorry mfana wami (my boy)."

Tears started flowing down my cheeks again as uMa, Sbu and Uncle Shaka stared at me.

Phila:"Yebo (Yes), Ma. Kunzima (It's hard), kodwa ngiyazama (but I'm trying). Zee is not coping at all. I need to sort out Lindiwe once and for all."

Mam'Masango:"Yima kancane (Wait a minute), ungabuyeli lapho (don't go back there) until we arrive. We're in the helicopter. Mina no (Me and) Khanyisa no Nomsa siyeza lapho (are on our way)."

Phila:"Alright, ma. Kulungile (Okay)."

As I was about to hang up, she started making weird sounds and burping, she said something that caught me off guard.

Mam'Masango:"Yima lapho (Wait), Phila. Tshela

uSbu a yo checka uKele nabantwana (Tell Sbu to go check on Kele and the kids). Danger is lurking in the Zwane family. M'tshele asheshise (Tell him to hurry). Wena sala no Malume wakho no Zee no Ivy (You stay with your uncle and Zee and your mom)."

She hung up and I started panicking. I told Sbu what Mam'Masango said. He left in a state as uMa, Uncle Shaka and I were left puzzled. Uncle Shaka sent some of his security to go with Sbu. What is happening?! Why am I being punished like this! I can take a lot of pain, but not with my Zee.

I kept pacing up and down while Drake took uncle Shaka to one of the wards to get assessed. So much shit is happening right now, but I need to keep my cool. Sbu came back within 30 minutes looking pissed as fuck.

Ma:"Sbusiso, yini (What is it)?!

Sbu:"She's gone, ma. They took Kele and Thato!  
They're fucking gone!"

## Chapter Sixty Three

Sbu

I rushed to the guest house and found the room in a mess. My girls were crying hysterically and Kele and Thato were nowhere to be found. I searched the room frantically and sent the guards Uncle Shaka lend me to check everywhere.

What fucking baffles me is that no one was here to look after the kids even after they could have heard them screaming in the room! Where the fuck was the security in this guesthouse? Where was management?!

I took the twins to the car and asked the driver to watch them while I go search for some answers. We search every damn room! I even interrogated the couple next door. I slapped the woman a couple of times to get the stupid man to talk, but all he said was he heard a woman and children screaming and he called Reception, but no one came. This is without a doubt that Management was indeed bribed.

I went to reception and launched at the woman in charge. I didn't waste time and I grabbed her throat.

Sbu:"Where the fuck are they?! Where's my wife and son?! Who took them?!"

As she was about to speak another white woman came from the kitchen and started yelling that she's calling the cops. I took out my gun and shot her in the shoulder and she screamed out in pain. I pushed the one I was grabbing onto the chair.



Sbu:"Now, are you ready to talk or are you ready to die?! You choose!"

Woman1:"I swear. I didn't do anything. Two women came in with two big men holding guns. They pointed a gun at me and told me to keep quiet. I did as instructed. She (pointing at the white woman I shot) is the one who took the money. She told me not to even go and check on the children who were left crying."

I focused my attention on the bleeding white woman on the floor.

Sbu:"Manje wena (And now you), white bitch! You sold my woman and son for money?! How much did they pay you?!"

Woman2:"Please... Please don't kill me. I just did

what they asked."

Sbu:"Voets ek (piss off), I asked you a question and you had better answer me."

Woman2:"They gave me R5000."

Sbu: (Chuckling) "They gave you a measly 5k and you didn't even bother to call me or the cops?! What the fuck did they look like?"

Woman2:"They... They looked black."

She still has time to be racist at a time like this?

Sbu:"Fucking obviously, white bitch. We're in a village in Kwazulu Natal. Of course they're black. I meant describe them before I cut your tongue out."

Woman2:"She... They... One looked tall, very tall with a burnt face. Her one eye was gray, it looked like she was half blind. The other one looked short and thin, light with blonde hair."

What the fuck?! Did she just describe Natasha and Sharon?! What the fuck is Natasha doing back?! She's supposed to be dead!

Sbu:"And the men? Describe the men!"

Woman2:"Please, I'm bleeding to death."

Sbu:"Keep making me repeat myself and I won't get you any help."

Woman2:"They... They looked really big. They had the same tattoo on the left side of their neck. A

tatto of a scorpion or something like that."

No fucking way! Scorpion is in on this?! That's our worst enemy.

Sbu:"Anything else?!"

Woman2:"They... They left a note. It's there on top of the desk."

She pointed at the reception desk and the black girl passed me the note. It took them fucking long enough to tell me this shit.

I grabbed the note and looked at the white woman on the floor.

Sbu:" This is for your racist ass accepting money in

exchange for people's lives."

I shot her in the other arm and she screamed out in pain. I then looked at her again.

Sbu:"This is for your racist ass telling her (pointing at the black girl at reception) not to go check on my kids while they were screaming their lungs out."

I shot her left thigh and she screamed again.

Sbu:"This one is for failing to call me or the cops, and for being a greedy bitch."

I shot her right thigh and she screamed out again. I looked at the black girl, took out my phone and logged onto my baking app.

Sbu:"What's your account number?"

Woman1: (Frigtened) "1568790234".

I transferred R100 000 into her bank account. She checked her phone and her eyes opened up in disbelief.

Sbu:"This is for you. Start your own business and stop working for racist white bitches who won't let you look after your own. If I ever come back here and find you answering to someone else, you'll pay me back every single cent."

I walked out and stood at the porch.

I read the note: "I told you I'd come back for revenge. I'm taking all that belongs to you-Scorpion."

Fuck! This is a fucking mess! I know we promised Mr. Zakes that Mamba and I would never go after Scorpion ever again after what he did to me. It's war now."

## Chapter Sixty Four

Zodwa Ngcobo

Adonia called me even after she started ignoring me when I lost everything. She told me Ziyanda has lost her unborn children. I'm very pleased to hear that. Perhaps things can now start moving in my favour. I'll be able to regain my son's empire very soon.

I heard Belinda was shot in the head and is currently in hospital. I'm very pleased to hear that since she's in hospital on her death bed since she thought she would fuck my David and fall pregnant without me finding out.

I'm not even mad at her. I'll just sacrifice the child as part of my plan. Adonia had better work on her plan real soon. I'll show Nomsa, Khanyisa and everyone who fucked with me not to mess with me ever again. Lunga has gotten better now. He can walk and talk perfectly. Now it's time for revenge.

Lunga

I've been stalking Zee all over social media, I even sent her friend requests and DMs under a different name, but she hasn't even bothered to respond to any of my messages. I know I look like a stalker, but I just can't help it. Ma brought all my furniture and clothes from my house before she sold it. I can't stop smelling Zee's clothes.

I miss her beautiful body and her amazing caramel skin. I can't get her out of my mind. She's all I think



about in the morning, afternoon and in the evening. Ma thinks I'm crazy and I should just forget about her, but I can't. She's the only woman who's ever loved me for who I am. I'll be damned if I let Phila marry her.

Lindiwe Zwane

I got Khwezi, my mother-in-Law and also Shaka's mother to care for my wounds. Phila really moered me, even my lips burst open. I'm in so much pain, but not as much pain as he is in since I kicked that whore in the stomach. Adonia let me know before they walked in there that Phila and Sbu will be coming with their future wives and that they are both pregnant with twins.

I couldn't let this chance slip away from me. I had to kill the full royal twins which belonged to Phila and Zee. They were going to be next in line right after Phila or Sbu decide to take over the throne. I

should've gotten rid of those two brats when I had the chance. I had to poison Mxolisi since his father, King Zuri, always wanted Mxolisi to be the preceding King as he was the oldest.

Mxolisi wanted nothing to do with the Kingdom, but the love and obedience he had for his father was a threat to me. Shaka didn't even want to fight for the throne. I had to become Queen at all costs so I did what I had to do with the help of Khwezi.

Now that Shaka keeps saying he wants to step down as King and let Phila or Sbu run as it is their birthright, I couldn't let it happen. My son has to be the next king so I poisoned him just like I did his brother. The fool didn't die. Now Khwezi and I have to come up with plan B.

Khwezi:"Ai, nawe, Lindiwe. Did you have to beat her up? You messed up a good plan. We were going to poison them all on the day of the ceremony. But

your stupid head just had to go and ruin everything."

Lindiwe:"Ngiyaxolis a (I'm sorry), ma. I just got too excited. My son cannot lose out to being king. These people caught us off guard."

Khwezi:"Khululeka (Relax). When they come back here you just have to play nice."

Aphiwe came in.

Aphiwe:"Aunty, you shouldn't have done what you did. You don't know who Phila and Sbu are. You're playing wih fire."

Lindiwe: (Annoyed) "Utheni wena mntwana ndini (What did you just say, you stupid child)?! You must know your place. Don't forget I took you in

and I can take you back to poverty in a heartbeat."

Aphiwe:"I didn't mean any disrespect, Aunty, but Phila is the Black Mamba."

I suddenly got frustrated and weak in my knees. No! It can't be!

Lindiwe:"You're wrong! Where would Phila get all that power?!"

Aphiwe:"I'm telling you, aunty. Ask your connections. You just messed with a very powerful man!"

Khwezi:"Hayi ke! Lindiwe, all this ia your doing! You came up with the plan in any case. You're on your own now. Mina ngizophila yonke lento (I'm going to deny everything)."

Lindiwe: (angry)"Don't you dare! Weren't you the one who gave me the poison to kill your own son? Your very first born son?! If I go down I'll take you with me!"

Queen Zinhle Gumede (Wife of King Bonginkosi Gumede)

I've been so frustrated ever since that old witch came here with her whore of a daughter.

Bonginkosi has been so distracted ever since. He hardly even touches me anymore. I don't get it.

Adonia promised me the muthi would work forever.

I mean I've been using it for the past 25 years on

him and he's never defied me. He's been going up and down preparing for Ziyanda's ceremony. He's

never been this excited for any of our children. I

gave him boys, all boys and now all of a sudden

he's excited about his bastard child?! I need to get

the bottom of this. Adonia had better not mess with

me.

Adonia: "Zinhle, ufunani (What do you want)?"

Zinhle: "Weh, Adonia, azange uthi lo muthi uzong's ebezela waya waya (Didn't you say this muthi would work forever)?"

Adonia: (Deep sigh) "Yazi (You know) you nina royal wives ni ya dina (you royal wives are irritating). You think the world revolves around you. If it's not Lindiwe on my back, it's you. Now that Ziyanda had a miscarriage you call me for your husband. Hai (no) man."

Zinhle: "Wait. Ziyanda lost her pregnancy?"

Adonia: "Yes. Don't look so surprised. You were planning on poisoning her this weekend, but

Lindiwe beat you to it. She kicked her right in the gut."

Zinhle: (Shocked) "At least she solved the problem for me."

Adonia:"I wouldn't be so happy if I were you. Phila is coming for Lindiwe all guns blazing and if you also keep misbehaving, you're going to die too."

I swallowed hard.

Zinhle:"But that's why I have you on my side."

Adonia: (chuckling) "Zinhle, I'm a sorcerer. I can't compete with what's coming. Zinhle's ancestors are strong and now I can't even use her dead babies because Florah already worked on that. Solve your man another way. That muthi won't work. Your

spell is broken, darli. Bonginkosi is still in love with Nomsa, that's true love. Unless you kill her, you can forget about your husband ever touching you again. I have to go, duty calls."

She hung up. Why is this bitch Zinhle so fucking special?!

Gog'Khanyi

As soon as I heard about my Ziyanda's miscarriage, I just lost it. I didn't even waste any time and got Nomsa and Florah on the chopper (Helicopter). I don't know why my poor baby has to suffer like this, but Lindiwe is going to suffer dearly.

We walked into the hospital and things just spiraled from bad to worse in an instant. I found Sbu shouting and Phila looked like a dead corpse walking. Ivy was in tears, oh mngani wami (my



friend).

Gog'Khanyi: "Bafana bami (my boys), What's happening?"

Sbu:"Kele and Thato are gone. Natasha and Sharon took them!"

Phila got shocked and decided to speak.

Phila:"Kanjani (How), bafo (brother)? I killed her. I made sure of it."

Gog'Khanyi:"How did you kill her?"

Phila:"I tortured her, I ripped off a few fingers and toes and threw her in a pool of acid. I had to rush out of there because there were gunshots going

off."

Mam'Masango:"She's not dead. She's disfigured, but not dead. I told you to do this ceremony sooner, now your old enemy is back. Sbusiso, show him the note."

Phila read a note from Scorpion. I thought Zakes sorted out his little lapdog brother. So that boy is working with Sharon and Natasha to bring us down and he kidnapped Kele and Thato?! Now I have to intervene. These boys have become sloppy as fuck! I need to remind a few people ukuthi (that) I'm khanyisa and I only speak once!

Chapter Sixty Five

Phila

I'm so disappointed in myself. I should have made sure that bitch Natasha was dead when I went to

finish her off in Italy. How could I be so sloppy?! I always finish the job on a clean slate at that. Now my wife is in pain, Kele and Thato are missing. We have to find them soon. Tony is busy on it.

Their last location was Cape Town. We got our guys to check them there, but it was a dead end. Scorpion must have had a serious upgrade. I'll have to find them soon, or else I'll have to involve Pierro. Once I find those two bitches I'll make sure they tell hell all about me.

Mam'Masango kept checking with her underground gang (ancestors) to see if they're still alive and if she could track them using their spirit guides.

Nomsa has been in Zee's ward consoling her. I just don't even know what to do because whenever I walk into her room, I break down.

Gog'Khanyi:"Bathini manje Florah (What are they saying now)?"

Mam'Masango:"Eish, Kunzima (It's tough). I can feel their presence which means they're still alive, kodwa I can't Track them."

Sbu:"What does that mean, manje (now) ma?"

Mam'Masango:"Mfana wami (My boy), it means that this was meant to be. Whatever is going to happen is the will of God."

I suddenly felt a cold chill down my spine. Sbu must have felt it too because he suddenly looked nervous and he started shaking.

Sbu: (teary-eyed) "Usho kanjani ma (What do you mean, ma)?"

Mam'Masango:"I mean exactly that. Abaphansi bathi kumele ba amukele imoya ya bantwana bayi thathu (The ancestors are saying they have to welcome the souls of three children)."

I felt like the whole world was coming to an end, like I was in a movie. What does she mean three kids?!

Phila:"Mam' Florah, ngiyakucela uchaze kahle, please (Please explain clearer)."

Mam'Masango:"They have already welcomed your unborn children Phila, before evil could take them. They have been welcomed and are safe on the other side. There is still space for one of the Zwane children that they have to welcome. I don't know which one it is between Thato and the unborn twins."

Sbu had tears running down his eyes.

Sbu: "Please Mam'Forah, do something! Anything!"

Mam'Masango: "Ngiyaxolis a mfana wami (I'm sorry, my boy). This has to happen. Nothing you do will stop it. You need to start searching now. We have a long road ahead of us."

I felt so defeated. I've already lost my children, now I can't imagine how Sbu must feel. He just found Thato, he can't lose him now. When he's angry he loses control. I can't afford for that to happen.

Kele

I woke up with cold water being thrown on my face. I opened my eyes and I couldn't recognize the place I was in. I couldn't move my hands or legs, I was

tied to a chair. My head hurts so badly. Suddenly my heart started beating faster as I remembered what happened before I got here

I was in the room with the kids and getting them tucked in bed. I was about to get up and lock the door to get some shut eye, then the door flung open. I was in serious shock. Two big men came in with guns and I assumed I was being robbed.

They told me not to make any noise or they would kill me. I begged them not to hurt the kids, but one of them took Thata and the other grabbed me, leaving the twins crying on the bed. I tried screaming for help but I got knocked out and I don't remember anything else.

I looked up as I heard a familiar voice and tears fell down my face as I recognized the person in front of me. I looked to my right and I saw my baby Thato also tied to a chair crying. More tears fell as I

couldn't even hold or comfort my son.

Sharon:"J ah wena (Yes you), four eyes. You thought you could take my man and I would leave you just like that?"

Natasha: (Laughing) "Ai, waitse difebe tse tsa di kobo (you know these ugly bitches). They think they can take anyone's man without consequences."

I looked at Natasha with so much shock and horror. She looked so different. She was wearing an eye patch on her left eye, while the whole left side of her face was burnt. Her arms were disfigured almost like she was skinned alive.

Sharon:"I'll make you regret ever meeting Sbu wena, Sfebe ndini (you whore)."



Kele:"Please, please let me go. You can have him."

Sharon: (Laughing) "That's not what you said when you were busy with him! You let him humiliate me! I even offered you second place, but you refused!"

Natasha:"Do you see what Phila did to me? I'm ugly now! He thought I died, but oh, no. My Scorpion ressurected me. Pity I won't say the same about you or your son. This is getting boring, Shaz. Let's kill the kid."

Sharon:"No, man. are you crazy?! We just kidnapped them to send a message to Sbu and Phila. We weren't supposed to kill them, Natasha. That wasn't what we agreed upon."

Natasha:"Well, plans change."

She took out a gun and Sharon begged her.

Kele:"Please! I'll do anything just don't hurt my son, please!"

I was pleading onto deaf ears. Natasha threw Sharon down to the floor.

Natasha:"You're so weak, man. You can't be afraid of Sbu even now. He discarded you like trash."

She pointed the gun at Thato and looked at me.

Natasha:"Sorry, hun. This is just business."

As she said that she pulled the trigger. I heard a loud gunshot and I screamed out in pain. I looked at my Thato and he was bleeding. His body lifeless

on that chair. Oh, Lord. What have I done to deserve this?!

## Chapter Sixty Six

Kele

They say when life gives you lemons, you must make lemonade, but what do you do when you witness your only child, a child who raised under circumstances of distress being shot in front of you like a damn dog. She should have shot me instead, I would have taken that bullet any day for my son.

I sat on my chair crying until I had no more tears left. I begged God to bring him back. I begged and begged, but I guess He wasn't hearing me. I can now only pray that Thato forgives me wherever his soul going right now.

Sharon:"Natasha! You weren't supposed to kill him!

You weren't supposed to kill anyone! Do you have any idea what you've just done?! That is an innocent child, Natasha!"

Natasha:"U bua thata le wena man (You talk too much)". This was your idea anyway, you're the one who approached me, isn't it? You said you wanted revenge, now that you're getting it you're complaining?! Ska mbora (Don't bore me). Help me get rid of this body."

They untied my Thato and picked him up like a useless animal and took him away. Ans just like that, it was the last time I saw my son.

Sbu

We've been searching all day and night for Kele and Thato. I haven't slept a wink, I feel like all this is a shitty dream. I feel like my own mind is playing

games on me. When I find those bitches, I'm going to make sure everyone remembers how they died.

We went to book ourselves a Penthouse at a more decent Hotel with beefed up security. We also got extra security for Uncle Shaka and Zee at the hospital. We need to sort out this mess asap. Just as I was thinking, Mam'Masango started making those funny noises again.

Sbu:"What is it, ma?"

Mam'Masango: (Shaking head) "Kunzima, mfana wami (It's tough, my boy). His spirit, I can't feel it anymore."

I felt like my soul was leaving my body at that moment.

Sbu:"Usho kanjani (What do you mean)?!

Mam'Masango:"I mean he's gone, mfana wami (my boy). He's no longer part of the physical world."

I felt like I was about to die and collapsed on the floor. I wailed so much that Phila comforted me. Everyone went silent in the room, but they were all crying. Mam'Masango was praying for my son's spirit to find the Zwane's on the other side since we never introduced him to my family.

Out of all the pain one could ever experience in the world, losing a child especially in such a painful manner is the worst. I feel hollow, and so enraged. Natasha, Sharon and Scorpion had better run because I'll find them and skin them all alive. As for Natasha, it's an eye for an eye. Mam'Masango could sense my wrath and thoughts.

Mam'Masango:"Sbusiso, ngiyazi kub'hlungu, mfana wami (I know it's painful, my boy). But you are not a child killer, you do not kill innocent souls. Don't even think about it."

Sbu:"Kanjani (How), ma? Kele is still missing and my unborn kids are in danger!"

Mam'Masango:"It was meant to be, Sbusiso. Kele and the babies remain protected. Thato served his purpose here on earth. Your father had welcomed him on the other side and they'll work hand in hand to protect Kele and your unborn children. Wena work on finding them."

Sbu:"But we've searched everywhere in this country."

Mam'Masango:"Start looking for uZachariah. He'll help you."

Gog'Khanyi:"Kodwa uZakes has been M.I.A since the 90s."

Mam'Masango:"Put your feelings aside and start thinking broader. What I can tell you is that they are no longer in this country. Kodwa (But) Zachariah is right here in this country. He's in Cape Town. I don't know where kodwa. That's all the ancestors are revealing."

Phila:"I'll go look for Mr. Zakes with Sbu."

Mam'Masango: (Shaking head) "Cha (No), wena stay here and look after Zee and Malume (Uncle) Shaka. You still have to help him. His kidneys have shut down and he must rely on dialysis. Zinhle is on the run. She knows who you are, Aphiwe told her."



Gog'Khanyi:"Leave Zinhle to me. I'll sort her out by the end of the day."

Mam'Masango:"We'll have to postpone ums ebenzi ka Zee (Zee's ceremony), but we still have to do both as soon as possible. Wena Phila get her to agree. Ni hambeni kahle (Go well)."

Kele

I must have dozed off because I was awoken by voices of people arguing. I opened my eyes and I was on the floor and some thin mattress. My body was aching badly, but at least I wasn't tied up anymore. I struggled seeing properly because I didn't have my glasses on.

A big man had his hands on Natasha's throat yelling at her.

Scorpion:"Yey wena Selo ke wena (you thing)! Ga kao botsa gore o ska sata daai laatie (Didn't I tell you not to kill that child)?! Do I look like a child killer to you?! Do you want them to kill our son as well?! O setlaela sa mosadi waitse (You're an idiot for a woman, you know)! Nkabe ke khethile Sharon instead of you(I should've chosen Sharon). Wa kgona go denka die cherry (She can think) unlike wena (you)!"

He threw her on the floor and kicked her.

Scorpion:"Look how you traumatized Kele now. O ka bolaya ngwana pele ga mmae, s febe kwena (How can you kill a child right in his mother's eyes, you slut)?!"

He kicked her while she was on the floor.

Scorpion:"Bona o bjang nou (Look at you now), o

fyele mmele o ohle (your whole body is burnt), o di useless goods, mos (you're useless goods). Or maybe nka te steyela cherry ya Sbu (Or maybe I can take Sbu's woman), plus bona di khefa tsela (look at those curves)."

Natasha was on the floor crying, while Sharon was just staring at her.

Natasha:"O rile wa nrata (You said you loved me), Scorpion."

Scorpion: (Chuckling) "That was before you tried to pawn my son to Phila. Wa bona obsession ya gao le Phila e re beile kae (You see where your obsession with Phila has gotten us)? Ne o le lepyatla sani, nou o bodile fela (You were hot, man, now you're rotten)."

He came close to me and I got frightened as I stood

up.

Scorpion:"Aowa, Kelebogile. Don't be afraid, baby. I came to give you your glasses so you could take a good look at your new husband."

He gave me my glasses and I put them on. I saw the scariest man I've ever seen in my life. He was big with lots of muscles, dark in complexion, with a scorpion tattoo on the left side of his face. The whole left side of his face was burnt just like Natasha's. His left eye was also grey. Now I see why they call him Scorpion. I swallowed hard as I stared at him.

Scorpion:"Ska nts haba (Don't be afraid of me), sweet baby. This is what your darling ex boyfriend and his twin brother did to me. Every time you look at me make love to you, you'll hate Sbu because he's a monster. I'm not a monster, baby. Ke tlo go tshwara fresh (I'm going to treat you very well). O

tlo bona (You'll see). Emella ke go bone pila (Stand up so I can take a good look at you)."

I took his scary hand and stood up. I could barely stand because my whole body was still in so much pain. Scorpion looked at me like he was impressed and that made me even more scared.

Scorpion:"A re ye, baby wa ka (Let's go, my baby). On that note, let me take this (He removed my ring from my finger). From now on you'll be my wife. These two skinny bitches ba tlo utlwa ka wena nou (will be taking orders from you from now on). Wena o dese sani (you're so hot, man), my african yellow bone. Let me go show you your new home."

We walked out of that smelly room leaving Natasha and Sharon in there. The both of them still looked at me with eyes full of envy. I don't understand how stupid women could be. How can you envy a woman who is being held captive?

I was so scared at this point all I wanted to do was die, but I remembered that I have two lives who are depending on me to survive so they could make it into this world. I need to get out of here real fast. If I can just find a way to call Sbu.

Now that Scorpion took the only memory left to Sbu, my ring, I'll never be able to miss him on my own terms. Am I going to be Scorpion's new sex slave?! I said a silent prayer to myself as I walked into a big house which I assumed belongs to Scorpion. "Dear God, I need you now more than ever. Please save me from this misery. Amen"

## Chapter Sixty Seven

Three days later

Sbu

After the news Mam'Florah gave us, I was just in a shitty mess. My son, my only son is gone and all at the hands of other people. Am I really that evil? I only got to meet him a few days ago and now he's been taken a way from me. I made a vow that I'll do anything to protect Kele and my kids and that's what I intend to do. The twins have been so restless at night. Mam'Florah says that they can sense Thato is gone and we just need to appease his spirit at my Father's home.

We've been searching everywhere for those bitches and no one has seen them. We have found a few people who work for Scorpion, but they all say the same thing; that they left the country and that's all they know. Even after we beat them up and tortured them.

I finally managed to track Mr. Zakes. Apparently he lives in Cape Town now, who would have thought? A small time criminal like him making it big like this.

He's even hard to track down. I must say, I'm impressed.

We're headed to my Father's home today after Zee gets discharged. We have managed to get Uncle Shaka brand new kidneys, all thanks to his generous wife. Now all we have to do is get this stupid ceremony under way and we'll be headed to Cape Town to my mother's house.

We'll deal with the wedding and everything else once we find Kele. We're yet to find my son's body. My guys have been working tirelessly and I know that they'll find him. At least I should bring him home and give him a dignified burial. It's the least I can do.

Gog'Khanyi

The boys are going through so much already. I



asked Tony to trace that stupid bitch Lindiwe and I found her within half an hour. Stupid bitch had cashed out all her accounts and was planning on escaping the country. The idiot even used Zwane Shuttle's as a mode of transport to the airport. I don't know how dumb a woman can be.

I didn't have time to torture her as much as I wanted to, and I don't even have a warehouse here in Kzn. I got a few of my guys to drag her into a open field and I got to work. I put her on a steel table, with her hands and feet tied to the table. I had to bring Drake with me because we need those kidneys as in yesterday.

I walked towards her and she was so scared. I like seeing my little enemies scared. They weren't scared when they were committing to the devil.

Gog'Khanyi:"Sawubona (Hello), Ma Lindis!"

Lindwiwe: (frightened) "Please, please, Khanyisa, let me go. I had no idea who you guys were, I swear."

I chuckled and took out a smoke and lit it.

Gog'Khanyi:"Yazi (You know), people apologize when they're under duress. It's a pity you weren't singing like this when you planned on killing my grandchildren. Congrats by the way, you have succeeded. You broke my Zee and Phila to the point of no return. You not only killed their father, you killed his grandchildren too. You're a very sick woman, hey."

Lindiwe:"Please, Khanyisa. I'll do anything. Look, you can have my money, all of it. Just let me live."

Gog'Khanyi:"Uyahlekisa shame (You're funny). People like you never repent. Do I look like I need

your measly cents? I'm a millionaire, baby. Gorilla left me a shit load of money. I'm trying to enjoy my retirement in peace, but bitches like you keep fucking with me. I have to kill a bitch every few weeks. It's your turn now, honey. Drake, get to work."

Drake nodded as he put on his gloves and sterilized his equipment. I asked him not to use any anaesthesia so that she could feel every ounce of pain.

Lindiwe:"Wait! Khwezi was the one who told me to do everything. I swear, I was just an errand lady. Zinhle is also planning on hurting Zee and Nomsa."

Gog'Khanyi: (Laughing) "I know everything, babe. What you're telling mw isn't news. I'm going to need those nice kidneys for your darling husband. Consider them a parting gift. Pity we can't give your evil heart to anyone. We wouldn't want them

to inherit your evil deeds."

Drake started cutting her up and she screamed out in pain. I couldn't care less. I was busy having a smoke and watching the show. He proceeded to open up her stomach and get the kidneys out. I could see she was in so much pain as her screams became a lot more faint. Drake put the kidneys in a small cooler box to keep them fresh.

I walked up to her and took a good look at her, one last time.

Gog'Khanyi:"See you in hell, Lindi. Tell Gorilla I said hi."

I proceeded by stabbing her with a scalpel and opening up her rib cage. I ripped her heart out and stared her in the eyes as she took her last breath. I told the boys to clean up and throw her body to the

animals on a nearby game range. They'll probably find her by early morning tomorrow. I need Khwezi to see this. I want her to live long enough to see Phila and Sbu get married and have more children. She'll go mad instantly after seeing this video of her precious protege being cut to pieces. I can't wait to send it.

Sbu

After searching high and low and even getting a new team to help Tony, there is still no news. I got a call from one of my guys at the airport saying they've found a body matching Thato's description.

Phila and I rushed over there, we didn't even care about speed traps. At least now I'll have the closure I need. We arrived at the airport and he pointed us to a nearby field. We saw a body bag that wasn't big enough to carry a small body like Thato's. I had to get the courage to open it.

I unzipped it and saw his lifeless body with a gunshot wound to the head. His head was so swollen that his eyes could barely close up. I couldn't take and I threw up next to the body. Phila zipped the bag closed. One of our guys took it away to our plane. I lost it. I screamed out, letting out all the pain I've been feeling ever since I saw him at Kele's stepmother's house. I'll never forget what they did to my son. I guess Scorpion must have upgraded. He kills innocent children now?! He'll feel my wrath because the Mighty Cobra has been unleashed.

One week Later

Ziyanda

It's been a full week that I've been in here and I can't wait to leave this place. The more I stay here, the

more I'm reminded of my first miscarriage. My life is just too miserable and to make matters worse Kele and Thato have been missing.

They tell me anything else. I hate it when people hide things from me. Everyone has been so supportive, even my mother. We're still in Kwazulu Natal and honestly I just can't wait to go home. Mam'Masango said I need to be cleansed and we have to get the ceremonies underway as in yesterday. My biological father, King Bonginkosi came to see me a few times. He's okay, I mean he wasn't really part of my life so there's not much to tell or talk about.

All I know now is that he's married and has three sons. I am his only daughter. He brought me some gifts and all, but well, I can say that physically I'm a lot better, but emotionally I'm too drained. I don't even have a picture of my babies. Gogo said I should try and not dwell on the past. She told me

she also had quite a few miscarriages before she had my mom, six in total.

Her own mother in law used to call her a barren bitch until she threw a pot of hot water on her. They ended up being best of friends, how? I have no idea. She has managed to make me laugh and my mother has managed to make me warm up to her. She told me a few stories of how she grew up and all.

How I wish we had these moments way before now. Phila and I are a bit shaky. I feel bad having him here with me when he's supposed to be looking for Kele and Thato with Sbu. We hardly even say much to each other. It's amazing what trauma can do to two people.

I'm being discharged today at least and so is Uncle Shaka. Apparently they got him a pair of new kidneys and he's all healed now. I trust everything



to happen in the blink of an eye when you have money. I heard Lindiwe has gone missing, but I don't buy that story. I don't really care what happened to her, as long as I never get to see her ever again.

We finally arrived at Shaka's kingdom. Everyone looked very sad and sombre, and they were all crying. I didn't know what was up with that. They were all wearing black, and I was also instructed to wear black by Mam'Ivy. If I didn't know better I'd say we were on our way to a funeral.

We walked out and there were so many people here. There was a tent and people had already prepared food. Oh my goodness! We're seriously at a funeral. But whose? Could Kele and Thato have been found?!

We were greeted by King Shaka and two men who look like him. They were introduced as Prince

Lwazi and Prince Lindelani. Lwazi looked rather displeases with our presence, I assume he was Zinhle's favourite.

Lwazi:"Baba, how can you welcome these people when uGogo has gone mad and uMa has gone missing?! I don't know how you can still be king when you can barely run your own kingdom!"

Shaka:"And that's the reason why you're not fit to run royalty, my boy. You need to learn from your brother."

Lwazi:"But I'm the first born! I deserve to be king!"

Yep. He's most definitely the apple of Zinhle's eye.

Shaka:"You had better behave today before I have you removed from royal grounds. Today is a very

sad day so ungang'bangeli is cefe (don't irritate me)."

We were shown to their ancestral corner, where they perform all their rituals. King Shaka's father, was the one running the whole ceremony.

Shaka's father:"lindamkhonto; yeb yeb boya besilwane; mafu awalingani phansi naphezulu;zikode eZWANE (Clan names). We're here to introduce your sons Sbusiso no (and) Phila to their home ground. Ba buyile abafana bakho Mxolisi (your sons are back). I'm sorry you had to leave this earth the way you did, and now we are on our way to the Royal graveyard to bury your first grands on right next to you."

Wait, what?! We're burying Thato today?! No! No! It can't be! I felt tears flow down my cheeks as he finished talking to the ancestors. I tried to get up with the rest, but my body failed me. I collapsed

right there.

## Chapter Sixty Eight

Ziyanda

I must have been out for a while because I woke up in the car on the way to the Royal Graveyard. I woke up in Phila's arms with my eyes feeling heavy and swollen.

Phila: "S thandwa sami (My love). You're awake. Uzizwa njani (How do you feel)?"

Me: "I'm a bit dizzy, but I'll be okay. Phila, why didn't you tell me about Thato?"

I felt tears threatening my eyes and his eyes also became shiny.

Phila:"I didn't want to stress you in your condition, Sthanfwa sami (My love). You... We've been through so much this past week, I didn't want to add anymore stress on your plate."

I was now crying at this point.

Me:"Do you... Do you know who killed him?"

Phila:"Yes. Natasha and Sharon. And an old enemy of ours."

Me: (Surprised) "Natasha? I thought you killed her."

Phila:"I thought so too. Don't worry, we'll find Kele. I'll make sure we kill those two bitches. You kust concentrate on getring better."

I felt my skin cringe. How can women kill another woman's child? Sharon has children of her own and Natasha has a son. This is the lowest level of cruelty. We drove into the graveyard.

There weren't many people, seems like just royal family were here. All those people had a certain royal attire on, except a few people like Aphiwe. Gogo, Mam'Masango, Mam'Ivy, Sbu and the twins walked out of the van, while Phila didn't move with me in his arms.

Me:"Aren't you going?"

Phila:"No, Sthandwa sami (My love). I'd rather be here with you making sure you're okay."

Me: "We have to support Sbu. Let's go."

He walked out reluctantly holding my hand. I never liked funerals. They have this sombre mood, but I guess death is the only thing we all have in common. Not everyone gets to live or be born, but everyone gets to die.

We walked towards the tent which was set up for us. This graveyard looks way better than any graveyard I've seen. It's specifically for royal people only. Phila's father was also buried here because I could see his grave right next to Thato's open grave. All the graves have head stones on neatly cut grass.

Phila's father's stone had a beautiful, engraved picture of him and his names engraved in gold: Prince Mxolisi Bafana Zwane, Born: 1966-02-27, Died: 2006-02-27. They say most people die on

their birthdays, I guess he was one of the many people. Oddly, today is the 27th, no wonder why everyone is in such a state. I would also be crying hysterically if I was burying my son on the very same day father died.

People weren't making any speeches and there was no priest. I guess they do things the traditional way here. The family Sangoma made a few chants before Thato's little white coffin was put on coffin liners. He threw some herbs and burnt some incense.

Sangoma: "Wena kaMafu kawalingani, Aphansi naphezulu, ngoba aphezulu angubo ngubo, Nts ele kaLinda kaMkhonto, Awungilinde ngilande ezami eZungeni, Mthanti, Nduna ngokuthwal' isila sensele, UNts ele kangakanani, Ngoba nas othini lomkhont' angahlala (Clan names)."

King Ziru got up to speak about his great grandson,



the one he never got to meet.

King Ziru: "My precious grandson, nobody deserves to die the way you did. May you find peace and comfort on the other side. Abaphansi ba nawe, mzikulu (The ancestors are with you, grandson). Lala ngoxolo Nkosi Dumisani Thato Zwane. Siyakuamukela la ekhaya (We have welcomed you).

Ungabeki emuva, mfana wami, qhubeka phambili (Don't look back, keep going forward). Your grandfather has already welcomed you. Be our peace, and follow your mother's presence here on earth. She needs you now more than ever before. Be her guardian Angel. uLale ngoxolo, Nkosi Dumisani wa ka Zwane (rest in peace, Prince Dumisani Zwane)."

He went on to explain why he named him Dumisani, it means saint, to give praise. He explained that Thato needed to be praised for taking a bullet for

his mother at such a tender age. He died a warrior.

I could see how Sbu was touched as he just broke down. Phila comforted him with red eyes and tears flowing non stop. As the coffin went down everyone started wailing; the twins were crying hysterically while Mam'Ivy tried to calm them down, Mam'Masango was praying and making her weird sounds; the royal family in royal attire were ululating and chanting clan names-all except for Prince Lwazi of course.

He had such a blank stare on his face. King Shaka was crying like a man, silently fighting the power of his tears. It was a beautiful sight nonetheless. I broke down silently as I thought how broken Kele must feel right now. She can't even bury her only child.

How I pray God is with her as we speak. We all went to throw white roses instead of sand in the

grave. Everything was so dignified, I bet Thato is very pleased wherever he is. They say death isn't painful and brings you some kind of peace you can never experience when on earth.

They kept singing some funeral songs and once people started singing "Thula Mntwanami", I felt a sense of grief overcome me. I never got to really grieve my babies. This was a way of saying goodbye to them-for the final time.

Kele

I woke up on a big, comfy bed with white sheets. This Scorpion guy has a beautiful house for someone who looks this scary. He made me take a bath and gave me food to eat last night. I haven't seen Sharon or Natasha ever since.

I keep trying to figure out where I am, but clearly I'm

in a foreign country because this house is far away from any place that looks South African. Even if I had to escape I wouldn't know where to go because this house is far up the mountain away from any other house.

I cried in sorrow because I'm away from home, I've been a prisoner for over a week now and my baby was killed right in front of me. I haven't been sleeping so well for the past week. At least all Scorpion comes and does is cuddle me next to him. I lie next to him in pure disgust and I pray he never asks me for sex. He keeps telling me I'm going to be his wife soon.

My heart longs for Sbu so badly. I'm very glad my babies are still safe and I hope they don't realize I'm pregnant anytime soon until Sbu comes to rescue me. He has to. I know he will. I had such a beautiful dream of my baby last night. He was dressed in white next to a man I have never met, he

looked exactly like Sbu and Phila. My Thato was smiling.

I've never seen him that happy before. He was full of peace. "mama, I'm safe. Don't worry about me. Be strong, Papa is coming for you soon." Those were his words and I feel like he's around me even though I don't see him. I haven't stopped praying ever since I got here. The more I pray, the more I feel my baby's presence. I know God is watching over me.

Ziyanda

We headed back to the Royal House after a long while at the graveyard. We spent longer than usual because they put Thato's tombstone immediately after the burial. A tombstone fit for a Prince.

We found lots of food prepared for us. We didn't

want to be rude by leaving so soon, but we quickly ate as the jet was already waiting for us. While we were eating, Khwezi, Phila's grandmother ran into the dining area where we were. She kept screaming "I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Tell him to leave me alone! I didn't mean to kill him". Phila says she suffered some kind of trauma and her sins are coming back to haunt her. King Zuri took her back to her room.

While we were finishing up, Prince Lwazi came out of nowhere, fuming and was about to charge at Sbu, but he ducked and gave him one hell of a swing back and Lwazi fell flat on his face. He quickly stood up shouting: "My mother is dead and it's all because of you!"

## Chapter Sixty Nine

Ziyanda

King Zuri heard all the commotion and came out

running from Khwezi's bedroom.

King Zuri: "What's this commotion all about?!  
Lwazi?! Kwenzekalani (What's happening)?"

Lwazi: (Fuming) "uMa's body was found in a nearby field eaten by wild animals. There's not much left of her. The police came to inform us and to give the rest of her remains!"

King Zuri looked rather unphased by all this. I guess he never liked Zinhle much. Kigh Shaka also had no emotion to express. He just kept eating his food.

King Zuri: "Manje uraselani (So why are you noisy)?"

Lwazi looked rather surprised while Lindelani was also just unphased. I guess there must be a lot

more to Lindiwe than what we know.

Lwazi: "I've always known you never loved me, but uMa, Baba. How can you be so cold?!"

King Zuri chuckled while King Shaka did the same and he carried on eating in silence.

King Zuri: "Yazi wena mfana wami (You know, my boy). You think the whole world revolves around you. You think you're entitled to everything. You were so consumed with evil just like your mother, that you consorted with her into killing your own father, your own flesh and blood. No one should be this power hungry for the throne, a throne you're not worthy of."

Lwazi widened his eyes with disbelief. This family was worse than mine. So many secrets and hate. He kept quiet for a while.



King Zuri:"Khuluma (Talk)! Angithi unomlomo (you have a bigmouth, right)?! You thought we would never find out?! Your grandmother is now mad because of the nonsense you did!"

Lwazi:"Baba, I can explain. I wasn't Part of..."

King Zuri interrupted him long before he could even finish trying to redeem himself.

King Zuri:"Save it, mfana wami (my boy). You don't deserve being a part of my family. I'm stripping you of all your royal duties. Your father is stepping down soon and since Phila and Sbu want nothing to do with the Royal Kingdom, Lindelani will be the preceder."

Lwazi was so furious. He got up shouting and screaming at his grandfather, he even wanted to

punch him, but Lindelani pinned him to the ground and beat him so badly, that two of his teeth came out.

I've honestly had enough drama for a day. This Lwazi idiot decided to ruin Thato's beautiful funeral like this.

King Zuri:"Guards, take him away. He is no longer a prince as of today and as for the remains of Zinhle, burn them or feed them to more animals. I don't care where they go, but this ground shall no longer be tainted by filth like Lindiwe or Lwazi."

Wow. I guess they really were serious about mending the broken bond between them. We said our goodbyes and headed to the airport. We found the jet waiting for us and we hopped right in.

I wish I could say I was on my way home already,

but I had another ceremony to attend at the Gumede Royal House. Luckily Eshowe isn't that far from here. We asked that they do it today as we just need to head back to Cape Town to settle in while Phila and Sbu look for Kele. We've already lost a whole week without progress, we can't afford any more time lost.

We got to the Gumede Royal House and luckily everything was set for us. It was my first time here and it's quite a beautiful mansion. The furniture isn't quite my style, but I guess it's how things are done here. Queen Zinhle on the other hand looked less than pleased to see me, but I understand. I'm a product of her husband's infidelity so she has no reason to like me. Bonginkosi was more than pleased of my presence, even a few other royals and his siblings. His sons, however, shared the sentiments as their mother.

We followed him to their ancestral corner at the

back of their yard and his uncle proceeded with the ceremony.

Uncle: "Gumede, Qwabe, Mnguni kaYeyeye, Khondlo, OSidlabehlezi bakaPhakathwayo Abathi bedla, bebebeyenga umuntu ngendaba, Bethi, "Dluyeya ngenhlana, umalokazana ubeyethe, kuyikhuni sidingida yoyodaba!" Kanti bahlinz'imbuzi, Malandela, ngokulandel' izinkomo zamadoda, Phakathwayo! (clan names)."

He proceeded with the ceremony and they welcomed me by giving me a name. He gave me the name Nonhlanhla meaning Luck. Since I am the only female child of King Bonginkosi, I would apparently bring more luck and blessings to the Gumede family.

Lucky I won't have to come back again for my lobola celebrations. Speaking thereof, we have put it on hold due to all this drama. It wouldn't be fair to

celebrate amongst so much pain and misery.

My mother had to go back to Pretoria to fetch Thando's kids. She said she would come back with them. I'm not sure I'm even ready for that because those kids are so unruly. Perhaps my mother has taught them a thing or two about mannerisms.

It wasn't such a long flight. By the time we arrived we were so tired. None of us wanted to talk much. I just headed straight to bed while Phila said he had some business to take care of with Sbu. I said a long prayer as soon as I got into my room asking God to give us strength and be with Kele now more than ever before.

Phila

I looked at my brother and I was very defeated. For once I have nothing to say to console him. My

brother is so hurt, I don't know if he'll ever recover from this. Right now our main priority is finding Kele. The last time Sbu was this miserable was when he had his first kill. I really miss the old Sbu, the funny and nonchalant Sbu. I need my brother back.

We're so tired, but it's no use sleeping now not knowing what Scorpion is planning with Kele. Mr. Zakes was so hard to track, but ironically he lives right here in La Lucia, not far from my mother's house. Sbu and I have waited long enough. We decided to go to his house.

Everyone was asleep so we decided to head out. Just the two of us. We followed the address Tony sent us via GPS. Just like all the houses here, Bra Zakes' house is huge, with high walls and some serious security. He also has cameras right at the gate. I guess almost all the gangsters retire here. We got to the gate and pressed the Intercom. Bra

Zakes responded after a short while, rather excited to see us. It's been a while.

Bra Zakes: "Hehe, Bafana bami (my boys), zinja zami (my boys)! Ni ngthole kanjani (How did you find me)?!"

Phila: (Chuckling) "Sho sho, grootman (Big man), we have our ways. I must say you're hard to track man."

Bra Zakes: "Let me open the gate. Ngenani (Come in)."

We drove in and he closed the gate shortly after. His yard is a lot similar like mom's. It has a huge garden and waterfalls but cameras literally everywhere. He met us by the door and hugged us one by one.

Bra Zakes:"Come in, boys."

We walked in and his house was huge; Gold and white colours everywhere. What did we expect? He's been a gangster pretty much all his life and now that he's in his sixties he's settled down really well. We were met by pictures of him and his wife and kids even grandchildren. People really do change and I'm proud of him. He was really like a father to Sbu and I even though we did crime together.

He poured us some whiskey and we sat down in his lounge.

Bra Zakes:"Bafanas (Boys), why ungathi ni ne stress so (Why do you look so stressed)?"

We explained the whole situation to him; from us working for the mafia; to us meeting our wives to



Sbu losing his son and now we need his help to locate Kele.

Bra Zakes was rather sad. He is one of the few people who actually take family really seriously. If you've worked for him before, you'll know.

Bra Zakes:"Say no more, bafanas (boys). I don't do crime anymore as you can see, but I have some connections. I'm honoured to see how well you two have turned out. When I heard you two are the actual Cobra and Black Mamba, I was very impressed but mostly proud of you two. You'll always be family, you know that. As for Scorpion, He's dead to me. I haven't seen him in years and word is that he is Natasha's baby daddy. He calls me every now and then, but I never bothered to check where he lives."

We suddenly felt hopeful.

Sbu:"That means we can call him and trace the call, mos?"

Bra Zakes: (Shaking his head) 'No, no, Sbuda. You've always been a hot head. You need to use your head this time. Remember that fucker has your wife and she's pregnant. They already killed your son, you wouldn't want to endanger the unborn kids. Listen, he'll get suspicious if I call him especially at this hour trying to do small talk. He's pretty smart if you guys can't even locate him. I have a plan. Try tracking his number using your IT guy without calling yet. If that fails, you can scare him by kidnapping his son. The boy is around Mamelodi. He's stupid enough to hide his kid in a township with lazy security. I can get him taken, don't worry. You know we're not child killers, we just need Natasha or Scorpion to talk long enough with you so that you're able to trace the call. Once that's done we'll act."

Bra Zakes was right. Calling him now was too risky.

Bra Zakes:"I have someone in mind who can help you. He's a special Ops guy and highly trained assassin. He has his demins, but he'll help you. Don't worry, you don't have to pay him, take this as a gift from me. I know very well you can afford it, but it's the least I can do. I'll let him know you need him and he'll come to Ivy's house tomorrow morning."

I knew we could trust him. He always had a way out of everything.

Bra Zakes:"Sorry for your loss, boys. I know what it's like to lose a child. It gets better as time goes on. After you kill that brother of mine and his bitches, please feel free to invite me to the weddings."

We hugged him and left his house. We went back home and headed straight to bed. I found Zee already in bed and I just wrapped my arms around her and kissed her cheek. This will be the last time we ever become this sloppy. Scorpion took Kele and Thato when we least expected it. It's time to put the softness aside and let Mamba and Cobra take over us. I dozed off after a long while.

The following morning

I was woken up by a call at 6am from an unknown number. I answered it and it was the guy Bra Zakes sent. The special ops guy. Apparently he goes by the name Mthunzi.

Mthunzi:"Sho sho, Phila. Mthunzi here. Bra Zakes sent me to come see you. Open up I'm at the gate."

Hmm. He's very straightforward, military style. We're gonna love him. I checked the monitors and I saw his car was a black Audi R8 with very dark tinted windows. He didn't bother to open his window so I let him in anyway and told him to come straight in. After a short while he walked in and I nearly fainted. My heart beat so fast I just couldn't believe it. Is this a fucking joke?!

## Chapter Seventy

Phila

He stood here as I stared at him with a ghastly expression on my face. This must be a serious joke. Sbu came down the stairs and nearly missed a step.

Mthunzi:"Sho bras (Guys), yini ungathi ni bona ispoki so (Why does it seem like you've just seen a ghost)?"

I tried to speak, but words failed me.

Sbu:"Is this a fucking joke? Why would Bra Zakes send Lunga here?!"

This can't be. Lunga is in Pretoria, man. This guy standing here is the exact replica of Lunga Ngcobo, just a bit more buffed up and a deeper voice. They have the same complexion, just that Mthunzi has a bald head instead of hair on his head. I've never been so confused in my whole entire life.

Mthunzi:"Hold up, Lunga? Who's Lunga?"

As we were about to answer, Zee came out of the bedroom and screamed in horror as she saw Mthunzi standing before us. Her loud scream caused uMa, Gogo and Mam'Masango to come out of their bedrooms running.

Gog'Khanyi:"Kwenzakalani (What's happening)?!  
Zee Yini (What is it)?!"

They all turned to us and were just as shocked,  
except Mam'Florah ofcourse.

Mam'Florah:"Hayi (No) man. Ni ne drama (You're  
so dramatic). Kanti you're all worried about him?  
He's harmless."

Sbu and I looked at each other while Mthunzi just  
stood there confused as fuck.

Phila:"Mam'Masango, care to explain?"

Mam'Masango:"I'll let him do the talking. Mfana  
wami (my boy), ukhuliswe ubani (who raised you)?"

Mthunzi:"Sawubona (hello) ma. I was raised in an orphanage. When I was a baby I was dumped at a nearby river not so far from the orphanage I grew up in. The woman who raised me told me that my mother had twins and she dumped one as she believed I was a curse upon her marriage. She wanted to sacrifice me for her evil deeds, but her plan failed."

We were all so shocked. Zodwa has done the most evil things in life. I wonder how that old bitch sleeps at night.

Mam'Florah:"Uyamazi uma wakho angithi (You know who your mother is, right)?"

Mthunzi:"Cha (No), ma. I only heard she goes by the name Zodwa. I'm still yet to find her and believe me when I do I'll make sure she dies a painful, slow death and that I'm the last person she sees."



Okay, so he's got anger and hatred towards Zodwa. Something we all have in common.

Mam'Florah:"Alright. Don't worry, you'll find her very soon. Mantombazana (girls), asambeni siyophuza itea (Let's go drink some tea)."

We all know better than to argue with Mam'Florah so all the women followed her to the kitchen, leaving Sbu, Mthunzi and I standing in front of the door. We went to the lounge to talk.

Phila:"Mthunzi, I do apologize for what just happened. I think we have to explain something to you. You look exactly like my wife's ex husband, you're the exact replica of him. His mother, Zodwa Ngcobo is the woman you're referring to."

I showed him some pictures of Lunga and Zodwa. I

even explained everything Zodwa and Lunga did to Zee. Mthunzi just became so stiff as I showed him all those pictures. His aura just became much darker, I can tell this guy has killed a lot of people. He doesn't seem like a bad person, but I guess it's his job.

Mthunzi: "I guess we were destined to meet. You have no idea how long I've wanted to see the woman who dumped me and left me to die. She chose one son over the other. I had a tough childhood and it has made me what I am today, all thanks to her. As soon as I find your wife, believe me I'll kill her and her lousy son for you-for free.

Sbu and I chuckled. This guy talks about killing like it's so simple. I know Sbu and I talk like that, but he does it pretty much everyday. We decided to get working after breakfast. We joined the women for some breakfast and as usual Gogo and uMa kept asking poor Mthunzi questions, not forgetting

Nokuhle.

Gog'Khanyi

As we left to go make some tea and food, I was shocked at what I saw. Zodwa is one evil bitch, yazi. Now I remember Florah telling me about her deep dark secret. Perhaps we should remind her who's who if she tries to fuck with us again.

Gog'Khanyi:"Weh, Florah, why didn't you tell me about this? We nearly got a heart attack."

Mam'Masango:"Ah, Khanyisa. Uyazi ukuthi (You know that) I don't have to tell you everything, right? Phela it was bound to happen. She has to confess and this boy will burn her alive."

Gog'Khanyi:"I remember your vision about her being

burnt to death! Yoh, mgnani, don't ever die hey!  
Ngizoba ini ngaphandle kwakho (What would I be  
without you)?"

We all chuckled as we continued to make some tea  
and breakfast.

Phila

After breakfast we headed down to the study. My  
mother never uses this room. She had it built when  
we built her the house, she says it reminds her of  
uBaba (Dad) and we use it whenever we're here. We  
got Tony to trace the number but as expected it is  
untraceable.

We wasted no time and got a chopper with Blazer  
and a few guys to get Scorpion's son, the one  
Natasha tried to pin on me. I swear that bitch was a  
mistake. Her dad should have just pulled out and

saved us the misery. Deep down I know Sbu wishes we could kill the child, but we're not like that. We don't spill innocent blood-ever.

We also made sure to use a burner phone and made the connection untraceable on his side. Tony set up everything and within two hours the child was delivered to the house. We didn't have a choice but to do everything at Ma's house. Luckily they never interfered or asked too many questions. Mam'Florah was here for that.

The gents brought the boy in and we set up the video call. I begged Sbu to be calm because I know he can lose it anytime. The phone rang and Scorpion answered it with confidence. He thought it was his Brother, Bra Zakes, but to his surprise it was us. The house was clear and there was no sign of Kele, Natasha or Sharon.

Sbu:"Yah, Scorpion. Nice to see you again."

Scorpion: (Shocked) "How did you get my number?!"

Sbu: (Chuckling) "I'm a man of many talents."

We could see Scorpion was anxious and tried to act tough.

Scorpion: (laughing) "Let me guess, you want to say hi to my darling new wife, right? Let me spare you the misery."

He called Kele and she appeared within a minute. I could see Sbu's veins popping out of his forehead. I can only hope and pray that he remains calm in order for us to keep the conversation going we need to be able to trace the location. Kele came onto the screen looking quite beautiful and glowing. I thought she would look horrible. I'm glad at least he is taking good care of her and I hope and pray that

he hasn't touched her. She looked afraid, yet tried to remain calm.

Scorpion:"Don't be shy, baby, say hi to Sbuda."

Kele: (teary eyed) "Hi... Hi Sbu."

Sbu: (teary eyed) "Kele, Themba lami (my hope). Are you okay? Did he hurt you?"

Kele shook her head with tears streaming down her face. I know that broke Sbu but he can't afford to look weak in front of Scorpion sk he forced his tears back into his eyes.

Scorpion:"Don't cry baby, yezwa (okay). You'll never see this monster ever again."

Sbu:"I'll come find you, Kele. I promise."

Scorpion:"Spare me the drama, Sbu. You saw her and it will be your last time. Gotta go.."

Before he hung up Sbu let out our jackpot move.

Sbu:"Not so fast, Scorpion. You have something of mine, and now I have something of yours."

Sbu pulled the boy up and put him in his lap and I could see Scorpion's smirk fade on his face.

Scorpion:"How did you.. What the fuck Sbu! I swear, if you hurt my son, I'll fucking kill you!"

We heard Natasha in the background screaming.



Natasha:"What?! They have Tumi?! How did they find him Scorpion?! I won't let my son die at the hands of Sbu! I won't let that happen!"

Scorpion got up forgetting that Kele was in front of the monitor. He was slapping Natasha telling her to fuck off while Sbu used this chance to try and get Kele to reveal their location.

Sbu:"Kele, look at me Themba lami (my hope) focus. Please tell me where you are. What do you see?"

Kele: (scared) "I see mountains, lots and lots of them. We're very far from other people, Sbu. I'm scared I might never see you again."

Sbu:"Focus, Themba lami (My hope). What else? Do you have people coming in and out? What language do they speak?"

Kele:"I don't know, Sbu. It sounds Portug..."

Kele didn't finish her sentence and Scorpion slapped her so hard she fell down. Sbu got so angry immediately and fumed.

Sbu:"You touched my wife you motherfucker?! I'll kill your son!"

Scorpion:"Wait! Sbu, hade (I'm sorry), bro. We can talk. I didn't even slap her that hard."

Sbu cut the call and banged the table. Scorpion must be frightened right now.

Mthunzi:"I think she was trying to say Portuguese."

Tony and his team was on the other line.

Phila:"Tony, did you manage to get a location?"

Tony:"Sho sho, Bozza (Boss) 84 Santa Theresa, Brazil."

Our Jet might not make it in time. What if they change locations?

Mthunzi:"Get your jet fueled and a chopper on standby. I'll get our jet from the base, we need to act now. I'll take a few of my men with. Bring your best men to me. We're leaving now. You two stay here."

We nodded and he left leaving us so tensed up. I can't even remember the last time I had a good night's sleep.

Kele

I felt a bit dizzy after that slap. Now I'm very worried he'll kill me.

Scorpion: "Get up, bitch! What did you say to him?!"

He grabbed me and my mouth was bleeding. I was so frightened that I wet myself and I started shaking. He noticed and changed his tune.

Scorpion: "Ngiyaxolisa, baby (I'm sorry, baby). I just lost control. I didn't mean it."

Natasha: (Screaming) "Call them back! You're so worried about this fat bitch while they're killing my son!"

Scorpion slapped her so hard she fell onto the ground. He kicked her continuously until she was unconscious. I was so scared. I thought this was probably my last day on earth.

Scorpion: "That bitch talks too much. Please tell me, baby, what did you tell him? I swear I won't hit you again."

Kele: "No..Nothing. I promise. I just told him I'm okay."

Scorpion: (Smiling) "You see, that wasn't so hard. I love you so much, you know. Sbu will never steal you away from me. Come, let's get you changed."

He pulled me towards him and made me go change. This guy must really be bipolar because his mood switches are on another level.

I changed into something else. He tried having sex with me the other night and I was scared shitless. Everytime he tries to sleep with me, his dick doesn't get up. I don't know if it's God or what, but I'm so thankful he hasn't touched me. He keeps saying we're getting married this weekend. He made me pick out a wedding dress. This man is a psycho. I once had to watch him fucking the living daylights out of Natasha and Sharon in his sex room.

He has so many toys and ropes in there it's really scary stuff. He's a sadist; he fists them and sodomizes them whenever they defy him. He hits them with painful objects and he gets satisfied from doing that. I've been so traumatized this past week I'm so surprised I'm still pregnant.

Sharon has developed more hate for me saying Scorpion does all those things to them and never anything to me. She says it's bad enough I took Sbu from her and now I watch my kidnapper

humiliate me. I don't feel sorry for them. They killed my son and I wish nothing but death upon them!

After a few hours I fell asleep on the bed. I heard a loud bang downstairs and saw smoke. I heard some gunshots and I tried hiding underneath the bed, but Scorpion got to me first and pulled me out of the bedroom using a secret door in his closet. I tried screaming but he punched me and all I saw was darkness.

## Chapter Seventy One

Sbu

I just lost it when I saw that fuck lay his filthy hand on my Kele. I couldn't take it when I heard all those gunshots when Mthunzi was communicating with us over the phone line. What if Kele got hurt? I just went out for a smoke before I did anything stupid. I

went back into the study after about ten minutes.

We heard commotion and gunshots, but I trust Mthunzi since I specifically told him we need them alive-all four of them. Mthunzi and his men secured Natasha and Sharon, but Kele and Scorpion were nowhere to be found. I felt like the devil was really testing me. How could this be?! I was this close to getting her back home.

I just dropped in my chair with tears rolling down my face.

Sbu:"I failed her, Bafo (brother). I failed her and our children. I failed them all."

Phila:"No, Sbu. Ungakhulumi kanjalo (Don't talk like that), man. We'll find her."



He tried consoling me but I just wasn't hearing him. We had to move immediately since Blazer and a few men are coming back with Natasha and Sharon. It's time to torture send those two bitches to hell and make sure they stay there.

Phila

Seeing my brother so broken just tears me apart. I honestly don't know what I would do if Zee got kidnapped. This is literally the worst thing to ever happen to us. It's hard to stay smiling, while Kele is being kept against her own will. I hope that having Natasha's son will make her sing. We need that location.

Sbu just left the house while I quickly went to say goodbye to Zee. Life is just too short. What if I never see her again?

We left the Natasha's boy with the women and we were off to Pretoria, to our special warehouse. We prepared all torturing devices we could think of. Natasha is mine. Sbu can deal with Sharon, but this bitch has ruined everything of mine ever since she set foot in this country. I just hate it when a bitch doesn't get that you're just not into her. We chilled outside having a few beers while we waited for them to arrive. Sbu took out a few cigarettes and smoked since I don't smoke at all.

Phila: "When are you going to quit that trash?"

Sbu: (Chuckling) "When my Kele comes back into my arms. She hates the smell of cigarettes so badly, I have to brush my teeth before I even kiss her. I told her I would quit on our wedding day, but I guess I'll have to do it sooner."

At least his sense of humor is coming back. It's rough seeing what pain can do to a man. I smiled

and shook my head.

Sbu:"Ngiyabonga, Bafo (Thank you, brother). I never got the time to thank you for being there for me. I really appreciate it."

Phila:"No, you know you don't have to thank me. Being there for you comes automatically. You're my blood, Bafo (Brother)."

Sbu:"I still seriously appreciate it. I know all this is making you spend time away from Zee. As soon as all this is over, we're taking our wives away on a well deserved holiday on destinations of their choice."

Phila:"Well, since you offered, I can never say no to a free trip."

We chuckled and sat in silence again waiting for those two ill-raised dumb fucks to arrive.

Zodwa

Life is still the same on my side. Lunga has tried to get his businesses up and running again, but seems like Phila has ruined his name-for good. Nobody wants to touch him. I even went back begging to Pierro's men, but they said if I go back again they'll have me killed. I've been stealing money from David to survive, but mainly to help Lunga start his own business since no one wants to help him.

It's amazing how people will turn their back on you when you have nothing, forgetting what a nuisance they were when you were loaded. I have taken enough money for Lunga to be able to get up and running. I found new suppliers all the way from Brazil. We don't need the Italians anymore, there's. Belinda has apparently woken up from her coma. I

haven't gone to see her, and quite frankly I don't care. I suspect David has gone to see her because she hasn't called complaining about any visits. As I was about to give Lunga the money, my phone rang. Adonia, she must be bearing me good news this time.

Zodwa:"Adonia, my only friend. You must come with good news."

Adonia:"I wish, darling. You're running out of luck. Your long lost son is back and he's coming for you."

I suddenly started shaking.

Zodwa:"No ways! What are you saying, Adonia? Didn't you say he died?!"

Adonia:"There's one thing you fail to learn about evil,

never make a deal with the devil because he can't be trusted. You've been consorting with evil for years yet you never learn Mazet. Come clean and get some help before he comes for you."

She hung up leaving me in deep thought. This is impossible. I paid that bitch to make sure she killed him.

Kele

I woke up with heavy eyes and my cheek really painful. I tried to touch my right cheek, but it felt painful. I woke up and checked my surroundings. I'm in a different room than the last. I can't believe this. Just when I thought my breakthrough had come this happens. Scorpion must have escaped with me during the shooting. Tears rolled down my face once again, but then I remembered the dream I had while I was sleeping. Thato appeared to me with the very same man again, telling me to pray. I

need to pray, so I immediately got down on my knees and started praying: "Dear God, I thank you for keeping me and my unborn children alive. I pray Lord that you may please protect me. Please keep Sbusiso safe for me, please take me back home safely. I pray in Jesus Mighty Name. Amen."

As I got up and wiped my tears off, I saw Scorpion standing in front of me, looking at me with bewildered eyes-Naked. I swallowed hard as I thought "this is it. I'm going to get raped."

He was stroking his penis staring at me, not moving an inch.

Scorpion:"You're the reason they took my whores! You lied to me! You lied to me saying that you didn't tell Sbuda anything, and for that you'll be punished."

I got so scared that I kept praying silently. He kept stroking his penis but it just wasn't getting up.

Scorpion: (frustrated) "Dammit! You've been off the hook for too long Kelebogile, and right now, I'll have to punish you since you're the reason I no longer have whores to play around with."

He came closer to me and I recalled the night Brian sold me to his dealers as form of payment for his debt. I thought to myself there's no way I can go through that again. Not this time. Not ever again.

He walked closer to me.

Scorpion:"Get down on your knees! It's time to suck my dick back to life.. I can't wait to fuck you. I've never fucked a pregnant whore before, I hear they're the best."



I wanted to cry so badly, but then I thought time to be weak has come to an end. I have babies that depend on me for life. I need to fight. I don't know where I got to strength, but I knelt down and he pushed himself into my mouth. I sucked it once or twice and then I clung my teeth onto his dick as hard as I could. He screamed out in pain.

Scorpion:"Fuck! You bitch!"

He slapped me but I didn't let my teeth go. I used my long nails to grab hold of his balls and I pulled. I pulled his penis with my teeth as hard as I could, ripping off a piece of his dick. I spat it out and ran out of the bedroom as far as I could! I left him screaming and wailing in the bedroom. I ran out of the house and luckily there were houses a few metres away from each other, even though this one was also on a mountain.

I didn't even care if I would get eaten by wild

animals or bitten by snakes, but all I knew was that I had to get out of there. I ran as fast as I could trying to duck trees and stones. As I was running I accidentally tripped on one big stone and fell.

I was rolling down the mountain, getting hit my trees and rocks in the process. I tried to grab onto one of the trees, but my grip failed me. As I kept rolling I remember hitting something really hard with my head and I saw darkness.

Sbu

Blazer and a few of our boys came after we waited for half an hour. They got Natasha and Sharon out of the Vito, with their arms tied behind their backs and bags covering their heads. They made their way into the warehouse and right then I switched from the vulnerable Sbu with feelings, to the merciless Mighty Cobra.

Phila and I followed them in as they untied the two bitches and tied them so that their arms stayed in the air, with ropes hanging from the ceiling. They uncovered their faces and stripped naked, and they were so shocked and scared to see us. Sharon was about to shit herself.

Sbu:"J ah, zifebe (bitches). Welcome to my territory. Bekumnandi ni sebenzis a ikuku zenu (It was nice when you were using your pussies) to kidnap my wife and son, angithi (right)?!"

Sharon: (Crying) "Sbu, I can explain, baby, it wasn't me. Natasha made me do it. I begged her not to kill Thato, but she made me do it."

Natasha:"Voetsek (piss off) you Snitch! You were in on this just as much as I was."

Phila: (Chuckling) "Sbuda, let me leave you to it. Start with Sharon, but Natasha is mine."

While they were arguing, I put on my gloves and pulled the famous trolley towards me. I saw fear in their eyes as I did that and they swallowed hard. Just how I love to see my victims-full of fear.

Sharon:"Wha... What are you going to do to me, Sbu?"

I took a sharp knife from the table.

Sbu:"I warned you, Sharon. I warned you to stay away from Kele, but you didn't listen. Now, I'm going to ask you a few questions and you'd better comply. You know how I get when you don't listen, don't you?"

She was so scared she just nodded.

Sbu:"Right. Let's get started. Whose plan was it to kidnap Thato and Kele?"

Sharon: (trembling) "M... Mine. It was mine."

Sbu:"Okay. For that you lose one ear."

I took the knife and cut out her left ear as fast as I could, leaving her screaming in agony.

Sharom: "Please! Please Stop, Sbu! I'm begging you!"

As she was screaming a trail of piss was running down her legs.

Phila and I chuckled.

Phila: "Hawu, Shaz. You have such a big mouth I thought you would take longer to piss yourself, man. Take Natasha here for instance, this tall bitch took two hours to do that. She shit herself as soon as I dumped her tall ass in a pool of acid. Look how pretty she looks now."

I laughed so hard I had tears in my eyes.

Sbu: "Next question, who killed my son?!"

Sharon: "It.. It was Natasha. I begged her not to do it, but she shot him instead right in front of Kele."

Sbu: "Right. For that you lose another ear, because you failed to come to your senses and call me."

I cut off her right her and she screamed some more.

Sharon:"Please, please, Sbusiso. I'll do anything. Just please, let me go."

Sbu:"I bet that's what Kele was saying when you saw my son being killed, right? Tell me what she said, Shaz. What did she say as your friend here had the gun pointed at an innocent five year old? Tell me."

Sharon: (sniffing) "She.. She.."

Sbu:"You know, in all the six years we've been married I don't recall hearing you stutter. Now that you're live on stage, you want to stutter? Come on, Shazzy Shaz. Speak!"

Sharon:"She.. She was begging. She told me.. Told

us to stop. She pleaded with us to stop, to kill her instead. She said she would stay away from you if we let them go"

Sbu:"But did you listen? Nope. You hatched a plan with the devil Scorpion to get back at me, Sharon. Now my son is dead and my pregnant wife is in danger while you're breathing here in front of me."

Sharon widened her eyes in astonishment.

Sharon:"Ke.. Kele is pregnant?"

Phila:"Yes, she is. With twins. You're not the only fertile woman on earth after all, Shazzy."

I think at that moment it had sunk into Sharon's head that shit was about to hit the fan. She knew very well how I felt about children, especially my



children.

Sharon:"Sbu, listen. I can leave the country and never come back. I didn't know she was pregnant."

I put the knife on the trolley, took a pair of pliers.

Sbu:"You've always been so vain, Sharon. You never took care of me or your kids. I wonder what you'd look like without teeth?"

I took out four of her front teeth with the pliers, then proceeded to remove two of her big toes, and two of her thumbs. She was screaming out in pain as usual but I wasn't satisfied.

Sbu:"Hmm. This makeover is not quite right. Something is missing. oh, yes. I think you and your friend should have a matching face, don't you think,

Phila?"

Phila:"Yes, that would be perfect, Sbu. Tell you what, remove both her eyes since she has already seen too much."

Sbu:"Nice idea. How come I never thought of that. I want to be the last person you'll ever see, Sharon. Let this be a reminder to change your ways. After this, I'll send you back home and your precious family will look after you until the day you die. You'll never get to see Nokuhle or Nobuhle on their first day of school, or when they graduate or get married. You'll be haunted by your evil actions for life."

Sharon: (wailing) "Sbu, please!"

I clawed out both her eyes using my hands, leaving her blind. She screamed out in agony and begged

me to kill her.

Sharon:"J ust kill me, Sbu. Kill me because I have nothing to live for anymore."

Sbu:"Killing you won't do me any justice. It would be far too easy. Goodbye Sharon. Have a nice time in Orange Farm. I can't promise any visits, though."

I told Blazer to take her away while she was screaming, leaving Natasha out of words. I removed my gloves and sat down on my chair and took out a smoke.

Sbu:"Phila, it's show time."

Phila

I looked at Natasha she looked like hell. She was half blind, and burnt to shit. If I were her I would have begged Scorpion to put a bullet in my head. This bitch is guly as fuck now and for someone who lived on outer beauty all her life, staring in the mirror must be hell.

Phila:"J a, Natasha, dintshang, ngwana (What's cooking, girl)? You look like shit hey. I can't believe sfebe se ne se jewang ke everybody ga sa dumisa niks (I can't believe you look like this for a whore who used to be fucked by everyone). Scorpion ne a go nyoba bjang mara (How could Scorpion stomach fucking you)?"

Sbu:"I bet he always fucked her from behind."

Sbu and I laughed so hard with tears in our eyes while she started crying.

Sbu:"Eh! Sfebe se sa lla, Mamba (This bitch is crying). Go thoma neng "Tallest bitch in town" a lla (since when does the tallest bitch in town cry)? E e nyaka recording mfana (This deserves to be recorded)."

Natasha cried even louder as we laughed harder.

Phila:"You thought I wouldn't find out? That you were the one who bodys hamed my wife on social media? You should have stayed away when I told you to. I mean I went on tv just to warn you, boo. Now let's get down to business, where is Scorpion hiding?"

Natasha: "If I tell you you'll kill me anyway."

Phila: (Chuckling) "Who said anything about killing you?"

She kept quiet.

Phila:"Sbu, call home. Let's give Ms. Mothupi here som motivation."

Sbu video called uMa and she answered.

Sbu:"Yebo, Ma. Ngicela ubeke lomfana e fonini (Hi, Ma, please put the boy on the phone)."

She put him in front of the screen.

Ma:"Say hello."

He was playing and making baby sounds as Sbu showed Natasha the screen. She let out a tear as he called her mama when she appeared on the screen. Sbu hung up after a few seconds.

Phila:"See? That will be the last memory engraved in you if you don't tell me where Scorpion is hiding."

Natasha:"He.. He's hiding in his other house in Rio de Janeiro. It's about 5km away from where you found us. There's a door behind is wardrobe leading to a tunnel that will lead you there.

Sbu made the call to Mthunzi and he said he was on it.

Phila:"That wasn't so bad, now was it? I like it when you comply. I'll have mercy on you. I won't ruin anything anymore since there's nothing left to ruin on your shitty body. I'll make sure your new pimps treat you well by giving you food and water in China."

She started screaming and begging.

Phila:"Don't look so sad, you were a sex slave for Scorpion. We know all about the naughty room. You'll have plenty of fun being a sex slave for dozens of men. Have a good time."

She was screaming as Blazer left with her. We got the boys to clean up the mess Sharon made and now it was a waiting game. We waited for feedback from Mthunzi. I could see how Relieved Sbu was after what had just happened. People need to learn to listen when we say don't poke a snake from its hole.

## Chapter Seventy Two

Ziyanda

It's been a rough few weeks. It's amazing how strong your faith grows when you're experiencing turmoil in your life. I'm in a state of peace now.



Spending time with the twins and taking over duties from Mam'Ivy has helped me a lot. Natasha's son was taken by Mr. Zakes and will now be raised by them permanently.

They're actually not that bad, just a handful. Nokuhle keeps asking me so many questions about my hair being real, so I let her play with it, while Nobuhle likes doing my nails. Mam'Ivy is so grateful, she gets to spend some time with Gogo and Mam'Florah.

I haven't been speaking to anyone else much, and I feel so bad about not keeping tabs on Porsche since the incident. So I decided to give her a call.

Porsche:"Yoh (Wow)! Modimo wa phela hle (God is alive)! Wena wa mfonela (you called me)!"

I smiled. The old Porsche is back. I sometimes

wonder how she manages to bounce back from hectic shit.

Me: "Hello, Mokgotsi (Friend). O kae fela (How are you)?"

Porsche: "Ska wara ka nna (Don't worry about me). Let's talk about you. How have you been, Tsala (friend)?"

Me: (deep sigh) "Ah, Ka zama hey (I'm trying)."

Porsche: "That's not good enough. We'll talk when I get there. I'll be landing in a few minutes. Ciao!"

She hung up. Porsche is seriously like a sister to me. I honestly don't know how I could live without her. And now with Kele still missing, I need a good old friend.

## Gog'Khanyi

Things were still a bit tense but we can't keep dwelling on the bad stuff all day. Florah, Ivy and I were sitting outside in the garden watching Zee and the kids play in their play house, while we sipped on our beverages. I gave up on Florah long ago. She refuses to taste even a little bit of alcohol ever since she stopped drinking years ago.

My phone kept ringing and I ignored it. It's been ringing off the hook and beeping with messages since this morning.

Ivy: "Aren't you going to answer your phone? Hayi phela you're famous today."

Gog'Khanyi: (rolling my eyes) "Hayi, it's my Toy Boy. Oh, Nkosi yami (My goodness) I sometimes wish I

never opened my legs for him. Now that I did he just can't stop calling and texting me."

Florah and Ivy just laughed at me so hard.

Gog'Khanyi: "Mxm. Niyahleka (You're laughing)? That's not funny at all, you know. What's worse his girlfriend is busy harassing me. She keeps sending me annoying messages to stay away from her man. uTony yena he's catching feelings athi (saying) he loves me. Cabangani (Imagine)."

They just burst out in laughter making fun of me leaving me so frustrated.

Mam'Masango: "I told you ukuthi (that) she would show you flames. Uthanda izinto nawe (You like things)."

Gog'Khanyi:"Ngiyazisola yazi (I regret it, you know)."

Ivy:"I just want to know one thing: Is he good?"

Mam'Masango:"Hawu Ivy nawe!"

Ivy laughed.

Gog'Khanyi:"Yoh, hayi shem. Uyarocka lo mfana (that boy rocks)!"

Mam'Masango:"Ubuzelani wena Ivy (Why are you asking)? Mxo has been gone for twelve years now."

Ivy: (laughing) "hayi wena Florah, do you think I could live for that long without some sex? I'm also human."

Gog'Khanyi:"Oho, Florah has been a reborn virgin ever since Isaac died. Akafuni ukuzwa ubumnandi (She doesn't want to feel good)."

We both laughed while Florah shook her head.

Mam'Masango:"I'd rather devote my time to God. Men are a handful. Besides, sex isn't that exciting."

We both popped our eyes staring at her.

Ivy:"Just wait until you do the 69."

Mam'Masangi:"60 bani (sixty what)?"

We both laughed at her while she was left confused.

Gog'Khanyi:"Uzobona (You'll see) one day."

Mam'Masango:"I wonder what your sons will say when they find out their mom is a sex freak."

Ivy:"Abana choice (they don't have a choice) but to accept it. Angithi nabo ba yenza ama sixty shades (They also do those sixty shades stuff)."

Mam'Masango: (shaking her head) "Manje who's this mystery man who makes you do the things?"

Ivy:"I'll tell you one day."

We laughed as we carried on drinking. My phone rang again and I was forced to answer it.

Gog'Khanyi:"Ufunani Tony (What do you want)? Uyang'hlupa man (You're bothering me)."

Tony: "Ah, sorry Baby G. Le wena nkabe o sang maezi so (You shouldn't be ignoring me like this). Wang hlansa san (You drive me crazy). Ko go bona neng (When will I see you)?"

Gog'Khanyi: "O tlo mpona (You'll see me) once you put your little girlfriend in place. Wa ntena ka di message ke tlo mo trapa (she's sending me annoying messages, I'm going to beat her up)."

Tony: (Chuckling) "Ah, o ra Fiona? Nna ke mo hladile (I dumped her) for wena (you)."

I got so annoyed I stood up from my chair.

Gog'Khanyi: "Eng (What)?! Wa gafa Tony (Are you mad)?!"



Tony:"Eish, hade (sorry) Baby G. Flopo kao ncanda and wena gao e bone taba eo (Problem is I love you and you just don't see it)."

This boy is going to give me high blood pressure.

Gog'Khanyi:"Okay, bona (look) Tony, tsamaya o fellets a spane o nayake le Kele (Go finish up your job and look for Kele) and we'll talk."

Tony:"Ah, re feditse, ba mo kereile that's why ke nale nako e baie for wena nou so (We're done, they found her hence I have so much time for you now)."

Gog'Khanyi:"That's good news! Okay, bona (look) Tony. I'll call you later, I promise."

Tony:"Okay, grand shap mara kao ncanda (fine, but I love you)."

Gog'Khanyi: (Rolling my eyes) "Shap le nna."

I hung up and Ivy and Florah just laughed at me.

Gog'Khanyi:"Mxm. Lena la bora shame (You two are boring)."

Ivy:"Haibo, Khanyisa, you speak tsotsi taal now?!"

Gog'Khanyi:"Voetssek (piss off) Ivy. Anyway, he told me good news. They found Kele. Let's go prepare a nice feast before the boys come back."

Ivy:"That's great news oh, God is good. My daughter in lae is coming back. Asihambeni (Let's go)."

We called Zee and the girls in and told them the good news. For once things are looking up. I hope she comes back healthy and in one piece.

Sbu

After we were done with Natasha and Sharon, we waited for Mthunzi to let us know whether he found Kele or not. It was the most anxious thirty minutes of my life.

While he was on the line, he told us he had found the house, but the security was real tight. They had to shoot at least thirty of his guards to get inside the house. We kept hearing guns blazing and bullets going off. I haven't been praying regularly, but I recall making the longest prayer of my life during that time.

Mthunzi got in the house and he and his men

searched the whole 18 rooms with no sign of Kelebogile. They found Scorpion, and even though I wanted him alive, Mthunzi had to shoot him since he had already started shooting up a storm before they walked in. Apparently Scorpion's dick was bitten off.

I suspect he tried to rape my woman and she beat him to it. I hope he didn't touch her otherwise I'll go after everyone in his life. It's a pity he had such an easy death, but what matters most right now is Kele and my babies. Mthunzi and his men planted explosives in the house before they left and made sure the house burnt to the ground with all 19 of them in it.

I told him to keep searching the area and even though he was wounded by one bullet from Scorpion, he didn't stop looking. This guy is a real warrior, no wonder Bra Zakes recommended him.

He kept looking in the woods and even though it was getting dark in Brazil, he followed foot trails and eventually found her. She was bruised and unconscious, but at least she was breathing. He got his standby doctor to attend to her in the jet as they flew back this side.

We had to use my jet which I hardly even use to head back to Durban. We're waiting for Porsche and Drake since she'll be coming along with us to La Lucia. Drake has been summoned by me to come and attend Kele. I trust no one else with my woman. We'll meet Mthunzi and the whole crew at a nearby private hospital. The room has been set up with all the equipment needed.

For the first time in a long time I asked Phila to get down on his knees and pray with me. I've never been this close to losing someone after uBaba (Dad) died. I can say that after praying, I felt a whole sense of relief and serenity coming over me. Kele

always tells me that I should always pray no matter what; whether I'm happy or sad or in distress, prayer will get me through anything. I vow to make her happy from now on and protect her with my life.

## Chapter Seventy Three

Ziyanda

I'm so happy to hear that Kele has been found. I decided to cook up a storm. I let the elder women rest tonight. I even decided to take out one of the best wine bottles from the kitchen and make a few mojitos and sex on the beach.

It's time for Mam'Florah to let loose a little bit and thank God. Porsche is coming so the alcohol has to keep flowing. I decided to even bake some chocolate Trifle and the kids will love it. They were busy helping me and I was enjoying it.

It broke my heart when Nobuhle kept saying their mother never did such things with them. I always ask myself why God always blesses women who don't really yearn to have children with children while some of us are left with none. But Gogo says I should never question God's doings. Only He knows why.

I was done and the girls helped me set the table and bring the food as well. I made some homemade pizza for the girls, Beef Lasagne, Roasted Chicken breasts with creamy spinach filling and some roasted Lamb with Potato Mash and gravy. It's a bit much, I know, but for 8 adults and two kids? The food will be finished within an hour.

While I asked the twins to go and call the big ladies, Porsche walked in looking as stunning as ever. One would swear she wasn't going through some rough

stuff a few weeks ago. I swear this girl's body was specially carved. She doesn't gain an ounce of fat. She ran towards me and we hugged for a while.

Porsche:"Hayi, man Zee. You get hospitalized for a week and you come back looking like this?! No, man. We need to fix that hair and stop dressing like Nozi."

We burst out in laughter. It's really great to finally see her after such a long time.

Me:"It's so nice to see you, chomi (friend). Where's Phila and Sbu? Weren't they supposed to come with you? And where's Kele?"

Porsche:"Eish, chomi. Go rof waitse (It's bad, hey)."

Just then Nobuhle and Nokuhle came back running.



Nokuhle:"Aunty Zee, ubani lo (Who's this)? She's so pretty."

Porsche:"Before we say anything to anyone, girls. We're always supposed to greet, right?"

Nobuhle:"Sorry, Aunty and Gogo have been trying to teach us. Old habits die hard."

Porsche burst out laughing.

Porsche:"Tjowe! Kele o tshwere bothata mo (Kele has got a serious problem here). Bana ba ke bo Minnie Sharon shem (These two are Minnie Sharons)."

Gogo, Mam'Ivy and Mam'Masango came to the dining area and greeted Porsche. We sat down and

prayed.

Gog'Khanyi:"Manje (So), Portia, baphi labantu (where are these people)?"

Porsche: (Deep sigh) "Kele was found unconscious in the woods not far from Scorpion's house. She tried to run after managing an escape but she fell on top of a huge brick it seems. She's injured, but Drake says she'll be okay. Phila and Sbu went to the hospital with them."

Ziyanda:"Maybe we should go see them after dinner."

Mam'Ivy:"No, darling. Let them rest for a while. They'll come back soon. Let's just be thankful that Kele is alive and well."

We made a toast to Kele. She's one brave motherfucker. Knowing me I would have probably killed myself in the process. We had a bit of fun eating and drinking of course, Mam'Masango tried my Sex on the Beach and I must say it went down so well she asked for a second one. Gogo was so happy she couldn't stop talking about it. We had some dessert and Porsche and I put the dishes in the dishwasher and used this moment as a chance to catch up.

Porsche:"So, tell me, how are you really feeling?"

Me: (sigh) "Honestly, if you had asked me that question a week ago, I would have just bawled up and cried. But now, I'm honestly in a better place. It was meant to happen and I just hope that one day I'll get to have my own children."

Porsche:"You will, Zee. Do you know how much Rob and I struggled to have Bailey? We had to go

through IVF. Imagine at my age. It can happen to anyone. You'll get your babies, love. You'll be blessed abundantly. God loves us all, babe. My mother always says "Modimo ga lebale bana ba gae (God never forgets his children)."

Porsche always says the right things.

Me:"Thank you my friend. Now, tell me, how come you never told me about what Belinda said?"

Porsche:"It's not easy to talk about one's past. I couldn't exactly tell you my mother was an alcoholic and made us sleep with her clients for money. It was really tough, Zee. My sister was the one who was initially forced to do this after one of my mom's clients told her she was too old and she should let her children do the work.

My sister would scrub herself til she bled and drink

herself into a stupor after she was done sleeping with them. Things got bad when she fell pregnant with her first child. The drinking became worse and she had her second child and then third. All those kids belong to some of the clients. We didn't choose this life, Zee.

My mom knew nothing else other than selling her body. Growing up in a poor family, my father decided to abandon us when we were children and she chose to do what she did best. Once I turned 16, I became the next one in line. I begged her not to let me do it. I offered to get some small jobs as a way to make means for us. Things were fine for a while until I finished matric.

I remember I had saved up for registration only for her and my sister to drink it all. I was in a bad state, babe. That night I ran to Gogo's house and found you there. I didn't want you to know. I didn't want you to feel sorry for me or feel like I was your friend

just so I could get money from you. I thank God for uGogo because she paid for my registration and first semester until I got a Bursary.

I'm glad I never got to sleep with those men because I would never have survived. I tried to make ends meet, imagine me being a student and sending my meal allowance home. That's when I met Robert. His wife was dying from cancer and her last wish was for her husband to find a woman who'll love him and her daughter unconditionally. I was in a bad space and I needed money.

He offered me a job at his Hotel only for him to spill the beans. I wasn't attracted to him in any way. I was just 19 Reese was 7 at the time. When I met her I just knew I couldn't let her down. I moved in with them and took care of her until her last day on earth. We got married a year after and it took a while for me to love him like I do now.

Reese fell in love with me instantly hence I would do anything for her. I'd kill for her. That's how strong Rob and I's love for one another is. He knew everything about my past and he accepted me just the way I was. His late wife knew the situation and welcomed me with open arms. Rob's family has a problem with him being with a black woman half his age, but all that matters to us is that we have each other, plus the sex."

We were both so emotional that we didn't even realize we were crying. For such a bubbly person Porsche has quite a lot of baggage but look at how she turned out. She never held a grudge against her sister or mother. That's just powerful.

Zee:"You just made me realize how my problems seem small, Porsche."

Porsche:"No one is in competition with problems, Zee. We all have our limits. The key is to never give

up."

That's really true.

Porsche:"Now enough with the water works o  
mpotse gore (and tell me if) you've never wondered  
how big Sbu's dick actually is."

I nearly spilled my drink and laughed hard.

Me:"Hai, Porsche!"

Porsche:"Keng (What)? They're twins and by the  
way Sharon ne a mo lwela ka teng (was fighting for  
him), it means it's huge. You can't blame a girl for  
wondering."

Me:"Hai, Porsche. I can't think of anyone's penis



other than Phila."

Porsche:"Oh, well. A threesome wouldn't hurt."

Me:"Hai, hai, hai. I would never."

Porsche:"Suit yourself. Akere wena o stuif pap (You're as stiff as pap)."

We both laughed. This girl is crazy.

Chapter Seventy Four

Sbu

We waited for Kele to arrive for about three hours. Phila has been by my side ever since. I'm very grateful for him otherwise I would be a serious mess without him. I was so anxious even though I

was super tired.

I haven't slept in days, but nothing beats knowing my wife is alive after being kidnapped by that fucker Scorpion. All because I once fucked his chick back in high school. Some people just can't let go of grudges man it's sickening.

Drake arrived with an ambulance and they took out a stretcher and I saw Kele on it. I rushed to her side; she was so bruised on her arms and her face was swollen with a bandage wrapped around her head.

Sbu: "Kele, Themba lami (My hope). Please stay strong, for us, for our children. Please."

Drake and the nurses rushed her to her ward. I tried to go with them, but Phila pulled me back. For the first time since all this happened I felt so defeated, I felt like such a failure. I never thought that I would

ever endanger Kele's life like that. My son is gone and it's all because of me.

Phila:"Relax, Bafo (Brother). She's safe now. Uzo ba right (She'll be okay). You'll see. She's a real fighter."

Sbu:"I failed her, Bafo (Brother). She's in this mess because of me."

Phila:"Don't think like that. Let's sit and wait for feedback from Drake."

We sat in silence and waited for some news. They always say no news is good news, but in this case I'm just not sure. So many thoughts were going through my mind and I tried so hard not to let rage take over me. Drake came to us after an hour. I quickly got up with Phila.

Sbu:"Drake, tell me some good news, man, please."

Drake: (Sigh) "She's quite dehydrated and her head is a bit swollen. She's suffered a lot of trauma which caused her to get moderate High Blood pressure and I'm really amazed that she's still pregnant and the twins are healthy. I've put her on an IV drip to rehydrate her and I've sedated her just so she could get enough rest. She doesn't need any more stress."

I sighed and hugged him.

Sbu:"Thanks, bro. I honestly don't know what I would do without you. Can I see her?"

Drake:"Yes, sure, but remember, no stress. She's sedated, but she might remember what you say."

I walked to Kele's room and there she was, lying in a hospital bed with drips and needles attached to her. She looked so peaceful. I wish I could buy her all the peace in the world, I owe her that much. I don't know how life works: one minute you have all the happiness in the world and the next it's almost taken away from you.

All her life she has had to fight, and now I vow to make her life as smooth as possible. People with the purest hearts always get fucked over. Look at me, I was the ruthless Cobra and I was fearless. That time I never got fucked, but as soon as I found my Kele again I became soft as fuck and now Scorpion and those bitches fucked me over. That will never happen again-ever.

I went to her bedside and held her hand. I let the tears flow. This was my moment, my moment to mourn our son with her and her alone. uMa always says one should be glad for the Grace God bestows

in your life, even if those moments are shortlived. I met my son and within days he was killed. I just hope he accepted me as his father before he died.

Sbu:"Themba lami (My hope) I promise I'll be a better man to you, a better father to our children. Please get better and please don't leave me. I gave Thato the best funeral he deserved and even recorded the whole thing for you. I promise you no one will ever hurt you again."

I looked up next to her and I saw my father holding Thato's hand, both of them dressed in white, smiling at me. I swear I thought I saw ghosts.

Dad:"You did well, Lethukuthula, mfana wami (my boy). Ngiyazichenga ngawe (I'm so proud of you). Never let her go. You'll meet your twins very soon, I'll visit you again just before their born and make sure you give them the names I'll give you. I have your son with me, don't worry, He's happy and safe,

free of pain."

And just like that, my father and son's spirits left the room. Even after that whole vision I had, I swear I still felt their presence. Kele always tells me to pray. This felt so surreal, it's the most beautiful moment I've ever experienced in my entire life.

Right then I decided to pray: "Dear God, I thank you so much for bringing Kele back to me. Forgive me for not being consistent in prayer, but uMa always tells me that you never forget your children. Heal my heart and bless my soul with forgiveness, oh Lord. Help me to be a good husband and a better father. Help me live long enough to see my children grow up to become a better version of me. I thank you once again, Amen."

I texted Phila telling him I'm sleeping at the hospital tonight, then I took my spot on the couch next to the window. I stared at her until I dozed off.

Phila

Sbu sent me a text telling he's sleeping at the hospital tonight. I decided to let him be and drove back home with Drake. He'll be spending a few days this side. This whole Kele saga has shown me just how fragile life is. Zee and I never got to go back to our old selves again after we lost the babies.

I really need my wife back. She deserves all the happiness in the world, just like I promised her. The wedding is two weeks away, yet she postponed it. I'm worried she might be having second thoughts. We got home around 23:00 and I was exhausted. I haven't had a good night's rest in days. We found the ladies still up and talking, while Zee rushed towards me and gave me a hug. She and I headed upstairs and left Drake to be attended by the rest of the ladies.



We got to the room and as soon as the door closed I gave Zee a long, passionate kiss and hugged her for a long while. She didn't say anything, I guess she just read my emotions.

Phila:"I need a shower, Sthandwa sami (My love). Please join me."

Zee:"I'm still bleeding a bit, baby wami (my baby)."

Phila:"I don't want sex, Sthandwa sami (My love). I just need you. I need to feel you in my arms, please."

She said no more and pulled me towards our bathroom. We got out of our clothes and she ran the water. I got in behind her and I kissed her neck from behind, gently running my fingers down her arms. I turned her around and gave her another passionate kiss on the lips.

My penis got hard immediately, but it wasn't even about sex. I just needed intimacy, feeling her skin on mine, feeling her pussy against my dick without even making love to her made me whole again. I haven't had an intimate moment with my wife ever since we've been dealing with all this drama. I missed her beautiful, caramel body so much. Gosh, this woman is a beaut.

She moaned as I kept planting kisses on her neck while rubbing her breasts. She continued to wash my back while I washed hers. After about half an hour we got out the shower. I applied some lotion on her and she returned the favour. We got into the covers naked and I kissed her on her forehead. We dozed off in each other's arms.

## Chapter Seventy Five

Two days later

Kele

I don't know where I am. I've been roaming around this place for a while now. I don't see Sbu, Zee or anyone else. I'm surrounded by white everywhere. Everything is bright and beautiful. I look around me and everyone is wearing white, including me.

Kele: "Am I dead?"

Voice: "No, Kelebogile ngwanaka (my child), you're not dead."

I remember that voice. I step closer and I see my father.

Kele: "Papa! Papa ke dira eng mo (What am I doing here)?"

Dad: "You're not supposed to be here, ngwanaka (my child). You suffered a lot of trauma, your soul is tired, ngwanaka (my child). But I need you to go back. It's not yet time for you to die. Ga e so be nako (It's not yet time)."

Kele: "I don't understand, Papa (Dad)."

Dad: "Turn around and go back to the living world. Follow Sbusiso's voice. Your children need you."

Kele: "But if I go back I'll never see you again."

Dad: (Smiling) "I'm always with you, Kelebogile. I've always been with you. I'm so proud of you, Kelebogile. Never forget how much I'll always love you. Go and meet your husband."

I turned around and kept walking even though I couldn't see where I was going.

Sbu:"Themba lami (My hope). I know you can hear me. I had the best dream ever. It was actually a vision."

Is that Sbu? I can hear his voice. I kept following it and it became clearer and clearer. I opened my eyes and the light stung my eyes.

Sbu:"Themba lami (My hope)! You're awake! How are you feeling? Do you need some water? Should I call Drake?"

Kele:"My eyes, I need my glasses, please."

My voice felt so hoarse and my throat felt so dry. How long have I been out of it? He put my glasses

on my face.

Kele:"Water, please."

He brought me water with a steaw and elevated my bed so I could sit up straight.

Kele:"Thank you."

Sbu just kept smiling, but his eyes were so swollen and red and he looked like hell. He hadn't even shaved his beard in a long while.

Sbu:"It's so good to have you back, Themba lami (My hope)."

He kept kissing my face.

Kele:"Ouch, Sbusiso."

Sbu:"Sorry, Themba lami (My hope). I'm just too excited."

Kele:"Sbusiso, how long have I been here?"

Sbu:"Only two days, baby."

Kele:"Yet you look like this? Aowa man Sbusiso. Tsamaya o hlapa (Go take a bath)."

Sbu: (Chuckling) "I didn't want to leave your side, baby wami (my baby). I wanted to be the first person you saw."

Kele:"It's not like I was going to run away. Tsamaya o hlapa, wa nkgá (Go take a bath, you stink)."

Sbu laughed and kissed me gently on my lips. He went to the ensuite bathroom with his bag and took a bath. I tried to sit down straight even though I was so tired. My body felt heavy, but I was never one to wallow in pain. I switched on the tv and tried to change the channel then I saw something pop up on the screen "The funeral of the late Prince Dumisani Thato Zwane". Oh, my God. Sbu had this recorded, he told me while I was asleep. I remember hearing him. Tears flowed down my face as I saw his picture and his program.

The whole setup was so royal, so elegant. My Thato must have been smiling all day. His coffin was so beautiful, not to mention his tombstone. He was buried as a Zwane of which I'm forever grateful. He found his ancestors and they are watching over me together with him. My boy was buried like a true warrior. He took a bullet in my place. I'll forever love and miss him. I wasn't physically at the funeral, but seeing this video made me feel like I was.



Sbusiso is one in a million.

Sbu finished taking his bath and he came out looking and smelling great. He even shaved, thank goodness. He saw me with tears running down my face and he came running towards me.

Sbu: "Themba lami (My hope), what is it? Is it the babies? Are you in pain?"

Kele: "No, I just watched Thato's funeral. It was so beautiful, Sbusiso. Thank you so much for giving him that gift."

He sat down next to me with glistening eyes.

Sbu: "I kept watching it while you were asleep. I'm so sorry, Themba lami (My hope). I never meant to put you in harms' way. I love you so much, Kele. If

you decide to leave me I'd understand."

He looked down and I pulled his face up with my fingers.

Kele:"Look at me, Sbu. Look at me."

He looked at me and let the tears fall.

Kele:"In all my life I've never seen you give up. You're not a coward, Sbu. You never gave up when I told you I didn't find you attractive back in high school. You never gave up even though I got married to another man. You never gave up even though I was going through the most. Now you want to give up over a measly kidnapping?"

He looked at me puzzled.

Kele:"I've been through a shitload, Sbu. But one thing is for sure, I came back and I came back stronger than before. I heard you praying for me. I'm so proud of you, Baby. You're my world, my baby daddy, my King. Without you I'm nothing. Now I hope you killed all those bastards because you can't give up after being such a hero."

He smiled and stared at me.

Sbu:"I don't deserve you, Kele. I really don't. You're too good for me."

Kele:"And you're too good, you just don't know it yet."

Sbu:"Did he.. Did that fucker touch you?"

Kele:"No. Everytime he tried to sleep with me his

dick would just fall asleep. I think your dad and Thato had something to do with that."

He laughed.

Sbu:"My dad?"

Kele:"Yes, he visited me in my dreams with Thato. They said I needed to fight and that they're with me everywhere I go. Your father was a handsome man. Now I know where you got your cute nose."

He smiled with teary eyes.

Sbu:"Mthunzi says they found half of his dick on the floor in his bedroom."

Kele:"Mthunzi?"

Sbu:"That one is a story for another day. A story that will shock you for days."

Kele:"Well, he said I should suck him off since his penis always dies when he's with me. So I bit it off and ran away."

Sbu laughed so hard. Only Sbu can laugh at a situation like that.

Sbu:"hehe, Themba lami (My hope), Ndhlovukazi (Queen), mafavuka (die hard), wena the mother of my kids. One day I'm going to make a movie about you wena."

I laughed slightly.

Kele:"A movie, Sbu, ka nnete (really)?"

Sbu:"You deserve a whole production. I chose well."

Kele:"Ai, you talk to much. Please get me some food."

Sbu:"I'll call the nurse."

He pressed my emergency button and a nurse came running in.

Nurse:"Is everything okay?"

Sbu:"Yes, everything is fine, may we have some food please? My wife just woke up after a two day nap and she's starving."

Nurse: (irritated) "Ai, ni ringa lemergency button ungathi kuyafiwa kanti ningbizela ukudla (you rang the emergency button like someone's dying, but you called me for food instead). Ai, Sizothini, abantu with money ba ne drama (What can I say, people with money are dramatic)."

Wow. This woman didn't just say that.

Kele:"Askies (Sorry)? Is it your job to stand and murmur bullshit to patients?"

The nurse suddenly regretted what she said and Sbu just chuckled at me.

Nurse:"Oh, hayi ke sis, ngiyaxolis a (I'm sorry) I didn't mean to..."

She didn't even finish her sentence and I cut her off.

Kele:"You know what? Please leave. I'll ask for another nurse."

Nurse:"But I..."

Kele:"Fuck off!"

She ran out while Sbu started laughing.

Sbu:"Mara (But) Ndhlovukazi (Queen). I'll order you some food from Uber Eats. My kids are turning you into a beast."

Ziyanda

Phila and I had a peaceful night. Whenever I woke up to pray, he woke up with me. I'm very surprised,



but my heart is jumping for joy. I never thought Phila would ever pray with me. I love this new side of him. I woke up and tried to wiggle myself out of his arms.

Phila: (kissing my neck) "Morning, Sthandwa sami (My love)."

Me:"Good morning, Baby wami (My baby)."

Phila:"Ulele njani (How did you sleep)?"

Me:"Like a baby. Now I need to get up and make the twins some food."

Phila:"Hawu, Sthandwa sami (My love). uMa and the others can do that."

Just then the twins ran into the bedroom and we had to quickly cover ourselves. I forgot to lock the door.

Nobuhle: "Morning uncle Phila, Morning Auntie Zee."

Nokuhle: "Sawubona (Morning guys. Aunty, can you please make us your pancakes? uMa can't make them as good as you do."

Phila looked a little bit annoyed.

Phila: "Yey Nina, why didn't you knock first?"

Nokuhle: "Ah, sorry Malume (Uncle). But we all know that married couples sleep naked. There's nothing to hide."

We were both so shocked we wanted to laugh but kept our cool.

Me:"Nokuhle, how do you know that?"

Nokuhle:"Nobuhle and I once saw Mommy Kele and daddy sleeping without clothes on. It's normal."

This kid's shoes are too big for her.

Phila:"Okay, Auntie will be there just now. Go and wait in the kitchen."

Nokuhle:"Okay. Masihambe Buhle (Let's go)."

They left our bedroom while we burst out in laughter.

Phila:"Abantwana laba bayaphapha (These kids are too forward)."

Me:"They take after their father."

Phila:"Speaking of Sbu, he sent me a text saying Kele is awake now. I thought we could head there after breakfast. Just you, Porsche and I."

Kele is awake. That's great news. Our prayers didn't go in vain. I can't wait to finally see her.

Chapter Seventy Six

Ziyanda

I got up and got dressed in some pajamas and headed downstairs to the kitchen. I found Nobuhle and Nokuhle waiting for me in their little aprons which I ordered online for them. They each have

their names on so that they don't end up fighting for the same apron.

Nobuhle: "Aunty woza (come)!"

They were so excited.

Mam'Ivy:"Hayi, Ziyanda. I don't know what you did to these two but everything is now Aunty this, Aunty that. Ungathi wena no Phila ninga hamba nabo (I wish you could leave with them) when you leave."

I laughed.

Nokuhle:"Hawu Gogo (But granny), are you chasing us away?"

Mam'Ivy:"Hayi, let me go deal with Florah. She has

a small hangover from last night's Sex in the beach."

I laughed as she left. The girls and I continued to make pancakes. We ended up making for everyone, adding muesli and yoghurt with some fruits. Porsche came down and saw us.

Porsche:"Ayeye, Mmarona (Our Mother). Gwa nyewa ka mo mos (Its happening here )."

Nokuhle:"Good morning, Aunty Portia."

Nobuhle:"Good morning, Aunty Portia."

Porsche looked so impressed as she smiled.

Porsche:"Good morning, girls. Hehe you learn fast

man."

Nokuhle:"Aunt Portia, where's the hair you had on yesterday?"

Porsche:"Ah, haowa (no). Bana ba ba wrong, Ziyanda (These kids are not right). I'll tell you some other time, Nokuhle."

Nokuhle:"Okay."

We set the table with Porsche's help and Phila walked down. Everyone came to the table to eat and we prayed before we ate. This time Phila lead the prayer. I don't know what made him change his mind and make a whole 360 turn, but I made a mental note to ask him.

Nokuhle:"Uncle Phila, I didn't know you could pray.

Gogo always said you and daddy don't like J es us."

Porsche burst out in laughter while Phila shook his head.

Mam'Ivy:"Yazi (You know) Nokuhle, uyaphapha (you're forward). Eat your food."

We had a nice conversation and let them know that Kele woke up. We went back to our rooms to get ready for the hospital visit and Mam'Masango stopped us on our way out.

Mam'Masango:"Phila, Mfana wami (My boy). Please remember to tell Sbu that he needs to find Kele's family, both the mother and the Father's family soon. He needs to pay lobola before the babies are born."



Phila:"Yebo, ma. I'll do that."

Mam'Masango:"Greet Kele for me. And Tell Sbu not to forget what your father said this morning."

Phila looked a bit puzzled.

Phila:"Okay, ma. I'll tell him."

We headed out with Porsche and drove off. Drake left early in the morning to go check out a few things at the hospital.

We arrived at the hospital an hour and a half later since we stopped by the flower shop to get some flowers and a food basket with some nice toiletries, and a nice outfit. I know for a fact Sbu probably forgot about that. We arrived at the hospital and headed straight to her room. Before we entered,

one nurse at the Nurse's Bay made a rude comment.

Nurse:"Hayi, kumnandi ukuba ne mali (It's nice to have money). You don't even have to adhere to visiting hours."

We all ignored her and walked into Kele's room. We found Sbu feeding Kele some Steers. Kele looked so happy to see us and we went to hug her.

Sbu:"Ah, nina mara (you guys though). Couldn't you at least have waited until I was done feeding my wife?"

Phila:"Ah, bafo (Brother), you know how women are. They made me wait at the shops for over an hour."

Sbu chuckled.

Sbu:"Let's give you guys some space."

Sbu and Phila left the room, leaving the three of us.

We had an emotional moment as she told us what she went through from the moment Thato was shot right in the head in her presence, to being held captive. We cried and cried some more.

Porsche:"I've had enough of crying, ladies. When you get better, we need a serious girls trip and your man is sponsoring."

Kele: (laughing) "Why mine?"

Porsche:"He has to make up for his psycho ex's behaviour."

We all laughed out loud.

Me:"Hey, what's up with the nasty nurse at the bay?"

Kele:"Ag, that one. She made funny comments this morning when Sbu asked her for food and I just told her to fuck off."

Porsche and I were so shocked. Wow. Perhaps it's the pregnancy hormones, but I never thought Kele could be so straightforward. Drake walked in wheeling a huge sonar machine. Phila and Sbu walked in right after. It was a bitter sweet moment for me, I have to admit.

Drake:"Sorry for interrupting, ladies. I need to check up on the mommy to be."

Those words cut me a bit deep. Am I starting to

feel jealous?

Drake:"I need to check up on the babies. Are they staying with you two in the room?"

Kele:"Yes, I would love all of you here, if you don't mind."

Phila:"Of course. We would love to experience this moment with you."

Phila must have noticed the smile fade from my face as he walked next to me and squeezed my hand. Porsche, Phila and I sat on the couch, while Sbu sat on a chair next to Kele. Seeing that moment between them made me yearn for mine. I'm honoured to share this moment with them, but I'm having flashbacks of this moment when Phila and I had our own sonar done.

Sbu had this really exciting grin on his face and Kele's face was glued to the sonar screen. I could see how happy they were and I tried so hard not to ruin it.

Drake put the jelly on her tummy and started with the sonar.

Drake:"J ust relax. The gel is a bit cold, but you'll be fine."

We saw the two heartbeats as he showed us all how far along she was. She was 10 weeks pregnant now. I felt my body tense up and Porsche sensed it too and held my other hand. As the scan progressed, I just couldn't handle it. A tear fell on my cheek and I quickly wiped it. Phila noticed and asked that we be excused. Thank goodness he saved me. We left to take a walk outside the hospital in the garden. I just found myself in tears as he held me.

Phila: "It's Okay, Sthandwa sami (My love). It gets better with time."

## Chapter Seventy Seven

Ziyanda

I feel so bad about leaving Kele's room the way I did. I couldn't even go back to say goodbye. I had already ruined her moment and I feel like total shit about it. Phila texted Sbu telling him I wasn't feeling so well and Porsche said she would get a lift back home with Sbu.

Phila decided to take me out, just the two of us and no one else. He took me to the beach and we decided to have a nice, long walk. We didn't say anything to each other, we just walked for about 30 minutes admiring the beauty of the beach. The beach has a really nice calming effect on people.

No wonder almost every black person goes to the beach every now and then to get cleansed.

We got into the water, but not too far though. He had to fold his Jeans up a bit and I wore a short maxi dress so it wasn't hard for me to get into the water. We haven't spent much time together and I feel like now is the time to get to know the real Phila and Zee. This is the time we should use to do what we've always wanted to do-away from the drama. I was about to suggest a getaway, but Phila beat me to it.

Phila:"S thandwa sami (My love), I was thinking. Maybe you and I should go away for a while. Just you and I like we did in Cape Town. Spend some time together away from the madness. When we come back we'll set an official wedding date so that everything runs smoothly this time. What do you say?"



Me:"Funny enough I was thinking the exact same thing. I'd really love that, baby wami (my baby)."

Phila:"I was hoping you'd say yes, because I've already booked us a flight for this weekend. We'll be gone for a whole week."

Ai. Phila and doing things without discussing it with me. I guess it's in him, but its boring at times.

Me:"You really have a habit of doing things without my input."

Phila:"Ngiyaxolisa Sthandwa sami (I'm sorry my love). I just really like surprising you. Please don't change your mind, Zee. Because everything has been paid for already."

Me:"Relax. I won't change my mind. I cannot wait

to go where you're not even telling me."

Phila:"It's a surprise you'll love, Sthandwa sami (My love)."

He kissed me on the lips and stared at me deep in the eyes.

Phila:"I'm sorry, Zee. I'm so sorry that we lost our babies and now Kele and Sbu are living our dream. I saw the hurt in your eyes when those babies appeared on the screen. I promise you, we'll have our own kids. I know it."

Me:"It's not your fault, Phila. Kele must think I'm such a bitch. I just had to be dramatic."

Phila:"Don't be silly, come now. Kele and Sbu totally understand. Let's go grab some lunch."

Zodwa Ngcobo

I've been feeling really uneasy ever since Adonia called me and told me the dreadful news about my long lost son. I don't know what to do right now, I've run out of options. To make matters worse, Lunga has regained his memory. He's had his memory back ever since a few weeks ago. He lied and acted like he had amnesia this whole time. I have so much on my plate and can't even afford to fall ill. I wouldn't be able to afford being hospitalized.

Belinda is back from hospital. Another vegetable to look after since she's also confined to a wheelchair. David has been so mean to me, forcing me to look after her. There's only so much my heart can take.

Lunga thinks he's in love with Zee and is busy stalking her, while I keep looking over my shoulder.

I really feel like death is lurking in the shadows and I can't even stop it.

I went to the kitchen to get some water for Belinda and I saw Belinda's son behaving really strange. One minute he was playing and the next his eyes turned all white. I tried shaking him, but he wasn't moving. The next thing foam came out of his mouth. He's having a seizure! I tried screaming for Lunga and David, but no one came. I quickly called Adonia and she answered almost immediately this time.

Adonia:"Zodwa, uyangihlupa (you're annoying me). What do you want?"

Zodwa:"Help me please! It's Junior, He's having a fit or something."

Adonia:"There's nothing I can do for you, Zodwa.

You made a deal with the devil."

I felt a chill down my spine.

Zodwa:"But, you said he would die only if Zee's children live. They died!"

Adonia:"I keep telling you, Zodwa. Never trust the devil. He's untrustworthy. Sorry, but it's a life for a life like I said."

She hung up. I tried to feel a pulse but it was slowly fading away. What have I done?!

Chapter Seventy Eight

Ziyanda

After having some lunch and a good talk with Phila,

he spoiled me a bit with some shopping. I can't even remember the last time I spent my own salary since Phila just does everything for me. On top of the nice salary I get, he sends me R100 000 every month. What on earth do you do with so much money?

He literally walked with me to every shop, helped me pick out some outfits and came out helping me with my shopping bags. We went to a few shops and I came across beautiful custom made baby booties. I just couldn't resist. I stared at them for a while and he noticed.

Phila: (whispering in my ear) "They're too cute. Buy both pairs, pink ones and blue ones."

Me: "Don't be silly Phila, we'll get them one day when I'm pregnant again."

Phila:"I can see how much you like them, Sthandwa sami (My love). Take them. They'll be gone by the time you'd want to come back to buy them. We'll have our own pair of babies soon, I can feel it."

We got to the cashier and she smiled as she looked at us. For once we have someone who's nice to me in public.

Cashier:"Hello! You must be Phila and Ziyanda Zwane. Oh, my goodness! I remember your interview with Dave on Dave's Diary. It was so inspiring, Mr. Zwane. It inspired me to leave my stupid boyfriend who was just stringing me along. You really gave me insight on what real love is."

We both smiled and the news was a bit unexpected. People still remember that whole saga? Which reminds me I seriously need to call Elmarie. I left her hanging ever since. I made a mental note to reach out to her.

Phila:"Thank you, ma'am. Always remember that you should choose a man who loves you not the other way round."

Cashier:"I'll remember that. There you go. Have a lovely day."

We paid and walked out. She was really nice and Phila has never really been rude to anyone in public unless they were rude to me, come to think of it. We quickly bought something for Nobuhle and Nokuhle before they ask what we bought them. Those two can really bankrupt a person. Sbu and Kele are in serious trouble, which reminds me I never asked Phila what happened to Sharon and Natasha.

Me:"Oh, by the way, baby, you never told me what happened to Sharon and Natasha."



Phila:"You sure you would like to know?"

That question. I swallowed hard and thought really hard about my answer and then I nodded.

Phila:"Sbu clawed Sharon's eyes out and sent her back home. Natasha on the other hand, I sent her away to become a sex slave."

My eyes popped out as I thought I didn't hear him properly.

Me:"You.. You did what?!"

Phila:"when I told you we don't play with those who harm our loved ones, I surely Wasn't playing."

He sure was n't.

Me: "What would you do if I ever cheated on you?"

Phila: (tightening his jaw) "You don't want to know, Sthandwa sami (My love). I love you too much to even think of what I would do to you if you ever did that. All I know is you most probably wouldn't live to tell the tale."

I don't like this Mamba character much. I prefer using him in case of emergency only. Perhaps we need to keep praying and he'll kill less. We went back to his car and we drove back to the house.

Zodwa Ngcobo

I can't believe it. I can't believe Adonia would do me like this. Lunga didn't even shed a tear when I told him about Junior. David isn't speaking to me anymore. I feel like everyone is against me and

they won't even give me a chance to explain.

David is handling the whole funeral preparations and I'm not even welcome at the funeral. Imagine, Belinda's useless family denying me my right to bury my grandson. I tried making some breakfast and I was about to serve David who's sitting in the kitchen reading his Newspaper.

Zodwa:"Baba, your food."

David:"Yini (what is it) Zodwa? Are you deaf? I told you not to even bother talking to me. You disgust me. Belinda told me everything! I don't know what possessed me to marry a which like you!"

His words really stung. I know I've done a lot of bad things in my life, but all I've done was for David and our children. I know I sacrificed them for greed, but I loved them. Even Junior, he was my only

grands on and I really loved him.

Zodwa:"Kodwa (But) Baba, we can talk about this. It's not entirely my fault. Belinda agreed to everything!"

David just threw all the food on the floor and the hot tea spilled, some of it splashing me on my legs. I yelled out in pain as it burnt my skin.

David:"Let that be a taste of hell for you. You make me sick! Let me go and check on Belinda and my unborn child. At least she's doing something right unlike you."

As humiliated as I was, I got up from the floor and started cleaning up the mess. Perhaps it's time to kill David too before he changes his will and everything. I have nothing to lose, I mean he clearly doesn't love me anymore. I was deep in thought

while cleaning, just then I heard David screaming from Belinda's bedroom. I rushed up to see what's happening.

I got to Belinda's bedroom and I was met by an ugly sight. Belinda had slit her wrists and there was blood everywhere on the bed. David was crying next to her, I mean wow. When a man is pussy whipped he can cry like a little bitch. He's never cried for me before-ever. Perhaps I never gave him reason to. I tried to cry, but my body failed me. I can't act like I'm not happy she's gone with her little demonic seed that was growing inside of her.

David:"You did this, Zodwa! This is wll your fault! My child is now dead! This was my last chance to raise a proper child and you took it away from me."

I just stared at him without saying a word. This will be the last day David ever treats me like shit in my own house. Lunga's businesses are picking up

again, so I don't need him anymore. He has to die.

Gog'Khanyi

It's Friday and as much as we had fun with Ivy and everyone else in Durban, I just can't wait to get back to my house. My miss my own bed and space with Florah. We're headed home with Portia, using Sbu's jet. Kele is being discharged today, so she will be staying with Ivy for a while to bond with the twins until Ziyanda and Phila come back from their trip.

My poor child has been through so much already. I can only hope that God blesses her with children of her own. I see the way she looks at those twins and a part of her looks at them with envy. I know it's all part of the process, kodwa (but) it all hurts before it gets better.

Portia had to head back to work immediately to

check on things and I must say that child really does a good job while Phila is away. He had better pay her a fortune otherwise kuzonyiwa (I'll deal with him). Florah and I are so exhausted and all we need is a nap.

As our driver was about to enter the gate, we saw an unfamiliar car outside. A red VW Polo Vivo. This can't be Tony's car, so I asked the driver to wait outside the gate before entering and I got out. I'm many things but a coward isn't one of them. Florah begged me to stay in the car, but I ignored her. Blame it on the stubbornness my mother passed onto me.

As I walked towards the car holding my Dior bag, a young girl walked out of the car and started pointing and screaming at me in Tswana. I don't even know this girl, but gathering from the insults, she's Tony's girlfriend, Fiona.

Fiona: "J ah, wena Magogo (Yes, Granny)! Kgale ke batlisana le wena mosadi o mo tona (I've been looking everywhere for you, big woman)!"

Gog'Khanyi: (Annoyed) "Nka go thusa ka eng ngwanyana (How can I help you, girlie)?"

Fiona: "O ka nthus a ka go tlogela Monna wa me, Tony (You can help me by leaving my man, Tony alone). Ga o na banna ba di thaka tsa gao na (Don't you have men your age)?!"

Gog'Khanyi: "Waitse keng (You know what)? Ga ke na nako ya masepa a (I don't have time for this shit). Kena ka mo koloing nyana eo ya gao o tsamaye o ye gae (Get in your small car and go home)."

As I was about to turn back to the car she grabbed me by my hair. Big mistake. She probably thought it was a wig, but Ziyanda and I have the same



beautiful, natural and long hair. I quickly turned and slapped her so hard, she fell onto her car. She tried coming back, but I took out my gun from my purse and aimed at her. She got frightened immediately.

Gog'Khanyi: "Lalela la wena s cefe ndini (Listen here, you nuisance)! Ga ko bua ga ngata le wena, ko bua ga one fela (I'm not going to say a lot, so I'm just going to speak once)! You have better stop texting and calling me. I'm not your fucking friend. If you feel like Tony is cheating on you then sort him the fuck out! From my understanding you're not even married. Stop embarrassing yourself by fighting women twice your age for a man who hasn't even paid lobola for you.

He told me ga le jola le go jola (you're not even dating). Don't you have a job? Any goals?! It's Friday morning and instead of being at work, you're stalking a grown woman outside her own house for nothing, but a dick! Tlogela go tibia ana le nna o

ema eme mosadi (Stop chasing after me and get your own). If you come back here I won't hesitate but put a bullet in your head. Now fokof and get the fuck off my porch!"

She drove off in lightning speed. I got back into the car annoyed and the driver drove in. Florah was laughing shaking her head.

Gog'Khanyi:"Mxm. I'm a joke to you wena Florah, neh?"

Mam'Masango: (Smiling) "Don't say I told you so. Even after all this drama, she'll be back."

Gog'Khanyi:"I'll kill her if she comes back."

Ziyanda

We packed all our bags and left some clothes at Phila's mother's house. We said goodbye to the twins and Mam'Ivy and headed for the other Jet. I feel a bit bad about leaving without saying goodbye to Kele, but I'll see her when we come back. I can't help but feel a bit jealous whenever I'm around her. I really need to get back to therapy ASAP before this ruins me.

Philq hasn't told me where we are going as he said it's a surprise that I'm going to love. He said we'll buy more clothes when we get there. I'm very glad the bleeding has stopped, so perhaps we can pick up where we left off in terms of our sex life, but he hasn't attempted to sleep with me ever since. I wonder if he still finds me attractive?

We got into the Jet and ordered some breakfast and some drinks. He decided to catch up on some work, while I decided to catch up on some social media. I decided to DM Elmarie and tell her I'd like to meet

up when I come back from my trip. I checked my Facebook and I had an invite from an Account with no picture, by the name Lee. That's just odd. This person has been sending me message requests for the past few weeks. I ignored and didn't accept.

As I scrolled down my Timeline I was met by some very disturbing posts "Rest in peace Belinda and Junior. Heaven has gained two angels, mother and son."

No ways! This can't be. I checked Belinda's wall and indeed RIP messages were flooding. I tried to see what others were saying and they said she killed herself and left a letter to everyone close to her, including her friends.

I know Belinda never really liked me but I never wished death upon her. I guess life just got too much for her.

## Chapter Seventy Nine

Ziyanda

After seeing the news about Belinda, I couldn't help but feel so bad for her. I felt a bit emotional and Phila noticed.

Phila: "S thandwa sami (My love), yini (What is it)?"

Me: "It's nothing, really."

Phila: "Ufuna ukung'tshela unkuthi inothing ikwenze wa ba sad ka nje (So you're telling me nothing made you this sad)?"

Me: "It's just... Belinda is dead. And so is her son. Apparently she killed herself."

I thought Phila would feel a bit sad about the news, but he wasn't bothered at all.

Phila: (sigh) "Ai, Sthandwa sami (My love), once you learn to stop caring about those who don't care about you uzoba ne (you'll have) peace in life. This is our holiday, our time. Belinda has ruined enough, please don't let her steal this moment away from us."

I suppose he's right. She pretty much ruined everything-well almost ruined everything. I don't blame Phila for disliking her. Even in death, he despises her.

Me:"You're right. Askies."

Phila kissed me on my cheek and rubbed my hand. We've been in the air for about five hours now.

Something tells me we're going outside of South Africa as to where, I have no idea. I'll keep an open mind though.

Zodwa Ngcobo

David has been locked up in the bedroom ever since he found Belinda dead in her room. He's never even mourned any of our children like that. It makes me wonder if he ever really loved me. I'm in the lounge watching tv with Lunga. He isn't talking to me but at least he is sitting in one room with me unlike before.

I keep trying to make some small talk here and there but he's just not having it.

Zodwa:"Lunga, mfana wami (my boy). Can you at least listen to me? You've always been so obedient. You're the only child I have left."

Lunga:"Don't make your problems mine, Zodwa. You're the one who got yourself into this mess. You never even allowed me to choose my own fate. Look at me now, sterile without Ziyanda! Who's going to want me now, ma?!"

Zodwa:"Ngiyaxolis a (I'm sorry), Lunga. I was driven by greed and I just wanted you to be the best you could ever be. You can't blame a mother for trying."

Lunga:"It's a bit too late for that, Zodwa. I'm stuck with you now because you're my mother, unfortunately. Otherwise I would have killed you a long time ago. You should have sacrificed yourself instead of Junior. Buka manje (Look now), the poor girl killed herself. You took her life away from her. You stole everything from her. You took advantage of her past and now she couldn't handle the pain anymore. I regret the way I treated her. She deserved love just like anybody else and she chose



to listen to you."

His words cut me deep. People say I don't have a heart or remorse, but seeing your own child turn against you and even call you by name is painful. I sat there trying to process what he said to me. He was 100% right. I don't know how to make things right. While deep in thought, someone knocked on the door. I was about to get up until Lunga beat me to it.

Lunga: "I'll get it."

He got up and rushed to the door. He came back after a while.

Lunga: "Ma, you have some explaining to do."

I looked up and nearly fell flat on the floor. My sins

are indeed catching up with me.

Kele

I finally got discharged from the hospital and I'm home now, well in La Lucia with Sbu's Mom. I'm going to be here for a week, bonding with her and the kids not forgetting Sbu. He's been such a darling, making sure I'm well fed and well rested. He elevates my feet since they get swollen quite a lot. I don't remember having this much trouble when I carried Thato. Drake says it's because I'm carrying twins and that I went through a lot of trauma. The hypertension is making things a lot worse, so I have to take things easy.

I can't wait to go back to work, but Sbu wants to keep me bedridden until I give birth. That's not happening. He's been talking about paying lobola soon, although I don't see the reason. It's not like I have any family left. I never knew my father's

family nor my mother's, but apparently I have to go look for them. Mam'Masango's instructions. Apparently my father has been bothering her and Sbu has to pay lobola before the babies are born. I was deep in thought lying in my bed when he walked in with a tray full of food. I'd be lucky if I don't have be rolled down the aisle with all this food he's been feeding me.

Sbu:"Incoming lunch for the mommy to be."

I smiled in awe.

Kele:"Sbu, I just ate two hours ago."

Sbu:"You're carrying two babies, you need to eat all thr food you can get and besides Kule and Buhle helped so you can't say no."

They'd be very upset if I turned down their food. They have been so sweet. I don't know what Sharon was thinking giving up all the joy those kids bring for revenge.

Sbu:"So, Ndhlovukazi (Queen). Have you spoken to Ziyanda yet?"

Kele: (Deep sigh) "No, I haven't. I don't mean to sound insensitive, but she shouldn't have been there if she was going to react that way. It was our moment, Sbu."

Sbu looked at me like I said something wrong.

Sbu: (surprised) "Kelebogile, I'll just pretend you said that by mistake."

Kele:"But I didn't."

Sbu: "Kele, you can't go around saying things like that. Zee has lost three children. The wound is still fresh."

Kele: "But I also lost my son, Sbu. And now this is my moment."

Sbu: "Hehe, yazini (you know what) Kele. I'll just blame it on the hormones. You at least had a chance to be a mother, while all Zee has ever wanted was to be one. She yearns for it more than anything and now you want to blame her for being a little bit jealous that your babies survived and hers didn't?"

Okay. He made it sound like I was being evil.

Sbu: "Stop acting like a child and reach out to her."

With that said he walked out and slammed the door. Perhaps I was a little bit insensitive.

Zodwa Ngcobo

My heart was beating so fast I felt like it was going to beat right out of my body. This can't be. That bitch was supposed to kill him. Both of them looked at me with so much rage in their eyes. I was on the floor, I tried getting up but my body failed me.

Mthunzi: "Hello, mother. Don't look so surprised to see me. Let me help you get up."

He extended his hand and I grabbed it shaking. I sat on the couch while Lunga looked like he was about to kill me.

Mthunzi:"Now that I'm finally here, why don't you call Daddy so you can explain everything to all of us before I skin you alive?"

## Chapter Eighty

Zodwa Ngcobo

I felt sweaty and unable to breathe properly. I couldn't cope with what I was seeing.

Mthunzi:"Sho, Lungas, call your dad to come down stairs."

Lunga: (Angered) "You just rock up in my house and think you can order me around?"

Mthunzi:"Okay then. I'll just drag your mother out of this house and set her on fire before you even find out why the fuck you and I look alike."

Lunga clicked his tongue and walked upstairs.

Lunga:"Baba! Baba! (Dad). Woza lana (Come here)!"

All this while Mthunzi kept staring at me blankly with no expression on his face. David came out his room screaming.

David:"Yini manje (What is it now)?!"

As soon as he saw the two of them standing there right next to each other he nearly fell down the stairs.

David:"Kwenzakalani lana (What's happening here)?!  
Yey wena Zodwa, what's happening?!"



I was shaking. I've never seen David this angry.

Zodwa:"I. I."

David slapped me so hard I fell from the couch once again.

David:"Khuluma S febe (Talk, Bitch)!"

Zodwa:"It's a long story."

Lunga grabbed me by my throat. He's never ever done that to me ever. Not once has he lay a hand on me. I must have really fucked up. Then I remembered Khanyisa's words: "Repent before you meet your untimely death". I guess it's better to be late than never doing it at all. Lunga let go of my throat and I fell on the floor struggling to breathe. I took a deep breath and decided to speak up.

Zodwa: "When I fell pregnant with you two, my grandmother knew I carried twins. She was, well still is a great Sorcerer. Adonia, is her name. She told me that I could gain great power and wealth if I sacrifice one of you. I asked her which one, and she said she would decide which one is the more powerful one and chose you, Mthunzi.

I had to do it. Wena (You) David Ngcobo, how do you think you acquired so much wealth in an instant? I had to sacrifice my own children for you to be one of the richest men in these streets. I had to do it and today, you're the one who is treating me like trash! Se uyang'jikela manhlanje (You're turning against me today)!"

David: "Are you hearing yourself, Zodwa?! What the fuck?! You chose to sacrifice one of my children?! Everyone kept asking me why I chose you and I tried to prove them otherwise, but you have shown

me that they were right all along. You're a snake and I hope this boy is here to kill you."

Zodwa:"No! You don't mean that, David!"

Mthunzi:"Do you have any idea how much I suffered growing up? I had to kill people as soon as I turned 13 just to fucking survive! But I made a vow to myself that I would kill you one day and now that I found you, you're dying tonight."

I felt so scared, I didn't know what to do. Worst part David and Lunga didn't protest when he said that.

Mthunzi:"It was nice meeting you Daddy, Twin bro. I have unfinished business to settle with mommy dearest over here. I'll be in touch."

Mthunzi dragged me out of my house while I was

kicking and screaming. I begged Lunga and David to help me, to save me. I begged Mthunzi to spare my life and forgive me, but it was like I was talking to a brick wall. He threw me in the boot and drove off with me while I was screaming. My plea fell onto deaf ears.

Sbu

I was rather annoyed by what Kele said about Zee a few hours ago. I've been in the study for hours, trying to trace her family on both sides. I only know her Father's surname which is Molefe and there are thousands of those on social media. Kele never knew his side which makes it even harder. I asked Tony to help me with the little I had. I decided to ask Mam'Florah for help.

Mam'Florah:"Yebo, mfana wami (My boy). How can I help?"

Sbu:"Ma, how do you know?"

Mam'Florah: (Chuckling) "You forget I know everything."

Sbu: (Deep sigh) "Ma, I've been digging for hours. I've tried to look for Kele's family and I can't seem to find anything."

Mam'Masango:"Go back to her stepmother. She has all the answers you need. She'll lead you to both her mother and father's family."

I became even more confused when she said that. They always say sometimes help is in the least expected places. So that drunkard holds all the answers.

Sbu:"Yebo (Yes), ma. I hear you."

Mam'Masango:"Remember, you'll find more than you bargained for. Be supportive to Kelebogile and don't let your guard down."

She hung up and left me confused. I guess we're headed to Randburg again.

Zodwa Ngcobo

I was so afraid while lying in the boot of Mthunzi's car. He was driving so fast, and without caution which caused my stomach to turn and I almost vomited. I tried to pray, but I haven't prayed in all my life, I wouldn't know where to start. My mother disowned me after I joined my grandmother Adonia in her evil deeds.

How I wish I had chosen the right path, the path my mother always tried to get me on. I was too ashamed to live with her, I wanted more. I didn't want to be another black zulu girl, born and bred in Tsakane. I wanted to to be the mighty Zodwa Ngcobo and I sold my soul in the process. I killed all my children, yet here I am selfish enough to want to live again.

The car stopped and the palpitations started again. He switched off the ignition and I heard him open his door and walking towards the boot. He opened the boot door with the same blank stare as before.

Mthunzi:"Phuma (Get out)."

I was a bit scared and I slowly got out. I tried to recognize my surroundings, but I was in an open veld near a river.

Zodwa:"Please, mfana wami (my boy), we can work this out."

Mthunzi: (chuckling) "Do you know what they do to you during special Ops training if you betray them? They burn you alive."

I saw him take out a cigarette and lit it. He had a bottle of transparent liquid in his hand. He opened it and poured it all over me. Right then I realized what he's about to do to me. He's going to bury me alive.

Zodwa:"Mthunzi! Please! Please forgive me!"

Mthunzi:"I'm not capable of forgiving anyone. I'll see you in hell, mommy."

He threw the lit cigarette my way and I immediately



caught fire. I screamed as I could smell my own flesh burning. I tried to run but the more I ran was the more I got burnt. I saw him driving away until I couldn't see anything anymore. I tried rolling in the bushes and then I remembered seeing a river not far from here. I tried rolling until I couldn't see or breathe anymore. I felt something carry me into the water and I saw darkness.

## Chapter Eighty One

Ziyanda

I was very excited but jet lagged like crazy once we finally landed. Phila asked me to put on a blind fold so that his surprise would have a bigger effect on me. Ai, I decided to do it I mean this is Phila we're talking about.

I had to walk out using him as an aid and got into the car. I still had my blindfold on and the suspense

was killing me.

Me:"Can't I just remove it and close my eyes, Phila?"

Phila: (chuckling) "I don't trust you to keep your eyes closed, Sthandwa Sami (My love). It won't be long now. Fifteen more minutes."

I just decided to let me be. It was probably the longest fifteen minutes of my whole entire life. I heard the car stop and I sighed with relief.

Me:"Please tell me we're here."

Phila: (laughing) "You're so impatient, Sthandwa sami (My love). Yes, ses'fikile (we've arrived). You can remove the blindfold now."

I slowly removed it and opened my eyes immediately. I've never been so amazed in my whole entire life, not even when I saw Phila's house back in Centurion. This is bloody amazing. I was met by a beautiful vision in front of me.

The most beautiful house I've ever seen-this time I'm being totally honest. It had so many rooms, probably 20, maybe more. This garden and yard is so huge, probably bigger than the white house itself. There was a lake towards the end of the grass right across the garden. We were standing right in front of it. It was pure white outside with black doors and black balconies. I just loved it.

Me:"This is incredibly beautiful, Phila."

Phila:"I hoped you'd like it because it's yours."

I looked at him puzzled.

Me: "What do you mean now? Anyway, where are we even?"

Phila: "We're in Italy, baby. This is the house I bought for us. I've been wanting to bring you here ever since I purchased it. Now the Lady of the House has officially arrived and I can't wait to show you more of it. Let's go."

Phila though. He just buys houses and cars like popcorn. He knows just how simple I am. This house is way too big for me. I couldn't possibly live in it.

Me: "Phila, how many rooms does this house have?"

Phila: "30, Sthandwa sami (My love)."

I was so flabbergasted. Do people actually own houses that big? For what anyway?

Me:"But Phila, what are we going to do with such a big house? We don't even have children."

Phila:"Yet, Sthandwa sami (My love)  
We don't have children, yet."

Me:"How can you be so optimistic? What if you and I never have children?"

Phila:"Zee, look at me. (He cupped my face). Even if you weren't able to conceive I'd still love you. I would still love you as much as I do now. Sure, I'd love to have children with you, but lets leave it all in God's hands. It's not a deal breaker. I have you by my side and my life is already complete."

I smiled and gave him a peck on the cheek.

Phila: "Now, enough sad talk. Let me show you around our beautiful Italian house."

He took me on a tour and I just couldn't cope. The floors were made of beautiful, Ceramic Italian tiles, the balconies have a Black Tuscan design. All the furniture has red and white incorporated colours and I just can't get enough of how Phila gets my style all the time. All the carpets are made of white fur. His kitchen is so big, bigger than the house in Centurion. I've always wanted a big kitchen just like this one; with three ovens and a nice breakfast table in the kitchen so that my husband can watch me cook.

The house has twenty bedrooms, all with en-suite bathrooms. Each bedroom has the same furniture and same style-except ours, the main bedroom. Ours has the biggest bed, with two walk in closets, a

whole his and hers set right there and the biggest bathroom of course. Once again he stocked up on clothes for the both of us. I really don't know how he gets to do it all the time.

The house then has two huge cinemas, two playrooms, an indoor and outdoor pool, a game room which is probably for the men, a girl's room probably for the women and two studies, and how could I forget an indoor gym. The last room is one big art room. I never knew Phila was into art. I'm quite shocked.

I was too tired to take a look at all the rooms, so I decided I would check them properly tomorrow. I even asked him who cleans this whole house and he apparently has two house helps who clean every now and then. He's never here so they don't have much to do. It's probably a waste of money, but when you have all the money in the world like he does, it can't put a dent in your pocket. He has a

butler and a chef of course. He wants me to do absolutely nothing this week and just bask in this ambience. I wasn't raised like that so he'll forgive me.

I collapsed on the bed and tried to take a nap, but Phila had none of it.

Phila: "No, no, no, Sthandwa sami (My love). You can't sleep. I have something really nice planned for us on the balcony on the top floor. Come on, just change please.

Me: "Heh banna (Wow). There's another floor? I thought we were already on the top floor."

Phila: (Laughing) "Ziyanda, I was serious when I told you I'll give you the world. I love you so much and one day you'll see it. I love how humble you are and even with all this money, you still remain the



beautiful Queen I met years ago. I know for sure you're going to make me even happier, Sthandwa sami (My love). My world would mean nothing without you in it. You're the core of my being and the reason my heart beats."

Phila can be so romantic it makes me teary eyed.

Me:"I love you too, Baby wami (My baby). What should I wear?"

Phila:"J ust your robe, Sthandwa Sami (My love)."

I did as I was told and wore my slippers as well. He held my hand and I followed him. We walked out of the bedroom and headed to the far end of the floor. There was an elevator that looked just like one of the doors. Impressive. We got in and he pressed the button that leads to the top floor. As soon as the lift doors opened, I felt like crying. Tears of joy

nje. The top floor also has a big pool with a glass balcony and wooden floors overlooking the lake across the garden. There were a few flamingos, ducks and a few birds in the lake. I wonder where he got those. There was a very nice setup of two roll up beds, with a table in the middle. It had some cocktails and champagne and whiskey of course and some fruits and chocolates. There were two ladies waiting for us, I assumed they were the masseurs. Phila is Godsent. I've heard Kele say Sbu is romantic, but he can't beat this, wow.

Me: (teary-eyed) "Phila, you do so much for me at times I just feel guilty."

Phila: (smiling) "You're my wife. It's my job to do this for you, love. There's more to come. I can see you forgot the date today."

I looked at him puzzled and I checked my phone. Oh, my goodness! How could I forget?! Its the 20th

of March today! It was supposed to be our wedding and it's my birthday! My phone has been on silent hence I didn't even hear it ring and see any of the messages.

Me: "Phila! Why didn't you remind me?"

Phila: (Laughing) "And ruin the surprise? No ways. Happy Birthday, Sthandwa Sami (My love). There's more to come."

He kissed me on the lips and we greeted the ladies. We got on the tables wrapped in our towels, obviously. I wouldn't want them seeing my man's package. I always hear Porsche telling me that Phila deserves head everyday, perhaps tonight is the night.

We looked at the perfect view right across us as the sun set, and enjoyed the long needed massage we

were getting. We even got facials and mani's and pedi's. Yep, Phila is neat like that. We had our fruit snacks and alcohol once they were done. They left us to enjoy ourselves alone without any disturbance. We got into the pool and he changed the heat settings so that we wouldn't get cold. He played some music for us, yes, he even has a built in voice activated speaker system that plays music from the ceiling. He played us some Opera music from Andrea Bocelli. I'm so used to Opera by now that I even listen to it at times when I'm alone. We're in Italy so it's only fitting that we play some Opera, right?

We embraced each other in the water (we were naked) and stared at each other's eyes.

Phila:"You're so beautiful, Zee. I love you so much, Sthandwa sami (My love)."

Me:"I love you too, baby wami (my baby)."

He kissed me so passionately, it made me reminisce on our night in Cape Town, the first night we made love. Our tongues were dancing to the same tune once again. He rolled his hands gently down my spine and grabbed my butt. I gently rubbed his back and my hands made their way down to his bums. I moved them to his penis and stroked it gently. He moaned in my mouth, causing me to moan as well. He rubbed my clit with his one hand and I broke the kiss. He kissed my neck and I tilted my neck to make more space for him to enjoy it even more.

Me:"Phila, I need you now, please. I need you inside of me."

Phila:"Let me enjoy you on my terms tonight, Sthandwa Sami (My love). Please let me satisfy your needs-my way."

I just nodded as he continued the kiss. He grabbed my thighs and picked me up, making me wrap my legs around his waist. I've never done this before since I've always felt too fat to do it. But if plus size porn stars can do it, then so can I. Phila seems to be enjoying this position so I let him be. He slowly inserted himself in me while I was wrapped around him. That made me even more crazier. The fact that I felt so confident and I never even complained made him go crazy. So I decided to try dirty talk since he always begs me to do it.

Me: (moaning) "Oh, Baby wami (my baby), your dick feels so good. Suck my tits, please. You know that drives me crazy."

He looked at me with a mischievous smile and his pupils became smaller.

Phila: "Say please daddy."

Me:"Please..."

Phila:"Please who?"

Me:"Please, daddy."

He smiled and sucked my breasts as he went in and out of me. He pulled out and stopped. We made our way out of the pool and went to one of the outdoor sofas. He lay down and pulled me to him.

Phila:"Open your legs wider, Sthandwa sami (My love)."

I did as as instructed.

Phila:"Good girl. Now sit on my face."

I looked at him puzzled, but I was so turned on I did as he asked. I hope my big thighs don't suffocate him. He licked and sucked me so hard I felt myself tremble and shake on top of him. The more I tried to get off was the more I pulled me towards him. He sucked me until I released on his face. I was so embarrassed, I could feel my cheeks getting warm.

He was about to get up, but I pinned him on the bed. I kissed him and made trails using my tongue from his chin all the way down to his shaft. He wanted to take control, but his body failed him. I went down and looked at his big Penis. I swallowed hard and I hoped that I didn't vomit all I had consumed. I remembered all Porsche's tips and everything I read few weeks ago. I went for it slowly, by putting the tip in my mouth. I circled my tongue around it slowly, and I heard him moan.

Phila:"Fuck, Zee!"



I guess I must be doing something right so I went further down and sucked some more using circular motions and going up and down. My one hand was stroking his penis while the other hand was rubbing his balls. His toes curled and his hands were on my head while he was moaning.

Phila: "Shit, Sthandwa sami (my love). Where did you learn all this?! Fuck!"

I kind of like it when he curses during sex. I went faster and faster and I felt him coming inside my mouth. I'm not a swallower like Porsche so I spit out on the floor. He got up and kissed me roughly and we ended up making love over and over again. I've once said, if this is happiness, let me relive it each day because this night is just too perfect.

Chapter Eighty Two

Kele

Sbu has been mad at me since yesterday. I can't believe he's angry because of what I said about Zee. She always gets the attention. I didn't mean to be rude or anything, but I will have to apologize. I can't have him mad at me while they are having the time of their lives in Italy. Perhaps it makes me look a bit jealous, but I also feel like a Baecation would do us good especially after what we've been through.

He walked in looking just as sour as he did yesterday and I decided to use this moment to apologize.

Kele: "Sbu, can we talk?"

Sbu: "I'm listening."

Kele: "I'm really sorry about what I said yesterday. It just came out really wrong."

Sbu: "It took you long enough. Besides you need to apologize to Zee not me."

Wow. I must have been a real bitch then.

Kele: (Sigh) Sbu, I'm really sorry, okay. I just... It's just that I can't help but compare our relationship with Zee and Phila's sometimes. I know it's stupid, but I also would like it if you did some of the things Phila does for Zee."

I think I hurt him with that statement judging by the way he's looking at me.

Sbu: "Kele, I'm not Phila. I'm my own person. Our relationship isn't based on theirs and it's way

different from theirs. They have serious history-we don't. I love you Kele, but if you're going to keep comparing me to Sbu you'll end up just like Sharon."

Kele:"Sbu, I didn't mean it like that. I was just saying it would be really nice to go on a baecation too."

Sbu: (Deep sigh) "Kele, you and I have serious things to do like getting the lobola off track, finding your family amd preparing for our children. I had planned to take you Bali after paying lobola for you, but since you just ruined things I'll cancel the trip. Had you given me the chance to be my own person and the man

I would like to be for you and my kids, I'd show you the world. Zee and Phila have just been through a lot just like you and I. Instead of recovering and being a supportive friend towards her, you're comparing yourself to her.

I'm not very romantic Kele, but what I can say is that I love you so much and I'm learning to give you what you want. You've never even been one to like these things. Your words have cut me deeply. I just need a moment to get over it all. Anyway, get ready. We leave in thirty minutes."

And just like that he walked out. Maybe I'm going crazy. Am I really comparing him to Phila? Am I becoming jealous of Zee?

Ziyanda

We woke up in each other's arms in our big Italian bed. After our hot steamy session we had to move to the bedroom because it was getting chilly. We had such a great night. I just didn't want it to end. I just hope and pray that this time it won't end up in the papers. I was wrapped in Phila's arms as usual.

Phila:"Morning, Sthandwa Sami (My Love)."

Me:"Morning, Baby wami (My baby)."

Phila:"Ulele njani (How did you sleep)?"

Me:"Like a baby and you?"

Phila:"I always sleep great like a baby when I'm wrapped around your gorgeous body."

That made me giggle and blush a bit.

Me:"So, what do we have planned today?"

Phila:"You'll know right after breakfast, Ma Zwane."

I like it when he calls me 'Ma Zwane'. Makes me feel like I'm already his wife.

We got up and took a nice, long, bubble bath together this time for a change. I love how big the bath tub is and can be turned into a jacuzzi at any moment. We washed each other's backs and got out.

It's quite hard picking an outfit when you don't know where you're going. The sun is nice and warm, but it's a bit chilly as well, so I just wore a white mini flowy dress and some red heels for a change. I miss being back at work. He wore a nice jean and a golf t shirt with his white all stars.

I took a jean jacket with me since it might get a bit cold. I've never been here before so you just never know. We headed out with his driver, Philly. I could never get used to not doing anything like this. It's nice for a holiday, but just not my scene at all. We

didn't have anything to eat so I'm assuming he's taking me out for breakfast. He knows just how cranky I get when I'm hungry.

We got to one of the restaurants and I was floored. Italy is a beautiful country, I won't lie. We took a few pictures together and it's nice how silly Phila can get at times. He got me a nice greasy, Italian breakfast. Everything tastes different here. Far different from South Africa, I mean even the eggs taste different. I didn't even get a chance to check my phone or even view any of my messages. I made a mental note to do it later.

Me: "So, where to now, Mr. Zwane?"

Phila: (Smiling) "We're going to pick some rings, Ma Zwane."

I frowned in confusion.



Me:"Rings? But we postponed the wedding."

Phila:"I know, I want us to pick the rings now so that we don't have to stress about it when the big day arrives. I got a very talented designer to show case us a few rings."

Me:"Hmm. Okay, no problem. We can do that. On one condition."

Phila:"I can't promise anything, but name it."

Me:"As long as the rings don't cost a fortune."

He laughed out loud.

Phila:"S thandwa sami (My love). The sooner you

get used to getting anything but the best, the better. Antonio's jewelry goes for 100k minimum."

I widened my eyes in shock. Phila just spends too much money, but Mom says he worked hard for it so it won't be hard to replace that amount of money for him. Even if the rings were made of plastic I wouldn't complain. I loved him even when he was a kasi tsotsi with his dickies clothing back then.

We got into our car and drove off. I love the views Italy has to offer. This place is just so serene, and not overcrowded like back home. I could get used to this peace. We arrived at a very beautiful house, much like Phila's, I mean ours. This needs getting used to. We were met by a very thin man, who looked much like a latin dancer or something. His hair was very slick and tidy. He was wearing a white, shiny shirt and left it halfway open which exposed his bare chest. I see Italians have a thing for hair gel. He had this distinct walk that made me

assume he's gay or metro sexual, but other than that he's very friendly.

Antonio:"Mamba! So lovely to see you again my old friend."

He came walked down the stairs and opened his arms wide enough to accept a hug and greeted Phila, Italian style.

Phila:"Nice to see you again, Antonio."

Antonio:"Ah! I see you brought your Beautiful Dea (Goddess) this time. Finally! I was starting to think maybe you were batting for my team!"

Yep, He's most definitely gay. He came towards me and opened his arms gesturing a hug.

Antonio:"Good day, my lady. So lovely to finally meet you, Ziyanda. Mamba has told the whole of Italy about you. He didn't lie when he said you're the most beautiful woman in the universe."

I blushed and my cheeks betrayed me yet again.

Me:"Thank you. Nice to meet you, Antonio."

He kissed my cheeks as well and led us to the lounge. His house is too dramatic for me, but very stylish. Everything is specially coordinated, with feathers literally everywhere and shiny objects almost in every corner. His Chandeliers are so blingy and huge and the house is super clean. I see why he and Phila just get along so much. Team OCD.

We sat down and there was a tray of different kinds of rings on the table, for both male and female.

They were so beautiful and huge. I could never wear this forever. I'd probably get mugged on my way to the mall.

Antonio:"Mamba, as requested I designed a few inspired by your lovely dea (goddess). It wasn't easy, but worth it."

His English was a lot better than most Italians I've met so far. They just tend to miss a lot of vowels here and there and have a unique accent.

Phila:"I know you never disappoint, Antonio. So, what do you think, Ma Zwane? Which one do you like?"

Gosh, there were just so many to choose from.

Me:"They all look so beautiful and shiny. I really

don't know."

Phila:"I know you love red with all your heart, Ma Zwane, so why don't you try the champagne Ruby ones?"

I looked around and one finally caught my attention. It had a diamond belt all round and and one big, round Ruby stone in the middle. The stone was also surrounded by small white diamonds. I put it on and instantly fell in love with it.

Me:"I love this one."

It was so shiny it could get the attention of a blind man. I'm not one for attention, but I hope and pray that this is my last wedding so I decided to go big. Phila chose a nice black ring with small white diamonds around it.

Phila:"We'll take these ones, Antonio. Please don't forget the engraving. You'll send me the invoice."

Antonio:"Of course, my old friend. I'll most definitely see you later. Enjoy your day, beautiful couple."

I smiled and said goodbye. We headed out and got into the car again and drove to another surprise destination. He refused to tell me where we were going. We landed at yet another mansion beauty. The economy here must be off the chains because almost everyone lives in a huge house.

It was also a big white mansion with a big garden and we were met by Francesca, who looked stylish and bubbly as always. I assume this is Pierro and Francesca's house.

Francesca:"Mamba! Dea (Goddess)! So lovely to

see you again! I was hoping today would be big wedding in South Africa, yes? But you two postpone last minute."

She hugged and kissed us Italian Style.

Phila:"Hey, Francesca. Sorry about that. If it wasn't for circumstances, I would be wedding this goddess of mine today."

He wrapped his arm around my waist as he said that.

Francesca: (smiling) "Of course, of course. Go in, Pierro is waiting for you. You, my darling Dea, come with me."

She led me to another big room full of clothing racks with clothes that were sealed in clothing suits.



I guess this is where she does all her fittings.

Me:"I love your house, Francesca."

Francesca:"Thank you, Dea (Goddess). Mamba ask me to fit you in another dress for different occasion in case you change mind about wearing one dress for wedding."

Me:"Oh, alright. Oh, but he likes to do things without telling me."

Francesca:"Be happy, darling. Pierro always working when I was your age. He only have time for me now and I don't complain. Mamba is very good man. He wait for you all those years to be your husband. Forgive him if he comes off as what you call-persistent. He just do everything at once now for you, you see."

I get her point. Phila is truly a blessing. I smiled and nodded

Francesca: "You look good, dea (goddess). Much more confident than last time. I love it. You look magnificent and glowing."

I laughed shyly. I have become a lot more confident.

Me: "Thank you, Francesca."

Francesca: "I'm sorry about your loss, dea (goddess). I was once in your situation. I lost my son few hours after birth. Doctors say he was too small and born with small heart. You and Mamba will be blessed with many babies, I've been praying and God spoke to me."

I never knew mafia women were prayer women, but

who am I to judge? Phila talks to this woman about pretty much everything. He must really be close to her and Pierro.

Me:"Thank you, Francesca. It means a lot to me."

Francesca:"Come, let's fit dress. And please, call me Franny or chesca or Mama or something. Francesca is too long and boring."

I laughed a bit loud and nodded. She's super nice. She showed me to one of the racks and opened the first bag. This dress looks amazing. It's a Mermaid style dress, peach in colour with feathers almost everywhere, especially at the bottom. It's not big at all, with a one shoulder feather strap and crystals on the ruche part all over the dress. I fit it and I just fell in love in a heartbeat. Once I make up my mind about something, I don't really go forward with anything else.

Me: "I love this one, Franny. It's so gorgeous. Your hands are a work of art."

Francesca: (laughing) "Thank you, dea. My grandmother taught me how to sew from eight years old everyday after school."

I bet she could sew anything with her eyes closed. This dress is a killer and I'm keeping it. I can't wait to show it to Kele and Porsche.

Francesca: "Come, take it off. I'll get driver to deliver it to you before you go back to South africa."

I took it off and changed back into my white dress and we joined the men for some lunch and drinks.

Chapter Eighty Three

Sbu

Kele and I have just landed at OR Tambo and we didn't talk much. I'm annoyed but mostly heartbroken about what she said to me. I don't get this sudden change of behaviour. I genuinely thought that things were fine between us, but now she's comparing me to my twin brother. I honestly have had enough drama with Sharon and I can't deal with another one.

She held my hand in the car on our way to Randburg, and I squeezed it without saying anything. I still love her so much and I just want to show her. I'm not happy about this journey to seeing her stepmother, but I don't really have a choice.

We finally arrived and parked right outside the gate. As we were about to enter I could feel Kele starting to shake. I squeezed her hand and we made our

way into the yard. I'm guessing this is a painful reminder of the last few days our son had lived. There was a car parked inside the yard which was never there before. We got to the kitchen and we were met by the same scene as the last time we were here. There were dirty dishes and flies everywhere in the kitchen and some beer bottles lying around. We knocked and Mary screamed from the lounge.

Mary: "Kena weshu (Come in, dear)!"

We walked in hand in hand and she was so shocked to see me, she almost kicked her beer bottle aside. She was sitting with a few people who were dressed a little better than her. She was in the same skirt and same white blouse without a bra just like the other day. She was wearing an old, curly wig that looked like it hasn't been washed for years and she had a missing front tooth this time. Perhaps it's always been there, or I never noticed

the first time.

Sbu:"Dumelang."

They all looked at me and the other people, two elder looking males and a much older looking woman, probably in her sixties greeted me except for Mary. Lebo wasn't around for a change.

Mary:"Heh! (Clapping hands) Wena Kele o no te phara ka motseng wa ka o sa re botsa le gore Thato o sule (You just barge in my house without telling us Thato died)? O bjang wena mara (What kind of a woman are you)? Ai, mara ke tla reng (But what can I say)? You probably killed him since you've now found a rich man."

I could feel my blood boiling, but I tried to maintain my cool. The old woman on the couch looked at us for a while.

Woman: "Kele, ngwanake (my child). Kgale sela re go batla (We've been looking for you all over)! Oh, Modimo o nale mos a (God is gracious)! Re fihlile fa Mary a re jwetsa gore o kereile monna wa di tshelete e bile o dula le ene (We arrived here and Mary told us you found a wealthy man and you're even staying with him). E be a re Thato o sule e bile le mo bolokile (She even said Thato died and you already buried him). Ka nnete ngwanake (really, my child)? Le mo boloka bjang kante le bagolo (How could you bury him without us elders?)"

I could feel Kele's body tense up. I don't need drama. Not today. Not for my unborn kids.

Sbu: "I'm sorry your stupid aunt or sister or whatever you call her fed you so many lies. Did she tell you how she abused Kele and Thato? I don't know what else she told you, but Thato was my son. He was murdered in a tragic way and we buried him without



you because you were nowhere to be found. I'd like to know who you are in order to proceed with the lobola matter. Brian and Kele got divorced and I am going to marry her. This woman (pointing at Mary), sold Kele to Brian. Brian was a junkie drug addict who almost sold Thato for drugs and abused Kele for her money to feed his habit. Now, are you going to tell me who you three are?"

They all looked at me speechless. Seems like I've said a mouthful. Mary wanted to insult me but I shot her a death stare and she quickly kept quiet.

Woman:"My name is Eunice, I'm Kele's aunt. Her father was my brother. These two men are my brothers, Simon and Pieter."

Kele's forehead was getting sweaty and I sat down with her on the open couch, still holding her hand.

Sbu:"Kele told me she has never seen or heard of her father nor her mother's family-ever. So please explain to me why you failed to take her away from this devil?"

Eunice:"Whenever we came Mary told us Kele didn't want to see us and threatened to kill us if we ever stepped foot in her yard. We tried to get into contact with her, especially after the funeral. I offered to take her, but Mary refused. She obviously wanted to use all my brother's money and abused my poor niece in the process. Kele, ngwanake (my child). I'm so sorry you had to suffer like this. We had no idea. Times were tough and we lived in Mafikeng, so traveling wasn't easy economy wise. Mary here took everything that belonged to our brother, even his underwear. We all thought she was a good wife to him until he died."

Sbu: "I came here looking for answers from Mary, Mme (Ma), but I'm glad you're here. Do you perhaps

know where to find Mary's mother?"

Eunice: (Deep sigh) "Oh, Modimo wa ka (My God). That woman is just as lost and terrible as Mary. I don't know why their parents give them Bible names because they all turn out to be J ezebels. Kele's mother, Ruth, stays a street away from us. She abandoned Kele when she was a day old and her own family doesn't even know about Kele. My brother kept it like that to avoid Kele being hurt. He tried his best to raise her until this devil ruined everything."

Mary got pissed because she decided to speak up.

Mary:"Mxm! Hey wena, Eunice! O bitsa mang satan (Who're you calling Satan)? O tlile mo ga ka go iketsa betere (You came to my house to act better than me)? Ska tlo ntena o tuku ya ko Bree Street (Don't irritate me with a doek yoi bought from Bree Street)."

I got irritated by her and I decided to out her in her place.

Sbu:"You know what, Mary? If I were you I would shut the fuck up and drink my beer. It's what you're good at isn't it? You had better respect Kele's family before I send you back to the Bible! This time I'll make sure I strangle you to death!"

She kept quiet and I proceeded.

Sbu:"Thank you so much bagolo (elders) for coming all this way. I would like to come see you soon, later this week since Kele is expecting and I would like to make her my wife the right way and soon before she delivers."

Mary's eyes grew wider as the elders smiled with amusement.

Eunice:"Aowa, a gona bothata, ngwanake (There's no problem, my child. We'll exchange phone numbers and we will keep in touch)."

Kele was quiet all along struggling to keep her tears from falling down.

Sbu:"Pele le tsamaya, bagolo,(before you leave elders), let me at least give you some money for petrol and food on your way back home since this one never offered you anything to eat."

Eunice was seriously impressed by me I must admit.

Eunice:"That's very kind of you, my child, but really there's no need."

Sbu:"Please, I insist."

I took out my wallet and placed R5000 on the table. Mary saw the stack of cash and immediately decided to change her tune towards me.

Eunice: "Thank you, my child, but it's a bit too much."

The uncles were seriously impressed and one could tell they do hard liquor every now and then.

Sbu: "Please, take it as invulamlomo."

We laughed except Kele and Mary of course.

Sbu: "We'll be on our way. Please take good care."

As Kele and I were about to leave Mary quickly stood up.

Mary: "Hao, bannake, e re ke le felegets e hle (My children, let me walk you out)."

Pieter: "Mary, man! Tlogela go re hlabisa di hlong pele fa monna wa Kele (Stop embarrassing us in front of Kele's husband). Dula fase, re tla go rekela cot (Sit down we'll buy you a beer)."

If money could talk it would have said 'Voets ek' right there and then to Mary.

Ziyanda

Phila, Francesca, Pierro and I were having some lunch and the drinks were flowing. Tv doesn't lie when it shows us the Italians having good food and serious wine. Now I see where Phila got his acquired wine taste and his love for Opera from. He and Pierro were chatting away like father and son. I

just love their relationship, especially when Phila grew up without his dad pretty much.

Pierro is the typical Mafia man; slick gelled black hair with a big tummy, expensive perfume and even more expensive clothes and tons of big rings on his fingers.

Pierro:"So, Dea (Goddess), are you ready for tonight?"

Me:"What's happening tonight?"

Pierro:"Me and my big mouth. It's surprise, no? Just wait and see. You have got pretty good romantic man here in Phila."

Okay, now I would really like to know what's happening tonight. Phila keeps dropping subtle



hints and he's been calling me Ma Zwane instead of the usual Sthandwa sami (My love) all day. I can't wait to see what he has in store for me tonight, especially now that the alcohol is kicking in, it's making me all tons of horny and I'm having some serious dirty thoughts right now.

## Chapter Eighty Six

Sbu

Kele and I flew back to Durban. She hasn't said a word ever since we've been to her stepmom's house. I understand completely, finding out that your mom is alive and never cared to look for you must be shit.

It's better to be abandoned and find out your parents are actually dead. I left Kele in the bedroom to sleep and headed downstairs to chill with uMa and the twins. I took a beer from the fridge and joined her in the lounge. She was watching The

River with the girls, and Nobuhle came to sit on my lap.

Ma: "How was your day, mfana wami (my boy)?"

Sbu: (sigh) It was fine, ma. Just that Mary is a real handful shame. I wonder how some women who don't deserve children are given children you know. I mean buka (look at) uZee. She's been struggling for years and is so good with Children."

Ma: "What is on your mind, Sbusiso? Spit it out."

Sbu: (Chuckling) "You know me too well, Ma. It's Kele. I don't understand where the sudden change is coming from, ma. The other day we had our ultrasound and Zee, Porsche and Phila were there with us. Zee had a sad moment which is pretty understandable and asked to be excused. She was in quite a bad state as Phila told me. Manje (Now)

uKele tells me that Zee was being dramatic and that she should be happy for her."

Ma:"Heh (What)?!"

Sbu:"That's not all. This morning she goes on to tell me ukuthi she wishes I was as romantic as Phila, ma. Saying that I should be out with her on a Baecation like Zee is with Phila right now. Cabanga (Imagine) ma. I don't know if it's the hormones or what, but I don't need all this. I was planning on taking her to Bali after the wedding, ma. And now I am taking care of her since she's recovering and I didn't want to stress her out. I'm honestly hurt, ma."

Ma: (Sigh) "Lalela la (Listen here), Sbusiso. Kele is a sweet girl and I don't think she means any harm, but it could be that she's just not used to this lifestyle and has no idea how to adapt. Imali ishinsha abantu, mfana wami (money changes people, my boy). Very few women like Zee manage

to stay grounded. Maybe the kidnapping and trauma messed with her a little bit too much. I'll talk to her."

Sbu:"Ngiyabonga (Thank you), ma."

Nokuhle:"Daddy, what is magosha (prostitute)?"

I nearly spit out my beer and coughed trying to get some air.

Ma:"It's something very scary and one thing you should never ever strive to be. If you hear that word again, cover your ears otherwise they'll fall off."

Ziyanda

Lunch was so great with Pierro and Francesca and I

must say, that wine is the real deal. It was about 5pm already and I was a bit tipsy as we walked out of there. I opted for water to drain the alcohol from my system.

Me:"So, where to now, Mr. Zwane?"

Phila:"You'll find out when we get home, Ma Zwane."

Me:"Hmm, baby wami (my baby). You've been calling me Ma Zwane all day. Should I be worried?"

Phila: (laughing) "Not at all, unless you're afraid of eternal happiness."

He kissed me passionately on the lips making me instantly wet down there. I touched his manhood gently, but he held my hand.

Phila:"As much as I want you so badly right now, Ma Zwane. You'll have to wait until the festivities are over."

Phila never turns me down. I guess he's planned something really important for tonight. We finally arrived back at the house and made our way into the house. As I walked in he said he's getting some water and he'll meet me upstairs in the bedroom in a minute.

I walked in and I was met by a lovely surprise. The peach, Mermaid wedding dress I had tried on this afternoon was lying on my bed with stunning grey shoes and a beautiful diamond necklace and earring set next to it with a note "Time to get ready for our first wedding. Get ready, the make up artist and stylist will be here in an hour. Don't try interrogating me, I'm getting ready to marry the woman of my dreams. Love P

Tears of joy fell down my cheeks. I'm truly the happiest girl alive. No wonder he kept dropping hints. I went to take a nice, long bubble bath and I got out after about thirty minutes. I've always loved long baths, I'm a bit of a mermaid. I lotioned my body smiling with joy and pride staring at my beautiful outfit for tonight. I got into my dress and wore my jewelry. I stared at myself in the mirror and yes, this is Exactly how I pretty much pictured my wedding to Phila. I love him so much and can't wait to be his wife. As I sat down on my chair, while waiting for my make up artist to arrive, I got a message from an unsaved number "I love you, Zee. I've always loved you. I won't rest until you come back to me, Love Lu."

I suddenly got frightened. Lunga? Where did he get my number? Isn't he supposed to be grieving Belinda right now? I deleted the message and I refused to let anything or anyone ruin my evening.

A knock on the door surfaced and I told the person to come in. To my surprise it was Antonio and another gay looking guy I've never met before, but his face is so familiar though I can't tell who he is at this point. I hope I won't be drunk by the time I walk down the aisle.

Antonio was holding champagne and three glasses, while the other guy had a huge make up kit with him.

Antonio: "Hey hey, Dea (Goddess)! This is my husband Luciano. You must know him from The Face Painter show."

Oh, now I realize where I've seen him from. His work is amazing!

Me: "Yes! I remember your face. Lovely to meet you Luciano. I am honoured to have you make me pretty today!"



Luciano: "The pleasure is all mine, sweetheart. Who wouldn't want to work on this gorgeous face? If I wasn't into this one, I would turn straight just for you."

We all burst out laughing while I basked in their beautiful presence. They're such a lovely couple and compliment each other. I don't have many gay friends or any actually, but with these two you actually forget that they are male since they know more about women stuff than I myself do.

## Chapter Eighty Seven

Ziyanda

Porsche always tells me gay people are "The Shit". Apparently Robert's brother is gay and he's the reason behind her awesome fashion sense. Now I believe her. Luciano and Antonio are so much fun.

Luciano has been doing my make-up and hair while throwing sex tips in between and keeping the champagne flowing. These two are just a match made in heaven.

They've been married for eight years now and have been together for eleven years. Talk about a while. I wish Phila and I get to this stage. They say in order to make your marriage work you've gotta take a trial run first; get to know your person and be sure that they are the one you're willing to spend the rest of your life with.

Antonio says they first moved in together, to be sure he'd be able to wake up to Luciano's face everyday. He says the day he could stomach another man shitting in his toilet while he was asleep, he knew he had made the right choice. Funny, but I guess he has a point.

Phila and I were together pretty much my whole

high school life. Even though we were apart for six years, and I never thought the spark would be back. I now realize he's the only man I've ever loved. The spark is now stronger than ever.

Antonio is brilliant at what he does. I've never worn so much make-up in my life ever before. I look so different, but in a good way he even put on nice peach eye shadow that matches perfectly with my dress. This is pretty much how Porsche likes doing her own make up. I need some serious tips from her and Antonio.

He straightened my hair and made my hair into a beautiful plaited high bun. He put some really nice, sparkly, peach beads on the ponytail before rolling it into a bun. My hair is a bit long, shoulder length so I never see a reason to wear a weave. He added a nice, big peach flower on the side of my bun and topped my look with red lipstick. I could barely recognize myself.

I've never looked this beautiful in my life ever before, although Phila would disagree. He says I always look beautiful. He's my man though, He's supposed to say such. There wasn't even room for nervousness thanks to the champagne, but one thing about alcohol is that it most definitely will make you feel emotional after a few glasses.

I started thinking about all I've been through and how far I've come. I have never in my life imagined that life would turn out this way especially after being through what I have with Lunga and Zodwa. My mother and I are mending our relationship and I can't say much about my own sister. I started getting teary and Luciano stopped me in my tracks.

Luciano: "No! No! Dea (Goddess), please! You cannot go out and see Mamba with faded make up! All my hard work!"

I giggled and he gave me a piece of tissue.

Me:"Sorry, Luciano. It's just that I've never looked this beautiful in my life before. Thank you so much."

Luciano:"They don't call these hands magic hands for nothing (flashing his hands)."

Antonio:"My love can turn a scarecrow into Cinderella."

They both laughed and pecked each other on the lips. I love this level of affection even after being together for so long. I can only wish the same for Kele and Sbu.

Luciano:"Time to go showcase my master piece. No more crying, Dea (Goddess). Otherwise I charge

double for messing up make up."

We all laughed subtly as Antonio gave me my bouquet and we walked out. I truly hope Phila has someone on standby recording this because I want to remember it forever. As I was thinking of that while walking out of the bedroom,

I was met by a camera man recording me from the moment I walked out the bedroom. I literally felt the tears building up but I fought them back. Phila seems to always know what I'm thinking and I love that about him. There's just never a dull moment.

I walked down the stairs carefully as Antonio and Luciano walked right behind me. It was starting to sink in that I'd wake up with a different surname tomorrow morning. I can't believe it. I didn't even write my own vows so I'll speak from the heart like Phila always does. I continued walking carefully down the long stairway. I made my way out the

door and I was immediately captured by the magnificent beauty that lay before me.

There was a very long red carpet that led all the way to a beautiful, white chapel that was set overlooking the lake. Alongside the red carpet were gorgeous roses in different colours, arranged in gorgeous, huge glass vases that were put on pedestals. There were fairy lights everywhere. I felt like I was in my own movie. Across the little chapel Phila and the priest were standing under, was a gorgeous white stretch tent with tables all over. Not too many tables, just about three round tables.

I felt a bit emotional while the cameraman was standing before me. I guess he only moved when I moved. Antonio and Luciano went to join the few guests that were seated. As I approached the rest of the carpet, M.A.J .O.R's This is why I love you played in the background and they stood up and looked at me. This song reminds me of the first

time Phila and I became one. I kept walking slowly while Phila's eyes were fixed on me. I focused my eyes on him and all sorts of feelings consumed my mind.

I can't believe we're actually here. Few months ago I would have never thought that Phila and I would be getting married a day after my 26th birthday. Gogo always tells me not to dwell on the losses but to rejoice in the gains. Right now all I can say is Phila is more than enough for me. I walked towards my future husband and he looked so amazing in his gorgeous Italian Tux. I guess Italian suits are all he wears. He had a peach shirt on. He really stuck to the theme. I walked myself down the aisle and I'm not even feeling sad about it. I've never really had an active father so why would it bother me now?

I finally approached Phila and he held my hands. Antonion quickly got up and took my bouquet away from me so my hands could be free.



Phila:"You look so beautiful, Sthandwa Sami (My love)."

Me: (Smiling) "You look so hot."

He laughed softly.

The priest began by welcoming everyone and gave us a few words of advice. I'm glad he cut it short because I won't be able to stand in these heels for very long. It was now time for our vow and the Priest asked Phila to go first. I was a bit nervous because I know he'll beat my vows.

Phila:"Sthandwa sami (My love), uMama we bantwana bami (mother of my kids), Sthandwa senhliziyo yami (Love of my life), Qhawekazi wami (My heroine), Ndhlovukazi (Queen). Words can never express the absolute joy and contentment I

feel right now. You're the reason I am who I am today, Yaya. I live and breathe for you. Whenever I look at you I see heaven, because your eyes bring out the best in people, more especially me. Your soul gives me inner peace and your smile makes me want to show you off to the world. Whenever I look at you I beam with pride because I hold the most beautiful gem in the world. No amount of money can comprehend the way you make me happy. I vow to always love and protect you, I vow to make you laugh at least once a day. I vow to make you the happiest woman on earth and a proud mother to our kids one day. I vow to give you the world just as I promised. I vow to stay faithful and honour you til eternity. My only wish is for you to stay by my side and grow old with me. Your name means May the Blessings continue, and I vow to make the world see what a beautiful blessing you are. I love you so much, mfazi wami (My wife)."

I couldn't hold my tears in anymore. They fell right after the first sentence.

Priest: "Wow. That was quite a mouthful. Let's see if the bride can beat that."

The guests laughed.

Me: "Phila Nkos enye 'Mamba' Zwane, I thank you for seeing me worthy enough to be your wife. I thank you so much for coming back to me because my world would be meaningless without you. I thank you for accepting me just the way I am and never trying to change me. I thank you for loving me so much that everyday feels like a new movie. I thank you so much for being you and never trying to hard. I never knew what true love meant until you came along. Having you by my side makes me automatically confident. I pray that God blesses us with nothing but eternal joy, happiness and peace. I love you so much Baby wami (My baby), My heart's keeper, Mkhonto (clan name) wami. There's no other man for me but you. I vow to love and respect

you as my team mate, my husband, head of our house and the love of my life. I vow to always be the wife you need and to be faithful to you at all times.

The priest:"Now that is what I call speaking from the heart. May we have the rings please?"

Antonion brought the rings on a peach feathered cushion with so much pride.

Phila took my ring from the cushion and started speaking again.

Phila:"With this ring, I vow to make it a symbol of our love until eternity. I specifically asked for them to be engraved with today's date so that you'll never forget this date. Even if you grow old and get Alzheimer's."

The guests laughed once again. I didn't know what to say as he put the ring on my finger with a huge smile on his face. I can never get enough of those perfect teeth. I put his ring on his finger, while trying to wipe the tears away. There goes the makeup.

Priest:"The groom specifically asked me not to ask for any objections, so I'll get right to it. By the power vested in me I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may now kiss the Bride."

Phila:"Finally!"

The guests laughed again as he kissed me passionately. This time our tongues were not just dancing together, but we were the centre of attention by choice in front of God, friends and the flamingos and ducks. Not forgetting the moon and stars capturing this moment for us. I expected a brief kiss, but seems like Phila wanted to go on

forever.

Antonio:"Mamba! Let go of her, man. You'll kill her with your lips. Save that for later!"

The guests laughed as we pulled out of the kiss. They clapped for us and threw roses at us while they followed us to the reception area. Phila held me in his arms and pulled me to the lake, further away from the crowd.

Phila:"S thandwa sami (My love), I know this isn't very ideal without your friends and family here, but I promise you I'll give you the wedding of your dreams when we get home. I just had to do this. I couldn't wait any longer."

Me:"Don't be silly, Nkosenye, this is so perfect. Have you seen my makeup? The waterworks tell you just how much I'm happy right now. Thank you

so much for this."

He kissed me and we made our way to our reception. The priest made us sign our marriage license and I just thought I'm so going to change my surname when we get back home. It's been long overdue.

Pierro and Francesca made speeches first. I love how intimate this whole setting is, because I couldn't handle kissing and hugging hundreds of people all evening. Everything was so perfect and I assume Phila chose a theme from the dress I chose.

It was time for our first dance and to my surprise Blaq Diamond's Nqonyanya was playing for us. Phila didn't lie when he said he was a man with many talents when I met him for lunch at Menlyn few months ago. We danced slowly as I was captivated by his strong cologne.

He kept kissing my forehead as we danced to the song. The crowd was silent, and it felt like the stars were singing together while the moon was directing the stars. The cameraman was so busy I hope he didn't miss a moment of my perfect wedding.

## Chapter Eighty Eight

Ziyanda

Phila and I had such a blissful night. We danced the night away our Italian guests and we kept downing shots and more alcohol. My head hurts like hell. It's not ideal waking up with a hangover after your wedding. It was truly the best night ever, although I'm super exhausted now. Phila made it worse by making love to me all night long.

If I don't lose any weight after this, then I don't know. I woke up without him in bed, I still don't know how



he gets to have all this energy after such a rough night. I kept staring at my ring and I just couldn't stop smiling. I'm officially Mrs. Ziyanda Zwane. Just as I was smiling to myself he walked in carrying a tray of food.

Phila: "Good morning, Ma Zwane. Ulele njani (how did you sleep)?"

Me: (Smiling) "Like you ever gave me a chance to sleep. I'm so exhausted and my head yoh!"

Phila: (Chuckling) "You should exercise with me once in a while. You'll see no more hangovers. Here, take these pills for your head and eat up."

Me: "Please tell me we're not going anywhere today."

Phila: (laughing) "Sthandwa sami (My love), kodwa

uyavilapha (you're lazy). Don't worry we're staying in today and we'll have a picnic by the lake later on."

Me:"Thank goodness. I can't even feel my legs."

Phila:"Well, I can't even feel my dick after your mouth sang on my mic. Where did you learn those tricks, Ma Zwane?"

Me: (Blushing) "I have my ways."

I couldn't tell him Porsche taught me a few and I read a book on it. I don't want him to think she's a sex freak or anything like that.

Phila:"Well, I could get so used to that on a daily basis."

I shook my head as we ate our breakfast.

Two days later

Kele

I've been so reluctant to get out of bed for the past few days. I feel so tired and emotionally drained. All this drama with my family just getting me worried by the day. I tried apologizing to Sbu and even though he's talking to me, I still sense some reluctance on his side. I'm seriously trying not to compare things between my relationship with Sbu and Zee's relationship with Phila, but I can't help it.

Sbu told me to get ready since we have to fly to Mafikeng to meet my father's family. Apparently we're leaving his uncle Mzwandile, his mom's brother as well as King Shaka. He's paying lobola for me today. I feel like everything is so rushed

because I'm pregnant, but I just wish for something more, like an official ceremony, but I don't want to dwell on this too much. Sbu is already stressed as is.

As I was done getting dressed I approached the door, but Sbu's mom walked in before I could make my way out.

Mam'Ivy:"Dumela (Good morning), Kele. O kae ka jeno (How are you today)?"

Kele:"Dumela, mme (Good morning, ma). I'm okay thank you. How are you?"

Mam'Ivy:"I'm alright, thank you. I actually came to speak to you before you leave. Please, lets sit."

We sat next to each other on the bed while facing

one another. I felt a bit uneasy though, since she looks so serious.

Mam'Ivy: "Kelebogile, mnwanami (my child). I know you've been through a lot of trauma, I totally understand that, mntwanami (my child). But one thing I know is that my son loves you, he loves you very much. He wouldn't have gone through all the trouble of saving you from Brian and Scorpion if he really didn't love you. Kele, I need you to understand a few things: Sbu and Phila are two different people. They are equally rich-yet different. They are billionaires, mntwanami (my child) and a place in a Billionaire's world comes with a lot of patience and sacrifice. My boys have worked very hard to get where they are, Kele. Phila and I have been there for Sbu when he would pitch up in the middle of the night, crying about Sharon and saying he wished he was with you. He's always loved you, but your recent behaviour makes him doubt himself and his place in your life. Sbu is a lot of things, but as soon as he starts having doubts he starts to lose

focus and I don't want that. I need to know that you're in it for the long haul. If you're having doubts please leave him while it's still early. Leave him before he self destructs. If you choose to stay, fix yourself and be the wife he deserves."

I remained quiet and a bit shocked as I didn't expect all she said to me.

Mam'Ivy:"I'm glad we understand each other. Come down for breakfast before he comes looking for you. I've made a nice meal and the girls are waiting."

She smiled and left the room. I'm not sure how to feel. Have I really been that horrible? I can't afford to lose Sbu, I really can't. I do love him and I need to fix all this.

I headed downstairs and found all of them already at the table. Sbu quickly got up and pulled the chair

for me. I sat and greeted the twins. We said grace and ate our food. I kept glancing at Sbu as he looked at me every now and then seeking reassurance. I feel like such a total bitch. Sbu has been nothing but the best and I just keep adding to his stress.

Me: "The food is lovely, ma. Kea leboga (Thank you)."

Mam'Ivy: "It was all Sbusiso's doing. I just made the eggs because Sbu and egg making are enemies."

I laughed a bit.

Me: (looking at Sbu and holding his hand) "Thank you, Sbu. I really appreciate it."

He smiled suddenly and I could see the Sbu I know

was reappearing on his face. We said our goodbyes to the girls and Mam'Ivy and we headed to OR Tambo. Were going to meet Uncle Mzwandile and Uncle Shaka there. King Zuri won't be able to make it since his wife has gone from bad to worse. He said he would take her to an assylum by this week. On our way to the airport, I took this as a chance to speak to Sbu.

Me:"Sbus is o, I'm really sorry the way I've been acting lately. I thank you so much for everything you've done for me, including loving me. I'm sorry I ever made you doubt yourself. You're everything and more to me, Sbu. I really love you, babe."

Sbu:"I love you too, Kele. I promise to make you happy, just give me a chance."

I smiled and pecked his lips. We arrived at OR Tambo and met with the two uncles. We got into the jet and we were off to Mafikeng. I'm not very



familiar with this town because I've never been here. It wasn't a very long flight and the uncles kept drinking whiskey with Sbu and raving about how nice 50 year old Whiskey tastes.

We finally arrived at my father's home and I couldn't help, but feel a bit heartbroken. I would like to know why my father never brought me here. I felt a bit teary eyed but I refuse to cry today. It's a happy day today and I really don't want to ruin it with tears of heartache.

We found Aunt Eunice, Uncle Pieter and Uncle Simon already waiting at the gate with a few other people who look similar to them. The house looked very beautiful, just like your usual "Big house" in the township. Aunt Eunice kept ululating and she was wearing sesotho attire. What a bitter sweet moment this is. I truly wish my father was here to witness this with me, but I know he and Thato are watching all over me.

Sbu held my hand while we walked towards them. This lobola is a bit unconventional. Sbu and his uncles won't wait outside and have the whole normal process done. We're just going to get right to it with Sbu as part of the negotiations. Aunt Eunice hugged me and greeted us as we made our way into the yard.

While walking in I saw a lot of people I don't know and a woman who looked very unfamiliar. She was dressed in sesotho attire, but her frail skin and red eyes showed there's something off about her.

Woman: "Dumela (Hello) Kele. Wa tla wa ba botsana ngwanake (You've grown into a beautiful woman, my child)."

I frowned in confusion. The stench of her breath could kill a few people. I could tell she was a heavy

drinker.

Eunice:"Kelebogile, o ke Ruth, mme wa gao (This is Ruth, your mother)."

I suddenly felt a bit faint hearted as she said that. I nearly fell as Sbu caught me. Aunt Eunice helped Sbu take me to one of the bedrooms.

## Chapter Eighty Nine

Kele

I was taken to one of the bedrooms and I tried to regain my breath. I tried not to stress since Drake said I have high blood pressure which could be fatal in pregnancy, especially when you're carrying multiples. Aunt Eunice was trying to get me comfortable while Sbu came in with a glass of water.

Sbu:"Themba lami (My hope), here's some water."

I held the glass with my shaky hands and drank some.

Sbu:"How are you feeling? Are the babies okay?"

Kele:"I'm fine, Sbu. I was just a bit shocked, that's all."

Sbu:"We can leave if you want to, I don't like seeing you stressed."

Oh, Sbu can be such a darling. He's willing to drop something this important for me.

Kele:"No, let's carry on, please."

Eunice:"I'm so sorry, ngwanake (my child). She must have heard from neighbours gore (that) your lobola negotiations will be taking place today. I found her here this morning and I didn't have the heart to chase her away."

Kele:"It's okay, mme (ma)."

Sbu:"I'll be in the lounge if you need me."

Eunice:"I have to get the negotiations up and running since I'm the eldest. I'll get my daughter Judith to come and keep you company."

I nodded as she left the room. Minutes later a woman who looked just like Aunt Eunice and a bit older than me walked in. She has the same smile as my aunt and very bubbly too. I noticed she and aunt Eunice also have a curvy body like me. Aunt

Eunice and Judith also wear glasses-just like me. Now I see where I get my genes from. It's a bit nice to meet some family for a change and know where I come from. Everyone wants a sense of belonging.

Judith:"Hao (Wow) Kele! Wa tla wa gola, ngwanyana (you've really grown, girl)!"

She hugged me and I hugged her back.

Kele:"Hello, Judith."

Judith:"Tjo wena, sale ke go bona o nale three years (I last saw you when you were three). Time flies hey! O bjang fela (How have you been)?"

We had a nice conversation as she asked me what I do for a living and seems like she's also a Chartered Accountant. I see dad's side of the family have the

same genes and we're good in numbers. She's 33, about eight years older than me. She doesn't have kids, but has been married for about eight years now. She opened up about her fertility struggles and that made me think of Zee. I've been a bit of a horrible friend. I should have put myself in her shoes. Here I am rejoicing in my happiness and joy of being pregnant, while she has just lost hers. I made a mental note to try and reach out later on.

Kele:"So Judith, why is my mother here?"

Judith:"Ah! Ora Ruth (You mean Ruth)? That one o tlets e pleke fela, shame (She's everywhere shame). O utlwile gore ba go ntshetsa magadi a tla a shiyana (She heard that you're getting lobola'd today and came running). At least o hlapile today (she's clean today). No hard feelings."

None taken at all. I don't know this woman. She left me as soon as I was born and never bothered to

be in touch in all my 25 years of life on this earth.

Kele:"What kind of person is she?"

Judith:"Ah, Ruth ke letagwa man (is a drunkard). Onna a nale mahlapa and wa re roga rena ba ga Molefe (She's forever swearing at us the Molefe family). It's really bad."

I never changed my surname after getting married as I didn't really want to. I don't even know why I'm asking about Ruth. You can't dump your baby, not keep in touch and suddenly decide to change when your daughter is being lobola'd. We went on and spoke for a while until we heard ululations in the lounge. I'm guessing everything went smoothly. Aunt Eunice came in and asked me to come out so we could all rejoice and have some lunch.

Judith walked me out and I was met by Sbu who



just couldn't stop smiling.

Kele: "Sbusiso, I hope they didn't charge you an arm and a leg."

Sbu: (chuckling) "Themba lami (My hope), you're worth every penny."

I shook my head and went out with the rest of the family. We ate and they had some drinks and music. It was really fun. Seeing Sbu this happy, I actually realize how minimalist he is. He's into the less fancier things in life except for clothing, cars and expensive alcohol. Other than that I so love him.

Ruth was still with us and she kept acting like "the proud mother". I just ignored her and Sbu wouldn't let her near me which was a bonus for me. Judith kept me company and introduced me to some of

my other cousins. The guys were chilled, but the girls kept asking where I found a rich man like that when I'm not even a slay queen. Judith just put them in her place. I could see how well we are going to get along.

It was about 6pm and we had to leave. I was a bit saddened because this is the closest thing I have to family apart from Sbu and Zee's family. Sbu invited them to our wedding which will be on the 31st of May, my birthday. And there I was not so long ago claiming he's not romantic. I'll be six months pregnant by then, but I'm not bothered. The sooner the better.

Gog'Khanyi

Things have been going really well for the past few days. No drama, no one dying and no Zodwa. I heard someone at church say she has gone missing. I hope Mthunzi killed her shame. Sidiniwe

ngu Zodwa (We're tired of Zodwa). Zee and Phila sent me some pictures of their wedding and I video called them not so long ago. Tony got me hooked on Instagram. I only knew how to use WhatsApp, but now ngi se stylini (I'm in style) all that's to him. His little girlfriend stopped sending me lousy threats after I pointed my gun at her the other day, while Tony just can't get enough of me. I told him I need some space yuh no man! Florah and I decided to have a nice meal and watch some movies over some drinks. I haven't had this much peace in ages.

Gog'Khanyi: "Yazi (you know) Florah, lo mfana uzong'khathaza (this boy will be the death of me)."

Mam'Masango: (laughing) "Wena be ufunani kuye (what did you expect)? He's a small boy, Khanyisa. Angithi you got him hooked to you."

Gog'Khanyi: "I didn't think he would be addicted to me kanje (like this). Phela he doesn't give me a

break at all."

Mam'Masango:"Perhaps you should just make it official naye (with him)."

Gog'Khanyi:"Ini (What)?! Uyahlanya (You're crazy)! Do you want me to be the laughing stock of Sandton?"

Mam'Masango:"You've never cared about what people think. Why start now? You're catching feelings I see. You're just as hooked to that boy as he is to you."

Mxm. Florah wants to trick me and I won't allow her, so I decided to change the topic.

Gog'Khanyi:"Have you spoken to Kele? She hasn't returned any of my calls in a while."

Mam'Masango: (laughing) "Keep on changing the subject, ok's alayo ung'zwile (fact remains you heard me). I've been meaning to speak to her. Hayi, that girl is troubled. She's going to give Sbu stress nje. She has a pure heart and is meant for Sbu, but now that she has had a taste of this life, she can't control herself. This is causing her to be overcome by jealousy and she'll always be comparing Sbu to his brother. These girls bayadina man (are tiring)."

Gog'Khanyi: (sigh) "Ai, manje (so) what do we do?"

Mam'Masango: "Nothing. There's nothing to do. She just has to bring herself back to reality before she loses Sbu. That drunkard mother of hers will ruin things even further for her if she doesn't watch out. She'll lose Sbusiso. He might love her but he has no time to beg and play this time. He'd rather choose his children above any woman now."

This is deep.

Gog'Khanyi:"Kodwa how can she just change like that after going through so much?"

Mam'Masango:"She spent too much time with Belinda, that's why. She needs to go to the funeral, perhaps she'll get a wake up call on what jealousy and greed do to people."

I hope whatever it is Kele is going through passes very quickly. Sbusiso deserves to be loved and be stable manje.

Chapter Ninety

One week later

Ziyanda

Italy was so much fun, I just felt like staying behind. Unfortunately we have a life and jobs to get back to. Plus it's Belinda's funeral this weekend. Apparently there wasn't enough money to bury her and Nkosiyabo (J unior) so people who knew her on Facebook decided to create a crowdfunding project for her.

I don't get why Zodwa and her husband or even Lunga don't help out. It's really sad to die like that. I've asked Phila if I could go to her family's house after work today with Porsche and even though he was deadset against it, he agreed after I offered to blow him until he cums. Yep, that's married life. You have to bargain to get what you want.

We landed Saturday night and as much fun as we had, we have a whole lot of work to do especially with Kele not being back yet. Just when I thought Phila had enough surprises up his sleeve, I got

home to a brand new Red Mercedes GLE 300 SUV. Yep, same as the one Phila has, just red. He even personalized my number plate to Mrs. Zwane GP.

He said people needed to see I'm his wife now. I couldn't say no to a brand new car. I was planning on booking an appointment at Home Affairs to change my surname officially, but Phila already beat me to it. Perks of having a rich husband. I swear if he had a choice he wouldn't let me leave the house at all. I had asked him for a prenup since I don't want people to think I'm after his hard earned money, but he blatantly refused. As I stand right here, I'm officially co-owner of everything Phila owns.

I don't know how to feel being the Billionaire's wife, but I will try getting used to it. I have to do it real quickly since the press are just way into us now. My Instagram account has gained over 2 million followers ever since Antonio posted our wedding



pictures and video snippets on my account.

Of course I have a lot of "hate speech" and body shaming coming through, but majority of the followers are all coming from a good place with positive vibes. I don't know if Italy has a way of boosting a woman's confidence, but I can't remember the last time I sat and cried over someone calling me fat or looking at me funny. I went shopping and I went crazy in Italy.

Luciano and Antonio helped me pick out really nice outfits, enough to last me a whole lifetime. I got a few things for Gogo, Mam'Masango, Mam'Ivy and my mom. Not forgetting the twins and Porsche. I got Kele a nice, custom made twin baby stroller even though I have no idea when I'll be able to give it to her.

Sbu said she's coming back tomorrow and yes, I haven't heard from her since she sent me a brief

happy birthday message on WhatsApp and I responded by thanking her and asked her how she and the babies were. She just blue ticked me. I figured she was busy and would get back to me, but one week later still no response so I just let her be. She and Sbu were supposed to be staying with us until their house was done, but apparently Sbu had to rush the builders and even get extra builders to finish the house so she could move straight in when she comes back tomorrow.

Phila told me she's been acting weird lately leaving Sbu high stressed. Sbu has been back in Pretoria filling in for Kele until she comes back. I wonder who runs his IT company for him while he's forever here. We walked into the office and Porsche was super excited to see us as always.

She had long faux locs this time. She always puts in such an effort into the way she looks. I really need to up my game. Phila doesn't mind, but even

Gogo says you need to keep your man on his toes.  
He shouldn't be used to the same look everyday.  
Porsche hugged me first and then Phila.

Porsche:"Whoo! Dumelang ba ga Zwane (Greetings,  
The Zwane's). Kgale ka le gcina man (I haven't  
seen you in a long while)."

Phila: (Smiling) Good morning, Porsche. Thanks so  
much for keeping the company running while we  
were gone."

Porsche:"Ag! Small waters, Boss P. You know I'm  
the face of this whole thing. Now, please go to your  
office, Your wife and I have so much to discuss."

Phila: (chuckling) "No gossip during office hours.  
(He kissed me on the lips) Enjoy your day, Ma  
Zwane. I'll see you later."

He left me blushing in front of Porsche.

Porsche: (Smiling) "Tjo! Wa e tseba joy ya honeymoon phase (Do you know the joy of honeymoon phase)?"

I laughed out loud.

Me: "What do you know about honeymoon phase? You and Rob are still in your honeymoon phase."

Porsche: "That's because ra ratana (we love each other) just like you two. Ke go shebile (I'm watching you), Ziyanda Zwane. I can see this new glow that screams 'I'm getting dicked real hard'."

We both laughed out loud.

Me:"Porsche man! Le wena wa phapha (You're so forward)."

Porsche:"Let me see that gorgeous ring, babe! Tjo Boss P o nale class wena (Boss P has real class hey). Kele is going to be so jealous shame, ngwana batho (poor thing)."

I know she didn't say that by mistake. There's something she isn't telling me.

Me:"Portia, why o re so (why do you say so)?"

Porsche:"Ah, wena Zee. Kgale ke go botsa gore o slow learner (I've been saying you're a slow learner)."

Me:"Okay, what do you know that I don't?"

Porsche: "I know that she's a jealous bitch. There, I said it."

Me: "Mxm, Porsche e ba (be) serious please."

Porsche: (deep sigh) "Oh, alright. You haven't been responding to my WhatsApp messages since you were getting some dick in Italy, so she decided to "vent her frustrations" out to me. She started saying she can't understand why you couldn't be happy for her especially for the pregnancy. I told her she was being insensitive towards you, but she said you're getting all the attention when you haven't even been lobola'd yet. So I told her straight gore (that) she's a jealous bitch and well, she blocked me."

Wow. I never thought Kele would ever be like this. She was always the quiet and sweet one and always the peacemaker. I'm quite shocked but mostly hurt.

Me:"Why is she acting like this though? Maybe it's just her hormones."

Porsche:"Aowa (No). A gona di hormones ts a niks (there's no hormones). She's being jealous, man Zee. I think she didn't actually think Sbu has this much money and she just keeps comparing herself to you. She even posted pictures of her sonar scan on Facebook. I keep telling you to never trust quiet people. She kept Belinda's secret of her sleeping with Lunga from you, what's stopping her from being a jealous bitch?"

Okay. I had actually forgotten all about that. Maybe Kele is just dealing with her post trauma. Perhaps we shouldn't be too quick to judge.

Me:"Maybe she's going through a rough time, Porsche. She just lost Thato."

Porsche:"We're all going through a rough time, Zee. You lost your unborn children but you're not being a bitch about it. All I'm saying is I'm really starting to dislike this new Kele and you should probably sleep with one eye open. You should even see poor Sbu. Kele o mo nyesa ka stress (Kele is stressing him out badly)."

Ai, maybe she's right. She's never been wrong about a judge of character. Speaking of Sbu I haven't seen him in a while so I decided to go to floor 5 to see him.

Me:"We'll talk later. Let me go see Sbu."

Porsche:"You do that, babe."

I walked back to the lift and made my way to Sbu's floor. I was about to knock on his office door but



found it open.

Me:"Surprise, Surprise, Sballi (Brother in law)!"

He seemed to have been deep in thought, but quickly got up and smiled as he saw me. He rushed to give me a hug.

Sbu:"Hey, Zee! Ubuye nini (When did you come back)?"

Me:"We landed on Saturday night. How have you been?"

He looked down and faked a smile.

Sbu:"I've been good hey. Kele's doing pretty good too."

Me: "Sbu, I know you. You're not the bubbly Sbu I know. Phila told me about Kele. Want to talk about it?"

Sbu: (rubbing his head) "Eish, Zee. Angazi mfwethu (I don't know, bra). Things were great before the whole Scorpion shit. At first I thought it was the trauma and all, but she's just been acting funny. We went to Mafikeng to pay lobola for her and it went pretty well. We were fine for a few days until she started again.

She keeps dropping weird hints of how Phila does this and that for you like I don't do shit for her. I'm Trying, Zee. I even bought her a brand new car. She doesn't even seem to talk about the babies anymore, it's like I'm the only one who's excited about their arrival. Truly speaking, Kele has changed a shit load.

I don't know what to do anymore. For the first time ever in my whole entire life, I'm starting to doubt myself as a man. Sharon never made me doubt myself. I know it's not right to compare, but I can't help it. It's really bad I'm even starting to have second thoughts about marrying her. Even uMa is complaining saying she has to look after the twins and Kele as well since she's acting like a paralyzed patient. I'm even dreading her coming back here tomorrow."

Wow. Things are really bad. I didn't think they were this bad. What's up with Kele really?

Me:"Wow, Sbu. I'm so sorry. I had no idea. I think you guys should book an appointment with Dr. Stein. I don't want you going mad because of this, really. I truly believed that Kele would make you happy. Please go see Dr. Stein sometime this week with her. I'll try and talk to her for you."

Sbu:"Thank you, Zee. I haven't even had sex in days, man. Whenever I try to sleep with her I just don't even get an erection anymore."

Me:"Yoh, hayi, Sbusiso. Too much information. That talk needs Phila, not me."

He chuckled as we spoke about the twins and Mam'Ivy. He even told me about the drama of Kele's biological mother appearing out of nowhere and Mary's sudden change of heart. Overall, I hate seeing Sbu like this. When he hurts, Phila hurts and when Phila hurts, I hurt. I think it's about time Kele and I had a chat.

## Chapter Ninety One

Kele

"Kele, ngwanaka (my child). It's good to see you finally finding your happiness, but you're going to

ruin everything for yourself. No matter what you do, do not let jealousy and greed into your heart. Please remember that."

I woke up sweating and realized it was just a dream. It's the third time now that I've been having this dream of my father telling me those exact same words. Are things really that bad now? I mean I'm pregnant so people just need to understand that I can act a bit crazy at times.

Portia even called me a jealous bitch when I told her how Ziyanda always gets everything. Phila hasn't even paid lobola for her yet and here she is-Mrs. Zwane already. Instead, my wedding has to be a few months down the line. Why do I have to wait to become Mrs. Zwane while she got to be married first before lobola? I feel like Phila always gets his way in this family. Perhaps if Sbu and Phila were being treated equally then I wouldn't behave this way.

Sbu bought me a brand new Merc. A stunning, purple G63. Things haven't been really well between us. He doesn't even have sex with me as much as he used to, but that's all about to change. I can't wait to go back to Pretoria tomorrow since our house is finally done now. I couldn't stomach living with Phila and Zee and see the unfair comparisons between the two. I haven't been out of this room in a while and Sbu's mom has been kind enough to bring me food whenever I ask for it.

I decided to go down stairs and spend some time with her. I'm a bit embarrassed, it's 2 o'clock in the afternoon. I walked down and found her watching tv with the twins and drinking some wine.

Kele:"Sawubona (Hello), Ma."

She looked at me with a very displeased look on her

face.

Mam'Ivy:"Yebo (yes), Kelebogile. Unjani (How are you)?"

Kele:"I'm fine, ma. How are you?"

Mam'Ivy:"Ngi right (I'm fine) as you can see. I'm glad to see you finally getting out of bed. Aren't you leaving today?"

If I didn't know better I'd say she wants me gone already judging by the tone of her voice and that question.

Kele:"No, ma. I'm leaving tomorrow."

Mam'Ivy:"How unfortunate."

Okay. Clearly she has a problem with me.

Kele:"Is everything okay, ma?"

Mam'Ivy:"Yes, why wouldn't it be?"

Kele:"It's just that you're acting a bit weird towards me. If I have done something to offend you, ma. Please tell me. I don't want any bad blood between us."

Mam'Ivy: (chuckling) "Yazini (You know what) Kelebogile? Clearly those ears of yours are wet as fuck."

Okay she's even swearing at me. In front of the twins. Mam'Ivy never swears unless she's seriously pissed. I feel so bad right now.



Mam'Ivy:"I spoke to you a week ago about your behaviour, didn't I? (I nodded) I don't understand this sudden change of heart you have. Sbu was too quick to marry you nje. You hardly even make time to bond with the twins yet you want to be my son's wife.

You hardly even get out of that bedroom and you expect me to cater for you when you clearly have working legs. I told you, Kelebogile, if you don't love my son then please leave him now before he gets hurt even further. Sbu is fragile, he might not show it but he is. He doesn't deserve all this kak you're doing to him after all he's done for you."

Her words cut me so deep. I didn't know she felt this way about me let alone Sbu telling his mother everything about us. Tears fell down my face unaware.

Kele:"I'm very sorry, ma. Disrespecting you was never my intention. I love Sbusiso very much, ma. And I love the girls. I would never do anything to hurt him or them intentionally."

I thought she would be less harsher once she saw my tears, but I was wrong.

Mam'Ivy:"Then stop being a big baby about everything and fix it. You're not a bad person Kelebogile. You're not bad at all, but the Kele that I knew back then and this one in front of me are two different people. I hate it when my son gets hurt especially because of a another woman. I'd kill for them, surely you know that, right?"

I stood still and just stared at her. Did she just threaten me in a subtle manner?

Mam'Ivy:"I'm glad we had this talk. Walk to the

kitchen and exercise a little bit and get me some more wine, would you?"

She smiled at me as she handed me the wine glass and I faked a smile back. Could it be that I have really changed this much?

Ziyanda

It was knock off time and Phila, Porsche, Sbu and I are headed to Belinda's house before we all go home. Belinda is from Orange Farm apparently, just like Sharon. I don't know if people from Orange Farm have the same mentality or if these two were just peas in the same pod.

We got there and prayer hadn't even started yet. Thank goodness since I'm wearing a jumpsuit without a doek even and Porsche is also wearing pants. I hope they don't take offence. We parked

right outside her house. The walls and the gate looked like they hadn't been painted in a long time and the house was big, but rusty. I don't know what Belinda was doing all this time instead of sending money home.

We saw a big white tent and a few people inside the yard. We greeted and asked to be shown to Belinda's mother. Porsche and I were led into the house while Phila and Sbu stood and waited for us outside. Sbu lit his smoke as he spoke to Phila.

We walked in and greeted a few women who were in the lounge. The walls had huge cracks and some of the chairs were broken and not cared for. It was a sad sight that made me want to cry. We walked into the bedroom and found Belinda's mom sitting on her mattress, dressed in black-the famous mourning colour.

Me:"Dumela, mme (Hello, ma). Ke nna Ziyanda, o

ke Portia, be re le di chomi tsa Belinda (My name is Ziyanda and this is Portia. We were Belinda's friends)."

She looked up and I could see how beautiful she once was, but poverty and alcohol had taken its toll on her beauty. Other than that the resemblance between her and Belinda was there.

Belinda's mom: "Dumelang bana baka (Hello, my children). Yes, I remember you two. Belinda used to tell me so much about you, especially you Ziyanda. Before her death after she came back from hospital, she had told me everything she did to you two. She really regretted everything she had done. You see, I blame myself for her turning out the way she did. If I had been a better mother and chose her over alcohol and a rapist for a husband, she wouldn't have been dead today.

Her father would rape her when I was away looking

for work, until one day I found him on top of her. I was so shocked and tried chasing him out. He beat me up so badly that I lost my two front teeth. He told me if I ever reported him Belinda and I would be left hungry and on the streets. I had nowhere to go. My own family had disowned me and they themselves were poor. He would rape Belinda in my presence until she turned 18. She left this house and never came back to visit.

I begged her to come and visit me after she had Junior and we started mending our relationship. Jonas has damaged my child so badly I could never forgive him-even in death."

Portia and I were in so much tears. Belinda had been through so much it's no surprise she did what she did.

Belinda's mother:"I don't regret killing him. After she left the house at age 18, I waited for Jonas to

go to sleep. Once he slept, I stabbed him to death. 80 times. I counted every stab as I stabbed him. I got arrested for premeditated murder. Imagine. You kill your child's rapist and you go to prison. I served 5 years of my sentence and got out. I did it all for her, even though it was too late but I needed her to know that."

Portia and I couldn't even speak. This story was just too painful.

Belinda's mom:"Before I forget, she left you all letters. Please give Kelebogile hers as well. I wouldn't blame you for not coming to the funeral, but my heart is at ease that you came to see me."

Portia reached for her bag and took out an envelope and handed it to her.

Porsche:"Here, ma. This is R20 000 in cash. You

can use it to cover some costs for the funeral. I know it must be hard."

Belinda's mom: (Crying) "Oh, kea leboga bana baka (thank you my children). Modimo o moholo (God is great). God shall bless you for your good deeds."

I also had a small envelope in my bag and as I was about to hand it to her as well, Phila walked in with Sbu and they bent down.

Phila:"Dumela mme (Hello, ma). My name is Phila and this is my brother Sbusiso. Ziyanda here is my wife and Belinda was also a very good friend of mine. My wife was about to give you some money, but now that your only child and grandson are no more it's going to be hard for you to survive, so we have decided to give you some money that will sustain you even after the funeral."



He took out a big envelope and handed it to her.

Phila:"In there is R200 000. You can use it to rebuild your life. Zee, hand her your envelope."

Me:"Ma, in here is R100 000. It's the least we could do."

Belinda's mom wailed so much and kept thanking us. It was such a painful sight. We left her wailing and said our goodbyes as we took our letters from Belinda.

It's so sad to see how a young woman's life ended due to the sins of the parents. I can only hope that Belinda's mom finds comfort in the Lord and that Belinda knows I hold no grudge towards her. Porsche and I were just too distraught to talk after that painful confession from Bee's mother. We got into our cars and drove home.

## Chapter Ninety Two

Ziyanda

Phila, Sbu and I were driving back home from Bee's house. I didn't say much since that story simply left me traumatized. I somehow wish Belinda had reached out to us, but seems like Kele's the only one who knew about that part of her life. It's so painful to even imagine what went through her mind. What makes me happy is that we really tried to make her day.

Even Porsche chipped in, not that I'm surprised. She has a very big heart even for people who piss her off. What shocked me most is Sbu and Phila offering so much money. I never thought these two had it in them. I'll ask them about it once we get home. I didn't feel like cooking so we stopped by to get some food.

Sbu offered to go buy so he could smoke some more while Phila and I stayed in the car.

Me:"Baby wami (My baby), thank you so much for what you and Sbu did today. I really didn't expect it especially after what Belinda did to you."

Phila:"Ma Zwane (Mrs. Zwane), it's really nothing. Anything to make you happy. Besides, her mom really needs the money."

I smiled and kissed the back of his hand. Sbu came back with the food and we were off. Luckily the complex isn't that far from the estate, about a 15 minutes long drive. Just as we were about to enter, Security notified us that someone had been waiting for us since this afternoon just outside our house. All they said was it's a relative of mine and she insisted on waiting as she had nowhere to go.

I got puzzled but I got even more curious to find out who this relative is and why they didn't call me. As we drove towards the house, we saw a frail looking woman holding a plastic bag that looks like it has a few items of clothing. The gunmen were walking around the house and one was standing next to her. We parked and I got out to see who it was. As I approached the door, I was stunned to the core!

Me:"Thando?!"

Thando:"Hey, sis. Long time no see."

Thando, my one and only sister who's never liked me one bit. Blame uMa for that I guess. She used to be the favourite until she became hooked on drugs. I haven't seen her in a very long while and now she pitches up on my door step. She looks like she hasn't eaten in days let alone bathed in a while.

Me:"What are you doing here?"

Thando:"Hawu, I came to see my sister. Is it so bad?"

Phila came around after parking the car instead of opening the door from the inside. I could tell he was displeased by the look on his face, while Sbu was holding the food in his hands, having another smoke.

Me:"Oh, baby wami (my baby). This is Thando, my sister."

Phila:"Nice to meet you, Thando."

Sbu:"Sho sho, Thando. Aka Love. Eh, Phila, vula lapho ngi lambile phela (Open up, I'm starving)."

Phila:"Mxm wena Sbu, your house is just around the corner man."

Sbu:"Ah, se uyangixosha manje (are you chasing me out now)?"

Phila shook his head and opened the door as we walked in with Thando. She looked around and was in awe but knowing Thando an insult or a condescending comment can come flying out of her mouth right this moment. She could never humble herself even when she's in need of help.

Thando:"Wow, Zee. You finally bagged a rich man. You did well, mntase (sis)."

Yep. There's no moment too soon for this one. Phila looked very annoyed.

Phila:"Zee, can I have a word with you, please?"

Me:"Sure. I'll be right back."

Phila and I went upstairs to our bedroom. He walked in first and I closed the door right after.

Phila:"What is she doing here?"

Me:"I don't know, baby. I'm just as surprised as you are."

Phila:"I don't want her here. She's an addict and by the way she looks she obviously never went to the rehab centre I booked her in. I paid a lot of money, Zee. As a gesture to your mom. I don't trust this girl. She has to go."

Me:"But, baby, uzoyaphi (Where will she go)?"

Phila:"Angina ndaba (I don't care)."

Me:"Let me find out why she's here. She could be in trouble, baby wami (my baby). Please she can leave tomorrow at least. It's already late."

Phila:"Fine but you had better keep an eye on her. That soft heart of yours will get you into trouble one day."

He stoop up and left me in the bedroom as I gathered my thoughts. He could be right. He's never wrong with judging a person's character, just like Zee. Thando had never liked me at all nor has she ever bothered to visit me or find out where I even lived before. Why is she here?



## Chapter Ninety Three

Ziyanda

I went down just after Phila left the bedroom after pondering my thoughts for a while. Perhaps he's right, I'm too nice at times and that will cause me to get seriously hurt one day. I got down and found Sbu chatting with Thando while Phila was eating his food in silence. We had ordered some Debonairs pizza and some prawns at the franchise just next door.

Sbu:"Hawu, Qhawekazi (Heroine). I thought you had gone to bed. Thando and I here almost finished the food."

Me:"Sorry, I just had to change a bit."

Thando:"Thanks for letting me stay for a while, Zee. I promise I won't be a problem."

Phila just gave her a blank stare while I just faked a faint smile. I suppose Sbu could sense the tension hence he kept the conversation going.

Sbu:"So, Thandos, kuhamba njani e rehab (how's it going at rehab)?"

I could see Thando tense up a bit after that question. I guess Phila was right, she never checked in.

Thando:"Uh.. Ah.. You know how it is. Wena, tell me about you. How's Sharon? I never thought you'd actually marry someone like her, hey."

Sbu chuckled. He's always ready for an insult.

Sbu:"Ah, Sharon is a thing of the past. What about you? Where's your baby daddy? He clearly fucked you up because you used to be so hot, ntwana (girl). You were like one of the it girls back then."

I could see Thando getting a bit embarrassed.

Thando:"Ah, well, he's around. We're not together anymore. I figured it's really time to get my life back on track, you know. Plus I need to mend my relationship with my sister. She's the only sibling I have."

She flashed a fake smile and exposed her missing tooth. I can't help but think she's just not being genuine. Thando is hiding something and how on earth did she find out where I live without calling me?

Anyway, we cut dinner short since we weren't in high spirits especially after seeing Belinda's mother.

Phila went to our bedroom, while Sbu cleared up the table. I took Thando to one of the guest rooms and made sure she had to bathe first before getting into the sheets. It's really not nice for a woman to walk around without freshening up at all. We got to the bedroom and I decided to confront her.

Me: "Thando, why are you really here?"

Thando: "Hawu, Zee. I came to visit my baby sister. Is that so hard to believe?"

Me: "Thando, let's cut the bullshit, okay. You've never cared about me and you don't even have my number. You've never visited me or called me in years and now suddenly you pitch up at my door step. Let's stop with the pretence and tell me why you're really here."

She looked pretty shocked to see my reaction. I'm

not the weak Ziyanda she's used to anymore. I've grown a thicker skin and I'll not allow her to crawl underneath it anymore.

Thando:"Okay, Zee. I just needed a place to crash, okay. Everyone has turned their backs on me-even mom and Gogo don't want me at their houses. So you were my last option."

I get that she's in need of a place to stay, but there's more to this rock up of hers. I don't buy her story, but I chose to let her be for now.

Me:"Okay, go take a bath before you sleep. We'll talk tomorrow."

Before I walked out she decided to give me her two cents of sentiments.

Thando:"Zee, I'm really sorry about everything. I promise I'll make it all up to you."

See? Nothing is ever genuine with Thando, not even an apology. I closed the door on my way out and made my way to our bedroom. I found Phila already in bed.

Me:"I thought we were going to shower together."

Phila:"I didn't know how long your bonding session with your sister was going to be so I decided to do it alone."

That tone. The irritability in his tone tells me he's seriously pissed at this whole situation. I went to the bathroom to take a quick shower and then went back to the bedroom after drying myself. I walked back to the bedroom naked and found him watching tv. I hate going to bed angry and we always fix our

issues before we sleep. So I decided to use my best weapon to defeat his ugly mood-sex.

I lotioned myself while facing him and I could see him side-eyeing me, drooling over my naked body, but tried not to show it. I finished lotioning my whole body and left my breasts for last. I took some lotion and put it on both my breasts, rubbing them in circular motion. I could see his Mkhonto rising from underneath the covers. Did he really expect me not to torture him when he sleeps naked on top of that?

He tried resisting me and acting strong by changing the channels.

Phila:"Aren't you going to get dressed?"

Me:"Since when do you allow me to wear pajamas in bed?"

Phila: (clearing his throat) "Since tonight."

I chuckled. He must be crazy. I got on top of him and removed the sheets from him. I slowly went down til I reached his dick. I could see him swallowing hard. Only women can punish men by withholding sex-men can't. I slowly rubbed his penis and blew hot air onto the tip.

Me:"Tell me you want me to stop then and I'll stop."

He kept quiet while staring at me. I could feel his body tense up and his toes curl. I put half of him in my mouth and went for it. I slowly sucked him in circular motion and I heard him moan.

Phila:"Ah, fuck, Ma Zwane (Mrs. Zwane)! Go deeper Sthandwa sami (my love)."



I've grown to be a bit naughty nowadays all thanks to Phila. He made me get used to all this dirty talk.

Me:"Ask me nicely."

Phila:"Please, Baby."

I took all of him in my mouth and started sucking faster. He tried to put his hands on my head, but I pulled out.

Me:"No touching. If you touch, I'll stop."

He cursed.

Phila:"Shit. Okay."

I kept sucking and the faster I went the more I felt

his climax build up.

Phila:"Fuck, Sthandwa sami (my love). I'm going to come. You'd better move."

I didn't move, instead I kept going and he couldn't hold it in anymore until he finally released and let out a funny growl as always. I tried swallowing this time since Porsche says it's not half bad if your man is healthy and eats healthy food too. His cum doesn't taste half bad so I decided to swallow his load while he was staring at me. Seems like it got him super excited because Mkhonto didn't go down.

Phila:"Shit, Zee. Why did you have to torture me like that? You're becoming a pro at this. My turn now."

I smiled as he flipped me over so he could lay on top of me. He kissed me passionately, yet roughly, but in a good way. We've never really had rough

sex, but the idea gives me amazing goosebumps all over my body. He pulled out and looked at me.

Phila:"I love tasting myself in your mouth, Yaya. I love you so much."

I smiled and said I loved him too. He proceeded by sucking my neck and going all the way to my breasts. He loves sucking on those babies and he knows that drives me crazy. He went down with his tongue all the way to my coochie. He knows how I can never resist a good pussy eating. He gently teased my clit by licking and stopping continuously.

Me:"Dammit, Phila! I need you! Suck me, baby, please!"

He looked at me and smiled and proceeded to dig in. His tongue can do amazing things. He dipped his tongue in and out of my entrance and I went

crazy. He lifted up my thighs. I always wonder how he manages to lift up my heavy thighs, but I guess if he can lift weights, then I'm as light as a feather in that regard.

He continued to eat me up and then he did the unexpected. While I was wrapped up in this amazing euphoria, he spread my bums wider and he traveled his tongue down to my anus and proceeded to lick it. It felt so foreign to me, but also good. I suppose he wanted to see my reaction so I went with it.

He then came up and flipped me over so I could lie on all fours with my ass up. He entered me as he used his one hand to rub my clit. I went wild. He kept pounding me harder and harder until I felt the need to rub my clit myself.

It drives him crazy whenever I fully reciprocate what he does and take part in all these experiments. He

continued to have me and I was loving. We both released at the same time and collapsed on the bed in our favourite position-me laying my bed on top of his chest.

Me:"Baby wami (my baby), did you really have to eat my asshole though?"

Phila: (laughing) "Its called rimming love, and don't act like you didn't like it."

I actually did like it even though it was a bit unexpected.

Me:"I did, but I never knew you were into those kind of kinky stuff."

Phila:"I'm into a lot of things, Sthandwa sami (My love), and I want to explore them with you using

baby steps. I want you to feel comfortable first and get to know what you like."

Then I thought of Porsche and her bdsm escapades.

Me:"Have you ever tried BDSM, baby wami (my baby)?"

Phila:"No, my love. But for you I can tie my whole dick up if you like it."

We both laughed as we proceeded to sleep.

Chapter Ninety Four

The following day

Ziyanda

Phila and I were at it all night as usual and my body is a bit stiff. I seriously need to take him up on his offer to let me work out with him. Once again I got up after him and found him making us breakfast. He's already dressed and done working out already. He's even humming a gospel song while it's playing in the kitchen.

Yep, he had a built in music player installed in the kitchen while we were in Italy. He says he wants me to enjoy cooking while he watches me sing. Apparently I have the voice of an angel. I used to sing in the choir back in high school, but I'm not a fan of attention like that. I love seeing this glow on him. I'd love to give credit to all our sexcapades, but I think the fact that we also pray together before we sleep, and wake up at midnight and 3am together just lifts his spirits.

He always prays asking God for peace and more years and asks for us to be blessed with a child of

our own. Even when we decide to phahla to our ancestors, he asks his dad to watch over us and asks them to give us our own little seed. My heart breaks every time he speaks of having children since I don't want to go through what I did with Lunga again with him. I'm trying my best, but I decided to put it all in God's hands.

Me:"Good morning, my husband."

Phila: (smiling) "Good morning, my wife. I've made breakfast fit for my Queen. Please join me at the Patio, breakfast is served."

I smiled as I made my way to the patio and found some muffins, muesli, yoghurt and fruit with juice and he was coming towards me with some bacon and eggs and toast. He was even wearing an apron on top of his suit. This guy though. We prayed before we ate and we dug in.



Me:"You took your time with this, baby wami (my baby). Thank you so much."

Phila:"Anything for you, Sthandwa sami (My love). If you keep giving me my pussy the way you gave it to me izolo (last night), I'd make you breakfast for life."

I blushed in embarrassment. There's never a dull moment with Phila.

Me:"Where's Sbu?"

Phila:"He went to check on the builders before Kele comes back. He says she insisted on moving in there today as soon as she lands. She must be tired of being an invader in our house."

I still don't know how to feel about her at this point, but I'll have a chat with her as soon as she comes back.

Me: "Baby, do you think she's being a bit weird? Especially towards Sbu and I?"

Phila: "Not a little, Sthandwa sami (My love). A whole lot. Even uMa was complaining telling me ukuthi (that) Kele has been behaving badly. She says she's worse than Sharon nje. She lies in bed all day and doesn't even bother to help look after the twins. Sbu is even having doubts about the wedding, he wants to cancel."

Wow. It's amazing how quickly things can transpire from being 100% great to being ruined in an instant. Just the other day we were helping them get back together and now this shit is happening.

Me:"I can see how it's taking its toll on Sbu."

Phila:"Yep, if Kele doesn't watch out Sbu will go back to his womanizer ways. And once he starts, she'll regret it, shame."

I can't imagine having Phila cheat on me. I would cut his balls off.

Phila:"Anyway, have you read the letter Belinda wrote to you?"

Oh I even forgot about that letter! I shoved it in my handbag yesterday and didn't even touch it. I'll have to read it today at work.

Me:"I forgot about that, baby. I was a bit distraught after what Belinda's mom told us."

I told him the whole story about Belinda and her dad molesting her up to where her mom kills him.

Phila: "Ku bad (Its rough), my wife. But we all make our own choices. Your past doesn't and shouldn't define your future at all. Belinda had a choice to turn all that around, but she chose not to. You tried your best. Lets get going before we get late. Traffic can be a nightmare."

We left and as usual I gave the gunmen a some breakfast and we were off. I'll have to deal with Thando later on when we return since Phila said she could stay a few more days. I drove out in my new Mercedes, while he drove in his since he has a few meetings today and might be back later than usual.

We arrived at work and I found Porsche beautiful as always.

Me: "Morning, friend."

Porsche: "Morning, Mrs. Zwane. How are we today?"

Me: "Ag, I'm alright."

Porsche: "Whenever there's an 'Ag' before any sentence or afterwards, it doesn't mean you're alright. Out with it."

Me: "Thando rocked up at my house last night. Apparently she had been waiting for us since the afternoon."

Porsche: "Heh! (Clapping hands) and you left her in your house? Alone?!"

Me:"Hawu, P. The guards will be watching her. Besides, I don't think she would steal from me."

Porsche: (laughing) "You're playing with fire, Zee. You never learn. I don't trust her and that good heart of yours will land you in trouble one day."

Phila said the same thing. Maybe I need to heed this warning.

Me:"Anyway, have you read the letter Belinda wrote you?"

Porsche:"Yes, I did. Shame, she apologized for everything starting from way back. I really feel a bit bad for the way I treated her, hey. She had a tough life. No wonder she slit her wrists while she was pregnant with David's child. I'd probably have done the same."

My eyes widened with shock.

Me:"She was pregnant with David's child? As in Lunga's dad?"

Porsche:"Yes, I take it you haven't read yours yet. I'm more curious about what she wrote to Kele."

Me:"Don't tell me you actually want us to read it, Porsche."

Porsche:"Wena o slow waitse (You're so slow, hey). We have to read it. Maybe it will explain why she has done a whole 360 on us."

Me:"Isn't that like invading someone's privacy? Besides, Kele has always been private, Porsche."

Porsche:"There's no such thing as invading the privacy of the dead. And Kele has always been Secretive-not private. We'll seal it back up properly after reading it."

I don't know how I feel about this, but I am curious.

Me:"Eish, okay."

Porsche:"Good. We'll read it during lunch time. Go to your office before your husband decides to fire me."

As I walked to my office I bumped into Nozi. Her smile faded as soon as she saw me. What's new?

Me:"Good morning, Nozipho."



Nozi: (annoyed) "Good morning, Ziyanda, or should I say Mrs. Zwane? I wouldn't want to be fired for not addressing you properly."

Oh, goodness. Here we go again. This chick really needs to get laid. I decided to ignore her and went straight to my office. I checked up on a few messages before proceeding with work.

I saw a few WhatsApp messages; one from Gogo asking me if I'm ignoring her and one from Kele. She finally decided to respond.

"Hey, Zee. Sorry for not being in touch for so long. You know how strainous pregnancy can be. Anyway, I'm letting you know that I'm coming back today and moving into my new house and since we're going to be neighbours, I don't want any bad blood between us. I'll see you soon, friend."

Okay, that's just a weird message. I scrolled down and found another message from an unsaved number.

"Good morning, Zee. I hope you have a great day today. Love, Lu."

Okay, Lunga is really stalking me and it's getting really creepy. I decided to block his number on all platforms and called Gogo.

Gog'Khanyi:"Heh! J ehova nangu umtnwana wakho uyaphila (J ehova, your child is alive)."

I laughed.

Me:"Sawubona, Gogo (Hello, granny). How are you?"

Gog'Khanyi:"What do you think, Ziyanda Zwane? Now that you've changed your surname you decide to ignore your only living grandmother?"

Me:"Ngiyaxolisa (I'm sorry), Gogo. I've just been a bit busy."

Gog'Khanyi:"Busy practising how to make babies, I see. How are things? Ngiyan'bona la ku Instagram heyi (I see you guys here on Instagram wow), the wedding was absolutely beautiful. La Bafana ba ka Zwane (Those Zwane boys) have taste, man."

I laughed.

Me:"Ai, Gogo. Anyway, things are good hey. How is Ma doing?"

Gog'Khanyi:" She's fine, yazi (you know). Thando's

rascals are keeping her busy. I told her to bring them here for a week nje, bazoba (they'll be) right. I'll get them in order."

Me:"Speaking of Thando, she came to my house yesterday. We found her waiting for us last night."

Gog'Khanyi:"Ini (What)?! That girl is just wasting our money. Why doesn't she just die like Belinda and leave us in peace?"

I could hear Mam'Masango scolding her.

Gog'Khanyi:"Hayi, man nawe Florah. You don't like the honest truth. Anyway, Ziyanda, mntwanami (my child), Florah says you need to be careful Thando. She hasn't changed her ways, but she can't do much harm to you. She also says you need to be especially careful of Kele. Shes turning into something none of us know."

Okay. I didn't expect that. I'm getting really worried. Mam'Masango's warnings are never to be ignored.

Me:"Okay, Gogo I'll do so."

Gog'Khanyi:"Pray for her, Ziyanda. Always remember why I named you Ziyanda. She also says bigger blessings are coming your way. Let me go, mntwanami (my child). You'll be fine. I love you."

She hung up. Oh, well, I need to think carefully on what to do with Thando, and Kele on the other hand, perhaps I should keepy distance. I decided to carry on with my work.

Chapter Ninety Five

Ziyanda

Its lunch time and I forgot to order some food. J ust

when I was about to pick up my phone and dial Uber eats, Porsche walked in and graced me with her presence. She had ocean basket paper bags in her hands. She's a Godsent. I don't have to worry about what Phila will be eating since he's out of the office until later on today.

Me:"Yoh, ungathi be u bona ukuthi beng'lambile (It's like you sensed that I was hungry). Thanks babe."

Porsche:"Please is all mine, baby."

We sat down and said grace and we dug in.

Porsche:"So, any new news since this morning nje?"

Me:"Nothing much. Lunga has been sending me really weird messages. Its like he sends them as if we're still together and it's really creepy. Kele on

the other hand sent me a weird message as well."

I tossed the phone over to her and she read the message and was unimpressed.

Porsche:"Mxm. Selo se se thoma go tella se (This thing is getting real disrespectful)."

Me:"She's acting really strange, Porsche. Worst part Mam'Masango told me that I should be careful of Thando and Kele."

Porsche:"Akere wa bona (you see)?! I should've been a prophet, shame. I'm telling you those two are bad business. She even unblocked me and sent me a message saying she's sorry, it's just her hormones and that we should meet up for lunch at her house today after work."

Me:"Ai, I don't think we should go."

Porsche:"Let's read that letter first and then we'll decide if we should go or not."

We finished eating and cleared the desk. I started with mine and read it out loud for Porsche to hear as well.

"Dear Ziyanda

I'm very sorry for everything I've ever done to you. I truly apologize for my behaviour and for all the pain I caused you. Please understand that I never had anything against you, in fact you've always been loving and kind-to all of us. If anything I owe you a lot more than just a mere letter of apology.

I've always been jealous of you, Zee. You're so



beautiful and you have an amazing, big heart. You always see the best in people and you're forgiving. Even though your soft and kind heart lands you in sad situations, you can't change who you are.

I've always admired your relationship with Porsche. You two were always so close and I never had a best friend, even though Kele has always been my closest friend amongst all of us, I still yearn for that true friendship and true love from a friend.

I know you all see Kele as a good person since she's always ready to reason and listen to all of us, but please be careful. She's very good at keeping secrets and she isn't who you really think she is. She isn't really a bad person, but she's consumed with jealousy and greed just like me. Brian really fucked her up and now that she and Sbu are back together again, she won't stop until she reaches your level.

I'm sorry for writing all this to you in a letter as I'm about to meet my end and be with my son. I really don't deserve your forgiveness, Ziyanda. I can only hope that I'll rest in peace.

Love Bee"

Wow. She has written quite a lot to digest.

Porsche:"Wa bona (you see)? Wa bona ke go boditse (You see what I mean)? Kele ga shap, man Zee (Kele is bad news). Now open hers o bale moo (and read it). Extra loud this time, I want to hear it properly."

I shook my head and opened the letter carefully so that I could be able to close it right back afterwards. I started reading a bit louder adhering to Porsche's instructions.

"Dear Kele

I'm very sorry for leaving this earth the way I am now, but it is time. I truly hope that you can find it in your heart to forgive me for spilling your beans like that. I know you shot me trying to silence me because I didn't spill all of them.

I know what you did, Kele and now since I'm the only other person who knows all your secrets, you can relax. I'll take them to the grave with me. You can rest assured that you'll get Sbu just as you have always wished.

You can rest assured that no one will know you had an abortion right after you found him in bed with Sharon. No one will know you were on your way to tell him that you were expecting his twins on that fateful morning. I know we all do what we have to do, but yours could have been easily avoided.

I know you never told Sbu how you tried to abort Thato as well, but by the grace of God he survived it. I know Porsche and Zee don't know you the way I do. They don't know you're the one who told me Porsche's secrets and how you wish that she was dead because she can see right through all of us? They don't know how you're so jealous of them, especially Zee, just like I was.

They don't know how you planned it all; how you planned to get back into Sbu's life even though Brian was abusing you and Thato and even though Sharon was threatening your life. They have no idea how you planned to worm your way into Sbu's life again since Brian left you so deep in debt. Perfect plan it was I must admit, even for someone like you.

We both know that Sbu was meant to be your soulmate, but your obsession with being "The First

Lady" of the Zwane's will be your own downfall. I really hope that you change your ways after reading this letter so that you don't end up like me, Kele. You're better than that. For what it's worth, I love you, my friend. I'll always love you.

Love Bee"

Wow. Porsche and I kept quiet for a while, I think to absorb everything we had just read.

Porsche:"J a, ne. Bophelo ke semphego straight (Life is not as clear as it seems). Bjanong (So) when are you going to tell Sbu and your husband?"

Is she crazy? I can't do that.

Me:"Wa gafa (are you crazy) Porsche? I can't tell them. It will break Sbu and Kele would never trust

me again."

Porsche: (rolling her eyes) "Zee, are you still worried about Kele trusting you? She's clearly too much of a snake to be trusted. Tjo nna I can't shame. I'm going to tell."

Me:"She's probably changed, I mean Belinda wrote this without even knowing Kele's pregnant."

Porsche:"A leopard never changes its spots. I'm still going to tell."

Me:"Please don't, okay. Let's think about this for a second. We can't ruin our friendship with Kele and her relationship with Sbu like that. I think we should allow him to find out on his own. We can't judge her like that I mean We're not perfect ourselves."

Porsche:"Okay, fine, but I'm still going to watch her like a hawk and I suggest you do the same."

Me:"Okay, but you're still coming to my house for dinner, right?"

Porsche:"Honey, I wouldn't miss it for the world. I wanna look Kele right in the eye and if she pisses me off, I'm going to spill the beans. In fact, I'm going to the funeral and you had better drag Kele along with us, I need to see if she's ready to repent. At least Belinda did before she killed herself and for that, I'm going to wear my best Gucci stilettos with my brand new Versace outfit."

Me:"Ai, Kele."

Porsche:"In fact, let me quickly make a copy of that letter in case she destroys it. We'll need it as evidence for when shit hits the fan."

She grabbed the envelope from my hands and went to make a copy of it.

This is way deeper than we thought. Now I have to worry about Porsche spilling this secret even before we find out how to properly defuse the fire. I folded the letter back into the envelope neatly and resealed it. How am I going to behave normally while keeping this secret from Phila and Sbu?

## Chapter Ninety Six

It was finally knock off time and I missed Phila all day since he wasn't in the office. Porsche and I went straight to my house so we could prepare dinner. I wasn't even sure if Kele was going to be around for dinner or not since she made it clear she's moving into her house today, but I decided to cook anyway. Thando was in her bedroom she said she felt a bit sick so I let her be. Perhaps she might join us later on.



I made some lamb shanks drizzled with fine red wine and some creamy potato mash. I also made a Greek salad to accompany it, with Porsche's help. I made sure I made enough for everyone. I settled for malva pudding and custard for dessert. It's quick and easy and Porsche and I had already started drinking so the more we drank the less interested we were in the pots.

After we were done, I headed to the bedroom and brought her the gift I bought for her while I was in Italy. She took the paper bag with grace as always and opened it. I got her a very nice custom made black silk dress that had lace on top of the cloth. I knew she would love it since it's short and sexy and fits her perfectly. I got her matching shoes and a limited edition lime bag from Dior.

Porsche:"Bathong (wow) chomi! I love it so much! Thank you so much. (she gave me a hug). I'll be the

best dressed at Bee's funeral this weekend."

Me:"You're always the best dressed mos, Porsche."

We both laughed.

Porsche:"Flattery will get you everywhere, my darling. Where did you get this dress? I super love it."

Me:"I got it from Luciano's boutique. That guy has some good taste. It cost me, well Phila, a fortune, so cherish it."

We both laughed out loud once again.

Porsche:"Well, the next time I go to Italy I need to meet this Luciano dude."

Me:"Kana you're forever traveling. The only country I've ever been to outside South Africa is Italy."

Porsche:"Akerè ne o nyetswe ke houtkop (That's because you were married to an idiot). Stick with Phila, baby and he'll show you the world."

I chuckled and shook my head.

Me:"By the way I forgot to tell you that I finally sang on the mic."

Porsche nearly spit out her wine and burst out in laughter.

Porsche:"Chomi ya ka (my friend) hle, it's called a blow job. The sooner you get used to saying it, the better. How was it?"

Me: "Well, it wasn't so bad hey. Last night I actually swallowed."

Porsche jumped up in excitement.

Porsche: "Wa bona wena (you see you), you're slow but a fast learner. I like it. I'm glad I'm such a good teacher."

Me: "I trust you to take all the credit. But something weird happened last night."

Porsche: "What happened? Did he finger you up in the ass?"

Me: (chuckling) "No, he actually licked it."

Porsche was so shocked.

Porsche:"Heh (Huh)?! Wa reng na (What did you say)?! Boss P is into rimming?! Wow man. And here I was thinking only white men are into such. How did it feel?"

Me:"Weird hey, but enjoyable at the same time. I even asked him if he's ever done BDSM and he said no, but he'd do it for me."

Porsche:"Ah, Ah, Ah. Phila ke lenyora shame (Phila is boss), Lepara (the boss). I respect that guy shame. You do know that you have to reciprocate, right? You have to rim him back, men go crazy for that shit."

I don't know about that. My thoughts are already going crazy thinking of having a man's asshole in my mouth, but he's so clean I bet it won't even taste

bad at all.

Me: "Well, I know you've done it before. How does it feel? How does it taste? I mean doesn't it taste like actual shit?"

Porsche: (laughing) "No, man. It's actually tasteless, you know. Like it tastes bland nje. Unless your man is allergic to water, you shouldn't have a problem at all."

I can't believe I'm here taking tips on how to be a freak in bed from Porsche. Ai, see my life. Anyway Porsche and I set the table as we waited for the men to arrive and hopefully Kele will make it as well.

Phila

Sbu and I had a meeting with our shareholders.

We've decided on merging his IT company with my construction company. It will be a lot easier and less travel time for all of us. My building is bigger so his staff will merge on the rest of the floors.

We were working out all the logistics like changing the name-again. It won't be so hectic now, but it will be a lot better for the both of us. Since we're all going to be married soon, it will be the perfect way to get our women more involved in the running of the business. The meeting was in Jo'burg so Sbu and I are a bit stuck in traffic.

Sbu:"Eish, Bafo (Brother), you don't mind me smoking in the car, mos (right)?"

Phila:"Hayi (No), man Sbu. You can smoke in your own car, angithi (isn't it)?"

Sbu:"Well, I'm in yours right now and besides, you

have leather interior. I won't make a mess I promise and I'll open the window."

I shook my head. I thought he decided he'd quit once we found Kele.

Phila:"Sbu, I thought you daid you'd quit this deadly habit of yours after we found Kele."

Sbu:"I tried, but she's stressing me the fuck out, man. I even like praying now instead of spending time with her. If this is what pregnancy does to her then I'd rather use a condom, fok (fuck)."

I chuckled. This thing with Kele is pretty serious.

Phila:"Kanti I thought you sorted her out."



Sbu:"Kanjani (How), bafo (brother)? Everytime I try to fuck her my dick just dies. She's forever yapping and complaining. I even bought her a brand new Mercedes thinking all would be well, but nope. Still the same. She gets worse by the day I'm telling you. She's developed this nasty habit of comparing "Phila got Zee a matching car, Phila took Zee to Italy for their wedding, so when are we getting married? Can't we get married sooner?" (Imitating her voice)."

Wow. Sbu has it bad.

Phila:"Yoh (wow), bafo. I never knew it was this bad."

Sbu:"Even Ma said she tried talking to her. It's one thing for a woman to change, bafo (brother), but now she doesn't even make an effort to bond with my kids. Whenever I ask her about the twins that are still on their way, she just says they're fine. I no longer see that excitement in her eyes.

This whole new Kele isn't the woman I fell in love with. I just think I made a mistake, you know. I rushed into this thing with her. I thought the spark between her and I would rekindle like yours with Zee, but honestly, Sharon was a lot better compared to this whole new Kele. I'm even starting to regret clawing her eyes out."

I need to speak to Porsche and Zee. Perhaps they can fix this. I think it's high time I spoke to Kele. This shit needs to end right this instant before she loses my brother.

Phila:"Kuzolunga (It will be fine). I'll speak to my wife and Porsche. I know they'll find a way."

Sbu: (chuckling) "Listen to you busy ngo (with) 'my wife, my wife'. That's so cute. I'm assuming the sex is on point since you can't stop talking about

her."

We both laughed.

Phila:"Eish, foza (brother), Zee drives me crazy, man. She makes me want to break out of my comfort zone. I mean just last night she asked me if I'm into BDSM."

Sbu: (widened eyes) "Heh?! Sharon and I used to do that, but I never figured Zee would be into such. I guess she's breaking out of her shell and Porsche must be giving her some nice fat tips."

We both laughed.

Phila:"Hayi, man. Nawe you talk too much."

Sbu:"I just have one question: What's it like fucking a BBW? You know I've only been into thin girls and Kele is seriously good in bed, but she isn't Zee's size. I'd like to explore."

Phila:"It's not fucking, man. Zee and I make love, and besides sex is sex, it just depends which level you're on with that particular woman. But if you must know, Zee has rolls and meat in all the right places. With Natasha it was all skin and bones, it even felt uncomfortable. But with Zee, everything feels amazing. Her soft skin and her voluptuous body just gets me super hot everytime. You should try it one day, if Kele becomes a bit bigger. She has curved and an ass, mos?"

Sbu:"Hayi, man, Phila. I need different meat."

Phila:"Don't cheat on her, you'll only make things worse."

Sbu: "I'll try, even though I'm so blue, my face will be showing soon."

We both laughed as we headed home to my house.

## Chapter Ninety Seven

Ziyanda

Porsche and I were starving since we had been waiting for Sbu and Phila for over two hours now. We were getting ready to dish up for ourselves, but then I remembered Thando was in the house too. She's been cooped up in her bedroom, so I decided to go up and call her. I walked in and found her curled up in bed. She looks like hell; her eyes look

really small and she has really dark marks under her eyes.

Me: "Thando, u r ight (are you okay)? You've been in here for hours now."

Thando: "I'm fine, Zee. I just need some sleep."

Me: "Tell me what's really going on."

She tried to sit up but her body failed her.

Thando: (Deep sigh) "I'm trying to ween myself off the drugs. I know you and Phila tried really hard to get me into that expensive rehab center, but I really want to try to get my life back on track. Not for me but for my kids. I owe rhen that much. I've been vomiting all day. It's part of the process."

Me:"Okay, well I'm glad you finally decided to get your life on track. Admitting you have a problem is the first step to recovery. I'm really proud of you, Thando."

She tried to smile but even that seemed too painful.

Thando:"I hope you mean that and you're not saying that just because you feel sorry for me. I haven't exactly been the best sister to you, Zee."

Me:"We all make mistakes, Thando. You just try to lie down I'll bring you some soup later on."

Thando:"Thanks, Zee. It really means a lot to me."

I smiled and walked out. Wow. I've never had a heart to heart conversation with my sister, hell! I have never even had any conversation with her at

all. Perhaps I'm being a bit too naive, but I'm glad she's trying her level best. If she rocked up at my house few months ago, I would've broken down and thought of all the negative stuff she's done to me. But the new Ziyanda looks at the glass half full instead of half empty.

I walked down and found Porsche already taking the food out of the kitchen and into the dining area. Just then my darling husband and his brother finally graced us with their presence.

Porsche: "Tjo lena (wow guys)! You took long enough."

Phila: "Hello to you too, Porsche."

Sbu: "Sho sho, Portia, mosadi wa lekgoa (the white man's wife)."



Porsche:"Mxm".

Phila came towards me and gave me a kiss on the lips.

Phila:"Unjani, Sthandwa sami (How are you, my love)?"

Me: (Smiling) "I'm well thanks. How are you?"

Phila:"Tired and hungry."

He held me by the waist and Porsche and Sbu couldn't wait to start complaining.

Porsche:"If le tlo re tshwarisa keres e (If you're going to do that in front of us, I'm leaving.)"

Phila and I chuckled.

Phila: "Askies (Sorry), Porsche."

Sbu: "I have an even better idea, how about you and I do that in front of them too and see if they'll appreciate it."

Porsche: "In your dreams, Sbu. My lips are for my husband only. Besides, you have a wife, mos. O kae ena (where is she)?"

Sbu: (deep sigh) "I don't know."

Porsche and I looked at each other puzzled.

Me: "What do you mean you don't know?"

Sbu: "Well, I mean she texted me saying she arrived hours ago, so now I don't know where she is."

Phila: "Hayibo, call her, bafo (brother). My wife's amazing food can't go to waste like that."

Porsche: "You mean 'our' amazing food. I cooked too, you know."

Phila: "My humble apologies, Porsche. You know I can never sideline you."

We were getting even more hungry as Sbu spoke on the phone for a while. By the sound of things it seems like Kele is reluctant to come here. He finally hung up and gave us feedback.

Phila: "Utheni (What did she say)?"

Sbu: (sigh) "She says I should've told her about the dinner. She would have made some for us at our house instead."

Okay, Kele is really starting to act like a total bitch.

Porsche:"Yazini (You know what)? Go fetch her. I mean you literally live next door, so get in your car and fetch her and if she refuses, you tell her Zee and I will come fetch her ourselves."

Sbu looked really miserable and quite irritated by the whole phone call but he agreed to try anyway. He walked out as we started dishing out. Phila prayed for us. I just kept smiling afterwards. My man the prayer warrior.

As we ate we started talking about the office and Phila told us he and Sbu are merging companies which I think is totally awesome. After about fifteen

minutes Sbu walked in with Kele.

She didn't seem really interested in being here, but she tried to hide it by faking a smile. Porsche noticed and gave me 'the look'. Kele looked a bit different, wearing a long skirt and sleeveless vest.

She looked like she gained a bit of weight, but I guess it's the pregnancy. Yes, I still feel a teeny bit jealous of her, but I've been having sessions with Dr. Stein over the phone and I'm making immense progress.

She told me that it takes a lot of time to heal especially since it's my second miscarriage. She encouraged me to find a hobby or something I really enjoy doing, which is what I'm trying to do right now. Sbu walked towards us holding Kele by the waist and she greeted us.

Kele:"Hey, guys."

Porsche:"Hey, ngwanyana wa mo sotho (Hey, Sotho girl). We've been waiting on you, man. Are you avoiding us?"

Kele looked a bit shy and embarrassed but somehow I just didn't buy this act.

Kele:"No, I was just a bit jet lagged hey. I needed some rest."

Phila:"Well, I'm glad you could make it, squeeza (Sister in law). Please sit."

Sbu pulled a chair for her and sat next to her. The conversation seemed to flow and Sbu was a little bit at ease but he wasn't making jokes like he usually does. It's almost as if he was walking on eggshells

around her. How can things change so drastically in just a few weeks?

We were having dessert and then Phila asked to speak to me in private. We went out to the patio even though it was a bit chilly.

Me: "What's up?"

Phila: "I called you aside because I need you and Porsche to talk some sense into Kele. It's bad, Sthandwa sami (my love).

Me: "What do you mean?"

He briefed me on the whole drama and how Kele has been acting up so badly that even Mam'Ivy has been complaining.

Me:"Okay. I've been meaning to speak to her after my conversation with Sbu yesterday. We'll talk to her."

Phila:"Thanks, Sthandwa sami (My love). Sbu and I will be in the study while you guys talk to her. Be nice, neh (okay)?"

He kissed my forehead and we made our way back. Phila left with Sbu saying they had some business to discuss, much to Kele's dismay. I signaled Porsche that we needed to talk to Kele with a nudge and she got me.

Porsche:"So, Kele, are you coming with us to Bee's funeral?"

Kele:"Uhm, no, I don't think that's a good idea with me being pregnant and all."



Porsche:"Come on, Kele. She was your friend, our friend. It would do you good to say goodbye to her and besides, you're not showing yet so it won't be a problem."

Kele:"I suppose you're right."

Me:"Kele, we'd like to talk to you about something. Well, Sbu has been complaining. He's a serious mess, Kele. He says you've changed and Porsche and I can also see the change in you. We would just like to know what's going on."

And with that said, she just surprised us with her reaction. I expected the old Kele, the fragile, sweet Kele to react with tears in her eyes or something, but she just showed me the true meaning of "o ska becha ka motho (Don't think you know a person well enough)".

Kele:"So, you two saw it fit to meddle into my marriage?"

Porsche looked so annoyed by that question and I just prayed she didn't let loose about the secret.

Porsche:"Askies (Excuse me)?"

Kele:"Who the hell gave you two the right to act like fucking therapists? Busy talking to me about 'my behaviour'! Le le mang lona (Who do you think you are)?!"

Me:"Kele, calm down, please. Sbu asked us to talk to you."

Kele:"Sbusiso! If he isn't running his mouth to his mother about he, He's doing it to my so called friends! I don't appreciate your meddling."

Wow. I was left speechless, but not Porsche. Not in a million years. Kele just added fuel to the fire.

Porsche:"Listen here, mosetsana towe (girl)! You'd better fix your fucking tone next time you decide to address Zee and I. We've been nothing but supportive to you and even forgave you for keeping that little Belinda secret from Zee.

I even forgave you for running your mouth about my personal shit to her when I confided in you as a friend! Ga o swabe waits e, Kele (You're not even ashamed of yourself)! Sbu took you out of the gutter and saved you from a life of hell.

Zee and I practically made that happen. Now all of a sudden you act like you're the shit! Zee may be kind enough to tolerate your shit, but not me, sesi. You'd better thank your shitty hormones for turning

you into a mini pregnant bitch, otherwise I would have fucked you up right here!

Sbu wa go rata (loves you) Kele and poor guy has to put up with your shit when you can't even make him happy by bonding with his children and make him smile. If this is the thanks he gets for saving you from Scorpion, then girl, he shouldn't have, honestly."

Kele was shocked for days and started crying. Instead of consoling her, Porsche rolled her eyes.

Porsche:"Wa lla nou (You're crying now), but you weren't crying on Whats App when you told me that Zew gets all the attention while you get nothing and that she's already had her surname changed and a whole Italian wedding while you only got lobola. Fix your life, o tlogele go lla (and stop crying), man. Zee, make sure you give her the letter Bee wrote to her. I'll see you tomorrow at the office."

She took her and left. Wow. I was speechless once again and I just looked at her. So this thing of her comparing herself to me is pretty serious, it's actually scary. Perhaps Belinda was really right. I need to be careful of this one.

Kele:"I'm sorry, Zee. I really am. It's just that, I've been so overwhelmed with everything. I didn't mean to behave like that."

Me:"It's okay, Kele. We all make mistakes. Just please fix yourself and get help from Dr. Stein, please."

She just nodded and I took out the letter from my bag and gave it to her. She probably thought it was just a simple letter hence she decided to open it in front of me. This was a good opportunity to analyze her reaction. She started reading and

became uneasy after a few minutes. She got jumpy instantly and got up while folding the letter. So I decided to play dumb.

Me: "Is there something wrong? What did she say in the letter?"

Kele: (nervous) "I.. Uh.. I.. She.. It's just too traumatic to think she actually killed herself. I think I'll read this alone in my bed. Thanks for the dinner. Tell Sbu he'll meet me at the house."

She ran out of the door like sonic the hedgehog. Porsche was so right. We shouldn't trust her at all.

Chapter Ninety Eight

Sbu

Phila and I went to chill in the study and I couldn't

help, but eavesdrop on the girls. I just had to know where Kele's head is at. I saw her flipping on Porsche and Zee in a way I've never seen her before -ever. I can't even say that it's her hormones at this point. I'm just so stressed, I feel like I'm going crazy. To top it all off she behaved really strangely after she started reading the letter Belinda wrote to her.

Zee already showed Phila the letter she got from Belinda herself and it was just a plain and simple apology and an act of remorse. There was nothing to be astonished about. But what if Kele's letter is something else? I really need to find out what's going on in that head of hers, otherwise I see myself being a single father of four.

Ziyanda

Sbu left shortly after Kele stormed out of here. Things are just awkward and I feel really bad about withholding the truth to Sbu. Am I becoming like a

mini Belinda? Anyway, I made a quick soup for Thando and took it to her room. I knocked softly before entering and she seemed like she was on the phone before she abruptly hung up.

Me:"Hey, I hope I'm not disturbing you. I just brought you some soup."

Thando:"Thank you, Zee. You're so kind. I know I don't deserve it."

She just kept looking at me like she just couldn't wait for me to leave. I got the message though so I decided to let her be.

Me:"Alright then. Good night."

Thando:"Good night."



I left and went to my bedroom. I found Phila in bed already and I quickly went to the closet to remove my clothes.

Phila:"S thandwa sami (My love). What do you think of Kele's behaviour?"

Me:"Baby wami, I truly feel she's been behaving really strangely. I mean as soon as you and Sbu went to the study, she bit out heads off. She has really turned into someone I don't recognize at all. She was telling us that Sbu runs to your mom for everything and now he's running his mouth to us. I mean who talks about their husband like that?"

Phila:"Hmm. Manje did you give her the letter Belinda wrote to her?"

I tried to remain calm and look as truthful as possible.

Me:"Yes, I did. She acted really strange after she started reading it though. I guess it must have been something hectic."

Phila stared at me for a while and I just knew he didn't believe me, but he just went with it.

Phila:"Alrigt, my love. Come to bed. We have work tomorrow."

Kele

I rushed to my house as soon as I could. I got to the bedroom and made sure I locked the door right after. I decided to start reading the letter from scratch and indeed, I read correctly. I didn't make a mistake assuming she wrote nonsense. How could Belinda write this shit?! What if it had landed into the wrong hands?! Coming to think of it the seal of

this envelope looks tampered with, but question is who read it first?

It couldn't have been Zee or Porsche, I mean they would have confronted me by now. I genuinely thought that Belinda would take my secrets to the grave and now, I just don't know who to trust anymore. If Sbu finds out I'm doomed for sure. I need to act fast and get rid of my debt. I'm only left with paying off Brian's stupid loans which he made me take out in my name. Who comes across R500 000 on a random day? I know once I'm officially married to Sbu, I'll have access to everything and be co owner of everything he owns. I hate what he's doing to me, telling everyone what a bad wife I've been. If he could just man up and fight to be on the same level as Phila, all shall be well. I can't wait to get married to him. Just then Sbu knocked on our bedroom door and I decided to hide the letter in between the mattress and the base of the bed. I need to burn this letter as in yesterday. I quickly got up to open the door for him.

Sbu:"Themba lami (My hope),why did you lock yourself in?"

Kele:"Oh, I just needed some peace and quiet while reading Bee's letter. It's just so heartbreaking."

Sbu looked at me and squinted his eyes and I just knew he didn't believe me at all.

Sbu:"I understand, Themba lami (my hope). Do you mind showing me the letter?"

I just got so flushed so quickly that I had to think of a quick response.

Kele:"Well, I would show you, but unfortunately I burnt it. I don't want any bad memories. I'm sorry."

Sbu gave me a questioning look.

Sbu:"Alright, Themba lami (My hope). Let me go take a shower."

I gave him a faint smile as he went to the bathroom. I can't even touch the letter now as he could walk back in at any moment.

Thando

As soon as Zee left I was a bit relieved. She almost caught me talking to Lloyd, my baby daddy. I had to run from him and he just keeps trying to find me. He made me get into some serious debt with his supplier and I now owe him 200 grand. I'm so stressed and I had no other choice but to pitch up at Zee's doorstep. Only she can be vulnerable and stupid enough to give me that kind of money. I just

need to act fast and think of a clever plan since Lloyd will find me very soon. I just know it.

## Chapter Ninety Nine

Ziyanda

It's Saturday morning, the day of Belinda's funeral. I haven't been okay for the past few days, well emotionally. All I keep thinking of is Kele and this secret I'm keeping from Sbu. Thando hasn't been a problem or a nuisance at all. She has managed to eat at least and she helps out around the house. Phila doesn't complain much about her anymore.

I have decided to keep Kele's secret for now and approach her once she's calmed down. I have been praying for her and Sbu's relationship, but mostly for her to make it through this phase she's going through.

Sbu seems a lot better these days, I guess they are really working things out. All I ever wanted was for Sbu to also be happy and for Kele to finally find her happy ending. This whole new behaviour of hers unsettles me so much. I'm pleased to say that Phila and I still pray together, even still get up for our midnight and 3am prayers. It has become part of our routine no matter how much kinky sex we have.

Porsche has been her normal self but very distant to Kele, for obvious reasons. She doesn't take secrets like these too well. Drake will be coming to the funeral with Melissa and I honestly can't wait to see her again. She's been texting me every now and then. Sbu and Kele are also coming at least. I hope we can finally talk about what's been bothering her.

Thando isn't coming along since she wasn't really friends with Bee, and besides, she isn't yet in perfect condition to get out of the house.

Phila and I decided to wait for Porsche as she'll be driving with us. I kept fixing myself while sitting on the patio awaiting Porsche's arrival. I tried to be earlier than her today since she's always punctual. I hate funerals, they just make me nervous. I'm very terrified of death anyway. Phila made us some breakfast. He's just too sweet. Just a quick omelette and juice, but I asked for a Mimosa instead to calm my nerves. I know, it's only 6am, but one glass can't hurt.

Phila:"Here you go, Sthandwa sami (My love). Eat up because your friend has just driven into the yard."

Ai, Porsche. She has always been the punctual one amongst us. It frustrated me a lot of times. She's just like Phila, one can never beat them even in your dreams. Porsche walked out of her car wearing the dress I bought her. She always looks like a diva.



You can never go wrong with her. I settled for one of the dresses I bought in Italy as well. Below the knee, lace front and a slit at the back. It has a one handed shoulder with a big black rose on top. I styled my hair into a nice bun like Luciano did for my wedding. I honestly tried. Phila is impressed as always and can't stop complimenting me like we're going to a party. He's wearing one of his button up Italian suits. Say no more.

Porsche:"Morning, family! Le sa ja kgane (You're still eating)?! Phila, your wife is corrupting you. You're turning into a late person every since you got married. I think I need to call Dr. Phil."

Phila and Porsche laughed out loud while I chuckled.

Phila:"Hayi suka (stop it) man, Porsche. My wife hates funerals, they make her so anxious so I'm trying to calm her nerves before we leave."

Porsche:"J ust down that mimosa like you used to back in Varsity, babe. A re yeng (let's go)."

Porsche and her big mouth. Phila looked at me with a mischievous smile.

Phila:"So you were a wild cat back in varsity?"

Me:"Eish, you ask too much, baby wami (my baby). I'll tell you some other time."

As we were heading out, Sbu and Kele came by in Sbu's BMW coupe and beeped.

Sbu:"Hey, guys! My wife and I would like to join you guys for one ride to the funeral if that's okay."

Porsche went sour immediately, but I was all for it. We can't treat Kele like an outsider. We've been through so much together. I'm sure she has her reasons as to why she did what she did.

Phila:"Sure, no problem. I'll get Zee's new Merc. I'm sure we can all squeeze ourselves in there."

Sbu parked his car outside while we waited for Phila to bring the car around. Kele came out looking really fabulous, wearing a nice Versace dress. She's never been one for branded clothes. I like this look. Go big or go home, right? She looked a lot more jolly than our last encounter.

Kele:"Hey guys. Le kae (How are you)?"

Porsche:"J ah, Kele."

Me:"Hey."

Kele:"I think I need to apologize for my behaviour the other night. I was out of line guys. I'm really trying to pull myself together by attending my psychologist sessions. Dr. Stein says I have suffered a lot of trauma and as a result, I've been diagnosed with depression and anxiety. I'm not trying to make excuses. You're my friends and I love you. Please forgive me."

See? That wasn't so hard. I've been there before. I didn't have severe mood swings like her but I've been there. Amd worst part she's pregnant so we have to be supportive and caring.

Me:"It's fine, Kele, really. Right, Porsche?"

Porsche: "I'll forgive you after we have a serious chat. For now let's leave that in the past, okay."

We all got in. Sbu was in the front while Kele, Porsche and I were at the back. Porsche sat inbetween us since she's a lot smaller than the two of us, but with the three of us having curves, it makes it a lot harder to be comfortable seated.

Porsche:"So, Kele, my friend, is it safe to ask hoe the babies are doing now?"

Kele: (giggling) "Yes, it is. I'm 16 weeks pregnant now. I hope it's okay that I talk about my pregnancy with you, Zee."

I've been making a lot of progress, A LOT. So I don't get that upset anymore when she talks about it or when I think about children.

Me:"Of course, Kele. No need to ask. Remind me to give you your present. I got it specially made for

you while I was in Italy."

Kele:"How was the wedding? I saw a few pictures on Insta. You really looked amazing, Zee. I totally loved the dress."

I was really in tune with this conversation. I liked that Kele was slowly getting back to her old self, and I hope that this day doesn't get ruined.

Me:"Thank you."

Porsche:"When is your wedding, chomi (friend)?"

Kele:"On my birthday, 31st of May. We've been planning though. I hope its okay that I use Sophie La Grange as my wedding planner too, Zee?"

Okay, let's hope this is not one of her stunts to 'compare' between our relationships, but I went with it.

Me: "It's seriously okay. Don't worry about it. I've had my wedding already, so we'll only do the traditional wedding now."

We spoke about other stuff like life and marriage and the twins and Mam'Ivy. We finally arrived at Belinda's home and the tent was filled. I never thought Belinda was this famous and I can only hope that these people came to say good things about her and not to witness if she's really dead. We found Drake and Melissa waiting for us and she looked so gorgeous in her black satin dress. She has those model type of bodies, but not thin at all like Natasha was. Her skin is just too flawless, and she was hiding her gray eyes behind her Gucci sunglasses.

I tried to zoom in and see if I'd notice Zodwa in the crowd, but she wasn't there. I did see David, though, Lunga's dad and he gave me a brief wave from where he was seated and I waved back. Phila wasn't impressed, but I'm at a funeral so I have to greet people. Next to him I saw Lunga and another guy who looks like him and I assume that's Mthunzi.

My heart started beating a little too fast. I haven't seen him since I can't even remember. He looked back and noticed me in the crowd and smiled at me. I kept a straight face and Phila tightened his hand around mine and tightened his jaw. I could see he was a bit irritated, but he didn't want to be rude at a friend's funeral.

The funeral was very beautiful and dignified. The chairs were nicely covered in white and black cloths with gold bows, their coffins were so elegant and graceful, it just seems like such a proper way to send them off. And everyone who was on the



programme said really nice stuff about J unior and Belinda.

The next speaker came and it was Lunga. Oh, gosh. This might not end well. He said some really weird stuff in his speech, it felt like it was directed to me since he kept looking at me the whole time and it just made me very uncomfortable.

Lunga:"Firstly, I'd like to greet all of you in the name of J esus Christ. I thank you all for being here to send a proper farewell to my beloved son Nkosiyabo J unior Ngcobo and his beloved mother Belinda Mogashoa. As you all know Belinda was a very troubled person throughout all her life, but that was caused by people who took advantage of her- even me at some point.

We can only hope that she forgives us and that they are both resting in peace. I'd like to leave you with a few words of comfort: Love is really rare to

find,so once you find it and experience it-please, don't ever let go of the person you love because true love only comes by once in life."

He looked at me the whole time and smiled after delivering his speech. The crowd started singing as Belinda's mom was crying in the front while being consoled by a few other people. Phila really felt a bit offended by Lunga and I totally understand. I'm just shocked at the way he spoke. Firstly he said 'I greet you in the name of Jesus'.

Lunga was never a fan of God. Maybe he's finally out of Zodwa's spell. I guess maybe he has changed and found himself. I just don't like the way he's been staring at me, especially after he's been sending me creepy sms'es. I even had to block his number, but he tries a new number everyday. I haven't told Phila about it since I just don't want him to get upset or even kill him. While the crowd was singing Porsche whispered in my ear since she was

sitting next to me.

Porsche: "Modimo ga bapale shame (God doesn't play shame). Lunga a bolela monate so (Lunga said such a nice speech). Did you see the way he was staring at you? You'd better tell hubby what he's been up to before shit hits the fan."

I just kept quiet trying to digest what she just said. Truly speaking she was right. If I don't tell him, we might experience a lot of drama today even.

The priest and the church ushered us out as we made our way to our cars. Drake and Melissa followed behind us. We didn't really say much on our way to the graveyard, but I could sense Phila's mood and tension. Maybe they could all sense it hence they were quiet. Porsche was taking a few pictures of herself in the car, while Kele was deep in thought staring out the window.

We finally arrived at the graveyard and the sun was scorching hot by then. Lunga, David and Mthunzi walked past us. David greeted all of us briefly and so did Mthunzi. When Lunga tried to hold my hand Phila shot him a death stare and he walked past. The Priest said what he said and he asked the family to come and throw some soil into her grave. Then it was time for friends to go and throw in some soil, I suppose this ritual is to bring peace unto you the one who's saying goodbye.

Porsche and I stayed, while Kele decided to go do it. Sbu walked with her holding her by the waist and Kele shed a few tears. I suppose funerals have a way of making someone think-a lot. Porsche whispered in my ear once again.

Porsche:"Wa bona dibe tsa gae di ya moja (You see her sins are catching up with her)."

The coffins finally went down as people started singing "Thula Mntwanami". People started wailing and crying from all sorts of angles at this point. Some were even fainting. I really hate this part. I seriously hate funerals just for this particular reason. the fact that once the coffin goes down you'll never get to see those people ever again. All that will be left is memories and pictures.

We left the graveyard after a while and headed back to the house to eat. As we were about to stand in the queue, someone from Bee's family came to fetch us, including Drake and Melissa. We followed her into the house. We had a special set up for us on the other side of the yard, apparently we were "VIP's". Bee's mom and aunt just couldn't stop thanking us for the generous donations we made.

We sat outside under the veranda and we ate our food. I saw David and Lunga approaching us yet again and I just felt like hell is about to break loose.

I tried to read Phila's expression and I just knew he was ready to kill. Sbu on the other hand had a nasty expression on his face. Yoh, I don't know if I should run or not.

David:"Sawubona makoti (Hello, my daughter in law)."

I see David has a serious death wish.

David:"Unjani (how are you)?"

Phila: (annoyed) "Eks e Mdeva (Hey David), awuboni ukuthi umfazi wami lo (Can't you see this is my wife)? Or have you lost your memory?"

David:"I'm sorry, Mamba. I meant no disrespect. I'm just used to calling her that."

Sbu:"Well, get unused to it and beat it, khehla (old man)."

They both kept a straight face staring at David until he walked away. He tried to pull Lunga towards his direction, but Lunga attempted to speak to me.

Lunga:"Zee, I..."

He didn't even get to finish his sentence.

Phila:"Ufuna ukufa ne (You want to die, hey)?  
Hamba lana (leave my sight) before we attend your funeral next week."

Lunga left while Phila clicked his tongue.

Sbu:"Eh, Bafo (Brother), that boy uyadelela (is

disrespectful). We need to keep a serious eye on him."

Phila was huffing quietly under his breath and Mthunzi walked towards us.

Mthunzi:"Heita (Hey) gents. Zikhipani ni kwate so (Why are you so angry)?"

Sbu:"Mxm, your useless twin is trying his luck on my brother's wife here."

Mthunzi:"Eish, hade (sorry) Mamba. I've been trying to talk to him about his strange behaviour. He's even stopped taking his pills since after the accident. I even told him to stop obsessing over Zee and stop contacting her."

Did Mthunzi really have to say that? I'm seriously



dead. I saw Phila's face rise up as he gave me a stern look, I tried to look at Porsche who just had a "I told you so" look on her face. I just looked down in shame.

Phila:"He's been talking to my wife?!"

Mthunzi:"No, he's been stalking her all over social media and sending her text messages. I'm trying to get him professional help. That bitch Zodwa fucked him up real badly. He thinks he's in love with Zee and is trying to win her back. I thought she told you."

Yep, I'm going to die today. Phila tried to keep his cool.

Phila:"Thanks, Mthunzi. Please just keep an eye on him."

Mthunzi:"No worries, I'm on it. See you gents."

Mthunzi walked away and I started trembling.

Me:"Phila, can I talk to you for a second?"

Phila:"Not now, Zee."

Okay. He's seriously angry at me. I thought we would head home after eating, but nope. Sbu, Drake and Phila decided it's time to have some fun and celebrate Bee's life-kasi style. You guessed it. Ke nako ya di vis nons (It's time for after tears).

I was so shocked to see Belinda's aunts bring out alcohol and gave it out to people. The collection money must have come in handy. She brought a nice Jack Daniels bottle for Sbu, Drake and Phila, but they felt like drinking real stuff. Phila didn't want

to leave me in the yard in case Lunga came back for me, so he told Sbu to go buy drinks with me while we left them behind. Maybe it's his way of cooling down without me in the picture. Sbu already knows what we all drink so there was no need for us to write it down. I got in the car with Sbu and we drove off to the nearest bottle store.

Sbu played some music in the car and I decided to try and ask him if Phila is okay.

Me: "Sbus is o, what's up with Phila?"

Sbu: (chuckling) "Ziyanda, only mom and Kele call me that. Kele calls me that when she's angry at me. He's fine since I last checked. Why don't you ask him? He's your husband, angithi (right)?"

Same old Sbu. Toying with me.

Me:"Sbu, I'm being serious."

Sbu:"So am I."

I stared at him while he was about to park at a nearby bottle store.

Sbu:"Bona (look) Zee. You know he's angry, I would also be. You kept it secret from him instead of telling him that your abusive ex husband is stalking you. What if he kidnapped you or something?"

Yep, He's got a point. I kept quiet and looked down.

Me:"Look, all you need to do is get him nice and drunk right now and give him the best sex of his life. Don't forget the blow job. I hear you're super good at that."

He winked at me and smiled as he got out of the car, leaving me super embarrassed. How much Did Phila really tell Sbu about our sex life?

## Chapter Hundred

Ziyanda

Sbu and I got some drinks for us; Whiskey and tonic for them, som Corona for Melissa and some Savanna for Porsche and I. Juice for Kele of course and we couldn't forget the ice. We headed back listening to some house music. I see a lot of difference between Sbu and Phila. Had this ride been with Phila, we'd be listening to some Opera or soul music. He hardly listens to House music like Sbu does. Sbu on the other hand is a pure kasi boy, but a very classy kadi boy. He and Drake a little bit alike.

We got back to the house and it was even more

packed. Seems like some people don't like attending funerals, but love after tears. There was music playing from the tent. I guess Belinda's family hired a DJ to play some music for the people. The tent was a huge stretch tent, so there was no trouble in everyone hearing it.

When we looked for the rest of the gang, Phila came towards us with Porsche. Phila didn't even say a word to me while Porsche signaled for us where they were seated. They had moved from the yard to the tent, thank goodness it was a bit far from the DJ. Melissa, Porsche, Kele and I were seated next to each other, while Drake was seated next to Mthunzi.

I tried looking around for Lunga, but he was at the far end of the tent with his father and some guys. Thank goodness he got the message loud and clear. Mthunzi will fit right into this gang of theirs because they all share the same sentiments-kill those who bother us.

Melissa has no worry about such a life since she herself has killed before. Kele has some big balls since she shot Bee in the head. I guess only Porsche and I are gun virgins in this crowd. Phila and Sbu approached us with the drinks in the cooler bag. Seems like they came prepared because I didn't see him put the cooler in the boot this morning.

We were seated next to one another in a circle, leaving a small space in front of the cooler in case one of us needed to go to the toilet. Phila sat opposite me, while Mthunzi sat opposite Porsche and kept eyeing her by the way despite knowing she's married, Sbu sat opposite Kele while Drake sat opposite Melissa.

I never knew Phila was into such things, but why am I surprised? He grew up ekasi and pretty much all of us did, even Melissa. I kept thinking how

impressed I was and proud of both Sbu and Phila for not allowing money to change them at all. I tried staring at Phila, but he didn't even mind me. Sbu kept asking Kele if she was okay, but Phila never even bothered. He was just so in tune with their conversation and laughing his pants off. All he did for me was open my beer for me and kept handing me drinks.

Porsche noticed how I kept my eyes on Phila.

Porsche: "Leave him, man, Zee. He's just being a bit difficult. Le wena stop staring at him like that. Can't you see he's enjoying making you sweat?"

I looked at her confused.

Porsche: "He's ignoring you and he can clearly see you're not taking it well. Leave him and enjoy yourself, man."



She was right. I decided to pay no mind to Phila and the girls and I had a great time. The crowd started feeling the music and almost everyone was dancing. By that I mean everyone was dancing-even Phila, Drake and Sbu-except Kele and I.

I was beyond shocked. In all my life I had never seen Phila dance. Maybe once or twice when we were in school, but that was it. Sbu was a pretty good dancer, He's always been. Even Mthunzi was dancing, though he wasn't good at it, but he moved around. Some girl walked by with her two friends and stopped to look at Sbu.

Girl:"Yoh chomi (wow friend)! Monna o o delicious gore (This man looks delicious). Look at how loosr he is. I bet he's good in bed plus bona o apere di Gucci (plus he's dressed in Gucci). He's surely loaded."

Girl2:"They all seem loaded chomi, pity ba nyets e di kobo (pity they're married to ugly women)."

They laughed and walked away. I wasn't even bothered by their comments, while Kele seemed a bit touched. She fixed her glasses and looked down.

Porsche:"Hayi (no) man lena le le two (you two). Emellang le jaive (get up and dance) instead of sitting here like you're our grannies. No wonder these low life bitches keep staring at us like we're not with these men."

Melissa:"I agree with Porsche. Get up."

She tried pulling us up, but Kele protested.

Kele:"I can't dance to save my own life."

Melissa: "Nonsense! If you can walk, then you can most definitely dance. You need to surprise Sbu every now and then. Show him you can move that big ass of yours!"

We all laughed and I decided to get up and try to dance. Dancing has never really been my specialty and Porsche knows it too well. Kele tried moving her hips a bit, while I also tried moving. I followed what Porsche was doing and Melissa seemed like she was a pro at dancing. She moved like there was not a single bone in her body.

After a few more drinks, I couldn't even care if people were watching. I started getting the hang of the dancing, I even forgot about Lunga and David on the other side. People kept cheering us because by now all of us were dancing. Sbu was so impressed with Kele he was her little cheerleader.

I love moments like these. Being happy and

carefree and just letting go. I tried to sit and catch my breath, but Phila came from behind me and wrapped his arms around me. His cologne hypnotized me making me instantly wet. I could see those three mean girls giving me sneering looks, but I didn't care.

Phila: (whispering in my ear) "You're such a good dancer, Sthandwa sami (my love)."

I smiled and decided to respond to his whiskey tainted breath. At least he was talking to me now.

Me: "Hmm, so now uyang'khulumisa (you're talking to me)?"

Phila: "Wait until we get home, I'm so going to punish you."

He kissed my neck gently and I closed my eyes forgetting we're in the middle of people.

Porsche:"Get a room, guys!"

We laughed and I felt a little but embarrassed as I sat back down next to her.

Porsche:"See? I told you. O wara fela (You worry too much)."

A few scary looking guys came towards but Phila, Sbu and Drake greeted them like they know each other. They came with one really good looking girl who looked a bit like Melissa.

Melissa:"Oh, my gosh, Rachel! Lang tyd, my hond (long time, my dog). Waar kruip djy weg (Where have you been hiding)?"

They hugged and this Rachel girl laughed

Rachel:"Ag, djy ken mos, hier en daar (You know, hey, here and there)."

Melissa:"Where are my manners. Zee, Porsche and Kele, this is Rachel, my cousin. Rachel, these are my friends."

She had quite a lot tattoos on her arms and legs, but other than that she was very beautiful and had the same body as Melissa. She had gorgeous long, black hair and beautiful gray eyes as well.

These girls have really good genes. Rachel seemed very bubbly and friendly, but she walks around with these type of guys telling me she'll cut you if you step on her bad side, much like Melissa. Rachel joined us while the other two guys joined Phila and

them. Sbu on the other hand was captivated by Rachel's beauty. Kele looked very unimpressed.

We found out a bit more about this Rachel, she stays in Menlopark, not far from us and she's a bit of a gangster. I'm not sure what kind. Kele didn't engage much in the conversation, instead she kept eyeing Rachel. Reminds me of the first day I met Natasha. Insecurity is a real bitch.

I felt like I needed the toilet and whispered to Phila that I was going to pee, but he asked Porsche to come with me. I swear this guy wants me all to himself. Porsche and I went to the toilet inside the house as the ones outside were a bit full.

Porsche: "Ai, monna wa gao o overprotective (your man is overprotective)."

Me: "Mxm, don't act like yours isn't. He follows you

everywhere you go, literally."

We both laughed as I went into the toilet first. I got out and waited for Porsche to finish up while I waited outside the toilet. I felt someone grab my hand and I felt startled and quickly turned around. It was Lunga. I yanked my hand from his quickly.

Lunga:"Zee, may I please talk to you?"

Me:"No, Lunga. Please stop harassing me and disrespecting my husband like that. I'm a married woman now."

He grabbed my arm again, much tighter this time and I tried to let go, but he held onto it very tight. I tried not to make a scene in the house, but most people were seriously drunk and hardly noticed



Me:"Lunga, you're hurting me."

Lunga:"I just want to talk to you."

Porsche came out and saw that I was trying to get out of Lunga's grip and she quickly hit him with her handbag.

Porsche:"Voetsek (piss off) psycho ke wena (you psycho)! Can't you see you're hurting her?!"

People around the house were starting to stare and one of the aunts came towards us.

Aunt:"Is everything okay here? Hey wena moshimane (Hey boy), ga o bone gore wa mo gobatsa (can't you see you're hurting her)? She's not even your wife. Let her go before I call her husband."

Lunga let go of his grip and Porsche and I got out of the house and made our way out. Before we got to where we were seated, I was about to cry until Porsche told me to fix myself.

Porsche:"Zee, fix yourself toe (please). Ge Phila a ka go bona o le so go tlo nyewa (if Phila sees you like this all hell will break loose)."

I composed myself and walked back. I tried rubbing my arm so that the red mark wouldn't show, but his fingers already left a mark on my arm.

We went to sit back down and Phila looked at me. I tried to fake a smile, but he saw me rubbing my arm and his face changed immediately. He walked up to me.

Phila:"Ugrand (are you okay)?"

Me: "I'm fine."

I looked over to where Lunga was seated, and Lunga made eye contact with me. Phila matched the dots and he got pissed. He was about to walk up to Lunga, but Porsche stopped him, leaving the rest of the gang confused. Sbu quickly got up as well.

Porsche: "Phila, don't. I sorted him out, okay."

Phila: (breathing heavily) "What did he do to her?"

Porsche: "Nothing. He tried to talk to her, but Lunga kept trying to get her attention and he grabbed her arm. Leave him for now. It's not the right place for that. We can't disrespect Bee's family like that."

Thank goodness for Porsche's reasoning because he listened and backed down. He pulled me by my arm and we went to stand near the car. He looked at my arm and his jaw tightened instantly.

Phila:"Is it painful?"

Me:"J ust a little bit. It will fade, don't worry."

Phila:"Uzonya lo msunu (That asshole will shit himself). No one touches my woman."

I tried to calm him down and he kissed me. We went back to the crowd and we enjoyed the rest of the day. We even made a toast to Belinda. What I like about funerals and weddings is that they have a way of bringing people together.

Chapter Hundred and One

Ziyanda

Every one of us was a bit tipsy after a few drinks. Porsche left earlier than all of us with an Uber requested by dear Robert, while the rest of us left at 6pm. She was pretty wasted. People were still enjoying themselves, but I was a bit tired. I couldn't say the same for Kele.

She was sour the whole day ever since Rachel arrived. The car ride home wasn't very pleasant for her either as she was just quiet the whole way. I tried making conversation, but she just seemed disinterested.

We ordered some hot wings on our way home to feed our cravings. We stopped by a bottle store to grab a few more drinks and once Sbu came back, he asked that we swop seats. I sat in the front while Phila was driving while he sat at the back with Kele. Phila kept brushing my thigh every now and

then while Sbu kept trying to kiss Kele, but I heard her murmuring telling him stop.

We finally arrived home to a disturbing sight. The guards were asleep on the portch and some on the patio. Blazer was off today so we were all quite confused.

Phila and Sbu got out first while Kele and I walked out after them. The front door wasn't even locked and was left half open. As we entered, a lot of things were missing; the fridge was also left open with some alcohol missing from the kitchen and some food on the floor and some on the table. It was really messy.

Phila and Sbu were running around the house checking if there's anyone in the house. The guards weren't waking up and it looked like they were drugged. I saw our couches were missing, even our white carpet. The tv from the lounge was also

missing. I quickly ran upstairs to check if everything was secure in our bedroom. To my horror, a few of my shoes and clothing were missing, especially the brand new items I bought back in Italy.

I checked for my jewelry and my engagement ring was missing along with my diamond necklace and earrings I wore on my wedding in Italy. I don't care about a lot of stuff, but I care about those. The memories that come with them and they cost Phila a fortune! They're worth over a million! I hurried to Thando's room to find it empty! The bitch even took some of my bedding along with the tv and decoder in the bedroom.

I walked out and headed downstairs as I tried calling Thando but then I remembered I never took her number. I couldn't see Kele anymore and I assumed she went back home. Phila walked out of the Study with Sbu busy cursing.

Phila:"Fuck! That bitch messed with the wrong man, Bafo (brother)."

Me: "What's wrong?"

Phila:"It's your bloody sister! I told you not to trust her. She didn't even wait a week before she tried to clean us out."

Oh, gosh. I'll never hear the end of this. I'm to blame, I know it. Suddenly I became sober immediately.

Sbu:"Thando organized some guys to pose as employees of some moving company. They are the ones who took everything, even R20 000 cash from the study."



And here I was thinking that Thando had changed. I really regret turning a blind eye to Phila and Porsche's warnings.

## Chapter One Hundred and Two

Ziyanda

Phila was fuming and hardly said a word to me while Sbu went to his house to check on Kele. I wasn't even too worried about her right now. Thando fucked me over real badly. Sbu and I found traces of white powder on the kitchen counter. He says its cocaine.

One of the guards woke up and explained what happened. Thando gave them food as a generous gesture seeing that Blazer wasn't around. The other two guards weren't waking up and their pulses were getting weaker, so Sbu organized an ambulance for them and requested Drake to attend to them as

usual.

I'm so disappointed in myself, I trusted my own sister who was never there for me-ever. Now she laced our guards' food with drugs and two nearly died. This is too much for me. I'm so overwhelmed and the alcohol in my system isn't doing me any justice, so I decided to go outside on the patio and call Gogo before I broke down.

Gog'Kganyi:"Yebo, Ziyanda. Unjani, Mntwanami (How are you, my child)?"

I tried to keep my tears in but they fell down immediately after hearing her voice.

Gog'Khanyi:"Ziyanda, what's wrong?"

Me:"I.. It's.. uThando, Gogo. She stole from us. We

got home from the funeral and found almost everything in the house gone, Gogo. Including cash from Phila's study and my jewelry. Manje (now) Phila isn't talking to me because I failed to listen to his warning."

Gog'Khanyi:"Ziyanda, my baby. Wipe those damn tears off your face. You made a mistake-a big one, but it's not unforgivable. Wena (You) just tell Phila to get Tony to find Thando's boyfriend. His name is Lloyd and he works for Razor. Find Lloyd, you'll find Razor and then you'll find Thando. You'll also be able to locate your things. No more crying, man. My bloodline isn't weak."

I trust Gogo to give you the harsh truth.

Me:"Yebo (Yes) Gogo, I hear you."

Gog'Khanyi:"Good. Now go give that grumpy man

of yours some good old sex. Sizakhuluma (We'll talk)."

She hung up and I wiped off my tears. I went back inside the house and found Sbu in the kitchen. I took a deep breath.

Me: "Sbu, I just spoke to Gogo. She said Thando is dating Lloyd and he's working for Razor."

Sbu: (Chuckling) "Ai, Thando. Why would she get involved with a low life like Lloyd? Don't worry. We'll find her and your stuff, don't stress."

Me: (Teary-eyed) "It's just.. Phila is mad at me now and I don't blame him. I can't even face him."

Sbu: "Hawu Qhawekazi (Heroine), don't cry man. Phila will be fine. He can't be mad at you for long."

Go to him, I'll sort this out. By tomorrow morning, you'll have your stuff back. I promise."

I gave him a faint smile and went to the bedroom. I found Phila wiping himself off after he just took a shower. He looked sour as hell.

Me:"Baby wami (my baby), can we talk?"

He just kept quiet.

Me:"Phila, please. You hate it when I do that to you."

Phila: (deep sigh) "What do you want me to say, Zee? That I told you so? That bitch came into our house and had the nerve, the audacity to steal from us?! I'm angry, Zee. And I'm going to kill her!"

I just broke down.

Me:"I'm sorry, Phila. I really am."

I tried to walk to the bathroom, but he held me back, and pulled me to him.

Phila:"S thandwa sami (My love). I'm very sorry. It's not your fault your sister is one ungrateful bitch. I'm not mad at you, I'm just angry that I didn't see this coming. I got blindsighted by a junkie. I'm mad that she always took you for granted and this one time you fell for it."

I cried on his chest.

Phila:"Look at me, my love."

I looked up at him and he wiped away my tears.

Phila:"Ngiyak'thanda yezwa (I love you, okay)?"

I just nodded as he gently kissed me. He lay me on the bed and made sweet love to me. I still feel very angry and upset with Thando. I really am not sure if I'll forgive her for this.

Gog'Khanyi

Just when things were going smoothly, this nonsense happens. Kodwa Nkulunkulu (But God), why ungathati uThando (why don't you take Thando) so we can all live in peace? This child has been nothing but trouble ever since she was born nje.

Gog'Khanyi:"Yazini (You know what) Florah, Thando is testing my patience. Ngizombulala (I'm going to

kill her)."

Mam'Masango:"Relax, Khanyisa. Don't give up on her just yet. She's made some bad choices, but she'll come around when you least expect it. She just needs to be away from that useless man."

I hope she's right. I'm so tired of drama all because of Thando's behaviour. Just then a loud knock erupted on my door.

Gog'Khanyi:"Ngiyeza (I'm coming)! Ungang'phuleli umnyango ngoba uzawu thenga ngok'shesha (Don't break down my door because you'll have to buy it."

As soon as I opened the door, Thando stormed in with her shirt full of blood.

Gog'Khanyi:"Yey wena Thando! Why would you



make me an accomplice to crime? Do you see why I never want you here?"

Thando:"Ngiyaxolis a (I'm sorry) Gogo. I had nowhere else to go. He killed him. He's... He's dead."

Gog'Khanyi:"Who?"

Thando:"Lloyd. Razor killed him. I messed up big time, Gogo and now he's dead."

Ai here I was thinking it was her blood, but instead she gives me great news saying her dead beat baby daddy is dead. Good riddance.

Gog'Khanyi:"Ah, une drama yazi (you're so dramatic you know). Go and freshen up, I'll pour you some wine."

One week later

Ziyanda

It's been a whole week since the whole Thando incident. The following day Phila came back with my jewelry, even though he didn't go too much into detail about how he found it. I'm truly grateful, though. He said he didn't have the heart to kill Thando as God spoke to him.

I don't even know if that's true, but I'm eternally grateful for it. He says that he and Gogo came up with another way to punish Thando for her sins, but he did kill that Razor guy, though. Phila and I had to go shopping for new furniture though. I didn't complain since I got the chance to revamo the house my way.

Porsche asked Phila for indefinite leave few days ago, apparently her and Rob are traveling the world and things off their bucket list. I haven't spoken to Kele since that evening and since it's Saturday today, I figured I would go visit her.

Kele

It's been a week since I last seen Zee. Sbu has been away for business for a few days now. I've been all alone until my mother, Ruth decided to rock up out of nowhere. I don't even know how she found me and I haven't even told Sbu about her arrival.

He's coming back today and I really don't know how to. She's been great, to be honest. She's really been great help and I've been trying to get to know her. She has missed out on a lot and to be honest, I have no one else.

Ruth:"Kele ngwanake (my child), ke go tlis edits e dijo (I've brought you some food)."

She walked into my bedroom with a tray of food in her hands.

Kele:"Kea leboga, mme (Thank you, ma)."

Ruth:"So, tell me, ngwanake (my child), when are you officially getting married?"

Kele:"On my birthday."

Ruth:"When is your birthday again?"

Wow. She doesn't even remember my birthday.

Kele:"31st of May."

Ruth:"Hai, ngwanake (Oh, my child). I feel very bad for missing out on so much, but I promise I'll make it up to you. Kea go tshepisa (I promise)."

I heard a knock on the door. I'm really not in the mood for visitors.

Ruth:"Relax, I'll go get it."

I kept on eating and just then she walked in with a very unannounced visitor.

Ruth:"Kele, my child, your friend is here to visit you."

Shit. Zee is here. I bet she's going to tell Phila that Ruth is here.

## Chapter One Hundred and Three

Ziyanda

I walked into Kele's house and found a woman I don't even recognize at all. She looked a lot like Kele, so it can't be Mary, her stepmother. I walked in and greeted her, but she was rather uneasy and looked very uncomfortable. Perhaps I should've called, but I just wanted to check on her since I assumed she was alone with Sbu gone.

Kele:"Uhm.. Zee, this is Ruth. My mother."

Phila mentioned something about her biological mom who dumped her when she was a baby. I'm confused right now.

Me:"Ke thabela go o tseba, mme (It's nice meeting

you, ma'am)."

I shook hands with her and my eyes went back to Kele.

Ruth:"Oh, you must be Zee. Kele has told me so much about you. She even said you're married to her husband's billionaire brother. It must be nice to be swimming in money, hey my girl?"

Okay. I don't like this woman's tone. So condescending and just not right. I just faked a smile and didn't respond. I thought she would keep quiet, but she kept on going.

Ruth:"Kele told me you've had about three miscarriages. Shame, man. Modimo a ka se gofe tsohle, akere (God can't possibly give you everything). I mean so many babies gone at your age, I doubt your poor womb can survive another

one."

Okay, now I see why Kele tends to be such a bitch at times. It's hereditary. All this time Kele looked down in embarrassment. Her mom was clearly singing like a canary. I guess they've been bonding over my misery. I must say, I was pretty hurt. Kele keeps giving me mixed signals and clearly she just can't be trusted at all.

Me:"Kele, Sbu asked me to check up on you and I thought I would come see if you're okay. But clearly you're all well. I'll leave you to it."

Ruth:"Hao, Ziyanda. Ga o dule (aren't you staying) for some breakfast? Kele can show you her scan of the other day. The babies have grown so much. I can't wait to meet the Zwane heirs. Since Thato was a boy, I'm pretty sure she's carrying boys this time too."



Talk about rubbing salt to the wound. I just left without saying anything else. I had tears in my eyes and I tried not to let them fall. I really fought hard to keep them from falling down.

I can't give a nobody like Ruth who doesn't even know me and a traitor like Kele the satisfaction. How I miss Porsche right now. I stormed into the house and found Phila on the patio. I attempted to run upstairs, but he held me back.

Phila: "S thandwa sami (My love). Yini (What is it)?"

Me: (Looking down) "It's nothing."

Phila pulled my face up holding my chin with his fingers. I looked up and the tears betrayed me.

Phila:"Talk to me. Who am I killing for making you cry so early in the morning?"

Me: (Deep sigh) "Sbu asked me to go check on Kele and since I hadn't seen her since that night, I decided to go check on her. I found her mom there."

Phila:"Wait, her mom as in Ruth?"

Me:"Yes. She went on about how Kele told her I've had three miscarriages already and how I'm married to a Billionaire and how God can't give you everything in life. She even said my womb won't be able to survive another pregnancy."

By now tears were streaming down my face while I could see the pain in his eyes turn into rage.

Phila:"It's okay, Sthandwa sami (My love). I'll sort that bitch out. Who does she think she is? As for Kele, she'll know me this time."

Me:"No, leave them. I can't have people thinking you're fighting my battles for me."

Phila:"It's my job to do that, Ma Zwane."

Me:"Belinda was right. Everything she wrote in that letter about Kele being good at keeping secrets. I should've taken that warning to heart."

Phila was shocked and kept quiet for a while.  
Dammit. I slipped and he noticed.

Phila:"What letter? The letter she wrote to you said nothing about Kele's secret."

I kept quiet. I knew I was already in trouble. We made a pact: "No secrets" and yet here I was keeping a very seeious secret from my husband and his brother.

Phila:"Which letter, Zee?! What have you been hiding?!"

I took a deep breath. It's about time I confessed.

Me:"Okay, Belinda's mom gave Porsche and I three letters written by Belinda, addressed to the three of us. I took Kele's letter with the intention of giving it to her. After I read out my letter to Porsche, she suggested that we read the letter first. I know it's wrong. We read it and..."

Phila:"Keep going."

Me: "It's better if you read the letter yourself."

Phila: (chuckling) "So, you've known about this letter for weeks and you said nothing to me, Zee? If I did that to you, how would you feel?"

He's right. I feel like a total hypocrite and I hope he'll be able to forgive me after this. I shouldn't have kept it a secret in the first place. I miss Porsche so much.

## Chapter One Hundred and Four

Gog'Khanyi

It's been a week since my stupid granddaughter Thando messed things up. She's very lucky Phila is a praying man now, otherwise she would be dead

by now. Razor is dead and so is her stupid boyfriend. Life can go back to normal. I got her a job as a caregiver for the elderly at a nearby hospice.

They won't pay her a single cent, I made sure of that. I told her straight up, if she wants to live with me, she'll have to work for no pay. Cleaning smelly feet and taking care of old people who shit themselves is a great way to stop someone from doing drugs. She's been puking her guts out and that's a good sign that it's good treatment. Nomsa has been too soft on this child.

Once she's sorted herself out, I'll make sure she starts with lessons on morals and respect for people's things. She needs to know we don't do thieves in this family.

Mam'Masango:"Ucabangani kangaka (What's on your mind)?"

Gog'Khanyi:"Ah nothing much. J ust thinking about Thando nje."

Mam'Masango:"Uzoba right (She'll be fine). She'll end up loving the job, uzobona (you'll see)."

Gog'Khanyi:"Ag, man. Nomsa messed those kids up."

Mam'Masango:"At least she's trying now with Thando's kids. They'll be fine. Mina I'm more worried about Sbu. I see danger lana. Kele is going to create havoc."

Gog'Khanyi:"Usho kanjani (What do you mean)?"

Mam'Masango:"Kele is power hungry and now that her dead beat mother is arouns, kuzonyiwa stru (It's

going to go down badly)."

Gog'Khanyi:"Ai, I don't know how you do it. If I had to see ghosts everyday, I would never survive."

We both laughed. I guess we'll just have to keep praying for Kele and Sbusiso. These kids owe me a serious holiday after this.

Phila

I can't believe Zee kept this huge secret from me. I sat on the patio opposite her with the letter in my hand. I've read it three times already hoping that I misread the whole thing. How the fuck did we not see this one coming? I really hate being blind sighted. All of this makes perfect sense now.

Her sudden change in behaviour. Her being



diagnosed with Anxiety and depression while pregnant with my brother's children will make things a lot worse. I really don't know if I should show Sbu this letter or not. I really need to talk to ma before Sbu comes back. I decided to call her and put her on speaker.

Mam'Ivy:"Sawubona, Mfana wami (Hello, my boy). Unjani (How are you)?"

Phila:"I'm good, ma, how are you?"

Mam'Ivy:"Ngiyaphila (I'm okay). Why are you calling me so early in the morning? I know you're bothered. Khuluma (Talk)."

I chuckled. Ma knows me too well.

Phila:"Eish, ma. There's something that I know,

something damaging. Belinda wrote letters to her friends, including Kele. And what she wrote in here is disturbing, ma."

Mam'Ivy:"What did she say?"

Phila:"She wrote ukuthi (that) Kele aborted Sbu's twins when she found him in bed with Sharon, and also planned this whole thing of getting back into Sbu's life, amongst other stuff."

Mam'Ivy:"Hmm. I can't say I'm surprised. She's been behaving really odd nowadays."

Phila:"So now angazi (I don't know) if I should tell Sbu or not, ma."

Mam'Ivy:"Get the jet prepared. The twins and I will be there by tonight. Don't tell him anything until I

get there."

Phila: (Sigh) "Okay, ma."

Mam'Ivy: "Greet Zee for me. See you soon."

She hung up and Zee stared at me.

Phila: "I'm so sorry for overreacting, Sthandwa Sami (my love). This is way deeper than I thought."

Ziyanda: "It's okay, baby wami (my baby). It's really okay."

Sbu

I told Kele I'd be away for business all week, but truth is, my meeting only took three days. I spent

the last two days with Rachel, Melissa's cousin at one of Robert's hotels. I know, I'm wrong for cheating on Kele, but I just couldn't help it. That day at the funeral when I saw Rachel, I just fell in love instantly. I thought it was just lust, but damn! This woman is really good. She's not only beautiful, but she's smart too. She's really good with gadgets and has a degree in IT. I don't know why she likes hanging around guys like Sporo.

I haven't even slept with her because I just felt guilty. She even refused to let me kiss her. She's just been amazing company and really nice to me. I have told her all about Kele and she said no one changes out of nowhere, and that Kele might have always been like this, she just chose now as the time to show us.

We shared separate rooms these past two days and I just wish I could spend one more night with her. I'm supposed to be home by now, but truth is, I just

can't face Kele anymore. I feel so revived right now. Kele doesn't even talk about the babies or make me feel the way she used to anymore. All she does is ask me when I'm going to marry her and keeps pressuring me to make our marriage legal and marry her in community of property.

I don't know how I feel about that. I don't feel at ease with her always telling me these things and comparing me to Phila. I love my brother and I've never been jealous of him at all. We're both successful and no woman will get in the way of that. I just wish Kele could be a lot like Zee, respectful to her husband and listen to me nje. We haven't even had sex in so long and all she ever does is lie in bed and request things to be brought to her.

I asked Rachel over to my room. I would just love to spend one more night with her. I'll go home tomorrow. She knocked on my door and I opened.

Rachel: "Hey, Sbu. Sorry I'm late. Wat gaan aan (what's going on)?"

Sbu: "Rachel, I.. I asked you here so that I could formally ask you if you could spend one more night with me."

Rachel: "Sbu, I told you, I don't do married guys. Besides, you told me about your problems. You're vulnerable right now, Sbu and as hot as you are, I don't want to take advantage of that."

Sbu: (deep sigh) "I understand, Rae. I promise you. I just want to spend time with you. Nothing more, please."

Rachel: "Ai, okay then. As long as you don't try any funny business, neh?"

I laughed and became at ease all of a sudden. I'm not ready to go back to my playboy ways, I just really like Rachel.

Kele

I've been pacing up and down, freaking out in my bedroom. I don't understand why Ruth had to do that! Now she just made everything worse and I bet Sbu is on his way here to tell me shit as we speak. I need a solid plan as in yesterday. As I was deep in thought, Ruth walked in.

Ruth: "Koko ngwanake (Knock knock, my child). I brought you some lunch."

Kele: "Wa gafa (Are you crazy), Ruth?! You basically told Zee everything I told you! O bjang na wena (What kind of person are you)!"

Ruth:"Calm down, Kelebogile, man yesses! You just like stressing yourself out for fokol. You told me you envy her, Inwas just trying to help."

Kele:"Help?! You ruined my plans! Her husband could walk in here any moment and probably strangle me for being rude to his wife!"

Ruth:"Tlogela go bala bala (Stop talking too much). It's good to show her that you're able to do what she can't. You're the one with the power here. You're carrying Sbu's children. You're the one who'll be highly favoured and your sons will be next in line to the throne."

I didn't really think of it that way.

Ruth:"Now that I have your attention, it's time for phase two. Force Sbu to change the wedding date for a much closer date and schedule an interview



with Dave's Diary. It's time for the world to know about you and Sbu. Stop being in the shadows and get your own, girl! And remember, get him to marry you in community of property."

Kele:"Ag, I tried that. He didn't budge."

Ruth:"Empa (but) Phila gave Zee half of everything he owns. He even built her a house in Cape Town, akere (right)? So le wena make your demands."

Kele:"I don't know about all this, ma. Sbu isn't stupid."

Ruth:"Hehe, are you even sure this man loves you? How come Phila does everything for Ziyanda but wena dololo (nothing)? Keng (What is it)? O mo tima mapai (don't you give him sex)?"

Kele: "We haven't had sex in a while."

Ruth: "That's your biggest mistake. Monna o hloka nyo sesi (a man needs pussy, sister). Give him that and you'll never go wrong. O mofe (Give it to him) anyway he wants it and everything will be handed to you on a silver platter. You said it yourself that before you were pregnant you used to fuck like rabbits and he proposed within a week. So? Why stop now?"

Maybe Ruth has a point. Perhaps I can get Sbu to fall in love with me all over again.

Chapter One Hundred and Five

Ziyanda

I felt a whole lot better after confessing to Phila. It felt like a huge weight had been lifted off my shoulders. I'm so relieved, honestly. And he took

the news worse than Porsche and I did. Speaking of Porsche, she has been traveling with Robert.

They are currently in Switzerland now. I love the love they have for one another. A lot of people wonder how a bubbly woman like Porsche fell for someone twice her age, but there's nothing they wouldn't do for each other.

Phila felt a bit bad for the way he reacted about the letter and he's busy spoiling me. He's cooking up a storm including some dessert. He took out the best bottle of champagne, which he had to stock up after Thando almost cleaned us out. And he also took out very delicious juice from Woolies for the twins.

I've been lazing around on the patio after preparing rooms for Mam'Ivy and the girls. The girls will have to sleep together in one room until we get a room for them. I can't believe we never took the time to get them things for in case they would come to visit

here. I made a mental note to start shopping for room ideas and items for them.

Gogo told me that she's been drilling Thando. Apparently she's making good progress, but I'm still very mad at her. I doubt we'll make peace anytime soon. Just as I was pondering my thoughts, Frank drove in with Mam'Ivy and the twins. I got up with a huge smile on my face to go and welcome them.

Nokuhle didn't even wait for someone to open the door for her. She opened the door and let Nobuhle out as they came running towards me. They gave me a nice big hug.

Nokuhle:"Hi, Aunty Zee! I've missed you so much."

Me:"I've missed you guys too. I hope you've been behaving."

Nokuhle: "Yes, but I have some good news for you. Gogo uneboyfriend (has a boyfriend)."

Mam'Ivy heard that as she approached me.

Mam'Ivy: "Heyi wena Nokuhle, I'll slap you, neh. Stop talking about me without my presence."

Nobuhle: "But manje (now) you're here, Gogo. Can we talk about you and Uncle Mandla?"

Yoh hayi these two and their runny mouths. So Mam'Ivy has been getting it down with Mandla the driver. No wonder she keeps glowing. I decided to save her from these two.

Me: "Okay, girls. Tell you what; if you behave and don't talk about Uncle Mandla and Gogo, you'll get a nice dessert as your reward plus, I'll show you what

uncle Phila and I got you."

Nobuhle:"Yay!"

Nokuhle:"But let's be honest, Aunty, we all know you're the one who bought the things. Uncle Phila never gets us anything."

Oh, these two are a handful shame. We walked in and Phila was busy setting the table. The twins ran to Phila and he hugged them and Mam'Ivy as well. I helped him finish up setting the table.

The twins were not really interested in food, they were so excited to see the game room so I took them there and left them playing on the X box. They would come eat if they were hungry. Phila prayed for us and his mom smiled afterwards.

Mam'Ivy:"Hehe, Ziyanda. Khanyisa wasn't playing when she named you Ziyanda. Buka manje (Look now), my son can pray like he's the son of a priest."

We burst out laughing while Phila shook his head and smiled proudly.

Mam'Ivy:"I even hear Sbu praying at times. This thing with Thato and nearly losing Kele changed him for the better. Now she wants to take all that happiness away from him."

Phila and I just looked down. I could see this was just as stressful for Phila as it was for Sbu and their mom.

Mam'Ivy:"You two relax. Leave Kele all to me. You can show me the letter once we're done eating. I want to be relaxed when I read it. Mfana wami (my boy), pour me some more wine. Imnandi lena (This

one is delicious)."

Phila and I both laughed as he poured her another glass.

Sbu

Rachel and I have been spending enough time together and I just love it. Yes, she drinks beer instead of champagne and smokes weed like I do at times, but I can't get enough of her infectious laugh and her bright smile.

It makes me think of how Kele and I used to be. Rachel is so strong willed and level headed. I love how she can stand her ground and challenges me. Truth is I've been in Cape Town for business trying to recruit some of the best graduates for my business since I'm merging with Phila.



I did a background check on her and she's super qualified. I need her on my team and I won't let go of her. My wife and my love interest might be working together in one building soon, but I'm not bothered. Deep down I wish Kele would leave me and give me my kids once they're born. I've spent too much time apologizing for things I never did to her.

I honestly can't be with a woman who isn't bold enough to make her own choices, but compares herself to my brother's wife instead. I took Rachel out for some dinner on the beach, with some romantic candles and all. She loved it even though she keeps saying she doesn't do married men.

I respect that and I intend on making her mine very soon. I jumped the gun with Kele and rushed into marrying her too soon, but with Rachel, I need to take my time with her. I'm sad that Kele couldn't even try to be a mother to my children. Rachel has

accepted my job offer and I can't wait to see her everyday.

Ivy Zwane

Phila, Ziyanda and I finished eating the lovely supper prepared for us by him. I read the letter and I just became even more enraged. I gave that girl a choice and she chose to stay. Now she wants to hurt my boy in the process. I really thought she was the one for him after crazy Sharon.

It's time to pay her a little visit. I walked over to her house and knocked. A woman who I assumed to be Ruth, the biological mother approached the door and welcomed me in. She smelled of whiskey and I could tell she had been drinking Sbu's stash and might have even overdone it by her semi-slurred speech.

Ruth:"Hello, who are you coming so late mara?"

Mam'Ivy:"My name is Ivy. I'm Sbusiso's mother."

I could see that it had just registered to her who I was and she quickly tried to regain her composure.

Ruth:"Lovely to meet you, Ivy. Kele has told me so much about you, wait e (you know). She even told me how you threatened her and told her to leave Sbu. I'm sure you've come to apologize akere (right)?"

Hehe, Kele man. Mastermind. This girl has been busy man. Now I see where the ill manners come from. Like mother like daughter. Just then Kele walked down the stairs and was quite shocked to see me.

Kele:"Hi, ma. I didn't expect to see you here. I'm

sorry, you could've called. I was going to make some supper."

Mam'Ivy:"Don't bother yourself like that. I'm sure you're catching up on much needed sleep. I already ate at Sbu and Zee's house."

She frowned a bit as I told her that.

Mam'Ivy:"Aren't you going to ask how your two step daughters are doing?"

Kele:"I was about to ask."

Mam'Ivy:"Yeah, sure. Anyway, I came here to talk to you. May we speak in private?"

Ruth:"No, no no. I'm her mother, so I deserve to

hear this conversation."

This woman is really annoying.

Mam'Ivy:"Fine by me. Do you remember our little conversation, Kele? Do you remember me telling you how much I cared for you and How I'm willing to kill for my sons?"

I saw her swallow hard.

Ruth:"Did you come here to threaten my child? I really don't appreciate..."

I stopped her right there.

Mam'Ivy:"Ema nyana toe, Ruth (Wait a minute please). You've been a 'mother' for two minutes and

now you want to make noise? Don't bore me. Wena (You) Kele, how come you never told Sbu you aborted his first Children?"

I saw her widen her eyes with shock.

Kele:"I.. I don't know what you're talking about."

Mam'Ivy:"Let's cut the bullshit, shall we? I know everything. How you planned all this to get back into Sbu's life, and how you're so deep in debt that this new lifestyle is making you go loco (crazy)."

Kele: (shocked) "How.. How do you know all this?"

Mam'Ivy:"Let's just say a little birdie told me. It could have been Belinda or anyone for that matter. Bottom line is, you should have told Sbu about your first pregnancy, and things would have been

different. You chose to let your heart turn into evil and for that you'll have to pay the price. I'm going to give you one last chance to leave my son, Kele. You guys can co parent and all that, but you better leave him when he comes back. I'll even pay all your debt off and he won't have to know about all of this."

Kele:"I can't do that."

She said that with attitude on top of that and folded her arms. This girl's disrespectful attitude has annoyed me enough.

Mam'Icy:"Let me rephrase that."

I got up to her and put my hands on her neck and tightened them.

Mam'Ivy:"You WILL leave Sbusiso, or else I'll kill you myself and rip those kids out of you! Do I make myself clear?!"

She nodded and I let go of her. She fell onto the ground and started coughing. I turned around and was about to leave and my eyes met with Ruth.

Mam'Ivy:"You had better pack your shit and leave this house by tomorrow morning, or else I'll tell your precious Kele your little secret too."

I left and closed the door on my way out.

NB: VERY SHORT. Goodnight

Chapter One Hundred and Six

The following day



Kele

I haven't slept a wink at all. Sbu was supposed to be back, but all he did was send me a message saying he'd be back today. I tried calling him but his phone went straight to voicemail. I'm so stressed about what Sbu's mom said. I've never seen her violent before and I'm terrified. I still have marks on my neck even though she didn't strangle me for too long.

Maybe I need to pack my bags and move. I need to fix myself. I've turned into a toxic person and I just hate myself for it. Clearly I'm a bad person and Sbu doesn't deserve me. He gave me a job, saved me from Brian and helped me with finding Thato and buried him with so much dignity.

I really need to get myself in check because clearly

everyone hates me now. My question is who the hell told her about all that? Her words are exactly what Belinda wrote to me. I'm panicking. What if there's someone spying on me for her?

And what's this secret she hinted about Ruth? Maybe I was right, I just won't fit into Sbu's life. As I was thinking I decided to go to the kitchen and make myself some food since Ruth isn't walking in with Breakfast as of this moment.

As I walked towards the kitchen, I found her passed out on the dining table. Sbu isn't going to appreciate my mother drinking all of his expensive booze. I don't even know how her liver copes with all this intoxication. I tried waking her but she wouldn't budge, so I threw some cold water on her and she jumped up.

Ruth:"Kele hle! Keng ka wena (What's wrong with you)?!"

Kele:"Good morning to you too. You need some strong coffee. Get rid of those bottles because Sbu really likes his whiskey and he won't like the fact that you drank most of it."

Ruth:"Eish, hlogo ya ka ra rema (my head is pounding)."

Kele:"Sit. I'll sort you out."

Ruth:"Before you do that, tell me What you're going to do with that boring woman?"

Kele:"O cho juang (What do you mean)? I'm taking her advice and I'm leaving."

Ruth:"Ska hlanya Kele wa nkutlwa (Don't be crazy, do you hear me)? O batla go swa o sokola bjana ka

nna (Do you want to die poor like me)?"

I don't want to die poor. I'll still have my job at Phila's company. That's if they don't fire me.

Ruth:"You're going to have to put on your acting face today. You're going to act like Ivy beat you up. You have those marks on your neck to prove it."

She's right, but Sbu isn't that stupid. He'll see right through me.

Ruth:"We just need to exaggerate the look a little bit."

Before I could ask what she meant she walked to the kitchen and came back with a coffee mug.

Kele:"What are you going to do with that?"

She didn't even answer me instead she hit me so hard on my cheek with the mug that I screamed out in pain. I even had a small cut that was bleeding.

Kele:"Ouch! Ma, that flipping hurts!"

Ruth:"It's painful, but Worth it. You'll tell Sbu his mom is threatening you and she is the one who beat you up like that."

Kele:"He'll see right through me."

Ruth:"There's only one way to find out because I see a car parking right in front of your lawn."

Chapter One Hundred and Seven

Sbu

I had such a great time with Rachel, that I just didn't want to come back home, but uMa sent me a message saying I need to come back home as soon as possible. I wasn't happy about it, but clearly it was an emergency. I had planned on checking out the hotel at 11am. As I walked through my door, I found Ruth in my house holding a bloody mug. Kele's face was a mess, she was half swollen and bleeding on her cheek and her neck had bruises. Now what happened here and why is Ruth in my house?!

Sbu:"Kwenzakalani la (What's happening here)?"

Ruth:"Ask your abusive mother."

She reeked of alcohol. I looked around and found two empty bottles of my best whiskey on the dining

table. This woman has been busy man.

Sbu:"I don't recall asking you, Ruth. Do you live here?! Are you my wife?!"

Ruth: (looking down) "No."

Sbu:"I'm not going to repeat myself, Kele. What the fuck happened here?!"

Kele:"It's... It's Mam'Ivy. Your mom... She... Ompethile, Sbusiso (She hit me)."

These two clearly think I'm dumb as fuck. Did Kele really think I'd believe my own mother would hit her? Even if she did, she'd have a really good reason to. How stupid can she be forgetting I have cameras all over the house?

Sbu:"Oh, she hit you, now? When did all that happen?"

Ruth:"Last night."

Sbu:"You talk a lot for a woman who came to my house without my knowledge. If it happened last night, why is your wound so fresh, and wena Ruth why is that cup you're holding so bloody?"

Ruth tried to hide it and her eyes were unsteady, while Kele looked down. I juat knew right there and then that these two were lying to me. I came home this eaely for his bulls hit.

Sbu:"Let me excuse myself and give you some time to get your story right. When I come back here, I'll need a sold, full version of your story. And my own mother had better corroborate it."



I left Ruth feeling uneasy while Kele was starting to shake. I don't have time for such nonsense. I walked towards my study and switched on the monitor. As I thought, I saw Ruth and Kele whispering, so I decided to turn up the volume.

Ruth:"Mara (but) why o le setlatla so (why are you such an idiot) Kele?! O palletswe ke go mo botsa (you failed to tell him) the way we rehearsed. Yoh! Ka tla ka belega setlaela sa mosetsana (I gave birth to a stupid girl)!"

I could see Kele getting teary-eyed. I don't see why she allowed Ruth into her life. This woman doesn't love her at all, she never did. Perhaps it's time for me to tell her that Ruth had two other children after Kele and took care of them both. She even managed to send them to University. She's probably trying to hustle money out of Kele for those two brats she raised. I honestly thought Kele was better than this.

Kele: (teary) "What was I supposed to do? It was your plan-not mine. I really think I should take Mam'Ivy's advice. I'm a mess and if Sbu finds out what I did, he'll kill me. I can't afford that to happen. At least if I leave now and sort myself out, I might come back a better person and Sbu might forgive me."

Ruth kept trying to argue with her, but Kele left her standing right there. Now I'm curious. What did Kele really do? What happened last night? I decided to flip through the CCTV of the past few days.

I saw nothing interesting other than Ruth going through my stash of alcohol right here in my study and taking some of my money. Mxm, this bitch will know me. I sat and watched then I came across last night's footage. My mother came to see Kele. I turned the volume higher and listened.

I saw my mother asking Kele about their previous conversation in Cape Town when she asked her to leave me if she wasn't ready to be with me. She then proceeded to tell Kele about the letter Belinda wrote to her. She told me she burnt it so how did uMa find out about it? Then she revealed her secret! Kele aborted my kids?! I didn't even care about the rest of her planning to be with me and trying to get out debt. So Kele killed my first children and never told me?! Who is this woman because this is clearly not the Kele I know.

I felt myself shake with rage. I got up trying to keep my cool, but I just lost it. Had she told me I would have fixed everything with her with all my power and I wouldn't have married Sharon. How could Kele kill my kids knowing how I feel about children?! My own bloodline? Zee has been struggling to have children and she goes around killing hers?! I took a sip of some of my whiskey that's left. I seriously don't get how Ruth can stomach so much alcohol.

Now I see where Kele gets her filthy manners from. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

I feel so hurt right now. I keep asking myself if she ever even loved me. I went through so much to get her back and she decides to do me like this. I stormed out of my study and walked into Ruth.

Ruth: "Sbusiso, kopa re buwe hle (Can we please talk)?"

I turned around and slapped her so hard, her thin body landed on the floor.

Sbu: "O ska ntlwaela mas epa (Don't fuck with me) Ruth! You came to my house without my knowledge, stole money from me and drank my whole whiskey collection AND you poisoned my wife with your sick thoughts. Once I'm done with Kele you'd better pack your shit and go to your

beloved children!"

I walked to the bedroom and opened the door roughly. I found Kele packing her clothes. She turned around and saw the rage in my eyes and she panicked. My eyes were so teary, I was so scared I would lose it and do something I'd regret.

Sbu: (breathing heavily) "So, you aborted my kids, Kele?"

She fixed her glasses and looked down with tears falling down her face.

Kele: "Sbu, I can explain. It's not what you think."

Sbu: (shouting) "Then tell me what I should think! Tell me, Kele!"

She got frightened and took a step back.

Sbu:"Did you even love me, Kele? Was this all part of your plan?! To make me love you even more and then leave me hanging once my kids were born?"

She didn't respond and I let the tears fall. I've never felt so much pain in my life all because of a woman. Kele has hurt me deeply that I don't even think I'd forgive her for this.

Sbu:"I want you out immediately. You can take these keys. They are of my old house in Erasmus Kloof. You can go stay there until the children were born. I'll pay off all your debt and find you another job. I can't work with people I don't trust."

I put the keys on the bed.

Sbu:"Don't worry, you can keep the new car. I just want you and your filthy mother out of here by the time I get back."

I left her crying and I stormed out of the house. I was conflicted with so many emotions and I just walked towards Phila's house. I never used to be so weak when it came to women. It's true what they say: you haven't loved for real if you haven't cried for someone.

Right now I'm done with love. I'm sick and tired of women leaving me when I need them most. I left Sharon, the mother of my kids for Kele. I clawed her eyes out for Kele. I probably deserve everything that's coming my way.

I walked to the house and saw Phila, uMa and Zee having breakfast. uMa greeted me from the patio but she saw how angry I was and quickly got up. I walked in and found Zee taking the children away

from us. She probably saw I was a hot mess and didn't want my kids to see me like this. How I wish Kele had the same qualities as Ziyanda.

Mam'Ivy: "Sbusiso, kwenzenjani, mfana wami (What's wrong, my boy)?"

Phila stood next to Ma and I broke down. I wailed like a small boy, even worse like a man who had just lost his wife. On the contrary, I had just lost my wife. The wife I thought I knew was gone. I don't recognize this person Kele has become.

Sbu: (crying in Ma's arms) "Ma, she killed my kids. She lied to me. All of this was a lie, ma."

I didn't even see Phila shedding a tear.

Mam'Ivy: "Oh, mfana wami (my boy). Ngiyaxolis a



(I'm so sorry). You were never meant to find out this way."

I kept wailing in her arms even Phila gave us some space. I cried with my mother for probably about half an hour until I calmed down. I didn't want to speak to anyone. I just went to one of the bedrooms and closed the door. I read the letter over and over until I couldn't read it anymore.

## Chapter One Hundred and Eight

Two weeks later

Ziyanda

It's been a whole two weeka since Kele left Sbu's house. He hasn't returned to his house ever since. He's a total mess, even worse than the time Kele went missing. He is seriously depressed and even uMa and Phila are worried about him. He hardly

eats and neve comes out of the bedroom. This whole thing has turned the house into a sombre mood. It literally feels like there's an upcoming funeral, even on a Saturday morning like today.

Porsche is still traveling the world with Rob, so Phila had to get a stand in receptionist. It wasn't easy to find someone since Porsche did basically everything for us. We managed to ask Melissa to stand in for Porsche since she's a stay at home mom and she's been doing a great job. Drake didn't mind at all so the company has been in good hands.

We hardly even laugh because we're so used to Sbu being the joker. At least he goes down to the gym and then goes back to his bedroom. We even asked Dr. Stein to come over and have a session with him. That will be able to help him restore himself. He really needs to get better, for the children at least. It's not nice seeing Sbu so heartbroken, because it affects Phila as well. The twins even wrote him a

nice get well soon card.

I was sitting with Phila and Mam'Ivy on the patio, having breakfast, until the twins came to us.

Nobuhle:"Aunty Zee, can we please go see Daddy?"

Me:"I think he's probably sleeping right now, baby."

Nokuhle:"Please? We hardly see him. He's always in his bedroom and forever sad. We just want to give him this card we made for him."

I took the card from her and read it. They drew a cute heart on the outside and on the inside of the card, they drew Sbu in the middle of them and a few crooked characters that looked like Phila, Mam'Ivy and I. On the right they wrote "We love you daddy". They turned four not so long ago, so their

handwriting is so scribbled you can barely see what they wrote. I could see Mam'Ivy getting teary so I decided to take the chance and go upstairs to see Sbu.

We knocked on the door and he didn't respond, but Nokuhle opened the door anyway. We found Sbu watching tv under the covers. Poor Sbu. He hardly even shaves at all. He saw the twins and tried to put on a brave face.

Me:"Hi, Sbu. I'm sorry to disturb, but the kids really wanted to come and give you a gift."

He braved a smile and picked them up and put them on the bed.

Nobuhle handed him the card.

Nobuhle:"We just wanted to give you a get well card, daddy."

He smiled.

Sbu:"And who told you two that I'm not well?"

Nokuhle:"Come on, daddy. We can see it. We're your seeds, so if you're hurting then we're also hurting. Twins have that thing, you know."

Sbu burst out in laughter. It's the first time I've seen him laugh in these two weeks.

Sbu:"Yazi (you know) Nokuhle, you're too big for your shoes. Thank you, my babies. I love the card."

Nokuhle:"You see, daddy, we drew a nice picture of

our family. I like us like this. We know mommy isn't around anymore and our new mommy Kele is gone."

Sbu and I both looked at each other.

Sbu:"How do you know that?"

Nokuhle:"Because we don't see her around anymore."

Nobuhle:"She never spent time with us. Only Aunty Zee does that."

Nokuhle:"Buhle, don't forget the time she hit us and told us we would never be her kids. She said she has new babies growing in her tummy and you would leave us."

My heart broke into a million pieces. How could Kele be so cruel? I could see that statement didn't sit well with Sbu as his face changed.

Me:"Okay, girls. Let's give daddy some time to rest."

Nobuhle:"But we want to spend time with daddy, please."

Sbu:"Tell you what, let me take a quick shower and I'll meet you downstairs, okay? I'll take you two out for some milkshakes and burgers."

The twins got off the bed excited and held my hands. As I was about to leave, Sbu looked at me.

Sbu:"Thank you."

I smiled and walked out his bedroom. I headed downstairs and found Ma and Phila still eating. They looked surprised to see the twins smiling and jumping around.

Mam'Ivy:"What did you say to him?"

Me:"Nothing, ma. The twins just gave him a card and he said he's going to shower and take them out."

I could see Mam'Ivy smiling with tears in her eyes. She walked up to me and gave me a big hug.

Mam'Ivy:"Thank you so much, Ziyanda. Thank you for your big heart and your amazing spirit. I've been praying for the good lord to bless you with children and I've been having dreams. You'll be blessed soon, my child."



She walked up stairs to get the twins ready and Phila walked up to me and smiled.

Phila:"What have I done to deserve you?"

Me:"You were just your cute, kasi boy self and you managed to charm me."

He smiled and kissed me.

Phila:"Are you ready for today?"

I have an appointment with Elmarie. I'll be meeting her at one of the Studios in J o'burg. Yes, I finally accepted her offer of making me the face of her new range for plus size models. I wish Porsche could be hete, but luckily Phila would be there with me and he promised to video call her during the shoot.

Me:"Yes, baby wami (my baby), I'm ready. Just a bit nervous."

Phila:"Don't be. All I know is that you're going to move a lot of heads. I'm so jealous people on set are going to see what's mine."

Me:"Ai, Nkosenye nawe."

I playfully hit him on the chest and he laughed.

I'm a bit nervous about this, but had I done this few months ago, I'd be a total mess. I've gained so much confidence in myself, that I myself can't even believe it. I can walk around the house naked when no one is around ofcourse and Phila just loves it.

We get to have sex almost everywhere. The other

night before his mom arrived, we had sex on the balcony. It's crazy, I know but I'm loving the woman I've become. Even Gogo and my mom are so proud of me. Thando sent me a message saying she's super proud of me, but I didn't respond.

Phila and I went to our bedroom and had a steamy session in the shower and got ready. I just wore a simple Jean with a white sleeveless vest and sneakers, and he wore his jeans, also with sneakers and a white shirt. I guess we're twinning today.

He calls it relationship goals. Mam'Ivy decided to go visit Gogo and Mam'Masango, while Sbu took the twins out. Thank goodness he shaved. Melissa offered to come see me at the shoot for moral support. She's bringing Rachel with her. She's also a cool girl, a bit rough for my liking but she's nice. She does a lot of exercising, especially boxing. No wonder her arms and legs are so toned up. Now I know who to call when someone tries to mess with

me.

Phila drove us in his Porsche. Ai, I don't know why the Porsche of all cars today, but he said he didn't want anyone to mess with me. He wanted to make a statement. I just rolled my eyes when he said that. We got out and we were shown to the studio. We found Melissa and Rachel already there, with Elmarie. She smiled as soon as she saw me and came to me for an embrace.

Elmarie:"Ziyanda! The girl of the moment! I'm so happy to see you. Come, we have a lot to do."

I left Phila standing there smiling with so much pride on his face. I was led to one of the rooms where I'd be doing my make-up and getting dressed and guess who's my make up artist? Yep, Luciano! I was so happy to see him.

He had some champagne ready of course. There's really nothing a bottle of bubbles can't fix. He told me about his plans of adoption with Antonio. They had a nice couple from England who is prepared to give them their child to raise. He's so excited and I was indeed so happy for him.

I was finally done with my make up. I can never get used to the way I look with makeup. It makes me look so different, but glamorous at the same time. Elmarie showed me to the fitting room and I got dressed in the first pair of lingerie.

It feels so weird having to be half naked in front of dozens of people I don't know, but the champagne is doing the most today. Luckily I won't be wearing any heels today otherwise I'd have tripped before making it in front of the camera. I went out in a towel wrapped around me and as soon as I got on set, I was met by the photographer and someone who's busy with the lighting.

Photographer: "Hi, Zee. My name is Simon. I'll be taking your pictures. Don't worry, I just need you to relax and follow my lead, okay?"

As soon as I heard his thin voice and saw the way he was dressed I knew he was gay, much like Luciano. So there really was no need to stress. Phila waved at me and turned his cellphone screen towards my direction and I saw Porsche, my biggest cheerleader cheering me on. At that moment I felt so great. I knew I was going to do great.

Melissa and Rachel were also smiling while talking to Phila. Phila never took his eyes off me, not even once. Porsche stayed on the phone for about fifteen minutes and had to go. All I needed was to see her face and I knew I was going to do great. After trying on about 30 items and a lot of different hairstyles and make up looks, I was beyond

exhausted.

I have no idea how models do it every single day.

## Chapter One Hundred and Nine

One Month Later

Kele

I'm five months pregnant and I'm such a mess. I've been a mess ever since Sbu left me. He keeps me hostage in this house as he believes I'm a danger to myself. I can't even go to the shops alone, I have to leave with a guard. At least he is still taking care of me, but he's not answering my calls anymore nor responding to my texts.

I'm stalking him on social media, and all he posts is his kids. I really feel like shit for the way I treated

Zee, the twins, his mon, but most especially Sbu. All I want is a chance to make things right. He's my soulmate, the father of my children. I keep having bad dreams of my father being angry at me. All I see is fire around me in the dream. I'm so scared I don't even have time to bond with my unborn children.

Drake comes to check on me every now and then and Dr. Stein comes to the house for sessions, but I just feel like they're not helping. I've been diagnosed with pre-eclampsia so I can't do any heavy work. If I continue stressing myself out, I might lose my kids or even die in the process. Sbu asked Aunt Eunice to come and look after me. She's been a great help, but nothing can make me feel better right now. I just need Sbu. I let go of Ruth after I found out she had two other kids after me.

The one who comes after me is only a year



younger than me. What pains me is that she dumped me with my dad and decided to love and care for the other two. What is so bad about me that she had to leave me? She couldn't even come visit or send a birthday card. She didn't even know when my birthday is. I'm so hurt and distraught, I'm losing my mind. I'm a reject, a failure.

Aunt Eunice prays for me but I'm not even hearing the word of God anymore. I've tried to commit suicide twice this month hence Aunt Eunice came to stay with me. I keep hearing voices and that Of Thato calling me. He keeps telling me he needs me. Today is Monday, and Dr. Stein must probably be on her way now. I still don't see why she even comes to see me often, but I'm just trying to listen.

Aunt Eunice knocked on my bedroom door and she and Dr. Stein entered. Apparently Aunty has to be present during my sessions so that she can be able to assist me.

Dr. Stein:"Good morning, Kele. How are you today?"

Kele:"Still the same as yesterday and the day before that, but thanks for asking anyway."

Aunt Eunice:"Hao, Kele. Be polite, please. I've even made us some green tea. It's good for you."

I just looked at her while I was lying in my bed

Dr. Stein:"I see you're not planning on getting out of bed today, so I'll just sit on the couch."

I just lifted my shoulders and she could see just how disinterested I was.

Dr. Stein:"So, let's get started then. How have

things been since our last session? Have you been taking your meds properly?"

Kele: (Deep sigh) "Aunt Eunice has been taking care of me. She makes sure I swallow those bloody pills."

Dr. Stein: "Have they been helping?"

Kele: "Do you see them helping me wena?!"

Aunt Eunice: "Kele, hle!"

Dr. Stein: "It's alright, ma. Don't worry I take no offence. Kele, as you know you have developed severe Anxiety disorder, Bipolar disorder and mild Schizophrenia. If you continue like this I'll have to up your dosage and that could lead to you having heart failure and possible birth defects for the twins."

Please work with me here."

Kele: (sigh) "Okay, doc. I'm sorry."

Dr. Stein:"It's alright. Now last time we spoke about how you felt when the truth about Ruth was revealed. We also got into Mary abusing you until you told me about the flashbacks you've been having. Care to tell me about those?"

I took a deep sigh and prepared myself for what I was about to confess.

Kele:"I was 16 and it was two days after my 16th birthday. Mary kept bringing all kinds of men and women in the house as she operated a small shebeen inside the house at some point as means to make money. I came back from school and she was seated with three older men and Lebo, her daughter. She asked me to join them for a beer, and

I said no. Oddly Lebo came to my room with some food and coldrink. She was never nice to me ever.

I decided to eat the food since I was very hungry and tired from school. She even told me she would do the chores that day. After eating I tried studying, but I felt drowsy and must have fallen asleep. I woke up after a while with my body being stiff, like someone had run me over. I was on the table in the lounge with one of the men on top of me. I tried screaming, but Mary slapped me so hard and Lebo pinned me on the table so I couldn't move. They watched the whole show.

They watched all three men take turns on me for a mere R500. So yes, I was sold for R500 just so they could keep their little business up and running. I never told anyone about it. I just went to the clinic the following day to get tested for everything. I had to endure comments and stares from the nurses, even though my vagina was swollen and torn, I

didn't have the heart to report them. Where would I go? I kept it a secret and I seemed to have forgotten it. It's only now that the memories are coming back to me."

I sat there with warm tears burning my cheeks, while Aunt Eunice couldn't stop crying and calling onto Jesus.

Dr. Stein: "Do you realize that your past can affect your present and your future? It can impact your decision making as well as your choices. You suffered a lot of trauma when you were kidnapped that developed into stress and anxiety. The brain is now forcing you to remember all those memories. It's a good thing, because now we can work through it and get you help. I can only help you if you're ready, Kele. Are you ready for me to assist you?"

I slowly nodded trying to forget all I keep remembering.

Ziyanda

It's Monday today, exactly a Month later after the photoshoot I had. Things have been super great. I've had interviews with magazines and I even made it on my favourite show, Dave's Diary, with Phila by my side. Apparently I've been trending on social media. I'm being called a "goddess who's started a whole new revolution." I'm enjoying this whole new me. I've even spiced up my wardrobe a little bit with some crop tops and ripped jeans. Phila says he loves this new me, he says I'm finally comfortable in my own skin. I love being confident and everywhere I go women come up to me and hug me.

Some even ask me for autographs. I've even been put on a few billboards around the country. Elmarie got her range to be shipped and introduced in Italy, all thanks to Luciano. I've decided to give my share of the money I'd get to Gender Based Violence

survivors and victims. It's not like I need the money, so why not do something productive? I've never seen Phila so proud. He's even taking me to Cape Town, to the very same hotel we first made love at for the weekend to celebrate. I still love that Hotel and zi can't wait to see Simone and the other spa girls. I hope bitchy Lerato doesn't work there anymore.

Sbu on the other hand has been trying to get himself together. He's found a new friend and confidante in Rachel. He says they're just friends and Phila has confirmed it. They are not dating as far as we know and she has turned out to be a very good asset in Sbu's life. They even go to church together and Mam'Ivy is seriously amazed.

She's been dying to meet Rachel. What I like about her is that she's very straightforward and honest as far as I know. She's crazy, but godfearing. She's even rubbed off on Gogo and Mam'Masango. I



haven't spoken to Kele in a long time, since she doesn't bother to pick up my calls or respond to my texts. She's even blocked me on social media so I let her be, but Phila and I still put her in our prayers every night.

I haven't seen Porsche in a while and she's finally coming back next week. She and Rob have apparently been traveling up a storm, with the kids of course. She sends me pics everyday and video calls me every other day. Bailey has grown so much, I can hardly recognize him anymore.

The office isn't the same without Porsche, but Melissa is doing great. She's doing so great, keeping Nozi and Thato on their toes. No wonder her and Porsche get along so well, they have the same personalities. Even Rachel nearly slapped Nozi the other day. I still don't know why she doesn't change. All I can say is that life is so good right now, I don't have even space for stress in my

life. Phila and I are just praying for better days, health and more life. We know kids will come, although I see him a bit lonely and he's yearning to have his own. I know God has plans for us.

Gog'Khanyi

Things have been going really well for Zee and Phila. They have been praying and going to church even. God has been good. We haven't heard from Lunga in a long time and that's a good sign. Thando has done a whole 360 degree turn. Instead of her job being punishment, she has turned out to enjoy it and seems to have found her calling. She even helps out at the hospital and goes to church with Mam'Masango. When they say Modimo wa makatsa (God is a God of miracles), they weren't lying. I'm impressed but still don't trust her entirely.

As I was enjoying myself with Florah over some cold beverages, Thando walked in.

Thando:"Sanibonani (Good day) my girls. Ninjani kodwa (How are you)?"

Mam'Masango:"heh! Bona se umuhle njani, Thando (Look how beautiful you are). I told your gogo you'd change. All they needed to do was wait and have patience. Heh! Khanyisa, have you heard this child pray kodwa (though)? She even prays and preaches at church sometimes during youth sessions."

Gog'Khanyi:"I have heard a little bit. I'm proud of you, Thando, even though you're not off the hook just yet."

Thando:"I know, gogo. I'm just happy to have been given another chance. I've even been praying for Zee and Phila to forgive me. I even asked God to bless them with a child. I have a good feeling."

Mam'Masango:"See? I told you you need to trust me."

Thando:"Anyway, I started praying at the local public hospital in Alexander, Gogo. You won't guess who I saw today."

Gog'Khanyi:"Ubani? uJ esu? (who? J esus?)"

Thando: "Ai, Gogo. No, I saw Zodwa."

I was so shocked I thought it must be the wine talking.

Gog'Khanyi:"Heh?! Uthi Zodwa?! As in Zodwa Ngcobo?!"

Thando:"Yebo, ma. She's been in the burn unit for a while now. She was severely burnt and found by a homeless man near Centurion. Shame, Gogo. Ku ba (It's bad). Her legs aren't working anymore. She needs to undergo sever physio to be able to walk again."

Gog'Khanyi: Eh! Life can really humble you, man."

Mam'Masangi:"I'll tell her mother, Shirley to go see her. She's been crying and praying for her. Zodwa has seen the light even though it took a near death experience brought unto her by her son."

Ai, what can I say? Some people are too stubborn to turn to God.

Chapter One Hundred and Ten

Ziyanda

Life has been so good, I feel like I could actually sing it to the world. Phila and I have been better than ever. We shag every chance we get and I can't even remember the last time we had a fight. Our sex life has taken a different direction now in a good way though.

We've been into some BDSM, tying each other up and it feels amazing. Just last night he had tied my legs and arms together. An orgasm accompanied with pain is just amazing. I love the new person I've become. I don't doubt myself like I used to. I remember Porsche's words "Letsatsi la go hlabela ngwanyana" (better days await you). These are most definitely the better days she has been referring to.

Phila paid Lobola for me a few weeks ago. My father Bonginkosi Gumede, didn't feel like he's worthy of the money since he didn't raise me so the

money went to my mother. Gogo said she's good with money, as long as I'm happy then she's happy. It's Friday evening and I'm done packing the last of my things for our Cape Town trip.

Phila invited Drake and Melissa to come along. Rachel and Sbu are also coming along with us as "friends" as they keep saying. I went down stairs and found Phila waiting for me.

Phila: "Sthandwa sami (My love). Please don't tell me you've packed the whole wardrobe. We're only going to be gone for two days."

I smiled.

Me: "Ag, baby, I just need to be safe. A lady can never pack too many clothes."

He shook his head as Sbu came along in his car with Rachel and hooted. Sbu can be such a gangster at times.

Sbu: (hooting and shouting) "Ash'ambeni nina! Is'khati sok'dlana sesiphelile (Let's go, you guys! Time to shag is over)!"

We both laughed as we headed out. Phila put our bags in the car and he and I sat at the back.

Rachel:"Hey, girl! Howzit, Phila?"

Phila:"Good Rachel."

Me:"Hey, Rachel. I'm well how have you been?"

Rachel:"I'm good, babe. I just need some weed.



Your brother in law here says I can't smoke any until we reach our destination."

Sbu: (chuckling) "Nee, man Rae. I don't want Zee to get high from the smoke. Besides, Phila doesn't smoke at all."

Me:"He used to smoke weed back in the day."

Phila:"Ah mara Sthandwa sami (My love). Why do you have to take out my dirty laundry like that?"

Me:"Askies, baby wami (my baby)."

Rachel:"You two are so cute, man. You remind me of Melissa and Drake. Yoh! Their level of PDA is just something else. I hope we won't be watching you guys touching each other in the plane. You'll make Sbu and I jealous."

Sbu:"Don't forget horny, Rae."

Rachel:"Ag, man, Sbu. You're so blue, it's starting to show, babe. God gave you hands, you know. Make use of them."

We both laughed while Sbu chuckled and shook his head. Phila and I looked at each other and admired the chemistry these two have. They really suit each other, but I'm glad Sbu isn't rushing into anything. Although he told me he's done with Kele, I am praying they try to work things out if they can.

We drove to the airport and we found Drake and Melissa waiting for us already. We greeted them and walked into the jet. We ordered some drinks for the way and had a pleasant talk. One never gets bored with Rachel and Sbu around. Melissa is more like me, a lot calmer.

We made it to the Hotel after a few hours. We got to the front desk and we were met by the same two girls, the friendly receptionist and Bitchy Lerato. She looked a lot more different, much nicer and slimmer. They both smiled as they saw us. I guess she took our tips to heart the last time.

Lerato:"Good evening. We're so glad to be of your acquaintance. May I show your suite?"

Phila was chuckling under his breath while Sbu and Rachel didn't have a care in the world.

Sbu:"Sure sure, Lira. Take it away."

We had booked a Penthouse suite also on the top floor, which we're going to share. It has three bedrooms, so I have no idea how Sbu and Rachel are going to work it out, but they've slept in the

same bed before and nothing happened apparently. I've never figured Sbu to have a platonic relationship, but I guess things happen.

We got in and took our bags to our bedrooms and went back downstairs. We found Sbu mixing some drinks for the men, while Rachel took out a beer for herself and Mel, and Savanna for me. Champagne can wait this weekend, we're here to have some fun. We proceeded to the balcony and sat on the couches.

Rachel:"Hey, guys. It's joint time. Zee, I know you're the only weed virgin here, so it's time to try it."

Phila:"No, man Rachel. Don't entice my wife with your dirty dealings, man."

Rachel:"Yoh, Phila, you're such a party pooper. What do you say, Zee?"

I got tempted but decided to try. I mean I've never smoked before so they'll have to show me.

Me:"Okay, let me try it. Baby wami (my baby), teach me. Ngiyenza kanjani (How do I do it)?"

Phila shook his head but let loose. He showed me how to pull and puff. It smelled horrendous, but after a few pulls it didn't smell so bad after all.

Sbu and Rachel kept laughing and clapping.

Rachel:"Give it time, poplap (doll), it'll kick in soon."

Before we knew it everyone had smoked some weed, we were on our second roll. I was laughing at anything and everything, even Phila found me funny. We ordered so much food. Rachel calls it the

munchies. She kept blowing a few puffs at Sbu and they were laughing together. We had our food and the drinks kept flowing. Three hours later, I was in a serious state of euphoria. Rachel was right, weed does make one very happy. I felt like I was floating and I even suggested we play some music. I was the first to dance and they were all so surprised. Phila was so happy and came to dance with me.

Sbu: "Bathate Qhawekazi (Take it away, heroine)."

They all laughed, while Phila danced behind me holding my waist. I could feel his dick poking my ass and I felt wet immediately. The sultry moves that went with the dancing, as he circled my waist, and often touched my breasts. His hands would often go down my waist and come up to my breasts.

Rachel: "Ah ah ah, Sbu. Kyk net (Just look). We're watching a live porno movie, my hond (dog)."

We laughed.

Phila:"Mxm voets ek (piss off), Rachel."

They all laughed as we enjoyed ourselves and took the party to the bedroom after midnight. I've never really had serious drunken sex with Phila before, let alone sex while high. I really enjoyed it so much that we woke up on a wet bed. I was so embarrassed, but Phila was very proud to have seen me squirt so many times. If I don't get pregnant tonight, then it would be a miracle. Six rounds of sex isn't any joke.

We got up the following morning with Rachel banging down our doors.

Rachel:"Wake up, wake up sleepy heads! We're here to have fun! Ons gaan nie heel dag naai nie (We're

not going to fuck all day)."

Yep, Rachel is the female version of Sbu. We got out tired as hell and found Sbu making us breakfast. We were so tired even Melissa was complaining.

Melissa: "Nee, fok man, Rachel (No fuck man). J y maak geraas (You're so noisy)! Ek's kak moeg (I'm dead tired)."

Sbu laughed along with her.

Rachel: "Who told you to fuck all night? Yoh, you guys were at all night. Did you hear them, Sbu?"

Sbu: (mimicking Drake and Melissa) "Oh, fuck, Mel, suck daddy's rock hard dick."



They both burst in laughter while Drake looked unimpressed.

Drake: "Mxm, voets ek (piss off)!"

Rachel: "Let's not forget Zee over here. Oh, Mkhonto, fuck me, baby. It's all yours."

I was so embarrassed my cheeks betrayed me once again.

Phila: "Mxm voets ek (piss off) nina (you two). If you two were also busy you wouldn't have had so much time listening to us."

They just kept laughing. They fed us some nice breakfast. Phila and Sbu are really good with the pots. The men organized us a nice spa treatment and of course, booked out the whole spa just for us.

I can't wait to see Simone and the other girls.

## Chapter One Hundred and Eleven

Ziyanda

We were done wating breakfast and made our way to the spa. The men had their own section while we had ours. I guess they also wanted to gossip. Simone came running towards me and hugged me and so did the other ladies.

Simone:"Zee! Nice to see you again. I've been seeing you on tv and social media. I'm so proud you!"

Me:"Thank you, Simone."

Simone:"I even told everyone at home that that's my friend. I don't care if anyone believed me or not."

We both laughed and I introduced her to my friends Rachel and Melissa. We started with manicures and pedicures, and facials. We had nice champagne and fruits while relaxing.

Melissa: "So, Rachel, are you going to tell Zee and I the truth about you and Sbu?"

Rachel: (smiling) "There's nothing happening between us, I swear."

Zee: "Hmm. But something is brewing right?"

Rachel: (Deep sigh) "Thing is, I like Sbu, a whole lot. I really do. But I can't date him when he's got so much baggage and while Kele is expecting his children. I can't do that, it's not fair."

I understand, I totally do.

Me: "I get you, I really do hey. So you mean to tell me you haven't even kissed?"

Rachel: "Nope. We've had moments, but nope."

Melissa: "I'm shocked. Rachel, jy lyk piel te veel (you love dick too much). I never thought you'd hold out this long."

We laughed out loud.

Rachel: "Don't get me wrong, Sbu is really hot. He's sweet, affectionate, caring, thoughtful and so romantic."

Melissa and I were so impressed.

Rachel: "Truth is, we're both so horny and frustrated and sleeping in the same bed isn't making things easier. I don't know how much longer I'd be able to hold out."

Melissa: "Well, we're not encouraging you to do anything, but he and Kele are the past and he's just waiting on the babies to be born. Just give it a go and see where it leads you, no pressure."

I could see Rachel was considering it as she bit her lip for a while.

Melissa: "I just want to know one thing: How big is Sbu?"

We burst out laughing. There was no way I was going to discuss my brother in law's dick size.

Sbu

The guys and I decided to get our own spa treatments. I was never a fan of such things, but Phila told me that it's a great way to bond with your woman over small talk and great for your skin.

Phila:"Foza (brother), when are you finally tapping Rachel? Phela we see you."

He and Drake laughed.

Drake:"Did you see the glow? He never had that when he was with Kele or Sharon for the matter."

Sbu:"Eish, guys. I think I've fallen for Rachel. She just makes me feel something I've never felt before. She's kind, sweet, funny, we have so much in

common and I pray even more now that she's in my life."

Drake:"Manje jaive e kae (So what's the problem)?"

Sbu:"Eish, she says she can't be with me right now. She says I need to deal with the baggage with Kele first. She says she can't do Kele like that. But my balls are turning purple."

Phila and Drake were cracking up so badly, I felt embarrassed.

Phila:"I'm saying shoot your shot, bafo (brother). It's no use hanging onto something that's in the past. Show her how you feel about her, you don't have to sleep with her just yet, but at least take the first step. I have no doubt that she feels the same way about you."

Truth is, Rachel has made me feel brand new. I love her level of self-respect and self assurance. I just want to make her the happiest woman in the world. I need a mother for my children.

Phila:"I can organise something for you and her on the roof top. Don't sleep with her there since ours went public."

We all laughed.

Sbu:"T'd appreciate it, bafo (brother)."

Phila:"Nawe ube romantic (You should be romantic). Uyeke le tsotsi taal kancane (Leave the tsotsi taal for a bit)."

Sbu:"Mxm, voets ek (piss off), Phila."



I really hope this doesn't blow up in my face. I'm willing to wait for her to love me as long as it takes.

Gog'Khanyi

Thando and Florah have gone to church for some revival stuff. They'll only be back tomorrow morning. It's my time to enjoy my Toy boy, one last time. I told him I can't deal with any more drama. It was fun while it lasted, but I need to get my life on track without him. I got back to my bedroom and found him lying on my bed-naked.

Tony:"Baby G, e tla mo san (come here). Let me love you."

I chuckled and I took off my robe and wasted no time as I got on top of him. His long shaft entered me and we both went wild.

Tony:"Shit! Baby G! O nketsang mara (What are you doing to me)?"

Gog'Khanyi:"Oh, Tony! Fok man (fuck man)!  
Ung'yenza kamnandi (You're doing me real good)!"

He then flipped me over so he could lie on top of me. Dammit! This boy knows his story. How am I going to be able to end this?

Tony:"Yoh, Baby G! Marry me san. Kao ncanda jo (I love you)."

Gog'Khanyi:"Eish, Tony, thula nawe and just fuck me please!"

Tony:"I'll stop if you don't tell me you love me. Say it."

Gog'Khanyi:"Tony..."

Tony:"Say it, Baby G. Mpotse gore keo etsang (Tell me what I do to you)."

Gog'Khanyi:"I love you too."

He smiled at me and pounded me harder and harder. He proceeded until I came and he did the same followed by a loud growl.

Tony:"Fuuuuuck!"

He collapsed on the bed next to me.

Tony:"Eish, fan. Why majita ne ba sa njwets e gore bo Gogo ba tsamaya bjana (Why didn't my friends tell me that Gogo's taste this good)?!"

Gog'Khanyi:"Eish, Tony. This has to stop. I think you shouldn't come back here. Go fedile (It's over)."

Tony:"Haowa (no) Baby G, you don't mean that."

Gog'Khanyi:"I do..."

He got on top of me and kissed me slowly, so passionately. He then proceeded to kiss my neck and his hand slowly trailed down to my clit. He rubbed it gently causing me to moan.

Tony:"Tell me you don't want me anymore and I'll leave ."

I couldn't even say it. I wanted to but my mouth failed me and my body betrayed me as I welcomed myself in his arms again. We made slow

passionate love all night long. What's happening to me? Is Tony's dick really this addictive?

## Chapter One Hundred and Twelve

Ziyanda

We had such a great time at the Spa. Phila helped Sbu organize something real romantic for Rachel on the rooftop, just like we had few months ago. Phila and Drake are waiting for us at the bar so we had to get Rachel ready for her big night.

I love being a celebrity now, for all the right reasons. Simone even told me that I helped her get her confidence back when she saw me on tv. Talking about my relationship with Phila and really knowing your worth as a woman, gave her the courage to leave her boyfriend. Even some women asked me for some autographs here. Phila doesn't mind the attention at all, he says it's goos for me. So if I'm

happy then he's happy.

I really hope Kele finds the help she needs . Dr Stein told us that she is spiraling out of control and some trauma she experienced in the past is haunting her. She still can't deal with Sbu leaving her.

I feel a bit bad for her, but you can't exactly force someone to love you. Sbu on the other hand has grown so fond of Rachel. He even said that for once in his life, he doesn't feel the need to validate himself and ask for reassurance when he's with a woman.

He says he always had to please Sharon and Kele in order to feel like a man, but with Rachel it comes naturally. She automatically respected him from the get go. I can see how she also looks at him, but something is holding her back. I do hope she gets it off her chest. Sbu is a wonderful guy and if he's happy with Rachel then I'm all for it.

Rachel

Zee and Melissa dragged me to my bedroom after the spa. I haven't even had my lunch joint yet nor any food and already they want me to rush to the bedroom. We walked in and I was in awe. I was very surprised to see a gold, sparkly, backless evening dress. It was accompanied by beautiful black shoes with gold straps. I saw a note right next to a beautiful diamond necklace. "Can't wait to see you in this, Gangster Queen. Love Sbu."

I was teary eyed, I mean no one has ever been this romantic towards me. I always hear Zee telling me how romantic Phila is, but I never figured Sbu to be a romantic guy. He's always so gangster, and it's adorable. I'm feeling a bit sad right now. This whole Kele thing is a drag, and I don't want to look like a homewrecker. How do I do this with him knowing I can't be able to give him children?

Sbu

I was standing on the balcony waiting on Rachel to arrive. Im feeling a bit nervous, but this view is amazing. Phila didn't lie when he said this view is equivalent to heaven. It screams peace and beauty. The stars and the moon really do look like the spectators to us the audience.

Phila really did a good job with that barman. They organized a nice golden blanket with black and gold pillows. A very cute picnic setup. I asked them to get me a nice bottle of champagne, with some Heineken, her favourite beer. I got her some nice food and snacks, with sushi and lots of chocolate. She loves Blueberry Cheesecake and chocolate trifle so I added that to the mix as well. I'm a very observant guy when I'm in love, you know.



I also got her a bunch of sunflowers, her favourite flowers. There were rose petals everywhere. I really hope she loves this. As I was fixing myself I saw the elevator doors open and there she was. She looked so majestic, that she didn't do that dress any justice. Her beautiful, caramel skin complemented that golden dress.

If the sun was up right now it would be jealous because Rachel is glowing more than a ray of sunshine.

Amanda Black's Ndizele Wena was playing in the background as Rachel approached me with tears in her eyes.

Sbu: (Smiling) "You look so beautiful, Gangster Queen."

Rachel: (Blushing) "Thank you. You're not too bad yourself."

Sbu:"Allow me to treat you to the night of your dreams, Rae. Please, let's sit."

We sat down as I popped the champagne and poured ourselves some to drink.

Sbu:"Let's make a toast, to new beginnings."

Rachel: "Cheers."

I could see Rachel was a bit uncomfortable. She's always been reserved whenever I raised the idea of us being together. So I decided to tackle the issue before things got heated.

Sbu:"Rachel, ever since I met you, my life has felt like it has fallen into place. You're the one missing piece to the messy puzzle in my life. I know things

aren't ideal with the whole situation with Kele, but I have realized that I need you Rachel Cloete. I've fallen for you, hard. I've never felt this way before not even about Kele.

I realize that I thought I could rekindle what she and I had and I rushed everything in the process. You've taught me how important it is to love myself before I could love anyone else. You've brought me so much peace and I haven't had this much fun with a woman in a very long time."

Rachel: (teary eyed) "What are you saying, Sbu?"

Sbu:"I'm saying, I've fallen for you, Rae. Give me the chance to make you the happiest woman alive. Just give me a chance. You don't have to start dating me right away, but at least think about it."

Rachel:"Sbu... I... I don't know what to say."

Sbu:"Rachel, you make me so happy, baby. I enjoy my time with you. I just want you to be a part of my life before someone else takes you away from me."

Rachel was in tears at this point and I wiped them off with my fingers.

Rachel:"Sbu, I.. There's something I need to tell you."

Sbu:"As long as you're not saying no. I'm all ears "

Rachel:"I.. Few years ago I was shot in thr stomach. Some guys tried to hijack me and they shot me in thr process. As a result my ovaries ruptured. I know how much you love children, but I can't have children. I'd never be able to give you children."

Tears flowed down her cheeks as I cupped her face.

Sbu:"Look at me, Rae. You're so beautiful, so kind, so loving. You've even made me go to church and start praying even more. Whenever I look at you, I thank God for creating a beauty like you just for me. I must really be the luckiest man on earth for God to bring you into my life.

You're my ray of sunshine, Rachel. You're my Golden coin, without you I wouldn't even know that God had my back. I still love you, I love you even more now. Even if you can't give me children you'll still be the woman I want to be with."

She cried and I leaned in to kiss her. Thank Goodness she didn't resist. The first time I ever kissed her. I even felt butterflies in my stomach and goosebumps all over my body. I never even thought men could feel butterflies. We pulled out of the kiss and stared at each other smiling.

Rachel:"Okay, we can give it a try, but only if you check up on Kele every now and then. She needs you most right now."

I smiled.

Sbu:"Thank you, Gangster Queen. Thank you for making my night. I'll never let you down."

We kissed again as we enjoyed our food and fed each other some chocolates. The night could never be perfect without a few joints, right? So I got out two perfectly rolled joints and we enjoyed our night laughing and talking. I'm so blessed to have someone like Rachel in my life. I intend on doing things right this time and taking it slow.

Chapter One Hundred and Thirteen

Gog'Khanyi

I was awoken by Thando and Florah making noise. I opened my eyes and found myself wrapped in Tony's arms. Shit. We must have overslept.

Gog'Khanyi:"Tony, wake up!"

Tony:"Ah, man Baby G. E sale vroeg (It's still early)."

Gog'Khanyi:"Thando and Florah are back. You have to leave."

Tony:"Ah, mara Baby G. Hantle hantle ke go hlabisa dihlong ne (You're embarrassed of me, aren't you)?"

Gog'Khanyi:"It's not like that."

Tony: "Then why o nkoba (why are you chasing me away)? You don't want people to see me, neh?"

Oh, yes. This is exactly what I was afraid of. Now I'm catching feelings for this guy and it's a serious mess.

Gog'Khanyi: (Deep sigh) "Tony. Give me some time to figure things out between us, okay? But for now you have to go before your crazy girlfriend comes back here again."

Tony got up and put his clothes back on.

Tony: "Sho sho, Baby G. Nsune pele ke tsamaya (Give me a kiss before I leave)."

Ai, Tony kodwa (though). I kissed him and we left my bedroom. I checked if Florah or Thando were



around, but they were nowhere in sight so I decided to hurry towards the door. It was too late though, Thando was about to walk to the kitchen and found me sneaking Tony out.

Thando:"Eh! Gogo! Kanti ujola ne Ben10 ngempela (Wow, Gogo! You're really dating a Ben 10)?!"

Gog'Khanyi:"Voetsek (Piss off) Thando!"

Tony kissed me goodbye and I could see he just wanted to show off.

Tony:"Sho sho, Baby G. Ke tlaobona (See you)."

He kissed me and left as Thando gave me a stare.

Gog'Khanyi:"Ungalingi (Don't you even dare)."

Thando: (laughing) "I didn't say anything, Gogo. He's cute, though. Niyafanelana (You guys suit each other)."

Gog'Khanyi:"Mxm."

Thando:"I just want to ask one question."

I just looked at her.

Thando:"Why umfihla (are you hiding him)?"

Gog'Khanyi:"We're not dating, Thando. We're just having fun. And besides, what will people say if they found out I'm dating a boy half my age?"

Thando:"Hawu, Gogo. That didn't look like just

having fun to me. And besides, you've never cared about what people say. Why start now?"

She went to her bedroom leaving me here thinking. She's right, though. Why should I worry now about what people say?

Sbu

Rachel and I had a great time on the rooftop. I'm so glad she finally accepted my proposal. I'm no longer single and even though we're taking it slow, I'm not complaining. We were so drunk and high from the weed, so we decided not to join the rest of the gang. We headed straight to the bedroom. I must admit, I was horny as fuck, but I respect her so much I'm willing to wait for her.

Rachel:"I'm so exhausted, Sbu. I need to sleep. Can u excuse me for a second while I change into my

pjs?"

Sbu:"Hawu, Rae. In my bed we sleep naked, my Queen."

She looked at me puzzled.

Sbu:"Relax, Qhawekazi (queen), I won't do anything to you. I just want to feel your skin against mine."

Rachel: (looking down) "Its just that... I don't want you to see my scar."

I got up from the bed and held her hands.

Sbu:"Rae, I love you. You're so beautiful and no scar will change that. Please, let me see you, all of you."

She hesitated a bit, but eventually took off her dress, followed by her underwear. Shit I swear I got hard immediately. My dick betrayed me and stood up but I vowed not to make love to her. Not tonight. I cupped her face and kissed her passionately. She responded and held me by my waist.

She slowly took off my clothes, while I kissed her neck. I then rubbed her breasts with both my hands while she moaned softly. I made trailed kisses down to her abdomen and kissed her scar. I saw tears rolling down her face as I did that. I saw her perfectly shaved pussy but I went back up. It's not the right time, but I'll make sure to make it memorable for her when we finally make love. I kissed her forehead.

Sbu:"Let's get in bed."

She smiled as we got underneath the sheets and made her put her head on my chest. I smiled as I inhaled her lovely lavender scented hair.

Sbu:"I love you, Rachel Cloete."

Rachel:"I love you too, Sbusiso Zwane."

We dozed off into each other's arms.

Ziyanda

It's 8am in the morning and as usual Phila got up before me. I don't get how he's always so energetic. We went to bed at 2am and he didn't even let me rest. He worked me so hard, I think I'm becoming double jointed. I got down the stairs and found Phila preparing the table.

He ordered a really nice and greasy breakfast, accompanied by some fruit and muesli and muffins for the health freaks, including him. I even see some yoghurt and smoothies. I need some of this to detox after all the drinking we've been doing.

Phila:"Good morning, Ma Zwane."

Me: (Smiling) "Good morning, Baby wami (My baby)."

Phila:"Breakfast is served."

I sat down next to him and he planted kisses all over my face. Just then Sbu and Rachel walked down holding hands. Phila and I smiled at each other. I guess the plan worked.

Phila:"Good morning, banthandani (love birds)."

Rachel blushed while Sbu was smiling all the way. I could see all his teeth shine. I've never even seen Rachel blush, I guess Sbu did his thing.

Sbu: "Sho sho, foza (sure sure brother). Qhawekazi (Heroine)."

Ziyanda: "Looks like you had a great evening last night."

Rachel: (smiling) "Yep, we had a great one."

Sbu: "Uphi (where's) uDrake and Mel?"

Phila: "They are still sleeping. It must have been a hectic night. Those two were at it all night. We even had to block our ears."



We all laughed.

Sbu:"Mxm njani bafo (How, Brother)? When you two were busy the whole night banging down the walls?"

They all laughed as I blushed. We continued eating as Drake and Mel came down a few minutes later. We had to go get ready as the men prepared a nice shopping spree for us. It was a bit chilly outside so I settled for a jean and sneakers, with a sleeveless white vest and a white fur coat. We headed out to the mall in different hired cars. As soon as we arrived I took Mel and Rachel to Elmarie's boutique while the boys went their way.

Elmarie was so excited to see me and I was very happy to see my picture on her wall in the plus size section.

Melissa: "You look flawless, Zee. Look at that picture. Phila must be so excited seeing that every night."

We all laughed and I was a bit embarrassed. We shopped around for some sexy lingerie and as I was roaming around the boutique I got the shock of my life. I couldn't believe whom I was staring at right in front of me.

Lunga: "Hello, Zee."

My heart started pounding as I remembered what happened last time at Belinda's funeral. I tried to speak, but words failed me.

Lunga: "I've been looking all over for you, baby. I'm so glad I have finally found you."

He kept smiling at me like a sick idiot. He stepped closer causing me to feel frightened and I stepped back in fear.

Lunga: "I'm not going to hurt you, baby. I just want to talk to you."

I tried looking around for Mel and Rachel, but they were nowhere to be seen. I finally got the courage to start speaking as I started feeling my forehead being overwhelmed with sweat.

Me: "Wha.. What are you doing here? What do you want, Lunga? Have you been stalking me?"

Lunga: (laughing) "I can't stalk my own wife, baby. Come on now."

Me: "I'm not your wife, Lunga. Phila is my husband."

Lunga: (laughing) "You're so funny sometimes. Come, let's go somewhere else and talk."

He tried to grab my arm, but I screamed. Elmarie and her cashier came running, and so did Rachel and Mel. As soon as they saw Lunga grab my arm, Elmarie tried to dial security, but Lunga already took out his gun. I hadn't even noticed that he had closed the door behind him. I was so overcome with fear and terror. He pointed the gun towards them and as Rachel tried to step forward, he pulled me to him and pointed the gun to my head, with his other arm around my neck.

Rachel: "Lunga, don't do anything stupid, please. Let her go."

Lunga: "You all better stay right where you are or

else I'll blow her fucking head off."

Rahel: "You surely won't kill someone you love, Lunga. Come on now."

Lunga kept quiet while breathing heavily. I think he was trying to register what he was doing and what Rachel had just told him. I was so terrified, I had tears rolling down my cheeks. People were starting to scream outside and I think they saw this crazy man pointing a gun at my head, in Elmarie's boutique. What an early morning for a hostage situation.

Lunga: "You! (Pointing at Elmarie) Come lock the door. If anyone of you move, I'll start shooting."

Elmarie was so shaken, she went towards the door and locked it with her shaky hands and tears rolling down her face. He asked them all to come closer

and sit on the couches and told them to throw their phones on the table. They did as they were told. He asked me to sit down as well and I did as I was told, even though I was bloody scared. I looked at him and thought of all those times he hit me. The look in his eyes was frightening enough to ask God to take you right there and then. Somehow, instead of being angry at him, I truly felt sorry for him. Zodwa ruined everything for him and controlled his life from the get go. Now that he can't cope anymore, He's stuck in the past, a past that never existed. He never loved me yet his head tells him otherwise.

Lunga: (frustrated) "Do you see what you make me do, Zee?! Do you see what I have to resort to because I love you?!"

I was frightened, but I tried to speak.

Me:"Lunga, we're no longer together. I'm with Phila now. You know that."

Lunga:"He stole you from me! And now I came to take you back!"

Me:"No, I don't love you, Lunga. I love Phila."

It seems like I just made everything worse because he got up and cocked the gun, and pointed it at me. I wanted to shit myself right there.

Lunga:"Well, if I can't have you then no one can."

My mind registered what was about to happen as I closed my eyes and said a little prayer. As I was praying, I heard a gunshot go off and felt my upper chest burning in pain. Soon after I heard two more gunshots. I opened my eyes and saw myself covered in blood.

I had been shot by my ex husband. Mel and Elmarie tried to assist me by putting pressure on the wound, while Elmarie was running frantically on the phone. I tried to look at Lunga's direction and saw him bleeding on the floor, with Rachel holding a gun in her hand pointed at Lunga. I felt so drowsy, like I was losing consciousness. The more they kept asking me to stay focused, was the more I felt like I was seeing darkness. Everything became blurry in front of me. Before I knew it I saw Phila's face in front of me.

Phila:"S thandwa sami (my love)! Stay with me please! Stay with me!"

And then everything turned black as the voices faded away.

Chapter One Hundred and Fourteen

Kele



I was in bed watching tv as usual. Aunt Eunice came in with some tea and breakfast for me. I felt a bit relieved after my session with Dr. Stein. She helped me see a little bit of perspective. I am taking my medication as requested and I feel almost brand new. I still want to fix things between Sbu and I.

I know that we're meant to be and as much as Sbu loves children, I know he'll make it work. He has to. As I was flipping through the channels I saw a startling news headline: "Face of BBW lingerie collection and Billionaire wife Ziyanda Zwane shot by ex husband".

Wow. So much drama. I saw paramedics on the scene and a whole crowd of people behind the reporter. I didn't see Phila around as I assumed he was with Zee probably on his way to hospital. As I was about to change the channel, I saw Sbu holding some girl I recognize with his arm around her waist.

She had her head on his shoulder. I remember that face! Fuck! That's Rachel!

So Sbu actually cheated on me from Belinda's funeral?! He used my secrets as an excuse to fuck around?! I was fuming so much, I threw my breakfast and tea on the floor.

Eunice:"Kele! Ngwanake (my child) what's happening?!"

I didn't even answer her, instead I put on my shoes and took my car keys. I tried to lookout for the guard and he was nowhere in sight. I got into my car and drove off. I need to get my man back!

Phila

I was so angry and mostly disappointed in myself.

Once again I failed to protect my wife. I should've been there with her, I never should've let her go shopping without security. I thank God Drake was there to attend to Zee. I couldn't live with myself if she was dead. Rachel did a good thing by shooting that asshole. Unfortunately, He's not dead.

He was brought to this very same hospital, but I asked the paramedics to redirect him elsewhere. I'm furious because I thought Mthunzi had been keeping an eye on his psycho brother, but he said Lunga took out the tracker when he wasn't watching and dumped it elsewhere in the house.

Now I'm sitting on a chair next to Zee's bed holding her hand. Drake said the bullet nearly ruptured one of her arteries. Thank God it just hit her upper chest. He had to operate and remove the bullet so she's sedated for now. I decided to say a little prayer.

"Dear God, I humble myself before you. I thank you

so much for protecting my wife and saving her from death. Please be with her, Lord. I still need her. In Jesus name Amen."

I decided to take a break and go check up on the rest of the gang. I found them in the waiting area and Melissa jumped up immediately as she saw me and gave me a hug.

Melissa:"How is she?"

Phila: (sigh) "She's sedated now, but Drake says she'll be okay."

Sbu:"Foza (brother), she's a fighter, man. Don't worry about her, she'll make it."

Phila:"I need to finish Lunga off. He had the nerve to threaten my wife's life like that!"

Sbu:"No, Bafo (brother), leave him. Mthunzi will sort him out. You're a married man now, and not just that, a praying man. You just focus on Zee."

I sighed deeply. He had a good point. I don't kill anymore. I made a promise to my wife and to God.

Phila:"I need to thank you, Rachel. You really saved my wife's life. Thank you so much."

Rachel: (smiling) "Don't mention it, P. Zee is my girl, so I had to do what I had to do."

Sbu:"Yes! That's my woman! My Gangster Queen, y'all."

We all laughed while Rachel rolled her eyes.

Rachel:"ai, Sbu. Don't make me dump you just a few hours after accepting your proposal."

Sbu:"Hayibo baby. Khethile khethile (there's no turning back)."

We all laughed as we ordered some food to eat. Lunga ruined a perfect day, but all in all I'm glad my wife is alive and that's all that matters right now.

Zodwa Ngcobo

I've been lying in hospital for weeks now. All I remember is Mthunzi setting me alight in the middle of nowhere and falling into a river. Apparently I was unconscious for weeks due to severe burns on my body. I've had a lot of time to reflect on my life and I deserve everything that's coming to me.

I ruined people's lives, especially Lunga and Belinda's lives. I just wish I could get a chance to make peace and ask for forgiveness. I wish that God had just taken me after Mthunzi set me on fire. I don't deserve to live at all. Now my legs don't work and my whole body is burnt. I'm almost unrecognizable, but the women who've been coming to pray for me are giving me hope.

God is a God of miracles because Thando has been coming to pray for me. If God could change Thando and turn her life around, then He can surely change mine. I've been reading the Bible and praying a lot. I can only hope that my life changes for the better.

As I lay in bed with my Bible I was stunned by the person who stood in front of me. I felt myself tearing up.

Shirley:"Sawubona (Hello) Zodwa. Unjani (How are you)?"

Zodwa:"Sawubona ma (Hello ma). Ngiyaphila, unjani (I'm good, how are you)?"

Shirley:"Ngizilwe (I heard) about what happened, mntwanami (my child). I told you many years ago that you would die a slow and painful death. I can now see that God has bigger plans for you since you're still alive."

I was in tears. I haven't seen my mother in years. I was so mean to her and I don't deserve her kindness. I didn't like being from Tsakane, but right now, I'd rather be the poor girl from Tsakane than the ex rich girl.

Shirley: (teary eyed) "I forgive you, my child. If I don't do it, who do I expect to do it? God has



forgiven you, Zodwa. It is now time for you to turn to God and follow the life he chose for you when you were born."

People are laughing at me saying the Mighty Zodwa Ngcobo has fallen. I can truly hope that God has bigger plans for me.

Chapter One Hundred and Fifteen

Ziyanda

Two weeks later

We unfortunately had to cut our Cape Town trip short after I got shot. I didn't press charges against Lunga, much to Phila's dismay. I did however ask Mthunzi to get him help and he booked him into an asylum. I'm just glad to be alive and well, and even though I haven't been able to use my arm fully, Phila has been more than happy to care for me.

Porsche is finally back in South Africa. I'm so thrilled. She was very upset to hear about the shooting and not being there to support me, but she has developed a new found level of respect for Rachel. Things are a bit bad on Sbu's side, apparently Kele has been missing. She drove off while the guard was sleeping and we haven't been able to locate her. Tony is still on it, though he found her car lying elsewhere in J o'burg. He's been pretty stressed and also blaming himself for the whole thing, but Rachel has been so supportive.

I can only hope that she's well and they find her soon. Mam'Masango just said Kele is in danger as she has stopped taking her medication. I can't imagine what she's going through, though. As I was thinking while lying on the couch watching some tv, Porsche walked in.

Porsche:"Hey hey family!"

She hugged Phila.

Phila:"Hey, Porsche. Long time man. I'm even thinking I need to fire you."

Porsche: (laughing) "Tjo wena le wena (you man). O dramatic (You're so dramatic) at times. Where's my girl?"

Phila:"In the lounge. Go on, I'll bring you some lunch."

I smiled so much as she hugged me for a long while. She looked a bit different, like she's got something worrying her.

Porsche:"Oh, chomi (friend)! I've missed you man! I should stop leaving because seems like shit

happens when I do! Rachel starts dating Sbu, and now you get shot by Lunga. Aowa (no) man."

Me:"I'm okay now, man. I've missed you too. How was the trip?"

Porsche:"Oh, lovely, babe. I got you some nice gifts hey. We were all over the world. I didn't even want to come back."

Phila walked in and put a tray with some food and drinks for us.

Phila:"Enjoy ladies. I'll be in my man cave if you need me, Ma Zwane."

Porsche:"J a ne, go monate go nyalwa (It's nice being married)."

I laughed.

Me: "Hao, you're also married man. Anyway, how are things with Rob and the kids?"

Porsche suddenly changed her facial expression and became teary. I held her hand.

Me: "Porsche, dints hang (what's wrong)?"

Porsche: (deep sigh) "I have to tell you something. Rob and I had planned the whole trip because it's his last. Rob has got Stage Four Colon Cancer. He doesn't have very long to live anymore, so he wanted to spend his last days with me and the kids. He didn't want to die full of regrets."

Oh no! I couldn't help, but let the tears roll down.

Me:"My goodness, Porsche. I'm so sorry, babe. When did you find out? And why didn't you tell me?"

Porsche:"We found out a few weeks ago. I didn't want to stress you out, Zee. We all have our own baggage. He's got a few weeks to live and he chose to spend those days at home. I won't be able to be at work for a while, he wants to die with us around him."

I couldn't help but break down. I can't imagine losing Phila like that.

Porsche:"It's okay, Zee. Really. We've made peace with it. Rob isn't afraid of dying at all. He's shown me so much love in my life and I can't thank him enough for that. I'd be a mess without him. I can only thank God for giving me the chance to experience real love. Not very many people get to have that."

She smiled at me as she said that. I couldn't even believe she was so enthusiastic about it. Porsche always bounces back. I just wonder if she'll ever be able to live without Rob. We continued the day with laughter and her showing me their pictures from their world tour. I can only pray that Phila and I experience what Rob and Porsche have.

One week later

Ziyanda

I have finally been allowed to return to work since my arm has fully healed from the bullet wound. Mthunzi says that Lunga has been taking treatment, but the less I hear from him the better. I haven't been feeling too well for the past week. I can't seem to keep anything down and Phila is basically forcing me to go see a doctor today.

It's been three weeks since Kele has been missing and as much as Sbu is really trying, deep down he's a mess. It's only a matter of time before he has a nervous break down. I'm back at work and I check up on Porsche every now and then. Rob is trying to stay positive even though things aren't looking too good. All this has made me appreciate life itself even more.

Phila and I made our way to Drake's practice since it's knock off time. I haven't even been able to stomach the smell of his cologne, as much as it's expensive. He doesn't wear it anymore since it nauseates me. I even hate the smell of eggs now, not to mention the taste.

Phila keeps telling me I'm pregnant, but I don't even want to go there. I'd rather not have my hopes up even though I haven't seen my periods in a long while. My cycle has always been crazy hence I



don't want to get excited.

We entered Drake's office and found him seated.

Drake:"Mr. And Mrs. Zwane."

Phila:"Ai, nawe. Why do you have to be so formal?"

Drake: (chuckling) "I'm at work, so I have to be formal."

We got seated.

Drake:"So, what's happening?"

Me:"I haven't been too well. I can't keep anything down and I hate the smell of certain things."

Phila:"Like my cologne. Thanks to her I can't even smell nice for the ladies."

I just stared at him while he smiled at me.

Drake:"So you're meaning to tell me that you don't see what's happening, Zee? You could be pregnant."

Phila smiled widely.

Phila:"See? I told her that exactly but she said she didn't want to get her hopes up."

Drake:"It's understandable."

He asked me a few more questions and it was likely

that I could be pregnant. As exciting as it seems, I can't help but feel scared. I have a lot of thoughts running through my mind like a marathon, but the main one is that I don't want to lose this pregnancy. Drake asked me to take a pregnancy test in the toilet and I pee'ed on the stick without even checking it. I quickly washed my hands and returned to his desk. Phila was so excited and didn't let go of my hand, not even for one second. After a few minutes of silence I saw Drake smile.

Drake:"You're definitely pregnant."

Phila smiled and kissed me.

Phila:"Thank you! Thank you so much Ma Zwane!"

I was in total shock, I actually didn't know how to feel. I gave him a faint smile as

I got up and changed into a medical gown as

instructed by Drake and lay on the bed while I waited for Drake to come and attend me. Phila held me by the hand throughout while beaming with pride. I love seeing him this happy. He kept kissing my hand. I guess God really heard our prayers this time.

Drake got in and put his infamous cold gel on my abdomen. Once I saw the monitor I just felt tears stream down my face. I was even more amazed as I heard a heartbeat, followed by another and then another.

Drake: "Looks like you're in for a big surprise. I see three heartbeats. You're 13 weeks pregnant, Zee. Congratulations! I don't even know how you couldn't notice for a whole three months since you're carrying triplets, but it happens."

Phila was so happy as he kept kissing me. I was in total shock. Three babies?! Wow. I just hope all

the drinking hasn't affected them in any way. Drake left us as I got up to change, but Phila held my hands and kneeled down in front of me and had tears falling down his face.

Phila:"Thank you so much, Ma zwane. You've just made me the happiest man alive. I promise to cherish you at all times. You've just shown me that God is a God of miracles and prayer comes first. I dreamt of this moment few weeks ago. My father came to me in my dreams and told me we'll be blessed with little ones. I never thought it would be three! I love you so much, Ziyanda Zwane. Thank you for the gift of life."

He kissed my tummy and I smiled.

Me:"I love you too, Baby wami (my baby)."

Chapter One Hundred and Sixteen

Ziyanda

We went out for lunch while Phila couldn't stop thanking me. I finally got into it as I also started thinking of who the babies would look like. Would it be three girls or three boys or mixed? Either Way I'm so excited. Phila says he wants all girls just like Sbu's twins. He wants little princesses to spoil just like their mommy. He even took the time to go into a baby boutique and buy three green baby booties. I told him to get a unisex colour since we don't know the gender.

We got home and found Sbu and Rachel in our house looking sad. It looked like Sbu had been crying. I suddenly felt a cold shiver down my spine as I expected the worst.

Phila:"Bafo, what's happening?"

Sbu didn't even have the energy to talk he was just drowned in his own tears.

Rachel: (teary) "It's Kele. They found her in a real mess. Apparently she consumed poison and was rushed to hospital an hour ago. We tried calling you, but both of you didn't answer."

Oh, I forgot we put our phones on silent.

Phila:"Will she be okay? What about the babies?"

Rachel:"We don't know. That's why we waited for you to get here so we could leave for the hospital together."

We didn't even hesitate. Phila took the car keys and we were off to the hospital. I don't know why my good news always comes with bad news. Now is

clearly not the time to tell them about our pregnancy.

We arrived at the hospital with Sbu quiet the whole way. Rachel held his hand the whole time. He was a serious mess of which I totally understand. We had to wait a while apparently Drake was busy in surgery. We asked one of the nurses about Kele's condition and she said that Kele was in theatre. Phila and I held hands with Rachel and Sbu and started praying in the waiting area. It felt like the longest prayer of our lives.

After about an hour, Drake came out with his work gear on. He told us that Kele had been staying with random people she met along the way and was off her meds for a while. She lost her sanity and ate something that had rat poison in it. She was found dumped on a nearby road in Tsakane, with her wallet and cards taken. Tony managed to trace her using one of her cards, which was used to withdraw



money a few hours ago.

I don't get how cruel people can be. They should've just called or contacted the police when she arrived on their doorstep. They took advantage of an insane pregnant woman and now I just hope Sbu doesn't go after them.

He explained that Kele came in alive with a faint pulse. They had to operate immediately and remove the twins. She was only six months pregnant and she died before she could meet them. Sbu just fell in his seat and broke down. I couldn't help but cry as well and Phila comforted me, while Rachel consoled Sbu.

Kele didn't make it, but thankfully the babies did. They were sent to the Neonatal Intensive Care Unit. Sbu calmed down after a while and asked to go see Kele first, while Phila and I went to the NICU to check on the babies.

It's a bitter sweet moment, since today is Kele's birthday. 31st of May, which was also supposed to be her wedding day. I totally get why Sbu is such a mess. He feels very guilty about what could have been and probably now that he's been busy with Rachel, he feels as if he wasn't taking care of Kele at all.

We got to the NICU and we were shown to the babies. Oh, my goodness they are so small. They are in their little incubators though, with some pipes and wires attached. Twin 1 is a lot bigger than Twin 2, weighing 1.3kg while Twin 2 weighs 1kg. I honestly have no idea how they made it out alive with such tiny body mass. Yes, they are girls. Sbu is now a father to four girls. I can't imagine the drama that's about to come from these two. They look so much like Kele though, also identical like Buhle and Kuhle. What a painful reminder this could be for Sbu.

We walked out hand in hand and decided to call Mam'Ivy and tell her the news. She was devastated about Kele's passing, but she told us she would fly in first thing tomorrow morning. After that we called Gogo and Mam'Masango.

Gog'Khanyi:"Yebo, Ziyanda. Unjani (How are you)?"

Me: (Sigh) "Okay, ma. Kodwa (but) Kele has passed away and the twins are in ICU."

Gog'Khanyi:"Yebo (Yes), Florah told me let me put her on speaker."

Mam'Masango:"Khululeka mntwanami (Relax, my child), Kele is in a better place now. Her death was inevitable and painful, but she's at peace. Had she been pregnant for longer, those babies would have died in her womb."

I didn't know how to feel about that. It's just so painful to think about what she went through. I feel like we failed her as her friends, her family. Aunt Eunice was notified and she just could barely speak over the phone afterwards.

Mam'Masango:"Please don't forget to tell Sbusiso to remember his father's dream. Remember to tell him, please."

Me:"Yebo (Yes), ma. I will."

Mam'Masango:"Congratulations on your little blessing, Ziyanda. I told you to never lose hope. God has bigger blessings in store for you."

Me:"Thank you, ma."

She hung up and Phila smiled amongst his sad face. We're going to be parents at the same time we have to plan a funeral and be there for Sbu. Amongst all this drama, I remember the priest's sermon a few weeks ago with the Bible verse from 1 Samuel 1:27, "For this child I prayed; and the LORD hath given me my petition which I asked of him."

God has indeed blessed me abundantly, and even though we received our news amidst such distress, we are delighted.

As we waited for Sbu and Rachel to come back, Porsche sent me a message "Robert passed away a few minutes ago." I felt like I had been stabbed in the chest with a big knife. Life can be so cruel at times.

Chapter One Hundred and Seventeen

Sbu

Ever since I received the news of Kele being found in that state, I've been a real mess. I feel like I have failed Kele and now my newborn children will be raised without a mother. I can't even rejoice about my children when their mother is dead because of me. Perhaps if I had left her with Brian, she would have still been alive, just like Thato.

I asked Rachel to accompany me to the Hospital mortuary to go see Kele's body. I just couldn't stop crying. How will I face her family? What will I say to my children when they grow up? Things have just started to pick up between Rachel and I and I really don't want to overwhelm her with my baggage. She's too much of a good woman to go through this.

We went out of the mortuary and went to see my newborn daughters. I didn't want to, but Rachel convinced me to do it.

Rachel:"Sbu, let's go see your babies. Don't reject them because they are just innocent."

I asked her to accompany me and as soon as I saw them, I saw a perfect reflection of Kele. They have my nose and brows, but everything else is Kele's. How will I continue to love them when all I see in them is their mother? She went crazy because of me. They look so tiny and fragile. Rachel was right, I can't punish them for something they didn't do. I touched them and felt an instant connection, just like with Buhle and Kuhle when they were born. These two are soldiers. Despite all the stress and health conditions their Mother had, they made it against all odds.

Rachel took a picture of them both and we made our way back to the waiting area. We found Zee and Phila waiting for us. Zee looked even worse than before, like she had been crying the entire time we've been away. Phila pulled me away while

Rachel sat with Zee.

Phila:"Bafo (brother), congratulations on the twins. You're now a father of four."

I faked a smile amongst my tears.

Sbu:"Thanks, bafo (brother). I'm just going through a lot right now."

Phila:"Don't worry about anything else. We'll deal with everything tomorrow. uMa is coming tomorrow morning with the twins. Zee and I will help look after them, you just make sure you get to bond with the twins and Rachel."

Sbu: (Deep sigh) "I don't know if she'll be able to handle all this. The kids need a mother. I can't do it all on my own. I don't want to offend her since she



can't have kids of her own, bafo (brother)."

Phila:"That woman loves you. She'll do it. All you have to do is ask. She wouldn't be here if she didn't want to be a part of your life. She still accepted you even after she knew about Kele."

I guess he's right. He's always been the voice of reason between the two of us.

Phila:"I forgot to tell you, Mam'Florah says you shouldn't forget the dream you had of uBaba (dad). She said it's important."

Damn. I even forgot about that. My father has been visiting me all week telling me about naming the children. I didn't know what he meant.

Sbu:"Sho sho, foza. Thanks. I'll note it."

Phila:"We need to get home. Zee is in a state. Porsche just texted her about Rob's passing."

As if she isn't going through a lot already. Life can be so cruel. My heart breaks for Porsche. She really loved that old man of hers. They were so inseparable.

Ziyanda

My alarm clock went off at 6am. I can't go to work in this state even Phila agreed. I've been crying all night and he was very upset about it. He says I need to think about myself and the pregnancy. I agree with him, but I just couldn't help it. My eyes are so swollen and my face being red isn't doing me any justice. As always I woke up without Phila by my side nowadays. I went to the bathroom to brush my teeth. As I walked back to the bedroom I found

him holding a breakfast tray in his hands.

Most people say everything changes when you're pregnant, but seems like Phila remains an open book.

Phila: (smiling) "Good morning, Ma Zwane. Breakfast is served."

Me: "Morning baby wami (my baby). Thank you so much."

Phila: "You'd better eat up and catch up on some sleep. Buka manje (look now), you're so red. I don't want you to give me red faced babies angithi."

I laughed softly.

Phila: "Seriously, Sthandwa sami (My love), you need to stop stressing yourself out like this. Drake said carrying multiples is very risky. You might consider quitting your job."

I frowned and stared at him. Phila is already acting like a control freak now. I'm pregnant, not disabled. As I was trying to register what he had just suggested, I saw the news headlines on tv "Billionaire wife dies from mental disorder while husband galavants with other women."

There's never a day without drama in the Zwane family. There was Sbu's picture with Rachel from the time we were at the mall in Cape Town before the shooting. There was a picture of Kele as well, somewhere in J o'burg around people we don't even know. I turned up the volume to listen to this cheap news.

Reporter: "Sbusiso Zwane, Billionaire mogul dumped

his wife Kelebogile Molefe while she was just 3 months pregnant. It is alleged that Molefe suffered from multiple mental disorders as a result of the breakup. Mr. Zwane and his new girlfriend, known as Rachel Cloete, have been seen galavanting around Cape Town along with recently famous plus size model Ziyanda Zwane and her husband. It is also alleged that Ms. Cloete is the one who shot the plus size model's ex husband, as you can see from the leaked picture."

I couldn't believe my eyes. There was a picture of Rachel pointing the gun to a wounded Lunga, when we were in Elmarie's boutique.

Reporter:"It seems as if these Zwane men have a bad taste in women and some serious criminal records. The question is: Where did Ms. Cloete get her gun? Is it legal?"

Phila was so furious ans he got up pacing up and

down.

Phila:"These idiots are going to pay! No one messes with my family and gets away with it!"

He got on the phone and made a few calls as he was shouting at someone over the phone. I feel very sorry for those tabloids. I don't even feel bad about them getting fired soon. What upset me the most is that there was a leaked picture of Kele in the morgue as well as pictures of the newborn twins. Which means that this is most likely an inside job. How dare they invade our privacy like that?

I could see Twitter already booming with hashtags, with pictures of Rachel and Kele being compared to one another. Someone even said Rachel is disgusting for sleeping with a married man while his demented pregnant wife died alone on the J o'burg streets. People need to mind their own

business. Rachel hasn't even slept with Sbu at all. I can only imagine what she's going through right now. It surely doesn't look too good.

## Chapter One Hundred and Eighteen

Rachel

I hardly slept a wink last night. I've been crying non stop and I'm one that doesn't cry easily-ever. I was woken up by Mel telling me to watch the news at 23:00 last night. I'm even trending on Twitter, and even though it's not all bad stuff, but people have the nerve to say bad things about you without even knowing you. It's disgusting how the media can publish things without proof or even worrying about your feelings as a person.

There were pictures stolen from my Instagram and Facebook account by people and splattered everywhere across Twitter. Some even comparing

me to Kele, while some saying I'm a gold digging whore who broke up a pregnant woman's marriage and drove her to her death. This is exactly why I didn't want to be in a relationship with Sbu. People have their own misconception and now it's even worse since it's all over. My parents have been supportive, sending me messages all night.

Sbu held me and comforted me all night and I feel so bad about all this. He's going through so much and I'm adding to his problems. He came back to the bedroom with a tray of food in his hands. My face is so puffy and I can barely keep my eyes open. I've got a migraine for days.

Sbu:"Good morning, Ganster Queen. I've made you some breakfast."

I tried to fake a smile but it just wasn't possible.



Rachel:"Thank you, but I'm not hungry."

He put the tray aside and got into bed with me, holding me.

Sbu:"Rae, don't beat yourself up over useless people. They'll be fired before the end of the day and I'll make sure they pay for what they have done to you."

Rachel:"It's not that, Sbu. Everyone now knows me as the homewrecker. How will I be able to face the world?"

Sbu:"You'll face the world the same way you do everyday. You owe no one an explanation, Rae. Only we know the real you and that's more than enough. You've saved me from myself and I can never thank you enough. You're the strongest woman I know and now you want to bail out over

insecure people who post shit about you? They don't even know you, baby. Relax and trust me, please. I'll never let you down. Not intentionally anyway."

He carried me and kissed my forehead. His words comforted me and made me feel like things were going to fall into place. I know I said we should take everything slow and I meant what I said. But right now, I need Sbu-all of him. I looked up at him as my head was on his chest, I stared at him deep in his eyes and I put my lips on his. He responded as I got on top of him. I could feel his shaft extending and poking me down there.

I've seen Sbu naked many times and I ask myself how he'll ever fit inside of me when his buldge is so huge. Everything at that moment felt so right. I could hear him moan inside my mouth, causing me to feel wet instantly. Being naked didn't make things easier at all. He was in his briefs only, so he

could feel all my pussy juices dripping on his underwear.

Sbu: (moaning) "Rachel, shit, baby. What are you doing to me?"

Rachel: "Sbu... I need you. I need you right now."

Sbu: "Are you sure?"

Rachel: "Yes, I've never been more sure. Please."

He nodded and proceeded to kiss me passionately. Sbu is such an awesome kisser with those gorgeous pink lips of his. He flipped me over so I could lie below him, as I slowly slipped his briefs off his legs. He kissed and nibbled my neck causing me to moan out of pleasure. He went on to suck my perfectly rounded breasts and gently biting my

nipples. The pleasure that was consuming my body at that moment made me feel like I wasn't myself, like my body didn't belong to me at that very moment.

Sbu gently rubbed my clit and dipped one finger inside my vagina. I moaned out loud and it drove him crazy as I saw him give me a mischievous smile. He went down to my pussy with his face and gently flicked his tongue on my clit. Once he saw me close my eyes and indulge myself in the pleasure I was feeling, he proceeded to suck me in the most pleasurable way. The more he sucked was the more I moaned.

Sbu: "You taste so fucking good, Gangster queen. I can't get enough of your gorgeous pussy."

His dirty talk made me go wild. I felt so hot, so flushed. I could feel my orgasm building and my body tensed.

Sbu:"Let it go, Ndhlovukazi (Queen), cum for me, baby."

I let go and splashed all my juices on his mouth as he licked me clean, leaving me a bit embarrassed. Sex is always something so intimate, you get to be in your most vulnerable state-no matter how tough your exterior is. He came back up and kissed me passionately. I love tasting myself in his mouth.

He positioned himself on top of me and gently slid it in. I heard him growl and moan so hard, I suppose it's been quite a while since he's had sex. I felt all sorts of pleasure all around my body. Sbu is really attentive and passionate during sex.

Sbu:"Shit, Rae! You're so tight. Fuck, baby! Look at me."

I hate that, I always get too embarrassed to look a man in the eyes during sex. I decided to open my eyes and stare at him as he gently moved on top of me. I saw the real Sbu-the vulnerable Sbu and not Cobra. His beautiful hazel eyes became smaller as he moaned while staring me in the eyes. I knew right then that I loved this man.

Sbu:"I love you, Rae."

Rachel:"I love you too, Sbu."

He fastened his pace as he collapsed on top of me after a while.

Sbu:"Stay right there. I'll be back."

He kissed my forehead and went to the bathroom to get a towel and wiped me clean. He kissed my lips

and got back into the covers and we proceeded to eat our breakfast.

Ziyanda

I've been in bed ever since the news broke out. It's a real mess and Phila has to do damage control with Sbu already going through so much. Phila told me Rachel has been a mess since last night, so she's coming over here since Sbu has to go back to the hospital.

Luckily Mam'Ivy is on her way. She has probably landed, though. So I took a quick shower and made the bed. I got dressed and headed downstairs. We're all trapped in this media disaster, but Rachel and Sbu need all the support they can get.

I found Phila in the lounge.

Phila:"Come here, Ma Zwane."

He opened up his arms and made me sit in between his legs.

Phila:"Are you feeling better?"

Me:"A little bit, baby wami (my baby)."

Phila:"I don't want you stressing my girls in there."

Me: (Smiling) "What makes you think its girls? I have a strong feeling they are boys."

Phila:"Hayi, hayi, hayi (no, no, no) Sthandwa sami (my love). I don't need Heartbreakers like Sbu and I. Imagine handsome boys times three. No ways."



I laughed as I heard the twins run through the door.  
I'm guessing Mam'Ivy has finally arrived.

Nokuhle:"Aunty Zee!"

Nobuhle:"Uncle Phila!"

They came to hug us all smiles.

Nobuhle:"Uncle Phila, please tell me you got us something this time? We always visit you and you're always empty handed."

We all laughed as Mam'Ivy greeted us.

Phila:"Buhle, I promise I'll get you something later, okay?"

Nokuhle:"Ah, we want Aunt Zee to get us something. You always get us boring stuff."

Yoh hai shame these kids can talk. They went to the game room while Mam'Ivy spoke to us.

Mam'Ivy:"Ninjani bantwana bami (How are you my kids)?"

Me:"We're good, ma."

Phila:"We're trying."

Mam'Ivy:"Oh, kodwa Phila. Those little soldiers are turning you into a drama king already?"

I blushed as Phila laughed.

Mam ivy:"Congratulations, my children. God is a God of miracles. He answers at the exact right time."

I smiled as we both thanked her.

Mam'Ivy:"Unjani uRachel (how's Rachel)?"

Phila:"Ai, Sbu said she's been crying all night."

Mam'Ivy:"She'll be fine. She's a strong one."

Phila:"Hawu, ma. You haven't even met her yet."

Mam'Ivy:"I speak with her over the phone. I can tell by her voice and she got Sbusiso and you to finally go to church so she's as strong as they come."

We laughed as Sbu and Rachel entered. Rachel's face looked so puffy, but she managed to smile at least. The way Sbu was smiling, I'd say they finally reached that level of their relationship.

Sbu: "Sawubona, ma (Hello, ma)."

Mam'Ivy: "Sbus is o, mfana wami (my boy).  
Kuzolunga (It will get better)."

She said as she hugged him. Her eyes went to Rachel and she had a huge smile on her face.

Mam'Ivy: "Rachel, my baby. Woza lana (Come here)."

She opened her arms for an embrace. What I like about Mam'Ivy is that she's always nice to everyone. Her warmth makes one smile and feel at ease.

Good thing about Rachel is that she can speak a few Nguni languages.

Rachel: "Sawubona ma (hello ma)."

Mam'Ivy: "I'm so happy to see you here. Look at my boy, He's smiling like a lovesick teenager. I hope he's treating you well."

Rachel: (blushing) "Yebo (yes) ma."

Mam'Ivy: "Stop stressing yourself over those low lifes. He'll sort them out. As for you, you're too beautiful to ruin that perfect face."

They both smiled as Phila, Sbu and Mam'Ivy left for the hospital and left Rachel, myself and the twins behind.

Chapter One Hundred and Nineteen

Sbu

Ma, Phila and I finally arrived at the hospital. I must say my little talk with uMa in the car made me less anxious. I should take pride in the new children we have received and I'll pay for all Kele's funeral expenses. It won't bring her back, but it's the least I can do.

I'll make contact with them later on since they've been blowing up my phone with messages and calls. Even Ruth sent me a very disturbing message saying I'll regret killing her child. I don't get how that woman is even still breathing.

Phila had a chat with Drake while Ma and I got in the NICU since they only allow two visitors at a time. The joy on Ma's face said it all.

Mam'Ivy: "Wena kaMafu kawalingani, Aphansi naphezulu, ngoba aphezulu angubo ngubo, Nts ele kaLinda kaMkhonto, Awungilinde ngilande ezami eZungeni, Mthanti, Nduna ngokuthwal' isila sensele, UNts ele kangakanani, Ngoba nas othini lomkhont' angahlala (Clan names). Jeremiah 1:5 "Before I formed you in the womb I knew you, before you were born I set you apart; I appointed you as a prophet to the nations."

I couldn't help but shed a few tears as she praised and prayed for my newborn girls.

Mam'Ivy: "Have you thought of names yet?"

I haven't even thought about that, but then I quickly remembered uBaba's dream.

Sbu: "The big one will be named Siyanda and the small one will be named Luyanda (which means our

love is growing / we are growing)."

Mam'Ivy: (ululating) "I love them. I'm glad Mxolisi gave you such nice names. Since you've already given them names all thanks to your father, I can't let him have all the shine even when he's dead. So I'll finish naming them. This one is Siyanda Ivy Zwane and this small one is Luyanda Iris Zwane."

I smiled. I trust Ma to refuse being left behind and naming one of the twins after her.

Sbu:"Kodwa ma, why name the big one after you?"

Mam'Ivy:"Because she's bigger than the small one obviously and that shows she's going to be outspoken just like uGogo."

I smiled as we left the NICU.



Ziyanda

I decided to go see Porsche and Rachel offered to come with. We had to change into decent attire, you know the skirt or dress and doek kinda thing. We had to take the twins along who were very excited to leave the house as long as we got them milkshakes on the way. Rachel hit it off instantly with them. Sbu has always told me how good she is with kids and I totally agree.

We arrived at Porsche's house and there were already a few cars parked in the yard. I saw a Bentley and a Rolls Royce and I already knew that Rob's parents and his troublesome brother have arrived. We knocked and were met by Selena, Porsche's nanny. She led the way for us to Porsche's bedroom. We had to pass Rob's family and greeted them.

The parents greeted along with his one sister and gay brother, but the straight brother never greeted us back. Porsche always told me how Billy was always jealous of Robert. They were a year apart and he would always undermine Robert and tell him how foolish he was for marrying a black girl. He's the only one who had a problem with Robert being with Porsche, but she didn't mind him at all.

Selena took the twins to go play with Bailey. Olivia, Robert's sixteen year old daughter was in her room. It's understandable for her to want to be alone in such a situation. We walked into Porsche's bedroom and found her dressed in black and lying in bed with puffy eyes. I've never seen Porsche like this. I'd also look like that if not worse if I had to lose Phila. As soon as she saw me she had tears falling down her eyes. I embraced her as Rachel sat on a couch watching us.

I like Rachel. She knows when to speak and when

not to. Porsche calmed down after a while. I could feel how empty the house felt without Rob's presence. He's always been so jolly and active despite being 50 years old. One could never tell his age the way he was so handsome and looked after himself.

Me:"How have you been, babe?"

Porsche:"Ag, I was alright until Billy the redneck arrived. He has turned the whole family upside down, demanding a whole lot of shit. Rob wanted to be cremated so there won't be a funeral, only a memorial. He's already demanding that I release a few cars to him in order for him to make errands."

Wow. And here I was thinking only black people had the nerve. This Billy character is the pits.

Porsche:"He's so stupid, he doesn't even realize that

tomorrow is the will reading. Rob had planned everything with me before he passed and he warned me what would happen. I'm just drained because I need all the emotional support I can get and he's here stressing me out."

Ai, some people are just too much. Absolutely no respect for people in mourning. I so badly wanted to share my good news with her, but I'd rather not come across as selfish. Luckily she's expecting her mom and sister to arrive today, so Billy will be put in his place. Selena came with some tea and biscuits and we chatted a bit. She managed to smile and laugh for a little while, but was touched to hear About Kele's death.

The three of us spoke and had a bit of laughter, until we heard noises coming from the lounge. We decided to check it out. As we walked out we saw Porsche's mom Ernie and her sister Vinolia. Vinolia and Ernie are just as fiesty as Porsche. It's a family

thing I see. Billy had already started up some drama and he hasn't been here for three hours and is already stirring up some drama.

Ernie:"Hey wena (you), Billy or whatever your name is! O ska tlo ntena (Don't irritate me). This is my daughter's house and you're a guest in here. I'll kick you out before you can even say kaff\*r!"

Oh I see it now. Billy called her the k word and all hell broke loose. I'd totally react the same way. Billy is always rude and condescending towards black people.

Billy:"Ag! Don't come here speaking that rubbish language with me! I have more money than you'll ever have."

Ernie:"Let me tell you something wena vetgat (you fat ass). Don't think you can come here and do as

you please! Ke wa ga Mashaba nna (I'm from the Mashaba family). I'll moer the shit out of you!"

Billy: "You're just a drunk!"

Ernie: "Heh! (Clapping hands) Nna Dronk lappie (Me, the drunk), I took both my children to school, I produced Portia Williams, who graduated ka Cum Laude. Wena, Billy bosepa ke wena (you little shit), you've never even set foot on Varsity ground. O lekgoa la setlaela (You're a dumb white man)! No wonder Robert never wanted you near him. So you'd better take your fat white ass out of my daughter's house! O re bakela senyama (You'll give us bad luck)."

Billy was fuming and red in the face, while the rest of the family was quiet. He took his car keys and stormed out of the house, banging the door.

Ernie:"And lina (you), you need a crash course on raising children. I wouldn't be proud of being parents to a piece of shit like Billy. Mxm."

She clicked her tongue and walked to the kitchen leaving all of us stunned.

Chapter One Hundred and Twenty

Ziyanda

After the whole scene between Ernie and Billy, Porsche was in stitches. Her sister Vinolia came to greet us after Rob's family left in shame. His coworkers and employees came in crowds. He was truly well appreciated and loved. We helped Mam'Ernie and Mam'Selena make tea and dish out the biscuits.

I love white funerals. There's no such thing of cooking and waiting all week for relatives from all

over the country to come and bury your loved one a week later. Rob's cremation is tomorrow, so there is no time wasted.

So the cremation will happen in the morning and his memorial will be held straight after at one of his Hotels. It's short notice, but everyone who knew him will be there.

The will will be read tomorrow as well. Talk about speeding things up. I love how calm Porsche is even though she's pained. She says she got the chance to spend his last days with him on his terms and that's more than one could ask for.

She says she feels his presence in the bedroom, since he died right on that bed. It's a bit creepy, but I totally understand. Billy never came back, thank goodness. The twins had lots of fun and it was time for us to leave.



Phila was starting to blow up my phone so we had to leave. We promised to be back tomorrow and she asked me to be present at the will reading with Phila. Probably for support. We said our goodbyes and left for my house along with the kids.

Rachel seemed a lot better than she was this morning. She explained to Porsche and I why she had such a tough time accepting Sbu. I can't imagine what it's like not being able to have children at all. When we arrived we found Sbu and Mam'Ivy cooking, while Phila was a bit moody towards me.

Me: "Good evening, my people."

Mam'Ivy: (Smiling) "Abo makoti bami (my daughters in law)."

Sbu: "Sho sho, Ndhlovukazi (Queen), Qhawekazi

(Heroine)."

Rachel was all smiles, Philq didn't even greet.

Me:"Hawu, Mkhonto. Why are you quiet?"

Mam'Ivy:"Ah, he's sulking because you left without telling him. You must fast forward that pregnancy, mntwana mi (my child) because this new Phila is annoying. If it's not "I need to call Zee", it's "Zee hasn't responded to my texts", "ah, I miss my wife".

We all laughed while Phila sulked. Ai this pregnancy is affecting him mos.

Sbu:"Ah, kiss him better, Qhawekazi (Heroine)."

Phila:"Mxm, voets ek (piss off), Sbu!"

They laughed and Rachel and I helped set the table.

Zee:"So, Sbu, have you guys sorted out the reporters?"

Sbu:"Ah, ah, ah, Qhawekazi (heroine). You won't believe who leaked the stories."

Zee:"Who?"

Sbu:"Ruth. Ai yazi (you know) that woman. It's true when Porsche says "Modimo o spara baloyi" (God spares witches)."

Mam'Ivy:"Speaking of Porsche, how is she?"

Rachel:"She's doing okay. Her mom was there and

she gave Billy a good run for his loose mouth."

We all chuckled.

Mam'Ivy:"Ai, it isn't easy losing a husband, especially if you're not financially secure. At least Rob left her a legacy. She's truly blessed to have met him. It's not everyday you get married to your soulmate."

Mam'Ivy always said the wisest words and I think that's what kept Phila and Sbu so grounded all these years. We sat at the dining table and prayed then we had our delicious food.

Sbu:"So, Rachel, I've been thinking, I know we've only been dating for a short while, but I'm serious about you. I'm prepared to wait for you to say you're ready to marry me. I just need to ask you one question."

Okay, Sbu likes these random moments. We all kept quiet and stared at them both, leaving poor Rachel a bit shocked.

Rachel: "I'm listening."

Sbu: "May you please be the mother of my children?"

Okay, what a bombshell. Rachel was shocked to say the least. She took a while to register what Sbu had just offered on the table.

Sbu: "So, what do you say?"

Rachel: (smiling with tears in her eyes) "I.. I don't know what to say. Yes, I'll do it, Sbu."

Sbu was beaming with joy and we all smiled as he kissed the back of her hand. This must be big for Rachel since she could never be able to carry her own children. Sbu is one amazing guy and Rachel is for keeps. I hope she doesn't turn into another Kele.

The following day.

Ziyanda

We were all done getting ready for Rob's memorial. Porsche just texted me saying that they were done with the cremation and were headed to the Hotel. Luckily it's just here in Centurion. Phila, Sbu, Rachel, Mam'Ivy, the twins and I headed out in the Vito. We were going to meet up with Drake and Mel at the venue.

It is the same venue where we held the launch. Rob

was a very good business man and mostly a loving husband and devoted father. We don't know why God does what he does at times, but only He knows what's best. Gogo always says that death is the only thing we have in common, so it's no use fearing it. Speaking of Gogo, she arrived with Mam'Masango and Thando, looking very different. She was glowing and even gained some weight. She looked so much at peace as she gave me a faint smile and waved at me. I don't have the heart to hold a grudge anymore towards her although I'm still angry. I'm not perfect either, so I guess it's about time to bury the hatchet. I forgave my mother, so surely I could forgive her.

Porsche was sitting with Mam'Ernie and Vinolia, while Mam'Selena was with Porsche's kids as well as Vinolia's three kids. We went to greet her and wiggled ourselves inbetween them. Mam'Ernie looked really nice although she seemed to be a little tipsy. I guess when you've been so dependant on alcohol it's hard to break off the relationship, but

other than that she's a very devoted and loving mother. She's gangster like Gogo though, but would do anything for her kinds.

The program started with the hotel employees leading a choir. It was so packed and some of them couldn't make it so they were viewing the whole memorial via Skype. I saw Porsche shed a tear as I held her hand. Everyone said such beautiful and remarkable things about him. And everyone spoke about how uniquely beautiful his relationship with Porsche was. They were inseparable.

It was time for Oliva to speak. She had grown into such a beautiful sixteen year old.

Olivia: "I'd firstly like to thank you all for coming. You really took the time to come and give my dad a proper send off. He's smiling in heaven right now as we speak. You could've been anywhere else, but you chose to be here today with us and for that I'll



always be grateful. My dad was a very free-spirited man. He was my friend and he made sure that Bailey and I had everything. One thing I'm truly grateful for is that my dad met Portia. I love Portia so much and she never treats me like I'm not her own.

My dad has given me the gift of love and he made sure that I always put God at the center of everything and that I never regret everything I do in life. He always said 'Olivia, if you live your life according to others, then you won't leave your mark on this earth'. And that's exactly what he did-he left his mark. He has touched so many people's lives and for that he'll always be remembered. Dad, I love you and I'll always have you in my heart. Thank you for giving Bailey and I the remarkable love of a father."

The choir started singing again and that breathtaking speech left us all in tears. Olivia has

always been such a well spoken girl and the love between her and Porsche is just irreplaceable. The MC asked for a family member to come and speak and I could see Billy trying to get up, but Mam'Ernie beat him to it. She went to the podium on stage as Billy sat back down in annoyance. I still can't understand why his parents don't tell him to stop. Ai, white parents.

Mam'Ernie:"I greet you all in the name of J es us Christ of Nazareth, J ehovah J ireh (My provider), J ehovah Rophe (My healer), J ehovah Nissi (My banner), J ehovah Makades h (My sanctifier). He who delivers us from evil, The one who knows what your destiny is. In Genesis 3:19 He says " In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return". In J ohn 5:24 he says "Truly, truly, I say to you, he who hears My word, and believes Him who sent Me, has eternal life, and does not come into judgment, but has passed out of death into life."

Robert was my darling son in law, without judgement and full of love, mercy and grace. He shall always be remembered unlike some people. For God says that no one who judges his creations shall enter the kingdom of heaven! No hypocrite shall enter the kingdom of heaven until you repent! Take Rob's life as a lesson, my dear people. Love others as the Lord loves you. Thank you".

Porsche and I couldn't help but chuckle while Phila shook his head. That speech sounded like an indirect attack towards Billy. Ai, anyway Porsche had written a letter to Rob, but chose not to read it to them. She says it is a sacred thing between her and Robert. After two hours, we were done and we were led to the dining hall where we had our food.

Porsche was much lighter and a bit tired since she had to greet everyone around here. Rob's family kept a bit of a distance I assume Mam'Ernie told her

shit. Ernie and Vinolia were helping the waiters serve us. She put a whole plate of food filled with everything that's nice, and chicken. I can't stomach chicken ever since I've been pregnant. I haven't told Porsche the news yet, and already the sight of the meat made me feel nauseated and my face changed automatically.

Phila noticed and he quickly removed the plate from me and went to get me another one.

Phila: "Here you go, Sthandwa sami (My love)."

Me: "Thank you."

Porsche stared at me.

Me: "What?"

Porsche: "When were you going to tell me that you're pregnant?"

Me: "Porsche, I was going to tell you. I found out a few hours before Rob passed on. I didn't want to seem selfish..."

She interrupted me.

Porsche: (smiling) "Relax, Zee. You know you can always tell me anything. I'm so happy for you."

Me: (Smiling) "Thank you, P. Well, I'm expecting triplets."

She smiled widely and had tears glistening in her eyes.

Porsche: "Always remember my words, Zee "Letsatsi la go hlabela (better days await)."

We hugged and wiped off our tears while Phila was smiling.

Me: "By the way what's up with Billy?"

Porsche: (laughing) "Ah, that one. He's always been the black sheep, recovering drug addict who sleeps with black women underground. He even has two kids with the previous helper."

Rachel laughed so hard she tried to contain her laughter. I was stunned shame. Hill Billy acts so much like a racist but deep down he shags black women.

Chapter One Hundred and Twenty One

Ziyanda

Phila and I had to go to Porsche's house with the rest of the family, while Mam'Ivy and the rest go back home. We entered the house with the lawyer following us since he was also at the memorial. We got to the dining area and took our seats.

Porsche, Olivia, Billy, Rob's parents, Rob's sister Emma and Rob's gay brother Joel, Ernie, Vinolia, Phila and I were present. I assumed Phila and I were there for support since we're friends with Porsche so we just kept quiet while I held Porsche's hand. Bailey was fast asleep and even Mam'Selena was present.

Lawyer:"I'll be very quick since the late Mr. Williams made a video recording of his will. Allow me to play it while we all remain silent until the video is over please ."

I could see Billy getting overly excited. It's amazing what money can do to people.

Robert:"My dear family and friends, if you're watching this it means I'm no more. This is my last will and testament and it goes as follows:

To my dear parents: I leave R1 million each since you are both wealthy enough on your own already. That is just a token of gratitude for everything you've done for Portia and I during our darkest time.

To my sister Emma: I leave you my holiday home in Switzerland and R1 million. I also leave you a trust fund worth R2 million for your son. You've been nothing but kind to me throughout my time here on earth.

To my brother Joel:"I leave you my Porsche, since



you've always loved it and I also leave you R5 million so that you can finally get your fashion business up and running and prove the whole family that you're the shit. Being gay is not a disease and I'm very proud of you for standing by your beliefs."

To Selena: "You've been more than a helper to us, you've sacrificed so much for us that you even spent more time with us than your own family. I leave you R3 million.

I could hear Billy murmuring underneath his breath and the lawyer asked him to keep quiet.

Rob:"My darling Olivia, thank you so much for always being you. I'll always love you, my angel face. I leave you all my hotels in Cape Town and R10 million, which you'll only get full ownership of when you reach 21. I also leave you my Lamborghini, may you always think of me whenever

you're in it."

To Mama Ernie:"You've blessed me with the greatest woman on earth and you always remain humble and funny. I leave you R1 million. It's time for you to spoil yourself and travel the world.

To Vinolia:"Thank you for loving and respecting your sister. I also leave you R1 million. The world is your oyster, please yourself.

To Ziyanda:"You've always been such a true friend to Portia, and for that I'll always remain grateful. I know you and Porsche share a love for beauty, so I leave you one of my spa's in Pretoria.

Okay, I never expected that.

To Phila:"You've always been such a great man.

Remain humble as always and for that, I leave you my house in Mauritius. Travel the world and show Zee what is out there. Thank you so much for being my friend.

Lastly, to my darling wife Portia, I'll always love you, babe. I leave you everything else of my estate, which includes the rest of my houses, my cars and all my hotels. You deserve to run the world. I love you.

Billy: "What the fuck?! This cunt used some black magic on my brother! How come I don't get anything?!"

Mam'Ernie: "Heh wena, Billy. Ska ntlwaela mogwete (Don't fuck with me). Cunt ke maretao (a cunt is your dick) wa nkutlwa (you hear me)?!"

Rob: "Oh, Billy. I didn't leave you anything because e

you're worth nothing and that's what exactly what you deserve. I hope you finally learn how to live with people and have a real heart. You've been nothing but a pain in the ass to my wife and I. Have a good life."

And just like that the video was over leaving everyone stunned. Porsche just looked at Billy with a blank stare as he kept rambling.

Billy:"This is bullshit!"

Mam'Ernie:"Hey wena, Billy boy. I think it's time for you to go before you wake up dead tomorrow morning wa bona (you see)?"

Billy stormed out as usual leaving his parents quiet as always.

Mam'Ernie: "You two, cut that idiot off and go travel the world before you die of heart failure. And be sure to find his black children and take good care of them before God takes you away too. J ow leave this house. We'll see you ka Christmas."

Few days later

Ziyanda

Its Friday and we're preparing to leave for Eshowe. Kele is being buried on the Zwane's homeground since Sbu paid lobola for her. Most of her family were unimpressed, even though he paid for all the expenses and their flights and accommodation.

They didn't spend a single cent. Rachel had to stay behind with Mam'Ivy to look after Luyanda and Siyanda. They were still in hospital, but were off the ventilators which is a good sign. Drake said they'd

be able to go home very soon.

All in all I'm glad Kele will be buried next to her son. We finally arrived after a few hours and I've been having this weird feeling in my gut. Phila didn't want me to go, but I went anyway. Somehow I feel like I should've listened to him and stayed back home.

Phila: "Are you okay, Sthandwa sami (my love)?"

Me: "Yes, I am, baby wami (my baby)."

I faked a smile and felt so nervous. He saw right through me but decided to leave it. Apparently Mary and Lego forced their way to the funeral, while Ruth is M.I.A again after feeling the wrath of Sbu and Phila. Mel and Drake are here as well, with Nobuhle and Nokuhle.

We arrived and prepared everything. King Zuri had a little ceremony and Kele had to be buried after dawn in the Royal cemetery, because of the way she died. As we entered the cemetery, the sun was setting and the coffin was very beautiful and maroon. She was also buried in royal attire just like Thato. It's very unfortunate to bury Mother and son just months apart.

When we got out of the car I just felt a cold shiver down my spine. I felt so uneasy and unsettled. As the ceremony went on, I heard one of the Royal guards shouting. I was standing right next to Nokuhle, while Phila held Nobuhle. In the blink of an eye I saw someone run towards me with a gun pointed at Nokuhle and I did the unthinkable. I jumped right in front of her and I felt pain on my abdomen. He shot me once and soon after a number of gunshots went off and he lay on the ground bleeding.

Phila came rushing towards me, but I was already bleeding from my stomach. I was in so much pain as I tried to scream thinking of my babies. Drake came and put pressure on my wound as Phila carried me to the car with Sbu and the twins following us. As King Shaka removed the balaclava from the man's head, we saw it was Lwazi. Tears rolled down my face as I thought of my unborn children. I should've listened to Phila, I should've stayed home.

## Chapter One Hundred and Twenty Two

One week Later

Zinhle Gumede, wife of King Bonginkosi Gumede

I was enjoying my tea until I got a call from an informer that Lwazi was shot. That idiot. He comes up with a plan to hurt the Zwane's where it hurts the most and the motherfucker dies in the process. He



shot Zee instead of the kids. He's created a real mess and he's not even here to fix it himself. Even my so called husband rushed to Eshowe ever since he heard of Ziyanda's shooting. He's been there ever since, not even checking up on me. So I decided to call Adonia.

Adonia:"Hey, Zinhle! Don't you dare call me, uyangizwa (do you hear me)? Your death is near so leave me alone."

Zinhle:"Ungazong'nyanyisa wena (Don't annoy me). Ukhuluma ngani (What are you talking about)?"

Adonia:"You've fucked with Ziyanda's unborn children, the Zwane heirs and now her ancestors are coming for you. See you in hell, sisi."

I started panicking. I didn't know that she was pregnant. I can't possibly be punished by my ghosts.

As I was thinking, I heard voices.

Voice: "Zinhle Gumede, the infamous witch. You decided to mess with my grandchildren after you were warned the last time?!"

Zinhle: (terrified) "I. I don't know who you are or what you want, but I didn't do it intentionally, okay?!"

Voice: "Your time is up. We've been lenient enough. It's time for you to face the wrath of the Zwane's."

Zinhle: "No! No, no, please wait!"

My pleading fell onto deaf ears as I felt my whole body start burning from the inside. I screamed in agony with no one around to help me. I couldn't see any fire, but I could feel as if I was being burnt by real fire. I screamed so much, I tried taking off my

clothes in the process.

I ran outside not even caring if I was naked or not. I ran outside the gate and found some passerbyers.

Zinhle:"Yoh! Ngisizeni (Help me please)! Ngiyasha (I'm burning)! Help me please!"

I was even rolling on the dusty ground of Nyanini.

Woman:"We've been saying that Zinhle Gumede is a witch! Umthakathi lo (She's a witch this one)!"

Next thing I heard people agreeing with her instead of helping me. I heard noises and saw a crowd of people running towards me with stones.

I felt stones hitting me everywhere on my body. I've

never felt so much pain in my life. The more I screamed, the more they stoned me. I felt my voice fading away and the people's voices becoming fainter and fainter. All I saw was darkness from then.

Two years later

Ziyanda

Life has been so amazing, I can't thank God enough for his mercy and grace. Yes, Phila and I finally became parents to our three beautiful boys. He wanted girls, but the moment he heard their first cries he fell in love with them instantly. Manqoba, Anele and Zakhele have turned one already and you won't guess it. I'm expecting again and ready to pop any minute now. Yes, triplets again-all girls this time. We decided to find out the gender before birth unlike with the boys. I'm so reary to pop and after I do, no more kids.

Mam'Ivy is just so happy to see us being blessed with what we've always wished for. She finally told Sbu and Phila that she and Mandla, the driver, are officially a couple. They didn't take it too well at first, but eventually grew out of their little misery. Nokuhle and Nobuhle no longer live with her and are 5 years old now. They live with Sbu and Rachel, giving Mam'Ivy plenty of time to enjoy life with her new man.

Sbu and Rachel got married when the twins turned one. Yep, she's now a mother of four amazing girls. Luyanda and Siyanda are now almost two years old, and we never forget to think of Kele on their birthday since they share one with their mother. Kele's spirit seems to have been in peace after the funeral, Mam'Masango confirmed it. Kele's family eventually made peace with it and Mary made a scene after the funeral demanding money and compensation. She left the funeral empty handed, though.

Mam'Masango is still a woman of God with sober habits and still hasn't found a man yet. She says she's married to God and continues to help people.

My mother Nomsa has been a great part of my life, she even joined church and continues to care for Thando's children. I heard through the grapevine that her and my father Bonginkosi are now officially an item again. I'm not really bothered, if she's happy then I'm happy. I heard Zinhle got stoned to death a week after I was shot in the stomach at Kele's funeral. I wouldn't be surprised if she was in on it.

Porsche has been better than ever and crazier than ever. Olivia is off to University and is studying in Cape Town. Their bond is still amazing and she continues to take good care of her. Bailey has grown into the spitting image of his late father, a beautiful biracial boy with blue eyes. Her mom and

sister still visit her often and her mom took

Rob's advice, she went to travel around the world using the money Rob left her. Vinolia on the other hand, started a nail business which has been doing really well. She finally found something she really loves and is an even better to her children. Porsche is still single, but has an on and off thing with Mthunzi. She says she wants to keep him on his toes, poor guy. Porsche never went back to work, but continued to take over the business after Rob's death and even though Phila wasn't very happy about it, he let her be. Porsche has been happier ever since.

Lunga got better and apologized a thousand times after a million therapy sessions. He's no longer a threat to us and continues to live his own life. He even found a girlfriend not so long ago. I'm happy for him.

Melissa still works for Phila and enjoys it a whole lot. She runs the company for my husband almost as perfect as Porsche used to-her words not mine.

Gogo finally came clean about her relationship with Tony. She went to church one day with Tony by her side leaving everyone shocked to the core. She told them to deal with it or fuck off. Yep, that's my gogo for you. She's currently in Mauritius, having a good time with Tony.

Thando finally followed her calling. She has a healing hand as Mam'Masango says. She even prayed for me all week when I was in hospital after the shooting. We made peace and she's been doing the Lord's work alongside Mam'Masango. Her relationship with her kids became better than ever, and she's become so amazing at praying, that she even joined the church ministry. Life is amazing I tell you. She wrote a book about how she changed her life from being a drug addict to being the Lord's



disciple.

Phila is still Phila, so amazing and so romantic. The sex is better than before and yep, BDSM has become a part of our lifestyle. He's enjoying being a father more than anything, and bought me a new house as a push present when the boys were born.

Zodwa, Lunga's mom made a complete 360 degree turn around. She healed from her severe burns a year later and joined the church. She's become one of the people who also go around helping in the community. She has left her witchy tendencies for good-I hope.

I on the other hand resigned from the company and continued to work with Elmarie. I've had a few campaigns here and there to help women become what they've always wished without fearing anything or anyone. I enjoy working from home and being a mother to my amazing yet tiring sons. It

took me a while to see who's who at first, but their personalities most definitely make it easier to tell them apart.

Life is amazing, we go to our house in Italy every now and then and ever December we spent it at our Cape Town holiday home. Family life keeps us sane and God keeps us humble and grounded. Sbu and Phila continue to do what they love-making money while we're sleeping.

One thing I've learnt in my 28 years of life on this earth is to never give up. Pray until something happens because God's plans are way bigger and better than yours. No human being has the power to stop what He has already laid out for you. I always remember Porsche's words: "Letsatsi la go hlabela (better days await). And yes, better days keep coming once you've weathered the heavy storm.

THE END.